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

Terms_in Advance: One capy per annum, Village subscribers,

TERMS OF ADVERTISING. TERMS OF ADVERTISING. \$0.50 every subsequent insertion, l column, one year, column, six months, Administrators' or Executors' Notices, 2.00

Sheriff's Sales, per tract,
Professional Cards not exceeding eight lines mieried for \$5.00 per annum. All letters on business, to secure at

teauen, should be addressed (post paid) to (a Publisher.

Select Poctry.

THE SIGNAL STAR.

BY FANNY FORBESTER.

" Come back, come back, my childhood."

I'd not recall my childhood With all its sweet delight, Its simple, bird-like gladness, It was not always bright: Even morning had her tear drops, And spring her clouded sky, And on the fairest cradle I've seen the shadows lie.

I'd not recall my childhood, Though tender memories throng
Around its rosy portals,
Preclusive to life's song; The full-voiced, living chorus
Is swelling round me now,
And rosier light is resting
Upon my maiden brow.

I have made a changeful journey Up the hill of life since morn: I have gathered flowers and blossoms, I've been pierced by many a thorn; But from out the core of sorrow I have plucked a jewel rare, The strength which mortals gather In their ceaseless strife with care.

Now I grasp life's burning beaker, And howe'er the bubble glow, I'll pause not, till I've tasted The deepest wave below; Though bitter dregs may mingle, The crimson tide shall roll, In full and fearless currents,
Through the fountains of my soul.

No! I'd not go back to childhood, From the radiant flush of noon And when evening closes round me, I only crave one boon; Amid the valley's darkn ss Its dangers and its dread, The signal star of Judah
To shine above my head.

WILLIE GRAY.

"Oh mother, it's so hot, and I'm so there will shine, and I don't see what God wanted to make it for," said Willie, one summer-day.

Lay your head in my lap dear, and we will talk about it." his mother and so did a great deal of mischief. answered, smoothing the matted curls back from his forehead.

"But I don't want to talk, I'm warm that's all about it, now."

everything ?"

told me to lie down to sleep."

came away to you."

But half an hour ago I heard my little boy say that he wished all the flies were dead,"

"Well, I didn't want them to be bit to death, and I have to lie and listen to them; it seemed just as if the fly was tsking me to drive the spider off." "And did you?" asked Willie's moth-

"Why no. I was frightened and so warm I forgot it, and I was in such a hurry to tell you."

"I thought you walked rather slowly us you came toward the piazza; were you not looking in the garden walk?" Willie's face grow very red, as he

answered: "Well mother, I did stop a minute,

I was so warm." "Not to-what?"

what harm there is, and I love to do

"Suppose a great giant with a head that reached to the sky should come and step on our house, and grandmother's and aunt Lizzie's and crush them into the earth, just because he 'loved to'-suppose your father and I should be bruised under the ruin-till

was biting in the library.' "Oh mother, don't! It's different with ants."

we screamed like the fly your spider

"Not so different as you may think Didn't I tell you they had mothers and children, and houses, and stores of food as we do, and that they were orderly and industrious-more so than some men and little boys?"

"But it can't do any harm to step on these heaps of dust," persisted Willie-"Couldu't I pile them up again though—can't I now?"

"But the sun is hot." "O, I don't care for that, I've grown cool—it must be shady on this pizza, come, let me go!" pleaded Willie.

"We will both go, but run first for the little glass I gave you yesterday."
So Willie brought his magnifying glass, not guessing what it would show him now. His mother with a stick brushed away the sand he had trodden down so firmly, and told him to see if he could find what those small brown

specks were, that kept moving in it. Willie could see then all the mischief he had done; there were dozens and dozens of ants rolling about in the hot sand; some with broken legs, some with crushed bodies, some cut in two, some dragging a wounded limb after them as they tried to creep away; and some would spin round and round, as if they were dizzy with pain; some were running about here, and there, and everywhere, in and out, as if they were looking up their mothers or children among the dead; and some dragged the dead bodies away, slowly enough, for it is as hard for an ant to lift an ant, as for a man to lift a man; and some were bringing out the grains of sand that had fallen into their nice little houses underground.

