

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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

VOL. VII.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., JUNE 16, 1854.

NO. 5.

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

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

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
1 square, of 12 lines or less, 1 insertion, \$0.50
Every subsequent insertion, .50
1 column, one year, 25.00
1 column, six months, 13.00
1 column, three months, 8.00
1 column, one year, 13.00
1 column, six months, 7.00
1 column, three months, 4.00
1 column, one year, 7.00
1 column, six months, 4.00
Professional Cards not exceeding eight lines inserted for \$5.00 per annum.

All letters on business, to secure attention, should be addressed (post paid) to the Publishers.

Select Poetry.

From the Philadelphia Daily Register.
A REBUKE OF SLAVERY.

BY RICHARD COE.

Out upon ye, men of Bo-ton,
Children of the Pilgrim sires,
That ye suffered cruel slavers
To invade your peaceful fires!
Had ye not the sons of pity,
Had ye not the arms of strength;
But you: proud and glorious city
Must be scorned the country's length!

Back upon your den, ye monster,
From the far-off Southern shore;
And pollute the soil of Freedom
With your cursed tread no more!
Back! and when your wife and children
Crowd around about your knee,
Dare look up to your Maker,
And to prate of Liberty?

Fellow freemen, were ye sleeping,
When this great and moral wrong,
Through your very midst was creeping,
Feasting in the crowded throng?
Did ye dread the mild soldiers,
With their bayonets and spears;
Men of Bunker Hill and Charlestown,
Held ye such ignoble fears?

No! I wrong ye, men of Bo-ton,
Children of the Pilgrim Band,
And your noble shout of Freedom,
Yet shall ring throughout the land!
Ye were palest with terror,
Running through your hearts and veins,
At the magnitude of error,
That your country's statutes stains!

Ye were paled: and ye were nerveless
Arms beside you listless lay,
Gazing with speechless horror
At the monster tramp of clay,
Who from out a Southern city,
With hot and proud breath,
And a heart devoid of pity,
Came to lead a soul to death!

Ye were paled, can ye wonder
That such things exist and be?
Ye whose rocks with thunder,
And the storm of the sea?
Shaken as the earth is shaken,
By the earthquake's awful shock,
Finding in your fellow-creatures
Hearts as hard as Plymouth Rock!

Men of Boston, this comes greeting
You with soul of deepest love:
By our hopes for happy meeting
At the throne of God above,
Never more let Southern despot,
On the Soil where Warren fell,
Lead a freeman back to bondage,
Worse than that which darkens hell!

There's a higher law than nations,
Written on the heart of men,
By the One who rules the nations,
Ever since the world begun,
Let us, then, my fellow freemen,
Rise in majesty and might,
And to death resist this evil,
God is ever with the right!

From the Journal and Visitor.
LEARNING A TRADE.

We happened, not long ago, to sit at a window and see a parcel of workmen begin to lay the foundation for a row of houses. In a short time we were able to distinguish the relative position of the parties at work. They were all Irishmen. The contractor was always busy moving from place to place, with a plummet in his hand, and occasionally referring to a draft which he held in his hand. It was easy to see that all the work he did in a day would not hurt a child. Next to him came the mason. He had sometimes a heavy stone to lift, but his job was a nice one, and he had no work to do that would hurt him. Next came the man who was skilled in making mortar. This work was not hard nor very disagreeable. But there was one man, apparently older than all the others, who had no skill and upon him fell the painful task of wheeling the heavy stone, down an inclined plane, into the cellar. We know that when night came his body must have been completely exhausted.

Of these workmen the contractor, no doubt, received the highest compensation, the mason next, and the laborer the least of all. So much for having a little skill.

It is a common thing for persons in straitened circumstances to make every member of the family earn something. The father works at his trade, the mother takes in sewing, and the boys are taken away from school to stand in stores, or something of the kind, for two dollars per week. This is all very well, except in the case of the

boys. To them a woful injury is done. They grow up to manhood without having any regular employment, and being without education, must be compelled to be underlings all their lives.

