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

Terms-Invariably in Advance: One copy per annum, Village subscribers,

TERMS OF ADVERTISING. 1 square, of 12 lines or less, 1 insertion, \$0.50 " every subsequent insertion,

Rule and figure work, per sq., 3 insertions, 3.00 Every subsequent insertion, 1 column, one year, 1 column, six months. 15.00 Administrators' or Executors' Notices,

Sheriti's Sales, per tract, 1.50
Professional Cards not exceeding eight lines meried for \$5.00 per armum.

To All letters on business, to secure at tention, should be addressed (post paid) to

be Publisher.

BLIND JOEL. Founded on Fact. BY P. H.

One of the persons whom I most which she had to tell of her new home and friends, had such an interest for me as the story of old Joel.

so proud of her many sons distin- than any she had known before. guished in the struggle for American | It was with a heart as heavy as that fell upon him.

very pleasant tones called out,

"But, massir, my baby!" she exclaimed with all a mother's anxiety.

of that miserable slave woman. A them? ness-but of her child. There was la.h. no one to take care of him in her absence; the field where the harvest bring up your work." was to be gathered, was so far distant that she would not be spared the time to return to him before night. She bould not leave him without care or slaves for the field.

"What you here for, Sally?" said one of the elder women, as she joined them. "I reckon ye aint stout enough! to lug your boy. What good Il you do? It's a shame."

"A slave's a slave, and I'm a poor young mother. "I forgot it awhile, herself. my baby made me so glad-I loved you think on't."

"Overseen's a fool-kill a gal for ground.
a few days' work! What'll mass'r

say !"
"Mass'r! he don't care," said one of the men. "The house-folks say he action, and screamed loudly with and she high-born and delicately bred don't care for anything now, but the fright and hunger. With a look of —she shrunk not from it; her true fighting. He talks a great deal bout entreaty which had moved any but woman's heart went out towards it;

"Free! Aint he free now? Can't likes, work us worse than beasts to get more money than he knows what | don't die so easy." to do with, and who dares say a slave as mass'r is!"

"When he gets free hope he won't let old overseer drive us to death the

way he does now." "He won't trouble hisself 'bout

niggers. They's nobody."

"Free! Let him give me back well what freedom is. I was like the cost their fellow men! Better have been killed in the fight. when the slaves were allowed a short and I wished to see him. I was at He'd better "-

ferocity in his look and tone that startled those around him.

This slave had not been long on brooding. Now when he spoke his companions looked at him with wonder, admiration, and fear. The overseer, who was a little behind, saw the interest excited, and soon subdued it by his presence among them.

"Hurry up, hurry up, no lagging," and he carelessly snapped his long whip at the hands in the rear, last of whom was poor Sally.

The end of the lash struck her baby's face, and the child gave a sudden scream. What mother's heart had not then bled? What heart of man had not been roused in righteous an August sun in the open field had indignation ! But the slaves dared | not even look around in sympathy.

The tears rolled down Sally's theeks, but she did not speak. She had long felt the curse; she was used tenderness of a mother's heart. Still, wished to see, when a child of seven | hardship and indignity; but it was too | he had met with a terrible calamity, br eight years, was old blind Joel, a much for her to learn so soon that her one which cannot be appreciated by Boor colored man. My eldest sister tender, innocent babe was a wretched the seeing. He was never to look on had married into the family with whom | slave like herself-that even his helphe lived, and gone to reside near them. less infancy was not exempt from cru-On her first return to us, nothing elty. The Heaven-implanted hopes, the joy born of her love at his birth. were rudely crushed out; and that He could never see the faces of those love, like every slave mother's, be-He was born in Virginia, that State came a new source of sorrow deeper

