

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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

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From Panama's Monthly,
BESSIE.

Bessie wears a gown of red,
A home-spun gown and apron blue;
She has no hair upon her head,
And her hair is brown, free without a shoe.
Bessie's hair like the sun's gold,
And her eyes were born from the deep
blue sea,
In their deep is a story told;
I love Bessie, and she loves me.

Bessie's hands are hard with toil,
And her cheeks are dark with the wind and
rain,
But her lips are rich with the rosy spoil,
That if once I taste, I must taste again!

Bessie has no other a silken gown,
Nor a crimson hat, nor a neck-tie fine;
But she wears of cowslips a golden crown,
That I'd rather than any queen's were mine.

Bessie dwells in a lowly cot;
A home-spun gown and apron blue;
And her hair is brown, free without a shoe.
Bessie's hair like the sun's gold,
And her eyes were born from the deep
blue sea,
In their deep is a story told;
I love Bessie, and she loves me.

Bessie's step is light like the fawn's,
And her voice like the chiming of silver
bells;
Heart of the summer morn,
But I dare no whisper what it tells,
Languid and dying round my heart,
Ever and ever echoes be;
Who shall divide us, or who shall part?
I love Bessie, and she loves me.

A True Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

THE CHILLED HEART.

Delicately one who need not find any fault
with it, for she should have written it herself,
and done it better, as I told her.

"Come with me, Agnes," said Aunt
Christabel; "before you enter on the
bright unknown, spread before all expect-
ant brides, let me warn you of one
abyss into which many descend—
partly by force of circumstances, partly
by their own misguided tendencies.
Nay, you know I am not given to
preaching, nor in the habit of looking
on the dark side of things."

"But, Aunt," said Agnes, "this
abyss—is it one I stand in danger of?"

"Yes, you, peculiarly hopeful, happy,
and thankful as you are now; but not
at present. In the far future,
when I may not be here to warn,
remember the lesson of to-day."

They were walking in the thronged
streets of a city, and stopped at the
door of a lunatic asylum. Christabel
recoiled to be shown to a room she
indicated, and silently her wondering
niece followed her. They entered a
comfortable apartment, and found a
single inmate, a woman scarcely of
middle age, who sat bending forward
with a fixed gaze on whatever was
before her. She neither looked up
nor spoke when they entered, and a
constant unquiet motion with her
hands alone gave evidence that the
settled melancholy expressed by her
countenance was yet resisted by some-
thing within. She was passive, but
not submissive to the misery she en-
dured.

Christabel spoke to her, but could
gain no attention. Enquired for her
husband and children—only a wild look
of pain answered her. She called her
by the old name of her girlhood, but
she only crunched the lower; and,
with a pain at the heart of each, the
visitors departed.

"Who is she? What do you know
of her?" asked Agnes.

"She was Emma Gaines, a bright,
bappy, laughing girl, when, twenty
years ago, we went to school—told
each other's fortunes, and promised to
be each other's bridesmaids, when
that wonderful time should come when
we should need such attendants. I
fulfilled my part of the agreement,"
continued Aunt Christabel, smiling.
"She married a very worthy young
man, hardly her equal in mind or
manners, but manly and upright; and
a happy day it was that we bade her
farewell on the steps of her father's
house. Another home opened to re-
ceive her, and for some years the
angel of peace and love guarded that
home; and Emma did not dream that
as long as sin was banished, and Death
kept aloof from the little household,
sorrow could ever be hers.