They did not buzz and whirr like the fly, it was all still;-but Willie saw the poor lame bodies quivering in the heated sand, and the tired little feet trying to drag wounded bodies home, and the quiet dead ones that had run about so happy and industrious an hour ago, and now would never move again. He trembled all over, for he felt the spider he had hated and despised so, had not done a tenth part so much mischief as he, and it killed the fly tired and sleepy, and, the old sun up for food, while he had killed the ants

only "for fun." Suddenly a bright thought came to the little boy, for Willie was not bad, only he did not stop to think very often,

INFLUEN and tired, and if I couldn't make a LABOR .- Philanthropy, when it conbetter world than this, I'd never try, templates a slaveholding country, may have its first sympathies excited for "But listen a minute Willie, what slaves; but it is a narrow benevolence has put you so out of humor with which stops there. The needy freeman is in a worse condition. The "Why everything acts ugly-my slave has his task, and his home, and top won't spin because it's so hot. I his bread. He is the member of a cannot make it, and it's so hot in the wealthy family. The indigent freepend I cannot sail my boat and-you man has neither labor, nor house, nor food, and divided by a broad gulf from the upper class, he has neither "So I went into the library and hope nor ambition. He is so abject spread the great window cuttain out that even the slave despises him. over the lounge-it was so nice, and For the interest of the slaveholder is I was almost asleep, when I heard diametrically opposite to that of the such a horrible noise. It wasn't loud, laborer. The slaveholder is the combut it seemed to go all through me, petitor of the free laborer, and by the just as though I'd been dipped in scald- help of the slaves takes the bread ing water." (Poor Willie could from his mouth. The wealthiest man think of no comparisous which were in Rome was the competitor of the not warm.) "Then it came again poorest free carpenter. The patriand again - such a scream! and because cians took away the business of the it wan't loud it seemed worse, till I sandal-maker. The existence of slacould'nt bear it any longer and climbed very made the opulent owners of upon the window-seat. There was a bondmen the rivals of the poor; greedy in Christian love, not with harsh epispider killing a poor fly, and every after the profits of their labor, and thets. No doubt they would have time he bit, the fly would buzz and monopolizing those profits through abolished polygamy long ago if it had scream; O, I could'ut look at him-I their slaves. In every community where slavery is tolerated, the poor freeman will always be found complaining of hard times.—Bancroft.

the fire is very injurious to the eyes, used to be. Southern gentlemen particularly a coal fire. The stimulous talked of abolishing slavery, but Norof light and heat soon destroys the eyes. thern fanatics began to talk about it, Looking at molten iron will soon destroy the sight. Reading in the twilight is injurious to the eyes, as then they are obliged to make great exertion. Reading or sewing with a side light injures the eyes, as both should be exposed to an equal degree of light. liar institution." The reason is, the sympathy between the eyes is so great, that if the pupil and I knew you told me not to -only in the shade the one that is most ex-

light.

From the Pittsburg Journal and Visiter. TROUBLE WITH THE MORMONS.

The Louisville Courier anticipates serious trouble with the Mormons,

and says: "But a little while will elapse until they will count their adherents by hundreds of thousands. And then, if they should choose, as they have always displayed some willingness to do, to defy the General Government and its authority, it will be no easy task to reduce them to submission. To convey a force of ten or twelve thousand troops through a desert filled with Indian foes, will be a matter of

no small difficulty.
"That trouble is brewing in that part of our domain, cannot be doubted by any who have examined the subject. In a recent conversation with an officer of high rank in our army, who had served on the frontier, and who is distinguished in his profession, this subject was referred to. That gentleman anticipated a contest to which the Indian fighting on the frontier is but child's play."

