# F PROPTR'S

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

#### COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., JULY 12, 1855.

# tive Americans are to be found, the | CARING FOR STRANGERS IN A STRANGE

NO. 8.

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#### THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL. PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY ADDISON AVERY. Terms-in Advance: One copy per annum, Village subscribers, \$1.00 TERMS OF ADVERTISING. 1 square, of 12 lines or less, 1 insertion, \$0.50 """ 3 insertions, 1.50 " every subsequent insertion, Bule and figure work, per sq., 3 insertions, 3.00 Every subsequent insertion, .50 25,00 l column, one year, l column, six months, 15.00 dministrators' or Executors' Notices, 2.00 1.50 Sheriff's Sales, per tract, 1.50 Professional Cards not exceeding eight lines inserted for \$5.00 per annum. should be addressed (post paid) to tention, should the Publisher. to his poor mother."

### Select Boetry.

half hushed voice.

who have injured you."

Lowell Stearns made no reply to

his mother. He saw that he was un-

happy, and he knew that he himself

was unhappy also. In former years he had loved his brother, and he knew

that he had been faithfully loved in

return. The trouble which had so

unfortunately separated them had been

trivial in its beginning, but Lowell's sternness of will and John's hastiness

of temper had kept the fire on the

increase. The first fault had belonged

to the younger brother, but a word of

explanation at the time might have

healed without trouble; now, how-

ever, the affair had become deep and

dangerous, and there was but one way

for remedy. That way the aged mother would point out.

"Lowell," continued Mrs. Stearns,

earth. I feel that the sands in my

glass have most all run out; and be-

fore I depart, I hope I may meet my

two boys together in love-I hope I

may see them once more bound to-

gether in the sweet bonds of friend-

ship. When you were babes, I nursed

you and cared for you, and I tried to

do a mother's duty; to make you both

of happiness in your companionship,

LIFE'S BETTER MOMENTS. Life has its moments

Of beauty and bloom; But they hang like sweet roses On the edge of the tomb. Blessings they bring us, As lovely as brief; They meet us when happy, And leave us in grief.

Hues of the morning Tinging the sky, Come on the sunbeams, And off with them fly Shadows of evening Hang soft on the shore; Darkness enwraps them, We see them no more.

So life's better moments In brilliance appear, Dawning in beauty, Our journey to cheer. Round us they linger, Like shadows of even; Would that we like them, Might melt into heaven.

#### MY BEST FRIEND.

They gave me advice and counsel in store. Praised me and honored me more aud more; Said that I only should 'wait awhile,' Offered their patronage, too with a smile.

But with all their honor and approbation, I should, long ago, have died with starvation, Had there not come an excellent man, Who bravely to help me along began.

Good fellow! he got me the food I ate, His kindness and care I shall never forget; Yet I cannot embrace him, though other folks ca For I myself am this excellent man!'

#### "FORGIVE HIM."

#### BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Forgive him !" said Mrs. Stearns. "O, Lowell, forgive him !"

and naught came to dim the joy of my The speaker was an aged woman widowed heart, till this sad cloud and a widow. Her head was white lowered upon me. 1 love my chilwith the frost of years, and her mild dren-I love them both alike-and features were deeply marked by the features were deeply marked by the hand of time. There was a tear in her oye, and her face was clouded with sorrow. She spoke to her son, a middle aged strong fratured person, middle-aged, strong-featured person, whose countenance betrayed a strongwilled, unbending heart, but yet appeared an upright, honorable man. "Forgive him!" repeated the whitehaired widow, as she raised her trembling hands toward her son. "He is your brother. O, if you know your own heart, you will forgive him." "Never!" spoke Lowell Stearns, in a firm, deep tone. "John has wronged me-and I should lie to my own soul were I to forgive him now." "And have not you wronged him?" asked the widow, impressively. "I wronged him ? How ?

my son, you are not happy now, nor and unbrotherly towards you, I ask can you be, as long as you are at entnity with your brother. O, why that you will forget it. Come, let us be friends once more."

