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Original Poetry.

For the People's Journal.

THE WINTER KING.

The Winter King is smiling up,
We think, to go away;
And if he should go, far or near—
Oh, what a glorious day!

It has been long so very rude,
No one will wish him back,
Or care to shed a parting tear,
Upon his icy track.

I've seen him now for many a year,
With cold and rigid form;
But then sometimes he wore a smile,
The chilly heart, to warm.

His heart has grown so cold now,
Within the present year,
For all the freezing of the poor,
He never shed a tear.

Many a sad and lonely wife,
Her night y vigil kept,
While the light and drifting snow,
Her husband's bed had kept.

Often as I think of it,
I never in his bed,
To know how many fatherless
Ate poor, and family dead—

Brought, in a box of files
Where sympathy never came;
No sunshine in their little hearts,
Nor pleasure in their frame.

While thousands glide in splendor by,
Without a word of cheer,
To chase the cloud from sorrow's eye,
And warm the frozen tear.

The poor are always with us here,
And claim our tender care;
God give us that we may give
To those who need a share.

M. M.
Freedom, Feb. 25, 1856.

Original Story.

For the Journal.

HEALING BROKEN HEARTS.

Ellen was our "school ma'am," a very sweet, lovable, fair, fragile girl of eighteen, without will enough to make a thorough teacher, nor tact enough to make a popular one, she was one of those many heart-sick, weary, patient dandies whose calamity it was to undergo the daily tortures of twenty-seven mania-ridden little responsible, more or less as it pleased the parental caprice to send them to school that day or not. She was a homeless orphan too, and had no place to flee to, to escape from her fatherless, and so, sick or well, she must stay and grind out her life at the penurious mill of woman-work which scarce furnished her the bitter bread—the galling sackcloth, and the uncertain shelter of poverty.

She was neither wise, nor brave, nor strong; and yet fate's relentless condescension had driven her perforce into the fearful "battle of life," all unarmed as she was, and alone! Poor Ellen! She was the only child of parents she had never known, and like other such orphan's, imagined (poor child!) that Father and Mother, and Brothers and Sisters and Home, meant Paradise; and she longed for the delights of her idea of home, never dreaming that there had hardly ever on earth been such a place.

I saw her on the day she came to the place, as she passed into the room where the school directors were to befig yet more their own already misty intellects, in trying to "pinpoint" half a dozen frightened girls who were to teach the children in that township. Ellen was as pale as her own white dress, and looked as though she were going to the scaffold, but she got a

"certificate," and went to teaching the next Monday.

I knew she was doomed to "board and room," and though I had never spoken to her, I felt she could not endure it; so I sent Albert to school with a note to Miss Walden begging her to come home with him that night. She came, leading the little fellow, or rather letting him lead her, through the back gate, which led into the yard from the short meadow path by the river, which we always went when on foot.

"Sister Aggy, I did bring home my teacher, as you bade me!" cried Albert triumphantly, delivering his charge into my keeping, as I met them at the door.

I made her very welcome, and tried to make her forget that she was a stranger; and after tea, when she was a little rested, I showed her the dear little guest chamber opening from the sitting room, and showed her the woodbine and climbing rose, over the window, and saw her eyes rest gratefully on the locust and aspen trees that shaded that corner, and then took dreamily through the willows and elms by the river, at the blue smoke from the widow Forrest's cottage beyond.

"This is a beautiful place," she said at last.

"It is, a dear, beautiful place!" I answered, "and if you will not feel lonely here, with only Albert and me, I will be so glad if you will occupy this room all summer, and not board anywhere else, but have this for your home all the time!"

"But the trouble!" objected Ellen, raising her pleased eyes to my face.

"Would I ask you, if it would be a trouble to keep you, Ellen?" I spoke as though she knew me as I was, and I called her Ellen, and she was convinced. She burst—no, melted—into tears, and said it was "too good." I put my arm around her, and kissed her; and she leaned her poor world-weary head against me, and wept tears of relief and thankfulness.

Next morning I put on my sunbonnet and went with them, out at the same brown wicket gate they came in at the day before, and down the long, black, weather-beaten, wooden stairs to the grassy landing where I did my washings, across the high foot bridge that hung over the dark stream like a fragment of some huge spider's web, and then down the stream, through my long meadow, over the stile, and through the grassy domain of the Forrests, up to their cottage door.

