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The Lost Boy:

AN INCIDENT IN THE OHIO PENITENTIARY. -- ‡o‡ ---

BY THE WARDEN.

I had been but a few months in charge of the State Prison, before my attention was attracted to, and deep interest felt in, the numerous boys and young men who were confined therein and permitted to work in the same shops with old and fiardened convicts. This interest was increased on every evening as I saw them congregated in gangs, marching to their silent meals, and thence to their gloomy bed-rooms which are more like living sepulchres with iron shrouds, than sleeping apartments. These young men and boys being generally the shortest in height, brought up the rear of the companies. as t hey marched to the terrible "lock step," and consequently more easily attracted attention. To see those youthful forms and bright countenances mingling with the old and hardened scoundrels whose visages betokened vice, malice, and crime, was sickening to the soul. But there was one among the boys who had particularly attrac ted my attention, not from anything superior in his countenance or general appearance, but by the look of utter despair which ever sat upon his brow, and the silent, uncomplaining manner in which he submitted to all the hardships and degradations of prison life. He was often complained of both by officers and men, and I thought unnecessarily, for light and trivial offenses against the rules of propriety; yet stance, the following story: he seldom had any excuse or apology He took the reprimand, and once a punishment, without a tear or a murmur, almost as a matter of course, steming thankful that it was no worse. He had evidently seen better days, and enjoyed the light of home, parents and friends, if not the luxuries of life .--But the light of hope seemed to have gono out-his health was poor-his frame fragile-and no fire beamed in his dark grev eye! I thought every night as I saw him murch to his gloomy bed, that I would go to him and learn his history. But there were so many duties to perform-so much to learn and to do, that day after day passed, and I neglected him-having morely learned that his name was Arthur Lamb, and that his crime was burglary and larceny, indicating a very bad hoy for one so young. He two more to serve! He never could outlive his sentence, and his countenance indicated that he felt it. He worked at stone-cutting, on the State House-hence my opportunities for seeing him were less than though he had worked in the prison yard-still his pale face haunted me day and

"A Lost Boy!! Information wanted of a boy named Arthur ----," &c (I will not give his real name; for perhaps he is still living;) and then followed a description of the boyexactly corresponding with that of the there was somebody who cared for the the probability of his never living out immediately.

Sabbath as he came from school, I

would send for him and learn his his-

tory. It happened, however, that I

was one day in a store, waiting for the

transaction of some business, and hav-

ing picked up an old newspaper, I

at last my eye fell on an advertisement

poor boy, if, indeed it was he; per- his sentence, and described the prohaps a mother, his father, his brothers cess to be used to gain his pardon. a year old, yet I doubted not, and soon

er when he came in; and when 1 looked up, there he stood, a perfect image of despair. I asked him his name. He quickly replied-" Arthur.'

"Arthur what?" said I, speaking sternly.

" Arthur-Lamb," he answered, hesitatingly. "Have you a father or mother liv-

ng?" I asked. .His eye brightened-his voice quiv-

ered, as he exclaimed :---

"O! have you heard from mother? Is she alive? is she well?" and tears, which I had never seen him shed before, ran like great rain drops down his cheeks! As he became calm from suspense, I told him I had not heard from his parents, but that I had a paper I wished him to read.

He took the advertisement which I cut from the paper, and as he read it, he exclaimed-

"That's me! that's me!" and again sobs choked his utterance.

I assured him that the advertisement was all I could tell him about his parents-and that as it requested information, I desired to know what I should write in reply. The advertisement directed information to be sent to the editor of the Christian Chronicle, New York.

"O, do not write," he said, "It will break my mother's heart!"

I told him I must write; and that it would be a lighter blow to his mother's feelings to know where he was, than the terrible uncertainty which must haunt her mind day and night .-So he consented; and taking him to my room, I drew from him, in sub-

His father was a respectable wealthy machanic in an interior town of the State of New York. At the holding of the State Agricultural Fair in his native town, he got acquainted with two stranger boys, older than himself, who persuaded him to run away from his home, and go to the West. He foolishly consented, with high hopes of happy times, new scenes and great fortune. They came as far as Cleveland, where they remained several days. One morning the other two boys came to his room early, and showed him a large amount of jewelry, &c. which they said they had won at cards during the night. Knowing that he was in need of funds to pay his board, they pressed him to take some of it, for means to pay his landlord. But before he had disposed of any of it, they were all three arrested had already been there a year, and had property taken from the store which had been robbed was found in his possession, he too was tried, convicted and sentenced. He had no friends no money, and dared not write home -so hope sank within him-he was resigned to his fate, never expecting to get out of prison or see his parents night-and I resolved that on the next

