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From the N. Y. Evening Post, July 26. ATTENTION, POLTS!

Our navy has achieved a great victory; with a single sloop-of-wur, one of our gallaut captains his scared the inhabitants of a foreign scapor, in o the woods, and burned their houses to ashes. The efficiency of Lucifer, miches for combusible purposes his been undicalled, and the impudence of Jamaier regrouph's been rebuiled. All that is now wanting is for some good poets to assist in

transmating this great victory to posterity.

In order to force the latent poetical talent of the country, and that Captain 110 ins and his galant men may never feel the want which was so fa ai to the memories of those brare heroes who in ed before Agamemnon, we hereby offer the to owing premiums for the five best poems which may be furnished us within the per oil and upon the terms heremaf er specified:

First premium, \$25.90 Second premium, 10.90 Third premium, 5.90 Fourth premain, 1.00

such an inspiring topic, we have deemed it proper to timit the candida es for the highest remain to our hundred lines. Upon those who wri e for the lower prizes we shall im-pose no res ric ions. They need not slop if I they feet perfectly refleved.

- The Evening Post of August 3 contains four of these poems, all of which we should, like to publish, but can only find room for the folosing .- [EDS. Journal.

\$ECOND PRIZE (\$13) TO "OHIO."

Onto, July 39, 1954. know to hing in history equal to the victory of Grey own, except it be the valent onslaugh upon the pumpkins, men ioned by that men tru had of historians, Knickerbocker.

Should I be so fortunate as to win the sixand-a-quarter-cant premium, I suppose you will be perfectly willing to substitute for it anything of less value. If so, I wish you would have the Washington Enion sent me for one year, as I occasionally have a curi-

Yours, very truly, OH10. The Victory at Greytown.

guns-Attend, with wondering ear, while I rehearse In sounding measure and mellifilious'verse, A deed with which great flector's no ed fall. Or Rome's dire over hrow, no more compare Than bullfrog's crouk to music of the spheres!

There was a town, and Greytown was its

Its people blassed with wondrous strength of

Nor dreamnt that dire mishap could e'er befal His well-brushed dignity in place so small; Sceare from harm he though erch ender part, Whose former wounds had scarce y ceased to

How deep the insult, other bards may sing : Seize from the sun his shafts of fiercest fire:

'Twas Captain Hollins led the fierce attack; A man of iron nerve and bendless back; Long were his ears, and proud his martial

And calm his eye, and very stout his head. No wonder when they saw h.m vengeful

That Greytown's people fled the fated town; Nor left behind a single soul to dare. The fearful storm that rose upon them there.

But when he saw his dastard foeman run, Nor wait the thunder of a sing e gun, Redoubled courge swelled our hero's breast, And conscious vic.ory perched upon his crest. "To arms," he cried, "bring all the guns to

Beard be fierce lion in his very lair; "Bombard the town! What coward soul will

"When toes have run and honor is at stake!"

With crushing weigh: on empty shanty waiis; A hundred thousand feet of number good Was all des royed, and several cords of wood; The peaceful pigs that roamed in street and

Fell pancing, b'eeding, 'neath the iron rain; And twice twoscore of braves: geese turned

And sought on frightened wing the distant

Yet still the stubborn town held out; Nor' Nor pigs would mercy beg, or sue for peace;

Still to the last sustained defiant walls, Maintained their ground, and never crying "Spare." Seemed muttering ever, "Take me if you

dare. Dark was the frown that crossed our hero's fice: Across the deck he strode with rapid pace: Took a brave pinch of snuti and blow his nose Doub ed his fist as if for hearty blows, Strangled an oath just rolling from his tongue. Did various o her deeds as yet unsung. Then to his side he called a chosen few,

Feat ess in danger and well-proven true: "Take you," said he, "some matches sure and 'And fearing naught, but ready with your

blood "When duty to our glorious country calls, 'Assault the town and fire the crumbling walls."

'Twas said, 'twas done: upon the gloomy From burn and shed the fire in fury broke; The fixed timbers, unsubdaed in will, Crackled and supped in fierce defiance still; When wrapped in flames still cherished venge-

Nor left the fie'd, but bravely met their fale; Bollins and Jove compassionate looked down n admiration on the unyielding town; Yet must it fall by great Columbia's hand. Duly and Pierce the direful fate demand.

