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to an ie ters on business, to secure at tenion, should be addressed (post paid) to the Publisher. P All le ters on business, to secure at

ONLY WAITING.

A very aged min in an almshouse was gived what he was doing now. He replied, On v waiting."

Only waiting till the shadows Are a little longer grow — Only waiting till the glimmer Of the du's last be an a flown— Till the n zh of earth a fided From the heart once full of day-Til the stars of heaven are break ng Through the twilight soft and grey.

Only waiting till the reapers lave the last sheaf gathered home-For the summer time is faded, And the autumn winds have come-Quickly, reapers! gather quickly The last ripe hours of my heart-for the bloom of life is withored, And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps, And their voices far a way If they call me, I am waiting, Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown—
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then from out the gathering darkness Holy, deathless stars shall rise, By whose light my soul shall gladly Fread its pathway to the skies.

TO SCIENCE.

BY LUCRETIA M. DAVIDSON.

Let others in false pleasure's courts be found, But may I ne'er be whirled the giddy round; ascend with Genius' rapid flight, Till the far hitt of Science meets my sight

Blest with a pilot who my fee will guide, Direct my way, whene'er I step aside; one bright ray of Science on me shine, And be the pift of learning ever mine.

THE INDIAN'S PAYMENT .- "ME NO FOR-GET.

into drenching floods. tone, as pushing open the rude door craved, and a skin by the fire? of his log cabin, he dragged in the "Me try him," said he, as he pushed and when he was many miles from his wilderness: though lest one there there-what want you?" he spoke, he planted the huge, knotty more, the door flew open, and he was stick into a bed of crimson coals and bid to come in and be welcome. filled the space between it and the old of Friend nor foe stands outside my dim apartment, but sending a stream | glow. of moon-like rays through the tiny windows, that went dancing like a

the untracked forest. "There," said the warm-hearted woodsman, as he watched the skybound sparks and the continuous glow, "I've done my part toward leading weer, a stew of birds which he had of the evening meal, and then draw-shot while standing in the door of his cabin, and cakes of powdered corn, them a generous slice of the moble of the m and wandering, and I'll enjoy it, too,

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL. | nicely baked and browned on a clean awakened that keen zest for food which the idler never knows.

the fire. "We shan't starve yet awhile, Moll-not while there are pier than when he rose, he lay down birds in the trees and game in the woods, and strength in these brawny closely to his breast, and quieting her arms. Only keep a warm hope in fears with endearments as gentle and your heart, little wife, and our home soothing as those a mother bestows on will yet be a bonny sp. t." And often he folded his hands on his bosom and When they awoke bent his head, and seemed to be read- their Indian guest lay still upon the ing bright fancies in the warm fire- floor in a sound, refreshing sleep. light. And when her light evening When he rose from his rustic couch,

strengthened the pinions of hope. forest.

and as bright as we can, too," said the emphatically-"Pale face good to Inbrave pioneer, as, ere he leaped into dian-me no forget;" and as an arrrow bed, instead of raking the coals, he darts from its bow when the strong threw on a fresh bundle of splints; arm draws, he sped from the sheltering "it's too awful a night for me to sleep roof and was lost almost instantly in sound, and I may as well tend it as not. the mazes of the dense wood. God help them that roam, if any there be, and guide them this way. It will dwell on frequently by the family, but never be said that I darkened my fire in a night like this."

from the slumber that in spite of his request of two buoyant lads, that awe of the storm would steal over his "father would tell them an Injun that could conceal friend or foc. He senses, and renew the blaze that was story, a true story about a live Injun." dying away, but then as the rain Then taking them on his knee, he them move—he was certain of it—and ceased its dashing and fell only on the would relate to them what has just it could not be the wind, for scarcely rough roof with a lullaby tone, and been written, and they would draw a breath was stirring. Then noisethe wind hushed its howls and only his arms yet closer round their tremmoaned in a weary like way, he suf- bling forms, and wonder if they would and from the opening there appeared deep sleep which comes only to those who have labored with hands that were clean and hearts that were pure. father?" and cuddle up to his heart.

An hour or two passed away, and still he slept, and the blazing brands died in the ashes, and the old backlog, cleft with the evening's flame, dropped slowly its crimson flakes, giving out no longer a brilliant flash, but only a steady, ruddy glare.