The way to avoid all trouble, is for the general Government to follow out its own precedents; grant to Utah the same liberty of conscience it gives Kentucky, and resolve itself into a committee of the whole for the protection of all Peculiar Institutions. It is not likely that Utah will resist the Government while it holds itself ready to do all she requires. Kentucky never does. The South never dissolves the Union unless some part of the people of it do or say something she does no. ike. Then, of course, nobody expects anything else but dissolution. When Utah forms a portion of the Union, she will, no doubt, be very civil so long as she gets all she demands; but the Courier will have to stop talking about her institutions, and the sensible folks must resolve themselves into a police force for catching the runaway wives of their brother patriarchs. Utah will, of course, demand that the agitation of ligion? the Polygamy question shall be stopped, and of course all the Union-saving

prints will say "amen!" We cannot, for our part, see by what right the Courier undertakes to its neighbors. We have every reason be quite displeased with such interfest violation of "squatter sovereignto take possession of the other, and of the women as they see proper?

its own affairs, and leave the domestic sell all their surplus wives and children and put them in their pockets, any day, can appreciate the difficulties of those gentlemen with numerous families that cannot readily be converted into cash.

The position of our Western brethren, is very delicate, and surrounded by many difficulties of which outside

barbarians can know nothing.
All harsh language should be avoided, and if people differ with them, let them express that difference mildly. the Courier. It used to be that no from lands of heathen darkness into walls when a boy, all kept for him in for his reception. The young Cuban not been for the abuse of fanatics like Mormon acknowledged that as part of his creed, but they have been so abused and vilified that now they which ordered all this for the convercome boldly out and proclaim and CARE OF THE EYES.—Looking in defend their institution. Just so it no doubt but the Louisville Courier is and they quit. No doubt they would have been talking about it yet if it had not been for the abuse of intermeddlers from other States. Now, we do not want to see the same scene reënacted towards our other "pecu-

The Louisville Courier must let it Clinton: alone—leave it to be disposed of by rect habits must give their eyes just transgressed in not curing all the so-contemplates the distant, ascends to the sub-work enough, with a due degree of cial evils at home before saying any-lime! No place too remote for its grasp, no thing about the sins of Kentucky? heaven too exalted for its reach!"

And how dare they overlook, or neglect, or talk about anything else than the sins of their own city, so long as any such exist? Will it not be "time enough" for them to talk about Utah, when the Millennium comes in Kentucky? Then they should travel regularly across the country, or around by the rivers, and spread the kingdom as they go; and it will be a long time before they get to Salt Lake.

Let any one reflect a moment on the bad effect of vituperation such as is too commonly indulged in by those abolitionists who would uproot the very foundations of society in Utah, aggrandizement." Abolitionists like peach trees—they warn us we must the Courier, who would destroy the domestic institutions of our Western brethren, and involve the land in rapine and ruin, would turn the hearts of the happy and contented wives of Utah against their liege lords, and the working men against the elders who demand so-large a portion of their labor to support the State. Suppose these should rebel, what would be the condition of society in Utah? Does not the heart sicken at the pictures

conjured up? (Aside. Dear reader, this is positively hard work, and we do wish some kind friend would send us some one or all of the many pious defenses of Slavery and our glorious Union, which have appeared during the last twenty years. By going over and altering a word here and there, we can make it equally good as a bulwark for our pet Patriarchal Institution, and it would save us all the trouble of thinking. Or let any one read any such work, substituting Polygamy for Slavery, Western for Southern brethren, Utah for "the South," and he will have our view of the case. But to return, in the meantime.)

Look at the devoted piety of our brethren in Utah. Who build such temples? Who say so many prayers? Who exhibits such untiring

Like that celebrated individual known as "Rosin the Bow," they travel the country all over, and then to all others they go, and move heaven and earth to make converts to the discuss the domestic arrangements of faith; and even granting that they may be in error about their peculiar to fear that our Western brethren will institution, it is our duty to deal gently with them and speak softly, if so ference in their affairs. It is a mani- be we may win them to repentance. Then remember that it is their misty," and as such, ought to call forth fortune, and that we should sympathe denunciations of the Democratic thize deeply with them in their afflicparty. Are not the squatters of Utah tions. This system of polygamy, horseas sovereign as those of Kansas? and shave they not as much right to appropriate to their own use the labor of the masses and as many wives as shall suit their convenience? If one part of the squatters in Kansas have a right of the squatters in Kansas have a right Utah, even in the Northern country at familiar to our eyes. Nauvoo, and now we are holding them set them down in their list of goods responsible, when it is their misfor- home. Six weeks ago I added twenty and chattels, why may not the ruling tune, poor fellows, and not their fault! acres to the homestead farm, and so class in Utah avail themselves of the Let any one reflect upon the trouble am now one of the "lords of the soil," labor of the working men, and dispose it is to live peaceably with one wife, and am a farmer by proxy. For the We should be very much obliged to keeping twenty in a good humor! No session—examine the soil, plan imthe Louisville Courier if it would mind doubt these Christian men would glad- provements, and decide on the crops; institutions of Utah to be regulated this to be done? That is the questory fact that I am liable to pay taxes.

by those who understand them. It tion. Some one may answer, "by I wish Noah's flood had not settled cannot be expected that men who can passing a law to forbid any man mar- away so quietly here, for it left me the other.