will you let this breach grow wider ?" You know that all this commenced Like an electric shock came this speech upon the ears of John Stearns. from a mere misunderstanding be-A moment he stood half bewildered, tween you, and now you are helping and then the tears broke forth from to make it worse. I know you will his eyes. He reached forth his hand. tell me that you have done nothing to but his words were broken and indisharm John, but if you will look into tinct. He had not expected this from your own bosom, you will find that it his stern brother, but it came like a is filled with hatred towards him. He heaven-sent beam of light to his soul, is more impulsive than you are, but and in a moment more the brothers his heart is as kind as yours, and he is were folded in a warm embrace. all generosity and love to his friends. When they were aroused, it was by More than forty years have passed feeling a trembling hand laid upon over John's head, and during all that their heads, and when they looked up time he never spoke one unkind word they found their aged mother stand-

ing by them. "Bless you, my children, bless you," "And did I ever speak unkindly to murmured the white-haired parent, ou, my mother ?" asked Lowell, in a she raised her hands toward heaven, "and O, I pray God that you may "No, no. You and John had both

kind hearts, and it grieves me sorely never be unhappy more." John Stearns knew that his mother to see you as you are now. It grieves had been the angel that had touched me to see you both so unhappy. Ah, Lowell, I fear that you do not realize the heart of his brother, and it-did not alter his forgiveness. "O," he murmured, "I have been how noble a thing it is to forgive those

very wrong; I have abused you, my brother—but if you can forgive me, I will try to make it all up.'

"Your love will reyay it all, John. Let me have your love, and I will try never to lose it more."

"Now I am truly happy," said the aged mother, as she gazed with pride upon her sons. "Now I can die in peace. O, my boys, if you would have your children sure of happiness in after life, teach them that FORGIVE-NESS will heal social wounds which can be healed in no other way. Many a heart has been broken from the simple want of that talismanic power." Both those brothers tried to bless their mother for the healthful lesson she had taught them, and they failed not to teach it to their children as one speaking in a trembling tone, "I can of the boons that could be given them spend but a few short days longer on for life.

#### A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.

"Please, sir, don't you want a cabin boy?"

"I do want a cabin boy, my lad, but what's that to you? A little chap like you ain't fit for the berth."

"Oh, I'm real strong. I can do a great deal of work if I ain't so very fit for the great world. As you grew older, I promised myself a full share old."

"But what are you here for ? You don't look like a city boy. Run away from home, hey?" "Oh, no, indeed, sir; my father died, and my mother is very poor, and

I want to do something to help her. She let me come." "Well, sonny, where are your let-

any boy without these." Here was a damper. Willie had to be invited I hear. Wouldn't it be never thought of its being necessary | in keeping to send for a Boston D. D. to have letters from his minister or to officiate as chaplain on the occahis teachers, or from zome proper per- sion? Perhaps the company, by mason to prove to strangers that he was king diligent inquiries in Chester an honest or good boy. Now what might learn something further, whereshould he do? He stood in deep John Stearns sat in his easy chair thought, the captain meanwhile curiin his own cosy parlor, and about him ously watching the working of his expressive face. At length he put his in Kansas. hand in his bosom and drew out his litile Bible, and without a word put in Spartanburg District, a few days it into the Captain's hand. The Cap-tain opened to the blank page and pose of flogging her, when her moth-

From the N. Y. Tribune. THINGS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 15, 1855. Please present my compliments to the gentleman of the Mississippi Free-Trader, and also my sympathies on account of the very unpleasant and unpalatable fact, that "somebody" in the midst of that delectable community will tell the truth, and have it read too by the million readers of the "monster" paper of the country. A pleasant time may he have, in his "search after truth"-a novel cruise to some people. There is one thing you Northern

men quite overlook in your reasoning upon the vexed questions of the day. You really seem to think that the new-fangled notion of the earth's revobution is true, when every man can see for himself and know that he isn't thrning somersets every day. Reasoning on just such false premises, Sumner. you would try to show that South Carolina is not the center of the globe, and that New York, and all the rest

of creation must not, by inexorable law, perform their mazy dance around it. out of your heads the better. -

Would you like a jotting or two from the chivalric State? Perhaps his shoulders large enough to start the conductor of the Mercury will flutter like his Mississippi brother.

In my travels about the State I have picked up some facts with reference to the working of the "peculiar institution" which it may do well to keep before the people.