Just then, footsore, wearied, and sick, there leaned against the rough and a sad and crushing one it was. and right loyal descendant of those the pioneer had cleared his first acre side of the unknown, but as he felt several times through the day that he ged men who, ere the pioneer girdled and built a cabin. What was then a now, friendly strauger, when the sig-It was late in the month of Novem- his trees, was king of this wild old ber. The day had been cold and wood. Many a long, weary mile had starting up at every rod, had become, from the camp. The Indian pressed became lost as it were, and followed gusty, with occasional dashes of rain, he traveled since dawn, and when the before the hands of labor and cultiva- his hand to his mouth in token of and the evening, which see in early, dark night set in so stormy and cold, tion, a blooming plain dotted with secrecy, and darted through the bushes riness and perplexity he must be missented to be are of planning to the secrecy, and darted through the bushes riness and perplexity he must be missented to be are of planning to the secrecy, and darted through the bushes riness and perplexity he must be missented to be are of planning to the secrecy, and darted through the bushes riness and perplexity he must be missented to be are of planning to the secrecy, and darted through the bushes rines are proposed to be are of planning to the secrecy and darted through the bushes rines are proposed to the secrecy and darted through the bushes rines are proposed to the secrecy and darted through the bushes rines are proposed to the secrecy and darted through the bushes rines are proposed to the secrecy and darted through the bushes rines are proposed to the secrecy and darted through the bushes rines are proposed to the secrecy and darted through the bushes rines are proposed to the secrecy and darted through the bushes rines are proposed to the secrecy and darted through the bushes rines are proposed to the secrecy and darted through the bushes rines are proposed to the secrecy a promised to be one of gloom and tem- he had drawn his torn blanket around white men's homes. Not now, as and out of sight so quickly, that it pest. The wind went rushing about him and sought only to find in the once, could the hunter shoot a buck seemed to the observer the earth must which is known only in the autumn down and chant the death-hymn that he must roam now away over fertile time, lashing the naked boughs of the had rung all day in his ears. A long field and grassy meadow, across the old forest trees with its furious surges, time he wandered, entangling himself rolling river and round the foot of a whirling the dead leaves which lay yet deeper in the intricate windings of woodland hill, ere he would often spy heaped in the dark ravines into mael- the dense old wood. But just when the wild deer he so loved to hunt. strom eddies, and driving everything his feet lagged most, and his heart was before it with a violence that made sorest, a beam from the woodman's smoking steak or a saddle of venison them only too glad to flee. The clouds fire lit on his path, and it lit, too, a was often seen upon a settler's board. which had hung in scattered masses, hope in his bosom. He followed the while the livid sun sent its struggling ray, and ere the last brand had fallen, beams among them, gathered them-was so near the rude home that his Hugh Ely, the warm-hearted pioneer selves into a single mighty one and Indian eye could track the path which of whom we have written, left his shrouded the heavens as with a pall, the owner had made in the forest, and dwelling one morning in winter and threatening every moment to burst follow it to the door,

exclaimed a young man in an emphatic brother, and give him the food he

old back-log that was to warm the against the door-"me try him-be home, did he succeed in pointing torough hearth-stone and irradiate the good to me, me no forget," and the brown rafters through the long, cheer- wooden bar rattled, and the woodsless hours of the autumustorm. "God man awoke, startled but not afraid. pity them and help them, too, for a One bound brought him to the door, but weary, too, with his lengthened cold and weary time they'll have: I and with one hand on its guard and but weary, too, with his lengthened notes that had so sweetly disturbed Office. trust no one wanders to-night in this one ou his rifle, he called, "Who's chase. But with a wilder bound than his mournful reverie once before.

shold be, I'll do what I can to give "Me Indian; me sick and me hunthem a beacon light," and even while gry; me—" but ere he could speak Hugh a band of Indian warriors, and almost as quick as seen. As it passed,

iron fire-holders with a generous arm- door on a night like this," said the

said the Indian, in a voice emphatic afterward, when they finally halted that on such occasions all the bravest Aroused, she ran toward her master's thing of life through the outer dark- though weak, as he sank on the hearthness, till it was lost in the mazes of stone, tore off his blanket that was warm, rosy light to creep over his great, brawny limbs and redden the a brother pioneer, who had once given one or two Indians, his deliverer had abled to extinguish the flamoefore