"I did not see them often then, but

what I could not observe, I learned
afterwards from others. A young
minister came to board with them—
one who, though preaching in the
little village where they dwelt, was
still eagerly pursuing his studies; and
little by little he drew Charles Morgan
to interest himself in them, to read
and study with him, until at last nearly
his whole leisure time was occupied in
the minister's room, to the neglect
of all the formerly sweet companionship
of wife and children. An accident
soon afterward occurred, by which
he was deprived of the use of a
limb, and thus rendered unable to
pursue his former avocations. He
suffered much, and expressed great
anxiety for the welfare of his family,
now deprived of the avails of his
labor. But Emma's strength and
hopes grew in proportion to the ex-
igency. So thankful for the life spared
—so attentive, watchful, and sympa-
thizing, so hopeful and energetic, that
she cheered away his fears and des-
pondency. And now the studies pur-
sued before at the instance of another,
were resolutely undertaken, and both
husband and wife began to think it a
Providential circumstance that he was
partially prepared for another avoca-
tion; perhaps a Providential affliction
that had unfitted him for his former
one.

"After a few months' study at home,
he left, to continue at a distant insti-
tution, his efforts to fit himself for the
ministry. Emma, thus left to depend
entirely upon herself, cheerfully un-
dertook the care of all home concerns,
for the support of herself and children,
exerting her utmost strength, vigilance,
and economy, in order to assist her
husband in his new undertaking. Of
course, thus occupied with cares and
labors, doing both wife's and husband's
duty in all family affairs, she had no
time to devote to reading, to amuse-
ments, to mental or bodily relaxation,
and grew even by degrees less social
and companionable. Years passed
away. Charles Morgan occasionally
visited his home, and it was evident to
all that he was making good use of his
time and opportunities. His constant
intercourse with the gentlemanly and
refined had given him the manners and
bearing of a gentleman in a much
greater degree than these are usually
attained, and thought and study had
left their impress upon his counte-
nance, giving it that best of manly
beauty.

"His wife looked on him with eyes
of gratified pride and affection. But
soon the sense of the contrast she
presented, became painfully present
with her. She sank from observation,
and soon felt that the change in their
positions with regard to each other
was apparent to him. Most painful—
most humiliating was this discovery;
but instead of arousing herself to
avert the coming misery—instead of
giving the whole energy of her char-
acter, so long devoted to promote his
advancement, to enable herself to keep
up with him, or to regain her lost
place at his side, as she should have
done, she shrank yet more and more,
within herself, avoided society, and
could seldom be induced, even by her
husband, to accompany him abroad.

"She devoted herself unremittingly
to her children. She kept them nicely
clothed and constantly at school, think-
ing bitterly, 'It is enough for him to
be ashamed of his wife. He shall
never blush for his children.' Better,
far better would it have been, if she
had let them go sometimes ragged, or
even soiled—if she had kept them
from school to do some of her man-
ifold labors—if she had let a little go
to waste for want of care, so that she
had saved herself to be the comfort
and solace of husband and children in
after years. Better, far better would
it have been, if Charles Morgan had
taken some time from his studies and
given to his wife. If he had left some
of his brother clergymen to go into
society with her—if he had tried to
feel and to act as though she were the
same to him that she had once been—
that she still deserved to be.

"He that provideth not for his fam-
ily is worse than an infidel; is often
heard and faithfully believed; but who
shall say that this providence means
only food and clothing—the provisions
for the body? Is not he who gives
his countenance, influence, and pres-
ence to temperance meetings, religious
meetings, or any good cause, to the
neglect of his family, to be reckoned
in the same category with him who
gives money liberally to missionary
or other charitable societies, while his
family are deprived of the comforts of
life? I think so, and yet few consider
it so. So lived Charles and Emma
Morgan. He a very intelligent and
useful man, a general favorite, ming-
ling freely in society, and helping
every good work; she shrinking more
and more from society, and feeling
her inferiority so painfully, that even
her husband's presence grew irksome

to her. So she was almost constantly
alone, and brooding constantly on her
mortifying loss of position and her
husband's affection, became at last, as
you saw her to-day, melancholy mad.
Just when her sons needed most a
mother's loving care—just when her
daughters were growing up, and no
heart nor hand so well as hers could
train them for future worth and use-
fulness, she passed away, and the world
wonders at the 'mysterious Provi-
dence.'

"But, Aunt Christabel," said Agnes,
"do you think me in danger of such a
fate?"

