NO. 1.

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ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing, One by one the moments full; Some are coming, some are going; Do not strive to grasp there all

One by one thy duties wait thee. Let thy whole strength go to each; Let no fature dreams clate thee.

Learn thon first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven) Joys are sent thee here below; Take then readily when given, Ready, 100, to let them go.

One by one thy gricls shall meet thee. One by one my grees shan meet thee.

Do not fear an armed bind:

One will fade as others greet thee.

Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow; See how small each moment's pain; God will help thee for to-morrow Every day begin again.

Every hour that floors so slowly, Has its task to do or bear : Luminous the grown, and holy, If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regreting. Or for passing hours despond Nor the duly toil forgetting. Look too engerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token, Reaching Heaven: but one by one Take them, lest the chain be broken Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

From Graham's Saturday Evening Mail. THE SILVER CUP.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON. CHAPTER I.

"The morning blinks sometimes on heavy clouds, but it shuts its e'en on a clear, starry

John Ivers sat in his little room, a lonely, despairing man. His hands clasped tightly over his face, his attitude strikingly sorrowed, it was easy to see that he was laboring under some deep affliction. A miniature in a plain morocco case, lay within a hand sgrasp, open, and still dim with the tears that had just fallen upon it. Like a comforter came the sun, and touched the brown locks with tints like gold, and brightened up the well-worn colors in the homely carpet. Yet, though the soft warmth lingered caressingly on his brow and his locked fingers, John heeded it not. What were sunlight and the bright day to him any more! he asked himself. If he thought of sunlight, he saw under its gladness a tombstone; and when the west grew white, he manusced, "day can not reach within that darkness."

In one correr of the room stood a huge bass viol covered with dust. A flute lay near, its keys braided with ornaments of horn and pearl, and it was while attempting to sound a few notes upon it, that the tears gushed forth, and he abandoned himself to grief.

An hour passed, and still his hands curls no longer brightened by the sun, fell in clouded masses, hiding the blue veins that swelled over his brow. The latch was lifted, the door opened gently, and an old lady stood on the thresh-; old, gazing with an anxious manner upon the silent figure. A black ribbon banded her cup, a snowy kerchief. was folded overher bosom. The locks smoothly parted upon a wrinkled brow were white and glistening like silver, yet the blue eyes shone with a tender beautý.

In her arms lay an infant, of three. it seemed; it cheeks transparently seat, cried, "I cannot bear it; never delicate, flushed with a pale pink. Ats. eyes were also bluet and very large; their glance swandered dreamily round as if seeking some object the, could not find. A sadness strangely mature rested upon its tiny features; poor babe-it was motherless.

of this interruption, the good woman John had learned to love, nay almost if lred been born wi' a giftie. His slowly entered, and closed the door worship his child, and spent hours by again with a careful hand. Smoothing his cradle side playing a flute or viol, the infant's clothes, which were of the

" John, my son."

to me," he answered, never looking ture with an inico sweet face and cup yet."

"But I must speak to you, John," her withered cheek, and fell upon the believe," she would add in the honest

infant's hand. "You must listen to vour auld mother, my son. Bessie is gane-who would recall her? Have ye na heard of the babby whose mother's tears wet its winding-sheet ! Not | that I think there's ony truth in the story, because, in God's providence; the dead canna ken our mortal woe; but there's na comfort in it, my son, to he's doin' verra weel now." the living. Your groans and tears fall heavy on the heart of your auld mother, and Oh! John, it's woe that I canna comfort you."

As she said this she turned quickly to stoop over the face of the babe. The tears poured from her eyes now, and she could not check the sob that sprang to her lips. For a moment the young man bowed his head upon the table; then he sprang from his seat, and walked the floor, striving to command his voice, but he could not.

"I'm sure the Lord's bin verra kind to ye, John; you're a young man yet,' continued the mother after a few moments of silent weeping; "you have danger of starvation vet. Bethink, John, this trial I twice went through,

" You never loved as I did, mother -never, never!" he cried passionate- proached on horseback. He scanned a beautiful little girl, who asked all here he is. ly, stopping in his walk, and pressing his hand upon his heart.

The widow did not answer him directly, only glanced upwards, saying with a tremulous lip, "The Lord above knows!"

"I wish I was under ground!" exclaimed the young man with bitter carnestness. "There's no use for me to hope, to plan, or to love-no use. Every thing goes wrong. I can not make it profitable, because of poverty; every thing goes wrong-I have nothing to live for."

"Puir wee bit thing!" murmured the old mother gazing mournfully at the babe; puir wean-your father cares na for ye, nor for the mother that nursed him mabbe."

