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HOW HARRY FELL IN LOVE.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

All the girls in Flowerdale were in love with Harry Vernon. That is to say, they admired him excessively, and were ready to fall in love if he should lead the way. Fanny Somers, the little witch, was the only exception. Merry, dancing, and pretty as a fairy, it was a question whether she had ever yet thought of love; if she had, she had never talked of it.

Harry's father was a Senator in Congress, and he himself was a young lawyer of brilliant talents, finished education, and handsome fortune. It was known that his father wished him to marry, and did not as is often the case, insist on his selecting an heiress. The now grey-haired statesman had made a love-match in his youth, and still worshipped the memory of the wife he had too early lost. "Let your heart choose, my son," he said. "Marriage without true affection, holds out but a poor show for happiness."

Most of those, not directly interested in the event, thought that Isabel Fortescue would carry off the prize. She was decidedly the belle of the village. Having received her education at a fashionable Seminary, there was scarcely an accomplishment of which she could not boast. Besides, the families of Vernon and Fortescue, had been the leading ones in the country for two generations; and gossip said that the union of the two fortunes, and of the united influence, would give Harry a position almost unrivalled.

Certain it is that Harry visited Isabel very often. Those who envied her accused her of manoeuvring to win him. "Throws herself in his way continually," said one. "Did ever anybody," cried another, "see a girl make love so bare-facedly? She ought to get him. I'm sure," sneered another, "for she has tried hard enough." Nevertheless, as honest chroniclers, we must record the fact, that some of these very young ladies, such is the frailty of human nature, did their very prettiest to out-manoeuvre Isabel and Harry for themselves.

Harry had not seen Fanny since she was a child. It was only a month since he had left school, and returned home again; and the first time she saw him in the village social circle was at a picnic. Here her blooming complexion, graceful figure and ringing laugh, had been the theme of admiration to the beaux, and the envy of the belles. Harry had been, her partner in a dance or two, and in company with others, felt it would be unkind to call upon her. So the day after the party, he sallied forth to make the round of the village.

When he visited Isabel, she was reading a new novel. All she could say was, "What a charming book!" and she looked at him with a look of admiration. "It is so much like you," she said, "so much like you, that I should like to see you read it." "I don't wish to read it," said Harry, "but I should like to see you read it." "I don't wish to read it," said Harry, "but I should like to see you read it." "I don't wish to read it," said Harry, "but I should like to see you read it."

From Isabel's he went to several other houses. Everywhere he found the young ladies dressed to receive company. Some were reading novels, some had a book of poetry open before them; and one, who had a pretty hand, was coquettishly knitting a purse. Not one of them appeared to have anything serious to do. Most of them affected, like Isabel, to be quite languid, and talked as if the fatigue of the day before had nearly killed them.

When Harry reached the pretty, but unpretending cottage, where Fanny resided with her widowed mother, he found the hall door opened to admit the breeze, and so, just tapping at the parlor entrance, he entered lovingly. In the shaded light of the

cool, fragrant room, he could not for a moment, see; but he noticed immediately that no one answered his salutation; and directly he beheld that the apartment was empty. Just then, however, a fresh, liquid voice, as merry as a bird's in June, was heard warbling in an inner apartment. Harry listened awhile charmed, but finding that his knocking was not heard, and recognizing, as he thought, Fanny's voice, finally made bold to go in search of the singer. Passing down the hall, and through another open door, he suddenly found himself in the kitchen, a large, airy apartment, scrupulously clean, with Fanny at the end opposite to him, standing before a dough-trough, kneading flour and cavolling like a lark.

It was a picture an artist would have loved to paint. Fanny's face was seen partly in profile, showing to perfection her long lashes, and bringing out in relief the pointing lips and round chin. The breeze blew her brown curls playfully about, and occasionally quite over her face, at which time she would throw them back with a pretty toss of her head. Her arms were bare; and rounder, whiter or more taper arms never were; they fairly put to shame with their rosy pearliness, the snowy flour powdered over them. As she moved with quick steps, at her task, her trim figure showed all its grace; and her neat ankle and delicate foot twinkled in and out. For a while she did not observe Harry. It was not till she turned to put down the dredging-box that she beheld him.

