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### From the Louisville Journal. THE LITTLE SHOE.

BY MARY SEAL.

I found it here—a worn out shoe,  
All mellowed with time and wet with dew  
'Tis a little thing; ye would pass it by  
With never a word or thought or sigh,  
Yet it sits in my heart a hidden well,  
And in eloquent tones of the past doth tell.

It tells of my little fairy child  
That bound my heart with a magic wild,  
Of bright blue eyes and golden hair,  
That ever shed joy and sunlight there—  
Of a prattling voice so sweet and clear,  
And the tiny feet that were ever near.

It tells of hopes that with her had birth,  
Deep buried now in the silent earth;  
Of a heart that had met an answering tone,  
That again is left alone—alone!  
Of days of watching and anxious prayer—  
Of a night of sorrow and dark despair.

It tells of a form that is cold and still—  
Of a little mound upon yonder hill,  
That is dearer far to a mother's heart  
Than the classic statues of Grecian art.  
Ah, strangers may pass with a careless air,  
Nor dream of hopes that are buried there.

Oh, ye, who have never o'er loved one  
Whose brightest hopes have never been  
Laid in the dust, white cloud from the summer sky—  
Like the wreath of mist from the mountain high—  
Like the rainbow, beaming a moment here,  
Then melting away to its native sphere—  
Like rose-leaves, loosed by the zephyr's sigh—  
Like that zephyr wafting its perfume by—  
Like the wave, that kisses some graceful spot.

Then passes away—yet is ne'er forgot:  
If, these, your life-hopes have never fled,  
Ye cannot know of the tears I shed!

Ye cannot know what a little thing  
From Memory's silent fount can bring  
The voice and form that were once so dear,  
Yet there are hours, were they only here,  
That could feel with me, when, all wet with dew,  
I found, this morning, this little shoe!

[From the Loudon Mirror.]  
Black Republican Meeting in Loudon.

It is with a blush of shame for the tarnished reputation of our county, that we undertake to record a scene, more disgraceful perhaps in its character than anything of a similar nature, that has ever been enacted upon southern territory. We feel an abiding pride in the county of our nativity, and with heavy heart, chronicle anything calculated to sully her fair fame abroad, but between inclination and duty we have no choice left us, and are constrained to perform a task we would most willingly forego. Saturday, the 15th of the present month, was the day appointed for a meeting at Goose Creek Church, speciously for the purpose of ratifying the Philadelphia platform and nominations, but really as the sequel proved, for the treasonable object of proclaiming boldly and impudently the vilest Black Republican doctrines. It was previously arranged that the matter should assume the form of a debate, with two regularly appointed polemics on each side. Mr. Henry Brown and Mr. Thomas Taylor for the nominations and Mr. Francis Rae, of New York, and Mr. Jesse Brown against them. The meeting was first addressed by Mr. Thomas Taylor, who argued at length in favor of the American platform and nominees. Mr. Rae (of New York originally, but at present a resident of this county) next took the floor. We can only give the substance

of his remarks, as we write entirely from memory. He declared himself in favor of the Black Republican party denounced the fugitive slave law, and Fillmore for signing it; declared it to be unconstitutional, and that it should be repealed. He would not touch slavery where it existed—he would leave it to die out upon the land that bred it—but he would have the balance of the territory of the United States consecrated to freedom in accordance with the principles of our Revolutionary forefathers. What was ours but a land of liberty? And was the fugitive slave law and Missouri ruffianism in accordance with this liberty? He wished it repealed, and there was a mighty party arising in the north whose purpose and aim it was to blot out this law and to restrain slavery within its present limits.—[Applause.]

Mr. Henry Brown next arose in advocacy of Mr. Fillmore's claims to the presidency. He could not be a member of the Black Republican party if he would, as it required a member to have hair on his lip, and he could not raise it. But he thought Mr. Fillmore was unjustly censured for signing the Fugitive Slave Law. He was but the representative of the people, and was bound to obey the will of a majority of the people. That will had been expressed through the people's representatives in Congress, and he could not see that Mr. Fillmore was to blame for obeying that will.

Mr. Jesse Brown followed next. He indulged in the same strain with his colleague, Mr. Rae, and wound up with the eloquent language of some senator, "that the gentle green slopes of Nebraska should not be made rotten with the institution of slavery." [Great applause.]

The matter being now open for general debate numerous gentlemen were called upon, [among them another gentleman with hair upon his lip from New York,] but none immediately responding, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Rae, took another tilt.