"Come in with me, Ellen, it is not school time yet," said I; and she went in, and was introduced to the widow and her two sons and daughter, and welcomed by them with the whole-hearted warmth which made them the dearest of all my friends in Ellwood.

I was afraid the delicate and lady-like Ellen would be shocked at the unsophisticated familiarity of my old friend Charles's looks; for he stood six stout feet of Luman timber, clad in checked flannel and overall, crowned with an especially unsmooth, lionish mane, which made divers particular mothers and maids vow that if Charlie Forrest was any part of their belongings, they would clip or singe him if they could not make him shave himself. For myself I was rather sensitive about Charlie's peculiarities, and hated to have them criticized; for I would as lief see a lion snared as Charlie Forrest.

"But Ellen was no critic, and saw at once why I liked them all—they were cordial and soulful.

"I am going to keep Ellen for my own use and behoof this summer," said I, "and as you come back from town Charlie, if you can as well as not, will you fetch up her trunk to my house, and so save her two or three pilgrimages and a week's waiting for some slow-motioned body to bring it?—It is at Squire Brady's."

Of course he would bring it, I knew he would if it had weighed half a ton instead of less than half a hundred! And so it was all settled and Ellen came to

live with me in my own dear wood-brown cottage among its many trees.

It was new life to her, and we were all new revelations; for she had been brought up, a "poor relation" in a house in one of the most absurdly upper-tenth of central New York villages, and had never dreamed that hard work and refinement could live together except as servant and employer.

Squire Brady's wife's rich cousin's poor cousin Ellen, thanked the Lord and Squire Brady for transplanting her from her comfortable dependence to a less intolerable independence, (if indeed Ellen could be independent) and life, which had before been so haggard and ghostly a nightmare to her, began to grow rose-tinted and heart warm.

One day when the roses were bursting into bloom in my demense, Ellen and I sat sewing in the long, low south porch, up whose square, unpainted pillars trained a rare drapery of wild grapes and roses; and thought each our own thoughts to ourselves awhile; and then she spoke in her dreamy, timid way:

"Agnes, I wish you would tell me how you came to live here alone with your little brother. What ever made you think of it? And how did you and Charles, and John, and Fanny Forrest ever get your knowledge of books and men while you have to work so much? You are all beautiful mysteries to me, and I want the mystery explained. I always thought—"

"You were always taught that refinement was born of luxury and elegance, and that riches brought knowledge. You see you were taught wrong. Effort gains knowledge; and refinement is inborn, and can come only from the heart. Look at Mrs. Brady! she could never be refined by all the training in the world; for she is essentially vulgar to the heart's core; but Mrs. Forrest would still be an innately fine woman if she didn't know her letters. A farm life with rude associations, cannot make her children coarse; for they have inherited fine natures. But you ask me why I live here, and why I thought of it. I never lived anywhere else, Nelly, why should I leave my dear old home because I lost my parents? Surely one less was enough! Besides my Father's will left me guardian of my little, motherless brother and his property. His farm lies the other side of the road. The old home and the north end of the farm are mine. My part supports us nicely, and I am saving all I can make from his, to educate him with by and by. How could I live so happily any other way? Charlie and John work our place in addition to theirs, and it is very pleasant!"

"You were a very young guardian, Agnes?"

"I was just one and twenty when my father died, almost four years ago. I hope I am old enough to be a good guardian to my brother."

"I should feel crushed with the weight of my responsibilities if I had charge of a child, and two farms, and nobody to help me; but you seem to like it!" said Ellen.

"I do like it," I replied, "it is infinitely to feel its responsibilities."

"Then it life be bitter, how intense must be its bitterness!" murmured Ellen.

I looked into her sad, white face awhile—"Life is not bitter. It is very beautiful and holy!"

She rose and laid aside her work, and sat down on a low stool at my feet, and leaning her head against my knee, she said gently, "Then teach me life, Agnes; for I have never learned it."

I laid my hand on her bowed head—so young and beautiful, and yet so sad, and felt as though my own soul's strength and cheer might pass through my fingers' ends, like electricity, and fill her with new life; for I knew there is a wonderful magnetism in this contact of strength and weakness.

"Have a purpose in life and live for it, Nelly!"

"How can I?" murmured she, "life is all empty! I have no one to live for as you have!"

"That is another of the cruel mistakes you have been taught, Ellen!" said I, "it is not necessary to a true life—a rich, beautiful life—that you should live for any body in particular, but Ellen Walden. I could live well and worthily without my inheritance or my brother!"

