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Select Poetry.

THE ROBIN'S APPEAL.

the Publisher.

4s various methods are now resorted to to prevent the killing of innocent and useful. hirds, we commend the following lines to the attention of thoughtless boys:

O, kill me not! Thou thoughtless boy, While singing here Tis wicked thus To harm me now-Still let me hop
From bough to bough

O, kill me not!. Life's dear to me As 'tis to you, So wild and free-Now possed in air, Then sailing low-How full of glee He only know.

O, kill us not! In yonder tree My mate and I Have nurselings three; You would not, sure, That these should die For want of food, Up there so high,

O, let us live! And day by day We'll utter thanks In our own way; Quite near your door, Sing o'er and o'er.

THE DEFORMED CIRL

J.M.H.

BY EVE WILDER.

The world is so mixed and mingled! And there is such a variety of charac- frightful body will stay behind.' ter in it! And no one knows what part he may play in the drama of existence, or how he shall die, or when, or where his grave will be. him out of the world of matter to a you!" conscious being. Man is alike ignorant of his beginning and ending-diswas quite a philosopher in her way. | soul has outgrown my body! She was a little girl, cruelly deformed, whom I used occasionally to meet of her enjoyment flow!

'You ain't afraid of me, are you?' she asked in a plaintive tone.

'Why do you ask such a question?' 'Because I know I'm such a fright.' 'Why do you think sq?' I continued. 'Oh, it's very easy to know it. My shadow in the glass, and in the water, and on the wall tell me. People laugh at me because I am so badly made.'

Does that give you pain?" 'It makes me feel as if I wanted to be alone. And sometimes I sit down where nobody can see me, and cry.'

parents living?'
'No; I wish I had, But you see half so big as I am now. I don't thusiast. Her eyes beamed with a weapon, and then riddled him with think they laughed at me, do you? 'Certainly not. You are very un-

happy, I suppose ?'

But I get over such dark spells and think in a different way. I say to myself, I'm very ugly, and people How my pride and vanity and world
Several farmers in this region had ain't to blame for not liking me. We liness were rebuked. The self-satis- large lots of hay which a few weeks shouldn't like a flower, should we, if fied smile faded from my lips, and I ago they refused to sell for \$20 per it wasn't sweet and pretty? We love wished for the angelic nature af the ton, declining to sell for less than \$30 Remember this.

to look at what is beautiful; it comes child.

If thy heart is in the Highlands, it

much for such a homely little thing street, the hunger-pinched, needy wo-

'I'm sure I ought to. You have a good mind; and that is of more consequence than the body.'.

Do you know I have thought so sometimes? Yet I never heard any one say it before.

'My poor child, I wish I could help

· It does me good to hear you say so, seem. I expect there's a straight spirit in this crooked body. I can their hazy atmosphere—their world aread, you see, and that gives me com- of a mental mirage. fort. After I go to bed in my dark and for calling me hunchback, too.

live I try to think I deserve the blows I get.'

Don't you find it hard to do so? 'Yes; it comes dreadful hard sometimes. Then I go away and cry and

Pray! 'Yes, ma'am.' 'Who taught you?'

"Nobody-it comes natural. Iknow what I want and ask for it.' 'Whom do you ask?'

The child gazed pleasantly into my face, and said: 'Oh, you know, know a great deal better than I do.' 'You are meanly dressed. Do you

get food enough?' 'No-and then I go to bed hungry but I soon think myself to sleep and dream all kinds of nice things. I wake up I feel quite refreshed.' 'Do you expect to exist in this way

as long as you live?' "I hope not-but if I do I shall make the best of it. Perhaps I shan't

live long.' Are you afraid to die?'

'I think I should like to. If I do And I shall be beautiful; for this 'How can you exist without a body ?

