THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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

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THE INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY ON EDUCATION.

Thomas Jefferson told what the influence of Slavery was on the manners and morals of the people. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has told with equal power what its influence on common schools and free speech is and has been; and here is his faithful picture:

There is just as marked a contrast upon the subject of education, and especially of Common Schools. In the North we have COMMON Schools. This is more than a school. It is more than a public school. It is a *Common* School, in distinction from a *select* or class school. It is a public provision for bringing together, upon perfect equality, the children of the rich and the poor, the noble and ignoble, the high and the low. It is a provision of our institutions, by which every generation is led to a line and made to start equal and together. There will be inequality enough as soon as men get into life. Some shoot ahead; some, like dull sailors in a fleet, are dropped behind, and men are scattered all along the ocean. But the *Common* School gathers up their children and brings them all back again to take a new start together. Thus our schools are not mere whetstones to the intellect; they are institutions for evening up society; they resist the tendency to separation into classes, which grows with the prosperity of a community; they bind together, in cordial sympathy, all classes of citizens. For nothing is more tenacious than schoolday remembrances, and the last things that we forget are playmates and schoolfellows.

The South may have schools. But never *Common* Schools. The South has no *common* people. There can be no *community of interests*, but never *Commonwealths*. There is no *common* ground. Waste territory of cloth gives men upon a perpendicular scale. It is a society of *classes*, and a society of *classes* can never be a *community*. When the whole fabric of a State is performed by degraded class, that are not invited in the State as citizens or social beings, it is impossible but that the influence should be to break the force of those theories and ideas which have produced such a state of things. The poor white population of the South is degraded. They are poor men—they are not fertile in the sight of labor. They are not so well off as slaves, not so high as their own own slaves. There are three classes—the top, the middle and the bottom; and two of these, the top and bottom, being fixed and legal, the middle is modified by them both.

In such a society, there cannot be a system of School in any such sense as we mean it. Indeed, there cannot be a *community* in any State where slavery is the legal condition of a population as is the case in many Southern States. Ignorance is an institution in the South. It is a political necessity. It is as much protected by legislation and by public sentiment, and guarded by enactments, as intelligence is in the North. It must be. The restrictions which keep light from the slave will keep it from the whole excepting always the few who live at the top. There cannot be an atmosphere of intelligence. Slaves would be in danger of breathing that. There cannot be a common public sentiment, a common school, nor common education. Knowledge is power, not only, but powder, putting the South in danger of being blown up by restless thinking and the great ideas of the age.

Closely connected with this, and springing from the same causes, is a contrast between the North and the South, in respect to free speech and open discussion by lip and by type.

The theory of the North is, that every man has the right, on every subject, to the freest expression of his opinions, and the fullest right to urge them upon the convictions of others. It is not a permission of law; it is the inherent right of the individual. Law is only to protect the citizen in the use of that right.

It is the theory of the North that society is as much a gainer by this freedom of discussion as is the individual.

It is a perpetual education of the people, and a safeguard to the State. There is the utmost latitude of speech and discussion among our citizens. The attempt to abridge it would be so unnatural that the most dignified Court that ever sat in Boston would become an object of universal merriment and ridicule, that should presume to arrest and caused to be indicted any man for free speaking in old Faneuil Hall. Merriment, I say, for who would not laugh at a philosopher who should set snares for the stars, and fix his net to catch the sun, and regulate their indiscreet shining? Darkness and silence are excellent for knaves and tyrants; but the attempt to command the one or the other in the North, changes the knave to an imbecile and the tyrant into a fool.

But, should any power, against the precedents of the past, the spirit of the people, the theory of our civil polity and the rights of individual man, succeed, and make headway against free speech, and put it in jeopardy, it would convulse the very frame-work of society. There would be no time for a revolution—there would be an *eruption*, and fragmentary Judges, Courts, and their minions would fly upward athwart the sky, like stones and balls of flame driven from the vomiting crater of a furious volcano! No. This is a right like the right of breathing. This is a liberty that broods upon us like the atmosphere. The grand American doctrine that men may speak what they think, and may print what they speak—that all public measures shall have free public discussion—cannot be shaken; and any party must be intensely American that can attempt to destroy the very foundation American principle that public questions shall be publicly discussed, and public procedure be publicly agreed upon. Right always gains in the light, and Wrong in the dark. An owl can whip an eagle in the night!

