THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

T. S. CHASE, } DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF DEMOCRACY, AND THE DISSEMINATION OF MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND NEWS. { EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

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SELECT POETRY.

From the Louisville Journal.

TO MY SISTER.

We parted when the autumn winds
O'er falling leaves were oddly rushing;
When all the summer flowers had died,
And autumn clouds the sky were flushing;
And now 'tis May, the lovely time
Of budding leaves and opening flowers,
But thou, dear one, art still away;
Far from this olden home of ours;
I look for thee the live-long day,
From early morn to eve's still hours.
I sit beside the open door
Till all the stars above are lighted,
Forever dreaming of thy voice,
Which has so oft my soul delighted;
I light the evening lamp for thee,
I place a chair for thee, my dearest,
And mine, as it was wont to be,
To thine is ever placed the nearest;
And then I seem to speak the words
Which I can almost dream thou hearest.

Oh! how I miss thee from our home—
The very flowers have lost their brightness;
The winds that sung so sweetly once
Have lost of late their tones of lightness;
Each an nuer bird that sings at morn,
Each murmur from the rill or river,
The bright green leaves, the morning dews,
That in the sunshine throb and shiver—
All, all bring sadness to my heart,
Sad thoughts that haunt my memory ever.

Come home, come home. O! I have words
To tell thee in the evening hours,
When one by one the stars come out,
And glisten o'er the folded flowers.
Beneath yon mantling vine we'll sit,
And talk of all our joys and sorrows,
Of present hopes, and present joys,
Of dark to-days and bright to-morrows.
Ah! yes, we both have much to say
Of earthly cares, and earthly sorrows.

Come home, no earthly heart but thine
Can know my thoughts. Oh! thou, thou only
Canst chase the darkness from my brow,
And cheer my drooping heart when lonely;
Thy chair is ready at our hearth,
The cheerful lamp for thee is burning,
And often to the open door
Our eyes with longing looks are turning:
Come to our home, come to the heart
Which ever for thy voice is yearning.

A GOOD HOME STORY.

MARRYING A SAW MILL.

"Get my cap Margaret! There, can't you just stick those grey hairs under? I wish you'd ever remember to bring up that bottle of hair dye! Come, do hurry!"

"Pity sakes, mother, what a fuss just for an old country codger!"

"Margaret Maria, don't you know anything! Squire Martin is rich—a great lumber merchant, and besides he owns almost the whole county of A. Now one of these two things is certain, either you or I must get married, for with your laces and brocades I am almost ruined. Wouldn't a little of that rogue improve my complexion?"

"Nonsense, mother, hurry along."

The widow Brown descended to the parlor to greet her visitor, and the daughter commenced her toilet. It was no slight affair. There were cosmetics to be applied to cheeks that could never boast the lily's fairness, and smiles to practice before the long mirror. There she stood in all the glory of her borrowed charms, graceful, fascinating, and in every thing perfectly *a la mode*. She found Squire Martin in the easy chair, very awkwardly twirling his hat in his hands. He was a short man and perfectly bald with the exception of two little tufts of gray hair that had been tied together with a bit of thread; besides, he had a weazen face and a cold, gray monied eye. Margaret Maria detested the old man at first sight, but remembering their waning fortunes, she lent her energies to aid her mother in the proposed conquest. She never played and sang with greater grace, never flattered more elegantly. He was evidently charmed with her loveliness, and the widow congratulated herself on one point gained. Squire Martin was a tedious talker, but both ladies hung in extacies on his words, laughing at his attempts at witticism, and very feelingly weeping where tears could be dropped in. The widow revived their early acquaintance, talked over school-days and proffered her sympathies to console him in his present loneliness, while the daughter touchingly alluded to her orphanage. The effect was wonderful. When Squire Martin bowed himself away, it was with a promise to repeat his visit.

"Well, well, this has gone off finely," said the mother as soon as they were alone, while the young lady threw herself on the sofa and indulged in a loud laugh at their visitor's expense.

"O dear to see him stumble over the door mats so! Pon my word what an odd figure!"

"Hush! he is rich. Just think, my fine lady how you will like to teach music or to sew for a living. I tell you again, poverty is staring us in the face. Such a bird don't grow on every bush, and it's something of an object for me to catch him."

A few days after Margaret Maria was sitting at the piano, practicing a new song to play to the Squire, when in darted that gentleman in all the glory of a new wig. It was black as night, and far more unbecoming than the twin locks of gray that had been allowed to play over his temples. Margaret Maria looked up in evident wonder.

"Don't you know me," said the Squire, "or do I look so young, hey? or maybe you didn't expect to see me so soon. Always look for me a day ahead of the time—that's my motto. Stop, here is a little trinket I bought for you;" said he, drawing an elegant diamond ring from his pocket. "One thing more, I want to know if you'll marry me?"

"Marry you!" said Margaret Maria. "Why Mr. Martin you are so much older—"

"Sixty-five next June."

"While I am only a child."

"Tut! tut! twenty-five years ago I tossed you in my arms to the ceiling, and a smart little thing you were too."

