

# THE PEOPLES JOURNAL

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

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WRONG SIDE OUTWARD; OR THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CASHMERE & CALICO.

Did I tell you about it, Eunice?  
About what?  
My going to the city wrong side outward.  
What do you mean? said Eunice.  
Oh, I see you have never heard the story, so I will tell you. Two years ago I spent a few weeks with my friends the Wiltons, near the city of A— in the family were two young ladies who found it necessary to do a great deal of shopping and not a little visiting in the city, and of course patronized the railroad connecting their little village with the 'Green Street Depot,' to no trifling extent.  
Now you shall see what a handsome and gentlemanly conductor we have on this route, said Bell Wilton to me, as I took a luxurious cushion in a crowded car for a first 'miscellaneous' trip to A—.

It is my business, sister of a conductor, said Kate, let the car be ever so crowded, he is sure to find a place for ladies, and never objects to our hand-boxes and carpet-bags, as many ill-dressed fellows, dressed in a fit of brief authority, are apt to do; and if our purses are short after a shopping excursion, he often—Kate's rhapsody was interrupted by the starting of the train.

We were whirled on to A—in about twenty minutes, yet I had opportunity to notice that the labelled official was indisputably very considerate and attentive, at all events to our party. He opened the window which was swollen by damp weather, and a look from Kate, and ordered a Dutchman, smoking meekly upon the platform, into the baggage car, at a symptom of faintness from Bell. I could not but acknowledge that Fanny Fen should add to her list of models a model conductor, taking this one for her original.

Arrived at our destination, I was again entertained with my friends' praises of the various merchants and milliners they were accustomed to patronize.

I always purchase silks at Weaver's; they are so conscientious, and never try to palm off an inferior article upon a customer. At Mrs. Lasalle's you will find a superb assortment of gloves and embroideries. The proprietress is a reduced French Countess, and one of the most lady-like persons you ever saw! rattled Bell Wilton.

And if you wish to buy shoes, they are as good as at Marvin's; they are so accommodating; they never make wry faces, if you happen to break a string or lose a clasp, or any other such trifling accident, added Kate.

This was enough, yet if I needed more to convince me of the superior excellence of these aristocratic shoemakers, that afternoon's observation would have furnished it. No sooner did the rich brocades, and crapes, and ribbons of the fair Misses Wilton flutter inside the door, than every attendant, from proprietor to errand boy, proceeded to do their most obsequious smiles and agreeable deprecations. It was not strange, Eunice. The young ladies carried heavy purses and were easily persuaded to high heels.

The afternoon passed pleasantly and fatiguingly enough, in chatting and shopping, in shaking hands with old acquaintances, and trying to bow gracefully to new introductions, and on our return, amid many expressions

of satisfaction as our purchases were unrolled and exhibited before Mr. Wilton and Aunt Lucy, the girls forced me to confess that the A— merchants and the A—and O— conductor far surpassed any others in the known world.

So it was, almost daily, for the first fortnight of my stay. At one time we called on a celebrated dentist for some trifling tooth operation. He was an acquaintance of Bell's and she presented him to me as a friend. He was very handsome, and his voice and smile captivated to one who could appreciate music and sunshine. Eunice, I was amazingly pleased with that man, I who am so fastidious. I fancied him the impersonation of skill and benevolence—the head and the heart—the means and the end, glorious combination for those who set themselves up as the world's healers and teachers. He impressed me as one of the few to whom science may safely commit her priceless treasures sure that they would be used only for the blessing of humanity. Ah Eunice! I had only seen the silken side!

Pray go on, said Eunice.

One rainy morning, I received a letter from home giving notice that my young sister was about to take a Western tour with a friend. "New dresses, of course, are requisite," wrote my mother, and I wish you to procure and send them immediately. Then followed a list of articles needed. This letter had been longer than usual on the route; that moment I knew sister Lib, amid a sympathizing cloudburst of waiting milliners, marvelled at my long delay.

The articles must be purchased that very day, raining as it was, and moreover, I must go alone; for Bell and Kate had gone to bed with hair in papers, and novels under their pillows. Toward noon the rain abated, and I notified my friends of my determination to go to A—. The young ladies stared with astonishment.

T—tomorrow, I'll be at your service, said Bell, but not to-day. Why, you're crazy—look at the clouds—you'll take a dreadful cold—don't get antin-striped tissue; it frays, shockingly.