'I shall have ones' 'Have one?'

fine the concerted causes that called You've read the Testament, havn't

I said yes. satisfied with the present, and doubt- no one explained it to me. Older making an attack, except for the purful of the future. There are few real people think I can't understand such philosophers among us. Jane Radley things. Oh, they don't know how my

'Alas not,' I added with a sigh. 'I think a girl's soul may be older last summer during my walks. Jane than her body. Mine is. It seems to soon as he fires at one of the party, was ten years old, an orphan, and, me that I've lived a good while. Is though so young, a miserable drudge there such a thing as living fast? If with a volly of arrows, when they diin a German family. Her face was there is, then I've lived fast. Think-rectly proceed to cut him up, eating very expressive and interesting; but | ing does it-thinking, thinking, when her person pitifully ugly. She was I'm alone-alone in the night time, picking berries when I chanced to see | talking with myself, wondering how I her for the first time. My impres- came to be-how the world, and the human beings, and their identity as sions were unfavorable. I involunta- moon, and the stars came to be. Do rily shrunk from the unfortunate crea- you know that I get lost in a great and hunters. Having the semblance ture. Stopping, I observed her attentively, asking myself whether life or end—a place full of life and mother traits of brutes. They are rewas a curse or a blessing to such a tion! My spirit hears voices—voices markably tenacious of life, and accounts child. Who could love her? What still and small, talking to my soulwas she good for! What would she my soul is so full of mystery! only do for companionship? From what body is blind and dark, and hears lowing incident is vouched for on crediunknown fountain would the waters nothing, and I cannot go with my thoughts to the bright world where my happiness is. Do you know what I mean, ma'am!

mean, ma'am!
'I believe so, child; go on.'

not knowing the life I lead. I love the stars and the strange, still moon; I think they know me and understand me; so I talk with them and much calmness comes over me. Do you know that I imagine that God is in all of them? He must be; and in the The other, in turn, walked up to his wide sky, the sky so serene on mild evenings and starry nights—the sky through the head, and left him for

'I am sorry there are those so thoughtless and cruel. Have you sky.'

The deformed girl paused. Clasp-lesked up into the ing her hands, she looked up into the they took sick and died, when I wasn't | depths with all the fervor of an ensoft, saintly light. I looked at her poor body, and saw only the soul breathed! The Diggers are rapidly which had outgrown it. Cut off from diminishing in numbers as it the Sometimes I think I am the most the warm pulse of human sympathy, with most other Indian tribes. miserable girl in the world, and I she had necessarily formed an acwant to die and be put out of sight. | quaintance with the inner life-the

natural—we can't help it. I like to And this mixed and mingled world the extortion, and the hay was not look at you, ma'am, you are so nice, is heedless of intellect, unless templed sold. Prices have now fallen to \$15 and seem to know so much. And I in a beautiful body. We cannot judge per ton, and that hay finds no puring for his age, but I could teach him pass, and then followed himself. Every cede the necessity of a military force, don't see anything bad or proud in from the external who is the most chaser.

your face. But it isn't likely you care blest. It may be the beggar in the man, the forsaken outcast, or the invalid, dying of an incurable malady. Happiness is of the mind-the kingdom of joy within. An apparent evil may be positive good in disguise. Our knowledge is limited. What we really know is unknown. What we decide upon hastily, is still undecided. All wisdom casts different shades when viewed from different points. All But I'm not so very miserable as I truth has its paradoxical sides. All minds have their forta morgana-

The deformed girl is ill now. Her attic I lay and think. And I have such sickness is mortal. Before the spring thoughts! Oh, I can't tell 'em. I months come, she will escape from forget where I am, and being in the her bodily prison, and that part which dark don't see my deformity. Well, is immortal will be in the realm of her then I feel just like other people, I'm hopes. She has been cared for and sure. I forgive 'em for beating me, made comfortable, so far as practicable. She will suffer no more from Do you get good usage where you unkind treatment. I shall note her footsteps down, down into the dusttl'm afraid not; but perhaps I don't no, up to the clouds. She is rejoiced know what good usage is. They tell at the prospect of dissolution. Her me I should be a beggar if it wasn't faith may well cast shame on older for them. So I work very hard and persons and deeper pretenders to

> And the deformed girl has nothing to fear. She will pass joyfully unto Him who said- Suffer little children to come unto me.'

THE "DIGGER" INDIANS.

