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## Original Poetry. BACRAMENT.

Up by the old road on the hill. Now with the creeping grass o'ergrown, Near where the faintly springing rill Is oozing o'er the mossy stone-Hard by the grouse's deep retreat, Thro' all this soft, autumnal haze, Wait for me at the old-time seat, Dear Love of by-gone days!

The world is flushed with ceaseless change Its bramming joy-sup running o'er; But weary of the new and strange, I long for our old haunts once more. I long to tread each dear old hill, Beneath its woods of red and gold, And 'mid their riches grand and still, Be seul-baptized within the Old.

Cease shivering, trembling Aspen tree-I would not have thy rustling heard! Murmur not now, thou Pine-wood sea! Sigh not, soit wind! chant not, sweet bird! Lay thy dear hand in mine, my own, That I may feel thy heart throbs near, And take from God, with me alone, The Sacrament of Silence here.

## LINES

TO A FRIEND WHO WILL UNDERSTAND THEM. Pain would I render unto thee, Generous young friend, the heart's Pure gratitude. As to the eye Of the loue traveler in some dreary waste, Is the sweet, fragrant flower, Bo, in this solfish world, (where ofenntime The over-burdened look its wide expanse, In vain, for rost and sympathy) Are acts like thine, bidding the soul Rejoice and hope, made glad to find Such nature that despite the hindrances That ever come, as tempters strong, to justify The lore of self, hath power nobly to rise High o'er them all.

In after years, When the fruition of thy hope is gained, And thou, perchance, in council chamber And in halls of state, hust won A noble name-then 'mid the anxious cares That manhood's years will bring. This simple act of kindly charity will be To thee as a forgotten thing. But He . Who keeps, with just and careful balance, Hath surely set it down to thy account, So when thing own dark days shall come, And thou shalt feel affliction's chastening rod, Good measure such as thou hast given, Will be give thee, pressed down And running o'er.

In that great day When as a scroll the Heavens are rolled, Thy noble attributes of heart and mind, Perverted not to base and narrow ends, But trained aright to action good and true, Will meet with God's approving smile, Their just reward. Coudersport, Nov. 12, 1855.

BEN BOLT, & SWEET ALICE.

The following is an attempt, by an unknown writer, to embody, in a brief story, the sentiment of that exquisite song of Thomas Dunn English, "Ben Bolt." It is very fine for such an attempt, as such things generally fall yery short of being worthy of their inspiration. This does not.]

Qh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben

Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown; Who blushed with delight when you gave her a smile.

And trembled with fear at your frown? In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,

In a corner, secluded and lone, They have fitted a slab of granite se gray, And Alice lies under the stone.

"Don't you remember?" Are those three magic words-a key wherewith we may unlock the floodgates of the heart, and send the sweet waters of the past over the plains and down the hills of that fairy land, known in our heart experience as by-gone? Even so. There rise before us visions of times when the bright, deep eyes of the young spring gazed slyly at us

winter-when the blue violets stole their first tint from the blue sky above : when the cowslips of sunny May, and the golden-headed buttercups first jewelled the tender blades of grass, and the hawthern grew white with thing nestled down on his shoulder, as its blossoms; when we roamed the he went stumbling through the snow, woods the whole of that long, warm, saying gay, pleasant things, that made

forest. There was one, in veats agone that prayed, " Lord, keep my memory ever green;" and the clinging tendrils of our hearts go ever back yearningly

to this prayer.

But green and fresh as the poet's prayer, had the heart of Ben Bolt been hour he sat by his old friend, and listened to the song of bygone days. Not "through a glass, darkly," did he review those scenes of the past, but it was the going back of the boy-heart to scenes of childhood.

There was a little, old, red schoolhouse, with its dusty windows, and desks that had been nicked many a time, trying pen knives; its tall, stern looking teacher, whose heavy voice caused the younger ones to tremble: its rows of boys and girls with their heads bent attentively downward to their books and slates. The wild winter wind sang and whistled without, and some few childish hearts tried to find words for its mournful notes, they were too young and happy to know that it carried desolation and heart-ache in its wail; yet did they not learn it in after years?

