

# THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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

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Many a tragedy of the heart has transpired since the coming of Codaona, which may find its type and deification in the following beautiful lines:

From the Congressional Herald.  
AGNES.

BY WM. W. CALDWELL.

Over the world I want to be  
A girl by the sea's deceptive beams,  
Over the world I want to be  
The hand of golden dreams.

As the waves are of a white  
The sea is of a blue  
And in the twilight's hours  
The stars are of a dew.

I stand upon the water's edge  
In the soft moonlight  
The sea is of a blue  
The stars are of a dew.

But where was she whose smile of love  
Should first have been the wanderer's eye?  
The sea is of a blue  
The stars are of a dew.

No for myself had I long been  
Of old and of new  
By the sea's deceptive beams,  
Over the world I want to be.

In vain I seek for an earth to roam  
Nor love nor gold from death could save  
I found for a living  
Only the world of my grave!

Then in the twilight, starry clear,  
I wildly called on Agnes' name,  
No answer broke the silence drear,  
No voice from out the darkness came.

Only the waves were breaking  
The sea is of a blue  
The stars are of a dew

I gazed with heavy pain o'erborn,  
Agnes to me in dreams the same,  
The sea is of a blue  
The stars are of a dew.

One more affection's holy light  
I breathe her name  
One more upon my dreary night,  
The vanished stars of love arise.

No more, once more, to soothe my pain,  
In speaking tones so sweet and low,  
That my heart quivered back again  
To life, and all its nameless woe.

O woe! O woe! In anguish deep  
I curse the god that could not save!  
O, that this breaking heart might sleep  
With Agnes in her quiet grave!

**A LOVE STORY.**

The following romantic love tale is taken from a sketch of the life of Hugh Miller, the stone mason and geologist, and the famous writer and poet. Thus he won a wife:

It was a fine evening by a female friend, who was accompanied by two ladies whom he had not seen before, one of them a charming blonde just entering her nineteenth year, but whose small and airy figure and waxen clearness of complexion gave her the appearance of a beautiful child rather than a woman. She seemed to take no notice of the ungainly, dust-be-spinkled mechanic, in his shirt sleeves and with a leather apron; but it afterwards transpired that she made some excuse to gain a nearer look of the person who had been pointed out to her by some distinguished name as the Cromarty poet. Some evenings after he met the same young lady under circumstances a little more favorable to sentiment and romance. Just as the sun was sinking, he was sauntering along one of his favorite walks on the hill—a tree-skirted glade—enjoying the delightful prospect of the enchanting shores and waters of the Cromarty Frith, when he unexpectedly found himself in her presence. She was sauntering through the wood as leisurely as herself—now and then dipping into a volume in her hand, which had not, however, in the least, the look of a novel, and which proved to be an elaborate essay on Cavaion. They passed each other, however, without any sign of recognition. As she disappeared with quickened pace from his sight, she reminded him that her presence was in harmony with the picturesque forest and the gorge.

She was a most appropriate figure for a lovely scene. Soon after, he began to meet her at the aesthetic teas, which he loved to frequent. She proved to be the daughter of a respectable widow lady, who had come to reside at Cromarty, had received a superior education, and at once made good her claim to a place in the highest of the intellectual circles.

Our accomplished mason soon found that she had a turn for even the severe walks of literature, and had formed a habit of composition in the style of the best English models. Her natural shyness rapidly wore away under the attractions of Hugh's intelligent conversation, and they became great friends. He was nearly ten years her senior, had read many more books, and was well qualified to be her intellectual counselor.

She visited him after some maidenly scruples had been resolved by the sanction of her friends, while working in the church-yard, and soon became his most constant guest. They conversed together on literary philosophy, and science, always, however, avoiding one subject, namely, that mysterious affection which sometimes springs up between persons of opposite sexes, when thrown much together.

Love formed the one solitary subject which from some curious contingency invariably escaped them. The importunate Hugh was not one of the sort of people who fell in love at first sight. He had even made up his mind to live a bachelor life. Still he was not altogether as obdurate as the rocks of his favorite science. In spite of his tough, sinewy, Scottish heart, he sometimes indulged in ideal visions. For fourteen or fifteen years, as he tells us, he had often fancied in his solitary walks a female companion by his side with whom he exchanged many a thought and gave expression to many a feeling, and whose understanding was as vigorous as her taste was faultless and her feelings exquisite. But the visions at length faded into thin air in the presence of his new-found friend. He had no hope that the feeling would be mutual. He had never prided himself on his good looks. Though in point of strength and activity he was conscious of his superiority, in his personal appearance he felt that he was below the average.