The South holding a heathen theory of man—an aristocratic theory of society—is bound to hold, and does hold, a radically opposite practice in respect to rights of speech and freedom of the press.

There is not freedom of opinion in the South, nor there cannot be.

Men may there talk of a thousand things—of all religious doctrines, of literature, of art, of public political measures—but no man has liberty to talk as he pleases about the structure of southern society, and apply to real facts of southern life and southern internal questions that searching investigation and public exposure which, in the North, brings every positive question to the bar of public opinion, and makes society boil like a pot!

Yes, you may speak of Slavery, if you will defend it; you may preach about it, if you shingle its roof with Scripture texts; but you may not look nor preach, nor print attention deserving, though you believe them with the intensity of inspiration!

The reason given is, that it will spur up insurrection. And so it will. It is said that free speech is inflammatory. So it is. That it would bring every man's life in the South into jeopardy, that, in self-defence, they must limit and regulate the expression of opinion. But what is that theory of government, and what is that state of society under it, in which free speech and free discussion are dangerous? It is the boast of the North, not alone that speech and discussion are free, but that we have a society constructed in every part so rarely, wisely, naturally, that they can endure free speech in every possible part, but only gain. We turn out any law, and say, *Disturb it!* that it may be stronger! We challenge scrutiny for our industry, for our commerce, for our social customs, for our municipal affairs, for our State questions, for all that we believe, and all that we do, and everything that we build. We are not in haste to be born in respect to any future life. We say, probe it, question it. We ask the *experience of the past* to sit and try it. We ask the ripest *wisdom of the present* to test and analyze it. We ask enemies to plead all they know against it. We challenge all the world of ideas, and the great deeper human interests to come up upon anything that belongs or is to belong, to public affairs. And then, when a truth, a policy, or a procedure comes to birth, from out of the womb of such discussion, we know that it will stand. And when our whole public interests are rounded out and built up, we are glad to see men going around and about, marking well our towers, and counting our bulwarks. May it do them good to see such architecture and engineering! And it is just this difference that distinguishes the North and the South. We have institutions that will stand public and private discussion—they have not.

We will not *have* a law, or custom, or economy, which cannot be defended against the freest inquiry. Such a rule would cut them level as a mowed meadow! They live in a crater, forever dreading the signs of activity. They live in a powder magazine. No wonder they fear light and fire. It is the plea of Wrong since the world began. Discussion would unseat the Czar; a free press would dethrone the ignoble Napoleon; free speech would revolutionize Rome. Freedom of thought and freedom of expression! they are the mighty champions that go with unsheathed swords the world over, to redress the weak, to right the wronged, to pull down evil and build up good. And a State that will be damaged by free speech ought to be damaged. A King that cannot keep his seat before free speech, ought to be unseated. An order or an institution that dreads freedom of the press has *reason* to dread it. If the South would be revolutionized by free discussion, how intensely does that fact show her dying need of revolution! She is a dungeon, full of damps and death-air. She needs light and ventilation. And the only objection is, that if there were light and air let in, it would no longer be a dungeon.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

ENFORCING THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

Messrs. Booth and Ryecraft, of Milwaukee, have been released from prison by order of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, on the ground that the Fugitive law is unconstitutional. On this process they are thus no longer liable to go to jail, but their fines will, no doubt, have to be paid. For this purpose, the contributions raised in various parts of the country will come into requisition. We are confident that not one cent of the sum will have to be met by the martyrs themselves.

