DEVOTED TO, THE PRINCIPLES OF DEMOCRACY, AND THE DISSEMINATION OF MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND NEWS COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., SEPTEMBER 27, 1855. VOL. VIII. " A vacation, child !" "Mehitable is a very good woman, | thought he would, in those blue over-THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL. him. "Wihthered and dying like but I had rather she would make my alls, but he would think of it, and PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY "Yes mother, in the cities they nature," he said to himself as he walkgive their ministers vacations, and ADDISON AVERY. shirts, that would make me feel. I do Joseph should bring it over to the ed restlessly around. "I have not mind, no heart, nothing left, I cannot they do not work half as hard Mr. not see any one who can do it better Squire's if he could give." Terms\_in Advance: That night after dark, Joseph dressthan our Emma. As it is her proposiany longer endure it." Mechanically Dunning !" One copy per annum, \$1.00 1.25 "But they are rich, and can afford tion, I think she had better see it ed in his best, knocked at the back of mercy, this people's gift, into the Village subscribers, he turned, to his study table and his TERMS OF ADVERTISING. carried out." door, and asked for Einma. How his to travel, our minister is poor, and can Bible ; able or not, the task must be hardly live by strict economy a.home.' "Mr. Allston," said his wife with heart beat as her figure stood before done, Alas, the Bible was to him now every subsequent insertion, .25 Rule and figure work, per sq., 3 insertions, 3.90 Every subsequent insertion, .59 "So much the more shame to us," him? how he tried not to be a green unfeigned surprise. only a book of texts and subject :--- he Why father ! echoed Emma in the farmer's boy, but a whole hearted answered the girl with burning cheeks. turned the leaves listlessly, his eyes 95 1.0 l column, one year, same tone; but nevertheless, the Squire young man as he was, and how that "It is hard to make a man work the 15.00 rested coldly upon the precious words, I column, six months, administrators' or Executors' Notices, 200 Sheriff's Sales, per tract, 1.50 Professional Cards not exceeding eight lines there was no answering chord within year around, as he does; we prize him stood his ground firmly and went to night and through the plentiful harvest- livered and honored may who would so little that we shall lose him. How his office, insisting that if anything ing he heard her sweet voice thankhis heart. Instead of a theme, there must be done, Emma should undertake ing him so warmly. Ah, Emma, if he Almighty ?" inserted for \$5.00 per annum. sick he looks to-day?" was suggested only the inside of his 17 All latters on businass, to secure at tention, chould be addressed (post paid) to the Publisher. "It has been terrible hot," answered. i. Emma's education and habits of thinks of that more frequently than of dreary church, the pulpit with faded life had always separated her in som his minister's vacation, it certainly not actually many, but they seemed Deacon Jones, "everybody looks wiltcotten velvet covering, the long rows measure from the other inhabitants of does not beseem you to chide-the ages to the spent man-a sacation ed." of unpainted pews, old Mrs. Thomp-SPES EST VATES. the village; a pleasant word of g e :t- money is yours, the motive is his, and "But he is the only one who has son, who slept and nodded now at There is a dogma of the ancient sages ;had a sermon to write and preach." ing, a kind smile, a call of sympathy in you will never know how doubled eighty, as she had faithfully done at No noble human thought, "For which we pay him the value affliction, and her whole social life then trebled the gold was at his reforty, and old Mr. Sawyer, who in the However buried in the dust of uges, of six dollars a Sabbath." was told. She found so many objects quest. slip opposite, returned her salutations Can ever come to nought, The purse fills fast ! Widow Jenk-"But he has no vacation," persisted of interest and pleasure in self cultivawith uniform politeness; but they With kindred faith that knows no base dejec tion,-and home duties, that she hard- ins, the rich miserly widow! She here, it was like a dream; and he tool. the girl,-"neither does he wish one, were aged, and if they slept, were altion, ly ever thought of the world without. had once a child like Emma, and she his portmanteau in his hand, as he had

Beyond the sages' scope I see af ir, the final resurection Of every glorious hape!

I see, as purcel of a new creation, The beatilite hour When every bud of lofty aspiration Shall blossom into flower!

We are not mocked, it was not in derision God made o tr spirits free, Our brightest hop: s are but the dim pre-visio Of blessings that shall be!

When they who lovingly have hoped and trus.ed, Despite some transient fears, Shall see Life's jarring elements adjusted, And rounded into phores !

