

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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

VOL. VIII.

COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., MARCH 20, 1856.

NO. 44.

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

Terms in Advance

One copy per annum, \$1.00
Single subscribers, 125

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

1 square, of 12 lines or less, 1 insertion, \$0.50
" " " " " " 3 insertions, 1.50
" " " " " " 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.

From the N. Y. Examiner.
THE LITTLE WINTER GRAVE.

Our baby lies under the snow, sweet wife,
Our baby lies under the snow,
Out in the dark with the night,
White he winds so loudly blow,
As a dead man: thou art pale, sweet wife,
And the cross is on thy breast,
Oh, the snow no more can chill
That little dove in its nest.
Shall we shut the baby out, sweet wife,
While the chilling winds do blow?
Oh, the grave is now its bed,
And its coverlid is snow.
Oh, our merry bird is snared, sweet wife,
That a rain of music gave,
And the snow falls on our hearts,
And our hearts are each a grave.
Oh, it was the lamp of our life, sweet wife,
Blown out in the night of doom;
A leaf from our flower of love,
Nipped in its fresh spring bloom.
But the lamp will shine above, sweet wife,
And the leaf again shall grow,
Where there are no bitter winds,
And no dreary, dreary snow.

From the N. Y. Examiner.
LITTLE CHILDREN AND THE WORK THEY DO.

Charles Lamb, in one of his Essays, writes thus pitifully of the schoolmaster: "Wherever he goes, this unseemly shadow (a boy) attends him, and in all his movements. Boys are capital fellows in their own way among their mates; but they are unwholesome companions for grown people. Even a child, that 'plaything for an hour,' tires always." Alas! for poor Lamb; he never had enough companionship with children to know their influence on the heart. He was himself his mother's youngest born, and his own dull hearthstone was never made bright by children's smiles, nor his sad reveries broken by their joyous romping. One of our writers, who now wields a magic pen, speaks of "that much oppressed and calumniated class called boys;" and to her better judgment we yield; for her ears have been for long years used to their ringing laughter and their boisterous games. She has had experience among them—she knows the lessons taught by their mirth and by their sadness; and she feels the genial influence of the dead one, over the heart. O! children are often the wise teachers, while we, with earth-stained and sin-hardened hearts, are cold, dumb learners. Many a lesson of faith and meek submission can be learned of "these little ones;" and many a care can be banished by their guileless prattle and original questions. How many an artless word spoken by a baby gone, is this day locked up like a jewel in the torn heart, from which the child was severed. "O! such is the kingdom of heaven."

The evening coach was full—"so full that it was an imposition on the passengers!"—so said Miss Trimmer, who, with two or three pattern hats and a box of artificial flowers, was the last to enter, notwithstanding the inconvenience to which she put her fellow passengers.

The village Squire—never too amiable—was returning from court, where he had been non-suited in a case involving about a fiftieth part of his estate; of course he was morose and impatient. A worn-looking woman was trying to quiet a restless baby, by tossing it up where there was not room to toss a bird, because

a simpering school-girl on the next seat had whispered aloud to her very young; gallant that "babies were a nuisance in a stage-coach, and that she should think any one would rather stay at home than travel with one." Poor, unfortunate baby; poor, sensitive, widowed mother! Theirs was no pleasure trip; they were going, uncertain of a welcome, to a relative of the newly dead, the only one on earth of whom they could ask aid. Comfort or pity the mother did not look for. It was between these and the surly Squire that Miss Trimmer inserted herself. At the cruel remark of the incoherent belle, the widow turned her head to wipe away a tear, when her innocent half-yearling grasped with her plump hand a huge bunch of honey-suckles and carnation pinks which dangled from the near side of Miss Trimmer's bonnet.

"Will no one take pity on me?" shrieked the bearer of the flower burden. "Will no gentleman shield me from annoyances?"

"Yes, madam, I will," answered an old gentleman, who sat in a corner, resting his chin upon the ivory head of his cane. The lady was soon safely installed in the seat farthest removed from the vicious baby, and the old man in her place. Now this cramped-up child was a perfect democrat. She did not know that she was poor and fatherless; nor that when he lived, her father was only a hard-working brick-layer. She knew nothing of all this, and seemed to think she had as good a right to shout and crow as any other baby, and to pull flowers out of bonnets, too, if she would. Her first effort was to secure his white beard, but that was immovable. She next reached out her hand for the seals, and lastly grasped the cane. "Well, little imp," cried the dear old man, "if you want to get at my seals you had better come a little nearer." So he took the willing chub from the weary mother, and installed her on his own knee. The poor woman straightened herself and drew a long breath, as if relieved from a burden she had not strength to bear.