With his lack of faith in his own charms, while he admitted that 'Beauty' had made a conquest of the 'Beast,' he had not the slightest expectation that the Beast would in turn make a conquest of Beauty. If a young friend had several admirers, all younger and better dressed than the staid mason, and with better prospects in life, but at last matters came round; the young people discovered that they were mutually in love, and a conditional engagement took place. It was settled that they should remain three years more years in Scotland on the existing terms, and if during that time, no suitable field of exertion should open at home, that they should quit the country for America, and share together in a strange land whatever fate might have in store.

Nearly two or three years passed by and he was still an operative mason. Bright prospects at last arose. Upon the establishment of a branch of the bank of Scotland in his native place, he was offered the situation of accountant. When he received his appointment, he had been working as mason for fifteen years, including his apprenticeship; he was without experience in financial or mercantile affairs; he had arrived at the 32d year of his age. Meantime, his work on the legendary history of Scotland was issued from the press. It met with a favorable reception both from the public and critics. At length the season passed by; probation for the favor of his intended came to a close; and after a courtship of some five anxious years, Hugh Miller became the happiest of men in the possession of his bride.

**CONFIDENCE IN ONE'S SELF.**—When a crisis befalls you and the emergency requires moral courage and noble boldness to meet it, be equal to the requirements of the moment, and superior to the obstacles in your path. The universal testimony of men, whose experience exactly coincides with your own, furnishes the convincing reflection that difficulties may be ended by opposition. There is no blessing equal to the possession of a stout heart. The magnitude of the danger needs nothing more than a greater effort at your hands. If you prove recreant in the hour of trial, you are the worst of recreants, and deserve no compassion. Be not dismayed nor unmanned, when you should be bold and daring, unflinching and resolute. The cloud whose threatening murmurs you hear with fear and dread is pregnant with blessings, and the frown whose sternness now makes you shudder and tremble will ere long be succeeded by a smile of bewitching sweetness and benignity. Then be strong and manly, oppose equal forces to open difficulties; keep a stiff upper lip; and trust in Providence. Greatness can only be achieved by those who are tried. The condition of that achievement is confidence in one's self.

## "THE CHIVALRY" IN KENTUCKY.

A Pistol Fight at the Kentucky Fair—One of the Combatants Scalped—Two Negroes Wounded.

Col. SCHOUER of the Cincinnati Gazette, has been attending the Kentucky State Fair at Lexington, and has seen some strange specimens of the way "the chivalry" do up things. We make the following extracts from one of his letters. The Italics are our own:

The general harmony of the pleasant scene on the Fair grounds to-day, was interrupted by a brutal fight, the facts concerning which are as follows. I did not witness the fight, as I had left the grounds a few minutes before it took place, but saw the wounded combatants as they were brought from a field of their fame fresh and gory, and deposited in separate rooms at the Phoenix House.

About two o'clock this afternoon, they met close to the amphitheater in the center of the Fair grounds, each armed with one of Colt's revolvers. When within about fifteen paces of one another, they deliberately aimed at each other, and fired. Neither shot took effect. They continued to stand and fire until each had fired six rounds. Buford's fourth fire sent a ball into Thomas's thigh, which caused him to stagger a very little, though he did not fall, but stood his ground and fired two more shots at Buford.

He then threw his pistol down, and was in the act of drawing his knife to advance upon his opponent, when a young man, a friend of his, named Ferguson, handed him another pistol, charged with powder and ball, to try his luck again. This was seen by Capt. Buford, a brother of the young man engaged in the affray, who immediately clutched him and fell upon him, and was in the act of giving him a very decided pummeling, when young Buford advanced with his knife, and as Ferguson lay on the ground, he scalped him in true Indian style. His head was dreadfully cut, and the blood flowed profusely. In the mean time, Thomas, who had been wounded in the thigh, had been driven to the hotel. He was shortly after followed by a carriage conveying Ferguson to the same place. I happened to be at the door when the carriage drove up, and Ferguson stepped out; his head, face, and neck, were literally covered with blood. He walked up to his room, however, without assistance, when a physician was sent for, and the wounds were dressed.

Thomas also had his physicians in attendance, who examined his thigh, extracted the ball, and bound up his wounds. Neither Thomas nor Ferguson are dangerously hurt.