"How could you?" asked Ellen, "Where would be your purpose or your responsibilities then?"

"If there is that in me which makes dear, bewildered ones like you, Ellen, come to me for help to grow strong, surely my life might be very deep and rich without any one to live for!"

"But I have not that in me, Agnes," said Ellen with a deep sigh, "How can I live?"

"Live for God and the world, Nelly, and your life will be worth having," I replied.

"If I were a man I could be a minister of the Gospel, but a woman—what—how can I live so, Aggy?"

"All Christians are in some way ministers of the Gospel," I replied, "and a school teacher has more spiritual power than a clergyman."

"But I am employed to teach reading, and writing, and geography, and arithmetic," said Ellen, "and I find few elements of spirit in these. Can I teach Christianity out of a grammar or a spelling book?"

"Perhaps not, but when you have to settle disputes among your pupils, you have the very best of opportunities to teach the gospel of forgiveness, which is one of the cardinal virtues—and every matter of discipline involves a Christian principle; and if these are taught as they ought to be, was has done more than that teacher whose life has been more worthy of a saint than any of the richest preachers!"

She sat silent a good while and then said, "I must try. I say I am too self-absorbed—to mortally so, I think. But, Oh dear, Aggy, I wish I were like you! It would be easy then!"

"And yet," thought I, "I have borne and triumphed over pain that would have killed you, poor child!"

Yes, Ellen was a child—a weak, unhealed, yielding, child; but I loved her dearly, and it vexed me to hear any body say so, just as it vexed me to hear them call Charlie a "buffle" or a "gizzly bear."

I began to think that Ellen had some love trouble hidden away in her heart, which she kept to torment herself with in private; for she was distressingly sentimental sometimes, though she had sense enough not to talk about it, and too much delicacy to be maudlin in her sentimentality, but she was, as she said, morbid and gloomy. Her symptoms rather increased than diminished as the season wore on, and I was puzzled enough, until fate opened my eyes.

It was in the height of laying time, that very early one morning, before I had my breakfast fire kindled I heard Charlie's voice in the front yard:

"Agnes! please bring me the gate key!" I kept the yard gate locked at night, because Charlie's old black Kate would open it with her teeth, when I did not, and would come in and commit depredation on my orchard clover patch. Last night she had again escaped from her own place, and finding my gate locked, she had jumped the rails and was browsing one of the apple trees when her owner found her, but as she would not jump back again over the fence, he had to call for the key which now locked her in instead of out.

I unlocked the barrier, and Charlie led out the trespassing animal, and turned to tell me that the men were to begin my field that day, and I might get their luncheon ready. The conversation was prolonged to some length in the discussion of some contrivance for keeping the birds off the wheat until it was harvested; and perhaps several other romantic items of interest.

Ellen was up when I got back, and to my utter astonishment bantered me about my having such early morning calls! Ellen Walden joking! I stared at her to see if it was Ellen, or only her phantom "double" playing some fantastic trick on my senses. It was herself however, and I answered that nobody ever had a finer reception room than the one I used that morning.

"I thought it was romantic said Ellen, "when I saw you talking under the honeysuckle that hangs from the chestnut tree over the gate!"

"Yes," said I with a laugh, "and what a romantic thing it was, to stand in the wet grass talking through that same top-sided old gate!"

The faint ghost of a laugh forced itself through Ellen's white lips, and its accompanying phantom smile trailed joyfully across her pale face, but I did not think until afterward how ghostly they were, so I went on as gaily as before.

"And the conversation was quite as romantic as the time and place!"

"Ah! what was it?" asked Ellen with a voice like her laugh.

"I'm afraid the birds might hear it if I should repeat it, and then was beside my harvest home!"

"Agnes!" My name never sounded so sepulchral before. The girl's efforts to continue the pleasantry were becoming too fear-struck and ghastly to be concealed, and I abruptly broke off the dialogue by going out to milk the cows.

"What ails Ellen?" I asked myself full five hundred times that day, without guessing an answer within gunshot of the truth. I must have been a fool that day, whatever I am in common ones.

I was sitting that afternoon picking over some carrots for supper, when I heard a long, fearful scream—a cry so piercing and terrible, that my blood almost curdled in my veins. I sprang to my feet. The cry was drawn in the long meadow by the river. I ran out at the back gate and down the step—I could see the moon running toward the river from their work at the hay.