"Mother, mother," cried John falling upon his knees, and hiding his face upon her shoulder; "how can you speak so, when you know I would die for you?" and his strong sobs shook her frame. She laid her faded cheek against his brown cutls, and pressed her lips together that she might not weep. Then she silently lifted the little one up close to his face. As he felt the velvety pressure of the soft hand, instead of catching the babe to his breast, he sprang again to his feet ly cried, wit cost her life; On, baby,

God take thee with thy mother." "John, John!" exclaimed the he you will rue the words ve ha' spoken. It's a puir bairn at best; a bird Oa! John, you ne'er were a bad son to me-ve canna be an onnatural pirent. See I the bit creature smiles to ve: look, John, it's asking you to

love it." The young man bent pausingly over the child, and touched its dimples with his finger; still it smiled, and with its sweet, inarticulate language, woodd him to smiles.

"Play for him John, just one or two of your sweet sounds. My ain ear is aching for the music you never were tightly clenched. The brown make of late. Tak' your flute, John, your auld mother asks ye, tak' it to kim, and play some gude, solemu air, one that I love."

Silently and with evident reluctance John took his flute, and ran a wild, melancholy prelude over its keys. "Look at your boy;" said his moth-

er softly, "play on, but watch him." It did seem as if the babe controlled its restless motions, its large eyes turned towards its father; presently the little lip curled as if with grief, and although it did not weep, the lip quivered on, till John, springing from his ask me to play again, mother;" and deshing his flute down, he almost flew from the house.

CHAPTER II.

THE ACCIDENT. Time went on, and the babe though

"But indeed it seems as if the red plainest, she moved noiselessly toward | would come to his cheek na mores!" him, and said with a broad, Scotch ac- the mother would often say to a neighbor; "and do but mention her name, and he gaes by himself. Ah! 'twas a 'such unwelkim greeting into this world, "Let me be, mother; don't speak sore stroke. Bessie was a bonny crea- puir callant, ye may drink out of his canny smile. Nac wonder it a'muist broke his heart, puir boy, and they she said again, as a tear rolled down but ane year married. Ye would na

troubles to him. I've aften seen the John'll gie him a first rate schooling;

Seven years had gathered mold upstrength and talents, and we're in no cry so loud;" but after a while the beating in that gloomy room? child was pacified and consented to go with the woman to her own home.

perplexity, "Charlie—no; but surely guish than her own.
'tis Charlie, why should he be here?'
"Why does he lay s ing also been attracted by his earnest- is dead ! Was you ever dead, mamma? ness, " whose child is that ?"

"Jonny Ivers,' sir, the man that's. What makes it be so dark!" just burned so badly; Jonny, look up keep a little money by me; I can not to the gentleman. If it was n't for the sad and only response—"O! my boy, afford to study music as I should to accident, sir, I'd get him to play for have I lost you!" you : he do play sweetly upon the fiddle. sir."

"No matter," returned the gentleman, "I have a little son so like I thought it was he; let me see if I have anything for Jonny;" and putting his to the child, rode on.

attention, and the devotion of the kind out of danger, though it was feared he would be a cripple for life.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn brother now." lamb, John," murmured his mother smoothing back his bright locks.

"Oh! but it's hard; trouble, trouble, with a look of horror, and shuddering- trickled down his cheeks. "Just as I day? ... was getting a snug little sum, too, to very hard."

·You should be thankful that my

Jouny Ivers, and that your boy has a wards, as if ever looking on a grave. tiful flute solos, and so at length Joh father yet. You should be thankful But yesterday he had thought I will Ivers was famous in his native State. with a broken wing; and its eyes seem that you can see the sun shining, my gather wealth for the sake of my boy, His good old in ther, with her Scotch yearning after Heaven. It has no puir boy; for it came night that you and in all this Union there shall be tongue, but thorough American heart, milk like other bairns, and cruel it was blind forever. John. As to little none like him. seems it must ha' its father's hate. Jonny, the Lord will take care of him, by the musket butts, and their inno- mouned. cent gore dabbling the green heather. O! John, ve've suffered, puir bairn, but ye ken little what real suffer-

"Whist! who is that, mother?" "It's 'the bit bairn, God bless him, playing Auld Lang Syne; ye could na do it better yoursel'."