I dressed, walked to the station, but a few rods distant, and found myself half an hour too early. Very soon the clouds lowered, and rain fell catspaws. Nevertheless, I stubbornly adhered to my determination, the more stubbornly that I knew the girls would ridicule me without mercy if I returned. But I looked at my dress, and thought of my bonnet; and was thankful that the old brown veil I found crumpled in my pocket would protect the latter. My mantle was of watered silk, handsomely trimmed, and I remembered a lady told me that water would spot it. How foolish I had been to wear it.

Well, Eunice, what do you suppose I did? I turned it, wrong side outward! It was lined with the usual black muslin, from which the gloss had disappeared in spots. I was the only occupant of the Ladies' saloon, and enjoyed the full benefit of an eight-by-ten looking-glass. I glanced in it, and seeing what a ludicrous figure my old veil and rusty outer garment made, in contrast with my fine cashmere traveling dress with its richly trimmed basque, the idea of going to the city thoroughly disguised, at once presented itself. The skirt of my dress was separated from the bodice, and I had lined it for comfort in winter with an old gingham dress, clean and whole, but I must confess, sadly faded. Well, I turned that wrong side outward, also.

You don't mean that you went to the city in that style, said Eunice.

I did, and enjoyed it too, convinced that I was doing a sensible thing, but you shall hear. Scarcely was my odd toilet completed, when the whistle sounded, and drawing the thick veil tightly over my face, I made my way to the nearest car. And now commenced the development. The handsome and gentlemanly conductor near-

ly knocked me over in the doorway, in his willingness to pioneer a lady in blue silk, with four bunches, a satchel, a hat-box, a parasol, and a lap-dog, safely but upon the platform. Returning, while I stood gazing vacantly at the rows of buts and boxes before me, none of which moved to relinquish a seat in my behalf, the model conductor pointed to an uncomfortable corner seat, between a black woman with a baby, and a white woman with two babies. Of course I accepted it, and the cunning pranks of the little African made my hard seat endurable.

Well, I reached the city, and made my way to Weaver's fashionable store. The skies were weeping briskly, and I, carrying a blue cotton umbrella, probably did not call up golden visions to the eyes of the young gentlemen clerks who lounged upon the counters, or sat with feet elevated at alarmingly acute angles, as I entered. When I inquired for silks, tissues, grenadines, and fine summer dress goods, there was one undivided stare.

It would take too much time to tell how some striped silks, and half cotton bergeries were first produced, and how I eventually convinced them that I understood their proper quality. Suffice it to say, I purchased nothing there, though tempting articles were finally displayed before me, but suited myself at less pretentious establishments.

Next to Mrs. Lasalle's I went, whose anathema upon me for detecting cotton laces presented me for linen I will not repeat, but must say they were delivered in a very uncountess-like rage, though in excellent French.

I did not try the shoe store that day, but in passing Dr. R's office, something prompted me to enter. I had been amused, and not the least disappointed by my afternoon's experiences, but now a little anxiety mingled with much curiosity. I thought me of a nervous toothache that had robbed me of sleep for a portion of several nights, and which I had sedulously concealed from the family, chiefly because Aunt Lucy's infallible remedy in such cases was whisky and ginger, boiling hot, a remedy to me infinitely worse than the disease. Perhaps Dr. R. could name something less objectionable.

I rang gently, and was admitted. The Doctor, who was talking and smoking with a dashing young man, glanced at my dress as I entered, and without further notice, went on with the conversation. Finally, I instituted a slight cough, and he turned toward me with—

Well, old lady, what's the matter with you?  
I inquired in a suffering voice, the best cure for an aching tooth.  
Crooked iron, marm, applied cold, is the best thing, and animal magnetism is next the best. Ever try it, hey?  
and the man of science, winked and gazed at his companion, who in turn ejected a quid of tobacco from his mouth, quite near my poor gingham skirt, and laughed immoderately. In less than two seconds I was in the street, and on my way to the Depot, questioning within myself whether there are such qualities yet remaining in our world as *unbought* honesty and kindness. My doubts were to be removed. The train stood at the depot as I came in sight, and I hurried my steps lest it should depart without me. I managed to gain a seat, but had no time to purchase a ticket, and when the conductor came, I felt for my post-monetary to pay the necessary fare. It was gone. An exploration of my pocket to its lowest depths availed nothing, and I was in a dilemma. I explained the matter to him, assuring him I should leave the train at the station, and would there borrow the amount. He left me, muttering his suspicions that the story was a lie, and went his rounds.

Soon after, some one touched my elbow, and on looking around, I was greeted by a link, ragged, uncombed Irishman, who smiled and held something toward me. It was my port-

monnaie.  
Faith an lawn! I been searching the cars for ye, this blessed wife, said he, sure I was myself that saw ye take yer handkerchief from yer pocket, and send this thing a spinning on the paving stones. An, ye didn't see Pat Crogan, after, ye—faith, if I hadn't been coming the same road, a precious hunt ye might have had for it.