On the other hand, if the parents, duly impressed with the importance of education, are willing to forego a temporary gain, and give their boys a sound common school education, the final reward is almost invariably a source of great pride and gratification. The boy, after leaving school, goes for a short time to a teacher of Book-keeping and Accounts, and then he is fully prepared to be a merchant on his own small capital, if he can raise any, or he can keep the accounts of others. We will contrast cases of very common occurrence: Two women are left widows in such poverty that they are obliged to work for their living. Each has a son twelve or thirteen years old. One wants a petty situation for her boy, and obtains a small assistance therefrom. The other works the harder, keeps her boy at school, following the course marked out above. One boy grows to manhood, still the receiver of petty wages, and often out of a situation. The other having education and skill, obtains a situation, and having the confidence of his employer, holds it, and is gradually promoted. It soon becomes unnecessary for his mother to labor, and finally she has the gratification of finding her son, with the manners and habits of a gentleman, in a condition to support her in her old age, in a style of comparative ease and affluence. It is from the class of men raised in this way, that many of our most solid merchants have been taken.

It is to be regretted that these truths are not more widely diffused, for it is really pitiable to see the numbers of hangers-on upon society, as revealed whenever an advertisement is put in a paper that somebody is wanted to perform some service. A most reprehensible contempt for manual labor is one cause of this. A set of fellows are content to hang upon the world in the most miserable manner, in the hope of living on places where they can always be dressed up like gentlemen. They turn with horror from wearing the check shirt of the mechanic. There is surely something very morbid in public sentiment when such opinions prevail to such an extent as they do now.

Send your children to school! Let them all be skilled in something or other. Do not be afraid that if you all take this advice there will be nobody left to fill the offices of petty salesman and errand boys. This class of poor slaves will always be large enough, if made up merely of those who cannot help themselves. One man of action, of independent powers, is worth a thousand of hangers-on and underlings. Strain every nerve, therefore, if you really love your sons, to make sure that they take their rank in the former class.

THE EVIL TO BE OVERCOME FOR GOOD.

Just before the consummation of the great outrage, several Senators made such eloquent protests against the final passage of the bill, that we almost forget the crime committed by the majority in admiring the heroism and lofty eloquence of the minority.

Here is an extract from the closing speech of Senator SUMNER, that will electrify all true hearts: [Eos. Jour.]

With pleasure and pride I now do this service; and, at this last stage, interpose the sanctity of the pulpits of New-England, to arrest this alarming outrage; believing that the remonstrants, from their eminent character and influence, as representatives of the intelligence and conscience of the country, are peculiarly entitled to be heard; and, further, believing that their remonstrances, while respectful in form, embody just conclusions, both of opinion and fact. Like them, sir, I do not hesitate to protest here against the bill yet pending before the Senate, as a great wrong; as a breach of public faith; as a measure full of danger to the peace, and even existence of our Union. And, sir, believing in God, as I profoundly do, I cannot doubt that the opening of an immense region to so great an enormity as Slavery is calculated to draw down upon our country his righteous judgment.

"In the name of Almighty God, and in his presence," these remonstrants protest against the Nebraska bill. In this solemn language, which has been strangely pronounced blasphemous on this floor, there is obviously no assumption of ecclesiastical power, as has been perversely charged, but simply a devout observance of the scriptural injunction: "Whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of

the Lord." Let me add, also, that these remonstrants, in this very language, have followed the example of the Senate, which at this present session has ratified at least one important treaty, beginning with these precise words: "In the name of Almighty God." Surely, if the Senate may thus assume to speak, the clergy may do likewise, without just criticism, at least in this body.

But I am unwilling, particularly at this time, to be betrayed into anything that shall seem like a defense of the clergy. They need no such thing at my hands. There are men in this Senate, justly eminent for eloquence, learning, and ability; but there is no man here competent, except in his own conceit, to sit in judgment on the clergy of New-England. Honorable Senators, who have been so swift with criticism and sarcasm, might profit by their example. Perhaps the Senator from South Carolina, [Mr. BUTLER,] who is not insensible to scholarship, might learn from them something of its graces. Perhaps the Senator from Virginia, [Mr. MASON,] who finds no sanction under the Constitution for any remonstrance from clergymen, might learn from them something of the privileges of an American citizen. And, perhaps, the Senator from Illinois, [Mr. DOUGLASS,] who precipitated this odious measure upon the country, might learn from them something of political wisdom. Sir, from the first settlement of these shores, from those early days of struggle and privation—through the trials of the Revolution—the clergy have been associated, not only with the piety and learning, but with the liberties of the country. For a long time, New-England was governed by their prayers more than by any acts of the Legislature, and, at a later day, their voices aided even the Declaration of Independence. The clergy of our time may speak, then, not only from their own virtues, but from the pulpit which yet live in the pulpits of their fathers.

