

THE PEOPLES' JOURNAL.

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

VOL. VII.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., MARCH 15, 1855.

NO. 43.

THE PEOPLES' JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.
BY ADDISON AVERY.

Terms—Invariably in Advance:
One copy per annum, \$1.00
Village subscribers, 1.25

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One square, of 12 lines or less, 1 insertion, \$0.50
" " " " " 3 insertions, 1.50
" " " " " every subsequent insertion, .25
Rule and figure work, per sq., 3 insertions, 3.00
Every subsequent insertion, .50
1 column, one year, 25.00
1 column, six months, 15.00
Administrators' or Executors' Notices, 2.00
Sherriff's Sales, per tract, 1.50
Professional Cards not exceeding eight lines inserted for \$1.00 per annum.
[All letters on business, to secure attention, should be addressed (post paid) to the Publisher.]

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

A youth light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent,
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife
Close to my heart was locked;
And in the sweet repose of life
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake! Away that dream—away!
Too long did it remain!
So long, that both by night and day
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought;
To a grave, so cold and deep,
The mother beautiful was brought;
Then dropped the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
I bathe mine eyes and see,
And wander through the world once more,
A youth so light and free.

Two locks—and they are wondrous fair—
Left me that vision mild;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blonde is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening red;
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

The Anti-Slavery movement is no longer at the mercy of spasmodic and irregular forces. It has got a prodigious momentum from its own action that secures it against obstruction from opposing influences forever hereafter. It cannot be arrested or again subordinated to other political issues. This is the great fact evolved from the elections of 1854. We especially commend it to the Know-Nothing managers. The leaders of public affairs for the last quarter of a century, have made other questions dominant, and centred upon them the chief interest of the public mind. Slavery, just so far as possible, has been kept out of the ring of general party dispute, and every attempt to introduce it has been systematically frowned down by the engineers of both the great political parties. But time has gradually disposed of many of the great questions in issue, and slavery has gradually forced its way in to take their place, till now it is the absorbing and overshadowing question in our politics. This position it will continue to occupy till either the National Government is divorced from the support of the institution, or the free and slave States of the Union cease to live together under one Government. That the movement will be constantly onward and invariably successful, is too much to expect or to hope. It will have its periods of success, and it will probably meet with reverses. The cause of free principles has never yet in the history of the world exhibited a constant advance; and it is too much to expect from the future an experience totally opposite to that of the past. It is enough if we are able to mark a constantly accumulating force driving forward the great cause of Human Progress. The varying results of a campaign dismay no great commander. They are the fortune of war. He is content if the course of events is, on the whole, favorable to his aims. The signs of the times preeminently admonish the friends of freedom that they should be girding up their loins for future contests. They have every cause for encouragement, and none for fear. The only substantial and wide spread basis for an enduring and successful party in the free States is that upon which they repose. They have the heart, the conscience, and the understanding of the people with them. Every motive that can sway the action of independent, liberty-loving, moral, or religious men, constrains the voter to their ranks. All that is noble, all that is true, all that is pure, all that is manly and estimable in human character, goes to swell the power of the Anti-Slavery party of the North. That party is no longer the fraction, the handful of men it once was, with designs misconceived, motives unspiced, and conduct decried. It now embraces every Northern man who does not want to see this Government converted into a huge engine for the spread of slavery

over the whole continent, every man who is and was opposed to the scandalous attempt to abridge the territory of freedom and enlarge that of servitude, by the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. It has thus a broad and firm basis, whereon every Northern public man should stand now, and whereon they must all stand in the future, or be driven into merited disgrace.