So much for the wounded who were parties to the fight. The Fair grounds were crowded with people all the time this infamous transaction was going on, and it is almost a miracle that a number of innocent people were not killed or seriously wounded.

As it was, a little negro girl about ten years old was shot in the mouth by one of the men, and a negro man who was a hundred and fifty yards from the scene of action, was wounded in the arm with a ball. I have also heard that a horse was hit. It was first reported that the negro girl was killed, but I have since ascertained that, although severely wounded, she is still alive and likely to recover.

There is a great deal of indignation expressed here in regard to this fight; and if a stray shot had killed a respectable lady, or a gentleman known and respected, I really believe that the three combatants, Thomas, Ferguson, and Buford, would have been hung up by the neck, without judge or jury. As it is, nothing has been done about arresting the parties, and probably they will pass unwhipped of justice.

The parties are known here as "game men," and as belonging to fighting families. The father of young Thomas killed a man several years ago in a fight. Ferguson is a young man who had a handsome fortune left him, and he has been abroad, and has some time been "improving himself" in European travel. He is very tall, and has an effeminate, foreign air. He has devoted great attention to his mustache, his hair, and indeed, his whole outward man. The loss of his scalp will vex him sorely. Captain Buford is in the dragoon service, and is a strong, athletic man.

To give you an idea how deliberately the shooting went on, once or twice the pistol cap snapped, when the party would take a cap from his vest pocket, reset it, and blaze away again.

When those we loved in youth are gathered to the bosom of Him that formed them, and the friends of our days of sunshine and gladness have turned from us in our darker hours, how gladly we turn to the Word of God, and how sweet the relief his pages afford to the bruised heart.—Leman.

## THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

John Mitchell, in the Citizen, addresses another letter to Archbishop Hughes, in which he makes the following pungent and proper remarks on the impropriety of the Irish keeping up their national distinctions in this country:

"To some persons, indeed, it is profitable to keep the Irish in America a body isolated and distinct—and to perpetuate the anomaly, absurdity, and enormity called the 'Irish vote.' These persons to whom this is profitable, are, first, the grog-shop politicians who, as I am informed, try to keep together each of them a clique or gang of 'Irish voters,' by cunctating national nonsense and patriotic palaver—and so are in a condition to bargain with candidates for office. Secondly, it is profitable to your Grace; you are thus furnished with a kind of Irish organization, which, for the interests of 'the Church,' you can do turn into a Catholic organization,—and wield as a politico-ecclasiastical power to influence American politics,—not of course to serve any object of personal ambition, (in a Catholic prelate this is 'impossible,') but for the advantage of the Church of God. Mysterious are the ways of Providence! See how a Church of God may be benefited by corner grog-shops! Thirdly, it is profitable to the ringleaders of Native Americanism, who are enabled, by pointing to this partnership between Church and grog-shop rowdism, rotgut and religion, to alarm and irritate decent Americans, make them hate both Irishmen and Catholics, and so give up their political consciences and votes into the keeping of them, the Native ringleaders, who are, I presume, the very worst men in America; some of whom are Englishmen, or Orange Irishmen in the English interest; and who are at all events playing the English game here.

Therefore I would willingly distract and divide the 'Irish mind' of American citizens; I would introduce 'disunion' among them, making some of them Democrats, some Whigs, some Hards, some Softs, some Silver Greys, and some, if possible, even Free Soilers.—Anything, in short, but Know-Notthings or Abolitionists. The 'Irish Strength'—the 'Irish Vote,' I would break up and abolish utterly,—inasmuch that never more should prudent Yankee pipe-layer know where he may lay a pipe to draw the Irish vote to his platoon; never more should priest or bishop undertake (in the interest of the Church of God) to lead his sheep with pastoral crozier into the pleasant pastures of the Hards, or by the still waters of Old Fogysim. Not as Irishmen, not as Catholics, but as bona fide American citizens, I would have them go about their daily business and exercise their common franchise. Even in death I would separate them. If they go on sleeping together, four deep, in that Calvary Cemetery, the simultaneous uprising of so many Irishmen will be enough to arouse Native American spirit at the last day; and the tramp of the Resurrection will be the signal for the cry of 'Wide Awake!'

