

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

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

VOL. VII.

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

TERMS—Invariably in Advance:

One copy per annum,	\$1.00
Village subscribers,	125
TERMS OF ADVERTISING.	
1 square of 12 lines or less, 1 insertion,	\$0.50
" " every subsequent insertion,	1.50
Rule and figure work, per sq. 3 insertions,	.25
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 \$1.00 per annum.	

All letters on business, to secure attention, should be addressed (post paid) to the Publisher.

For the Journal.

WINTER.

Whence art thou, Winter, with thy locks Of frost and snow? Methinks thou canst not From a general clime, but from some far And barren coast, where thou dost stand For ages, and thy storms have reared An icy barrier which the sun may never pass.

Thou hast rightly said, "I was from a land Of cold and dreary desolation; there I grew up supine; in mind and gentle breezes Blow on the hills I have reared of ice And snow upon a frozen sea." Adventure There is dead; for naught can live where I, With foot of ice, and hands with snow well laden Take my way.

Then why didst thou leave those realms, Which unto thee must be a paradise, to come To us mere mortals? For we need them not, and long.

For thy departing, that I gain our fields May wear their verdant livery, and our forests waxe.

In rich, unvaried felicity, which, cruel tyrant, Thou hast robbed them off; for we are weary Of thy nights of cold and darkness, and Thy sunless days, which have no beauty. Go To the frosty kingdom for we want thee not; Nor love thee, and know not why Thou comest.

Stop, wisdom! it is not for such as thou And I to question why things are, nor murmur At our lot. But here am I, there no A characterless presence, with the mild, Calm Saxon's voice, nor the bright, warm smile.

No longer of Armentum! His long-forgotten How, in many a year, the Sabbath evenings Of mirth and merriment were spent.

Beside the hearth one, when thy sire the sacred fire kept.

Read on, thou generous master him! Can I stand by the bright Aurora, Or spring the beautiful frost-work? Tell me not.

That I am all unloved; I have shewn thee otherwise.

That without me are not seen, and pleasures Which without me are not known, and yet my story.

It is, that I am sent by Heaven.

The last of earth's comforts I often need; Then why be sad? I have come!

If aught are still left to those who

Whose homes are comfortless, whose food is scanty;

And who remain poor if they can live no longer.

They have a right to say that I am dreary, And more than a few hours.

My benevolence, however, durst the rest.

Both the day and the night, the world knows.

The Heavens' dearest are righteous, and that men

May not presume to say, "It is not well." Take a

lesson, whether sad or joyous, and thou

With open eyes, play, and love.

From the Portland Transcript.

OUR MINISTER'S PURCHASE.

BY FANNY CLEMORE.

"Are these all you have for sale?" said Mr. Hale, as he stood in the yard before Delaney's stable, while the salesman walked about a low, heavy-boned gray horse, and a raveney, huge-boned racker.

"Yes, sir, these are all we have today, except a young mare, that I don't think you'd like. Jim, lead out the black filly!" and the clumsy Irish boster proceeded to pull at with jabs and twitches a small, round, fat animal, whose bleeding nostrils and scarred flanks showed that she had been unmercifully treated.

She resented the oster's rough handling, with spirit, still she did not look vicious. There was no fiery gleam of the eye, but on the contrary, spreading expression, as if exposing, with the coarse creature, who giving her a blow and a kick, to make her show off, brought her up with a jerk of the halter, that almost broke her slender neck.

"We've sold her twice, but had her returned," said the salesman. "She's gentle as a lamb unless she gets her temper up, then she's a regular devil, and for all she's so small, she's strong and fierce as a lion when she's roused. I guess Bill 'Smith'll' love her, and he'll break her temper or her neck."

Going up to her, Mr. Hale spoke kindly, patted her neck which was still quivering with pain from the pressure of the halter, passed his hand carelessly over her nose, and flung back the heavy mane that was tangled and knotted about her eyes. The poor creature seemed to know at once that he was of a different nature from her old tormentors, and with a gentle whinny, laid her head confidently on his shoulder, while her

large hazel eyes filled with something very like tears.