"Not of the madness, perhaps, my
dear; but you are in danger of shrink-
ing back when you should go forward,
of undervaluing your abilities; and
so, should the time ever come when
circumstances are against you, I want
you to remember Emma Morgan, and
save body and mind, courage, self-es-
teem, and will, for your family's sake,
if not for your own."

PROGRESS OF ANTI-SLAVERY.

To the anti-slavery men, if any there
be, who are disappointed and discour-
aged by the apparent slowness with
which the cause of Freedom advances,
we commend the following extracts
from the *Mobile Evening News*:

"The success of the abolitionists, in
the recent election of United States
Senators from the North and North-
west, is ominous. The party which,
twenty years ago, was ridiculed in the
North for the insignificance of its
numbers and fanaticism, and treated
with contempt in the South, now con-
trols the political destiny of States like
New York. In the East, North, and
West, the reverberations of their can-
non echo over hill and valley the fier-
cest joy of their triumphant hosts.
Their bonfires and rockets luridly
glare upon their cold sky and snow-
clad earth, in commemoration of vic-
tory.

Along road, river, and lake; upon
sea shore and mountain, from Mas-
sachusetts to Wisconsin, shout answers
shout from their jubilant followers.

Abolitionism, the offspring of crazy
preachers and foolish women, the
baunting of dirtiest demagogues, now
takes a seat in the Senate Chamber,
to counsel in the greatest assembly in
the world, and to advise the President
of a Republic of States. It has de-
moralized the Whig and Democratic
parties which sought its lewd em-
brace. It laughs to scorn the Know-
Nothing party, which, we were told
would Americanize and convert it
from its pestiferous course to con-
servatism.

It scoffs the word of God, tramples
on the Constitution, violates sacred
oaths without remorse, and yet in the
North, the pious North, celebrated for
its Sabbath ordinances, for Temperance
laws, for moral reform, it boldly
marches forward conquering every
party that opposes it. What does
this portend? What will be the end
of this beginning?

The election of several Abolition
Senators is not the triumph of men.
Mr. Seward's and Mr. Wilson's elec-
tion is no exponent of individual suc-
cess. It is the exponent of a great
moral power. It is the pulsation of
the heart of a great revolution which
has been gathering strength slowly,
but with accelerated progression from
the day that Arthur Tappan and
Horace Greeley put the terrible ball
of Abolitionism and Communism in
motion. Seward and Wilson are but
figs upon the massive wheels of the
Juggernaut which will soon crush all
North and South that come in its re-
sistless way. It is not Seward nor
Wilson that are to be feared. It is
ideas that live—that revolutionize,
not men. Let not the South be lim-
ited in her view, and lose sight of a
great revolution, in watching the suc-
cess of men.

If, then, the recent elections of
Abolition Senators are an index of a
revolution in the North, and not of
individual success, and if it be true
that revolutions never go backward,
what is the South to do? She must
look to no party nor man South of
Mason and Dixon's line for safety.
She must not expect it in the consti-
tution. The South must prepare to
rely upon herself, for Abolitionism
will at no distant day put her out of
the pale of the Union."

First we hear of Nature, and the
imitation thereof; then we suppose a
beautiful nature. We must choose;
but still the best; but how to recog-
nize it? according to what standard
shall we choose? and where is the
standard then? is not it also in Nature?
Goethe.

He who would dispute, should
make cautious use of the occasion, to
say things that cannot be disputed.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE PACIFIC.

The U. S. Mail steamship *Pacific*
arrived at 8 o'clock this morning. She
has encountered heavy westerly gales
—sailed on Tuesday, 27th.

The *Pacific* arrived at Liverpool at
noon of Friday, the 23d, her voyage
out having been protracted from ex-
tremely severe weather.

The mail steamer *Union*, from New
York, arrived off Cowes 3 o'clock af-
ternoon of Monday, 26th—all well.
The *Africa* and *Sarah Sands* not ar-
rived.