A friend, not long since returned from the plains, gives an account of the "Diggers"-the most degraded and disgusting race on the Western Hemisphere. They occupy a region ma'm. Such a nice lady as you must of territory in and near the American Desert, being driven from the neighboring sections by the other Indian tribes, who have the most utter contempt and abhorrence of the race. They are and by the calculation I made when it dwarfish in statute, being seldom above five feet in height, dark in complexion, lean, emaciated and shrivelled, with a skin resembling leather, laying in folds over the body, and giving them a truly hideous appearance. They wander about, often in an entirely nude state, and have no habitations of any description. - Sometimes they burrow in the sand for night's lodging. Roots and the best I can, I shall be an angel. herbs are their principal subsistence, which they dig from the ground with remarkable dispatch, hence receiving the appellation of "Diggers." The Diggers are a cannibal race, eating human flesh whenever it can be ob-'Yes—the spiritual body that Paul tained. They also subsist on carrion Neither can he tell his origin, and de- tells us about in the Testament - and indeed on anything that can undergo a digestive process.

Their weapons of warfare and defonce are the tomahawk and the arrow. 'I wish I knew more about it, but They are a cowardly race, seldom pose of procuring food, and then only in case of a great superiority in numbers. Their mode of attack is to warily surround their victim, and simultaneously rush upon him. As the others immediately transfix him what they desire, and carrying off the residue for future use. They seem hardly to possess the characteristics of men, is questioned by many trappers almost incredible are often related of this peculiarity. The truth of the fol-

ble authority. An attack having been made on a party of hunters and traders crossing the American Desert, and who were reduced by starvation and thirst, the 'They call me stupid and dreamy, Diggers were worsted and a number of them shot. One of them, who had received a rifle ball through his body; raised himself up to a sitting posture, aimed his tomahawk at one of the whites, throwing it with such precision as to cut his hunting cap from his head. antagonist, and deliberately shot him so high and so deep; the quiet, friendly dead. Soon after, on turning around, he preceived the Digger, with a portion of his brains pretruding from his skull, taking aim at him with his knife. He sprang aside, in time to avoid the balls. An hour afterwards he yet diminishing in numbers, as is the case

ERUPTION OF THE GEISER, OR BOILING

At last, after waiting till the second day of my sojourn at Geiser, the longdesired explosion took place on the 27th of June, at half-past nine in the morning. The peasant, who came twice a day to inquire if I had yet seen an eruption, was with me when the first dull sounds which announced the event was heard. We hurried to the spot, and as the waters boiled over as usual, and the noise died away, I thought I was doomed to disappointment again; but the last tones were just expiring when the explosion suddenly tool, place. I have really no words to do justice to this magnificent spectacle, which once to behold in a ifetime is enough.

It infinitely surpassed all my expectations. The waters were spouted with great power and volume; column rising above column, as if each were bent on outstripping the others. After I had recovered in some degree from my first astonishment, I looked round at the tent-how small, how diminutive it seemed, compared to those pillars of water. And yet it was nearly twenty feet high. It was lying rather lower, it is true, than the basin of the Geiser, but tent might/have been piled on tent-yes, by my reckoning, which may not have been perfectly accurate, however-five or six, one above the other, would not have reached the elevation of these jets, the largest of which I think lican affirm, without any exaggeration, to have risen at least to the hight of a hundred feet, and to have been three or four feet in diameter.

Fortunately, I had looked at my watch when the first rumbling was heard, for I should certainly have forgotten to do so during the explosion, was over, I found that it lasted nearly four minutes -- the actual outbreak occupying more than half that time.

When this wonderful scene was ended, the peasant went with me-to examine the basin and caldron. We could approach very near them without the least danger, but there was nothing farther to be seen. The waters had entirely disappeared from the basin, into which we entered, and walked close up to the caldron, where they had also sunk to the depth of seven or eight feet, though they were still boiling and bubbling with great violence.

I broke off a few pieces of crust from the interior of the basin and caldron with a hammer. Those from the first were white, and the others brown. I tasted the water, which had no unpleasant flavor, and can contain but little sulphur. The steam is also free from any sulphurous smell.

it boiled furiously, but the ebullition subsided as it flowed into the basin, and when the latter was full there was only an occasional bubble to be seen. -Ida Pfciffer's Journey to Iceland.