A correspondent suggests that a plan should be devised to meet future cases of the kind. This should be done. The men who suffer in the cause of Freedom should be made to know that the sympathy and support of the free masses are not wanting to them. A case which calls for aid of this sort is that of Rush R. Sloane, of Sandusky, Ohio, who is now under sentence to pay a fine and costs amounting to $2,000, and be imprisoned six months, on a charge of aiding the escape of fugitives in the autumn of 1852. As he states the facts, his only offence is, having been present at the Mayor's office as counsel for certain negroes. The latter had been about to leave Sandusky on a steamboat, when a number of Kentuckians drove them back; a riot seemed inevitable, when it was proposed that all parties should go before the Mayor, where the claimants of the negroes should prove their ownership if they could. Hereupon Mr. Sloane was sent for: concerning what followed we copy his statement:

"On entering the Mayor's office, I found a crowd assembled, and in one corner of the room the blacks and their claimants. I waited some time for steps to be taken by the claimants, but as no one whom I or any one else knew by them, and as the Mayor did not, and could not, act on the premises, I demanded by what authority he held the negroes detained. No reply. I then demanded to know if they were in the custody of any officer of the United States. No reply. I demanded to be shown the papers or evidence by which they were detained; and there was no reply to this. I then spoke to the parties who had employed me. 'Colored citizens. I see no authority to detain your friends.' At this remark, some one near the door cried out, 'Rise them men!' and immediately the crowd and the negroes were out of the building, and, no doubt, soon the blacks were over Jordan. For these remarks, one of the claimants took the negroes off, he remarking to bystanders, 'Town those niggers.' They are my property. Here are the papers, and I shall hold you individually responsible for their escape.' These were the first and only words they addressed to me, and these not until the negroes were out of the building."

Though these facts were proved on the trial, Mr. Sloane was found guilty of violating the Fugitive law, and is to be punished as we have stated. The fine and expenses will sweep away a large portion, if not all, of his property. It should be borne, not by him, but by the opponents of slave-catching throughout the country.

"NO ADMITTANCE."—The surest way to fill a private apartment, whether in a printing office, a cotton factory, or a sausage shop, with visitors, is to place over the door a placard, bearing the inscription, "No admittance." No person ever read that prohibition over an entrance without instantly being attacked by an ungovernable desire to rush right in.

What three authors would you name in commenting on an extensive conflagration? Dickens, Howitt, Burns.

Hear no ill of a friend, nor speak any of your enemy.

DAVID LEAVITT'S BARN IN BERKSHIRE COUNTY.

Mr. David Leavitt, of this city, recently bought a farm of three hundred acres for his country residence, on the Housatonic river, hardly two miles south of the village of Great Barrington, Berkshire county, Massachusetts. There may be fifty acres of it fair intervale, the residue being hilly upland, in good part covered with young wood. Here he has built him a handsome dwelling and commenced the systematic improvement of the arable land by draining, subsoiling, &c., under the direction of Mr. R. Wilkinson, whose efforts for scientific agriculture in Dutchess county, and at Mount Airy, Germantown, Pennsylvania, deserve honorable mention. The expense of such improvement is largely enhanced by its novelty in this region, and the fact that his draining tile have to be procured from a great distance, and cost him on the farm thrice what they should, and what they ultimately will cost to those who follow in his footsteps. Still Mr. Leavitt goes ahead, with the energy he has eminently displayed in other undertakings, and will yet shame some of his now cavilling neighbors into a far-off and feeble imitation of his liberality and thoroughness.

The "great feature" of his estate, however, is a mammoth new barn, over one hundred feet from basement to observatory, and popularly estimated as having cost over forty thousand dollars. The name, however, gives so inadequate an idea of its capacities and uses, that, having visited it while passing through Great Barrington a few days ago, we feel impelled to give a running account of it.

This barn is built across the bed of a small mill-stream which is soon after lost in the Housatonic, and which, though largely fed by springs, is here in such immediate proximity to the steep Berkshire hills whence it rapidly descends, that it must often be swelled to a raging, desolating mountain torrent. Across this stream a very substantial dam of cut stone, filled in with earth, is thrown just above the barn, forming a fine fish-pond above, affording a good water-power and supplying water in every part of the barn, and for every conceivable purpose. The barn itself, we should judge to be about one hundred and fifty feet long by seventy feet in width, and as we have said, nearly one hundred feet high.

The basement (of cut stone) is, of course, devoted to manures, which, without waste and by mechanical arrangements, are precipitated from the cattle stalls on the next story. This basement has a tight stone floor, is always cool in summer and warm in winter, and twenty carts may be driven in at one end, loaded simultaneously, and driven out at another door. No foot ever enters, and the manure is daily removed every month and spread directly to the land. The advantage of being able to work here in comfort during the most inclement weather, and to shed out the compost in winter—taking a load to the upland and bringing back a load of cord-wood to the railroad—is esteemed considerable.