Then, there came a few light, round snowballs, so tiny that it must have been the sport of the snow spirits, in their eldrich revels, changing by and by, to feathery flakes that denced about ever so gaily. How the children's eyes grew bright, as they looked at one another, and thought of the merry rides down the hill, and the snowballing that would make the play ground ring again. The last lesson had been said, books and slates were put aside, and, in place of the silence, reigned gay, glad voices. Kate Ashley shook back her pretty ringlets, and laughed through her laughing eyes, as she gave Jamie Marvin that bit of curl he had teased so long for, because she knew that Jamie had the prettiest atmosphere of her existence. sled in the whole school. Ah, a bit of May-sweet Alice. Very beautiful and lovable was she, with her winsome, childish face, blue eyes, and soft, brown curls. She was so delicate and fragilo that you might almost fancy her a snow child, or a lost fairy

Nearly all the children had departed, amid the joyful shouts and jungling of bells; but yet the sweet little child stood all alone, until a rich, boyish voice startled her by saying :-

"No one goes your way Allice, do

they ?" "No, I guess not, Ben," she replied

in her fine, bird-like tones.

"Let me carry you home."

"Oh, no, I am too heavy to be car tied so far," and then she laughed low and sweetly.

"Heavy! no, you're just like a thistle down, or a snowflake, Ally; I could carry you to England and back again, without being at all fatigued;" and hetossed her in his arms.

"No, no, let me go; the boys will laugh at you Ben," and she struggled in his arms.

"What do I care! They may laugh at Ben Bolt as much as they like;" and the brave boy drew himself up proudly, and pushed the chestnut curls from his broad, fair forehead ; ed through the little door yard, and the manly form of Ben Bolt. There

from beneath the ermined mantle of "but I did not mean to frighten you," he continued as he saw how the little girl trembled.

So she put on her bonnet and closk, and Ben took her in his arms as if she had been a bird, while the tiny little lovable July holiday, weaving garlands, the shy little girl laugh; and when, at and listening to the concert of birds length, he opened her mother's cotin that dark, mistletoe-wreathed, oaken tage door, he stood her on the floor, saving :--

"There, Mrs. May, I brought Alice home lest she should get buried in a snow bank; she's such a weeny thing," and before Mrs. May could thank him, he was out of sight.

What a brave, glorious snow storm kept. From his early boyhood to the it was, though. The boys built a great snow hut, dipping the chunks of snow into water to harden them, so they bigger than the schoolhouse. They worked bravely, but the brightest and pleasantest face among them was Ben Bolt's. Such rides as they had down the hill. And though the larger boys and girls said Alice May was too small and timid to join them, because she felt fearful sometimes, yet the same angel looking through her

> But the winter began to wane, and now and then a soft day would come, and lessen the pyramid and snow house materially. "Such a pity," they said, and wished winter would last always, but there was one little and blue birds.

The pyramid tumbled down, the snow house grew thinner and thinner, and the boys jested about its being in a decline, till one day it disappeared -faded away, like so many of their childish hopes.

The glad spring came with its larks and daisies, and one beautiful day the children want a Maying. Kate Ashley was queen, and a brilliant queen she was, too. But Ben Bolt gathered white violets and braided them in the soft curls of Alice, and told her that she was sweeter, dearer than a thousand May queens like Kate. Child as she was, his words made the sunshine brighter, and lent enchantment to the

Then the long June days of a coquette was the same gleeful, romp- circling the green earth with a ceroing Kate. And there was Sophie nal of roses, and making it redolent Dale, looking as demure as a kitten with perfume; and in the warm noonwalking from a pan of new milk; and tide hour, the children strolled to the as playful as a kitten, too, was she, in | foot of the hill, and clustering together spite of her quiet looks. And the told over ther childish hopes of the stately Elizabeth,-Queen Bess they future. Some were lured by ambicalled her-and I question if England's tion; some dreamed of quiet country queen had a haughtier carriage. But | repose; some of gay city life; but there apart from those who were looking for was one whose eye kindled and whose friends to take them home stood Alice face flushed with enthusiam, as he spoke of the sparkling blue waters, and the brave ships that breasted them

so gallantly. Ben Bolt was going to sea. Captain Shisley, generous, whole souled being as ever trod the deck, was to take him under his protection for the next five years. There were exclamations of surprise from the children, old haunts were visited and revisited; they sat down in the shade of the old sycamore tree, and listened to the musical murmur of the brook, and the dreamy hum of old. "Appleton's mill;" they exchanged keepsakes, and promised always to remember the merry, brave hearted boy, whose home would be on the wild, blue ocean.

Alice May did not join them. She was so delicate and timid, and the thought of Ben's departure filled her eyes with tears; so she would steal away alone, fearful of the ridicule of her harder companions.

But one night Ben came to Mrs. May's cottage to bid them good by Alice stood by the window, watching the stars-wondering what made them so dim-never thinking of the tears that dimmed her eyes, as Ben told over his hones so joyfully. She could not part with him there, so she walk-

stood beside the gate, slooking like a golden crowned angel in the yellow moonlight; and when he told her over again how large she would be on his return; that he would not dare to call her his little Alice, then; as he looked back, lingeringly, she laid a soft, brown curl in his hand, saying :--

"I have kept it, for you this long, long time. Ben; ever since the day. you brought me home through the snow-do you remember ?"

