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Original Poetry.

LITTLE MAGGIE.

A True Story.—Dedicated to Willie.

BY ANST. LEE.

Down the city's wind-swept street,
The missionary's tired feet
Trod, where dimmer men would shrink
From plague-struck misery's noisome brink.
The Forest City spread above
Its broad-armed, house-embanking grove;
But down the river's treeless bank,
With off-lit green and azure dank—
Dingy with the coal-smoke's stain—
Laid down the city's chain—
From the cheerful town above,
Came that messenger of love,
The iron seed its white mane tossed
In pride along the track he crossed;
The hammer's stroke and engine's din
Canged from West's machine-shops grim,
While just across the river's stream,
Were squall'd houses at their doom.
All ragged and awry their side,
And shivers with an angry fire,
When the wind, with hungry roar,
Beats the Lake upon its shore,
Or drives the sharp-edged flakes of snow
Thro' every crack where they can go;
Here, amid the filth and din,
Sits drunken Poverty and Sin:
The first no house of pride makes bright—
The last, all naked, seeks the light.
But here, from out their dens of shame,
These hump-backed, wretched have no name,
The missionary's toil has brought
A host of children to be taught.

O children! if your eyes are bright
With the home-hear's gentle light!
If your cheeks are flushed with red,
And smoo'ed cheeks upon a cheek—
If you have found your way to school,
And found in books a world of good,
What! if you see that ragged crew
That missionary round him drew?
No kind hand led them to school,
Combed on their ragged locks their woe:
But gentle fingers now have found
Those ragged children, and have found
And in a new-born place, placed,
Washed off the dirt and found their face,
Poor children! they had never been
In such a place, so near and clean!

How odd to them the school-room's look!
How new to them the school-room's look!
They'd been a month in school, but never
But never earned their place in school;
They'd been a month in school, but never
To enter any school-room door.

The bright child, with her hair
Leaned with her cheek to the wall,
And looking round her wondering eyes,
With eager, half-awakened surprise,
Unconscious of her own small size,
Sublime in her own little pride,
When with her eyes she saw the first
Maggie, the little girl, with her
With her eyes, she saw the first
Maggie, the little girl, with her

He stopped, and eyes full of tears spoke
A new light in her eyes, and she
And at each question she gave him
A little flash, the gleam of a smile.
Her answers, the answers of a child,
Back to him, in a voice that was not
And day by day, as she grew
Fresh in her new school, and day by day
And came, day by day, and day by day
Dr. McGee's little girl, with her

But Maggie had a heart full of
Which she could not keep from
Fear of the teacher, and the
Maggie, the little girl, with her
Maggie, the little girl, with her

One day the teacher said to God,
And the teacher said to God,
Of the great love of God to
By His love, each day they knew,
And how the love of God to
In every heart and every where.

"I God my friend," said Maggie then,
When she heard the teacher's voice,
While she was sitting in her seat,
A great new love was in her heart.
"He said," she heard, and here,
And in the street, and in the
"Yes, ever here," she heard, and here,
And in the street, and in the
"Yes, ever here," she heard, and here,
And in the street, and in the

Great tears were rolling down her cheek,
Her eyes were full of tears, and she
One "Oh, how good," she said, and she
And her eyes were full of tears, and she
Two weeks, she heard, and here,
For Maggie never came again.

On her way, she heard, and here,
Was followed by her teacher's hand,
And every day, she heard, and here,
Breathed her love, and here, and here,
For Maggie's face, here, and here,
"Midst all these, and here, and here,
And here, and here, and here, and here,
Had seen her with a dearest hand.

She struggled with a fearful pain,
On the verge of death, and here,
The agony grew, and here, and here,
Yet it did not, and here, and here,
And when its long, long pain, passed,
Sweet Maggie knew it was her life,
She raised her head, and here, and here,
"No, no, no," she said, and here, and here,
"What! no, no, no," she said, and here, and here,
"Yes, no, no, no," she said, and here, and here,
"Glad that for me there is no more—
I have been here, and here, and here,
All the good, good, good, good,
I'm weary of it, and here, and here,
But now, I go, and here, and here,
Never to be here, and here, and here,
To be with God, and here, and here,
"Mother, I'm glad to say, and here, and here,
"But do you know what you have said?"
Maggie raised up her head, and here, and here,
"My teacher has said, and here, and here,
And she has said, and here, and here,
And she has said, and here, and here,
Then sunk on her pillow, and here, and here,
And here, and here, and here, and here,

THE AMERICAN PARTY.