.A scarlet flush dyed the cheek of the fair invalid; his eyes shone with unwonted brightness, and the the tears that trembled now upon his lashes, were those of unmixed joy. His mother stole to the door, and looked within the adjoining room. There sat the young genius, beautiful with earnest feeling, his curts falling over the bent brow, his rapt glances watching the gliding bow as it called forth at his bidding harmonies that filled his soul

before he knew what music meant. ... Hoot, John, ye're crying now turned his face to the wall) that one wad think it was hersel' a most. Weel, weel, never you fear for little Jonny, my boy, there's a siller cup for him somewhere, and for ar you gave him

.: CHAPTER III. THE SENATOR'S SON.

hairn takes to the music. His fingers closed shutters, long, long streamers little one. Let him go home with me; 'It twitch, an' his bit lips open, an' it's of black crape. Now and then a sor- the sight of him will restore my wife, my thocht that God 'll make up his rowful face appeared above, pale and I am certain; and you know me, perwet with tears. The domestics spoke haps; at least my name is familiar in motherless seem special cared for, and in whispers, every tread was muffled; Washington." gifts given them that ithers hae not, and throughout all that great house one could not meet a smile.

. It was in the darkened parlor where the little corpse was shrived within a on Bessie's grave, when one bright canopy of white velvet. He was not and bring a suit of the dead boy's name in a the papers, and the great on Bessie's grave, when one bright canopy of white velvet. He was not and bring a suit of the dead only of the land glad for a smile from his morning John was brought home to yet placed in the coffin; he seemed a clothes—that Johnny, accompanied by of the land glad for a smile from his bird live outcome drandfully burned, thing too fair to shut from life. How his grandmother, should leave for the bonny lips. Ah! John, puir bairn, his little cottage, dreadfully burned, thing too fair to shut from life. How his grandmother, should leave for the Neighbor after neighbor crowded about had those light curls been treasured! city, for the little fellow was unwilling you thought you was so unfortunate; the door to hear the sad news, and one White fingers had twined them, ad- to go without her. of the women after going in, was soon miring eyes coveted but a thread of the seen holding her apron to her eyes, fine gold that shed such a lustre on the and leading Jonny by the hand. The pearly forehead. Loving hips had boy struggled, and tears rolled down pressed the rose to ripeness on his his delicate cheeks, but he still hugged cheek, and his had answered, but now, to his bosom his father's violin and how still they were? Had those hands Hampton, dancing into her mother's bow. "He did not want to go away," beat time to infant song? Had love, room. he said, "he wanted to see granny and and joy, and grief, and childish wonder ask her why she cried so; he wanted sent their angels to look out from those child," said the mother languidly, sinkto see what the tall man was doing to dull eyes? Why then this quiet! Why ing back upon the couch, from which his father, and what made his father the awe that chilled the warmer hearts

Thou alone cans't answer, dread death. Poor mother! she came in supported grew colorless. As the two were crossing to the by loving arms, and she tottered up to the boy narrowly, then reined up his manner of innocent questions, while the

bor was slowly entering her gate, have is that what you are crying for ! What grave!" You hurt my hand, you hold it so hard.

"O! my boy, my Charlie!" was the

back again, won't he get up by to- will you call me mother?" morrow!

"Hush, my daughter," said her father, sadly, and then he pressed his hand in his vest pocket, he took out a lips together-gave way to nature with

a kingly mein.

To-day his head droop

God. Ye've na bin hunted like the a hes.

When Se h came home from schoo, he was and a good word; always telling of the clause as much pleased with his good forming mercies of God, and sending the rays as his mother was: nei.her.mo.her nor son of the mountains, and cowered under was inconsolable. Her grief threat- of her sunny nature wherever she know any thing about Mr. Train's store; it your plaid wi' your bluid turning to ened her life, and her husband was in moved. ice, and the sword of red murder not despair. "If I could only see some Often a tall young man, with eyes of

A ray of hope lightened his heart; he | violin.

of the humble cottage. to see you. Let me smoothe the pillow applause of fair and novle women my son, and who knows but what good horn of the excess of happiness.

Train say "no ner, answered me my the shop is a grog-shop; and I cannot stay there." The mother's mouth was stopped; in deed, after that she had no wish to have him the case.

sir, my son will be glad to see you."

grandame.

abe—it was motherless.

Still very fragile and tiny for its age; mon; ye wad na cry if ye could see ny, presenting himself in the sick er Ivers, her brow as placid as a sum; how weel the bairn holds his bow, as room. Abashed at the earnest glance mer's sky, beloved by all who looked bent upon him, he fumbled at the stops | upon her, sat in the dignity of a rich | unges, for i common forget that the Bible says, eyes look so like his mother's! (John of his violin, looking shyly now and brocade, the gift of Mrs. Hampton, then under his eyebrows.

> speak, but at length, taking from his tions of the company with a grace of pocket an elegant case, he laid the manner as refined as it was natural. picture silently before the sick man.
> "It is he;" cried John Ivers.