"O Pierce! O Marcy! Were you not content To let your axe speak for you! Is your bent For fame so strong, that Greytown must be

smon dering pile ere Bronson's ghost be

Is't not enough to make your party, torn
By your great deeds in thousand fragments,

Is third for glory still so strong, that you ! Must crush your party and burn Greytown tool Nay, be not thus to mighty deeds allired, Your barning ach for g ory may be cured; Ye err not in the remedy so wide, Tis not by brins one mach to towns applied:

Let a true triend he tra h unwelcome break Brimstone is good bu, you he dose must take Then one voir eyes, see how your ranks are tuinned, Soull like he ass of o'd the eastern wind;

Einde the fierce simoon hat from he west Scatters your strength and write your tower

Take an emeric of the Union's praise, Cu' duickly short your own official days, Take yourse'f off to o'd Virginia's shore And you shall itch for power and fame no more!

..... From the National Era. THE STORY OF CONSERVATIVE.

BY LIDIA A. CALDWELL.

other. Where it was, I cannot exact- other heart than Conservative's, and fully set, his heart,) he went on confar from here. "But," you ask, " what | watered the fields and the meadows, | thereby developing infinite genius and was his name ?" As for me, I cannot tell. A wind in the woods, the other its way. day, said that his name was Conservative. It may be; we will call him

he had many brothers and sisters. He in this tipsy manner? Why are you went on contriving and building, and, was of a ve v high family too, and swimming ave, from home? Is it for aught I know, Conservative is busy bossed in car of the rare blood of his well that you should go, away, to be to this day building dams. veins, t'ou, hit is whis pered (this, also, drunk up by that great hungry sea, Auend, ve starry wor'ds that float on high - is upon the authority of the wind) that which never wearies or is satisfied, sunny worlds, that view with envious eye this same rate blood might be traced and on whose vastness the wrecks and The wondrous deeds of proud Columbia sons, back to an old gardner, who once lost the dead drift and blacken, years and his place for some petty peccadila.

It was a beautiful place where Con- more? servation dwelt. In the spring time, daisies, so thick that your lightest step Welknown to Borland, though unknown to must needs scent the air sweet with their delicate odor. The fine tangled roots deep down in the earth's bosom. skulls.
And crowned with rolling to ks of ebon wood:
And this own stripes, well carned in private and shot up small buds, that unfolded delicate blue and pink blossoms, which grew to new and dearer beauty every

There were a great many winds, various and sweet-toned, that told tales all the day long, each one of which Mount, O my muse! upon the holdest wing; was new and more wonderful than any that they had ever told before. Assume the thunder's tone, and break thy lyre:
Thine be the task in words that burn to ie.;
How vengeance due this upstart town beiel. trees, and that had new songs every morning, and sang from dawn till dusk; and there were some that even sung deep into the night. And what, was said in these songs no man could ever guess, only that they were the overflowing of a ever-increasing delight.

There were streams that watered this country; brooks, sweet-voiced and garrulous, that were alway babbling their happiness and wonder, as they flowed through the greenness of this delicious region, to a river which was far away; and this river caught them up in its wide-spread arms, and bore them on with a deep and solemn Loud becomed the guns, and heavy fell the man could guess, much less measure. sound, to a great sea, deeper than any.

But Conservative was not happy in this beautiful land, for he was half blind, and, withal, somewhat deaf.-The mingled voices of birds, and brooks, and winds, and added to these, the sound of that far-off, mysterious sea, which seemed gathering everything to itself-All these troubled and confused him. All day long, the clouds, purple and gold, and blue, billiant and swift-like, wonderous and strange-dyed

delicate green. Anon it deepened to journeyings, is not the less a globe a richer hue, and spread the full per- because she sometimes falls beneath fection of its leaf, and, putting on, fold the shadow of a broader orb, and may after fold, its greenness hid among its appear to us as but a silver thread branches small, delicate buds. Later, And this same principle which dwells these burst into flowers, and the tree in man, works likewise throughout the grew white with bloom; and, later still; universe. . Comets leave a red track the bloom ripened to fruit. Then aslant the space as they hasten en, there came a change. The clusters, and even the firm-bused earth itself large and sweet, fell, as also fell the slides forward in the general march. leaves, pale and sick, into the lap of You, too, Conservative, (though you amorous earth, until the tree stood know it not,) are hurried on, moved naked and forlorn, its unclad branches hy the irresistable force of the waves beating each other with a mournful of human being, which are swayed

"Wherefore, O tree! do you thus Good." change?" said he: "Wherefore? While the stream was saying this, its Why would you not wear your spring | voice gradually became louder, so that garments forever!" A wind, among | Conservative, must have heard the last, the branches made answer to him, but though he had been as deaf as the he only half heard it; it only seemed stones over which the stream rushed. to him a sorrowful sound, (one of many.) which made life bitter and ter- him very wroth, so thathe commenced rible.