At this moment, just as the old and hitherto invincible Democratic organization has been destroyed by collision with the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the North, a party has arisen upon a new platform, with its members mainly engaged in seeing how skillfully they can dodge and avoid the Anti-Slavery issue which everywhere occupies the public heart. Its chief business just now is to devise ways and means to escape the necessity of siding with or against the Anti-Slavery party of the North. Its utmost dexterity is called into exercise, and it is yet to be seen with what success. At this juncture we wish to call attention to the inevitable fact that the Anti-Nebraska or Anti-Slavery party in the North hold a position which they cannot and will not abandon, and cannot and will not defer to any other question or platform whatever. They stand immovably upon the ground of resistance to the encroachments of slavery; they aim at the disconnection of the Government from its support; they are, and will be, until the work is accomplished, for the restoration of the prohibitory clause of the Missouri Compromise. The Northern Anti-Nebraska men will insist upon this as the first condition of co-operative action in all coming elections, as they have in the last. They have won everywhere on this ground, and they are not now going to abandon it. Any battles to be fought, or any victories to be won, by their aid, must be fought and won on this platform. Let all who are calculating political chances, let all who are in a quandary as to what combinations can be made in the North, and who, perchance, may be verily speculating upon concessions or suppressions by the opponents of Slavery-Extension, not dream of any other or better terms than these. Upon this point all must be plain, open and above-board. Our motto is, and is to be in the Presidential contest, as in all that precede it, REPEAL of the law which broke down the barriers to the spread of Slavery, and on that position we stand or fall. The Anti-Nebraska men will not be co-opted into the support of any Presidential or other candidate who hesitates on this question. Their candidate for the Presidency must stand squarely on it. Let all, whether they know nothing or know something, know so much as this, and govern themselves accordingly.

The country can be triumphantly swept upon this issue, leaving not a remnant of the Nebraskan policy or forces anywhere standing. And it is the only existing public issue upon which a triumphant majority, or any majority at all, can be to-day obtained in the United States. Any party that attempts to carry the country upon a platform less broad than this, will find itself met by an opposition fatal to its success. Attempts may be made, and be partially successful, to succeed, here and there, on other grounds. But the final result will be scrupulous all over the country, the representatives of the smallest minorities in sentiment often finding their way into power. Instead of fighting one great battle, as may be done, with a compact and overwhelming force strong enough to crush all adversaries and to inaugurate an era of peace, harmony and justice, ending in the absolute settlement of the slavery question, so far as the General Government is concerned, we shall witness an infinite number of political skirmishes, sometimes resulting in favor of one party, and sometimes in favor of another—the aggregate results of which will be just nothing at all. The time consumed in such struggles will, in the end, be found to have been wholly thrown away, and the broken fragments of all sides will still have to be gathered on the one point where all are agreed, and the contest again opened and pressed to its solution. It is the interest of the Nebraska men in the North to foment discord among the friends of freedom, and keep up divisions among them. In this, and this alone, is their only hope even of partial success. Shall the opponents of their great iniquity gratify them?

We submit these considerations to the Anti-Nebraska men of all sides, and ask for them a thoughtful and candid consideration. The movements of individuals and parties, in reference to the Presidency, seem to render their expression particularly necessary

at this time. We are deeply solicitous that the present high and commanding position of the Anti-Nebraska men—holding, as they do to-day, the power to control the Government—shall not be lightly thrown away or weakened. We deprecate a scrub-race for the Presidency, as breaking the force of the Anti-Nebraska movement, and prolonging a contest which can now be speedily ended and brought to a beneficent termination by the majesty of overwhelming numbers, carrying with it a moral force that shall silence and destroy all opposition. But this scrub-race, where, in nothing is certain, must come, if the restoration of the prohibitory clause is not made the central idea of the Presidential contest. This issue is tangible and permanent. It will be sustained by a vast majority, while all others are comparatively vague and transient, and their strength uncertain. We believe that a very large portion of the South itself would be found ready to go with the North on this ground, if all the men who really hold it would rally with ardor to its support, and make it the sine qua non of their cooperation in any national movement. Let us hope that the good sense of the country will prevail through all party organizations, and that the Northern people will illustrate their intelligence and stability by steadfastly adhering to the position they so nobly won in the elections of 1854.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SACH NICHTS.

RICH DEVELOPMENTS—WHEN WINE IS IN, WIT IS OUT—THE PLAN DISCLOSED AND THE SECRET TOLD.

The Bucyrus Journal, of March 1, contains a rich treat for political gossips and sober thinkers. One G. W. Johns, "an official of General Pierce," and two democrats, Hall and Jackson, started for Richmond by Rail, to form a Sach Nicht Society, and reached that place, Feb. 16. The faithful met them, and got into a regular spree. "Drunk came," and brought in the Marshal, who nabbed G. W. Johns, while the others, being swift of foot, managed to escape. Thereupon this worthy wrote as follows to the Editor of the Crawford county Journal:

MANSFIELD, FEB. 16, 1855.