The news by the *Pacific* is quite
interesting. The Palmerston ministry
within ten days from its formation, had
fallen to pieces, the Chancellor of the
Exchequer, the Home Secretary, and
the Chief Lord of the Admiralty, hav-
ing resigned. The ostensible cause
of their resignation was the success of
Mr. Roebuck's motion for a Commit-
tee to inquire into the mismanagement
of the war. It was well understood
that besides the cause specified, there
were points of private disagreement
which rendered it impossible for the
members of the Cabinet to act togeth-
er. Mr. Roebuck and his supporters
have secured their committee, and ru-
mor says they will not rest satisfied
without the impeachment of "certain
parties"—meaning Lord Raglan, and
one or two more of the ex-ministers.

Palmerston has found great trouble in
remodeling his Cabinet; and even yet
the reconstruction is not complete.
Lord John Russell has consented to
stop a gap, by taking the colonial sec-
retaryship, and in the mean time he
completes his mission to Vienna. A
well-informed source says the Earl of
Elgin will be introduced into the new
Cabinet, and a place found for him at
the Board of Control—although the
published account assigns another
person to that office. The Earl of
Carlisle is to be Viceroy of Ireland,
"provided the present Viceroy would
like to resign!" The new Chancellor
of the Exchequer is Mr. Lewis, an un-
tried man. There are many who be-
lieve that further and more important
modifications must immediately be
made.

It is noticeable that in the Parlia-
mentary explanations, the members
of the Government express hopes,
confident hopes, that the pending ne-
gotiations will lead to an honorable
peace. Nevertheless, none of the na-
tions relax in their war activity. For
several interesting details, we refer to
the report of the proceedings in the
English Parliament.

The Emperor of the French seems
determined to proceed to the Crimea,
to see, in person, what is going on;
and no doubt would, if he could time
his visit so as to be present at the fall
of Sevastopol. England and Austria
have advised him to stay at home.
His absence, it is said, would not, in
any case, exceed thirty days.

Russia has declared war on Sardinia.
It is stated—but on the faith of
obscure correspondence—that Tuscany
has joined the Western Alliance.
Naples has not.

Affairs before Sevastopol are un-
changed. A battle has been fought
at Eupatoria. On the 17th, Gen. Li-
prandi, with a force about equal, or
perhaps a few thousand superior to
the Turks, attacked them, and after
four hours firing, retired beyond the
range of the shells from the English
ships, the Turks not pursuing. Omar
Pasha commanded.

There is nothing whatever new from
the Danube.

Lord Raglan is said to have resign-
ed, to avoid recall. The Earl of Luc-
cer, and some other officers, have been
invited to resign.

Joseph Hume is dead—much re-
spected and regretted.

Very inclement weather had caused
suffering among the poor in England,
and riots had occurred at Liverpool
and London. A change for the better
was apparent within the past few days.

HALIFAX, March 15.
The Royal mail steamship *Africa*,
Capt. Harrison, has arrived at this port
en route for Boston. She left Liver-
pool on her regular day, the 3d instant.
Her advices are consequently four days
later than those received by the *Pacific*.
The news is of the most important and
startling character.

The Emperor of Russia is dead.
He expired suddenly at one o'clock on
the morning of Friday, the second in-
stant, and the event created the great-
est excitement. No details have been
received, but there can be no doubt of
the fact as it was announced in the
House of Lords on Friday night by
Lord Clarendon, and in the Commons
by Lord Palmerston.

Surmises were afloat that he was
assassinated, but it is thought he died
of apoplexy, after an attack of influ-
enza.

His illness was known in England
before the news of his death was re-
ceived, and caused a slight rise in the
funds. The effect of his death of
course had not transpired when the
Africa left Liverpool.

The Vienna conference was to open
on the 5th instant, and peace expecta-
tions were daily growing stronger.

From the seat of war there is no
news of the least importance.—*Even-
ing Post.*

From the Cleveland Leader. MORE SLAVE AGGRESSION.

Excitement in the Senate Feb. 23—Free Soil
Senators firm—Douglas servile—Democracy Nat-
uralizing Slavery.