"I'm your friend; for God knows sponded the brave pioneer; "and the of captivity that ensued long and hours that intervened between the was one of the lirly for \$1,000 on the them to a home, if any there be abroad by your looks you need one," re-

corner of the rough hearth. A relishing meal it was, too, for the hands of
hungry palate of the guest. Then

of escape, but the close and continued what weary heart had been cheered a loving and gentle wife had cooked casting a bundle of skins on the floor watchfulness of his captors, and his by those cooling sounds that first woke it all, and honest, sturdy toil had close to the hearth-stone, and taking situation in a wild, and, save by the hope. Now they seemed circling in from off the bed whereon lay his wife, red man, unfrequented country, path- the air above him, now stealing up trembling in silent terror, a heavy as he returned to his cozy place before rest himself till morning, or longer if submit patiently to his wrongs, and the few flowers that yet smiled into blanket, he told the poor Indian to he chose. And then with a heart hap- trust in God. again, drawing his pale companion

When they awoke in the morning, chores were done up, his wife drew they asked him not wnence he had her seat close beside him, and as we come and whither he was going, but were all wont on such stormy nights, only to partake of their hospitality as when the hearth-stone beams the two long as he thought fit. With Indian he should ever again see the faces of he must crouch in the bottom of the warmed their young memories and taciturnity, he said nothing, but ate those whose memory was so holy, tiny craft and be motionless under with them, and then lay down again, when suddenly a low cooing sound, And the evening sped on, wildly and and in this way passed two days. On awfully without, but calm and beauti- the morning of the third, when the fully within, by the side of the blazing hearty breakfast had been disposed of, fire, whose streaming light was the he drew his blanket around him, and it very closely, for he was imently only star that gleamed in that old went to the door. As he crossed the looking into his darkened future .threshold, he turned his face to the "We'll keep the fire up all night, still seated husband and wife, and said

For some weeks the incident was gradually it faded from their memories, and as years passed away, it was Once or twice did he rouse himself only once in a while recalled at the fered himself to sink in that calm, dare to go to sleep while a "live Injun"

beautiful wife thought then of the sor- branches were pushed still further upon their happy hearts. Closer visible. It held in its fingers a-pair him, and fairer arms than theirs would and around, and then pointed them and commenced journeying toward But the threatened blow came soon,

Many changes had occurred since which to lie while standing under his own eaves; have swallowed him up.

It was to hunt a deer, to fill up, he said, the empty spot on the table, that hastened away out of sight of the But there he paused awhile. Would smoke of the settlement, and far away the white man be kind to his red-faced from its sounds. Fleet was his foot, he had started; and not until noon, ward it his unerring aim. Ere it fell, it gave one wild bound and leaped a chance to give ere it had vanished, into a tangled brake, and after him but in another instant, from the rear iu their glaring eyes, there burst upon intercepted the sunbeams, fleeing in a moment he was disarmed and Hugh felt, rather than saw, that someful of light, dry kindling, which soon sturdy host, as he threw a generous he was dragged with them so many there, a wilder, stronger pulse beat burst into a brilliant blaze, not only armful of his light-wood and raked weary miles, no rest allowed his torn in his bosom, for he felt that the hour scattering light and heat across the out the coals till they were all of a and bleeding feet, no sleep his heavy of his deliverance was nigh. He