## [From the Boston Traveller.] THE PASTOR'S VACA-TION.

It was in the morning of a hot July day. It seemed as if there had been no night, for not a drop of cooling minister's heart. dew had descended upon the earth ; the stars had gleamed down dimly through the heated, murky air; vapors had arisen from earth to heaven only, and in the first Leams of the seorching sun, the tired leaves hung listlessly from the trees, the fading flowers drooped their pretty heads, and seemed like fainting maidens, all unable to give back the smile of greeting ;- the crisped and thirsty earth a shrank from another day of suffering ; 1 yesterday was all too much, nature with her hundred voices cried out for help ! The parsonage in the village of Straford, was the most exposed house in town. Parson Rogers had lived, there fifty years, and never planted as much as a rose bush ; down upon its bare white walls, as if drawn by an irresistible attraction, the sun came with almost melting power. It was without blinds, and the closest windows, and green paper-shades, afforded but the scantiest protection .--The miller, who, with a large family lived in the Cottage under the great willow tree by the brook, has often looked with envy at the two-story house the minister occupied for nothing, but to day a lease for life would not tempt him to exchange. It is Friday morning, the third hot day, Sunday is only two days distant and a sermon must be prepared. Mr. Danning had risen early, he might as well do so, for he could not sleep, and had been walking up and down, down and up his little study, hoping to be able at last to select the subject of his discourse before the family should be awaked ; he had gone to his door, and seen the leaves, and the flowers and the earth, and all seemed, less parched, less withoring, than he was himself. He has immediately succeedid Parson Rogers,-and had found the Parish as desolate as the parsonage, not a green or living thing-one he had labored patiently and diligently, and had seen but very little reward for his toil. This morning, inage was gone, his nerves were relaxed | pressive sermon. and feeble, the elasticity of his young life, by which he had hitherto borne a young girl to her mother, as she up manfally against discouragments stood listening to the many comseemed suddenly to have deserted ments.

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ways there,-he almost dreaded the he is too zealous in his. master's sertime when he must miss them from their places; Deacon Jonss, and Doacon Smith, and Deacon Holt, all cast in that one mould, which, if it did not curred to the subject with her parents come over in the Mayflower, certainly again and again, and at last, fairly followed at no distant period, like the aroused her father's interest and attencommunion service, autiquated and tion. sacred, set apart from the world, supposed as they passed the threshold of the door to leave behing them secular interests and feelings, and to become consecrated and holy. Ah! but the difference was; the plate bore the pre- sidered the Sabbath as necessary to cious elements that gave spiritual life both. He always occupied his time and joy, and the deacons benambed and deadened the good influences, by scure case, or thinking over a plea ; he Holly, uneducated and without influreceiving spiritual ford into cold and never went to sleep; he was far to indolent hearts, and sitting Subbath after Sabbath in the same unbroken apathy, until they froze the very life ever, was an only child; he was accus-

a good parish, every body did his duty in paying minister tax and attending ning, if he had no respect for himself, no de-ire to fulfil, in spirit, the comn-a ds of his master, would have summed up all in this brief manner. found this a very casy place.

This morning, these three deacon seemed to him a type of his congre- repairs. The mind, is our thinking gation, and weary and worn as he was muchine, and rest and change repairs no wonder that the Bible failed even, to be a book of texts: As time stole slowly on, the languor of the day, and 'its side, and that was enough; therehis mental agony increased in proportion. At last it was no longer to be Dunning must have a vacation. borne,-falling upon his knees with clasped hands, and bursting heart, he

vice for that."

Emma Allston was silenced but not convinced; on her way home she re-

Squire Allston, as the villagers called him, was an indifferent man as far as preaching and ministers went. He was punctual at church because he believed in law and order, and conwhen there, ferreting out some obactive for that, but he did what was worse, never listened. Emma howblood in their young and benevolent tomed to depend upon her good sense; he had given her every advantage of It was a wonder, four years of such education, and for her principles his a life, and no rest, no change ! It was wife was a pious woman, and she must look out for those. They were both uncertain, is always in the end trium- there, too, Mr. Dunning has been a members of the church, and he did not phant, and her parents were not surmeeting. Parson Rogers had drilled exactly like to come away on com- prised to see Emma come in soon after them well in that, but the minister munion Sabbath, and leave them, but breakfast on Monday morning, ready gratitude, and gives Emma, with such was a sort of machine, which was ex- he always did and left the church, to begin her mission. She called it warm thanks for the privilege, that pected to fulfil its part in the engage. minister, and all religious matters to 80; her father laughed and said "every she feels as if his money would go ment as punctually as they did. A them. He was a good lawyer and a thing was a mission now-a-days," but doubly blest. Kate Lawrence, the good or a bad sermon. only so it was just man; and to state the case of vaca- that fortunately did not injure a good lame girl, oh, it is the sick, and the a sermon,-little mattered. Mr. Dun- tion to him, he gave it a lawyor's at- cause." tention, weighed the arguments for and against, dispassionately, and finally