She was not such a horse as he wanted,—her spirit seemed broken, except when engaged, and she had been abused and neglected till she was anything but a beauty, still her head was well formed and her eyes abounding in their expression. If her coat could be made smooth she might possibly pass without remark. Mr. Hale liked to drive a good looking animal as well as any, and he hesitated for some time, but he could not resist her pleading look, to be taken from her brutal owners.

"I think I will take her," he said at length, "I will send for her this afternoon,"—and paying the price asked, which was not large, he left the yard, followed by the imploring gaze of the poor beast, who in turn readily recognized his kindred and humanity, but did not comprehend that he was to be her future master.

It was not until quite dark that Mr. Hale disengaged his Irish boy for his new purchase, and for several weeks she was allowed to remain quietly in the stable.

During this time, Dennis worked assiduously under Mr. Hale's direction, in clearing the knots from her luxuriant mane, and brushing its full waves to shining gloss. Her rough coat yielded readily to high keeping and care, giving in its jetty blackness, and silky softness, sure proof of good blood.

It was evident that she had always been ruled through fear, but she was peculiarly susceptible to kindness, and Mr. Hale thought what time he could spare from duty and study well spent in teaching her to love and obey him. He called her Psyche, and the name seemed very appropriate, for her slender form and jetty blackness, united with a capricious gracefulness, made her much more beautiful than her master had anticipated.

Dennis had been very indignant

when he first came home. He had boasted to the neighboring boys, of the "splendid creature" his master was about to purchase, and his first sight of "the little black devil," as he called her in derision, had sorely vexed him. But he soon became interested in her, and as she grew in beauty under his hands, his pleasure and pride knew no bounds.

He would follow her with his eyes, as Mr. Hale drove away, and faintly caper with delight as after a little playful carousing, with many a toss of her beautiful head, she would spring off, throwing the miles behind her in fine style.

He learned her many tricks. She would follow him, and would come at his call, and would carry and fetch his coat when ordered. One day when her provider had not given her as usual, to his great delight, he found her prettily tugging at the string of the oat bag. He was never weary of recounting her exploits to his master who, for his part, found his master's eyes and excitement of driving her ladyship very agreeable and beneficial, after the confinement of the study, and for some time, the pleasure both experienced was unalloyed.

But trouble was brewing for Psyche, who to repay the kindness of her master, put on a then-sad graceful air, and assumed a dignity not at all in accordance with her many tricks.

Having girded and checked availed not; though prettily kited, she persisted in running away, to strip her mane and pastures, in a very unadorned manner. She seemed to have special designs when, putting Dennis' hand in her hair, in pretending to be all sorts of beggars about the yard, and her dilating nostril, flashing eye, and timid bound, were very pretty to see, or would have been in any but a minister's house.

The poor deacon had finished her letter, and placing her writing materials in a rosewood desk, her husband's last gift, she turned with a bright smile to the window, to see what pretty mischief of cunning roguery Willy might be doing. But no Willy was in sight.

Looking down she espied his tiny tracks in the soft earth outside the grass, and with a beating heart she saw they led towards the pond.

With new fears she almost flew on, the little foot-prints still tending towards the water.

The flowers he had picked she found scattered by the margin of the pond, and on the steps his hat, still holding a few of its gaudy treasures. Mary's strength was scarcely sufficient to make ascent, and on reaching the top, what was her horror to see Willy standing in the middle of the stream, on a large flat rock, that just showed itself above the stream for more than half its width. The water beneath it was deep, and ran with a swift current, into which he was throwing the last of the flowers, and watching with much glee their rapid progress towards the fall.

Poor Mary was no heroine. With one piercing shriek, she fell senseless to the earth.

