

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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

VOL. VII.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., DECEMBER 21, 1854.

NO. 31.

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

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

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
1 square, of 12 lines or less, 1 insertion, \$9.50
" " " " 3 insertions, 15.00
" " " " every subsequent insertion, .25
Rate and figure work, per sq., 3 insertions, 3.00
Every subsequent insertion, .50
1 column, one year, 25.00
1 column, six months, 15.00
Administrators' or Executors' Notices, 2.00
Sheriff's Sales, per tract, 1.50
Professional cards not exceeding eight lines inserted for \$5.00 per annum.
(All letters on business, to secure attention, should be addressed (post paid) to the Publisher.)

Select Poetry.

THE PHANTOM.

BY HAYWARD TAYLOR.

Again I sit within the mansion,
In the old familiar seat;
And shade and sunshine chase each other
O'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweet-briar's arms have wrestled
Upwards
In the summers that are past,
And the willow trails its branches lower
Than when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly
From out the haunted room;
To fill the house that once was joyful,
With silence and with gloom.

And many kind, remembered faces,
Within the doorway come—
Voices, that wake the sweeter music
Of one that now is dumb.

They sing, in tones as glad as ever,
The songs she loved to hear;
They bend the rose in summer garlands,
Whose flowers to her were dear.

And still, her footsteps in the passage,
Her blushes at the door,
Her kind words of maiden welcome,
Come back to me once more.

And all the forceful of my sorrow,
I cannot of my pain,
I think she has but newly left me,
And soon will come again.

She sits without, perchance a moment,
To dress her dark brown hair;
I hear the rustle of her garments,
Her light step on the stair!

O fluttering heart! control thy tumult,
Let eyes profane should see,
My cheeks be ray the blush of rapture
Her coming brings to me!

She tarrys long, but lo! a whisper
Beyond the open door,
And, gliding through the quiet sunshine,
A shadow on the floor!

Ah! 'tis the whispering vine that calls me,
The vine, whose shadow strays;
And my patient heart must still await her,
Nor chide her long delays.

But my heart grows sick with weary waiting,
As many a time before;
Her foot is ever at the threshold,
Yet never passes o'er.

THE SURPRISE.

BATTLE OF THE 25th OF OCTOBER.

Great Daring of the English, &c.

At half past 7 o'clock this morning, Oct. 25, an orderly came galloping into the headquarters camp from Balaklava, with the news that a strong corps of Russian horse, supported by guns and battalions of infantry, had marched into the valley, and had already nearly dispossessed the Turks of the redoubt No. 1. (That on Canrobert's Hill, which is the farthest from our lines.) and that they were opening fire on the redoubts Nos. 2, 3, and 4, which would speedily be in their hands unless the Turks offered a stouter resistance than they had done already.

TROOPS IN MOTION.
Sir John Campbell, who was in command of Balaklava, had drawn up the 93d Highlanders a little in front of the road to the town, at the first news of the advance of the enemy. The marines on the heights got under arms; the seamen's batteries and marines' batteries on the heights close to the town, were manned, and the French artillerymen and the Zouaves prepared for action along their lines. Lord Lucan's little camp was the scene of great excitement. The men had not time to water their horses; they had not broken their fast since the evening of the day before, and had barely saddled at the first blast of the trumpet when they were drawn up on the slope behind the redoubts in front of their camp to operate on the enemy's squadrons.

EXCITEMENT—GENERAL OFFICERS.
Soon after 8 o'clock, Lord Raglan and his staff turned out and cantered towards the rear of our position. The booming of artillery and spattering roll of musketry, were heard rising from the valley, drowning the roar of the siege guns in front before Sevastopol. As I rode in the direction of the firing, over thistles and large stones which cover the undulating plain that stretches away towards Balaklava, on a level with the summit of the ridges

above it, I observed a French light infantry regiment (the 27th, I think) advancing with admirable care and celerity from our right towards the ridge near the telegraph house, which was already lined by companies of French infantry, while mounted officers scampered along its broken line in every direction.