The United States Senate passed a
bill week before last, authorizing cer-
tain Indians to be paid out of the
National Treasury, sanctioning the
principle which the fathers of the Re-
public spurned, and which Andrew
Jackson, in an extreme case, and at
New Orleans, with indignant man-
liness refused to acknowledge, and
on last Friday—Feb. 23d—Stewart's
bill, denominated a "bill to protect
fugitive officers and other persons acting
under the authority of the United
States," but really to enforce the fugi-
tive law whether the States or the peo-
ple of the States will it or not, was
passed to its third reading by this
body.

Douglas was impertinent and coarse,
and Badger funny. The former won-
dered what Senator Wade could see
in the Bill objectionable, as not one
word was in it referring to the Fugitive
Act, and the latter, correcting the
Illinois Senator, exclaimed, "yes,
there is; the word *color* is in the sen-
tence, under a color of law"—whereat
the great and grave men laughed
uproariously. But neither the impertin-
ence of Douglas, nor the wagging
of Badger, could hide the object of
the Bill, or its usurpation; or yet
more, the purpose in it to NATIONAL-
IZE SLAVERY.

Senator Butler meekly said—for
the Oligarchs know when to be inno-
cent—the Bill had come to the Com-
mittee in the regular way. Of course.
But in what way? Senator Wade
brought this fact out, as the following
dialogue will show:

Tooucy, (Conn.)—I did not like to
propose a law so much against public
opinion, but I offered this bill in
hopes! of subserving the Constitu-
tion.

Butler, (S. C.)—The papers were
handed to Mr. Toombs, of Georgia,
to draw up the bill, but in his absence
the Senator from Connecticut, Mr.
Tooucy, took the initiative!

Wade, (O.)—I thought the bill had
an inception in a Southern latitude.

Butler, (S. C.)—It is not so.

Wade—Then it came from North-
ern men.

Douglas bore the brunt of the fight
on the slave side, Dawson, of Geor-
gia, Cooper, of Pennsylvania, Bayard,
of Delaware, Jones, of Tennessee,
Benjamin, of Louisiana, helping, and
was met by Wade, backed by Chase,
Seward, Sumner, Fessenden, Gillette,
Wilson.

Time wore, and the hours with it—
it was now ten at night, but the ma-
jority were determined to pass this
outrageous bill. Mr. Gillette, of Con-
necticut, rose to reply to Mr. Ben-
jamin of Louisiana, and among other
things read the laws relating to slave-
ry in the District of Columbia. This
caused much feeling, and no little
anger, on the part of the doughfaces
and serviles.

Dawson, (Ga.)—These laws are as
obsolete as the Blue Laws of Connecti-
cut. Never enforced here. I don't
want such a false impression to go
out. I am the Chairman of the Dis-
trict of Columbia.

Jones, (Tenn.)—That book is a
slander upon the South and upon the
country.

Gillette—A thing on horseback was
dragged along on the Monday before
last—a woman tied with a rope under
the very shadow of the Capitol!

Rusk, (Texas)—Where is that book,
the "Black Code of the District of
Columbia?"

Jones, (examining the book)—by
an Anti-Slavery Society, from the
press of W. B. Snellen, John street,
New York.

Rusk—I supposed so.

Mr. Gillette continued for more
than an hour citing extracts from
foreign and domestic authors, in der-
ogation of Slavery.

Jones, of Tennessee, then charged
that the whole debate was understood;
"own up," said he, addressing the
Anti-Nebraska men, "and acknowl-
edge you knew all about it, and what
each would say," and then with fiery
impetuosity and a swaggering man-
ner, exclaimed, "I do not say it in
my senatorial capacity, but personally—
I VERILY BELIEVE YOU ARE A
BAND OF TRAITORS!!!"

Here Mr. Chase moved that the

Senate adjourn, which motion being
lost, Pettit, of Indiana, stormed, rid-
iculing Anti-Slavery, State rights, and
talking about Gouls, Vandals, Grac-
chi, &c.