freedom; he was born, too, in the of Hagar in the desert, that she en- scarcely closed, when the master of fruit in abundance. very year when a Virginian wrote tered the rich and beautiful harvest that grand Declaration of our Inde-field which showed so plainly the appear before Him who hath said of pendence, based on the grander truth kindness of God to his creatures. that "all men are free and equal;" | But she saw it not. How could she but alas! he was born a slave, and see it? The darkness of her own even in his earliest infancy the blight sorrow enshrouded her. And where tween whom his estate was to be When he was but two weeks old, heart, to open her eyes, to point out bled the father in taste and disposition, and the ripe fruit. The birds sing for and his mother was still very feeble, the waters of strength and healing? and had always resided with him; the me more sweetly than if I could see the overseer of the plantation to which God no more sends his angels in other, very different in character, had them. I like to hear the leaves movhe belonged, was heard at day-break bodily shape to earth. He would been educated at the North, and had ing in the wind; and there's a brook loudly demanding more hands in the have us to do their work. Ah! who married and settled in the State of over the hill that I listen to half the harvest. He soon entered the cabin of us has done it? Who will do it? New York, then a Colony. He now year." of Sally, Joel's mother, and in no How beautiful, how glorious to do requested that his portion of the landangels' work! The field of labor is ed inheritance should remain unsold Come, Sal, it's time you were at large. The Hagars of slavery are till the close of the war in which the work. No more playing sick. Get very many. They faint in the wilder- country was engaged. The slaves, ready and off to the field with the ness, and sink down by the way. No forty in number, should be shipped to well of the water of life is shown him. Accordingly; they were put on good." them. They see the death of their board a sloop at Jamestown, bound hopes, the death of their children, for Albany. "Never mind the young one. Come and their hearts are broken. Sister Among them was little blind Joel stir yourself," was the cruel com- women are near them who are bidden and his mother; the latter in very feemand; but it was more easily given to do for them the part of the angel, ble condition. The severe labor of the but they give no ear to their cry of preceeding summer and autumn, in Little Joel was the first-born child anguish. Are they hardened toward

The mother clung to her child, and

plead-"He's sick, mass'r."

It could hardly be called a comfort food through the long day. So, swing- for her to have it with her, for she where they were met by Mr. G. ing him in a coarse blanket on her seemed to have no comfort; but it as we shall designate their new owner, back, she started off with her fellow would increase her sorrow to have it and conveyed to his home, where temtaken from her.

> "Put him down, I say," repeated the overseer. "Please, mass'r, the skeeters will sting him, and there's snakes in the

field. She still plead for the child, when slave," was the bitter reply of the she would not have dared to plead for

The cruel man wrenched the blanhim so; but overseer'll soon make ket from her shoulders, and carelessly swung the sleeping child to the

"There, let him lie there; and you

work away." The babe was roused by the violent freedom. He'll be free or die, he the heart of a slave-driver, the mother she loved it for its very need of love; bcgged--

"Please, mass'r, let me give him he come and go as he likes, do as he one drop of milk. He'll die, mass'r."

Sally turned away, and sprung at nourished him, loving them in return. word? Wouldn't I like to be such a her work with a strength which was wonderful. She would gain a few

urgings of infant suffering. my freedom. What right has he to how many. Even in the free North, had been unfailting. They never look- and died. He was buried in the me or my work?" spoke out a native- what numbers make their enriching ed upon him as a burden; never quiet country graveyard near where born Guinea man, a prince in his own profits on the products of slave labor, weighed in the balance his profit and he lived, where his early friends reland. "Better never have been free, and never think of or care for the his cost; never thought whether they pose; and at the head of the little if one must come to this. Cage the sweat of unrequited toil, the burning were rewarded or not. The little that mound which covers him is a neat marbird and bit the horse, but let the tears, the blood, the agony, the mortal he could do in their service was done ble slab, on which you may read the

antelope on my own hills. Look at Notwithstanding her exertions, there me now-this fetter on my heel! was no respite for Sally until noon, of great interest to me in my childhood, free in 1777; and died June, 18-. Better have died with my sister in time for their dinner. The babe ex- length gratified. While on a visit to light of earth, the Lord was his everthat dreadful ship-hold! A slave! hausted by weeping, had finally sunk my sister, I went to spend a day at lasting light." to sleep, but she hurried to it, clasped her father in law's, Joel's home. As He has gone "where there shall be about it. - Youth's Companion.

He stopped short, but there was a it pussionately in her arms, and woke soon as civility would permit, I in | no night; where they need no candle, it with her endearments.