Mr. John Simpson was next brought to his feet. He was utterly astonished that such sentiments should be uttered upon southern soil, that Black Republicans should dare attack our institutions upon our own territory. He thought the gentleman from New York had never read the Constitution, or if he had, knew nothing about it. Did it not declare that fugitive slaves should be delivered up? And yet he had the hardihood to pronounce the fugitive slave law unconstitutional.

Mr. Rae responded. He cared not for the name of Black Republican that had been used by his opponent, Mr. Simpson. To say the least, he thought it ungentlemanly. Here Mr. Simpson required an explanation, which was given.

Mr. Rae continued his remarks, at some length, and was frequently interrupted by immense applause. After he had finished, Mr. F. Trayhorn was called from his seat. He remarked: He arose to defend the South against the attack of the Black Republicans. He felt she had been insulted by what he had heard upon that occasion.

Passing by all others, he bore particularly upon Mr. Rae. The gentleman had better go back to the North and mingle with Fred Douglass and Lucy Black-wool Stone, or Lucy Stone Black-wool, who were genial spirits.—The South was no place for the expression of such opinions. He denied the right to express such sentiments—cries of, "he has the right," he has the liberty of speech—counter cries of no! no! he has no right. Mr. Rae—If the gentleman will go to New York he may express any opinion upon slavery he pleases. Mr. Trayhorn Yes, because I do not speak against her institutions. Mr. Trayhorn continued his remarks in proof southern sufferance and northern aggression, and concluded by saying: that sooner than see black republicanism prevail he would see it dissolved.

Mr. Rae followed in some remarks upon the ordinance of '37 but becoming confused, was prompted by an old man with a broad brim white hat, who we were told, was the veritable Yardly Taylor. After he had finished, Mr. Henry Brown arose again. He thought he was still in favor of Mr. Fillmore. But—from what he knew of Black Republicanism he thought he liked it pretty well. Laughter and cries of come over to us, come over.—No, he didn't think he would come quite over yet, as his brother had done. He thought—he thought—he would give Millard Fillmore one more trial.

The gentleman, Mr. Trayhorn had expressed himself in favor of a dissolution of the Union; as for himself he was still for the Union. Mr. Trayhorn arose to explain. He had said that rather than see Black Republicanism prevail, he would see a dissolution of the Union as dearly as he loved it. As he took his seat he was hissed by a Black Republican by the name of Hugh Holmes. One Jesse Hogue, urged by the boldness of his confederates, was next brought into the arena, and seemed determined, by his hammering gestures, to beat his republican principles into those before him; but what he said we do not remember, for just here the excitement had become so great, that the meeting broke amidst the greatest clamor, and confusion.

We have given but an imperfect outline of this truly anomalous assemblage, for we have been compelled to rely entirely upon our memory. We have, however, exaggerated in nothing and feel confident of having done material injustice to no one of the parties concerned. We have been the more minute in detail in order that the people of Loudon might see the extremity to which a body of men among them (and no inconsiderable body) will go in advancing principles, insurrectionary in their character, and the practical application of which is gaudied against by the severest penal laws of the state. We invite their most serious and calm consideration to this subject, with the expression of the hope that they will not suffer it to pass in silence.

We counsel no wrath; make no appeal to passion. We will not arrogate the office of adviser of men who understand their rights and their defenses and who are amply competent to determine upon the means to guard them against both insult and invasion. But may we not with propriety, diffidently suggest, that they should soberly and solemnly pronounce judgment upon public meetings, aiming, in their essential nature, at the destruction of both property and social peace? Is the lion with impunity to be heard in his den? and shall northern Vandalism, after having murdered our citizens in the pursuit of their property flourish the sword of Biennis over the citadel of the South? Is, to aggression and violence from without to be added insult and endangerment from within?

Has the monster of abolitionism grown to such huge proportions as to flap its dark wing over the territory of the South, without causing a feeble cry of resistance to arise from a grossly outraged and insulted people?—Shall the hiss of that serpent, Black Republicanism, be spewed in the face of a southern gentleman, who dares to stand up within the limits of his own manor to confront the enemies of his security and property? Let the people of Loudon answer by such public response as they in their judgments exercised in calm deliberation, may determine upon.

We are usually but the instrument of partisan strife. We speak to them now with deference beyond the pale of party. We speak upon a matter of vital moment to all, and ask for its consideration which its magnitude demands. We are aware that we have performed no very enviable duty, and shall bring down upon our head the execrations of no inconsiderable number of men in our county. But we shall not skulk to avoid a principle, though its advocacy should bring upon us the vengeance of the whole Republican host.