**THREE KINDNESS.**—A correspondent of the N.Y. Courier and Inquirer, gives an interesting account of a recent visit to De Quincy and his three daughters. But the most interesting paragraph in the whole letter is the one we copy below, for two reasons; first, because it gives a glimpse of the heart of one of the greatest living writers of English prose—and secondly, because it offers an example to be imitated:

"There was a moment's pause in the 'table talk,' when one of the daughters expressed an opinion of Scotland and the Scots. De Quincy had been in a kind of reverie, from which the question aroused him. 'Turning to us, he said in a kind of half-parental manner, 'the servant that waits at my table is a Scotch girl. It may be that you have something severe to say about Scotland. I know that I like the English Church, and dislike many things about the Puritanical church; but I never saw anything that might wound my servant. Heaven knows that he is of a poor serving girl is hard enough, and if there is any person in the world whose feelings I am especially tender, it is those of a female couple who do for us our drudgery. Speak as freely as you choose, but please reserve your censure if you have any for the moments when she is absent from the room.'

**A REMARKABLE COLORED MAN.**—Samuel Williams, a colored man, has one of the finest farms in Washington county, Md. The Hagerstown Herald states that at the age of thirty-eight years, he was a slave in Stafford county, Va., but subsequently purchased his freedom from his own earnings. He then bound himself to years of servitude until he could purchase his wife and children, which he accomplished when he was fifty years of age. Now he owns a farm worth \$10,000, and personal property amounting to several thousand more, all earned by his own labor. He is now seventy-eight years of age.

## From the M'Kean Citizen. OLD MAIDS.

Now don't go to imagining quaint, grim skeletons animated by spite and envy, though fashionable story-tellers do give such animated monstrosities the specific name of "old maids." 'Tis a slander on the sisterhood, as the experience of almost every sick chamber will testify.

If you go where sickness is, you commonly find one of two or three classes of nurses. Hirelings who are too various to mention—old ladies with innumerable invaluable specifics, a number of roots or herbs, included in the list, being tied in a brown paper parcel, open at both ends, which they carry about in their hands, as they go tip-toeing from chamber to kitchen, filling the entries with the smell of "steeping up" some of their nostrums for use—ladies who are happy when at peace, and so keep up a perpetual catalogue of human ills and certain remedies running from their tongues like thread from the spindle of the reel—ladies who are certain, if the patient is a child, that it has got worms, and if it be an adult, that the doctor is fearfully mis-managing and aggravating some terrible occult disease of which the physician is unsuspecting, but which she, shaking her head, could tell more about if she thought proper.

This class do occasionally, like the former mentioned one, include its portion of "old maids;" but the third class is almost exclusively occupied by this much-used and much-abused sisterhood.

Go where the patient is too poor to hire nurses, and find who has time to do the work of charity—go into the household where one of the numerous members is ill "nigh unto death,"—little ones to care for and the house to be kept—who is alternately took, doctor, and minister, to do everything that needs to be done, and has no spare hand to do it about house, and to do everything that no one else is skillful enough to do in the sick chamber, and to console, as only unselfish and devoted hearts know how to comfort those who are ready to despair? Whose days and weeks go unaccounted by in works-like these, for those who seem to think they have a right to demand her service, because she is not "confined by a family?" Who, after having seen the rocks and shoals in the sea of matrimony, and wisely judging that she was as little skilled in piloting life's bark safely through such dangers as were the hosts of her sisters who "marry in haste and repent at leisure," and make shipwreck of happiness, and seeing only one path of safety—the "narrow way" of celibacy, choose to live free from the cares and vexations, heart strains, and endless trials of wifehood, find that instead of being allowed to live free from these vexatious troubles, she is expected to help all her married sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles, and cousins, bear all their extra burdens,—she must be the inexhaustible fountain on which they all make "carte blanche" draughts,—she must be the unlimited receptacle of all confidences, agreeable or disagreeable.

The old maid aunt must make the shroud for the dead, and "fix up" the parlors for the funeral, and "dear Aunt Annie" must "please to trim the table" for Ella's wedding.

If Tom, Dick, and Harry slide down hill till they slide through trousers and stockings, why "Aunt Ann" must "be so good" as to patch and darn her full share in the world of boys, though she avoided getting into the scrape on her own account. Aunt Ann is always welcome among her relations, especially when there is some big job on hand. If the girls are going to have a quilting, or a party, or a picnic, she must taste the living to the frames, and put on the cotton, so that it may be sure to be even; or she must ice the cake, and make the lemonade—no body can do it so well; or she must oversee the refreshment department, to see that they do not all carry the same thing; for the girls have got to dress and hunt up missing articles which they are not old maidish enough to keep track of.