Seward, (N. Y.)—As to the Terri-
tories, I shall not repeat my opinions.
What is proposed here is an innova-
tion—a new measure—that the Courts
of the States may be ousted in civil
causes in actions complained of under
a law or color of a law of the United
States. Thirty-one equal and qual-
ified sovereignties compose the United
States. The objects of both are alike
to protect their citizens. The one is
the Federal Government; the other the
State Government. The latter was
organized to protect the liberty
of the citizen. Where they fail, the
Federal Courts are appealed to.

Bayard, of Delaware, defends the
bill, and Sumner, of Massachusetts,
replies. It is now midnight. Yet
the majority are then resolved to
force the bill through, and Sumner,
with commanding eloquence, exposes
their determination to sacrifice busi-
ness to SLAVERY in one of its most
obnoxious forms. "There is," said he,
"a seeming apology for Slavery at
home, but that apology fails when
you hunt a man who has the intelli-
gence and skill to secure his freedom."

Rusk—Point out a word in that
bill which speaks of Slavery.

Sumner—read the caption of the
bill. It is a bill to bolster up the
Fugitive Slave Act.

Rusk—If the officers of the United
States are not to be protected, repeal
your law.

Sumner—So say I. "Repeal your
law." There is neither the word
"Slave," nor "Slavery," in the Con-
stitution. The bill is reported by a
Senator from the North, to bind away
the chains of the slave. There is
another clause side by side with the
"held to labor" clause, guaranteeing
the same privileges and immunities
in all the States, and to the citizens
of each State. Citizens of the free
States, in more than one State, have
been put in prison, and in some in-
stances sold.

Butler—Do you embrace South
Carolina in your statement?

Sumner—I do. South Carolina
has, by her Legislature, claimed the
right to interpret that clause, and
Congress has no right to legislate
under that clause. I say of Massa-
chusetts, that on the persons "held to
labor" clause she has a right to inter-
pret, and to disclaim the right of Con-
gress to legislate upon this last named
clause. The Fugitive Slave act is
unjust as it is unconstitutional. You
fancy you may prop it up by decisions
of Courts, but such an act, so defiant
of the law of God, would drag any
Court down to oblivion. Senators
to-day have arraigned whole States,
because they have endeavored to throw
the shield of habeas corpus around
the victims of this atrocious enactment.
An enlightened Christian public opin-
ion is forming in the North which will
render your acts on this floor nugat-
ory as they are unconstitutional and
irrational. Let us alone, say Sena-
tors from the South, let us alone, say
we of the North. Keep slavery where
it was under Washington, when our
National flag didn't float over a slave.
I move to strike out the enacting
clause, and insert an amendment,
providing for the repeal of the Fugitive
Slave Act of 1850, and ask for the
yeas and nays upon the amendment.

Butler—Would you return a fugi-
tive Slave?

Sumner—No inducement would in-
cite me to aid in the return of a slave.

Butler—The gentleman has no right
to a seat here.

Sumner's amendment rejected by
yeas 30, yeas 9; when the bill was
passed to a third reading by same
vote, and after midnight the Senate
adjourned.

A Constantinople letter gives, as
from a Russian prisoner, the following
explanation of the origin of the pres-
ent war: "The Turks massacred the
Russian bishop and several Russian
priests at Jerusalem. God, in his
wrath, sent a squadron of angels to
carry away the tomb of Christ, which
remains at this moment suspended in
the heavens, and he commissioned the
Czar to avenge the pagan sacrifice.
When the Emperor Nicholas shall
enter Jerusalem a conqueror, as, by
the aid of Heaven he certainly will do,
Christ's tomb will be restored to its
place. The phalanx of angels will
line the road along which the conquer-
ing Russian army will pass, and will
present arms to them. Then the Czar
will be master of the whole world,
which will renounce its errors and
become converted to the orthodox
faith." This story is repeated by the
priests, and implicitly believed by
the Russian serfs.