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#### THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I have read in some old marvellous tale, Some legend strange and vague, That a midnight host of spectres pale Beleaguered the walls of Parague.

Beside the Moldan's rushing stream, With the wan moon overhead, There stood as in an awful dream, The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound, The spectral camp was seen, And, with a sorrowful, deep sound, The river flowed between.

No other voice or sound was there, No drum, nor sentry's pace: The mist like banners clasped the air, As clouds with clouds embrace.

But, when the cathedral bell Proclaimed the morning prayer, The white pavillions rose and fell On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far The troubled army fied: Up rose the glorious morning-star, The ghastly host was dead.

I have read in the marvellous heart of man, That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream, In fancy's misty light. Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam Portentious through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground The spectral camp is seen, And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,

Flows the river of life between. No other voice or sound is there.

In the army of the grave; No other challenge breaks the air, But the rushing of Life's wave. And when the solemn and deep church bell

Entreats the soul to pray, The midnight phantoms feel the spell, The shadows sweep away

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar The spectral camp is fled, Faith shineth as a morning star, Our ghastly fears are dead.

## THE BARON'S KNELL.

A GERNAN LEGEND.

stands a square, massive, stone tower, if the hall where the festival was contented." Go where you will—
green with moss, and shattered by held was a wide apartment, with walls of competence or the man who would say, I all sephine left alonely widow and mother, confined to a dismal prison, ignorant come by her emotion, and remained a number of hours insensible; but on his bread by the daily sweat of his and the fate of her country. But her recovery made no effort to change here were the recovery made no effort to change here were the recovery made no effort to change Evil One; and there is that in its found entrance within, or only played brow, you hear the sound of murmur- we may again trace the hand of Provigloomy old walls, the deep embra- in sickly radiance on the damp stone sures of the windows and the scarred floor. But though such was the usu- other day we stood by a cooper, who heroine, and overruling the mighty sures of the windows and the scarred floor. But though such was the usuand blackened appearance of the al aspect of the room, it was different was playing a merry tune, with an storm which threatened the destrucings of his own heart were known to storm which would seem to corrobnow. Lights blazed in fifty places address round a cask. "Ah! (sighed tion of the kingdom. By a series of Him only who witnessed the tears and orate the legend. In this tower hangs from the walls. A table, covered with he,) mine is a hard lot-forever trot- unexpected circumstances, Josephine a bell, of strange uncouth shape, but the richest plate, stretched down this ting round like a dog, driving at a immovably fixed in masonry, so that ample hall. Never indeed had the hoop." no living mortal has heard it toll.— Palatine beheld such an array of wealth, The tradition goes, that bell and tower magnificence and profusion. Well ear has heard the knell.

"There are none of them right," he said. "I believe one of my ances- spoketors were present at the catastrophe, and so the true tradition has come tion it; but you are a foreigner, and I will waive our secrecy for once.

bell, for no mortal eye, it is said, witnessed the act. The bell was found one morning swinging high up in the old tower; but for many a long year, no one heard its voice. When other bells rung out it remained silent. At length the townfolk heard a wild toll at midnight, and their blood curdled at the sound, so unlike all others was its unearthly tone. That night few siept in Rudenberg. The morning dawned, the citizens learned that, at midnight, just when the bell began to toll, the beautiful daughter of the Baron had died, it was feared, by poison and all died, it was feared, by poisons a large state of the bell filled son, administered by some unknown hand; and the bell had tolled at her listened their cheeks blanched, and death, but by whom the bell was rung, no one could tell.