Most of our fair readers, we suppose, would have screamed, and perhaps, would have run out at the opposite door. Fanny did no such thing: She blushed a little, as was natural, but having no false shame, she saw no reason to be frightened merely because a handsome young gentleman had caught her at work. So she curtsied prettily, laughed one of her gayest laughs, and said, holding up her hands:

"I can't shake hands with you, Mr. Vernon, you see. Mamma was kind enough to let me go to the picnic yesterday, and put off some of my work; and so I'm doing double to-day, to make up for it. If you'll be kind enough to wait a minute, I'll call mamma."

"No, no," said Harry, charmed by this frank innocence, and unceremoniously taking a well-scrubbed chair. "I've only a few minutes to stay. My call is on you. I came to see how you bore the fatigues of yesterday."

Fanny laughed till her teeth, so white and so little, looked behind the rosy lips, like pearls set in the richest ruby enamel. "Fatigued! Why, we had such a charming time yesterday, that one couldn't get tired, even if one had been a hundred years old."

"You'll never grow old," said Harry, surprised into what would have been flattery, if he had not sincerely thought it; and his countenance showed his admiration for the bright, happy creature before him.

The intended five minutes imperceptibly grew into ten, and the ten into half an hour. Fanny continued at her household work, pleasantly chatting the while, both she and Harry mutually so interested as to forget time and place alike. At last the entrance of Mrs. Somers interrupted the *tele-a-tete*. Fanny was a little embarrassed, when she found how long she and Harry had been alone; but the easy, matter-of-course manner of Harry, as he shook hands with her mother, restored her to herself.

If the elegant refinement about Isabel had tempted Harry to fall in love, the household charm which surrounded Fanny forced him to do so, whether or no. He went away thinking to himself what a charming wife Fanny would make, and how sweetly she would look, in her neat, home dress, engaged in her domestic duties. Nor is Harry the only young bachelor, who remembers that a wife cannot always be in full dress, and who naturally wishes to know how she will look in the kitchen. "A wife ought as much to know how to manage her house," he said to himself, "as a man to understand business. I don't wish a wife of mine, indeed, to be maid of all work; but I should like to have her capable of overseeing her servants; and domestics discover very soon whether their mistress is competent, and obey, or disregard her accordingly. Besides, Fanny looked bewitching this morning—Ah! if I had such a dear little wife, how I'd coax her to go into the kitchen occasionally, that I might see her at work!"

It soon became apparent that it would be no fault of Harry, if he did not have Fanny for a wife. Never was a man deeper in love, nor did he make any effort to conceal it. Had

Fanny been a foolish flirt, she would have played with his feelings, as vain girls will when secure of a lover. But she was too frank and good for this, and only hesitated long enough to be certain of the state of her own heart, when she made Harry happy by accepting him.

Two persons more fitted for each other, in fact, could not be. Though always merry, because always happy, Fanny was amiable, intelligent, and full of sound sense. She had read and thought a great deal, especially for one so young. Her heart ran over with "unwritten poetry." Had Harry sought for a life-time, he could not have found a wife so companionable, and so suited in every way to him.

What a talk the engagement made when it came out! The haughty Isabel, who, without being half as capable of sincere love as Fanny, had made up her mind to have Harry, and whose vanity was therefore piqued, even degraded herself so much as to call the bride-elect "an artful, intriguing puss." Other disappointed beauties had other hard names for Fanny. But though, when our heroine first heard of these slanders, she shed a few tears, she soon dried her eyes, for, with Harry's love, nothing could make her long unhappy.

It was not until the young couple had set off on their wedding tour, that Harry told his wife what had first made him fall in love with her.

"Every other girl I visited that morning," he said, "was playing the fine lady; and that, while, as well I knew, their mothers were often slaving in the kitchen. I reasoned that the daughter who would neglect her duty to a parent, could scarcely be expected to be less selfish toward a husband. Besides, it is a common error with your sex, now-days, to suppose that it is debasing to engage in domestic duties. To a man of sense, dearst; a woman never looks more attractive than at such a time. As Wordsworth writes—

"Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty,
A countenance to which I have met
Sweet regards, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Prize, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

As he recited these lines with earnest sensibility, he put his arm around Fanny's waist, and drew her towards him; and the young wife, looking up into his face, with devoted affection, rested her head on his bosom and shed happy tears.