Cannot any one perceive at a glance | time. the necessity under which these chivalrous men are placed? These women cannot take care of themselves, and of course they must be provided with husbands and masters to take care of them. Think of the advantages to these dependents. Have they the marvelous light of the gospel? and was it not the hand of Providence sion of the heathen? There can be a rank infidel sheet, or it would not be talking of Indian wars to suppress a Bible institution, and be interfering with the order of Providence in converting the heathen. We recommend it to the prayers of Southern saints, and all Union-saving Christians.

KNOWLEDGE.-How beautiful and exalted are the following sentiments of De Witt

of one is dilated by being kept partially in the shade the one that is most exposed can not contract itself sufficiently for protection and will untimately be injured. Those who wish to be disposed of by disposed of "Pleasure is a shadow, wealth is vanity, garden path and brush them all to- preserve there general health by cor- tionists of the North have greatly dives into the ocean, perforates the earth, gether with my feet. But I don't see rect habits must give their eyes just transgressed in not curing all the so-

ISLAND LETTERS.

THE ISLAND, May 12, 1855. It is Saturday afternoon. At one I left the city fifty miles away, and the better part of the afternoon, is mine at " The Island."

Six weeks have gone by since 1 visited this dear place before. That month and a half has done much toward remedying the ravages of a long and dreary winter. The grass is starting in the meadows, the trees begin to put on their drapery of leaves, and flowers may be found by the woodside. The orchards are full of promises of blossoming-all save the poor cious product. And my dwarf apple tree-Lhave watched its thrifty growth now for three years-it is full of blossom buds. Shall I see any crimsoncheeked "Northern Spies" when I come home in October?

Six weeks have brought many new and bright things up into the sunlight. O, slumbering bulb and seed, ye were not dead beyond a resurrection! The spring sun shone upon your graves, and ye start into life again. Type of a glorious immortality, of the precious power and glory. Let the sprouting a minority by illegal votes. seed, the unfolding bud-every sigu of awakening from the slumber of itself in the way of successful operawinter-remind us of hopes for the tion of the slavery propagandists upon

I meet again. FRED, what a chubby whoop from the plains of Mississippi fellow you are growing, and how many new words you have learned to speak, since I saw you before. Life must seem a new revelation to such as you. these words: I wonder not that you are ever in motion-running from mischief to mischief-from the rain-tub to the chicken-

ago ? Little boy Blue, go blow the horn!
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where is the boy that tends the sheep?

Under the haystack, fast asleep.' There never was a better song for melodious variation, refrains, and fanciful choruses, and for lulling a tired

I have spoken of the youngestand, alas! have room to go no farther. stitutional obligations are removed, that thou-

But I have a new interest in going ly be rid of the institution, but how is feeling very well satisfied with the prises.

rying more than one woman;" but scarce a hill high enough to be "dry one might as well talk talk of passing land," when the rains fill the earth. a law in Kentucky forbidding any man That great snow-storm, a week ago, to buy or sell more than one woman, stopped our plowing and muck-dig-The women are there, and what is to ging, and the water passed away but the "gem of the Antilles," be done with them unless they are slowly. But never fear, the oak leaves rested by order of his Government, married, in the one case, or sold in are scarce out yet, and they should be as "large as a mouse's ear," at planting | Springfield, Mass., for 500 muskets.

There are trees in my meadow!-Oak, elm, ash and maple, tall, stately and beautiful. But June will be the time to visit and to talk of them.