"You look tired, madam; have you come far to-day?" asked the merciful man.

"I've held the baby, sir, thirty-six hours in the cars, before I got into the coach," she answered with a quivering lip.

"I don't see how any one can take care of a tiresome baby," again whispered the little Miss.

"Somebody held us all once, and took care of us, too, my child," replied the old gentleman, whose ears were too keen to lose her remark. "Children must be taken care of; they have their work to do, and they generally do it faithfully." And he rattled his seals and key again for the happy child.

The mother cast a look of unmingled gratitude on her benefactor—yes, benefactor he was, though he had never given a crust nor a copper—for kind words are often better than either. This good man alone of all the passengers—save the unconscious baby—seemed at his ease.

At length the horses stood still, and all seemed pleased at the prospect of having the company thinned. Miss Trimmer looked hopefully at the widow and baby, but they did not move. An anxious, care-worn gentleman, began to unweave himself preparatory to alighting. Then in the deepening twilight beside which the coach had halted, a curly-headed boy of four years. "O papa," as the paternal head emerged from the coach door, "I've good news for you; you can't guess what has happened to-day!" And clapping his chubby hand on dancing for joy, he exclaimed, "O papa, the baby's got a tooth!" There was a sudden revolution of feeling in the coach. The passengers all laughed heartily at the vast importance of the news from that little world, home. Miss Trimmer put her head out of the coach window, and exclaimed, "What a darling little fel-

low!" The coachman forgot to crack his whip for a whole minute, as he gazed at the happy boy. The father turned round, smiled, raised his hat and said "good by" to his fellow travelers. The early Squire laughed and drew home his feet, which had all the way been stretched out on the widow's territory, to her great inconvenience, saying, "Beg your pardon, ma'am." Even Miss Trimmer was softened, for she opened the cover of her reticule and gave the offending baby a stick of candy, saying, "Poor little thing, she must have something to amuse her."

"Well," cried the laughing school-girl, "I do love children after all—they are so funny I can't help it!"

"Never try to help it, child," said the baby's benefactor. "They ought to be loved; for they do a great deal for us grown folks. Now don't you see, that rosy boy with the news of the great acquisition to his family treasures—a tooth for the baby—has changed a coach full of anxious and ill-tempered people, into a cheerful and even kind-hearted company? Don't you see how he has made friends for my little companion here who is too young to speak for herself? Why, we are all better now for riding with this little one, and my word for it, you'll thank her after you go home, too. Then, turning to the widow, he asked her to whose house she was going. When she answered him, he said, "Oh, it's too far to ride to-night with the poor tired baby—stop and rest with us—grandmother will give you a strange baby a welcome—for we've just buried our pet at home—my daughter's little one. She made the house very cheerful for us, but she's gone; but not forgotten! No, I believe grandmother loves all babies better since she died; so don't be afraid of intruding." Moved by such kindness, the widow in an under tone told her painful errand to her new friend.

"Ah, ah!" he said, "well, your relative is a kind man, if you go to him in just the right way, and folks say I know how to manage him as well as any. In the morning I'll drive you over there, and present your case in the most judicious manner. Never fear; he'll be kind to you; so keep up good heart, my poor friend."

Overcome by such unlooked-for kindness, she wept out the tears which had all day been gathering in their fountain under the cold look and sarcastic words of those around her. Miss Trimmer, who, when not in a hurry or a crowd, was really a kind-hearted woman, looked compassionately at the faint effort the young widow had made toward wearing black for the dead.

"Won't you call at my shop with the lady, as you go by in the morning, Mr. Bond?" she asked; "I should like to speak with her;" and again she glanced at the straw hat, with its band of thin black ribbon, with an expression which promised a new one.

"Well, here we are, my friend," cried the old man, as the coach stopped before an old brown mansion, "and there is grandmother in the door waiting for us." The little belle offered to hold the baby while the mother alighted, and the softened Squire handed her her carpet-bag and basket. "Good night!"—crack went the whip—and the cheerful travelers rode on to their own homes. Light and warmth, and a cordial welcome for the night, and prosperity on the morrow awaited the lonely widow; "and all," so said her noble friend, "because a baby had a tooth, and his little brother told of it!"