Tupper's Philosophy is thus taken off in a recent number of Punch:

ly about her.

learn much. Yet much may also be learned by him who stays at home. An insane person may lie to thee,

fly away home. The counsel is good, take off his pantaloons again and again, even to her who is neither bird nor fly. There is no place like home.

do thou beware of lying as a general

Yet it is not good to be over garrulous. The weather-cock, working easily,

can tell the way of the wind, but if the weather-cock sticks, the course of the to me, "this gentleman wants his handwind will not be influenced thereby. kerchief." The monkey drewitt from

is not here.

THE MAN-MONKEY IN BRAZIL.

The Captain of the French schooner Andricana, who last summer was stationed at Pernambuco, Brazil, gives us the following sketch of a tame mankey:

A short time age, I dined at a Brazilian merch ut's. The conversation turned upon the well tutored chimpanthe first one who would not believe in these results of animal education until he had seen it with his own eyes. He, therefore, proposed to me to call with him on Mr. Vanneck.

I gladly consented, and on the following morning we set out. The ficient evidence of the abilities of the house of the Creole lies on the road to Olinda, about an hour's ride from tion.—Chambers Journal, town. We proceeded along splendid hedges of cactus, shaded by bananas and palmtrees, and at length observed the charming villa. A negro received us at the entrance, and took us to the parlor, hastening to tell his master of our visit.

The first object which caught our attention was the Monkey seated on a stool, and sowing with great industry. Much struck, I watched him attentively, while he, not paying any attention to us, proceeded with his work. The door opened, and Mr. Vanneck, reclining on an easy chair, was wheeled in. Though his legs are paralyzed, he seemed bright and cheerful; he welcomed us most kindly. The monkey went on with great zeal. I could not refrain from exclaiming: "How wonderful!" for the manner and process of the animal were those of a practised tailor. He was sewing a pair of of which showed that they were intended for himself.

A negro now appeared, announcing Madame Jasmin, whom Mr. Vanneck introduced as his neighbor. Madame Jasmin was accompanied by her little daughter, a girl of twelve years, who immediately ran to the monkey, greeting him as an old friend, and beginning to prattle with him. Jack furtively peeped at his master; but as Mr. Vanneck's glance was stern, the tailor went on sewing. Suddenly his thread broke; and he put the end to his mouth, smoothed it with his lips, and twisted it with his left paw, and threaded the needle again. Mr. Vanneck then turned to him, speaking in the same calm tone which he had conversed with us: "Jack put your work aside and sweep the floor.'

Jack hurried to the adjoining room, and came back without delay, a broom In order to ascertain how long it in his paw, and swept and dusted like would be before the basin and caldron a clever housemaid. I could now were full again, I returned to the spot perfectly make out his size, as he alevery thirty minutes, and found that ways walked upright, not on his four the first hour I could still stand within hands. He was about three feet in the basin; but, at my next visit, the height and stooped a little. He was caldron was completely filled, and on clad in linen pantaloous, and a colored the point of running over. As long shirt, a jacket and a red neckerchief. as the water remained in the caldron, At another hint from his master, Jack went and brought several glasses of lemonade on a tray. He first presented the tray to Madame Jasmin; and her daughter, then to us, precisely like a well-bred footman. When I had emptied my glass, he hastened to relieve me from it, putting it back on the tray. Mr. Vanneck took out his watch and showed it to the monkey; it was able request. The new Bishop, there-PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY!-By the just three. Jack went and brought a Solomon in Ordinary to the British cup to his master, who remarked that Nation .- Other persons were born the monkey did not know the moveabout the same time as thyself, and ments of the watch, but that he knew have been growing up ever since, as exactly the position of the hands when

well as thou. Therefore be not proud. they pointed to three, and kept it in The girl who is dostined to be thy mind that it was then his master rewife, although now unknown to thee, quired his luncheon. If the watch is sure to be living somewhere or was shown to him at any other hour, other. Hope therefore, that she is he did not go to fetch the broth: while quite well, and other wise think polite- if three o'clock was past and the luncheon not being called for, he got A traveller, journeying wisely, may fidgety and at last ran and brought it: in this case he was always rewarded with a sugar plums.