And so we leave them.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

A SERMON, delivered at the Christian Church in Union Springs, by Rev. A. Coburn, July 2nd, 1854.

Prov. xviii. 13. Jer. xviii. 13. Ec. viii. 13.
"When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; but when the wicked begeth rule, the people mourn."
"We looked for peace, but no good came; and for a time of health, and behold trouble."
"Thou shalt provide out of all the people, able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness; and place such over them to be rulers."

You will doubtless, my hearers, anticipate the subject of my discourse this morning, not only from my text, a group of passages, which is in itself a sermon second to none in the world, perhaps, save that one which fell from the lips of the Divine Teacher himself on the mount of Beatitudes; but you will also anticipate it from the near approach of our National Anniversary—the birth-day of Freedom, that heaven and earth-born child, whose cradle was rocked by strong hands and noble hearts, amid the thunder of Lexington and Bunker Hill—whose heavenward pointing column, even now, indicates the celestial origin of the blessed child.

The true American patriot and Christian's heart has been accustomed, as Freedom's natal day approached, to pulsate more rapidly, and to experience a sweeter joy and a holier calmness, while his eye has lighted up with a soul-speaking expression, as its visions of hope looked down through the vista of time upon a happy posterity, protected from wrong and oppression by the shield of Liberty, borne firmly up by wise and wholesome laws, and righteous, able, and truthful rulers, in whose bosoms should continue to burn the spirit of the fathers of '76. My own heart has thrilled with joy at the praises of Liberty, which went up from the deep, warm heart of some July assembly, gathered to commemorate the sacrifices of life and property in the purchase of freedom, or rather maintaining against the usurpation of tyranny, the right—the God-given right—that every man has to liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Liberty, then, to my mind, and to the minds of the northern people generally, was a real existence—it had life. Its banner waved its shining folds over an honestly-supposed free and happy nation. That was the time of the Washingtons, the Adamses, the

Henrys, the Otises, the Franklins, and men of like spirit—yea, the righteous were in authority, and the people rejoiced. But to-day my spirit is dejected. A feeling of sadness like a dark and heavy cloud hangs trembling on my hope's horizon. It seems to be the general feeling of liberty-loving souls throughout the free States of this nation.

Freedom's birth-day approaches, wearing the badges of mourning and sorrow. Her eldest born lies apparently in the agonies of death, with the seeming prospect of a speedy dissolution. Why the tolling of those bells, which recently sounded out from the metropolis of New-England and her sister cities? Why is the court-house of Boston turned into barracks for soldiers? Why are her streets filled with armed men—why are the citizens sent out of the judgment hall—why are false witnesses brought in—why all this parade and force—what wretched malefactor, what bloody criminal stands arraigned before some bribed Pilate, to hear sentence of condemnation passed against him? Have the sober, safety-loving people of New-England lost all their sense of propriety, and turned barbarians, that they should wish to rescue from the hands of justice a vile, bloody, and dangerous criminal? Is it to execute justice, is it to protect human rights, is it to punish wrong, that Boston thus bristles with bayonets? Have the courts of Massachusetts ever before been guarded by U. S. troops, to secure a fair and impartial trial of a murderer or incendiary? Never was the like known before among the staid people of the old Puritan State. But what is the offense at which the multitude connive, and the penalty from which they seem anxious to rescue the accused, should he chance to be found guilty? How stands the indictment? Why, the complaint is, that one Anthony Burns, a man with an intellect and a soul, endowed by the great and good Creator with an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, wishing to exercise his powers of locomotion according to his own taste, as others did, peaceably and quietly left the State of Virginia and established himself as a citizen, among the children of the Puritans in Boston. And for this offense—for thus obeying the promptings of a principle, which God had planted deep in his nature, he must be seized and sent to an intolerable bondage, to wear out his body, and stultify his intellect, and dwarf his soul in unrequited toil, for one who claims, and has the power, to enforce the claim of ownership to a human being.