"Our Johnny," echoed the grandnother, in great astonishment.

The windows of a stately mansion my poor wife is broken hearted. I the tea was brought them in a silver prehensive of contempt.

pride of her Scotch heart, "how the were draped in mourning. From the came good friends, to horrow your cup delicately chased, and lined with

"We know you, sir," said both moth-

er and son. It was settled that the Senator should call for little Johnny the following day, Little did we think to see our Johnny's

. JOHNNY'S NEW MOTHER.

"Mother, oh! mother! you'll be so glad! Charlie has come to life again. told you he would," cried Lilly

"Charlie will never come back, my she sprang on the abrupt entrance of her little daughter, and the quick hec-tic flush faded into white, and the lips

"But he has come, mother, and you humble dwelling, a gentleman ap- the corpse. In her hand rested that of won't cry any more; he has come, and

"Where did you find this child! horse, and exclaimed with an air of tears fell more for her mother's an- almost shricked the mother, springing to her feet, her eyes distended and "Why does he lay so still, say mother? if ixed upon little Johnny; "oh! are you but then the clothes—the clothes. My I waked up this morning, and I did'nt deceiving me? am I dreaming? Has good woman," he cried, as the neigh- hear him laugh. Nurse sayshe is dead; my lost boy come indeed from the its opinions and its interests. We are

Words can never depict the eager joy with which the invalid folded little Johnny to her bosom, ran her fingers nervously through the soft curls, held him off and drew him forward again, exclaiming rapturously, "So ltke him, "When Charlie got lost before, you so very like him; my dear boy, will cried very bad, mamma; but he came you love me ! will you be my child?

CHAPTER IV.

THE GOOD FORTUNE. From the time that little Johnny was five dollar gold piece, and throwing it a gush of tears, and folded his sobbing cared for, John Ivers rapidly recovwife to his bosom. With one great ered. From that hour, fortune smiled; For some time John's life was des- effort, at last, he checked his sorrow, for the good Senator used all his influpaired of, but by his mother's skillful raised his wondering child, and bade ence to procure the young man a post her kiss the dead doy. She complied, under government. Then how rapidly physician, he was at last pronounced but shrieked as she feit the clammy the little shelves in the next sittingcoldness, that "she did not want to kiss from began to be filled with good and him any more, that he was not like her valuable books, until there grew the necessity for a book-case, with glass There was one voice, one form, one | doors, | With this came other luxuries, charm less in the stately mansion of and John indulged ! Selegant tastes to Charles Hampton. But yesterday the his heart's content. A piano-forte and trouble;" replied the larguid sufferer; Senate rang with applause at men- a harp were added to als musical store. too weak to wipe the tears away that tion of his name. What cared he to-, and many a sweet and plaintive strain or melody found its way to the publish-But vesterday he was proud and con- er, and from thence to the hearts of the that you had never been born! May send Jonny to school with. Oh! it's scious of inborn greatness, walked with people. John became a popular composer; invitations were sent him from musical societies, and amsteur clubs woman with a stern dignity, "it may heart is not bleeding above your grave, breast, and his eyes were bent down- paid him handsome sums for his heartiful flute solos, and so at length John

> none like him.
>
> no longer delved around the little keeper to a poor widow: "I have hid a great
> To-day, so much of beauty as form- kitchen, busied about many things. don of trouble with celler, and now I want yes, if ye should never be able to do ed his dreams of coming splendor, so with anxious brow and spirit, but sat, your se his because I know he's honest. The a stitch work again, God Il take care much of intellect as gave a promise of in her neat cap and keichiei, sewing o Jonny. So don't have an ill thought some time ruling nations, so much of for her "two Jonnies." And such a about him, my son, but spend your genius as bade fair to rank with the picture of gentle, contented old age, as : with Mr. Train for set hid dwell everywhere.
>
> breath in praise of a covenant-keeping great names of earth was—dust and she was—always ready with a smile Mr. Train for set hid dwell everywhere.
>
> When Seth came home from school he was and a good word, always telling of the since as much pleased with his good fortune

a foot from your hiding place. Ye've child who looks like my lost Charlie, bright blue, and brown curls clustering na seen your children dashed to pieces 1 should be happy," she constantly, over a handsome brow, darkened the entrance of their cottage-darkened One day Mr. Hampton bethought and lightened it too; and then sweet him of the little fellow whom he had sounds grew rife, as father and son aconce met in the suburbs of the city. - companied each other on flute and

> took a horse and was soon at the door | Then the father whose locks were "John, John," said the mother; was proud of his son. He had heard this comes to? Do you know how important "there's a fine looking gentleman wants him speak before his peers, while the it is os ich to your business! What will Mr. Train say!" "Mo her." answered the boy