Some few weeks ago, in the town of Chester, York District, a slave took it into his head to absent himself sant and unrequited toil-perhaps to see his family—perhaps to recruit his exhausted strength. Be that as it may, on his return (a voluntary return I am told) his brutal overseer seized upon the poor wretch, and beat him till he died on the spot. The murderer left for parts unknown (perhaps) and the miserable farce was enacted of getting out a reward for his apprehension. Whoever expects that it will amount to anything more, prob-ably reckons without his host. The chivalric South Carolinian must let the world know that he doesn't tolerate such abuses, but then you know it is rather delicate business to punish an overseer for over-zeal in doing his duty, or for happening to misjudge in-

regard to the size of his cudgel or the force of his blow. Chester is on the railroad from Columbia to King's Mount where is to be a grand celebration in October, in commemoration of the battle fought there in Revolutionters of recommendation?" Can't take ary times-and to which celebration taking the census in Frankfort.' President Pierce and his Cabinet are

men who have, as instruments in others' hands, ruled America for the last half-century. May be they would go back with a new idea in their heads, may be 'sadder and wiser men.' If they are unable to make the pious pilgrimage, we recommend for their perusal some tables in the last census. But what of the 'signs of the times ?' Is not the time near when the might and the right combined are to triumph? Or is Doughfacedom to cringe a little longer? Already the chivalry are concerting their plans for the next Congress. It is evident they hear the breakers ahead. Bully Butler said to a friend of mine, a short time since, that every Southern Senator and Rep-

resentative would go armed to the next Congress. We doubt not that it would be more agreeable to him to use the Bowie-knife than argument in another encounter with the gallant VIATOR.

## A MARSHAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

Among the Americans who attended the late ball given at the hotel de The sooner that crotchet is got | Ville, Paris, was Jack Spicer, of Kentucky. Jack rushed the dress somewhat strong, and sported epauletts on four Major Generals in business .---Jack was the observed of all observers, and got mixed up with a party that his friends could not account for. Wherever the marshals of France went, there went Jack, and when the

marshals sat down, Jack did the same, always taking the post of honor. The day after the ball, Jack called on his old acquaintance, Mr. Mason, our a few days from the scene of his inces- Minister to France, who started up a grey city, where he can hear and feel little conversation in the following manner:

'I hear, Jack, you were at the ball last night?'

'I was, sir, and had a high old time.' 'For which you are indebted, I suppose, to the high old company you got mixed up with? By the way, how come you associated with the marshals?

'How? by virtue of my office-they were marshals of France, while I am nothing else than a marshal of the Republic. I showed my commission and took post according,

'By virtue of your office; what do vou mean?'

'Read that and see.' Here Jack presented Mr. Mason with a white-brown paper, with a seal big enough for a four pound weight. this ?'

ceived it in 1850, when I assisted in homes and households, each a little 'You don't mean to say that

world in itself, revolving around its vou human grief and suffering brought 'I don't mean anything else. That into that narrow compass; -- and to be makes me a 'marshal' of the republic, in this, and a part of this, acting, and I intend to have the office duly thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing with

A colporteur who spends a part of his time among the emigrants says, "This part of my work lies very near my heart, and is very cheering. An aged woman said to me as I was distributing tracts, "Man, I cannot read myself, but give me a leaf and I will get others to read it to me.' . Another said of a tract she had read, 'This tract was made for me, it is a balm for my soul.' Another addressing the emigrants said, 'This man is sent to us by a hencyclent society. ' In Europo we were told that there was no religion, no word of God in America, but this man with his delightful saving t:uth, has been here twice already. "Two men who were standing in a

wagon, asked me if I was a colporteur of that society of which we have already heard in Bremen. God has brought him to us. Trust in God. He has always good intentions towards us. This circumstance gained me a great deal of confidence. I prayed with the company, and left them weeping tears of joy. A poor man with four children said, 'This man brings to many a one, in his tracts, something he never got in Germany. I have been cheered and comforted by them, and although I am poor I will pay for them. A great field is open. God grant that the tracts distributed here, and carried to the far West, may bring forth fruit."