Dear Sir—Here I am "right" as thunder, and a good deal "tighter than any of us were, when the Marshal undertook to nab the whole gang for getting struck with 'Jersey Lightning.' Fortunately for you fellows you were a little more nimble than I was and understood the private alleys with which I, a stranger, was unacquainted. But I do not think you and Hall and Jackson displayed the right kind of disposition to jump and run, leaving me alone, to drop into the hands of an officer without having any intimation given of the proximity of the police.

The success of the administration and the certainty of getting our reward, depends upon our keeping united. But the idea of forming a Sach Nicht association is all knocked in the head for the present, (confound that Muscat of Slack's.) Gen. Pierce will think I am a devilish queer clerk, and am "doing up" his business in beautiful style by getting into such a confounded scrape. Really, I cannot help but blame you fellows, but no matter now. The Mansfield Guards are all right, the Postmaster tells me. As soon as I get clear of this arrest, I will let you know, and you and Hall and Jackson can come over and assist me in organizing.

In haste Yours,
G. W. JOHNS.

Here was a fix; but G. W. Johns is a genius. He got bail; agreed to appear before the Mayor, changed his mind, and "cut stick." His next letter, therefore, was dated at:

ASHLAND, FEB. 17, 1855.

Here I am, clear and clean, and having the letter which I wrote at Mansfield still in my pocket. I will continue an explanatory note in connection and remit to you. You don't catch me in Mansfield again. The Mayor, not having time to go into an examination, bound me over to appear at the next (this) morning for examination. I got some friends (!) to enter bail for me, and afterwards found out that they are putting the temperance law in force without any distinction as to the standing or connection of the persons arrested. Seeing no chance for myself if I came to trial, I "cut stick" and left the bail in for it.

I would have had some compunction about doing that if they had treated me right, but I had hard work to coax my friends to bail me, and even then, I had to promise that I would say a "good word" for them to the President in case there should happen any mail agencies or any other government offices to be filled. With the certifi-

cates that I had in my possession from Pierce and other leading men of Washington and of this State, and of which they had full knowledge, I think it was their duty to step forward promptly and assist me; but when I found how backward and shy they were, I determined that if I got them into it, I would let them stick; and I did and am not in the least sorry for it. They can recover the loss the best way they can.

I will try to get to your place soon and form an organization. Your county has great reputation with the powers that be at Washington, and of course your name as well as the names of some other leaders of your county, stand high on the list of the President's favor. If we can push the Sag Nicht association through and keep strong enough to carry the next Presidential election, you may expect to obtain a reward fully equivalent to the majority your county will give; you know the terms; 1,000 majority will entitle your head man to a chargeship, with other offices for other leaders. The postoffices of course you get anyhow.

Our name takes well with the Dutch, but it does not go down well with the Irish. But the Irish have no help for themselves. The Know-Nothing are down on the Catholics, and that fixes them. If I am right, informed, the Germans are strong in Crawford, and there are but few Irish to conciliate, so that I see no difficulty in your keeping everything right. I will give you due notice when to expect me.

Yours fraternally,
G. W. J.

By oversight these rich letters were sent to the Bucyrus Journal instead of the Crawford County Journal. The editor of the former did not exactly understand them, having neither sympathy with sack or Sag Nicht, but concluded something rich was "leaking out." So he published them! But the day after, a note, a precious note, was received by him, the close of which is as follows:

ASHLAND, FEB. 18, 1855.

ED. BUCYRUS JOURNAL, SIR—It is only necessary to say that it (the letter) was misdirected, and will in all probability fall into your hands. As the contents are strictly of a private nature, I trust that if you get this before you receive that, that you will return it to my address at this place without opening it. If, perchance, it should have reached you and you should have opened it, I will be under lasting obligations to you, if you will reenclose and return it to me, for which service I will remit you ten dollars as soon as I get it.

Yours truly,
G. W. JOHNS.