Gen. Bosquet, a stout, soldierlike looking man, who reminds one of the old general of French Generals as depicted at Versailles, followed with his staff and a small escort of Hussars, at a gallop. Faint white clouds rose here and there above the hill from the cannonade below. Never did the painter's eye rest on a more beautiful scene than I beheld from the siege. The fleecy vapors still hung around the mountain tops, and mingled with the ascending volumes of smoke; the patch of sea sparkled freshly in the rays of the morning sun, but its light was eclipsed by the flashes which gleamed from the masses of armed men below.

THE ATTACK.

Looking to the left, toward the gorge, we beheld six compact masses of Russian infantry which had just debouched from the mountain passes near the Cheruaps, and were slowly advancing with solemn stateliness up the valley. Immediately in their front was a regular line of artillery, of at least twenty pieces strong. Two batteries of light guns were already a mile in advance of them, and were playing with energy on the redoubts, from which feeble puffs of smoke came at intervals. Behind these guns, in front of the infantry, were enormous bodies of cavalry. They were in six compact squares, three on each flank, moving down towards us, and the valley was lit up with the blaze of their sabres and lance points, and gay accoutrements.

In their front, and extending along the intervals between each battery of guns, were clouds of mounted skirmishers, wheeling and whirling in front of their march like autumn leaves tossed by the wind. The Zouaves close up to us were lying like tigers at the spring, with ready rifles in hand, hidden chin deep by the earthworks which ran along the lines of these ridges on our rear, but the quick-eyed Russians were manoeuvring on the other side of the valley, and did not expose their columns to attack. Below the Zouaves we could see the Turkish gunners in the redoubts all in confusion as the shot burst over them. Just as I came up, the Russians had carried No. 1 redoubt, the furthest and most elevated of all, and their horsemen were chasing the Turks across the interval which lay between it and redoubt No. 2.

ENGLISH CAVALRY—THE RUSSIAN SKIRMISHERS—THE FLIGHT OF THE TURKS.

At that moment the cavalry, under Lord Lucan, were formed in glittering masses; the light brigade under Lord Cardigan, in advance; the heavy brigade, under Brigadier-General Scarlett, in reserve. They were drawn up just in front of their encampment, and were concealed from the view of the enemy by a slight "wave" in the plain. Considerably to the rear of the right the 93d Highlanders were drawn up in line, in front of the approach to Balaklava. More behind them on the heights, the marines were visible through the glass, drawn up under arms, and the gunners could be seen ready in the earthworks, in which were placed the heavy ships' guns. The 93d had originally been advanced somewhat more into the plain, but the instant the Russians got possession of the first redoubt, they opened fire on them from our guns, which inflicted some injury, and Sir Colin Campbell "retired" his men to a better position. Meantime the enemy advanced his cavalry rapidly. To our inexpressible disgust, we saw the Turks in redoubt No. 2 fly at their approach. They ran in scattered groups across towards redoubt No. 8, and toward Balaklava, but the horse hoof of the Cossack was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied along the retreating herd. The yells of the pursuers and the pursued were plainly audible. As the lancers and light cavalry of the Russians advanced, they gathered up their skirmishers with great speed and in excellent order—the shifting trails of men, which played over the valley like moonlight on the water, contracted, gathered up, and the little peloton in a few moments became a solid column. Then up came their guns, in rushed their gunners to the abandoned redoubt, and the guns of No. 2 redoubt soon played with deadly effect upon the dispirited defenders of No. 3 redoubt. Two or three shots in return from the earthworks, and all is silent. The Turkish swarm over the earthworks and run in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets as they run, at the

enemy. Again the solid column of cavalry opens like a fan, and resolves itself into a "long spray" of skirmishers. It laps the flying Turks, and steel flashes in the air, and down go the poor Moslems quivering on the plain, split through fez and musket guard to the chin and breast belt. There is no support for them! It is evident the Russians have been too quick.