And as Conservative thought, of it, mournfully, he noticed a flower, which, it should not go further. " But by and having bloomed in its time and per- by the stream raised a great laugh at fected it's seed, was withering.

bud, that you should unfold your heart as it laughed, it rent the dam asunder,

life should strive to creep up into a higher ?''

so high, but there is one above it .-- ! Through all the world do we not go from the Here unto the far Beyond ! flowed with a continual musical sound; From my dust will be moulded a high- for look you, the moon up in heaven er type of beauty, and from my breath | did not mind Conservative's complaint! be distilled a more exquisite odor. I But here, in justice to Conservative, I

am not lost." the flower spoke too softly. But while To the Editors of the Erening Post:

Gentlemen: Accompanying this, I send you a poem for the 36th prize you offered in your the blue of the sky and the deeper weet, mulical laugh, and so liquid issue of the 26th instant. The subject is, so grand I do not expect to do it sufficient justice to en the mile of the shifts meet and touch each that it would have flowed through any other. Where it was, I cannot exact that it would have flowed through any other. Where it was, I cannot exact that it would have flowed through any other heart than Conservative's, and livited; but at all, events, it was very watered it with its cladings on it, had came to his feet, and as it came it leaped He lived far away, beyond where up and laughed. It was a silvery, the waters thus. And in order to ly tell; but at all events, it was very watered it with its gludiess, as it had leaving green remembrances all along

"Why are you here?" said he. "Why but that the stream of time would at so. He was of a verylarge family; are you careering through the world last wash them away. And so he years, and are never seen nor heard of popular sovereignty:

"Oh," he groaned, "I am weary of the hills and woods and meadow lands; this continual change and unrest .were green as green could be; and Will the world never be at neace, but ture showed his contempt of the docamong the deep, sweet grass were forever upheaved thus, as if its firmest trine of popular sovereignty! This sprinkled violets and golden-hearted have were this same deceitful sea?".

He said this in anger; yet his passion was so strange and sad, that the brook took a more serious tone as it answered him. But still the waters smiled, and, as they went flowed into rhyme, so sweet that no human tongue surrender to a reckless minority, and could mimic them; but as near as one might guess their meaning, it was this: to for years, shows the innate con-"We, we are the waters; and it is our nature that we go about forever, search- | for the popular rule." ing for some beautiful end. We go around the earth, and compass it; and we laugh as our shining arms embrace its bare; brown bosom; and through its countless arteries we throb a warm and loving life. But wherever we go, we are seeking this beautiful end; whether we go down into the earth's deep bosom, or whether climbing silently the invisible, ærial stairs, we go up on high and span the heavens in which it will be the solemn duty of the many-dyed arch. We never rest; Congress to disregard.—N. Y. Trino nor ever will until we find it; yet we are not weary. We delve the earth and climb the sky, yet we do not tire; for, whether we float in the clouds recomends ashes for young corn plants or water the coral beds, still we are in preference to plaster. He says: I approaching this fair end." Then, as had a few bushels of plaster which I put the waters of the brook widened into upon the corn far as it would go, Ithen the broader stream, they took a deeper time as they said: "Yet we, the mainder put unleached ashes (a small waters, are a type of man. His life is handfull to the hill.) The result was one; long search for a diviner Good. that the corn upon which I putnothing It calls him from afar, from mountain, was not so good as that upon which I tops and high places, and, shining for-ever up among the stars, it beckons him. It calls him and he goes after it. As the soil was as nearly alike as pos-True, accident will often turn him sible the same quantity of seed planted aside from the right, path, and human at the same time, receiving the same passion and weakness, working within him, will cause him to listen to other | ence in no other way than, by reavoices than the one. Local circum- soning that plaster is better than stances, too, will influence him; yet eccentric as may be his path, and de-

and they oppressed him with a sense of his proportions may be marred by of change and mutability.

The tree sprouted its pale fioliage, heart, 'twill serve to keep him pure and wrapped it about it like a veil of and true. Thus the moon, in her long like the billows of the sea, by this Conservative grew sad to see it. same restless longing for a better