"There is no machine in the world that you can work all the time without

for what, it would have been difficult gold-but all the riches of the world for those so little acquainted with her could not retain her-and now Emma to tell. In fine, with her position in glides in and seats herself in her empty the parish, and her gentle, winning chair, and looks with the same, deep manners, she was, as her father had blue eyes into her heart; she has not said, the very person to undertake the heard the music of a young voice for collection. How she shrank from the task! how she brought all her christian in the desolate house-Emma asked principles to combat with her feelings; aid for her minister. Mr. Dunning with what a nice, unflinching self investigation she lay bare the whole depths of her proud heart, and prompt- Savior's love illumined her tomb; he ly asked herself was it right or wrong? Why should she not do what Mehitable ence, would fail in if attempted. And so the minister in his study, and Emma alone in her little room were both passing through life's discipline, and both by the same means, to obtain similar results of well doing rewards. her gift. Christian principle, once established, though often apparently wavering and

We should love to follow Emma, if to give-that really know how to the limits of our story would allow, prize their gentle, sympathising pasthrough the first day's calls. One old tor. Emma asks reluctantly, they lady offered her herbs, she had noth- have nothing to spare, but they will ing else to give, and Emma went away, not be denied the blessing, so she puts ith a nice bunch of catnip. Deacon their mites in a separate purse-she Jones, was perfectly astonished -"at has the feeling that they are holy the degenercracy of the age-that a things, like the poor woman's of old. servant of the Lord, should think it Fashionable Mrs. Fenton! Emma possible to seek rest, and recreation, went from the cripple to her. She when so many souls were hourly lost; has the only damask curtains, and no wonder that Stratford remained in Brussels carpet in Stratford, and her such a cold dead state, a valley of dry daughters are the only ladies that bones-certainly they must secure a wear flounced dresses and watches; man that would be more alive to the of course she will give liberally. She great demands of the church. His is very happy to see Miss Allston, for eason, and judgment, and feeling she does not often call; but she utterly condemned the whole move- blushes and hesitates when she hears ment, and he could only pray that no her errand, and ends by forcing into curse in consequence might fall upon her hand as if it was red hot, and she them." Emma laughed, it was not could not retain it-a quarter of a very civil, but when the deacon waxed dollar. Emma takes caro that it shall graudiloquent, how could she help it. not touch the "mites." The physi-Farmer Lowe was having. What a cian goes often to the parsonage with beautiful bit of meadow it was; she his saddlebags. He says with a sigh, could almost count the dollars for, he will give money, but he fears from every hay cock, so could the farmer, Mr. Dunning's looks, he shall, before but he could keep as well'as count winter is through, have to give a large them. He was shrewd and wordly, bill of something else. Emma hears and though he liked an inheritance so him with a shudder, and shuts his gate well here, he thought it would be softly, as if she felt already the concomfortable at least to have one bespoke | nection with death. She grows more hereafter; he did not like the notion resolute in her mission, and when, at of exchange without due examination | the end of the third day, she changes of the equivalent, so the broad acres the small bills into large ones, she says with a smile: "Only in two places were soon reaped, and gathered only into his garners. But this morning, have I been refused, one was Deacon by some fatality, as Emma, with her Jones, and one was Mr. Thornton." sweet happy face, came down among "Mr. Thornton likes his brandy the reapers, she reminded him of better than his pastor, and all his Ruth, and he looked about for his morey goes for that: you might have Boaz among the men: Boaz was there known it." but he had gazed too often at Ruth, on "I did not mean that any one should Sunday to see her now, so he hid befeel neglected, and have called everyhind the cart-foolish, diffident boywhere. I think Mr. Dunning would be delighted, if he only knew with and listened to Emma's prettily proffered request, thinking how little he how many expressions- of good will, could have refused her, even to "half this present is accompanied." of the kingdom." The farmer had no "And you must take it to him this loves Mr. Dunning."

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This was the hardest task of all, and Emma. positively declined it. She would send the purse with a note, and would try to say all in that. And

so she did, and they came like angels dreary study. It mattered not that the summer air still scorched and withered: that the sermon was not finished, and the nerves were weary, and the heart faint. "Thou hast denot abide under the sliadow of the

NO. 19.