The following passage from Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER's Broadway Anti-Slavery lecture expresses our own feelings in relation to the American party so fully and so eloquently that we take pleasure in transferring them to the *Journal*. We call the attention of the *Harrisburg Herald* to these sentiments, as we believe them to be true, and that they are the sentiments of nine-tenths of the Northern people. [Eps. Journal.]

At this moment, the former parties that have stood in counterpoise have fallen to pieces. And we are on the eve, and in the very act, of reconstructing our parties. One movement there is that calls itself American. Oh, that it were so would be! Never was an opening so auspicious for a true American party that, embracing the principles of American institutions, should enter our Temple of Liberty and drive out thence not merely the interloping Gentiles, but the money-changers, and those, also, who sell oxen, and cattle, and slaves therein.

It is not the question whether a Northern party should be a party of philanthropy, or of propagandism, or of abolition. It is simply a question whether, for fear of these things, they will ignore and rub out of their creed every principle of human rights!

I am not afraid of foreigners among us. Nevertheless, our politicians have so abused us through them, that I am glad that a movement is on foot to regulate the conduct of new-comers among us, and oblige them to pass through a longer probation before they become citizens. In so far as I understand the practical measures proposed, and set forth in the message of the Governor of Massachusetts, I approve them.

But I ask you, fellow-citizens, whether the simple accident of birth is a bar to broad enough for a permanent National party? Is it a principle, even? It is a mere fact.

Ought we not to look a little at what a man is, after he is born, as well as at the place where? Especially, when we remember that Arnold was born in Connecticut and La Fayette in France.

If, then, a party is American, ought it not to be because it represents those principles which are fundamental to American institutions and to American policy? principles which stand in contrast with European institutions and policy?

Which of these two theories is the American? The North has one theory, the South another; which of them is to be called the American idea? Which is American?—Northern ideas or Southern ideas? that which declares all men free, &c., or that which declares the superior races free, and the inferior slaves?

That which declares the right of every man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—or that which declares the right of strength and intelligence to subordinate weakness and ignorance?

That which ordains popular education, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, public discussion—or that which makes these a prerogative, yielded to a class, but denied to masses?

That which organizes society as a Democracy and Government a Republic—or that which organizes society as an Aristocracy, and Government as an Oligarchy?

Which shall it be—that of Organized New-England townships, schools, and churches—that resisted taxation without representation—that covered Boston harbor with tea, as if all China had shook down all her leaves there—which spoke from Faneuil Hall, and echoed from Bunker Hill; or that policy which landed slaves on the Chesapeake—that has changed Old Virginia from a land of heroes into a breeding ground of slaves—that has broken down boundaries, and carried war over our lines, not for liberty, but for more territory for slaves to work, that the owners might multiply, and the aristocracy of America stand on the shores of two oceans, an unbroken bound all between?

If a National American party is ever formed, by leaving out the whole question of Human Rights, it will be what a man would be—his soul left out!

An American National party—Liberty left out!

An American party—Human Rights left out!

Gentlemen, such a party will sink with dissolution before you can get it finished. No Masory can make it solid—no art can secure it. No anchor that was ever forged in infernal styth can go deep enough into political mud to hold it.

If you rear up an empty name; if you take that revered name American, all the world over radiant and revered, as the symbol of human rights and human happiness—if you sequester and stuff that name with the effects

doctrines of despotism, do you believe you can supplant from the gods the boon of immortality for such an unbaptized monster? No. It may live to ravage our heritage a few days, but there is a spirit of liberty that lives among us, and that shall live. And aroused by that spirit, there shall spring up the yet unaroused hosts of men that have not bowed the knee to Baal—and we will war it to the knife, and knife to the hilt.

For, it shall be, America shall be free.

We will take that for our life's enterprise. Dying, we will leave it a legacy to our children, and they shall will it to theirs, until the work is done, our fathers' prayers are answered, and this whole land stands clothed in its right mind—a symbol of what the earthly fruits of the Gospel are!

If a National party is now to be formed, what shall it be, and what shall its office be?

It shall be a peacemaker, say sly politicians. Yes, peace by war. But an American party, seeking peace with imperious Aristocracy by yielding everything down to the root—one would think no party need be formed to do that. Judas did as much without company. Arnold did that without companions.