What a sweet repose is his, who, returning to the home of his childhood, finds his old room and bed, and the pictures which he hung on the their old places. More than that, the was taken on board, with a negro serold love, warm and genial, and tenderer than ever, if there could be any change. I go to rest with a grateful on Saturday reached this port, and heart, thanking God for the blessings which surround me, hoping for a Sabbath of peace to-morrow.

Good night, JAPHET.

Help One Another.-Sir Walter Scott wrote: "The race of mankind would perish did they cease to help each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we can not exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it of their fellowmortals; and no one, who has it in his power to grant, can refuse without incurring guilt."

mind.

From the Journal and Visitor. THE DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

An intelligent writer in the Kansas Free State of the 25th says "that no effort is spared to furnish the proslavery party in that territory, all the assistance necessary for making Kansas a slave State." The general impression is, that all the "material aid" necessary to such a result is already in the hands of the friends of Atchison and Stringfellow. Yet there remains one obstacle in the way of complete success. They feel pretty sure that Kansas asking for admission to the Union under such circumstances: as those in which the Territory has been placed, would inevitably be denied her request. In the words of the poet, "she might take it out in asking."
We might call even upon the bell wethers of the late Democratic party (requiescat in pace) to oppose the admission of Kansas into the Union upon the principles of their own cherished Nebraska-Kansas bill. We think we can catch the vivacious smile of that fine old country gentleman, the "great Michigander," at this moment, as he leads the columns of the "integral" Democracy" against the admission of "natural body," so often sown with Kansas, for the reason that the people many tears and a heart-ache that can of the Territory have not exercised the not be forgotten, but which shall come blood-bought right of squatter soveforth a spiritual body, with its weak- reignty, but have been overcome at ness and dishonor transformed into the polls by illegal voters, and put in

We say this obstacle has presented Kansas. All others being removed, hereafter.

But "The Island," and the friends this stands. Now comes the war and Georgia. The Hotspurs cock their beavers, and look terrible things. Their bloody thoughts take shape in

"Unless Kansas shall be admitted as a slave State on application, we will dissolve the Union. It is true she has coop, from grandma's cupboard to been made a slave State by armed uncle's shop—never resting in your men mustered into the service by researches and experiments until day blackguards and red-eyed soakers, comes to its close. Would you like but unless she be received into the to hear the song with which I rocked Union without agitation, we will disyou to sleep so often only a year solve the Union, or plunge it in civil war."

> The writer to whom we allude above, speaks, without doubt, the opinions of many others, as follows:

But the South will never dissolve this Union. There is too much good sense there for that. The moment the Union is gone, farewell to slavery. Abolitionists cannot and do not wish anything better than this Southern child to sleep, than that same "Little them to carry out their idea of immediate and boy Blue," of mother Goose's melodies. unconditional emancipation. Southerners no doubt. Some papers at the North are al-ready telling their readers to beware and not do anything that will dissolve this glorious

Union. Let the friends of freedom fight this question on to the last, then in the halls of Congress if it is necessary to go there, and if 350, 000 slaveholders wish to dissolve the Union, we say God speed them in all such enter-

Another Slave Excitement.—We had another "slave rescue" on Monday morning. The circumstances, we are informed, are as follows:-Not long ago a young Cuban gentleman, the son of a wealthy planter in W28 2ron the charge of sending an order to The young man was imprisoned in a strong castle; but through the connivance of some officials, and the aid of his father, he contrived to escape in a cask! He was placed in a cask, which was closed, and thus rolled to the sea shore. Here the brig Gen. Taylor, from Cardenas for this ports was, by previous arrangement, moored vant, aged eighteen years, given him by his father. The brig sailed, and was moored at South-st wharf. The young Cuban took lodgings at one of our principal hotels. Tuesday morning the Captain of the General Taylor took the negro to convey him to his master, who wanted him for a body servant. On the wharf, a party of negroes met the Captain and the slave, and told the latter he was free. But the Cuban negro did not understand them. Several white men came to the aid of the Captain, and a scuffle ensued. Finally the negroes triumphed and carried away their Cuban friend. since which he has not been heard from .- Philadelphia Sun, July 24.

ARMY TALK .- "Well, Jack, here's good news from home. We're to have a medal." "That's very kind. Maybe Learning refines and elevates the one of these days we'll have a coat to stick it on."