Vacation! Years ag inflier were meant rest. Was he once again to know the meaning of that word ? H: never expected to until he wandered through "the green pastures, along the still waters;" but here, actual She was beloved and respected, though loved her, yes, better than she did in his college days, and as he went through the village on his way to his native home, to see his old mother, and try among childhood scenes, to bring back childhood's freshness and efasticity, his people crowded to theidoors,-no one knew before how much many a long day, but there it is again they had loved and respected him; there had been no opportunity to te t the hold he had taken upon their stood by Mary's side when she was hearts. Not a kind word that he hal dying, he prayed, and the light of a ever spoken, not an earnest prayer that he had offered within their own stood with the mother at the grave, home, not a word of sympathy when and dropt tears, when her eyes were they were sad, or in affliction, but dried, upon the collin. Yes, it is as if but come to mind now, and som Mary asked,--what is money that she blessed him audibly as he passed. should have one wish ungratified ?-Yes, God had watched over him, and There was a tear or two ou Emma's now delighted to honor. The seed cheek-miser as she was, the widow that seemed to him to have been broad. remembered that long after she forgot cast, God had taken from his hand and dropped into many a stony hear:. Jane Whipple, the grocer's wife, and now, as with the fullness and had lain long at death's door, and beauty of midsummer all around him and his people's love and respect messenger of mercy; her husband is beaming like suulight over the landglad of an opportunity to show his scape, he drew every hour new healt's and strength from his journey. The old smile came back to his lips. His frame, so weak, that at first it refused all effort, grew strong and manlik again, and when he came within sight poor and suffering, that are most ready of his paternal home, his heart leaped.

> come him as when he was a boy. -Emma, on the morning of his leaving Stratford, from behind the nearly closed blinds of her room, had also watched him pass. This was the re-

up to see his mother as warmly wel-

poured forth his sorrows and discour agements, to Him from whom alone in his extremty could come help .---soft whisper she repeated : "He that Most High shall abide under the shadwill be with him in trouble, I will de- half as long as they do." liver him and honor him."

God had already heard, and answored him. "Bless you my wife," he said drawing her towards him, I will abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

All through that long, oppressive day, he sat at his task, but it was no longer a task, for his heart was strong in hope, and trust, that in his own good dull, dead, arid waste. For four years time, God would deliver and honor him. The next Sabbath found him prepared, and even the "old folks," and these old deacons lingered after deed through all his sleepless night | church around the porch, to ask what the moral dearth of his people, had made the minister so pale; no man lain heavily upon his heart; his cour- could be sick and write such an im-

"He needs a vacation," whispered

it; therefore, it has a right to them.' To have a right, was to have a law on fore Mr. Allston settled it, that Mr.

"How and when !" asked Emma eagerly.

"By his people making up a purse, and now, while the weather is oppressive and he requires it so much; why As he closed, a low sob fell upon his even the farm horses are turned out to car; he started to find his gentle wife grass and no farmer grumbles; all had stolen unperceived into the room, know in their own experience, that and was kneeling beside him. In a there must be rest where there is work; everybody but a minister finds this dwelleth in the secret place of the in the change of employment, incident to his occupation ; but with the clergy ow of the Almighty. He shall call it is always the same one theme, one upon me, and I will answer him. I object; I wonder as a class, they live

"Many die very young," said Mrs. Allston, sadly, "the churches have many precious lives to answer for, which have been lost through their neglect. In precisely such cases as this, the young man has found an early grave, because no one saw that he was dying. In a country village where nearly everybody work with their hands, head work is thought but a lazy sort of an affair, and I dare say that more than half the people in Stratford, will be astonished and angry to hear that Mr. Dunning needs rest."

"Yes, and whosoever collects this money must creep into their hearts, and take those by storm; all appeals to their reason will be fruitless."

"Mehitable Holly, is the very person to go," said Mrs. Allston, with decided look; she has nothing else to do, and

sult of hor first social effort for goodher first, but not her last. She was + frail, delicate girl, but she became a pillar in the church. She dated the development and strengthening of his Christian character from this period. She had learned one of life's gre I lessons-that religion is not vital ... long as it is selfish, and that the treaure must be used, to be returned tenfold. Old Mrs. Thompson and old Mr. Sawyer passed to their long sleep-The good deacon grew old and muinfestly unfitted for the wants of Lin awakened church. Young men, across whose faces the minister could sween the chords of feeling with his masterhand, filled their places, and Stratford owed much to the new life given it by

its pastor's vacation.

Some microscopic photographs exhibited at Manchester, the other day. excited much admiration. One, of the size of a pin's head, when magnified several hundred times was seen to comtain a group of seven portraits of menabers of the artist's family, the likenesses being admirably distinct. Another microscopic photograph, of still less size, represented a mural tablet erected to the memory of William Sturgeon, the electrican, by his Manchester friends, in Kirby Lonsdale church. This little tablet covered only 1,900m part of a superficial inch, and contained 580 letters, every one of which could be distinctly seen, by the aid of the microscope.

Guilt is best discovered by its o