At nightfall, when she again took it to return to her home, it was moaning the plantation, and his manner had and feverish. The old women said it been heretofore reserved, sullen, and was melted by the heat; and half the night, weak and weary as she was, Sally walked her cabin floor, trying to quiet it. Early the next morning she able difference; still, there was the was summoned again to toil; and so same white hair, the dim eyes, and the day after day, till the harvest was antly; then it grew better and seemed stroking his head. I longed to speak to thrive. But there was something to him, but could not summon courstrange in its face; its look was un- age, as he did not seem to be aware natural; and it was soon perceived of my presence. So I watched him a that it took no notice of anything-it | while, and left him. did not close its eyes to the strongest light-it was blind. The exposure to

put out its sight forever. Sally clung the closer to her boy for this calamity; she loved him the more for it. Such is the pity, the anything never to see the grass, the the seat beside him, and started for flowers, the beauty all around himnever to know anything of the glorious heavens, the sun and the stars. he loved. He must live in darkness, thick darkness-groping his way at

noon-day. The winter of that same year had these poor slaves was summoned to those who buy the poor for silver, "Surely I will never forget any of their works." He left two sons be- here," I added. was the angel of mercy to cheer her equally divided. One of these resem- the soft wind, smell the fresh earth

her weakened state, together with the watchfulness and anxiety for her child, mother's love, so beautiful, so pure, The sun was not many hours high had kroken her health beyond restoration; and ere the vessel had finished the light, if I can't see it. I should bleeding heart, and it engrossed her failed that notwithstanding the help its tedious passage, she had departed to know when day comes and goes, if it whole being. She thought not of her- she received from her companions, she that land "where the wicked cease weren't for the sounds which come self-how she could bear the hard could not keep up her row, and the from troubling, and the weary are at and go with it." appeared with the terrible rest; where they hear not the voice of the oppressor; where the small and "Put down that young one, and great are, and the servant is free from his master." "My baby! my poor baby!" were her last words. God heard them, and raised up for the helpless

and stricken thing a friend. The slaves were landed at Albany, porary accommodations had been made for them. New York was then a land of slavery, and they were still slaves. With a spirit of freedom, thorough and unselfish, Mr. G-had free papers executed for them all; settled them comfortably, with employment suited to their capacities, bidding them go forth, men and women, to a worthy

post in life. But Joel. The wife of Mr. Gwas a young mother. Her first-born lay in the cradle; and when her husband brought in the little motherless blind baby, and placed it in her arm, black though it was, and neglected, too. and from that hour it shared her care much us if 'twas really mine. The with her own cherished son. By night, its cradle stood by her bed-side. The mine. The horses and cattle, too-"He's well enough. Young ones boy grew up happy as he could be in some of them they do call mine. And

His earilest benefactors were a long everything for me." time dead; their son had succeeded minutes to spend with her babe. His them; and Joel had become an old cries urged her on. What an im- man, when I first heard of him. He in later years, I have felt how true it called them both to her, and Ellen pulse! Better to work under the had never left the family into which he had been adopted. Though his great gain." And who would revel in wealth blindness and helplessness had often gotten by such toil? Alas! alas! tried their patience and their love, they Guinea man be free. I know too and immortal hopes which they have with such a spirit of kindness and inscriptiongratitude, that it was sufficient.

As I have said, Joel was a person

sunshine on the back piazza, his fa- God giveth them light.'

vorite place through the summer. I approached him, and gazed curiously, to see if his appearance corresponded with the childish image in my childish fancy. There was considerexpression of extreme good nature, I done. For several days her baby was had pictured. The old house-dog very sick, and cried almost incess- stood beside him, and he was gently

After a short time, I again visited the piazza-this time, armed with a piece of cake

"Here's some cake, Joel." I soon made him understand that was already a friend of his, and it was not long before we were on familiar terms. At length he said to me-

"Little girls like apples. . Shan't I get you some fine ones!" and he took up his staff, which had been lying on the orchard.

I accompanied him, greatly interested to see how he would find his way. Feeling carefully with his stick, he followed a path which led across the orchard, until he came to a little rise in the ground, when he turned to one side, and we soon found the golden

"Let's sit down here. It's so pleasant," I said.