But by whose authority is this seizure made, and this claim established? Is it by the authority of the claimant himself? No. Is it by the authority of the Governor and those that rule with him in Virginia? No. A higher authority must be appealed to. The Chief Magistrate of the Nation must give command. And as common modes of communication are too tardy to carry on this work of hell, he gives his orders to the lightning's wings, and in an instant he speaks across the distance from Washington to Boston, and the troops of the United States are at the man-stealing, kidnapping slaveholder's services.

And this is why the people mourn—this is why the streets are hung in black—this is why the bells are tolled—why an insolent soldiery guards the courts of justice, and the city of Boston is put under martial law.

The same city once before witnessed a similar scene, but for an entire different object. Her purpose then was to protect Liberty, now to protect Slavery. Then the people rejoiced, now they mourn.

O, my country, how art thou fallen! Fallen from the glory and honor of freedom to the shame and disgrace of oppression. Can you wonder, my hearers, that the heart feels less light and joyous than it was wont to do as the anniversary of freedom draws nigh? How true it is, that when the wicked beareth rule the people mourn. Not only is one poor Burns the doomed victim of oppression, but millions are experiencing the same fate in a land claiming to be the freest in the world. The government of this country is entirely under the control of the Slave Power. When and where have her demands ever been denied? From the President down to the deputy marshal, through all the government officials the strife seems to be who shall stoop the lowest to do the slave power's bidding. The post office even, is desecrated to the vile purpose of revealing the hiding place of the fugitive, who seeks by flight to escape oppression, and secure the natural and inalienable right, and priceless boon of liberty. It was by means of a letter which poor Burns wrote to a brother in Virginia, detailing an ac-

count of his escape, and which he had taken the precaution to send first to Canada, that it might there be post marked, and was afterwards opened by his brother's master in Virginia— which in case of a white man would be a State-prison crime—that his pretended owner learned where his human chattel had taken refuge. Thus is the machinery of government turned into an engine of oppression. Does slavery desire more territory to curse with its tyranny; the nation finds a pretext for war, and freely gives her treasures and her soldiers, her blood and her strength to satisfy the unstrained desires of the government's petted child.

The solemn compromise made by the government in 1820, establishing perpetual freedom north of a certain latitude, must be broken that Slavery may plant her bloody standard on the free soil of Kansas and Nebraska.

Nor even yet is she satisfied. Her cancerous feelers are clutching after Cuba, and soon we may expect to hear the tocsin of war sounded for the conquest of that island; nor will her desires be satisfied till she has eaten out the heart and vitals of the American continent, and the liberty for which our fathers fought and bled becomes a dead and rotten carcass. The time was when the will of the people was heeded by our legislators and rulers. But how is it now? Listen to the sentiment of a Senator, grown insolent by the fattenings of the slave power: "We are not," says he, "to be instructed by our constituents, but we intend to instruct them." The idea conveyed is, that the people are not capable of self-government—they are too ignorant to tell what they want—entirely unqualified to judge between right and wrong in reference to great national questions—they cannot tell which is best, freedom or bondage. The voice of the people is thus unheard; the will of the tyrant must henceforth be the law. Such is the democracy of the slave power. In view of these facts, is it difficult to decide by whom and by what our country is governed? I will not insult your good sense, my hearers, by attempting to prove that Slavery is a wicked system. That it is a violation of the laws of nature; the express commands of God, and the holy precepts of Christianity. That it is a system of spiritual wickedness in high places, against which, like a zealous Paul, we should ever make war. Neither need I assert that those who rule by its authority are wicked rulers. He who frames and executes a wicked law, must be as wicked, as the law itself. The man who should steal your horse, rob your house, violate the chastity of your wife and daughter, and shut out the light of truth and knowledge from your mind, your own sense of right and wrong would condemn as a villain, whether done under the sanction of pretended laws, or done in violation of all legal enactments. All I need say is, when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn, and vice versa in this case; when the people mourn the wicked bear rule; one follows the other. In that system of Slavery, carried on under the sanction of the U. S. government, is comprehended, as said a truth-loving and truth-telling Wesley, "the sum of all villainies." I said that we, as a nation, are ruled by the slave power. Do not the present alarming facts, together with the past history of our country, for a few years, prove the statement correct? First, the Chief Magistrate, as all his past precedents will show, seems willingly devoted to the interests of Slavery. Then think of his power. Every officer of the government, (except Judges,) both civil and military, are subject to his will. He can at any time, without any cause, and without giving any reason, displace every civil and naval officer in the service of the U. S. government, and appoint others in their places. What a chance for bribery does this constitutional provision of appointment give the President. The entire Congress of the U. S. could be bribed to his interests in this way, had he the disposition to do it, unless composed of the purest and best men, men of the most unflinching integrity and virtue; men who have no price at which they can be bought and sold; (thank God there are some such in Congress,) by simply presenting one with a mission to the court of St. James; and another, of humbler pretensions, and a cheaper article, to some humbler authority.