WHERE shall the poet live ?---in solitude or society? In the great stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of nature beat, or in the dark the throbbing heart of man? I will answer for him, and say, in the dark grey city. Oh! they do greatly orr, who think that the stars are all the poetry which cities have; and, therefore, that the poet's only dwelling should be in sylvan solitudes, under the green roof of trees. Beautiful, no doubt, are all forms of nature, when transfigured by the miraculous power of poetry, hamlets and harvest-fields, and nut-brown waters flowing ever under the forest, vast and shadowy, with all the sights and sounds of human life? What are they but the course materials of the poet's song ? Glorious indeed, is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the land of song; there lies the poet's native land. The river of life, that What in the name of heaven is flows through the streets tumultuous, bearing along so many gallant hearts, . 'My commission of 'marshal !'-- I re- so many wrecks of humanity; the many

> fireside as a central sun; all forms of his fellow men-such should be the poet's life. If he would describe the world, he should live in the world.-

"By withholding from him your love, by treating him harshly and causing him to sin," answered his mother, kindly.

"Cease, mother. When you say I have caused him to sin, you are mistaken. He has chosen his own path, and now he must travel in it."

"Lowell, you are the oldest, and from you should come the love that can alone heal the wound between yourself and John."

"Listen to me, mother," said the stubborn man, with a spice of bitterness in his tone: - "John has been his wife and children to leave the unjust to me-he has been unmanly and unkind. He has injured me beyond reparation."

"No, no, Lowell," quickly interrupted his mother; "not beyond reparation."

"Yes-he has injured my feelings by the most fatal darts of malice and ill-will. He has lied about me to my friends, and even assailed my private character."

"And can you not forgive all this ?" she asked, tenderly.

"Perhaps I might," returned Lowell Stearns; "but," he added, in a hoarse tone, while his frame quivered with deep feeling; "he has done me more than that. He has spoken of my wife, and ----. But I will not tell it all. I cannot forgive him this."

The strong man sank into a chair as he spoke, and for some moments his mother was silent. At length she approached him and laid her hand upon his head.

meet by the side of my corpse ? How will you feel when you come to-" "Hush, my mother," uttered the

stout man, trembling like a reed. "Say no more now. This evening I will speak to you my mind."

. . . . .

were his wife and children. Everything that money could procure towards real comfort were his, but yet he was not happy. Amid all his comforts there was one dark cloud to trouble him. The spot where for read: long years he had nurtured a brother's

love was now vacant. No, not vacant, for it was filled with bitterness. He knew that he was in the fault, but he tried to excuse himself by thinking his brother hated him. This, how-where. ever, did not ease his conscience, for

he knew that he was lying to himself. While he sat thus, he heard a rap at the front door, and in a few moments one of the children told him

that Uncle Lowell wanted to see him. "Tell him to come in," said John; and after this he made a motion for room. "I shan't budge an inch," he said to himself. "If he thinks to frighten me, he'll find his mistake."

Before he could say more, his brother entered the room. "Good evening, John," said Lowell.

at the same time laying his hat upon the table.

John Stearns was taken all aback by this address, and he could hardly the last session of Congress, a man, believe his ears; but he responded hesitatingly to his salutation. For an instant he looked up into his brother's face, and during that instant there flashed across his mind a wish that he had never offended.

"John," continued Lowell, still standing, "you well know what has passed to make us both unhappy."

"Yes, I know," answered John, hardly knowing what tone to assume. "Well, my brother," continued "Forgive him, and be happy. Alse, give you, and if I have been harsh cals as you are to some penal colony !" Georgia, &c., where the genuine Na- a half after midnight.

"WILLIE GRAHAM:

Presented as a thereupon the enraged master ordered reward for regular and punctual at- a slave to hold the mother, and seizing tendance at Sabbath School, and for a bar of iron he aimed a blow at her, hold, thus allowing the woman to avoid

From his Sunday School Teacher." Captain McLeod was not a pious man, but he could not consider the case before him with a heart unmoved. fend herself, and her son coming to The little fatherless child, standing her assistance, she killed her master humbly before him, referring him to the testimony of his Sunday School Teacher, as it was given in his Bible touched a tender spot in the breast of the noble seaman, and clapping Willie heartily on the shoulder, he said:

"You are the boy for me; you shall sail with me and, if you are as good a lad as I think you are, your pockets shan't be empty when you go back to your good mother."

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE .- During well known as deeply interested in that the laws of this State place almost the Mail-steamer bill, then before the unlimited power over the life of the house, approached Mr. Benton while | slave in just such a class of men; and he was walking in Pennsylvania they are not few, 1 can assure you; Avenue, aad said :--- "Good morning, Legree has his counterparts by hun-Mr. Benton."

