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I find the following poem in a friend's scrapbook, and thinking it too good to be last, beg you to insert it in your paper. I have nover seen it in any of Mrs. Petrson's published works, but for tenderness, delicacy, and right sentiment, it is unsurpassed by any of her writings. E. C.

THE OLD WOMAN.

BY LTDIA JANE PEIRSON.

Yes, she is old and very feeble now, There is a shadow in her falled eyes, The hairs are white upon her shriveled brow, And beauty's shroud o'er all her features

She has not strength to walk, but all day long Sits wearily and meekly in her chair, While round her moves the young and active

throng, Impell'd by hope, by love, by want, or care They heed her not, nor deem that she can feel An interest in the r to:l. their joy, or care,— They cannot see the heart that loveth still,

And yearneth for them with a constant But when the youngest of the household band Creeps lovingly to dear grand-mamma'

Soon to the bright brow moves the wither'd And gentle, loving words the young one greet.

And when she sitteth with her head reclin'd, And her dull eyelids closed, as if in sleep,
If re could see the thoughts that move her

The lightest hearted of ye all would weep Memoirs of youth and beauty, hope and love Of high ambition, and of proud success, Of honors, such as few on earth may prove— And wealth, with all its treacherous bless-

Of loved ones, bright with hope, and joy, and youth, Who clustered round her in life's blooming

Whose hearts replied to her's with carnest trath, Whose friendship seemed a pure, immortal thing.

Beloved and loving, honored and caressed; Then some the shades of sorrow, care and pain,
And white shrouds fold again the marble

She starteth from her reverie with a groan,

All gone—they are all gone—she murmurs low, Ah, none can tell how desolate and lone The heart of that old woman feeleth now.

But see, she lifteth her dim eves to heaven, And prays—for what?—for patience to endure
A little longer—till the vail is riven

Which shuts her from the world where all is pure. A little longer! Oh, if ye can feel,

Bear with her—cherish her that little space, Do all she asketh with a cheerful zeal, Fulfill the wish she faileth to express.

And listen reverently to her words, For they are full of wisdom, garnered up Along life's paths, which she hath well explored.

Proving all fruits and tasting every cup.

And when she telleth you of days of yore, Indulge her, and with pleased attention bow, Lor Hope's sweet voice is heard by her no

more, And all her pleasures are with Memory now. Memory, which keepeth fresh within her

breast
All buds and roses of the loves of youth—
She loves to count them o'er, and then is

In dwelling on their excellence and truth.

Bear with her-love her vet a few days more, She hath loved much, and suffered—now with Faith

She sitteth meekly on life's twilight shore, And listeneth for the welcome voice of Death.

HE FORGOT SOMETHING .- What did your mother say, my little man? Did you give her my card?" asked an inexperienced young gentleman of a little boy whose mother had given him an invitation to call upon her, and whose street door; was accordingly opened to his untimely summons by the urchin aforesaid.

"Yes, I gave it to her," was the innocent roply, "and she said if you story from my life ?"... by that inspiring phrase. has wasn't a nat'ral fool, you wouldn't "Oh, do!" cried Virginia, dropping "She looked about her for some wasn't a nat'ral fool, you wouldn't come Monday morning, when everybody was washing !"

At this juncture, mamma, with a

quired mamma.

forgot suthin,"

From the National Era. SCHOOL-DAY STRUGGLES;

Virginia's Christmas Gift.

BY MARY IRVING.

Trifles make up the sum of human joy or

"A letter for Virginia!" cried a gay boarding-school sprite, as she burst into the hall where a group of her comrades were chatting of the Christmas holidays just at hand.

"A letter for Virginia! Who bids for a guess upon it? Double, you see?"

"My own dear father's hand!" cried Virginia D'Archy, its beautiful claimant, springing up to: reach her treasure-the dearer for its long journey from a far Southern land. She broke the seal with an impatient dash of her white jewelled fingers, and let an enclosure fall to her feet.

Hetty Carlton, the bearer of the etter, sprang nimbly to seize it; and, waving it aloft between her two fingers, displayed to the admiring gaze of her schoolmates a fifty dollar bill.

Virginia was in no haste to reclaim her property. Negligently, but gracefully, leaning upon the trellised balcony, with bright curls sweeping her the few hasty words that accompanied rustling dead leaves, find her favorite it. Having finished the letter, she nook in the midst of the forest. There crumpled it into her pocket, and looked up with a smile.