Yes, and after all these services, rendered so cheerfully and so as a matter of course, the old maid aunt's peculiarities are the standing themes of merriment amongst the youngsters, who, when other sources of fun fail, are sure to have a dish of amusement at Aunt Ann's expense; and if she happens to be peculiarly sensitive about any trifle, that sore spot is the target at which all the arrows of wit in its teens are leveled.

But if a single woman escapes from these annoyances in a cottage of her own, her relatives think her eccentric or insane, to venture to live alone "with no man about the house;" or self-right to repudiate the bliss of patching and darning, and being littered

with crumbs and greased with butter, and daubed with candy; or she is insulted with the pity of people who wonder what "disappointed affection in youth," drove her to the dreadful extremity of being a miserable benefactor, and at the same time free from the personal wretchedness of family disasters, while full of sympathy for others' woes. Ah! How they pity her because she is independent, and master of her own actions and herself. How they "wonder if Aunt Ann ever had an offer, that she did n't get married!"

How many times, if she ventures to inform Harry that the kitchen furniture is complete without the litter of his muddy boots, does she have the satisfaction of hearing this young sprig of manhood, guileless of beard, who was fed on her lap when he was a baby, singing in the woodshed:

"Three score and ten of us,  
Poor Old Maids!"

or the well-known dithyramb:

"Old age is honorable;  
But Old Maids are abominable,"

when she knows the graceless scamp would have died of the measles years ago, if she, and her sleepless care, and unerring skill, had not been employed by day and by night, to prevent such a catastrophe. If she ventures into a concert or lecture room, she hears herself lampooned, caricatured, and maligned, or sneered at and pitied. If she hears a sermon mentioning her sex, it is always for girls or married women, never for her. If she is seen chatting with an unmarried man, she is "fishing for a beau," or "setting her cap" for the luckless wight who dared be civil to her. She never outgrows these annoyances, let her live ever so long, be ever so good, kind, and cheerful, ever so unmindful of neglect, or ever so grateful for favors; the thoughtless, ungrateful world sneers on, at the hand whose bounties never fail, and the heart whose fountains of kindness and sympathy are never dried by any amount of domestic drudgery.

Notwithstanding all these needless cruelties practiced upon the offending and commonly unresenting old maid, she is the happiest of women, and she knows it very well usually; if she did not, she would change her condition straightway; for there is nothing to do but hold herself cheap enough, and she could exchange her independence for matrimonial servitude any time.

**VERMONT—A MODEL STATE.**—Firstly, there is not a public, legalized tipping house in the State. Instead of licensing men to sell poison to their fellow men, the sale of rum is made by law what it always is in fact—a crime.

Secondly, there are neither cities nor soldiers, nor a fort, in the State, though the citizens when called upon are the best soldiers in the world. Who has not heard of "Molly Stark's men" of the Revolution; or the "Green Mountain boys" of later date!

There is not a theater, circus, opera house, public museum, or any other grand show-shop in the State; and who ever heard of a Vermont mob? Without "fighting-run," how could they have mobs? There is no record of a Vermont murder these ten years, and her penitentiary is a small one.

There are no slaves in the State, nor any, except a few, dog-faces, who fellowship slave-owners. There are railroads, but no Wall-sts, or State-sts, and no great railroad defaulter.

There are no seaports, no arrivals of immigrants, except the few scattering from Canada, and hence no monstrous corruptions at the N.Y. box.

There are no Banks that do not pay what they promise, and no millions spent at the State Treasury to support an army of idle loafers.

There is in Vermont a nation of hardy mountaineers; athletic men and handsome women; a great community of honest, industrious farmers, cultivating a fruitful soil, and enjoying the rewards of peaceful industry.—N. Y. Tribune.

**A Hog Story.**—The Louisville Journal "gets off" the following capital anecdote about hogs:

In Madison and other counties, mast and acorns are very scarce. Mast abounds, however, in the county of Estill. Many hogs were driven there, which the Estill people considered an infringement on their rights. Councils were called to deliberate how to rid themselves of the nuisance. Many plans were proposed, and finally, after a good deal of debate, one was adopted. It seems that hogs have great fear of bears. Accordingly the skin of a bear was procured, and a large sow was procured from one of the droves. She was covered with the bear's skin and then let loose. She immediately returned among the droves, but on her approach all the hogs took flight, pursued by the sow with the bear skin. It is stated that since this experiment a hog has crossed the confines of Estill county.