For myself, I desire to thank them for their generous interposition. They have already done much good in moving the country. They will not be idle. In the days of the Revolution, John Adams, yearning for independence, said—"Let the pulpits thunder against oppression!" And the pulpits thundered. The time has come for them to thunder again.

There are lessons taught by these remonstrances, which, at this moment, should not be unheeded. The Senator from Ohio, [Mr. WADE,] on the other side of the Chamber, has openly declared that Northern Whigs can never again combine with their Southern brethren in support of slavery. This is a good augury. The clergy of New-England, some of whom, forgetful of the traditions of other days, once made their pulpits vocal for the fugitive slave bill, now, by the voices of learned divines, eminent bishops, accomplished professors, and faithful pastors, uttered in solemn remonstrance, at last unite in putting a permanent brand upon this hateful institution. In consistency with this act, from this time forward, they can never more render it any support. Thank God for this! Here is a sign full of promise for Freedom!

These remonstrances have especial significance, when it is urged, as it has been often in this debate, that the proposition still pending proceeds from the North. Yes, sir, proceeds from the North; for that is its excuse and apology. The ostrich is said to hide its head in the sand, and then vainly imagine its coward body beyond the reach of its pursuers. In similar spirit, honorable Senators seem to shelter themselves behind certain Northern votes, and then vainly imagine that they are protected from the judgment of the country. The pulpits of New-England, representing to an unprecedented extent the popular voice there, now proclaim that these six States protest, with all the fervor of religious conviction, against this measure. To this extent, at least, I confidently declare it does not come from the North.

From these expressions, and other tokens which daily greet us, it is evident that at least the religious sentiment of the country is touched, and, under this sentiment, I rejoice to believe that the whole North will be quickened with the true life of freedom. Sir Philip Sidney, speaking to Queen Elizabeth of the spirit which animated every man, woman, and child in the Netherlands against the Spanish Power, exclaimed, "It is the spirit of the Lord, and is invincible." A similar spirit is now animating the free States against the Slave Power, breathing everywhere its precious inspiration, and forbidding repose under the attempted usurpation. The threat of disunion, so often sounded in our ears, will be disregarded by an aroused and indignant people. Ah, sir, Senators vainly expect peace. In passing this

bill, you scatter, broadcast through the land, dragons' teeth, and, though they may not, as in ancient fable, spring up armed men, yet will they fructify in civil strife and feud.

From the depths of my soul, as a loyal citizen and as a Senator, I plead, remonstrate, protest against the passage of this bill. I struggle against it, as against death; but, as in death itself corruption puts on incorruption, and this immortal body puts on immortality, so from the sting of this hour I find assurances of that triumph by which Freedom will be restored to her immortal birthright in the Republic.

Sir, the bill which you are now about to pass, is at once the worst and the best bill on which Congress ever acted.

It is the worst bill, inasmuch as it is a present victory of Slavery. In a Christian land and in an age of civilization, a time-honored statute of Freedom is struck down, opening the way to all the countless woes and wrongs of human bondage. Among the crimes of history a new one is about to be recorded, which, in better days, will be read with universal shame. The Tea Tax, and Stamp Act, which aroused the patriot rage of our fathers, were virtues by the side of this enormity; nor would it be easy to imagine, at this day, any measure which more openly defied every sense of justice, humanity, and Christianity. Am I not right, then, in calling it the worst bill on which Congress ever acted?

But there is another side to which I gladly turn. Sir, it is the best bill on which Congress ever acted; for it prepares the way for that "All Hail Hereafter," when slavery must disappear. It annuls all past compromises with slavery, and makes all future compromises impossible. Thus it puts Freedom and Slavery face to face, and bids them grapple. Who can doubt the result? It opens wide the door of the Future, when, at last, there will really be a contest, and the slave power will be broken; when this wretched despotism will cease to dominate over our Government, no longer impressing itself upon all that it does, at home and abroad; when the National Government shall be divorced, in every way, from slavery; and, according to the true intention of our fathers, freedom shall be established by Congress, everywhere, at least beyond the local limits of the States.

Slavery will then be driven from its usurped foothold, here in the District of Columbia; in the national territories, and elsewhere beneath the national flag; the fugitive slave bill, as odious as it is unconstitutional, will become a dead letter; and the domestic slave trade, so far as it can be reached, but especially on the high seas, will be blasted by Congressional prohibition. Every where, within the sphere of Congress, the great Northern Hammer will descend to smite this wrong; and the irresistible cry will break forth, "No more slave States!"