I ran upon the bridge, and saw from thence what winged my footsteps with the fleetness of the wind. I saw all that happened, though it had passed before I reached the spot. Ellen stood with her hands stretched toward the stream, like a statue of terror, and I knew Albert was there—drowning, perhaps. I saw Charlie Forrest ahead of all the rest, rushing forward. He never paused a moment, but plunged into the pool, and soon emerged again, and set down his dripping burden at Ellen's feet. She fell on her knees and the little fellow put his wet arms about her neck, and then I knew he was only wet, and not drowned. Charlie was shaking the water out of his garments like a great new-foundland dog, between Albert and me; and as I drew near, he smiled and said:

"Nothing has happened but a brace of ducks!"

I couldn't laugh a bit. I wanted to cry, and the tears did come into my eyes as I faltered out, "Thank you! God bless you, Charlie!"

He took both my trembling hands in his, and looked right into my eyes, and through them into my soul, away down, down into the bottom of my heart, which felt strangely stirred by those searching, kindly visitants.

"I am blest when you say so, Aggy!" I hardly knew he said it then, and even now it seems more like the suggestions of a dream than an actually uttered saying; but he did say it. A minute had not elapsed since they left the water, and we had no time to sentimentalize; for with a low half-audible moan, Ellen sank away from the encircling arms of her rescued pupil, and lay senseless on the grass.

"She was terribly frightened, and the reaction was too great for her," I said as we tried to recall her to consciousness, though I felt then, and later afterward that I gave a false reason for the great emotion—but I would

have denied it fiercely if anybody had said so—I would rather she should be thought weak as she was not, than as she was, and I knew she would too.

As consciousness came back Charlie and John (the other men had gone back to work) proposed to carry her to their mother's cottage close by, but she objected.

"I shall soon be quite well and I want to go home!"

John carried Albert, and Charlie and I half led, half carried Ellen between us home, and they went away and left us alone. She lay down on the lounge and I dressed Albert and got supper, and then she tried to eat and talk as usual, and I tried not to see what a miserable failure the attempt was; and I kept accusing myself with all sorts of terrible selfishness, because my heart kept rising up with such tumultuous and rebellious happiness, when I wished to mourn with her.

And yet I do believe that I would have been glad then, to give her all my heart's new joy, taking her bitter cup in exchange, if I only could; for my life was already rich without its new wealth, and I was brave and strong—and her life was barren and poor, and she was fainting with its death before this new poverty came upon her. It would not have impoverished me; for my soul's wealth grew with my own love for others; but when she gave and received not, she grew poor. Her wealth was to be beloved. I knew that she knew this, when I heard her murmur that night,

"To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but from him that hath not, shall be taken even that which he hath!"

Ellen wasted away to a shadow, but she attributed it to the unwonted labor of teaching; and I alone knew better. I knew her heart was breaking, if such a thing is possible, and I was not sorry when she received a letter from a rich widowed aunt of hers, to go and attend to her in her oldness; for after her school was out, she found it even more irksome to sew than to teach; for it did not employ her mind.

She went away in the stage, and I did not see her again in a long time—not till mid-winter—and then I went to the town where her aunt resided, to do some all-important errands for myself and all my neighbors, and so I popped in upon her one day, unannounced.

She was changed. Still pale, thin, shadowy, ghastly—but not so morbid and despairing, she was purer and more spiritual. I thought I might see through her as through a phantom, if she would pass between me and the light.

But a greater change was about to take place, and fate seemed to have brot me there to see its beginning. I must have felt the angel troubling the water in which she was to be healed; for some otherwise inexplicable fit took possession of me that night to go unbidden into her aunt's chamber. I found the door unfastened, and I pushed it open and entered very softly, as one does enter an invalid's room. The deep shadow of the bed curtains lay across that end of the room, and before I had manifested my presence, I was magnetized into silence by the dialogue going on.

"You are very kind," said the invalid, "and for your sake, I would be even willing to live; but my disease is incurable."

"Oh, I hope not!"

"You need not hope; there is no cure for a broken heart."

Ellen was kneeling on an ottoman at the bed side, and at that word she looked up with such a strange light on her face!

"Auntie! you dying of a broken heart! Who has drank your heart's fullness, and flung you back the empty cup to break in your hands! What was it, Auntie?"

The aunt's great, dark eyes looked up from their sunken sockets, full in Ellen's eager blue ones, with an