And is not this what is done every day, by the jugglery and treachery of the political intriguers? The government of this country, in its machinery and workings of the present time, looks to me like a great car of Juggernaut, drawn by the slave power, beneath whose ponderous wheels multitudes of aspirants for office stand ready

to throw themselves, to have the very last pulsation of justice, liberty, truth, and humanity crushed out forever.

Is it wise, is it right for a christian people, professing to believe in equal rights, professing to subscribe to the doctrine that God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell upon all the face of the earth; taking for the charter of our liberties the self-evident truth, "that all men are endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Is it wise or is it right, tamely to submit to the oppression of any of God's children; to see our brother despoiled of his manhood; to see a human being bearing upon his brow the impress of divinity, stripped of his dignity, and reduced to a chattel, a thing—and make no effort to save him? By quietly submitting to this system of oppression, are we doing to others as we would wish them to do unto us under similar circumstances? If the spirit of Christ dwells in us we shall mourn and weep over the degradation and wickedness of our country as Christ did over Jerusalem. We shall not only mourn and pray for its deliverance, but we shall work for it.

We have been told that in compromise lies our safety. That by yielding somewhat to the demand of oppression and tyranny, the ship of state would continue to ride upon a calm sea. That thus alone could the Union be preserved. The compromise of 1850, which made every freeman a slave hunter, was said to be a finality, and agitation upon the subject must come to an end. Behold, "we looked for peace, but no good came; and for time of health, and behold trouble." Yielding the right never did, and never can satisfy wrong; Satan cannot cast out Satan. Ever since the first compromise with slavery, the trouble has increased. It is like the parent compromising with the child, when the child is manifestly in the wrong. Peace for a little time may be the result, but with the next demand the intolerance increases; the demand becomes more imperious, until the parent compromises away all his authority, and the child becomes both the master and the tyrant.

So by making concessions, by entering into compromises with slavery, and yielding the right for the sake of peace and union, she has grown more arrogant; the trouble has increased, and now a peaceful settlement of the question is almost hopeless. In reference to this vexed question of human wrong and oppression, we can say, as said a patriot in reference to the oppression of King George the III, "Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace." Conscience will speak. The voice of justice and humanity cannot be stifled forever by compromise with wrong. These eternal principles are like volcanic fires, they must find vent some where. They will eventually upheave the deepest strata of wrong that can be heaped upon them, and bury the wrong-doer in the ruins. Any law the execution of which makes men violate their natural sense of right, must necessarily meet with opposition, so long as the voice of conscience, the best sentiments of the human heart, must and will find utterance somehow. The people once were forbidden to shout hosanna to the son of David, when Jesus rode in triumph into Jerusalem. He replied to them, "If these should hold their peace the very stones would cry out." So it is with regard to unjust and oppressive laws. If men should hold their peace in regard to them, inanimate nature would speak, and her voice would be heard.

There are men, peaceful men, just and wholesome, law-abiding men, who rather than violate their conscience and their sense of right, will resist unrighteous laws and suffer the consequences. There are thousands of the best citizens of the country, who will not obey the compromise of 1850, called the Fugitive Slave law. To their minds it is a violation of natural right, and hence of no binding force. They must either violate conscience and the higher law of God, or disobey this wicked enactment—and they choose to obey God rather than man. But it is said we ought to obey the laws of our country, while they remain laws; the only remedy is in their repeal. But if we go back a long way in the history of the world, and trace it down to the present time, we shall find many instances in which individuals, and sometimes communities, would not yield obedience to the enactments of men in authority; and we honor them for their disobedience—we admire their courage and respect their candor. We say they did right. Daniel of old refused to obey the command to fall down and worship

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