"I am to be true, and just, and holy, because I am created a moral being; my highest powers are moral powers; God has placed me in the world for a moral purpose; Jesus Christ has died to deliver me from moral ruin, and to raise me to moral perfection of spirit; and God himself is the moral governor, and contains within his nature the eternal moral law. He is holy, and just, and good.—R. A. Thompson.

From the N. Y. Organ.
"IT IS NOT HARD TO DIE."

BY MRS. DENISON.

"Now doctor," said a sweet-faced girl looking with confidence into the kind face that had bent over her often, "tell me if there is any certainty that I shall ever recover. I think not; so you see I am prepared for ill tidings, and I am continually tormenting myself with the question. Will you not be candid with me, dear Dr. Ellis?"

"While there is life—" commenced the doctor, but the frail young creature interrupted him, saying:

"No, no, doctor, that won't do; I must have your professional opinion; and when I say that my soul's happiness for the remainder of this life, will be affected by your decision, surely you will grant me the request."

"But could you bear—"

"Anything, doctor, but this suspense. I am willing to be told the exact state of my case; for you see some days I feel so really well that my hope is unduly excited; and when terrible pains come, death takes an awful shape, and frightens me out of repose. But if I was certain"—she spoke with solemnity—"I would teach my mind to dwell upon it in such a way that my foolish fears would leave me."

"My sweet girl," said the doctor taking her wasted hand, "I will then grant this request. You cannot certainly recover, unless some extraordinary providence occurs. Your life may be protracted some months yet, but not over a year at the farthest; so it seems to me."

The pale cheek grew a shade paler, but the smile faded not on the gentle lips.

"Thank you, doctor," was her reply, "thank you for your trust and confidence in me. You shall see I will not abuse them."

The beautiful consumptive sat alone in her large, easy chair some moments after the doctor had gone. She gazed about her on luxuries which wealth unbought had procured for her pleasure, and her large, troubled eyes grew dim.

"Then I must die!" she said to herself, "and O! this fear, not of hereafter, but of that dread passing through the valley which shadows my hours of suffering. Even my religion does not dissipate that shrieking, shuddering fear. The impressions of my childhood will not wear away, but return with new force." As she thus half-whispered to herself, a lovely matron entered, and hurrying to her side kissed the fair brow.

"You are better to-day, child," she said in tones of forced calmness; "may, don't shake your head so mournfully; indeed, if you knew how much improved you appear," and she drew a low seat toward the young girl, and sat gazing in her eyes with the holy love of maternity.

"Mother," said the consumptive, as she took the matron's hand in her own, "there is something I want you to do for me."

"What is it, darling? You know I would lay down my life for you."

For an instant the pale lips quivered; but commanding herself, the young girl said gently:

"I want you to talk to me of my own death—of my own death, which is certain soon."

"My Amy!" was all the mother could articulate; her voice seemed frozen with horror.

"Yes, mother; for listen a moment, will you make your poor child still more willing to leave earth, and find heaven. If you will talk daily and cheerfully of my passing away, if you will surround me with cheerfulness, and make the last struggle seem pleasant to me, this strange horror with which I regard it, would fade away and my mind be drawn more wholly to the better land. It may be a sacrifice to you, my mother; but I shall learn to look forward to my death-bed with calmness which I strive in vain

to do now. Will you try to do this, mother? Will you speak of it often? Will you repeat the sweet words that dying saints have spoken? Will you speak of the smiles that respond upon their faces, until I can think cheerfully and talk without reserve of that change, even as I should lie down, and put my garments by, ready to attire myself when I should awake in the fair morning. Will you tell those who call to see me, never to shrink from speaking to me of death? Will you do this, my mother?"

The matron promised, and retired to her chamber, to shed tears of anguish born of this request. She, too, had long felt that her child must die, but had put afar off the evil day. And in the strength of God she performed her duty.