Upon inquiring of the two convicts who came with him on the same charge I found that what Arthur had stated was strictly true, and that his only crime was keeping bad company, leaving his home, and unknowingly receivread and re-read, while delayed, until ing stolon goods. Questioned separately, they all told the same story, and left no doubt in my mind of Arthur's innocence. Full of compassion for the unfortunate little fellow, I. sar down and wrote a full description of Arthur, his condition and history, as I obtained it from him, painting the horrors of the place, the hopelessness of his beyoung convict, Arthur Lamb! Then ing reformed there, even if guilty, and such a case. The pardon was granted

and sisters, who were searching for This I sent according to the direction him. The advertisement was nearly in the advertisement. But week after week passed and no answer came. as the convicts were locked up, I sent | The boy daily inquired if I had heard for Arthur Lamb. He came, as a from his mother; until at last, "hope the released convict to his bosommatter of course, with the same pale, deferred maketh the heart sick," and kissed him-wept and prayed. Grasuncomplaining face and hopeless gait again he drooped and pined. At last -thinking, no doubt, that something a letter came-such a letter! It was had gone wrong, and been laid to his from the Rev. Dr. Bellows of New York. He had been absent to a dis-I was examing the Convicts' Regis- | tant city, but the moment he read my letter, the good man responded. The father of the poor boy had become almost insane on account of his sou's ong and mysterious absence. He had | young man is doing well; and long lefthis former place of residence, had may he live to reward the affection of moved from city to city, from town to his parents.—Sandusky City (O.) Mirtown, and traveled up and down the ror. country seeking the loved and the lost! He had spent the most of a handsome fortune; his wife, the boy's mother was on the brink of the grave, for a drink or a cigar-'tis soon burnt pining for her first born, and would gone in the hope of finding or forgetting their boy! or that a change of ing except when it produces dyspenscene might assuage their grief. He sia, and then it often costs a hundred thanked me for my letter, which he dimes to purchase medicine that does had sent the father, and promised his not cure the disease. assistance to procure the young convict's pardon.

This news I gave to Arthur; he seemed pained and pleased-hope and you ever reflected how many entire fear, joy and grief, filled his heart al- families in this city, where food is so ternately; but from thence his eye dear, dine every day for less than one beamed brighter, his step was lighter dime? Did you ever think of beand hope seemed to dance in every stowing one dime for charitable pur-

man to the prison, rushing frantically WEERLY TRIBUNE should give one into the office, demanding to see his with his subscription, to be applied to

"My hoy! my boy! Olet me see my boy l"

The Clerk who knew nothing of the matter, calmly asked him for the name of his son.

son cannot be here."

"He is here! Show him to me! Here sir, is your own letter! Why do you mock me !"

The clerk looked over the letter, done with one dime! saw at once that Arthur Lamb was the for the messenger.

"There is the warden, sir, it was

his letter you showed." Too much of a good thing is often unpleasant. The old man embraced me and wept like a child. A thousand times he thanked me, and, in the name of his wife, heaped blessings upon me. But the rattling of the great iron door, and the grating sound of its hinges indicated the approach of Arthur, and I conducted the excited parent to a side parlor. I then led his son to his embrace. Such a half shriek and agonizing groan as the old man gave, when he beheld the altered appearance of his boy, as he stood, clad in the degrading stripes, and holding a convict's cap in his hand. I never heard before. I have seen many similar scenes since, and become inured to them: but this one seemed as if it would burst my brain.

I drew up and signed a petition for the pardon of the young convict; and such a deep and favorable impression did the letter I wrotein answer to the advertisement make upon the directors that they readily joined in the petition, though it was a long time before Mc-Lean consented. He was exceedingly cautious and prudent; but the old man clung to him-followed him from his office to his country residence, and there in the presence of his family plead anew his cause. At length excited by the earnest appeal of the father, the director looked over the papers again-his wife, becoming interested, picked up the answer to the advertisement, read it, and then tears came to the rescue. Mack said, rather harshly that the warden would let all those young rascals out if he could. Those who know Gov. Wood will not wonder that he was easily prevailed on in

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ping my hand, he tendered me his and escorted them to the gate---literally bowing them away.