On the next floor are the cattle and horses, including more than fifty milch cows, mainly fine Devons, with three or four yoke of working oxen, and as many teams of horses. Each is kept in its place by a long strap buckled around the neck, but giving each ample freedom to lick every part of its body, which is deemed important. Food and drink are given to each in a large iron trough or manger resembling a quarter of a large potash kettle, with one circular and two square sides. The water flows within easy reach everywhere. The stalks, roots, &c., are all cut or sliced before feeding, and are ultimately to be steamed in a gigantic boiler on the premises. At the end of each long row of cow-stalls hangs a large black-board, bearing at each side the number of each stall in a perpendicular column; on a horn of the occupant of said stall, a corresponding number is impressed; and whenever she has been milked, her pail is immediately set in the weigh-scales, the weight of milk ascertained and placed opposite her number on the black-board; and, at the end of each week, the aggregate weight of milk and its ascertained value are carried to the cow's credit in an account-book, where her food is in like manner charged; and if any cow proves on a year's trial unprofitable, she is sold off and another put in her place. The animals, of course, are clean, fat and comfortable. They are only turned out in mild weather for a short time at mid-day, and Mr. Wilkinson observed that they might thus be kept ninety successive days in the stable without injury or suffering. The milk-room is directly north of the stable, under the carriage-way, with an arched stone roof and a capacious store of ice at the far end. The room is well tempered, of course, may be warmed in winter if necessary, has water-pipes running through it, and ice within arm's length of the milk-pans.

On the next higher floor is a capacious kitchen and all conveniences for the family who board the workmen (fourteen to twenty in number) who sleep in a spacious chamber still higher. The family never have to move out of their special premises for water, or any other accessory to their labor. Their slops fall into the basement where they belong.

On this floor are a Woodruff planing machine, a saw mill, a buzz saw for cutting wood about as fast as it can be handed on, a grind-stone always kept in rapid motion by water, &c., &c. Into one apartment a load of grain is driven and pitched off into a hopper, thence run by water through a threshing machine, the screened grain delivered in its proper bin, the chaff sent to its appointed destination, and the straw carried some sixty to eighty feet, and deposited into the apartment prepared for it—all beyond the pitching being done by the unaided force of water and machinery.

We might say more of this barn—probably the most complete ever yet built—yet not half exhaust it peculiarities. Ultimately, we believe, nearly all the food for cattle will be steamed; Indian corn being thrown into the boiler as it comes from the field, and stalk, ears and leaves all reduced to a pulp by the operation of heat and water. We understand from Mr. Wilkinson, however, that the feeding of some long (uncut) hay, from time to time, is found advantageous to health and digestion.

We do not suppose Mr. Leavitt will ever make this barn pay in the narrow, pecuniary sense; it is very seldom that so bold and radical a novelty proves profitable. We should ask more than one per cent. to insure it against the stream which it bridles, and the neighbors say there is quicksand under its foundations—that the wheel of twenty-two feet breast which is to drive its machinery will tear it to peices within a year, &c., &c. Fire, flood, or other casualty may destroy or greatly damage it; but while it stands, that barn will be a perpetual suggestion of improvements on this side or on that to the farmers who may visit it; and we think its owner even though to his own cost, will prove a signal benefactor to the public.—*Tribune, Jan. 20.*

From the Independent.

Mrs. Stowe's Opinion of the Champions of Women's Rights.

Andover is wonderfully alive this winter for so steady a place. Public amusements are in the ascendant. A course of Lyceum Lectures is drawing quite full houses, and besides that, the Mendelshon Quintette Club are giving a course of concerts which are fully attended. Some sensation has been made by Mrs. Antoinette L. Brown's lecture in the Lyceum course, which, of course, has a result that the descent of the angel in the pool of Judea had—of troubling the waters, and giving rise to animated discussion.

We people, however, do not disturb their own peace by a too vehement opinion one way or the other, on the question of which Miss Brown is the embodiment. All seem to concede that the difficult function of a public speaker is performed by her as unexceptionably, and with as little loss of feminine grace, as such a step admits of. She has lectured also with acceptance in Dover, Beverly, Taunton, Providence, and many other places, and has, we are informed, altogether more applications than she can meet.