"Yes; you know this is to be my last Christmas here, and I sent to my father for an extra allowance upon the occasion. Now, girls, we are all friends together, in this hall; give me your advice and counsel, as Miss But- | persecution, to indulge in some such | ler says. Shall I scatter a universal treat of cakes and bon-bons among little friends and large, or shall I chalk a circle within a circle, and give my teachers and my best friends some present worthy their keeping ?"

"Oh, the last, by all means," exclaimed Hetty, "always taking it for granted that I am one of the particular best friends," she added, archly:

"'Present company always excepted, miss! Well, I like that plan best, myself. Now, then, help me to choose. Let's see; a gold thimble for Laura; a silver port-mounaie for Ella Marsden; a ring for good Miss Butler; I wish I could buy one with a diamond

"And it may do so much!" spoke a looked up into the sweet, plain face ters!'

of her sensible and loving room-mate.

"Now, sit down on that cushion, and counsel me, my 'nymph Egeria!" What shall I give you as a remember of your unworthy chum? A than she seemed born for. She sur- One Friday evening I must not forget little Nelly Grey, even her nearly grown brothers— about her composition. In the course who has been so kind to us. What With an incredulous laugh he told of the conversation, as he reached his book in gilt and red morocco?"

give her," said Marion, seriously, kept out of the way.' though rather timidly, "give her her tuition fon the next quarter."

her counselor; then, with a laugh, row. But the purpose of the child query; and he thought no more of it. exclaimed-

little too far, Marion."

"Oh, Virginia, you have been in her ragged frock and bonnet, withreared in luxury, and you know nothing about the struggles of one who has buying either. All she could say was, to carn, step by step, every inch of 'I want to learn to read!' And she self, she hurried home to relieve her her position in the world, from the did learn to read—thanks to that good heart by crying. It, seems a triffe-

"Why, Marion, you speak as earn-daily, during two thirds of that season, my life, which was it really, you Marion?" in stricken charity scholar! How happened you to find out the value of money, little one?"

Carrying ner dinner and spening-book in a little calico satchel across her quired. Virginia, in an incredulous tone.

When the gate of knowledge had money, little one ?".

The color came and went in Marion's brown cheeks, and she heaved a sigh before she answered.

ginia; and yet I have nothing to com- what end she proposed to herself-to other being mysteriously substituted plain of now; nothing to ask. But I gain an education—though she very for mine?" units and the proposed to herself-to other being mysteriously substituted was poorer once. Shall I tell you a poorly comprehended what was meant

upon the carpet at her side; and throw- means of earning a little money to

classical beginning!) -a little girl, who had troubled her young life. lived in a country farm-house, on the borders of a great woodland. Now, it is not of fairies or giants that my and scouring, to earn the scanty bits story deals, though the scene for their operations has been so well laid. Only the giant of Ignorance ruled over the region with almost undisputed sway. There was not a schoolhouse within six miles; and the nearest one, at that distance, was a mere could perhaps be trusted by some apology for its title; a cross between a barn and a log cabin, with a teacher to match, during five months out of the twelve. Well, to return to this band of thirteen motherless children, scolded beyond the door-steps by a served more humanely than the others gauntlet of her wild brothers and selfish sisters. So she used to steal away across a cow pasture that joined the woodland, and, gliding like a squircheeks as she bent, she was reading rel among the pines and over the

> and sometimes, poor child! wish that she had never been born! "One day, when she had fled from un-childlike meditations, she was sur- Here was a dress to be patched and into insignificance. With that, and village children, 'out chestuting.' Half frightened and half curious, she fully cobbled; or a lesson to be learned kept her perch, eyeing the strange for the next week, from some bor-boys and girls suspiciously from under rowed school-book, too costly for ler

her ragged sun-bonnet. "The children in their turn passed their comments upon her; one rude reward of her diligence. Her name roost' with a stone-a motion, happily, not seconded. The elder girls drew near. All the pupils, according gathered around the tree beneath her, to custom from time immemorial, were and questioned her, as girls will, who to dress in white on that grand occahave an impression of their own superiority. Herutter ignorance seemed Especially was this uniform considto afford them great merriment; and ered indispensable to the prize takers. in it! Dear me! fifty dollars will do their shouts were caught up by the who were to stand out so conspicu-

boys, who vociferated—
"'I say! here's a bright one! Nine soft, rich voice close at her ear. She years old, and doesn't know her let-