I never saw them more. But the

ONE DIME.

'Tis a little sum'-'tis often given out and wasted. It takes ten dimes is soon eaten—its effects are not last-

To those who never dine for less than a dollar, how unsatisfactory would be a dinner for a dime. Reader, have poses, and how much good that would Days passed—and at last there came | do? What if every subscriber to THE the necessities of the needy and deserving poor in this city-did you ever consider what a sum it would be? Look at it-137,000 subscribers at one dime each is \$13,700. What if it were applied to purchase bread, say at five cents a loaf! It would buy 1,-"No such name on our books; your 740,000 loaves of bread. What if we should announce that such a quantity of bread was about to be given to the poor in this city! The whole land would rejoice. How much can be

> Let us see what we would do with it if we had but one-only one dime in the world-and yet with that must provide for a family consisting of a mother and four children for a whole day. We could not buy baker's bread at sixpence a loaf-very small loaves, too, never weighing over a pound, however moist or however adulterated with corn, potatoes, or buckwheat, which are harmless-or with plaster of Paris, lime, alum, sulphate of zinc, ground bones, and we don't know how many other deleterious substances. No, we would not buy baker's bread with our dime, nor would we buy fine flour at six or seven cents a pound, elso some of the children would go hungry. We might buy corn meal and make a cheap cake, or a pot of mush, or a large pot of porridge, or we might buy two pounds of homminy, and then our dime would feed the family one full meal; but to this latter article there is one objection. Where is the fuel to come from to cook this mess?—for corn more than any other grain requires cooking to make it palatable and wholesome. Two, three, or even four hour of slow boiling is not too much. Our dime will not cook as well as buy the corn meal or homminy. What then ? Potatoes! Let us see. They require least cooking, but they cost with all their water-and they are more than half water-two cents and a half a pound at retail.

Then they are not cheap food after all. It will not do to spend our dime for potatoes.

What then? It is no easy study to learn how to procure the most human. food for a dime; to ascertain how many hungry mouths may be fed-how many empty stomachs satisfied, for one dime. It is a study too much neglected. It should be taught in all Public Schools. Certainly in all Churity, Industrial

Need I describe the old man's joy- and Ragged Schools-where children how he laughed and wept-walked are fed as well as taught. What betand ran-all impatient to see his son | ter wisdom could you teach them than free? When the lad came out in how to procure the most food for a citizen's dress, the aged parent was dime? It is a little coin, but it can too full for utterance. He hugged be made to expand. It would be real charity-genuine charity-practical charity-to teach such scholars economy in food; not how to eat less, to farm-his watch-anything I would live upon less-for Heaven knows, take. Pained at the thought of pecu- some of them live upon little enough niary reward, I took the old man's now-but to teach them what to buy, arm in mine, and his boy by the hand, in case of emergency, with a little as a pound, and this I cut up into bits, coin-only one dime. We have lately learned that lesson, and will teach it to you. We learned it of a woman -though she says she learned it of us. from something she read about economizing food in The Tribune. ...

"I had," said she, "one day last week, only one dime in the world, and that was to feed me and my fourchildren all day; for I would not ask round balls, about as big as grapes, for credit and I could not borrow, and not be comforted," They then lived to make a dollar, and a dollar is a I nover did beg. I did live through in a Western city, whither they had common price for a single meal. It the day, and I did not go hungry. I fed myself and family with one dime." "How?"

"O, that was not all. I bought fuel

"What, with one dime?"

"Yes, with one dime. I bought wo-cents worth of coke, because that is cheaper than coal, and because I could kindle it with a piece of paper in my little furnace with two or three little bits of charcoal that some careless boy had dropped in the street just in my path. With three conts I bought a scraggy piece of salt pork, half fat and half lean. There might have been half-a-pound of it—the man did not weigh it. Now half my money was gone, and the show for breakfast, dinner, and supper was certainly avery poor one. With the rest of my the value of one dime. dime I bought four cents' worth of white beans. By the by, I got these at night, and soaked them in tepid water on a neighbor's stove till morning. grocery man gave me a red-pepper