We sat down. "You don't know how beautiful it is

"I do," he answered. "I can feel

"But you cant see." "No; but there's a great deal besides seeing, if you'll just shut your eyes. God is very rich and good, and he's filled the earth with everything

"Don't you want to see, Joel?" "No; I can't say so. I don't want anything God has not given me. 'He maketh the seeing and the blind.' He knows what is best for me, and I know nothing.'

"Don't you want to see the light?-

It is all night to you."

"Wasn't it very wicked in the slavedriver to make you blind?"

"He did very wrong, but God has overruled all for my good. The curse has been turned into a blessing. My blindness has made everybody kind to me. If I could have seen, I don't know where I might have been now, or what kind of a person I might have

"How can you be so happy as you seem, Joel!"

"Happy!" repeated he, smiling; Why shouldn't I be? Haven't I everyhing to make me happy? There never were better people than. I live with, and they do every thing for me, though I am a blind old colored man." "But wouldn't you like to see them

-to know how the look?" "I do not know that. I know very well that Mr. G-has just the best face in the world; and his wife, too-I know by the way she speaks that she is like an angel."

"I was surprised at the spirit he manifested, and tried him further-"But you are poor, Joel. Don't you wish you had a house and children

of your own?" "No. I enjoy everything here as garden and orchard seem to be partly his blindness, leved by the family who then the young people; I could not

> when I have recalled this conversation is that "Godliness with contentment is

> This was the only time I ever saw Joel. The next summer he sickened

"In memory of Joet, who was born in 1776, in Virginia, a slave; was made 'Christ's servant.' Though blind to the

quired for him. He was sitting in the neither light of the sun; for the Lord

A CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribung.

St. Louis, May 28, 1855. Among all the letters in the Tribune from Kausas and its neighborhood, I' do not recollect anywhere to have seen the true reason stated why the Parkville Luminary was destroyed and its proprietors presented with the me briefly disclose it. One warm day last summer a large crowd had assembled at the town size of Atchison in Kansas to attend a sale of lots. "Dave' himself was there, and as there was much whisky and many friends, he got 'glorious' a little earlier in the day than usual. So with much spitgenerally more nasty than common, something after this wise:

'Gentlemen, you make a d-d fuss about Douglas-Douglas-but Douglas don't deserve the credit of this Nebraska bill. I told Douglas to introduce it-I originated it-I got Pierce committed to it, and all the glory belongs to me. All the South went for it-all to a man but Bell and Houston-and who are they? Mere nobodies-no influence-nobody cares for them.'

It happened that a young man from

Atchison's, by the way. When he came home he was sounding Atchison's praises and repeating what he said. Patterson of the Luminary got him to write down the exact words of the Vice President, and the next number contained a verbatim report of portions of his conversation. By this time some of Dave's friends were sober, if he was not. There was trouble in the camp. The Platte Argus, the Atchison organ, came out with a flat denial of the language. The Parkville young man replied over his own initials that he heard and reported the words exactly as they were published, and whoever should deny them was a liar—intimating his readiness to maintain the same against all comers. Meantime a chivalrous nephew of John Bell, residing in St. Louis, has seen and criminals? Again: the greatest the report of Atchison's language in wealth of a State is the intelligence the Luminary, and had written him and moral worth of citizens. Look requiring a categorical answer to the over the history of New York. Many guage imputed to him concerning his been sacrificed upon the rum altar. uncle. The tone of the letter was Talk about the sacrifice of property! strongly suggestive of 'the usual sat-The wealth of worlds would not weigh isfaction.' Dave evidently thought his a feather in the scale, against one three hundred pounds of flesh too mind scathed and ruined by rum.pistol ball, and he Cayuga Chief. accordingly replied to the nephew that he had the most distinguished consideration for his uncle, and never said such a word about him—if he had following extract sent to us by a lady said anything that the lying scoundrels reader. Near the end of his days, the had tortured into what they had published, he begged that it might be passed by, as 'he was in liquor at the time.' And thus the Vice President escaped the vexation of personal responsibility for his language. Drunkenness is not usually regarded a valid plea for a lawyer to make in behalf of

a client, but it seems very good for a lice President. But the mischief was done, notwithstanding. Douglas looked glum about his stolen thunder. Bell and Houston were not disposed to any special affability toward the President of the Senate; so he sent his resignation and stayed away two or three weeks after the meeting of Congress. Judge with what bitter hatred he regarded the Luminary, and when he could sway the mob power how eagerly he employed it to wreak his private ven-VERITAS.