Thus, sir, now standing at the very grave of freedom in Kansas and Nebraska, I find assurances of that happy resurrection, by which freedom will be secured hereafter, not only in these Territories, but everywhere under the National Government. More clearly than ever before I now see "the beginning of the end" of slavery. Am I not right, then, in calling this measure the best bill on which Congress ever acted?

Sorrowfully I bend before the wrong you are about to perpetrate. Joyfully I welcome all the promises of the future.

SALE OF SLAVES FOR NEBRASKA.—A young man formerly in our employ, in whose veracity we have all confidence, informs us that while at St. Louis a few days since, he saw a number of gangs of slaves en route for Nebraska under the charge of their owners. This is the way in which Nebraska and Kansas are to be made slave territories. Their contiguity to the slave states of Missouri and Arkansas make it a very easy matter for slaveholders to go with their slaves, while their remoteness from the principal points of emigration in the North offers obstacles to their speedy settlement by northern freemen. The appointment of slaveholding officers for the territories will be immediately followed by the election of slaveholding council, in each, and Slavery will be established and regulated by territorial law. "Squatter sovereignty" is so fully defined and recognized that the laws of the territories cannot be submitted to Congress for revision, and as the last act in the Nebraska tragedy, Slavery is established in Nebraska and Kansas territories beyond the hope of eradication.—*Ann Arbor (Mich.) Whig.*

Why is a man who does not bet as bad as one that does? Because he is no better.

From the Tribune.
Letter from Cassius M. Clay on the Political Duties of the Free States.

Sir: When some years ago I had the honor of replying to an invitation of a portion of the members of the New-York Legislature to address them upon the Slavery question, I was thought by many a fanatic because I avowed that it was not a question about the African, but "whether we ourselves should be freemen or slaves." Since then what is there sacred in the Constitution, in treaties, in laws, in guarantees of liberty, which has not been desecrated?

And now at last those "Compromises" by which so many of us were humbugged—which were exalted above the "higher law" of revelation and conscience, are themselves trampled under foot—and by the repeal of the Missouri restriction, by revolutionary means, a continent lies in the dust at the feet of the Slaveocrats!

Thus far our republicanism is a failure. Shall we "give up the ship?" Shall we return as the dog to his vomit, and clothe ourselves once more in cast-off rags of despotism, admitting ourselves incapable of self-government and national existence?

For my part, though sad—very sad, I am not despondent. Let us use the reason God has given us to remedy the past, and make secure the future. The violation of God's law is always wo. We committed a national crime in joining hands with the slaveholders to commit a determined wrong against the rights of the African, and now in due season the poisoned chalice is returned to our own lips.

I am not prepared to say with the Garrisonians that we are to break away at once by revolution from this criminal alliance; but I do say that our only salvation, because the only true repentance, is in making the overthrow of Slavery our dominant idea.

The one idea of the Slaveholders which overrides all principles and measures is the rule of Slavery. So it must be met, not incidentally—not occasionally—not compromisingly—with the friends of liberty, but with a oneness of purpose, and vivacity and fanaticism of will equal to theirs.

Does any man believe that in a fair contest between Liberty and Slavery the wrong will triumph? I do not. What then shall be done? 1. In the first place punish the traitors, as an example for all future times. I honestly believe that every man of the free States who voted for the repeal of the Missouri restriction deserves death! But there is no legal way of inflicting the penalty—the halter then they must escape. But one thing can be done—break them on the wheel of public opinion. Let no man deal with them in business—banish them from the social circle, and disfranchise them practically forever! This seems hard, but the race of traitors must die before we can live.

2. Let the elections, even for the most inferior offices, turn upon the repeal of the Nebraska bill, or its amendment, so that the people of the Territory shall have the unqualified right to vote Slavery out. To do this, the free trader must give up his free trade—the tariff man his tariff—manufacturers, shipping internal improvement, temperance, schools, all must, for the present be held in abeyance, to the one great question, shall America be free or slave!