"What was that for ?" preciated by the poor in Winter, because they help to keep them warm. With my meal I made three dumplings, and these, with the pork and pepperpod, I put into the pot with the beans and plenty of water (for the pork was salt) and boiled the whole two hours; and then we had breakfast, for it was time for the children to go to school. We ate one of the dumplings, and each had a plate of the soup for break-

fast, and a very good breakfast it was." "I kept the pot boiling as long as my coke lasted, and at dinner we ate half the meat, half the soup, and one of the dumplings. We had the same allowance for supper; and the children were better satisfied than I have sometimes seen them when our food cost five times as much. The next day we had another dime-it was all I could earn for all I could get to do-two pairs of men's drawers each day, as five cents a pair-and on that we lived -lived well. We had a change, too; for instead of the corn meal and beans got four cents' worth of oat meal, and one cent's worth of potatoessmall potatoes, because I could get more of them. I washed them clean, so as not to waste anything by paring, and cut them up, and boiled them all have the most feminine cast of counteto pieces with the meat and meal." "Which went the furthest?"

"I can't say. We ato it all each day, and didn't feel the want of more, though the children said, 'Ma, don't you wish we had a piece of bread and butter, to finish off?' It would have been good, to be sure; but bless me, what would a dime's worth of bread, and butter be for my family? But I had another change next day."

: " What, for another dime?" "Yes, that was all we had, day after day. We had to live on it. It was very hard, to be sure; but it has

What is that?

taught me something."---

"That poor folks could live a great deal cheaper and better than they do. if they only knew how to economize their food. You have told them how. But they are slow to learn, or loth to change from foolish old practices," b

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"What was your next change!" "Oh, yes, I was about to tell you that. Well, I went to the butcher's the night before, and bought five cent's worth of little scrap pieces of lean beaf, and I declare, I think I got as much and soaked over night-an all-important process for soup, or a stew-cooking it in the same water. Then I -that is, the practical operation of it bought two cent's worth of potatoes and one cent's worth of meal-that made the eight cents; two had to go for fuel every day, and the paper I got my purchases in served for kindling. The meal I wet up into stiff dough, and worked out into little

and the potatoes I cut up into slices, and altogether made a stew, or chowder, seasoned with a small onion, and part of a pepper-pod that I got with the potatoes. It was very good, but it did not go quite so far as the soup. either day, or else the fresh meat tasted so good that we wanted to eat. more. But I can tell you, small as it may seem to you, there is a great doal of good eating in one dime:"

So there is -what a pity everybody don't know it. What a world of good might be done with a dime.

Reader have you got a dime-that is to spare—only one dime! Give it to the poor widow. Give it? No; you owe it. She has given you twice its value, whether you are one that will feast to-day on a dollar, or bestinted with a dime. She has taught you-what you never knew before-

What a pity so many should bo thrown away. What a pity we could not teach this lesson of economy in food to the thousands who will suf-I had one cent left. I bought one fer before Spring for the dimes wastcent's worth of corn meal, and the ed, through ignorance, when dimes were plenty. Knowing how to use a dime might often save a family from suffering-from beggary-from degra-"Wait a little-you shall know. Of dation. 'Tis a small coin-it will buy all things, peppers and onions are up- five copies of this paper. What if you invest it here and give this to who would profit by learning how they can live, and satisfy the hunger of five persons all day-ron one DINE. Tribune.

> WHOLESOME BEVERAGE. Take of the best white Jamaica ginger root (bruised) 2 ounces; cream of tartar. 1 ounce: water, 6 quarts; to be boiled for about five minutes, then strained; to the strained liquor add one pound of the best white sugar, and again put on the fire and keep stirre i. until the sugar is dissolved; then pour into an earthen vessel into which has been previously put two drachms of tartaric acid and the rind of one lemon. and let it remain until the heat is 'reduced to a lukewarm temperature: then add a tablespoonful of yeast, stirring them well together, Cand bottom for use, the corks of which must be well tied down. It will be in hig's perfection in a few days.-Exchange

"The best and most conclusive carson for an effect, that we remember ever having heard," writes a wester.u correspondent, was one given by a. one idea Dutchman, in reply to a friend who remarked, Why Hans, you nance 1 have ever seen! O, yaw, was the reply, 'I know the reason for dat: mine mother was a woman ! "

"I find, Dick, that you are in the habit of taking my best jokes, and passing them off as your own. D. you call that gentlemanly conduct?" To be sure I do, Tom. A true gen-tleman always takes a joke from a friend?" ger die ter me unid ein gu-

How does it happen that the more superficial orators generally make the longest spenches? The answer to this question, (which is not a conundrum, appears to be, that these gentleme a endeavor to give their orations in length that which they want in dept.

-Comic. Timetel guirral atouquo et eondoma the (spectte in others that