"'O, pooh! what better could you "Oh, Marion! just the one for my expect? She is out of that heathen and that was, fortunately, a white dollars would have seemed to me a ing a journeyman's labor at the "case," prime minister! Come with me, and corner, away on the Poor Section, muslin. She had worked long and fortune; when it would have bought was a "jour" in the London Times

the heart of the neglected child, and she had purchased with the last half year—bring to him and you. I know awoke there the first definite desire to dollar of her school money, safely more than one to whom it would be a writing-desk, or a work-box? Noth- prised her father, not long after, by a cessity had clothed her in this preing less useful would win a smile from, request that she might be allowed to cious robe, the Principal called her others among us-1 could name them the sage eyes of Marion. And Oh! go to school-a thing unthought of by into his study, to confer with her to you-are ruining health and eyecan I give her that will please her a her 'yes; if she would foot it six arm across the table to a dictionary, bring them. They will not complain; miles every day, she was welcome; he inadvertently overturned a full ink-"I can tell you, Virginia, what to be didn't care how many of them bottle whose Stygian contents flowed

her sisters, as usual, laughed at her; little knew. Virginia arched her fine eyebrows, and her brothers proposed to trundle "Oh! I am very sorry! Will it and stared in blank astonishment at her to the village in the old wheelbar- spoil your dress?" was his courteous had taken root, and was not so easily district school upward! You don't fold man's kindness, and her own unknow the value of money—and never tiring perseverance; for she walked make us all what we are; and this will, while it flows in at your nod, as freely as a river to the sea! ber—that distance of six miles, twice son now as ever—the darkest hour of

thus once been opened to her, nothing tity, of course, Licannot doubt; but could hinder her. She read of those often in looking back to those days, who had overcome great obstacles to "I am not rich, as you know, Vir- win their ends. She knew very well

ing her arm over Marion's shoulder, supply herself with books. Though heavily; more than that was at stake. New York Tribune has received a six L. am delighted to make you talk disappointed many times, she tlung to How could I offer myself as a teacher, dellar bill of Maryland currency of sweet smile of welcome, made her about yourself; for you never have the principle of her favorite little with any hope of success, thought, I, the year 1770 which it thus describes: appearance at the end of the hall, shown me any of the eccrets hursed song, "Try, try again," and at last if, unexcused, I absent myself from It is a velocity of the year 1770 which it thus describes: shown me any of the eccrets hursed song, "Try, try again," and at last if, unexcused, I absent myself from It is a velocity of the year 1770 which it thus describes: shown me any of the eccrets hursed song, "Try, try again," and at last if, unexcused, I absent myself from It is a velocity of the year 1770 which it thus describes: shown me any of the eccrets hursed song, "Try, try again," and at last if, unexcused, I absent myself from It is a velocity of the year 1770 which it thus describes: shown me any of the secrets hursed song, "Try, try again," and at last if, unexcused, I absent myself from It is a velocity of the year 1770 which it thus describes: shown me any of the secrets hursed song, "Try, try again," and at last if, unexcused, I absent myself from It is a velocity of the year 1770 which it thus describes: shown me any of the secrets hursed song, "Try, try again," and at last if, unexcused, I absent myself from It is a velocity of the year 1770 which it thus describes: shown me any of the secrets hursed song, "Try, try again," and any hope of the year 1770 which it thus describes: a should be a velocity of the year 1770 which it thus describes: a should be a velocity of the year 1770 which it thus describes: a should be a velocity of the year 1770 which it thus describes: a should be a velocity of the year 1770 which it thus describes: a should be a velocity of the year 1770 which it is a velocity of the year 1770 which it is a velocity of the year 1770 which it is a velocity of the year 1770 which it is a velocity of the year 1770 which it is a velocity of the year 1770 which it is a velocity of the year 1770 which it is a

So she grew up to tall girlhood in the village-braiding, delving, sewing, of knowledge which she could pick up during a few months of each year. At last she resolved to hoard her earnings until they should be sufficient to support her for a year at an academy in a neighboring town. Then she committee to keep a country school, and gain far more than in the braiding

line. So-but no matter how-enough, little girl. She was the youngest but that she accumulated the money at one in a boisterous, unruly, neglected last; and with a proud heart, and a rery small trunk; presented herself among the pupils of Walton Academy. She cross-faced aunt, regularly, every hour obtained board at a cheap rate, in conof the day, who returned as regularly sideration of some services to be rento renew the uproar. Baby was dered, and her claiming no fire in her served more humanely than the others scantily furnished room. When she for his babyhood's sake. But the had paid her tuition, and purchased youngest girl, the next in size, was the indispensable books—which made the foot-ball and scape-goat of the cruel inroads upon her cherished household pack. She could not even treasure—she numbered over the dolfind a corner of the house to cry in lars that were left, one by one, as a peaceably, when she had run the mother might count her children, and calculated how exactly they would meet her necessary expenses for the you," said she sweetly. "Perhaps session.