who had afterward escaped. Long and weary were the months

menial tasks allotted him, his cheerful, two down the bank to a spot he recontented air, his manly bearance of membered as one where the river his captivity, so impressed the Indians indented the grassy soil with a tiny that they relaxed their severity, and bay. occasionally allowed him to wander off a piece into the woods or ramble canoe darted from under a shelving beside the river. He was seated one bright autumnal afternoon on a log friend. Hugh had lived long enough that had fallen close to the water's with the red men to understand unedge, sadly musing on his lone and spoken language, and a sign from his desolate condition, and wondering if deliverer was enough to tell him that like the notes of a dove, broke the deep silence that reigned. Hugh heard it for some moments without observing calm waves and not until midnight But after a while it struck him that the sound was an unusual one for the through long, narrow, dark aisles, spot, and somewhat versed in Indian ways, he recognized it as one of those signs by which they express sympathy or affection, and he gazed cautiously around to see if some human form was not concealed in the vicinity; wild with joy at the thought that amid that they were deep in the earth, and the dusky warriors who surrounded in one of those wierd-like caverns of him, one there might be whose heart which legend loves to sing. A fire had yet a loving pulse. A clump of low, tangled bushes grew just back of finding vent for itself without annoyhis rude reat, the only spot close by fancied as he gazed there, he beheld lessly the branches were pushed aside, the face of a stranger Indian. Intently lay stretched before the fire; and they it looked upon the captive, so intently would say, "Weren't you afraid, that its gaze was like a marvelous fascination to him, and he stood rooted Alas! they, nor he, nor that still to the spot. In a few moments the row that "live Injuns" were to bring aside, and a brawny red arm was would those little ones have clung 'to of moccasins; it turned up and down have been wound about his bosom. southward; while from the stern lip the south. One night, after they had issued the same cooing sound. The been long on the road, they walked heart of Hugh looked up with a quickened life, and he was starting to the

> was, or why he had taken so deep an interest in him, he should see again his beloved home-clasp again his

beloved family. Many days passed ere he saw another token, but one sunny morning as he sat on the ground floor of his duties, t e broad belt of sunshine that in the brief words he had learned of was suddenly obscured, and raising ago, Indian sick, tired, hungry. He streamed in through the entrance. his eyes, Hugh beheld the same red face that had peered through the bushes. It was but one look he had the wounded game, and a fierce fire In another instant the shadow again bound, and helpless as the dying deer thing was thrown in; but when the which gasped just at his feet. Why sunshine again played upon his knees, he was then made captive, and why he beheld a pair of moccasins resting eyelids, no hope his sad, lone heart, remembered that on the morrow a grand hunt came off, and he knew with him at the hunting ground in of the braves were gone, and he in-Canada, far, far away from that valley ferred that as he should be left, as he which had been so dear a home, that had been many times before, in the

to effect his escape.

With leaden wings rolled on the weary to the captive, torn so suddenly token and the time. But the mor- and would har

deer he had slaughtered himself, and ing, extinguished even hope itself. repair to his accestomed seat beside less only to the moccasined foot, after out of the mossy ground, and anou a while convinced him it was best to floating as it were on the breath of life. As he neared the water, louder When he had been with them about and clearer rang the notes, and fola year, his faithful fulfillment of the lowing them, he was led a mile or

> Scarcely had he stopped ere a light bank, and at the helm stood the Indian

The sun set and the moon rose and still the canoe sped on over the blue was it moored, and then Hugh knew that he was safe. Up a steep ledge of rocks did his conductor lead him, and whose bottom, but for the friendly moccasins, would have sadly torn and bruised his feet. At length they stopped, and the Indian released his grasp, lighted a torch and revealed to the white man the fact he had guessed, was kindled, the smoke somehow ing the lookers on, and soon over the crimson coals that dropped on the rude hearthstone, was broiled a venison steak that the Indian had taken from his wild looking larder; and, refreshed and happy, Hugh in less than two hours after he entered the cavern, slept soundly on his couch of dried grass, and dreamed beautiful visions of home.

For several days they tarried there, the Indian going out each morning, but returning regularly at sunset, and always bringing a plentiful supply of game. When a week had elapsed, simply saying to Hugh, "We go, now they no find us," he led him forth, to a much later hour than usualwalked till Hugh, who had fancied now bear his captivity, for hope burned brightly in his bosom. There burned brightly in his bosom. There was something in the mien of the un- directly before him. But the intense known Indian, which assured him he and soul-thrilling joy of the long was planning his deliverance; and absent one can only be conceived, though he could not conceive who he when on reaching its summit, he beheld close at hand the valley of his choice, the home of his heart.

in the mute but expressive signs of Indian language, told his thanks. The red man heard him through and then pointing at the dwelling of Hugh, and go to white man's cabin-he no turn him off; he give him supper-let him sleep on his skins-take blanket from his pretty squaw; he good to him till freuzy had murdered the officer, and he want to go. I thank Indian. Me no forget. Now I pay you. Go

Oftener than ever did Hugh's little ones, as they bounded ou his knees, beg for the story of the "live Injun;" and when he had passed away to the green, silent graveyard, they in turn told it to their little ones, nor failed to draw from it a moral beautiful and holy as was the Indian's gratitude.