RUSSIAN CAVALRY—THE CHARGE IS MET BY THE HIGHLANDERS.

As the Russian cavalry on the left of their line crown the hill, across the valley they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of some half a mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some 1,500 men along the ridge—lancers, dragoons, and hussars. They then move *en echelon*, in two bodies, with another in reserve. The cavalry who have been pursuing the Turks on the right are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two columns. The first column consists of the Scots Greys and of their old companions in glory, the Emiskillens; the second of the 4th royal Irish, of the 5th dragoon guards, and of the 1st royal dragoons. The light cavalry brigade is on the left, in two divisions also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon-bursts one can hear the clamping of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet. Gathering speed at every stride, they dash on toward that thin red streak, topped with a line of steel. The Turks fire a volley at 800 yards, and run. As the Russians come within 600 yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minnie musketry. The distance is too great. The Russians are not checked, but still sweep onward with the whole force of horse and man, through the smoke, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one waits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within 150 yards, another deadly volley flashes from the leveled rifle and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo, Highlanders! well done," shouted the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten; then scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93d never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!" the ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of those Muscovite cavaliers.

THE SCOTS GREYS—THEIR CHARGE.

Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment to our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently *corps elite*—their light blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of gray-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit.

The instant they came in sight, the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast, which told us all that in another moment we would see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French Generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theater. Nearly every one dismounted and set down, and not a word was said.

A FATAL ORDER AND A FEARLESS CHARGE.

Brigadier Aurey at 11 A. M. directed Capt. Nolan in writing to order Capt. Lucan to advance. At 11:10 he rushed to the front (607 sabres all told) and without support, with his Light Cavalry dashed on.

They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of 1,200 yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from 30 iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken, it is joined by the second, they never halt or check their speed an instant; with diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries, but ere they were lost from view the plain was strewn with their bodies and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to direct fire of musketry.

ENGLISH DARING AND RUSSIAN VILAINY.

Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. We saw them

pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian's right, the Grays rush on with a cheer that thrilled to every heart—the wild shout of the Emiskillens rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Grays and Emiskillens pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment.

There was a crash of steel and a light play of sword blades in the air, and the Grays and the red coats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers and in broken order against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. "God help them! they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy—it was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the center, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men.

By sheer steel and sheer courage, Emiskillens and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons and already gray horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards, rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of paste-board, and dashing on the second body of Russians, as they were still disorderly by the terrible assault of the Grays and their companions, put them to utter rout. The Russian horse in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons, was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength.

A cheer burst from every lip; in the enthusiasm, officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again.

MOVEMENTS.

At 10 o'clock the Guards and Highlanders of the First Division were seen moving towards the plains from their camp.

At 10:40 the Fourth Division also took up their position in advance of Balaklava. The cavalry were then on the left front of our position, facing the enemy; the Light Cavalry Brigade was on the left flank forward; the Heavy Cavalry Brigade *en echelon* in reserve, with guns on the right; the 4th Dragoons and 5th Dragoons and Grays on the left of the Brigade; the Emiskillens and 3rd Dragoons on the right. The Fourth Division took up ground in the center; the Guards and Highlanders filed off towards the extreme right, and faced the redoubts, from which the Russians opened on them with such guns as had not been spiked.

THE SCENE.

They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of 1,200 yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from 30 iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken, it is joined by the second, they never halt or check their speed an instant; with diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries, but ere they were lost from view the plain was strewn with their bodies and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to direct fire of musketry.

THE SIEGE CONTINUES WITH REGULARITY.
(Signed) CANROBERT.

AMERICAN BENEVOLENCE.—There is no element of the American character that seems to stand out in bolder relief, than the disposition to succor the unfortunate. It matters not how violent the excitement of party strife, or what sectional diversity of opinion may exist, the moment that it becomes known that a sister city has been stricken down by pestilence or by fire, a struggle ensues as to who shall come earliest to the rescue. This is indeed, a noble trait in the character of our people, and shows that however much we may be reproached for lust of acquisition, there is still a redeeming spirit of fraternal kindness, which soars above the selfish sordidness usually incident to frail humanity.—*National Intelligencer*.