She studied-how she studied that next week." winter! You tich boarding-school girls know nothing about it! With a hed blanket wrapped about her shivwas a break in the woods there, and ering shoulders; and a bit of candle age-bowed hemlock, on whose arm it might burn more slowly—she used to seat herself, and swing; to sit, night after night, till the twiceheard cock-crowing told her that day was almost too near for sleep. Saturdays, the play-days of her school-fellows, brought no recreation to her. here was a pair of shoes to be pain-

purchase. She was diligent, and she reared the boy proposing to 'start her off her was upon the list of the 'prize scholars,' when the yearly examination sion, with blue sashes and trimmings. ously before the large audience.

You may wonder, with your well filled wardrobe, how such a thing could be; but the truth is, she had but one presentable summer-dress, plish. I have seen the day when five and active old man, and still performprime minister! Come with me, and corner, away on the Poor Section, let us hold a council of state over this where they never see a school-master weighty matter!" Catching her by the waist, she whirled her away to their room.

The children went their way; but their room.

The children went their way; but the words they had spoken lived in the sash intended to adorn it, which the sash intended to adorn it, which to spend on his European tour uext the efforts to run a she had nurchased with the last half

One Friday evening, when dire neabout her composition. In the course sight, and sinking into despondency, far and free over the lap of the poor "Her aunt railed and taunted her; scholar, ruining how many hopes he

She forced back the tears that were "What! throw a Christmas gift to be shaken. She walked the whole crowding her swollen eyes, and tried into the charity fund? That is carry- distance, having left home before half to hear calmly what he had to say of ing your Northern idea of utility a the family were up, and presented examination matters; all the while herself before the astonished teacher feeling that it could be of no use to her! How could she face that crowd

I ask myself involuntarily the same question, 'Was it mysell, or some

But to return It was not lonly grief at being obliged to absent myself from examination, and miss the
prizes that darkened my spirit so Venerable Paren Money.—The "I have no scerets, violed!
"What does the man mean?" inis, none of the sort school girls dethe village shop-keeper. He gave
is, none of the sort school girls dethe village shop-keeper. He gave
is, none of the sort school girls dethe village shop-keeper. He gave
is, none of the sort school girls dethe village shop-keeper. He gave
is, none of the sort school girls dethe village shop-keeper. He gave
for such a course? I would sooner
reucy of the present day. The ensketchell has lift to gave described as a little office
ready at all times to act as a tool
regot suthin."
There was ence(is, not, that a lin her long, walks and very much that have, told the truth in the case; and

I would have died a thousand times before inventing a falsehood.

While I was sobbing, the prayer hell rung. Hastily donning a large apron, so as partly to conceal my misfortune, I hurried with my tear swollen face to the chapel.

Perhaps the lady teacher noticed my distress; I never dared ask her how much she read of my trouble in my countenance. But, as we walked together towards her boarding-place, she called me into her parlor. "I have noticed," said she, "that you

are quick at your needle, and ready in fitting. I need a little assistance in making this dressing-gown, and my mantua-maker is overstocked with work. Can you sparo a few hours on Saturday to help me with it?" I stammered out some answer, and

went home, only partially relieved of above statement as illustrative of the my distress. But on that ensuing Saturday, after I had finished her robe, she stepped to her closet, and bringing from thence a fleecy white fabric, laid it in my hands.

"I ought not to take your time without some recompense, especially just now, when it is so valuable to you can make this useful in some way,

I could have burst into tears, and fallen on her neck, my heart swelled so high with joy and gratitude that moment. But I only thanked her as the sunlight streamed down over an in an old tin dipper-unsnuffed, that a well-bred girl should, and sobbed out my ecstasies in my own little room. You may believe me or not, but I tell you that the gift of that halfworn dress was the crisis of my destiny. Without it, I should have sunk into despondency-perhaps goue back prised in her solitude by a party of fitted together out of mere shreds; the encouragement, the success, and the brighter prospects that resulted, I have become—what you see me!

"The angel of Glen Street Seminary—the noblest girl in the world!' cried Virginia. "But how came you here, and why did you never tell me all this before?"

One question at a time, dear. I came here to fit myself for teaching at the South-where I hope you will some day find me a situation near yourself-whose earnings I must appropriate to the education of my brother, the youngest of the thirteen, who are now scattered far and wide, over the world. Our father is no more.