An American National party must either be a piebald and patched-up party, carrying in its entrails the mortal poison of two belligerent schemes, former legendary disputes, and agitation, and furious conflict; or, to be a real national party, it must first be a Northern party and become national. We must walk again over the course of history. Here in the North Liberty began. Its roots are with us yet. All its associations and all its potent institutions are with us. Having once given forth this spirit of liberty, now fading out of our Southern States, the North should again come forth and refill the poisoned veins that have been drinking the hemlock of Despotism with the new blood of Liberty! Let us give sap to the tree of Liberty, that it may not wither and die!

When Hercules was born, but yet a child, the jealous Juno sent two serpents to his cradle to destroy him. Hercules, the serpents must die. Both could not lie in the same bed. He seized them and suffocated them by his grip; while his poor brother, Iphiclus, filled the house with his shrieks. An infernal Juno, envious of the destined greatness of this country, hath sent this serpent upon it! What shall we do? Shall we imitate Hercules, or Iphiclus? Shall we choke it, or shall we form a timid National party, and shriek?

Gentlemen, you will never have rest from this subject until there is a victory of principles. Northern ideas must become American, or Southern ideas must become American, before there will be peace. If the North gives the Nation her radical principles of human rights and democratic Governments, there will be the peace of an immeasurable prosperity. If the South shall give to the country a policy derived from her heathen notions of men, there will be such a peace as men have overdrugged with opium, that deep lethargy just before the moral convulsions and death! All attempts at evasion, at adjourning, at concealing and compromising, are in vain. The reason of our long agitation is, not that restless Abolitionists are abroad, that ministers will meddle with improper themes, that parties are disregarding of the country's interest. These are symptoms only, not the disease; the effects, not the causes.

Two great powers that will not live together are in our midst, and tugging at each other's throats. They will search each other out, though you separate them a hundred times. And if by any insane blindness you shall contrive to put off the issue, and send this unsettled dispute down to your children, it will go down, gathering volume and strength at every step, to waste and desolate their heritage. Let it be settled now. Clear the place. Bring in the champions. Let them put their lances in rest for the charge. Sound the trumpet, and God save the Right!

The latter portion of the lecture was frequently interrupted by boisterous applause.

After Mr. Beecher had taken his seat, there were loud calls for Mr. GIDDINGS, whereupon that gentleman came forward and said that he had not come there to make a speech, but, like a good Methodist brother, he would add his exhortation to the excellent sermon of his clerical friend. In conclusion, Mr. Giddings besought all to enter heartily into the contest for Freedom—to trust in God and keep their powder dry! [Loud applause.]

Unite in overthrowing the fashion which translates civility into love.

KANSAS AND SLAVERY.

The Washington Sentinel publishes the proceedings of a meeting of the citizens of Lafayette county, Missouri, held on Dec 25, at which it was resolved to withdraw all patronage from such steamboats on the Missouri River as shall presume to carry "abolition" emigrants into Kansas, and at which it was also voted to send fifty Delegates to a Convention of the Western counties of Missouri, to be held on the 8th of January, to devise other measures to secure the establishment of slavery in Kansas. The Sentinel takes especial pains to endorse this Lafayette county meeting. It says:

We are informed that among the members of the meeting are the most prominent and the wealthiest citizens of the county in which it is held—men deeply interested, as slaveholders in the issue at stake—men who can exert a salutary and wholesome influence on those around them, and men of that high-toned chivalry of character, who are at once earnest and competent to accomplish the work in which they are engaged.

From the string of resolutions adopted by those gentlemen of "high-toned chivalry," we select the following, as a specimen of the whole:

Resolved, 1. That slavery now exists in the Territory of Kansas, by the free will and choice of the citizens thereof, and that we will use all lawful means to aid and sustain the people of said Territory in procuring themselves and their property from any encroachments of their rights, by Abolition Societies or their emissaries.

2. That Kansas, with her beautiful and fertile plains and rich groves—adapted as she is by soil, climate and productions, as well as her location, to the profitable use of slave labor, invites the citizens of the Southern States of this Union, with their slaves, to her settlement and cultivation, and especially to the young and enterprising sons of the South, we say, that there they will find pleasant homes, with the means at hand of acquiring independence and wealth, and that we urge upon them to settle and secure their claims in said Territory without delay.