He did remember, and with one passionate burst of grief, he pressed the little girl to his bosom; and then the brave hearted boy sobbed the farewell he could find no words for.

But five years are not always a lifetime. True, it was such to the quiet, thoughtful Charlie Allen, whose large, dark eyes had stolen brilliancy from his books; and the laughing little Bell might last longer, and they rolled large | Archer-both were laid to sleep in the snow balls for a pyramid, until it was old churchyard; where the night stars shone over their graves. Others went out to seek a fortune in the gay world, and some grew into miniature men and darling." women by their own sweet firesides, but Alice May was still a child. Yes she was taller and her slight form more falling from hopeful lips. Sweet Alice ! gracefully developed, but there was Ben Bolt held her in his atms, and eyes, as had watched there in olden away they went, merrily as any of the times. She stayed at home now, to assist her mother in sewing, their chief eyes grew dim with tears, for he support; but she was the same shy, sweet Alice; that Ben Bolt had carried for close beside the altar was the gravethrough the snow.

Ben Bolt had come back. How strange that five years should pass away so quickly, and stranger still that wren-like voice that prayed for violets | this tall, handsome sailor should be Ben Bolt. Kate Ashley was not thinking of the sweet Sabbath day rest, as the chime of the church bell floated through the village, there she stood before the mirror arranging her shining curls, and fastening her dainty bonnet, with its white ribbons and drooping blue bells, thinking if she could not fascinate Ben with her sparkhave his chief attention during his stay

at his home. He thought she did look very beau tiful as he sat, before service, looking on the older faces; but there was a fairer one than hers, he fancied, as he He carried in his bosom a curl, like the one nestling so softly by her temple, and it was a talisman, keeping him from the enchantment of other eves.

When the service was closed. Ben faces—they had so much to say, so many things to speak of, so much joy to express at his safe return, that it well nigh bewildered him. It was very pleasant to be so warmly welcomed by old friends-delightful to chat of by-gones, and indeed it was a Sabbath of joy to Ben Bolt.

Sweet Alice! Ah, how long and weary the time had been to her. Someimes her heart died within her as sho hought of the broad ocean. But when she looked at Ben so shyly that morning, and saw how handsome he had grown, a heart sickness came over her, and the sunshine fell but dimly at her feet. She knew she had hidden away in the depths of her pure heart, a wild early love, and she strove to put it from her; would be think of her now? So it was no wonder that she should slip her slender hand in her mother's and steal away from the joyous throng.

It was Sabbath eve-one of those balmy moonlight evenings of the young summer. Mrs. May had gone to visit a sick neighbor, and Alice sat by the window with the Bible open, and her slender white fingers pointing to the words falling so musically from her

lips :-- "And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for

ever and ever."
She looked up trembling in the moonlight for close behind her knelt

not the less sweet for being the language of every human heart, and the she said very low and sweetly :-

second time—"

She did not finish it-it was never finished.

So they plighted their troth, that calm, holy Sabbath evening; and the buoyant heart of Ben, in its gushing sunniness, pictured radiant hopes of the future. He was so young and full of vitality-every pulse of his heart was beating gladly, and the coming five years were more precious to him than all that had passed.

"If we both live, Ben, God will have us in his holy keeping," she said in answer to his parting word; but as he pressed her convulsively to his beat ing heart, he replied:-

"God will be very merciful to those who love so dearly as ourselves, Alice,

She knew it, but she knew also, that God did not always hear the prayer Adown the future Ben looked tremblingly, and as he saw her fragile form and spiritual face, with white lilies braided in the soft, brown hair, his knew not if it was a bridal or burial.

They were not wanting who wondered at Ben Bolt's choice, and thought it was strange he should take Alice in preference to the fairest and wealthiest. Some held their heads loftily. when they passed her, but her heart was on the blue waters and she heeded it not. How she watched the days in their

passing. She noticed how the summer waned-how the fields of waving grain grew yellow in the sunlight-she heard the glad voices of the reapers; and ling eyes; It would be delightful to when the leaves were falling, the children went nut-gathering in the woods; when the noiseless snow fell, and lay on the hill-side as in olden days, until the genial spring-tide melted it away, and the violets and harebells dotted the fields. So passed the saw the sweet face of Alice May, with year. She was growing fairer and the half closed eyes, and long, golden more beautiful—too brilliant for anyedged lashes, shadowing the pale cheek. thing earthly. Once she knelt at the altar in the little church and listened to the words uniting her with the Savior's redeemed on earth; but it was only an outward form, for her heart had long been in the keeping of was thronged about by old, familiar the angels. Again she watched the waning of the summer days, and when the soft wind swept over the silvery rve-fields, she thought of the ocean afar, with its broad waves. All through the winter day she grew more spiritual in her beauty, and the slender white hands were often folded on her breast, and she prayed for those who would soon be left desolate, for she knew she was dying.