In private society, Miss Brown is quiet, retiring and modest, without the slightest shade of anything obtrusive or unwomanly. It would appear to be a safe course to allow the experiment that is now being made on the sphere of womanhood, to run itself out to its final results without opposition. The laws and spheres of the two sexes are so strongly and unalterably fixed by nature and constitution, that there is little danger in such patience. Women, as a general thing, will by the force of constitutional instincts, tend to the sphere of domestic life.

But there always have been, and always probably will be, some who desire and have the capacity for a wider sphere, and it will be difficult to show why *they* should not follow *their* nature. Can any one tell us why it should be right and proper for Jenny Lind to *sing* to two thousand people "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and improper for Antionette L. Brown to *say* it? Why was it proper for Madame Sontag to *sing* to the assembled clergy of Boston, and would have been highly improper for her to *speak* to them? However, a little patience and quietness, and these vexed questions will determine themselves, by the most sensible of all tests—experience.

LIQUOR ILLUSTRATED.

Thurlow W. Brown, editor of the *Cayuga Chief*, recently journeyed from Auburn to Wisconsin, and this is one of his notes by the way:

"Speaking of grog-shops, brings to mind an incident which occurred at ——. A young, well-dressed, gentleman, with a lovely wife and child, had journeyed on the same train with us from Buffalo. At ——, in spite of the earnest and tearful protestations of his wife, he would leave the depot, as he said, 'on business.' From the wife's manner, we readily guessed what she thought his business was. For a long hour she stood, with her boy in her arms, awaiting his return, the tears, in spite of all her efforts, dropping upon the cheek of her sleeping child. He came just as the train started, *drunk*. He lurched toward the platform, fell upon the rail, and his head was severed from his body. Never in life shall we forget the expression of the wife's countenance, as she stood a moment, her features pale and ghastly, and then fell senseless upon the gory and smoking form of her husband. The wail of the fatherless boy touched every heart, for not one who looked upon the scene could refrain from weeping. Had an assassin robbed the wife and child of a husband and father at such a moment, the enraged populace would have lynched him on the spot. But he was killed 'by authority.' He died a legal death. The butchery was licensed. The price of blood was in the rumseller's till. A few pennies' worth of property was saved to him, but a husband, father, and citizen destroyed. The crushing blow fell upon the innocent and defenseless among strangers. This butchery is but one of that lost having record in the history of rumselling. To put an end to it, we are told, would violate the Constitution, destroy property, and outrage the rights of the citizen and his domicile! We looked upon the woman, as she was taken like a dead one from the headless corpse, her heavy hair clotted with the blood that had just jetted from the pulsing heart, and felt fresh hatred against a damnable business and all its apologists and abettors. I thought of Seymour, and thanked God that he no longer stands between the people of New-York and the scourge which burdens them."

"UNADULTERATED NATIVISM."—The wags of Massachusetts love fun. No matter who is hit, they will fire, and they rarely fail to make a certain shot. Here is the last of one of the wag crew:

The City Council of Roxbury, Mass., recently passed the following ordinances:

Ordered, That the Superintendent of the Almshouse be, and hereby is, directed to sell at private sale all the horses attached to the establishment that may be of foreign blood; also all the oxen and cows of the Durham short horn, Ayshire, and Alderney breeds, also, all the swine known to be of foreign extraction, and supply their places with native breeds whose pedigree can be traced with absolute certainty as far back as Shay's rebellion.

Ordered, That the measurers of wood and bark be directed to examine all the fruit and forest trees in the city, and to dig up by their roots and make into fagots all those of foreign origin, of apples, pears, peaches, plums, &c.; also, all the English elms, European lindens, Scotch larch, Norway spruce, for the growing of the same being deemed inconsistent with republican institutions, detrimental to the progress of the age, and dangerous to the liberties of our country.

Southey says, in one of his letters: "I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my cares away, I pack them in as little compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

There is a Russian printing-office in London, in which Democratic works are printed for secret distribution in Russia.

There are in Great Britain, according to the last census, 26,562 persons of independent property.

The times are getting so hard that the people can't pay attention.