The editor of the Bucyrus Journal determined to probe the matter, and ascertain who this G. W. Johns was, and what was his business. So he visited Mansfield and Ashland, and ascertained that he was at the present time a clerk in the employ of the Administration at Washington, but engaged just now in the business of organizing Sag Nicht Societies in Ohio!—*Cleveland Leader.*

ANTICIPATIONS OF the future, is an elevating and spiritualizing exercise of the mind. It tends to carry the soul a little way towards its proper region. It tends to lessen the false importance of things in this world, and to slacken their hold. It contributes to obviate that unnatural and pernicious estrangement and disassociation between our present and future state. It tends to habituate the spirit to seek and find the grand importance of its existence in it, hereafter. It tends to awaken a lively and sacred curiosity, which is surely a right and worthy state of feelings with which to go toward another world, and to go into it. It may help to turn to valuable account the varieties in the present system of our existence, the facts in surrounding nature—the immediate circumstances of our own being by prompting, on each particular, the thought and the question, "What, corresponding to this—what in contrariety to this—what, instead of this—may there be in that other world?" It may aid to keep us associated with those who are gone thither. It may give new emphasis to our impression of the evil of sin, and the excellence of all wisdom, holiness, and piety, by the thought, "What manner of effect is this adapted to result in, in that future state?"

As Rufus Choate was cross-questioning a witness the other day in one of our courts, he asked what profession he followed for a livelihood?—The witness replied, "I am a candle of the Lord,—a minister of the gospel." "Of what denomination?" asked the counselor. "A Baptist," replied the witness. "Then," said Mr. C., "you are a dipt, but I trust not awicked candle."

SEBASTAPOL FROM THE INSIDE.

An American physician, attached to the Russian army, has written a letter to the Providence Journal, dated Sebastopol, Dec. 26. After describing the situation of the town, and the beautiful views from the walls, he continues:

Three days ago I crossed the bay for the first time, passed several hours in the city, and had the honor of dining with Gen. Ostensacken, who has lately taken the defense of the city, and was most cordially received. Aid-de-Camp Ruminski conducted me to the cupola of a house used as a place of observation, on the side of the city nearest the French works, which commands a perfect view of the entire English and French batteries, and of their encampment. The trenches of the French are a little within 500 feet of the outer lines of the Russian batteries, but I believe they have approached no nearer than they were two weeks ago.

The city having been besieged two months and a half, has not, as you may imagine, an entirely deserted appearance. Stores are open, women and children are seen here and there in the streets, and every pleasant afternoon there is music on the Boulevards. On my way to the ferry, after leaving the general's to return to the hospital, my progress was suddenly arrested by some plaintive strains wafted down from the heights of the Boulevards; and as I listened, the music was rendered more plaintive, and even more touchingly sublime, by the oft-repeated peals of the cannon; ever and anon intermingling their deep and terrific bass.

"The military operations, as conducted at present, consist only of more or less firing from the different bastions during the day, and occasionally at night some pretty hot cannonading. To witness at night, at these times, the rapidly succeeding flashes of the guns, the bombs, like balls of fire, performing their beautiful curves through the air, and to hear the terrible-whizzing of the balls, is peculiarly and fearfully interesting. Christmas has passed here without anything whatever to remind me of the delightful and merry Christmas holidays of home. The Russian Christmas comes twelve days later, as their dates are so much behind ours. The climate here is not severe, with very little snow during the winter. Last night it was sufficiently cold to freeze up the mud, of which, in rainy weather, the depth is actually frightful; and for the weather to-day, nothing could be finer, clear, bright, and mild, and it is only at long intervals that we hear the report of cannon."

From the Conneautville Courier,
A PATRIOT.

The editor of the Kansas Pioneer is a patriotic man. His wrath is greatly kindled because of sundry papers which advocate that "all men are born free and equal, and are entitled to the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." This doctrine, he is fully persuaded, is a treasonable one, and ought to be stifled before it makes further progress. It is one which creates hard feelings, on the part of some gentlemen "down south," who deal in that peculiar property called "niggers." And it is also gaining strength, he thinks—inasmuch that "the institutions of the South are invaded at their very doors." Verily, the Pioneer editor is indignant, and trusts his patriotic language abroad in a style that sets at defiance all previous attempts at "honest indignation." Hear him:

"O tempora! O mores! Has it come to this, that the press, ay, three of them in one small town, in a sparsely settled territory, shall thus trample under foot the Constitution of the United States, and set our code of Civil Law and Religious Institutions at defiance? And still they live. Live! Yes, weekly scatter over our beloved land thousands of large papers from these three Abolition presses, their nefarious and incendiary missiles, to light the fires of civil and political discord till the heart shall faint at the carnage, and anarchy will roll over our land!"