"From that day a dark shade settled on the brow of the Baron. In the mean time his possessions continued Again and again, the toll of that bell to increase, and while others lost, he clanged awfully across the night, and gained. But child after child perished the lights waved to and fro, as if flared try. violently, and at every death the mysterious bell was tolled by unknown to his neighbor, and all gazed in wild hands. These things induced strange affright at their host. At the first toll suspicions among the townfolk. They of the bell, the exulting sneer had called to mind the poverty from which the Baron sprung-they remembered the singular rapidity with which the tower had been built, and they thought contrary; but when that unearthly ness, and here she would pour forth to her, compared with the wealth of upon that fearful night when the mysterious bell broke its long silence, and the hall, and he saw, by the faces of tolled at the death of his child. Whis- the guests, that they heard the knell, But soon a cloud hovers over the bright pers, at first scarcely breathed, but his countenance became ghastly as finally given utterance to even in the that of a corpse, and he clung to the market place, charged with having table to support his tottering knees.him entered into a bargain with the And as the iron voice rung out again Evil One; and it was said that wealth and power was to be the portion of nizing cry, gasped for breath, and the Baron, but that one by one he was to lose his children as the forfeit, and the wine cup still in his hand, fell over recalled to their estates, returned to had come. At length these rumors reached the ears of the Baron. He listened to them without any reply except a sneer, but those who saw that it to their dying day.

Baron; but at every acquisition another of his once fare family of children died. The whispers of the citizens now became louder than ever. The Baron's wife had long since died, and it was said that his turn would arrive next. When they came to look back at the death of his progeny, they found that, by some strange coincidence, one of his children had perished on the same day, of the same month of each succeeding year; and it was predicted that, at the next anniversary, the Baron himself would die. But the stern old noble only scoffed at these whispers, and as the day drew nigh, resolved to show his scorn of the danger, by hold- to toll, nor could a thousand men move ing high festival in his castle. He it in its bed of solid masonry." caused moreover, the bell whose tolling had first produced these rumors, to be embedded in solid masonry, as w seen, so that no one could

subtle enemy made the compact is not the fears of others, and deem themso certain. Some too, assert that the selves safe from harm. But ever and old tower was the relidence of a beard- anon, as the wandering eye of a guest ed warrior who has fought in the lit on the cold, damp wall, by some Holy Land, and who brought back strange whim left bare of tapestry, he with him a train of Saracen servants, would shudder involuntarially, as if dressed with barbarous magnificence, forboding ill. These feelings, howand speaking in an uncouth tongue. ever, were rare, and did not interrupt Yet all agree in one thing; the first the evening's hilarity. As the hours possessor of the place attained un-bounded opulance, but died miserably er of the glowing wine, their jests and after every descendant in the direct songs and gaiety increased, until the line had perished by violence. And hall rung with merriment. Many a strangest of all, the wizard bell tolled wild deed was then related, at which at every death, as if rung by invisible good men would have grown pale, but hands. But from the day when the which was hailed now with shouts; last of the race perished, no mortal many a ribald song was sung, convulsing the listners with unholy mirth.-A student of Leyden first gave me And thus hour after hour passed, while the true version of the Legend. One still the lights burned on the wall, the evening in conversation, speaking of incense exhaled fromcensers, and the Rudenberg, I told him the versions music of the unseen performers filled that had been given to me, but he shook his head.

the air. Midnight had came, when horse, a dog—anything."
with a scornful sneer, and then a gay and the scornful sneer, and then a gay and the scornful sneer. with a scornful sneer, and then a gay mocking laugh, the Beron rose and

"'Fill high your goblets,' he said, 'fill to the brim!' and as he spoke he down in our family. We rarely men- poured forth a bumper of the rich, red my brain on this tedious, vexatious wine, while each guest followed his question." example. 'We will be merry to-nigh, "The real builder of the tower was brave sirs, in spite of all the idle ru- society, all are complaining of their a needy Baron of the Palatinate, who mors of superstitious fools, and the condition-finding fault with their parsuddenly rose to great power and op- lying prophecies of canting priest, ticular calling. "If I were only this nience. The superstructure was built Ho! midnight of the day, on which or that, or the other, I should be conby torch light, and with almost incred- they said my race was to perish, has tent, anything but what I am," is the

will be merry to-night, gallants, and see whether the old bell can disturb our revellings. Better wine than this never crossed lip, nor ever did gayer company meet at festal board. Ho! quaff.'