And he did hear; but it only made forthwith to make a dam across the channel, so that, spite of its loud words, Conservative's dam, which he had Mad you, too, flower!" he said, constructed of clay and stones with why were you not content to be a incredible pains and ingenuity; and, to the sun, that he might wither you !" as a strong man might a barrier of Then the flower replied very softly, straw, (at the moment nearly brushing "Were it well to be always a bud, away the ingenious builder, himself, think you? Is it not the beautiful or and bore it on with itself to that far-off der of Nature, that each individual sea, whither it was going. So, in spite of Conservative's worthy endeavor, the tree sprouted its leaf and "There is no beauty so fair, but bore its fruit, the flower bloomed as there is one diviner; there is no hope was its wont, and the stream went on its way, singing, to the sea. Ave, and the sea it elf heaved all the same," and should say, that owing to his being But Coservative heard none of this; partially blind, as I said before, he never more than half saw the moon, the flower was yet speaking, a brook | and probably never half guessed that any power above, his own heaped up weet, mu ical laugh, and so liquid drive the stream up into the mountain again, " (upon which scheme he had triving means to build strouger dams; perseverance, which, unfortunately for the world, never succeeded in putting But it made Conservative angry. together clay and stones so strongly

So, this is the story of Conservative.

is the first time that we have ever heard the instructions of a fanatical Legislature cited as popular sover. I saw them with their arms chained nor by any underlanded acts, securo eignly. The fact that Abolition has together, and my arms were chained, for yourself the character of an extorbeen enabled to triumph in New England alone, by inducing the Whigs to that this expedient has been resorted tempt which this coalition entertains

That is to say, when the Sham Democracy carries the elections, popular sovereignty is exhibited, but when the other side triumphs it isn't. According to this principle, if the slavedrivers make a slave State of Kansas it will be the rule of the people; but if a free population present it for admission as a free State the act, will be a reckless and fanatical usurpation.

bunc. A farmer in the Rural New Yorker mainder put unleached ashes (a small put plaster, and that I put plaster on not so good as that on which I put ashes care, I can account for the differnothing, ashes better than plaster."

STORY OF STEPHEN PEMBROKE.

Stephen Pembroke (brother of Rev. Dr. Pennington), who was recently surrendered as a fugitive slave by Commisoner Morton of New York, related his experience before a pub lic assembly in the Broadway Tabernacle on Monday evening, 17th inst. The following report of his remarks is from the Tribune:

"I set out to escape from slavery the

1st May last, with my two sons. walked all night, and went fifty odd miles without stopping. We got as far as New York City, where we were violently arrested, secured, and taken back to the South. I was treated in a tic comfort, you must adopt the measbad manner here. I had no counsel, ures requisite to obtain it. Every and did not know what the law was. Housekeeper and head of a family, I remained fifteen days in the South should endeavor to make his farm preand did not know what the law was. under chains, locked up by night. I duce all that is essentially necessariate and slept chained. I was kept so for the comfort of those dependent till my arms swelled and my appetite upon his care. It is not sufficient for was gone. It was so untill I was this purpose that he has good cows. bought through the benevolence of sheep, horses, and oxen; good crops the public and the exertions of my of hay, grain and edible roots, but he brother, whom I had not seen for 30 must have the common luxuries-the years. Some suppose slavery not to rich products of the garden also. be what it is said to be, but I am right! Every person, almost is an admirer of down upon it. I was fifty years in it, fine fruit, such as strawberries, raspand it has many degrees. I have been berries, whortleberries, grapes and in three of them. In thirty, years I the like. These are all easy of cultiwas sold three times. I served one vation, and a very little care is all that man for twenty years. He was a is requisite to ensure a full sumply. rigid and and wicked man. I have Binds.—Never encourage your in seen men tied up, and whipped, shot, and starved. Then there was a model under certains circumstances, injulie erate degree; and then I got into that, which I left, after being twenty years in it. It has left life in me, that is all. I served a man twenty years for \$400, and then he wanted \$1,000 for me. after starying me and depriving me of all the comforts of life and the worship fore, had policy to destroy them of God. The slave never knows when Better let them have a part of your he is to be seized and scourged. My produce, than by destroying them to father was sold five times. The last preserve a little encourage other degtime he was knocked down and seized | redators to monopolize the whole. by three men. I have seen men work- Good Toots.-Never work with a ing all day, day in and day out, with | poor tool. It costs more than it does iron collars on their necks, and so to supply good ones, and besides there locked up at night, getting a pound of is far less pleasure in wielding it in, corn bread and half a pound of meat. and less profit in the result. Include a I would rather die the death of the implements operate detriments in righteous than be a slave always, under the farmer line more ways, than a codread, and never getting a good word. Experience must satisfy all tarmers of I used to say to my master, 'I am get this. ting old, and ought to have some rest;' but he would answer, 'No. sir; if you feed you. Always endeavor to reason speak about freedom, I will sell you to it more than you take from it. further South.' For the last twenty this way you may easily make years I had a free wife, and but for land good, and good land better, her labor, I believe, without the mercy you prefer present gein, to fur of the God, I would be this night in profit, you will of course adopt the my grave. My pursuers were, I be opposite course, and very soon will lieve, in the same train by which I flud your soil diminished in producarrived here at 5 in the evening, and tive powers, and your means of enrich-I was arrested at 7 3-4 o'clock tend most growing rapidly less and less. The Union thus explains its idea of morning. My pursuers told me there, The laws of nature, though graduated was a watch round the house all hight. on principles of justice towards may "Mr., Gillette said, and his echoes I had no counsel, and did not know, are more irrevisable than those of the say, that Senator Toucey's refusal to the law, nor what I should say; so I Medes and Persians, and any outlingo