Bless the untutored, uncorrupted Irish heart!  
And now I was at O— station, and the sun, though low in the west, shined brightly. I went directly to the ladies' room, and in five minutes emerged therefrom a well-dressed lady, with an uncovered bonnet of the latest importation. As the conductor crossed the platform to give moving orders, I stepped up and tendered my fare, saying my purse had been found and returned to me. You have a vivid imagination, Eunice, picture the countenance of that gentleman.  
Did you relate your adventures to the young ladies? said Eunice.  
No, indeed! When the goods came, they were delighted with them, affirming that 'this came from Weaver's; no other merchant had anything like it; and this lace from Mrs. Lasalle's they remembered seeing it there! I kept my own counsel; and now, Eunice, what do you think of it all?  
I think the *accident* you purchased was cheap enough at all events. Yet there is one other place to which I wish you had gone.  
And where is that?  
To church, said Eunice.

**AN INHOSPITABLE RECEPTION.**

Bishop Hedding was a plain and humble man. He chose only to be known as a Methodist preacher. He wore the garb, traveled in the style, and assumed the character of a Methodist preacher. Accordingly, when he stopped to seek lodgings with his brethren, he would announce himself simply as a Methodist preacher. If this did not always secure him as cordial a reception, and as grand an entertainment as if he had announced himself "bishop" instead of "preacher," it at least enabled him to distinguish between Christian hospitality and hospitality to office.

While on his journey to Pittsburg Conference, an incident illustrative of this, occurred. One Saturday, toward noon, he reached a manufacturing village, and finding both himself and his horse much jaded, he concluded to remain over the Sabbath. Finding the preacher and his wife both absent from the parsonage, he went to the public house near by. After dinner he inquired of the landlord who were the principal men among the Methodists in the place—intending to seek the hospitality of some of them, rather than remain at the public house over the Sabbath.

The landlord gave him the name and pointed out the residence of one, who, he said, was the principal man in the church, and also in the village. The bishop immediately walked over to the house, and made known his wish to the lady. Instead of giving him a reply, she sent for her husband. When the man came in, he introduced himself to him as a Methodist preacher on a journey, and said that as he knew of no place he could reach before the Sabbath, he would like to pass it in that place, if he could be entertained. The man made no reply, but turned the conversation to some other subject. After waiting a reasonable time, and no reply being made to his request, the bishop took his hat, and said, "Good afternoon, sir," intending to return and spend the Sabbath at the tavern. The man then said, in a cold, heartless manner, "I guess you had better stay here." The bishop replied that he would like to stay, if it would not be a burden to him or his family; but he did not like to make himself a burden to any wife. "Oh, you can stay," said the man, with the same cold, apathetic indifference. "Well,

I have a horse at the tavern; have you horse-keeping?" "I have a barn and hay," replied the man, "but no grain." The bishop then said, "I can procure grain at the tavern, if you have good hay, but if your hay is not good, I will keep him there, as I have a long journey to perform." The man replied, with some little irritability, "The hay is good enough for your horse."

Upon this slender prospect of hospitality, the bishop went to the tavern, procured oats, brought them in his sulky, and put out his horse, and took care of him while he remained. When evening came, his host said to him, "There is a prayer meeting at the meeting house; you can go, if you please; I can't go." The bishop went to the prayer meeting, took his seat in the congregation, and at a suitable time, prayed along with the other brethren. After the meeting closed he returned to his lodgings.

The house of his host was large, and elegantly furnished; but at the hour of rest, they sent the bishop to a small, remote chamber, far from being clean. Here he had three apprentice boys for his companions—one of them occupying the same bed with himself.

In the morning his host, in a half-inviting, half-repelling manner, remarked that there was to be a love feast, and inquired if he would go. "Oh, yes, certainly," said the bishop. Soon after he had taken his seat in the congregation, the preacher came in. He observed his host go up and speak to the preacher, when both turned their eyes upon him. The preacher had seen him before, and instantly recognized him. A flame of fire seemed to overspread the face of his host, as he slunk away to a seat. At the request of the preacher, bishop Hedding took charge of the love feast, and then preached for him. He also engaged to accompany the preacher, and officiate for him at his afternoon appointment—almost glad of an opportunity to escape from his host at this juncture. As soon as the service closed, he left the church to get his horse. His host soon came up with him, and half-mad, half-gracious, and quite thoroughly confused, said, in a quick, impatient manner, "Why did not you tell me you were a bishop?" "Oh," said the bishop, "I am a plain, Methodist preacher." Both the man and his wife seemed completely overcome with mortification, and it was a relief to the bishop to get away.