"And they quaffed the wine, and,

amid strains of triumphant music, with the apartment, and, as the revellers their voices died in their throats, for well they knew that fearful sound .-The music stopped in terror, and a dead silence reigned through the hall. by gusts of air. Each man drew closer passed from his lips, and he gazed fearfully around, af if hoping that his of all. She is said to have been enears deceived him, yet dreading the dowed with a voice of peculiar sweetacross the night, he uttered an agoguests, who wildly springing from the board, fled hurriedly from the festal room burst into flames. But they dare "Years passed, and castle after not look behind, but with wilder speed castle was added to the domain of the in supplicating agony, the rails beneath

the high altar of the cathedral. "All night that bell, rung by unknown hands, tolled on, curdling the blood of the listneners. When the morning dawned, it ceased, and the bishop, followed by the priests, entered

### DISCONTENT.

How universal it is. We neve In the town of Rudenburg there ring it. Then he made ready his feast." knew the man who would say, "I am noble countrymen. Now we see Jo- His words fell like a dagger upon her

"Heigho!" sighed a blacksmith, one of the hot days, as he wiped one's self over the fire."

"Oh that I were a carpenter," ejaculated a shoemaker, as he bent over his lap-stone. "Here I am, day after day, working my soul away in this seven by nine room."

"I am sick of this out door work, (exclaims the carpenter,) boiling and sweltering under the sun, or exposed to the inclemency of the weather. If I was only a tailor!"

"This is too bad, (perpetually cries the tailor,) to be compelled to sit perched up here, plying the needle all the while—would that mine were a more active life."

"Last day of grace-the banks won't discount—customers won't pay —what shall I do?" grumbles the merchant. "I had rather be a truck

yer, as he scratches his head over some perplexing case, or pores over some dry record, "happy fellows! I had rather hammer stone than cudgel

And through all the ramifications of

#### From the Portland Transcript. JOSEPHINE.

feelings awakened by the name of give us a triumphal song, a gay and Josephine. I know not the history of dent affection inspired all her words, exulting strain. Now, fair guest, join any person, of modern times, in which and the same noble and unaffected hand and bring, one and all, my toast, is exhibited more clearly the hand of grace is displayed in every movement. Confusion to the foul fiend. Quaff—an overruling Providence in directing We will now contemplate her as she an overruling Providence in directing and controlling the fortune and destiny reached the highest pinnacle of earthly of human beings, than is manifested in the life of Josephine. She was born on the island of Martinique, the 23d of June, 1763. Upon the island surrounded by the solemn ocean, beneath the cheerful, sunny sky of the south, as happy as the birds that caroled over her, she spent the joyous days of childhood—little dreaming of the conspicuous part she was to act in is crowned by the hand of her idolized the great events which should decide the fate of so many human beings, and in a measure the destiny of her coun-Gifted with a superior intellect, her

naturally cheerful and sweet disposition, together with the beauty and

grace of her person, immediately won

the affections and made her the favorite

sound penetrated a second time into her melodies, as the gushing out of a affectionate hearts; and she would the hall, and he saw, by the faces of soul too full of blessedness to be silent. visions of her girlhood. Love had unconsciously thrown a spell over her spirit, and she was promised in marriage to young William, whose parents having lost their possessions in England, and fixed their residence near sinking down utterly into his seat, with the house of Josephine; but being that the tolling of this unknown bell at the twelfth stroke, dead on the floor. their country, carrying with them was to warn each victim that the hour At the same moment the wind eddied this their only son. This caused a through the casements, and the cen- severe pang to the heart of Josephine. sers expired. Then fear seized on the But months roll on, and the accomplished Beauharnais becomes a suitor for the hand of the fair Josephine; sneer shuddered when they spoke of hall. As they rushed into the air, the and at the early age of sixteen years we see her wedded to one who will be proud to present her at court, and introduce her to the brilliant circle in which he is accustomed to move, and which she is so well adapted to adorn. Here months vanish like dreams to the enchanted Josephine, and as time winged on its flight, two interesting children, a son and a daughter, were given to weave yet new ties of love the still smoking hall. They found around her heart, and yet swell the the body of the baron charred, black- fountain of her happiness. But a ened and mutilated; the face only darker cloud was gathering to wrap was untouched by fire. But on that her soul in gloom, and plant sadness countenance rested an expression of on the lip where smiles of peace alone fierce and bitter agony, such as haunt- were wont to play. In the political ed the dreams of those who saw it to convulsions which were now agitating the grave. From that fearful night the French nation, Beaubarnais boldly the baron's bell has never been known asserted his opinions in favor of a republican government, and became deeply engaged in the struggle for force. It is impossible to picture the reform. But his efforts were all in grief that preyed upon her heart the vain—after a short imprisonment, he few months previous to their divorce. was executed upon the scaffold, thus On the last day of November he formmany of his regained her freedom, and a check was thrown upon the revolutionary struggle. him on, and he was unable to resist its lost the wire muzzle from his nose as But does she now mourn over her mis- influence. We will now pass over the he was passing along Kilby street. fortunes? Does she now repine that had the same origin, in the bargain of might his guests, surrounded by all some erring soul; but with whom the that could delight the senses, scoff at his brow, while the red hot iron so heavily upon her? Ah, no! she glowed upon his anvil, "this is life bears with meek submission the afwith a vengeance-melting and frying flictive stroke, and finds a consolation her husband. With eyes red with his jaws so as to keep it in its place, in the endearing and noble qualities weeping she slowly entered. Na- went on his way, seeming conscious which she sees daily unfolding in the poleon, dismissing the servant clasped of the laws, and determined to respect them is of her children; and cheered her in his arms; they remained locked them." by visions of their future glory and in each other's embrace, silently minghappiness, she passed tranquilly, enjoying the love of all around her, the him an hour, then parted with him its jaws in Boston from the Courtfew months which preceded her entrance upon a more splendid field of The next morning she left the Tuil- zie which the national lawgivers had influence.