Seven months had passed, and still gentle Amy lived. The fatal crimson burned its death-fire into her cheek, and her eyes gleamed with the fitful flash of disease; but about her sweet lips hovered a smile. She had conquered the fear of the king of terrors, and dwelt upon her departure with almost exulting joy. "I knew there were glories in the bright world above, that the imagination can not conceive of; yet I have shuddered from infancy at death. The thought of dissolution, with its icy chills and quivering breath, made me cold to my heart, and I strive to forget it, but can not. Yet since you, since my mother, since all who know me have made it a familiar and household word—clothed it in beautiful images—it has become less terrible, till I can hold my hand to him who unlocks the spirit, and say, 'Death, where is thy sting?'"

As she spoke thus, a ray from the setting sun imaged a crown of glory upon her fair brow. Her mother and friends at that moment entered.

"Hush!" said the pastor, with uplifted hands; and they stood transfixed. With that last holy smile he had marked an instantaneous change; and as he bent forward, through the lips so beautifully wreathed, there came no breath.

"Well might she exclaim, 'Death, where is thy sting?'" said the pastor turning with tear-filled eyes, "never saw I the king of terrors in so lovely a garb. How sweetly she sleeps!"

Aye, sweetly still, in the grave yard on the hill side; and on the white shaft that bears her name, some loving hand has chiseled:

"It is not hard to die!"

EARLY LOVE AND LATE MARRIAGE.—The Cincinnati Columbian relates the following:

"A couple, each of whom was over seventy years of age, were, a night or two ago, united in the bonds of wedlock, at one of our principle hotels. They had been lovers in the spring time of life—but circumstances had parted them. Each married, raised a family, lost a mate, and then remarried; and, finally, having lost a second mate, and met their first love, they concluded to travel down the hill of life together, and sleep together at its foot. They were, both frail, tottering and white-headed—but the fire of love still burnt bright in their hearts."

THE CHUFA.—The Chufa, or Earth Almond, introduced into this country from Spain a few months ago, has been found to grow well in various sections of the Union. In one instance, in Maryland, it has grown very luxuriantly, producing most excellent grass, which is highly relished by horses, cattle and swine, and an abundant yield of tubers also. It has been estimated that an acre of this crop would support one hundred hogs during the winter season. It has been fully ascertained that this is not the American nut-grass, as was conjectured by some at the time of its introduction. It differs essentially from that plant, both in its growth and in the quality of its product.

Beautiful Extract.

The following waif afloat on the sea of reading, we clip from an exchange. We do not know its paternity, but it contains some wholesome truths beautifully set forth:

Men seldom think of the great event of death, until the shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones whose living smiles were the sunlight of existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed-fellows.

But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or relief from the great law which dooms us to dust.—We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude that throngs the world to-day, will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, and a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his beloved Cleonatus asks if they shall not meet again, to which the response: "I have asked that question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit has walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gazed upon thy living face, I felt that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty, that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Cleonatus."

A WAGGISH CHAPLAIN.

The Fairmount Virginian says that Rev. Henry Clay Deen, the present Chaplain to the United States, Senator was some years ago a resident of north western Virginia. While preaching one day, at a church situated a few miles from Fairmount, he was annoyed by the attention of his congregation, as manifested in turning their heads to see everybody who came in.

"Brethren," said he, "it is very difficult to preach, when thus interrupted. Now, do you listen to me, and I will tell you the name of every man as he enters the church." Of course this remark attracted universal attention. Presently some one entered. "Brother William Satterfield!" called out the preacher, while the "brother" was astonished beyond all measure, and endeavored to guess what was the matter. Another came in. "Brother Joseph Miller!" bawled the preacher, with a like result; and so, perhaps, in other cases. After a while the congregation were amazed at hearing the preacher call out in a loud voice—"A little old man with a blue coat and white hat on! Don't know who he is! You may look for yourselves!"

GOING PRETTY FAST.—An old man and his son, neither of them very well informed as to the railroads and their uses, chanced to be at work in a field near a railroad track. Railroads were a novel institution to them; and when a train of cars shot by, a thought was suggested to the lad, who said to his parent: "Dad, why don't you take a ride in the cars?" "Why I ha'n't got time, my son." "Got time! Yes, you can go anywhere in the cars quicker than you can stay at home!" Dad's reply is not on record.

The Peach Crop in the Lake region has been, it is believed, almost wholly destroyed by the extreme cold.

SPEAK NOT, RATHER THAN SPEAK.
FAITH has a quiet breath.