3. Although I think the Free Democracy are best based to achieve the end, we must tolerate and recognize all parties who will aid, as allies. In a Congressional District where the Free Democrats have a supposed larger force, let the Whigs and Democrats renominate the Free Democratic ticket. And where the Whigs or Democrats have a supposed larger force, let the Free Democrats renominate the Whig or Democratic ticket; so as to defeat the services of all parties. In the Presidential Nominating Convention, let a delegate be sent from each Congressional District in the Union, of that party which has the Congressmen, and let them vote a common candidate. Such a candidate thus nominated, can in my opinion, be elected triumphantly in 1856. Let that candidate, whether BENTON, SEWARD, or HALL, or any other good citizen, be chosen without regard to his locality in a Free or Slave State. For our party is truly national—theirs sectional!

4. Let us count the cost. All are, I imagine, now convinced that the extreme South is anticipating the dissolution of this American Union, and have been and now are using the nation all the time for their own ultimate aggrandizement. We must therefore calculate what is to be the result of our success. Suppose then a Republican elected President, on the issue above stated, and that the ultras of the South in their madness overawe

the more thoughtful citizens, and secede from Congress, and declare the Union dissolved. Then either we must whip them in, or allow a peaceable separation as circumstances shall warrant. If we fight her, we have the advantage of being the Government de facto. We have the organization—the treasury—the navy, and the army. If victorious, we could compel emancipation. If defeated, we would be abundantly able to maintain our national existence against the world. And with Canada, Western Virginia, Kentucky, and Mississippi, (which would probably unite with us) annexed, we would form a more powerful people than even now.

In such event all the central portion of North America would be ours, and should Northern Mexico prefer our alliance, as she no doubt would, as cotton grows upon all sorts of soils in a given latitude, we would even be able to raise abundantly that plant, and the sugar cane, for which so many seem now willing to sell their liberties.

Under the railroad system, we have less need to regard boundaries by mountains and watercourses, and even in that respect the lakes, the St. Lawrence, and the Columbia, to us would be what the Mississippi is now. While the oceans would wash us on the northeast and west, we could well bide our time to expand our dominions over the feeble masters of the South to the Gulf of Mexico.

But the probabilities are that the South would see her only safety in the Union, and "acquiesce" in the "manifest destiny" of the triumph of human rights, and begin in earnest to clear herself of Slavery. Till at last we would become peaceably a homogeneous people, and Liberty and Union be forever established.

But I have already made this letter too long. For myself I am ready to complete the sacrifice and triumph of 1776 at all hazards. I am for no Union without Liberty—if need be through dissolution and war. "I stand by the declaration," trusting ever, till republicanism is vindicated and the liberties of mankind achieved.

Very respectfully, your friend,
C. M. CLAY.

IS A CLERGYMAN A CITIZEN?

The New York Mirror puts this question at the head of a paragraph in which it carries the war into Africa:

One would infer, from the slang of certain reckless Senators, partisan editors and pewter Mug spouters, that a clergyman has no right to express his opinion upon any public feature or any political subject. Three thousand educated and intelligent ministers have no business, we are told, to sign their names to a petition to go before the Congress of the nation: It is only your rum hole rowdies that have a right to be heard on questions of vital interest to the State and humanity. These patriots of the grog shop, these frothy demagogues, alone have the right to discuss the affairs of the nation!

"In a country where all sects are tolerated, there is no danger of the church exercising an undue influence in the State; and it is to be regretted that not only the clergy, but that wise and educated men, of all classes do not take a more active part in political affairs. It is the duty of every good citizen to vote for good men at the ballot boxes, and to advocate good measures in the halls of legislation. The right of petition and remonstrance is absolute to every class of citizens—to the clergy as well as the laity, and we think that of 50,000 ministers of the gospel against the Nebraska bill is as significant and as respectable as the clamors of 50,000 office holders in favor of it."

INTELLIGENT JURORS.

"Gentlemen of the Jury" are not always paragons of intelligence. At a recent empanelling of a jury for one of the Boonville murder trials, at least one confessed that he had not heard of the case, through the Journals or otherwise. As the case transpired only a few months since, and to our certain knowledge it was published in all the county papers, it is fair to presume that a very considerable portion of the very respectable gentlemen who dispensed justice on the occasion in question, were innocent of patronizing the local press. A man who don't take a newspaper—and that one published in the county of his residence, ought not to be permitted to sit as a juror especially in a capital case. The presumption is irresistible that he is wanting either in common intelligence or common decency. We suggest that in future the following question be propounded to each jurymen as he is called:—"Do you take a 'home' newspaper?" If he answers in the negative, let him be rejected at once.—*Oncida Herald.*