The expenses of the corporation of the city of Melbourne, (Australia,) are said to be wholly paid from licenses to public houses, and the fines of drunkards, granted and imposed by the police court.

THE PRINCESS AND THE TUTOR.

An emperor's daughter, who was delighted with the profound learning, the lively wit, and the strict adherence to the precepts of morality and religion, which characterized her tutor, one day inadvertently made this remark to him:

"What a pity that so fine a soul as yours is not in a more agreeable body!" He made in reply, the following inquiry:

"In what sort of vessels, madam, is your father's wine preserved?"

"In earthen vessels," was the answer.

"Can that be possible?" replied he. "Why, every citizen preserves his wine in earthen vessels; I should have thought gold or silver ones would have been more suitable to the dignity of an emperor."

"You are right!" exclaimed the princess, "and henceforth this snark of respect shall not be omitted."

In a few days, however, she again accented her tutor on this subject, saying:

"In the gaudy vessels you recommended, my father's wine was spoiled; the spirit evaporated; while the wine which was placed in earthen ones improved in quality."

"Very possible," rejoined the philosopher. "So also with virtue and knowledge; the more humble the exterior of that in which they are contained, the more luxuriantly they will flourish, and the more forcibly excite our admiration."

Kossuth's Prophecy.

When the siege of Sevastopol was first proposed, Kossuth expressed the following decided opinion on the subject, which seems now quite likely to be realized:

"To take an entrenched camp linked by terrible fortresses, and an army for a garrison in it, and new armies pouring on your flank and rear, and you in the plains of the Crimea, with no cavalry to resist them, is an undertaking, to succeed in which, more forces are necessary than France and England can ever unite in that quarter for such an aim. Ask about it whichever staff officer has learned something about tactics and strategy. And in that position is Sevastopol, thanks to your Austrian alliance which, having interposed herself between you and your enemy in Wallachia, made the Czar free to send such numbers to Sevastopol as he likes.

"You will be beaten, remember my word! Your braves will fall in vain under Russian bullets and the Crimean air, as the Russians fell under Turkish bullets and Danubian fever. Not one out of five of your braves immolated in vain, shall see Albion or Gallia again. But I will tell you in what manner Sevastopol is to be taken. It is at Warsaw that you can take Sevastopol!"

"THE MINISTRY," says the Rev. Mr. Bradford, in the *Free Presbyterian*, "will never command the respect, and all the fears of men who practice wickedness in high places, until they grapple with present evils, and make Christianity a power in the earth, requiring governments and men to submit to its claims. The politicians regard preachers as a set of small-minded men who have entered the ministry as a profession merely, or to make a poor living by repeating in a 'holy wine' their wretched common-places on the Sabbath. They are pleased and satisfied when we preach a religion that has all to do with the other world, and none with this—a religion that allows ransomers in the Church, and connives at the great crimes that have been sanctioned and sanctified by age. If preachers wish to be feared and respected by the wicked, and loved by the good, they must study the models of the old Prophets, and cry aloud at the sin of the present day, and let the sins of the Antediluvians and Babylonians alone."

A writer for the *Scientific American* says it is his candid opinion that the Western boys will yet hear "Old Dan Tucker," "Auld Lang Syne," &c., played on the Western waters by steam, at a distance of ten miles. "The Lafayette" (la) *American* wants to know what could be more pleasant than the music of the locomotive three or four miles off, steaming you "Hail Columbia," and "We come with songs to greet you."

DUCKING ADVENTURE.—A day or two since a bolt of canvas fell overboard from a steamboat lying at one of our wharves, when the captain immediately jumped after it, exclaiming as he got on board again, "As I went in for a duck, I was bound to have the canvas back."—*Portland Advertiser*.