The rights of the South for the sake of liberty, is the motto we have taken and which we will stand by or fall, for unless southern rights as secured by the constitution, be acknowledged and enforced by federal legislation, this Union will be dissolved; its pieces baptized in blood, possibly to some other political faith, and liberty endangered if not totally destroyed. We shall go on in our feeble efforts in defense of southern rights, and through evil and good report bear testimony of fidelity to the institutions of our fatherland; and should fanaticism prevail, and the North pour upon us her excited hordes, may the "rocks and the mountains fall on us" if we do not clutch the staff of the southern flag.

From the Sandusky (O.) Commercial Register.  
STORY OF THE FUGITIVES—PERILS OF PASSING OVER JORDAN.

Some weeks since a company of ten fugitives—eight men, one boy and a woman—passed through here en route for Canada. Navigation being closed, and the owner of the constitutional chattels being close at hand, it was determined to put the troupe through by the over-ice post; consequently a double sleigh was properly equipped and the journey commenced. The perils and privations of that heritage are thus recounted by *The Cleveland Leader*, which has the facts from a gentleman from Windsor, Canada, where the fugitives finally made a landing.

After crossing the Sandusky Bay, they made directly for the "Island," where they partook of some refreshments, and allowed their jaded horses to rest. Shortly after midnight they resumed their perilous journey; but after proceeding a few miles, they were beset with a furious snow-storm and lost their way. About 9 o'clock next morning they found themselves near land which they at first took to be Canada, but, on close inspection, they discovered that they were near the spot from which they had started on the previous night. The driver had some difficulty in persuading the fugitives to land, and some of them insisted on starting for Canada on foot. Finally their fears were overcome, and they consented to land. A succession of snow-storms continued throughout the day, and it was not till nearly midnight that the party could again set out for the land where no Fugitive Law is in force.

After proceeding about fifteen miles, they were beset with another snow-storm, and, as if to add to their difficulties, they came to an opening in the ice, varying from five to eight feet in width. They followed it several miles westward and found that it became wider; then they retraced their course and continued eastward with no better success. The driver said it was useless to attempt to cross with the team; and proposed that the fugitives should leap the barrier and pursue the remainder of their hazardous journey alone. One of the chattels, with a presence of mind which would entitle a white man to the highest praise, suggested that a bridge might be formed of the sleigh. It was accordingly taken to pieces, a passage constructed across the opening, and the horses with difficulty forced over it. Several hours were wasted in the operation, and a success of snow-storms following each other, the party did not arrive at their goal till long after nightfall. As soon as they touched the Canadian shore they all knelt down and returned thanks to the Being who had preserved them through their remarkable perils. Our children will speak of this adventure, as one of the most singular on record; but we who are so much more enlightened than future generations, know that

it would be absurd to attach any importance to the love which black people have for freedom.

Such tales will have wonder enough for future generations; and they will also bring strange reflections in the minds of all, which will not be flattering to the humanity of the age. The coming fiction writer will have, in the mutations of slave life now almost daily transpiring, material of the strangest and most exciting character:—plantation life and degradation service, slaves concerting together for escape, the escape and its perils, the capture and "shipment for a market," and death "in the rice swamps dank and lone;" or the more revolting picture of planters owning and selling their own flesh and blood—of which the pens of the day either dare not or will not write. Such a field never, since the captivity of the Jews, was opened for the portraiture of the pens of the historian and romance writer:—alas! that it should be on American soil that their scenes must be laid!

From the N. Y. Tribune.  
BURNING A NEGRO.

Sir: I cut the following extract from *The Cincinnati Commercial*, which is the very first public notice that has been taken in any form of the awful tragedy that was enacted here—neither of the papers published in this city having given the slightest account of the matter, believing, doubtless, that so small an affair as burning a slave to death by way of a Thanksgiving frolic is not worth publishing:

"We are informed that on the Kentucky Thanksgiving Day a couple of young men of Maysville, whose family connections are described as of the 'highest respectability,' were on a drunken spree at the Parker House, in that place, and protracting their frolic until a very late hour, after all the household had retired to bed, attempted to arouse the barkeeper to procure more liquor, and failing in this, and succeeding in finding a yellow man, one of the waiters, asleep, they concluded to set fire to him in order to awaken him! With this view they took a camphine lamp, and pouring the fluid over his whiskers, ignited it, and the poor fellow's neck and head became instantly wrapped in an intense blaze, which continued until the fluid was consumed. The sufferings of the victim were dreadful in the extreme. No refinement of torture could have produced more excruciating misery. But, strange to say, death did not release him from torment until after the lapse of two weeks. The poor creature was the slave of Mr. Bail, keeper of the Parker House, who says, as our informant tells us, that no human suffering could exceed that of his boy during the fortnight that he lived after the burning. The young men, 'respectably connected,' whose drunkenness resulted in this horror, are said to allege that they burned the negro by accident—that when holding the lamp to his face, they managed to break it and spill the fiery fluid upon him. The young men are rich. They have agreed to pay Mr. Bail \$1,200 for the loss of his servant. Our informant says that no one in Maysville speaks of this transaction without a shudder of horror, but that no movement has been made toward a legal investigation of the matter, and that the 'high position' of the parties implicated will overawe any such movement. We ask the citizens of Maysville, in the name of their honor, if these things can be true!"

The facts set forth in *The Commercial* are true, and are put in the mildest form, for it was a deliberate act of torture; flagitious beyond all precedent, ending in death after two weeks of suffering on the part of the victim; albeit the parties were on a drunken frolic, and, as the world goes, were quite "respectable." No examination of the circumstances had taken place; nor will there be any, the mon-

ey of the friends of the parties, together with the official relative of one of them, being amply sufficient to protect them.

They carry their heads as high as if nothing had happened, and talk about the amount they had to pay the owner of the slave as rather expensive, considering it was done for a bit of fun!

Is not this a creditable state of things, and is it not one more powerful illustration of the beauties of Slavery? Can't you get some of your Northern "Divines" to preach in favor of the system from this text? Yours,  
ABERDEEN.

Maysville, Jan. 1, 1856.

### A BIG BEAR.

We are indebted to the kindness of our enterprising neighbors, Messrs. Gleston & Hopkins, produce and commission merchants, 199 Duane Street, New York, for the head of a magnificent Pennsylvania bear, now on exhibition—free—at our "headquarters," No. 303 Broadway. We value this specimen, coming, as it does, from the near abode of civilization, from whence few, if any more, can ever be expected; for the bear and the deer of our continent must soon give place to the swine and the sheep, as the native Indians give place to the "pale faces."

We have received the following brief statement concerning this "old forest ranger," whose skull we commendate:

GENTLEMEN: The bear, whose head we send you, was recently killed near Coudersport, Potter Co., Pennsylvania, he having ventured too near the haunts of civilized men to procure that food which he was unable to obtain in his native woods during the severity of the past inclement winter. We are not acquainted with the name of the man whose unerring rifle laid him low.

He was purchased by J. M. Judson, of Coudersport, and by him consigned to Messrs. Gleston & Hopkins to be sold. We are not aware of his weight before he was dressed for market, but presume it must have been over five hundred pounds, as he weighed three hundred and eighteen when received in New York.

Messrs. A. & E. Robbins, the well known poultry and game dealers of Fulton Market, were his purchasers; and by them he was served up for the Astor, St. Nicholas, and Metropolitan Hotels, in their very best style, a regale, perhaps, some individuals were their guests and sojourners for the time—may have been residents of the same county as Bruin himself has been.

The flesh of the bear is very much like that of the swine, more fat than muscle, and sells at retail in this market at prices ranging from twelve to twenty cents a pound. Thus a bear, weighing four hundred pounds, say fifteen cents, would bring the handsome sum of sixty dollars.—*L. J. Illustrated.*

### SUPPORTING THE GOSPEL.

The papers in the southwest are circulating amusing stories in relation to the "Hard Shell Baptists." A correspondent writes:

"It is sect (the Hard Shell) are in the habit of holding a yearly association in our vicinity, generally in a piece of woods near a good spring. The brethren from abroad are quartered upon those in the neighborhood of the meeting; and these are required, of course, to lay in a good supply of the creature comforts, and among them, as the most important, plenty of whiskey. A short time ago, such a place having been selected, the brethren near by were busy putting up benches and making the place ready, when Brother Smith said:

"Wall, Brother Gobbin, what preparations have you made to home for the big association?"

"Why, I've laid in a barrel of flour or so, and a gallon of whiskey." Brother Smith expressed great contempt at this preparation: "A gallon of whiskey for a big meeting! Why, I've laid in a barrel, and you're just as well able, Brother Gobbin, as I am to support the gospel!"