An accidental meeting between Jocharms of the interesting widow; and in the spring time of 1796, led Josephine to the altar, with a heart glowing with hope and fond anticipations, and a towering ambition, which longed to wave the scepter of command, and encircle the brow of his adored and lovely bride with the laurels of fame. The star of prosperity seemed to beam over him, and he rapidly advanced in the career of glory upon which he had entered. Every barrier that obstructed his way was overcome by his indomitable energy, and his name was heard from one side of the continent to the other. But he would ever turn from the applause of the enraptured multitude, to listen to the ravishing tones of Josephine, and the sweeter notes of love. Serener skies ible rapidity. But the greatest mys- come, and yet here I stand, the last of universal cry. So wags the world, so terry attended the hanging of this great that lineage to mock such fears. We it has wagged, and so it will wag.

cloud would flit across, yet she had a soul that would look beyond the storm to a calm, bright future. In whatever How various and thrilling are the situation, we see her manifest the same sweet resignation, the same pure, arglory to which she is destined. The imposing ceremonies previous to the most magnificent coronation ever witnessed, are finished. Bonaparte rises and places the glittering diadem, which is to make him king, upon his brow. Then he calmly raises the crown for Josephine, while with tears of grateful omotion she kneels before him, and husband. A simultaneous shout from the vast multitude, with the thunders of the artillery, proclaim Bonaparte Emperor, and Josephine Empress of France. And is she now weakly elated by all this homage! Ah, no! her thoughts unconsciously wander of those papers. Did that cost you back to past adverse scenes, and sometimes sad forebodings cast a shadow of gloom over the sunshine of her soul. All these trappings of glory are nought with the regard of him on whom she lavished the rich treasure of her heart. a athentic accounts of our newspaper Napoleon was proud of Josephine, and that she was worthy the rank and heart she possessed, no one will deny. We now have seen Josephine rise to an almost dizzy hight of splendor. We see her happy herself, and with her benevolent heart and sunny face filling all with joy around her. But ah! how soon to her eyes may all this splendor be shrouded in a gloomy pall. How soon may her fond hopes be crushed, and her happy heart swell with grief and deepest sorrow. Ah, Josephine, can we now see all thy fair hopes blasted, and thy joyful soul droop in sadness? Would that some bright seraph might bear thy pure soul away, ere it is again pierced by the cruel arrow of misfortune. But no! sorrow's cup it again pressed to thy lips, and thou must drink its bitter placed her upon the summit of grand-eur, now seemed the instrument of Good morning, 'Squire.' her own misery. He wished to transmit his great empire to a posterity which should render it staple for years to come. His manner toward Josephine daily become more formal and cold, and she saw that she was losing his influence over him. She, apprehending her fate, felt that her sunlight had passed away, and that the tempest would soon beat upon her with all its