Willy, hearing the cry and seeing his mother, instead of going back to the bank, took one step towards her, and plunged beneath the swift running stream. Mary's cry had reached the ears of Dennis, who was at work in a field near by, and Willy's screams, as the cold water closed over him, convinced him from which direction it

erable, patriarchal aspect.

The yard, with its carpet of emerald turf, was the play ground of the deacon's grandson, a little black eyed fellow, whose father having gone to the land of gold, had placed his wife and year old boy in his father's house for safety and protection. The child was the idol of his grandparents and the pet of the whole village. Mr. Hale often walked down, to the gate to caress him, and sometimes lifted him over, and set him upon Psyche's back, who seemed to know that with such a precious burden, she must be very gentle, and paced slowly about, now and then looking back, as if to see that he was securely seated.

A few rods above the parsonage a noisy, brawling brook makes its way

over a huge boulder of granite, and forms a pond at its base, that covers nearly an acre of ground. In the summer it divides into an insignificant stream and a small pool of muddy water; but in the spring, when swollen by the melting snows, it runs with a swift current, and in some places the lake is quite deep. A path is laid out around it, and a flight of steps, up to the side of the rock, leads to a shady walk above, much frequented by the villagers on summer evenings.

One bright May morning, not long after the deacon had urged Mr. Hale to sell Psyche, Mary Sanders sat inditing a letter to her absent husband, and she told him of the pleasant home he had provided for her in his absence, and descended upon Willy's goodness and beauty; she forebore to tell him that the rogue had already upset an inkstand upon her snowy wrapper, and now hung about her, distracting her mind by his childish questions. Unable to proceed while thus annoyed, she tied on his little straw hat, and scarf, and sent him out into the yard, where the grass was just springing, and the lilac trees bursting into bloom. Congratulating herself that he would be safely amused for an hour, she returned to her letter and soon forgot all things else.

Willy was very happy for a while, in watching the robins who flew from limb to limb of the old poplars, and swallows, who were bringing mud for their nests beneath the eaves, but he soon tired of these, and leaning against the gate, looked wistfully out into the street.

Soон he espied the latch. It was a perfect mystery to him how it was to be unlatched; but standing on tiptoe, his little fingers soon pressed with sufficient force upon the thumb piece to lift it, and the gate swung gently open. Peeping out, first one side, and then the other, to be sure no cows were near, and casting a furtive glance towards the house, as if he suspected he was not doing quite right, he ventured out upon the grassy sidewalk. The yellow dandelions and the bright king cups beckoned him on, as they peeped out from under the fence, and he soon filled his hat with their blossoms, as he wandered on towards the pond and the brook, which, still swollen by the spring rains, attracted him by its noise, as it fell over the rocks.

At the end of an hour Mary Sanders had finished her letter, and placing her writing materials in a rosewood desk, her husband's last gift, she turned with a bright smile to the window, to see what pretty mischief of cunning roguery Willy might be doing. But no Willy was in sight.

Looking down she espied his tiny tracks in the soft earth outside the grass, and with a beating heart she saw they led towards the pond.

With new fears she almost flew on, the little foot-prints still tending towards the water.

The flowers he had picked she found scattered by the margin of the pond, and on the steps his hat, still holding a few of its gaudy treasures. Mary's strength was scarcely sufficient to make ascent, and on reaching the top, what was her horror to see Willy standing in the middle of the stream, on a large flat rock, that just showed itself above the stream for more than half its width. The water beneath it was deep, and ran with a swift current, into which he was throwing the last of the flowers, and watching with much glee their rapid progress towards the fall.

Poor Mary was no heroine. With one piercing shriek, she fell senseless to the earth.

Willy, hearing the cry and seeing his mother, instead of going back to the bank, took one step towards her, and plunged beneath the swift running stream.