It did not startle her, for she felt long ago that the fair green earth would hold her pulseless heart, ere it had left the cloister of girlhood. Life was sweet and beautiful, yet in her sinlesaness death had no agony, save her sorrow for those left in loneliness. It was only a very little way, to the land of rest, and her feet had never grown weary; yet she longed to look once more upon the flowers, and have them braided in her hair; and so she lingered till the voice of spring was heard on the hill tops.

One morning, when the viewless hands were gathering back the misty curtains of the night, and the stars rrew dim in the glory of early morn, weet Alice stood on the threshold of Paradise, and the golden gates were opened to the fair, meek girl. There trembled on her lips a prayer and a blessing for Ben Bolt and her mother, giving radiance to the fair dead face, and they braided flowers in her brown.

The church bell chimed softly to the few years earth had claimed the

was tuld a sweet story of love and hope brought the coffin in the clittle, et church. Howabeautiful the looked: in her white burial robe-too fair and tiny hands of Alice were folded in his as sweet for death-too holy, had thece not been a resurrection beyond. Clica. "If I live, Ben, and five years more | behind her stood the friends of last have passed, and you return for the girlhood, gazing on that young face and if they would fain call her back to life: and its sweetlove. So they aid sweet Alice to sleep in the old churchyard and those who looked coldly on her took: to their sorrowing hearts a sweet ...

memory of the early dead. There was agony too deep for utterance, when the strong, ardent-hearted is man whose guiding star had been the love fo that sweet girl, came back tue find the cottage home desolate, and Alice sleeping beneath a gray stone in the churchyard.

But God and time are merciful; and as years passed away, he came tathink of her as garlanded in the golden fruitage of Edenland. Address & co

This was the memory that his friend sang of as they sat in the summer twilight, years afterward, and talked of the faces that had glimmered and faded in their early pathway. Now, of all the glad hearts childhood had clustered together, only they two were left. Some slept in the jungle depths; others in the forest shade, and beneath the waving prairie grass. Some there were who slept peacefully in the groen old church yard; and among these the fairest and the best was "sweet Alica." Ah! he could never have forgotter

Ho had heard from the lips of that desolate mother, ere she went to sleuge beside her darling, how patient und holy Alice had grown; how she had; passed calmly away in her saint-lika beauty, leaving messages that a fon .. yearning heart could only dictate. Down in his heart, deeper than any other earthly being, he had lain them. cherishing ther beauty and greennes... Many a time had the spirit form wi sweet Alice risen before his eyes in a.c the beauty of that far off land he save but too dimly; and he knew w. ea that thing called life had morged intia immortality, he should meet her again

Years afterward, they laid Bon B ... to sleep by the side of sweet Alice. Newark, N. J. 1855.

The Methodists have been warms ! by a public meeting in Plattsburg. Mo., not to hold a camp meeting . . Clinton county. The slavocracy thear are "down on religion," and don's seem to agree with Rev. Shannon, and a few others who disgrace their profession of Christianity, that the Bials sanctions the curse of American slavery .- Pittsburg Dispatch.

To triumph over our passions, is of, all conquests the most glorious.

THE TABLES TURNED .- There was a time when we were indebted is Europe for a portion of our fine :: machinery, and foreigners regard . 1 American ingenuity as at its climate in the production of wooden nutmess and clothes pins. Latterly we have astonished them with our patent re :-ers and six-shooters; and at last the have come to acknowledge that our mechanics are entitled to rank with the best of their own. further illustration may now be given. Youterday a sloop arrived at this harbor. bringing from Jersey shore forty tons of iron machinery constructed for use in Scotland; and the same is now being shipped direct to Ginscow. It is designed for the manufacture of India-rubber goods, a process in which America is ahead of the world .- Juur. of Com.

The Company State of the Company of We blame Fortune for not visiting us, whereas, in many cases the fault lies at our own door in doing nothing to invite her in mornill wit of trais

thorn of militaring with the sail of the The choicest pleasures of life lies within the range of moderation, il

Use the means and trust to God for stainless soul of Alice May, as they the blessing.