his resolution. And did this sacrifice cost Napoleon no struggle? The bitter, bitter feelgroans that burst from the strong man's soul in secret. But his ambition lured ling their tears. She remained with who had won and broken her heart. House to T wharf, to keep on the muzeries, bidding a sorrowful adieu to all those scenes held sacred to the memory chinery; both alike will find that sephine and Bonaparte resulted in an of happiest days. In all the days of strength in manly resistance which intimate acquaintance, and he soon her retirement, she seemed an angel will most easily remove the evil. became deeply impressed with the of sorrow smiling through her grief. Portsmouth Journal. She left this world of changes the twenty-ninth of May, with a smile upon her lips, and in tones of gentlest music, breathed her last words to weeping friends.

> REMOVE the Capitol! That will be the next resolve of the North.—Clereland Leader. Where will you put it? Who wants it? Who will have it? Settle all that first.—Cin.

Enquirer. Remove it to Detroit, and annex Canada, if the privileged aristocracy intend to secede from the Union, and put WILLIAM H. SEWARD in the new White House; or, remove it to St. granted—the Legislature overruled the decis-Louis, if they can content themselves ion-whereupon the Council secured their within a free Republic, and put OLD object in this way: they charged \$4000 for a Bullion in the Chair of State. The licence for the Spring House; \$2000 for the people want it. Any city will have it McClure; \$1500 tor a Retail Merchant's lithat can get it. All that's settled. cense, and \$5500 for a wholesale and retail

# BOADSIDE CONFAR.

"And so, 'Squire, you don't take your county paper?"

"No. Major, I get the city papers on much better terms; and so I take a couple of them."
"But, 'Squire, these county papers

prove of great convenience to us. The more we encourage them, the better their editors can make them." "Why, I don't know any convenience they are to me."

"The farm you sold last fall was dvertised in one of them, and you thereby obtained a customer. Did you not?"

"Very true, Major, but I paid three dollars for it."

"And made much more than three dollars by it. Now if your neighbors had not maintained their press, and kept it ready for your use, you would have been without the means of advertising your property. But I think saw your daughter's marriage in one anything?

"No, but—" "And your mother's death was thus published, with a long obituary notice." "Yes, yes, but-"

"And the destruction of your neighbor Brigg's house by fire. You know these things were exaggerated till the set them right."

"Oh, true, but—" "And when your cousin Splash was out for the Legislature, you appeared much pleased with his newspaper defense which cost him nothing.' "Yes, yes, but these things are news

for the readers. They cause people to take papers."

"No, no, 'Spuire Grudge, not if all are like you. Now, I tell you the day will come when some one will write a very long eulogy on your life and character, and the printer will put it types, with a heavy black line over it, and with all your riches this will be done for you as a grave is given to a pauper. Your wealth, liberality, and such things, will be spoken of, but the printer's boy, as he spells the words in arranging the types of these sayings, will remark of you, 'Poor, mean devil

### PRAYING FOR RULERS.

Under this caption, the Fon du Lac Freeman says:

"It is little less than solemn mockery, in our estimation, to pray to the Almighty that our rulers may rule us in righteousness, when we know before we vote them into power that they are unprincipled demagogues and oppressors, and only vote for them as a choice between evils, or in other words, the best the Devil is able to furnish us. It seems like asking a good deal, for to her his decision. Heaven to bless such rulers as we put in power in these "latter days." Fred. Douglass says he prayed a great many years for freedom, before he started from Virginia, but finally he prayed with his legs, and his prayer was answered. So if more of the praying that is proper to do for our rulers, was done at the polls, it would be a wise arrangement."

"A Newfoundland dog in Boston ceremonies attending the divorce and Instead of going along without it, as witness the final parting of Bonaparte many dogs would have done, he paused and Josephine. At night she sought and gravely reinstated his nose into the apartment of him who had been his wicker covering, and distending

A much larger body, in the same obedient spirit, last week distended ordered. Both alike detested the ma-

THERE is nothing in the world really beneficial that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and a well-directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has deemed good for us, that he has not given us the means of accomplishing, both in the natural and moral world. If we cry, like children, for the moon, like chilren we must cry on.

Good.-The city of Wheeling, Va., elected a temperance Council. No Licenses were