Our Washington contemporary is thoroughly delighted and elated with these sayings and doings in Lafayette county, and argues from them, and from other similar movements in Missouri, that the triumph of slavery in Kansas is certain. It says:

It is well known to our readers that we have long concluded that the South would not only triumph in the main chance of the principles involved in the Nebraska-Kansas bill, but derive a practical benefit from the application of those principles. We have argued that the soil and the climate of Kansas are alike adapted to the institution of slavery, and we have gained much encouragement in this opinion from the firm and determined conduct of the people of the bordering States.

We consider the question so long involved in doubt and uncertainty as now finally settled. We see in the future the Territory of Kansas, with her fertile soil, her delightful climate, her rich productions, knocking at the door of the Union, to claim admittance as a slaveholding State—to demand the application of the great republican principle involved in the Nebraska triumph: that to the people belong the control and a portion of their own government and institutions. And we see in it a desirable consummation and her step toward the restoration of that equilibrium among the different sections of the Confederacy, the destruction of which has so long threatened the peace, prosperity and perpetuity of our institutions.

In giving utterance, with such eloquent exultation, to these delightful anticipations, the Sentinel only echoes the triumphant joy of the South at what is transpiring in Kansas. Southern men in Washington take no pains to conceal their full knowledge of the great victory they have won. Slavery, confirmed, strengthened, and to all human appearance, made perpetual in Missouri; and in addition to that, Slavery spread over and fastened upon a new and fertile territory twice as large as New England, from which a solemn compact once excluded it; these are facts large enough to elate, not merely the "high-toned chivalry" of one of the Western counties of Missouri, but also of the "high-toned chivalry" of Virginia and the Carolinas. Indeed, four members of Congress from those polished States have just published to the world an elaborate essay from the pen of Gen. Stringfellow, of Missouri, proving that slavery not only does and will exist in Kansas, but must and shall exist there. We learn also that at Washington the leading Southern men identified with the slavery propaganda, have not the slightest apprehension of any efficient resistance to their designs from the North. That

some feeling on the subject exists at the North, they admit; and they concede that it will probably increase for a time, under the discovery that Kansas is not to be free, as that learned and cautious son of New England, Edward Everett, assured us it would be. Still, they believe that the excitement, as they call it, will have sufficiently died away before the next Presidential election, to enable them to rule the North, as they always have done, through party divisions and acquiescing doughfaces. Indeed, the friends of slavery and slavery extension at the Capitol were never so exultant as now. They feel and know that at this moment they control every department of the Government, and they do not doubt that what is happening in Kansas gives them a new and perpetual lease of power.

It is possible that they are right, but it is also possible that they are making a prodigious mistake.—N. Y. Tribune.

For the Journal. I DIDN'T THINK.

How often do we hear this simple expression, "I didn't think." It almost seems an excuse for errors that have been committed without evil intentions. How many sorrows and trials do we bring upon ourselves by not pausing to think what may be the consequences. Thoughtlessness, therefore, is a crime which should be avoided by all. Often it causes a pang in after years to rankle like a poisoned arrow in the soul, and gnaw like a worm at the heart's core.

"I didn't think," mother, sure I didn't think," says the beautiful child, as he gazes upon the sad countenance of the parent whom he feels that he has grieved, and his little arms are fondly clasped around her neck, as he utters forgiveness; soon his young heart bounds with delight, and he dashes merrily away to his play, and he thinks not of the past.

Behold yonder old mansion, whose loose and hanging shutters seem the sport of the wild winds. Course your way up the rickety stairs, and there see one with whom adversity has dealt severely; yet some traces of former beauty still remain. Listen to her soliloquy, though intended for no ear: Just ten years ago this night I knelt at the altar a blooming bride, and uttered sacred vows; numerous friends and flatterers thronged around me with their pleasing salutations, and I little thought I should ever meet with sorrow—that he to whom I intrusted my hopes and happiness would ever prove false; yea, worse than a curse. Yes, I say, I thought not of this; I thought only of the present; the future occupied no place in my mind. Had I studied more closely the book of human nature, and listened to the kind warning of friends—but alas! I didn't think, I didn't think. Where and what am I now, deprived of all that makes life sweet, and all because of my own vain thoughtlessness? Oh, I cannot and will not think of it.

Further, let us illustrate the drunkard, who reels to his midnight revels; and when urged to reform, says Ah! too late, too late! When I first handled the poisoned cup, I little thought that it would ever reach this; that I should ever stand upon the last stair of human degradation. I didn't think of this; I thought I could dash the sparkling goblet from my lips whenever my better judgment should appoint the time. But now there is no hope; Intemperance, with its contaminating vices, chains me down. Oh, something to satisfy this horrid, burning thirst; it is consuming my very vitals, while frightful demons and fiery serpents assail me from every side, and will drag me down to the infernal pit. I didn't think.