> purpose. Walk in, will you please, Sometimes a beautiful girl hung on the a m of the Senator's adopted son; When Mr. Train paid the boy Saturday In the next room little Johnny was and the gentle, winning deference with high, Sch tood hun he could not stay. The still laboring through the intricacies of which she regarded him, told the session should be shown the sad her than a labor that the sad her than a labor than a l "Auld Lang Syne."
>
> "Auld Lang Syne."
>
> "I want to see your child," said the stranger.
>
> "Here, Johnny, come out here, a gentleman wants ye," said the proud gentleman wants ye," said the proud wedding came off; a scene of splendor result of the proof by he stated to give his gentleman wants ye," said the proud gentleman wants ye," said the proud gentleman wants ye," said the proud wedding came off; a scene of splendor result of the proof by he stated to give his gentleman wants ye," said the proud gentleman wants ye, "said the proud gentleman wants ye," said the proud gentleman randame. I suited to the magnificent fortune of for the said. "Come, came, Seth, you won "And my fiddle, too?" asked John- the bride's father. Good grandmeth, cave use, I know; Fit raise your wages." "O and a cap fashioned by the fair hands For a while the stranger could not of the bride, receiving the congratula-

> in their own house, the gift of their in a die river and was drowned. Is it not child. It was a beautiful little dwell- dangerous to tamper with the wages of sin on "Yes, I had a little boy, of whom ing on the bank of the Potomac, and any terms ! this child is an exact counterpart. We surrounded with fruit and shade trees laid him in the grave last week, and in abundance. To their astonishment

Tears trembled in the good mother's eyes, tears of love and gratitude, as she said, in a broken voice, "Did I not tell you John, my son, that there was a silver cup somewhere for our noble boy? Little did we dream we should each have one, and so beautiful, too! and you wished the bit boy dead .-Don't you'see how the Lord has brought it about ! And Bessie, a saint in Heaven, is happier than we all.

"Ah! John, the morning blinks sometimes on heavy clouds, but it shuts. its een on a clear, starry night."

SPIRIT OF THE N. H. PRESS.

The Concord Reporter presents ome just views upon the duty of each political party to support its own press.

it says: No party can long maintain itself, without the aid of the press. It is the great lever of public opinion in a free country, and whatever may be said to. the contrary, no party can long exist, without the aid of efficient and wellconduct or gans of opinion. It is, therefore, the duty of all parties, to support the press which advocates and sustains aware that large numbers, formerly belonging to the old Pierce organization, still continue to support the Pierce Thug Press. They should have no support from the party whom they so constantly traduce. Let them ook to their own fallen and waning: faction for the aliment which feeds their malice and sustains their ability

to traduce their opponents. The Reporter has also a lengthy and septhing atticle from the pen of Mr. Burke, upon the administration. The following description has much of

Mr. Pierce was a great man among Deputy Sheriffs, bar-keepers, and hostlers at Concord. He finds himself a pigmy among the men by whom he is surrounded at Washington. He was the author and motive spirit of a very dirty and corrupt system of politics at Concord, now with its dirty tools, repudiated by the people of this State. That system he carried to Washington, and attempted to inaugurate in that great theatre of national olitics. He saw it kicked out of doors s the real men of the nation, and himself-looked upon as a charlatan and impostor in statesmanship. Of all the Edministrations that have yet existed in this country, Mr. Pierce's will go down to posterity as the weakest, the most corrupt and most contemptible.

AFRAID OF THE WAGES.

"I want your boy in thy shop," said a shope-rung something, and sue thought it would be quite a life in the world to have him go in was in the lower part of the town, but his family five I near the widow's, in fine style.-Se h was to go the next I onday morning; and

Monday morning he was punctually at his new

The week passed away. When he came home to dinner or supper, his mo her used to ask how he iked it. A first he said, "Preaty sounds grew rife, as father and son accompanied each other on flute and violin.

Then the father whose locks were beginning to silver even thus early.

The change "the country to silver even thus early the change "the country to silver even thus early the change "the country to silver even thus early the change "the country to silver even thus early the change "the country to the country to th remain; but she was very sorry that the case

sir," answered the brave boy respectfully, you are very good to me, very good, sir; hat I canno be a dramselier. I am ofraid of the

"The wages of sin is death." Seth left. The man afterwards said it was and a cap fashioned by the fair hands of the bride, receiving the congratulations of the company with a grace of manner as refined as it was natural.

The next day John Ivers and his mother partook of the morning meal of the morning meal of the morning meal. s x mon his his son, in a fit of intextication, fell

None but the contemptible are ap-