But, Virginia, I did not tell this story far my own sake. I only meant to show you that I had a right to know fortune now. I know, too, how little Nelly Gray is struggling between sensitiveness and poverty. I know how for want of what a few dollars would and therein lies the nobility of their struggle: If they are sustained at the sinking point, they, and such as they, will make the standard women, wives, and mothers, of our age. They are not only here—they are scattered over our Northern country-Heaven help them! Now, Virginia, this Christmas bounty is at your own unquestioned disposal. Will gold thimbles and porte-monnaies weigh against the happiness-perhaps of a life-timewhich you can now in a delicate way, confer upon a few of these struggling sisters?

"Only tell me whor Marion!" said Virginia, lifting her swimming eyes. I never dreamed what it was to be noor-and a school-girl."

. Christmas will dawn, brightly on some hearts. Who will win a like blessing?
Oh, sisters! there are more wants in

the world than the want of food and himself to be true steel during the exraiment to claim four charity. No citing times of last week. The Misfictitious story of school-girl struggles st urians waited on him in person, and can rival the hundred histories of like threatened to hang him unless he would trials in real life, to which I, have listened. Let education spread her arms yet more widely and freely in our blessed land, especially to gather in the "daughters," who thus shall indeed prove "polished corner-stones" in the temple of our liberties.

UNITED BRETHREN IN OHRIST.

This sect, known chiefly in the West and South, numbers about 70,000 communicants. It has churches in several of the free States; also in Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and other slave States. Speaking of its origin, the editor of the Religious Telescope, the organ of the sect, says: "Commencing our gospel lahours in a slave State, we exclude all slaveholders from our communion, and continue to do so. We also exclude the members of secret societies, and the makers, venders, and drinkers of ardent spirits. If we had idolized numbers, we should have framed a different discipline."

We are wholly unacquainted with he creed and character of these "United Brethren;" but we quote the possibility of raising up thoroughly anti-slavery churches in the slave States. If these United Brethren, with non-slaveholding as a condition of church-fellowship, could originate and root themselves in the Southern States, why cannot the Methodist Episcopal Church spread her influence there, too, if she, also, refuses to admit slave-holders to her communion? Why not? -{ Zion's Herald.

"THE HARVEST IS PAST."

The Kansas Herald states that a Mr. Park has recently found on the banks of the Blue river, in Kansas, several specimeus of petrified wheat. Indeed, the question very naturally arises, "Whose were the hands that sowed that grain broadcast, ages ago, and what, of all the dialects of a Babelcleft world, was that wherein the harvest song was sung, in that far land and time? And the children that to tered along in the newly-turned furrows, and the hearths that glowed in those old winters, and the loves that clustered in those gone homeswhere are they all? As well might

"Where are the birds that saug An hundred years ago!"

But may-be some groping geologist an spoil our sentiment for us. Perhaps Humboldt had the whole matter. but no matter. - Kanakee (Ill) Gazette:

THURLOW W BROWN, in a commuication from the cabin in the maples, Wisconsin, to his paper, the Cayuga Chief, says that he found a typographical curiosity in the Place Dealer office how much a little money can accom- at Waukesha. Mr. Hunt, now a hale press by horse-power. Mr. Hunt worked for thirty years in one office. He remembers Lord Byron Tell, and has "set" his manuscript. Byron used to sometimes review his own poems, with unstinted commendation. Such articles went to Mr. Hunt in the poet's own handwriting.

> An Army.-President Pierce last winter asked Congress to give him three thousand troops to send into Kansas and Nebraska, with a view of preventing depredations on the whites.

We have not learned the fate of that request. If successful, we hope the troops will be forwarded with as little delay as possible, and that they will be distributed among us in such a manner as to preserve the general peace of the Territory. The army and navy was at the service of a United States Marshal in Boston, when the fugitive Burns was borne back to servitude; why not give us the aid of the former to preserve the laws and protect the ballot-box when trampled down and invaded by a ruthless mob ! -Kansas Herald of Freedom.

TRUE STEEL .- We feel proud of the Governor of Kansas: He has shown give the pro-slavery candidates certificates of election. His reply was: "Gentlemen, two or three of you can assassinate me; but a legion can not compel me to do that which my conscience does not approve." Such a man deserves well of the country, and the people of Kansas will not be slow 10 do him justice. - Herald of Freedom.

We have two girls setting type in the Herald office. One of them worked for us during the last year of our connection with the Connedutville Courier .- Herald of Freedom. (Kansas.)