Mary's cry had reached the ears of Dennis, who was at work in a field near by, and Willy's screams, as the cold water closed over him, convinced him from which direction it

came. With all possible speed, he was at the water's side, where he found Mary lying as one dead, and caught sight of Willy, as the rushing waters bore him over the smooth surface of the rock, into the lake beneath. It is impossible to give any idea of the terrible cries with which Dennis filled the air, as he ran like one frantic along the shore.

Men at work in the fields listened a moment, and feeling that something unusual must be the cause, dropped hoe and spade, and hastened in the direction from whence they came.

Housewives with uncovered heads, and bared arms, darted from every house, and children of all ages swelled the flying crowd.

Deacon Saunders, who was sowing wheat in his granary, recognized Dennis's voice, and with an undefined presentiment that it was something in which he had a deep interest, ran as fast as his old limbs would allow, in the direction all were taking.

But had Willy's safety depended upon human aid, he would never have smiled upon his old grandfather again.

Psyche, who had been turned out to roll in the sand and refresh herself by a nibble from the roadside, was among the first to hear Dennis's cries. She was accustomed to all kinds of noises from the boys, and usually expected that he was calling her to partake of some dainty, when she heard his voice; so pricking up her ears, she cauterized towards the lake, which she reached just as Willy rose for the first time.

With a low whimsey of recognition, not unmixed with fear, the beautiful creature lowered her head, and as he came to the surface again, plunged in and swam with vigorous strokes, towards him.

It was something more than instinct, it was an almighty hand that directed the noble beast and taught her care, in striking out with her iron bound hoofs as she neared Willy, and the same hand guided her, as plunging her slender head beneath the waves, she caught the scarf that was about his neck, in her teeth, and drew his head above the water.

The scarf was a thick cashmere, and held him securely; so Psyche, fastening her precious burden fast in her mouth, swam steadily towards the shore.

Willy's golden hair, and pale face, gave striking contrast beside her jet black coat, glistening with water, which ran in streams from both.

A crowd had collected upon the bank, and foremost of them, all stood

the deacon with clasped hands, his white hair streaming in the wind, and every nerve stretched to its utmost tension, as he watched the gallant animal.

It was he who received from her mouth his darling pet, but held him only to assure himself that his life was not extinct, and then consigned him to his mother (who had recovered from her swoon) and a hundred helping hands, that were readily extended for the relief of the little sufferer.

With streaming eyes the good deacon turned to Psyche, who stood with drooping head and panting sides, looking very tired, but still very much interested in the restoration of her little friend, whom she followed with her eyes till he was borne out of sight.

Tenderly and carefully the deacon wiped the water from her shining coat, and then without speaking, which he had not done since first startled, from labor by Dennis's cries, he led her to his own stable.

Mr. Hale had been absent all this time, and knew nothing of this accident, until, on coming in sight of the old red farm house, what was his surprise to see Psyche standing in the yard, covered with one of Mrs. Sanders' often colored bed-puffs, making a very ludicrous figure with her black head and flowing tail in bold relief at either end.

"God bless you, Mr. Hale," said the deacon, as he wrung his pastor's hand, "for not minding the words of my boy had now been a corpse."

At the time of the great introduction of "universal salvation" into New England, a pious deacon at a conference meeting in a town about thirty miles north of Boston, addressed his audience one Sabbath morning as follows: "My friends, there is a new doctrine going about now-a-days. We are told that all mankind are going to heaven; but, my dear brothers and sisters, we hope for better things."

A NEBRASKA SHOT.—J. H. Lane, a Nebraska member of the present Congress from Indiana, who has just been defeated, undertook to revenge himself by caning one of his constituents, at Lawrenceburg, and got a pistol ball planted in his side for his amiable intention. The wound is not considered dangerous.—*Clev. Leader*.

THE SOUTH AGAIN IN PERIL.

We are sorry to see the South again in peril. It is marvelous what slight causes disturb its peace and fill it with alarm. Its vigilant guardians are constantly detecting signs of conspiracy or footprints of the incendiary. We all recollect what a narrow escape the