Perhaps after that, the man remembered the injunction of the good book, "Be careful to entertain strangers; for some thereby have entertained angels unawares." At all events, he received an admonition upon the propriety of giving at least a decent reception and entertainment to the Methodist preachers.—*Life of Bishop Hedding.*

**The Sound Dues.—What they are.**

The "Sound Dues" at the present time, being the subject of much agitation at Washington and elsewhere, and as they may possibly give rise to a serious dispute between the United States and Denmark, it is well that all should know what they are. The "Sound" is a narrow strait lying between the Island of Zeland, belonging to the Danes, and the Swedish coast, and gives entrance to the Baltic Sea. The fortress of Cronburg Castle commands the passage, and exacts a payment from all vessels entering the Baltic; the ships of Denmark herself have to pay, as well as foreign tonnage. The origin of this exaction is that in ancient times, Denmark undertook to build and sustain certain light-houses along the coast for which the Hanse towns agreed to pay toll.

England, France, Holland, and Sweden pay a duty of one per cent, on every cargo entering the Baltic. Other countries, including the United States, pay one and a quarter cent. The Danish ships are taxed to this rate. In the year 1826, a treaty recognizing this duty was concluded be-

tween the United States and Denmark. This treaty, however, according to one of its stipulations, may be dissolved by either of the parties, provided they give one year's notice of their intention. During the Presidency of John Tyler, our Government determined to put a forcible end to this imposition. Mr. Upshur, then Secretary of State, fitted out a fleet of merchantmen and vessels of war, under Commodore Stuart, which he designed should force its way into the Baltic, and thus at once rid the United States of the Sound duties. Mr. Upshur's sudden death, however, by the explosion of a cannon just as the fleet was ready to start, delayed the exhibition, and it was finally abandoned. Other attempts were made to abolish this tax. While Denmark was at war with Schleswig-Holstein, Mr. Flenniken, the U. S. Minister offered, on the part of his Government to pay Denmark \$250,000 for ten years' suspension of dues; his death prevented the proposal coming to a head. Finally, on the 12th of April last the U. S. notified the Danish Government of their intention to cease paying the Sound duties, and the stipulation of the treaty will accordingly expire next Spring. Should no amicable arrangement of the question be arrived at in the meanwhile, we may then expect to see our vessels passing the Sound under warlike convey. A serious conflict will then most probably arise.—*Alb. Trav.*

**From the Northern Christian Advocate.  
SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENCE.**

**STEAMER HUNGARIAN, 1855.**

When last I took leave of you, dear reader, we were moving rapidly along within hailing distance of Memphis. The bluffs here, for miles together, present both a grand and sublime spectacle, walled up by the hand of nature some hundred, or hundred and fifty feet high, of solid granite, in some places resembling not a little the massive banks of the Niagara under the Suspension Bridge.

In other places the banks of this river are composed of a sort of hard red sand, some fifty or sixty feet high. Then again its waters in the course of the stream appear higher, and in reality are higher than the surrounding country, on either side. Here we come up to Memphis, the chief city of Tennessee, see, but the sandy bluffs are so high as quite to conceal the city from public view at the levee. Made a bet here for nearly twenty-four hours, to unload freight, as well as to take on several hundred tons more in the shape of cotton bales for New Orleans. And here, also, most of our Southern passengers, mentioned in a former number, got off. In the number was the poor fugitive and his master. The master appeared to be a good-natured free and easy sort of fellow, but a cunning, crafty slave-holder, after all. He stopped to sell his man Jim at public auction, there being a large slave-auction here. "Now Jim," says he to the man, "if they ask you if you are a runaway, you tell them no, and I will give you a new hat." That right, master! Is the boy to tell us so," replied Jim, as they started off together for the slave-market. Some of our passengers followed to witness the sale. Presently our fellow-passenger of the coffee was called forward, placed on the stand, was felt, examined, and questioned by the customer-dealers in the bodies and souls of men.

What's your name? make one for the crowd. "Jim," answered the boy. "Jim, eh," vociferated the inquirer, "well that's a good nigger name. How old are you, boy?" "Don't noes Zackly, reckon how I'm thirty-five," says another, who appears to question the age of the property by some fifteen or twenty years. "You are a runaway," says another, "and you are not worth having." Is he a runaway, am I mass, says he to his master. "No, no, Jim you ain't run away." See 4th page.