Just one more illustration, dear reader, to show the folly of thoughtlessness. Man, in his earthly might, thinks only of himself and the means whereby he may accomplish his own selfish ends. Wealth is his god, and at its temple he bows in adoration, forgetful of the great Author of his being, while he is so eager to grasp the paltry things of the world. Hardly has he secured them when he is called to pass life's river; there can be no delay, the command must be obeyed. He casts a mournful glance upon all that his heart holds dear, and enters the boat with an agonizing groan. The memory of the past comes thronging back, and guilty deeds pass vividly before his mind's eye. Repentance comes too late. No kind angel ferries over to yon blissful shore, and no angelic hands welcome his coming; but dark, dark is the scene; human imagination cannot picture the horror of his destination, and the horror of his soul; and he exclaims, "Poor deluded fool that I have been; I am lost, but I didn't think, I didn't think."

Troy, Pa.

M.

WOMEN AS BOOK-KEEPERS.

The following extract from a report presented to the Board of Education on Wednesday last, will be read with interest by many besides the teachers immediately referred to therein—by all, indeed, who are interested in extending the resources and increasing the opportunities of the female laborers of our city and country:

"Book-keeping, in all its forms and varieties, is well worthy the attention of every student of our Public Schools. Ours is eminently a commercial age, and the ability to comprehend and to conduct financial operations of every grade is an accomplishment which can scarcely fail of adequate appreciation in any station or pursuit in life. In addition to its obvious utility in the application of the various problems of Mathematical science and its intimate connection with the noble science of political economy, it affords a wide and profitable field of employment to the young and enterprising as well as to those of more advanced years. Nor is it perceived why a legitimate and extensive scope may not be afforded by this branch of science to female labor; or why the counting-house, as well as the book-store or the printing office, should not be opened to the competition of suitably qualified females. The occupation is well adapted to the female mind; and its quiet stillness and method combine to render it congenial and agreeable.

Why may not, therefore, the teachers and pupils of the Female Department of our schools prepare themselves for this employment, and thereby open a new and profitable avenue of occupation for the sex? Our merchants, mechanics, and capitalists, would doubtless be happy to afford them every requisite facility for obtaining a footing in this department of labor; hundreds and thousands of our educated young ladies would thereby be enabled to convert their acquirements to immediate and practical, as well as profitable use. It is, therefore, respectfully recommended that the science of book-keeping, in its various departments, be thoroughly and practically taught in our Normal Schools, and the higher classes of the several Grammar Schools; and that a suitable and well-qualified instructor be assigned this department exclusively in the Female Normal School. Respectfully submitted, S. S. RANDALL, City Sup't of N. Y. Schools."

The New York City Superintendent of Common Schools has done his duty. Woman should have her sphere of labor enlarged. There is no doubt about this. The fact painfully presses upon the convictions of the benevolent, in these stringent times.

If any doubt existed as to the capacity of women to keep books, it would be removed by a conversation with any intelligent American who had visited Paris. Most of the book-keeping in that city is done by females. And a great improvement have they been found to be upon men, in the situations of the usual employes about Banking and Commercial establishments. They do not steal. Money is much safer in the hands of women, than men. In France they are found to make much more trustworthy clerks and agents, than men did. They rarely gamble, and never keep mistresses.—Buffalo Democracy.

SILKS.

The most practical effect of the hard times that has come under our notice is that mentioned in the *Cincinnati Gazette*. The unpleasant medicine will surely work, for the present at least, a radical cure, if we only permit its operation to be general. The article alluded to, was to the effect that the ladies of New York had formed a society for the promotion of American industry, the members pledging themselves to wear nothing which is not made in America. On the 27th ult., a *Soiree* was given at the Astor House, at which every lady present appeared in calico or muslin de laines of home manufacture. [We hope they didn't spend enough on the *Soiree*, to make up the difference in price between silk and calico.] Now why is it that we cannot raise our own silk? No man is niggard enough to wish his wife to dress in calicoes if he can reasonably help it. If the encouragement that is extended to the importer was given to the silk growers at home, women would not be obliged to betake themselves to calico, or wear foreign silks. We believe that this country can be made the great silk producing country of the world, if we only extend the proper encouragement to the cultivator and manufacturer.—*Journal & Visitor*.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.