Touching.—The Tobacco Plant, (Va.,) describes the death of a girl in Clarksville, hy burning. Her clothes took fire while she slept in a chair.

"Mr., Watkins forced her out of the door, and threw her in a mud puddly TAVERN LICENSE. - Among the nustated are very bad, and lovery. She is entertained of hegirls we ever saw, was one of the livit for \$1,000 on the cheek that had never been pale before. a deadly insult to a fettered Indian selected that as the propitious time failed to do so. Her burnsttle hope is entertained of hegirls we ever saw,

A LUNATIC'S CUNNING.

A very laughable incident occurred at a lunatic asylum at Lancastter about ten days ago. A parish officer from the neighborhood of Middletown took a lunatic to the asylum, pursuant to an order signed by two magistrates. As the man was respectably connected, a gig was hired for the purpose, and he was persuaded that it was merely an excursion of pleasure on which he was going. In the course of the journey, however, something occurred to arouse the suspicions of the lunatic with respect to his real destination; out he said nothing on the subject. made no resistance, and seemed to enjoy his jaunt. When they arrived at Lancaster, it was too late in the evening to proceed to the asylum, and they took up their quarters for the night at an inn. Very early in the morning the lunatic got up and searched the pocket of the officer, where he found the magistrates' order for his own detention, which, of course, let him completely into the secret. With that cunning which madmen not unfrequently display, he made the best of his way to the asylum, saw one of the keepers, and told him that he had got a sad mad fellow down at Lancaster, whom he should bring up in the course of the day, adding: "He's a very queer fellow, and he has got very odd ways. For instance, I should not wonder if he should say I was the mad man, and that he was bringing me; but you must take good care of him,

and not believe a word that he says." The keeper, of course, promised compliance, and the lunatic walked back to the inn, where he found the officer fast asleep. He awoke him, and they sat down to breakfast together.

"You're a lazy fellow to be sleeping all day; I have had a long walk this morning," said the lunatic.

"Indeed," said the officer, "I should like to have a walk myself after breakfast; perhaps you will go with me?" The lunatic assented, and after breakfast they set out, the officer leading the way toward the asylum, intending to deliver his charge; but it never occurred to him to examine whether

his order was safe. When they got within sight of the asylum, the lunatic exclaimed: "What a nice house that is!"

"Yes," said the officer, -"I should ike to see the inside of it." "So should I," observed the lunatic.

"Well, I dare say they will let us hrough," was the response.

They went to the door; the officer ang the bell, and the keeper whom the lufiatic had previously seen made. his appearance with two or three assistants. The officer then began to fumble in his pockets for the order, when the lunatic produced it and gave it to the keeper, saying: "This is the man I spoke to you about. You will

The men immediately laid hands on the poor officer, who vociferated loudly that the other was the madman, and he the officer; but, as this only confirmed the story previously told by When his emotion was somewhat procure his liberation. He was taken passed, he turned to his deliverer, and away, and became so indignantly furious that the straight waistcoat was speedily put upon him, and his head was shaved secundum artem.

Meanwhile, the lunatic walked deliberately back to the inn, paid the reckoning, and set out on his journey homeward. The good people in the country were, of course, surprised on seeing the wrong man return; they were afraid that the lunatic in a fit of tion, what he had done with Mr. Stevenson.

"Done with him?" said the madman, why, I left him at the Lancaster. Asylum as mad as h-ll!" which, indeed, was not far from the truth; for the wits of the officer were well ni upset by his unexpected detentifide

subsequent treatment.

Lurther inquiry was forally in the by his neighbors, and order was tained that the man eration, and he asylum. A machina handkerchief produced for head, in lieu of the returned that head, in lieu of the tied ar hich nature had bestowed cover. Manchester (England) Guar-

merous applications made for tavern License at the present court term B.R. Hall, Blossburg and Leander Culver, of Elkland.—Tioga Eagle.