The salute was returned. "I see the mail-steamer bill is up to-day." "Yes, sir." "Mr. Benton, couldn't ished the "Tree of Liberty" in the you be prevailed upon to go for the struggle for Independence. Think employment of more steamers by the ye that these were the fruits the hegovernment?" "Yes sir; upon one condition." The fellow smiled as if

travel on this?'

honored.'

Mr. Mason allowed that Jack was doing a large business on a very small- world, he she capital. We should not wonder if the Longfellow. with to add to a new edition of the "Southern Side," or the argument for "Squatter Sovereignty" as illustrated reader did the same. A census mar-

shal of Frankfort mixing in with the One more case: An old gentleman ing matters in a manner that requires er, who seemed to have some of a quirements. mother's instincts at least, interfered;

which, had not the slave released his Philadelphia Bulletin:

the blow, must have killed her outright. Renewing his attack with the same weapon, she seized an ax to deupon the spot. Mother and son are on to your glass of water to avoid the to some account, unnecessary luxury of an extempore showerbath; to hold on to yourself to a features of the "Patriarchal" system bors. Besides this, to dodge or defend falls every morning from the storeyourself, as the case may be, from the fear of the future, so far at least as eating is concerned."

> RENEWED ERUPTIONS of Mount Vesuvius commenced on the first of May, when the form of the mountain became

> > . .

INCREASING THE SIZE OF FLOWERS .--marshals of France is certainly rush- From an exchange, we learn that a horticulturist of the suburbs of Veras much brass as epauletts. Jack, we | sailles, in studying the physiology of are happy to say, is equal to the re- the vegetable kingdom, conceived the idea that the smallness of certain plants --- the violet, for example-was owing DINING AT SEA IN A GALE .- The fol- to an atmospheric pressure too great lowing graphic scene on shipboard is for their delicate organs. Having depicted by a correspondent of the fixed this idea in his mind, the florist conceived the idea of putting his the-

"There is but a step from the sublime ory into practice. Providing himselto the ridiculous, from the deck to the with a small balloon, rendered suffisaloon. It is rather too much trouble | ciently tight to prevent the escape of for a lazy man to eat on shipboard in any gas, he launched it into the air, rough weather. It would require a having attached to it a silken cord man to have the hundred hands of twelve hundred meters long. Instead Briareus and the hundred eyes of Ar- of a car, the balloon sustained a flowgus, and to keep them all in constant er-pot of Parma violets. This experoccupation, too, to dine in safety, to iment has been going on about two say nothing of comfort-for that, un- months, with the most wonderful reder the circumstances, is totally out of salts, in the shape of violets as large the question. You have to hold on to as Bengal roses. It is expected that your plate to keep it near you; to hold the above expermenti may be turued

CONTENTMENT .--- Is that animal betkeep yourself at the table; to hold on | ter that hath two or three mountains to the table to keep yourself off the to gaze on than a little bee that feeds top of it, and away from your neigh- on dow or mannal and lives upon what houses of heaven, clouds and Proviflying dishes that occasionally make dence ? Can a man quench his thirst little excursions on their own responsi- better out of a river than a full urn, bility. A man that can get his victuals or drink better from the fountain on board a ship in a storm, can get his which is finely paved with marble; living anywhere; he need have no than when it wells over the green turf? -1.1.1.1.1.1.

A NICE QUESTION .- Sam .- 'You'll get it for hooking dat turkey last night. Mas'r knows it.' Pompey.-- I didn't hookit. Warn't Lowell, while a tear glistened in his condition." The fellow smiled as if We would advise some of our North-eye, and at the same time extending he was going to get a "Roland" of a ern friends, who are so anxious that is so but clouds, smoke, and fire. The suggestion for his "Oliver" of a bribe. 'Americans should rule America', to scene, it is said, was rendered still didn't I? Well. Ain't de turkey was rendered still didn't I? Well. Ain't de turkey de which took place abaut two hours and | turkey, but he got more nigger. 1

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both to be hung next month, for not controlling their maternal and filial iustincts in the first place, and then for saving their own lives, even at the expense of their master's life. The master, I was told, was a very passionate man, having been often known to abuse his own children shamefully, even dragging them out of the house by the hair of their heads. Judge ye,

how kind a master such a man would make. And yet it is one of the worst dreds all over this country.

The above took place hard by the Cowpens, where Northern blood nourroes that fell there were anticipating ?