so my five children are slave, top. The Market. You should riways Since my sons were arrested here send were small high and bur tow." they were twice sold before my have. Still in fleeting this, do not be mean. and my master's son lay in the room timer. Take a fair advantage of the under his head; and when I turned deal leviently with the poor; rememgave his slave one hundred and fifty that what you dispense in charity, that lashes in two days, and on the third will "he pay you again." he died. He crept into the field, and his master, supposing he was sleeping, went up and cowhided him, but he was cowhiding a corpse, thinking he Slavery; it is a hard substance; you thankful to the community that has me out of the scrape and now I would like to have my sons 'out."

> For the Journal. Honor.

eccentric as may be his path, and devious his wanderings, if he have the ashes and plaster half and half he them to the trouble of procuring eviecho of this voice in his soul, and he would have seen a still better result, dence, and then expelling him. No; gardner in stirring the ground and be seeking it, he certainly must find it We have seenthis repeatedly tried and, the man that does this has no honor, regulating the amount of sum and chanty and store, the trembling at the balls, birds, flitted across the upper deep; at the last. And, though the fairness the effect was excellent.—Telegraph. but belongs to the dregs of the human shade, air and moisture they receive.

mass. When a person unites with society, his honor is pledged to fulf. its requirements. He solemulanton ises before the world that he will take upon himself its obligations and ducies. and until discharged legally and tawand carried back to the South, having fully, will be a frue member. Thu since received his liberty by purchase he promises, thus he puts his honor at (the sum of \$1,000 being contributed stake; and when he wuntonly drinks. by various persons for that purpose), and tramples upon these sacred law. regardless of all his vows, is not his honor forfeited? So far as I have had acquaintance with such persons, I must say, that with them honor is a: Harry L. Bian. rare article Sweden, Aug. 7, 1854.

NO. 13.

From the Germantown Telegraph. SUGGESTIONS FOR FARMERS.

. My brethren, if you desire domes-

Binds.-Never encourage your hove in destroying the birds. They may, your crops of grain and fruit; yet they are useful in destroying worms jud insects, which would soon mi. without them, to an extent would soon render the labor of your hands utterly valueless. It is, there-

THE SOIL .- Feed the soil and : . obey the instructions of his Legisla-thought it better to let the law have given their sanctity, involves the rain ture showed his contempt of the doc-its course. My first wife was a slave; I those by whom it was perpetrated.

> where I lay, with a brace of pistols markets, but eschew dishonesty, and over, he would start up and lay his bering always that "He who giveth to hand on one. I know one man who the poor, lendeth to the Lord," and

HOEING CORN.

Some ask how many times it is best was asleep! Such is the condition of to hoe corn and other crops. The best answer to that question was givcannot break it nor pull it apart, and en us a few days since, by a farmer the only way is to escape from it. I whom we had observed often at work think it is the North that keeps up in a field of corn in sight of our win-Slavery. Such is my opinion. I am dow. In going over the piece with him, and remarking the remarkable been so kind and charitable as to help growth, we asked him how many times he usually hoed his corn. "Why," said he, " I do as I was brought up by my father to do. He never had any particular number of times, but hoed it all he could. I find it grows faster, and stands dry weather better the Honor is a principle which prompts oftener it is hoed." This is the true man to act right. The man of honor philosophy of culture; stirthe ground. makes it his constant, rule to follow The direction for early and good crops, the path of duty according as the word after the proper previous preparation, of God and the voice of his conscience would be to stir the ground. Crops point it out to him. He is guided by are like animals—they need petting a fixed principle of mind, which de and care. A friend was remarking to termines him to esteem mothing but us, one evening, the difference in the what is honorable, and to abhor vice growth of melon vines in a neighbor's in any shape, as it may appear in the garden and his own, side by side, of actions of men. Thus, when he joins the same kind of soil and both rich, a Temperance society, he does it from with the same kind of preparation for pure motives, and lends all his influ- the seed, and the seed sown at the same ence for the accomplishment on its time. The neighbor's melons were in object. He never violates his honor blossom, while his own, he said, were, by breaking the laws of the society of but three or four inches in height.-