MEASURES, NOT MEN.—A young man was frequently cautioned by his father to vote for "measures, not men." He promised to do so, and soon after received a bonus to vote for a Mr. Peck. His father, astonished at his voting for a man whom he deemed objectionable, inquired his reasons for voting so. "Surely, father," said the youth, "you told me to vote for measures, and if Peck is not a measure, I don't know what is."

There is a maiden lady in Connecticut who is so extremely nice in her notions of female modesty, that she turned off her washwoman, because she put her clothes in the same tub with those of a young man.

TO ASPIRING YOUNG MEN.

"I want to go into business," is the aspiration of our young men. "Can't you find me a place in the city?" is their constant inquiry. "Friend," we answer to many, "the best business you can go into, you will find on your father's farm or in his work shop. If you have no family or friends to aid you, and no prospect opened to you there, turn your face to the Great West, and there build up a home and a fortune. But dream not of getting suddenly rich, by speculation, rapidly, by trade, or any how by a profession. All these avenues are choked by eager, struggling aspirants, and ten must be trodden down in the press, where one can vault upon his neighbor's shoulders to honor or wealth. After all, be neither afraid nor ashamed of honest industry; and if you catch yourself fancying any thing more respectable than this, be ashamed of it to the last day of your life. Or, if you find yourself shaking more cordially the hand of your cousin the Congressman, than of your uncle the Blacksmith, as such, write yourself down an enemy to the principles of our institutions; and a traitor to the dignity of humanity." *Greeley.*

The Lafayette Journal thus alludes to feature of the trial of S. M. Booth, of Milwaukee, which deserves the hearty condemnation visited upon it by the Journal:

It is a sad commentary on the freedom of our institutions when such facts as the following come to light in regard to the enforcement of the most odious law ever imposed upon a free people. In the late trial of S. M. Booth, at Milwaukee, for the rescue of the fugitive slave Glover, one of the jurors openly said to Booth's counsel: "I am death against your side." The counsel of the prisoner objected to the packing process pursued by the Marshal and Clerk, contrary to law, and sought to appeal on the ground of illegality; but the Judge refused to hear his statement read; and when complaint was made to the Judge that the juror was disqualified to act with impartiality on account of his declaration that he was death against the prisoner, the Judge said that *this was no objection against him; he was just the man they wanted, for he was for enforcing the law.*

Why should theological disputants apply opprobrious epithets to one another? One Dr. Foster lectured the other evening in Brooklyn on Theodore Parker, calling him an "Infidel," etc. Why an infidel? With respect to certain opinions held by Dr. Foster, Mr. Parker is an infidel, i. e., an unbeliever. So, with respect to certain opinions held by Mr. Parker, Dr. Foster is an infidel. But the word infidel is a word of opprobrium. It was the word applied by the Crusaders to Turks, Saracens, and Assassins; it is held to mean, not merely a want of belief, but a want of fidelity; and a person who applies so foul a name to a man of blameless life and conscientious loyalty to what he believes to be true and right, convicts himself of uncharitableness and narrow-mindedness. Theodore Parker, of course, entertains erroneous opinions; if he did not, he would not be human; but doctors of divinity are not likely to convince him of his errors by "calling him names."—*Life Illustrated.*

"If every cask of liquor produced in the country, were to be taken as it left the manufactory, and spilled in the gutter, and the cost paid out of the common treasury, the loss to the country would be less than it actually is under the ordinary course of the traffic."—*Journal of Commerce.*

How true is this; and yet if the Press of the country would utter this truth in earnest, how soon might it be true that every grog shop would be closed up, and the land free from the curse. The supineness, the indifference, the criminal neglect of the masses upon this subject, is after all, the chief reason all the liquor has not been spilled ere this. Rouse ye, oh slumbering people, and see your own children hastening to the drunkard's grave, and if you have any wish to save them or others, do something now, before it is too late.—*Now is the time to work.—Conn Fountain.*

LOSS OF AN ELEPHANT.—Capt. McKay, of the ship William Goddard, which arrived at this port this morning from Calcutta, had on board a noble Elephant when he left port, but soon after getting to sea, the animal became very sea-sick, his sufferings being apparently proportionate to his size. He also experienced much inconvenience from cold weather, although he was well clothed in flannels, and finally he died. The value of the animal in this country have been about \$50,000. *Boston Traveller.*