Now DON'T TELL .- Ellen's mother was so very anxious to have her always have an open and ingenuous temper, that she was alarmed by the least appearance of concealment. One day she overheard her talking with love them any more, and they do her cousin Jane, who was older than herself, and among other things she So we talked on for some time; and said, with great earnestness, "now when I have recalled this conversation don't you tell." She immediately told her at once the whole story.

"Why, dear mother," said she, there is a bird's nest just by, and so low among the ivy that the boys can reach it. Last night one of the poor little birds fell out of its nest. So I told cousin of it, and she came and put it back, and I am afraid the boys will find the nest, and take away the little ones from the poor bird; so I begged Jane not to tell them of it.'

Must we not think that this was a very kind little girl, as well as a very frank one? And must not her mother have felt very happy to find two such operation, and nine others in course excellent qualities in her little girl? of construction. Twenty-eight are

BEGIN TO-DAY.

Lord, I do discover a fallacy, whereby I have long deceived myself; which is this: I have desired to begin my amendment from my birth-day, or from some eminent festival, that so my repentance might bear some remarkable date. But when those days were come, I have adjourned my amendment to some other time. Thus whilst I could new agree with myself when to start, I have almost lost the running of the race. I am resolved alternative of flight or violence. Let thus to befool myself no longer. I see no day but to-day; the instant time is always the fittest time. In Nebuchad nezzar's image the lower the members, the coarser the metal. The farther off the time the more unfit. Today is the golden opportunity, to-morrow will be the silver season, next day, but the brazen one, and so on till ting on his shirt and making himself at last I shall come to the toes of clay. and be turned to dust. Grant, therethe Vice President delivered himself fore, that to-day I may hear Thy voice. And if this day be obscure in the calendar, and remarkable in itself for nothing else, give me to make it memorable in my soul, hereupon, by thy assistance beginning the reformation of my life.—Fuller.

AN ACT OF JUSTICE .- The Detroit Inquirer states that W. H. Goodwin, a citizen of Richmond and a native of Virginia, has been stopping at the Michigan Exchange during last week, and left there last evening for home-He brought with him four slaves, two Parkville was present—a friend of of whom are children, their mother, who is married to a free colored man, and their grandmother, who was his own nurse in infancy. He gave them their liberty, and bought a house and lot, for \$800, on Macomb street, which be deeded to the old woman, and left \$100 to their credit in bank. This is but an act of justice; still as the world goes, especially the Southern part of it belonging to us, it is a deed that deserves honorable mention.

"PROPERTY."-There is a great deal of talk about the property which will be sacrificed, if a prohibitory law is passed. Can any one foot up the amount of property sacrificed to keep up the rum traffic-the amount paid question whether he had used the lan- of her noblest and best minds have

> THERE is a speaking lesson in the licentious Byron wrote the following lines:

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruit of love are gone.
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone."

Near the end of his days, "Paul, the aged," wrote to a young minister, whom he had greatly loved, as follows:

"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the righteous Judge shall give me at that day."

Arms for Kansas.-The Philadelphia Ledger states that Theodore Parker told them in his anti-slavery address in that city, last week; that 200 of Sharpe's rifles had been sent from Boston in boxes, labeled "Books," to arm as many of the New England settlers in Kansas territory against the attacks of Missourian incursionists.

CURRANT GRAFTED ON MAPLE.-A correspondent of the Rural New York. er says that he transplanted into his door yard, a young thrifty maple, and engrafted into it the scious from a currant bush. They grew well, and when ripe, looked very handsome. He says you must not graft until the sugar water begins to run.

"An, Miss Caroline," said a Sunday School teacher to one of his class, 'what do you think you would have been without your good father and pious mother?"

"I suppose sir," smartly and pertly replied Miss Caroline, "I should have been an orphan."

There are now in the United States thirty-two insane hospitals in active Ask your mother what she thinks State institutions; and the number of the insane is nearly 20,000.