You have no notion, said Mr. Vanand yet be innocent, and thou mayest | neck, how much time and trouble, and lie to him, and be praiseworthy. Now especially how much patience, I have all persons are somewhat insane, but bestowed on the training of this animal. Confined to my chair, however, continued my task methodically .-By a conceit a certain red fly hath Nothing was more difficult than to acbeen called a lady bird, and bidden to custom Jack to his clothes; he used to until at last I had them sewed to his shirt. When he walks out with me, He who always holds his tongue he wears a straw hat, but never withwill one day have nothing else to hold, out, making fearful grimaces. He takes a bath every day, and is, on the

whole, very cleanly.
"Jack," exclaimed Mr. Vanneck, his pocket, and handed it to me.
"Now, show your room to my guests,"

continued his master; and Jack opened Solomon knew several things, allow- a door, at which he stopped to let us

room. There was a bed with a mattrass, a table and some chairs, drawers and various toys; a gun hung on the wall. The bell was rung; Jack wept and re-appeared with his master, wheeling in the chair. Meanwhile, I had taken the gun from the wall; Mr. Vanneck handed it to the monkey, who fetched the powder flask and the zee of Mr Vanneck, a Creole gentle- shot bag, and in the whole proceed of man, whose slave had brought him the loading acquitted himself like a rifle-monkey, which he had caught in the man. I had already seen so much woods. Every one praised, the act that was astonishing, that I hardly felt complished animal, giving accounts of surprised at this feat. Jack now placed his talents so wonderful, that I could himself at the open window, took nim, not help expressing some incredulity. and discharged the gun without being My host smiled, saying that I was not in the least startled by the report. He then went through with sword exercises with the same skill.

It would be too long to jot down all Mr. Vanneck told us about his method' of education and training; the above. facts, witnessed by myself, bear sufanimal, and its master's talent for thi-

MORE THAN THEY WANT.

The San Francisco, California, auc. tion marts are crowded with Chili anddomestic flour: cargo after cargo is, offered, under the hammer, to be sold to the highest bidder. The lowest sale of a good article of superfine has been at \$5.50 per barrel. Seven vessels have been loaded with wheat and flour for the Atlantic and Australian ports! The Times of that city says it is the general belief among farmers and others who have had opportunities of observation, that the heavy crops of the past year will be far exceeded by those of the present; and in this view of the cuse, and impelled by the long existing low prices of farin products, business men have at length resolved to ship, in search of a market, a largeportion of the flour, grain, etc., which stripped pantaloons, the narrow shape | California has in surplus. The amount of saving to California by this development of its own agricultural industry is equal to \$12,000 annually.

> Modestly Solicited. Northern Aid for Southern Churches .- The Rev. Dr. Stoles, Agent for the Southern Aid Society, presented the claims of that society at the Old South Church, Boston, on Sunday evening, His obect was to get money, (not ministers) from the North, to sustain the ministry from the South. He said, according to the Bee, that the South had a great destitution of ministers, and had not received her proportion of Home Missionary aid.

> The subject he said, was a delicate one to handle at the North; the delicacy all lay in this, that the South would not receive the Northern ministers preaching the gospel, but would ike to receive our money to support a pro-slavery ministry of her own.

Modesty in the Right Quarter .-Since the death of the late Bishop of Sierra Leone, Dr. Vidal, the British Government have offered the vacant place to the Rev. S. W. Weeks of St. Thomas's Church, Lambeth. He intimated his willingness to accept the appointment upon one condition, viz: That his letters should not confer upon him any right or claim to be called: "My Lord," as is the case with all the other colonel prelates. It is somewhat remarkable that the Government has complied with this very remarkfore, is not to be addressed in any manner or form which implies his "lording ... it over others." .

Make a Beginning.—The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed put into the savings bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey, are all important things; they make a beginning, a pledge that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor outcast is now creeping his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amend-ment of industry, he had only made a beginning. A beginning, too, is necessaay.

A bee hiving extraordinary came off in the vicinity of Houston, Texas, a few days since. The swarm was passing over a train of cotton wagons, when they became confused by the noise and decended, choosing as a settling place the head of a wagoner, on which they piled up somewhat after the style of an old fashioned grenadier's bear-skin. The hat was then remove ed to a wagon and conveyed six or eight miles and the bees securely hived.

A new mode of dispersing a moh has been discovered—said to super-