Margaret Maria blushed, and referred her rich old lover to mamma. She went up stairs in no enviable state of mind. "O mother," said she, "he has made proposals to me."

"Who has?"

"Squire Martin."

At first the widow was inclined to be indignant, but finally concluded that would not do best.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" said the mother, "you won't refuse him?"

"Why, I don't want to marry him and live up there in the woods—but isn't this a pretty ring he gave me?"

"Yes, indeed," said the widow, "and he is immensely rich, and in all probability would not—" Here she paused. "You could at least claim your thirds, you know. You have declared you will not marry Harry Blake."

"No, indeed," exclaimed the daughter.

"But have you never given him reason to think that you have cared for him?"

"What if I have? I'll never tie myself to poverty—*never*."

The result of this conversation was Margaret Maria resolved to give Squire Martin an affirmative answer, and the widow took down her curl-papers and indulged in a flood of tears.

A bridal in church—and the cold winds sighed, but they chilled not the heart of Margaret Maria as did the presence of that wintry old man at her side. She thought of Harry Blake. Strange that his face should come between her heart and gold as she drew near the altar.—There came a tide of womanly feeling in her soul, and she gave a sigh for what might have been. But she heard the rustling of her costly robes as she passed up the aisles, she felt the pressure of her diamond ring on her finger, and resigned everything to her thirst for wealth. Meanwhile, the old bridegroom stroked his black wig, and chuckled over his purchase as the prettiest little trinket of a bride that money ever bought. And there stood Harry Blake gazing on the scene, not tearfully, but with wonder that he could ever have loved that soulless woman. The bridal tour was a superb affair, but it was tedious to the old man, who longed for the quiet of home. The cars stopped at an insignificant little station on the Erie Railroad, and the squire started to his feet.

"What, do you live here?" asked Margaret Maria.

"No, ten miles farther in the country." She heaved a deep sigh.

They found a carriage waiting for them at the depot, or rather a wagon familiarly known as a democrat. The squire shook hands with the driver, a hardy looking teamster, and then introduced his bride. Margaret Maria pursed up her lips, and hardly vouchsafed a bow. A light ladder was procured from the station house, and daintily she climbed into the wagon. Everything looked miserably forlorn. The roads were rough, great clods of mud pelted her bonnet, and as far as her eye could stretch she could see nothing but steep hills covered with pines and hemlocks. The farther she went, the more unsuitable seemed her costly clothes, and before she reached her journey's end, she felt that all she should ever again need would be a warm woolen shawl and hood. Her husband tried to divert her, pointed to his saw mill and that as his, and informed her that he owned every inch of land from the depot home, but she only grew all the more forlorn. They scarcely met a human being all that lonesome way, and passed but few houses, and these were small, rude ones, occupied by the squire's lumbermen. The squire now commenced to talk with Andrew the driver, inquiring how this one and that got on with his work, how many trees they had chopped down, if the saw mills were all going; indeed, he seemed perfectly absorbed in his hobby, business. At length they drew near the graveyard. How instinctively we pause in the country as we approach the resting place of the dead, and strangely still seemed that little yard enclosed by its nicely whitewashed fence. The squire grew thoughtful.

"Was your first wife buried here?" asked Margaret Maria, in a careless tone. The squire nodded yes.

"How old was she when she died?"

"Fifty-six."

She forgot that the toil-worn woman, who slept under yonder mound, had been his companion for many a year. The old man turned away his head and the moisture gathered in his eyes. They came in sight of the old homestead, a large two story house painted white, fences and all, unmitigated white, unrelieved by green window shutter, bush or tree. The arrival made quite a stir at the farm house. Susy Martin, the old man's favorite, was the first to welcome them.

"Hey, Susy, glad to see me aint you? and this is your new mother." Susy burst into tears, and nestled in his arms. "Susy, Susy," whispered the old man, "for my sake. Maybe I have been very foolish." The young girl raised her head and looked into the bride's face. She offered her hand, and was about to kiss her, but the new made Mrs. Martin curtsied somewhat fashionably, and sat down. Susy brought in two tallow candles and placed them on the table, which Margaret Maria contrasted with the gas-light at home. A few moments after a tall, square-shouldered man entered, leading a little boy by the hand. Mr. Martin, somewhat embarrassed, rose and introduced him. "Mrs. Martin, this is my son David."

"Why mother, how do you do," said the young man, in a dry, sarcastic tone. "Hallos! here Charlie, come and kiss your *new grandma*." The child fixed his large wondering eyes on the stranger, and felt the constraint around him, though he could not have explained it. Susy came in soon to tell them that supper was ready. Such a table! Margaret Maria was astonished. The bill of fare was as comprehensive as Kirkham's definition of a noun, including the name of everything that can be known or mentioned, turkies, chicken pies, nutcakes, sweatmeats, all side by side, and large white biscuits that would have been mistaken in the city for loaves, and sliced up accordingly. The squire seemed to be eating for all time to come, insisted that the hired help should all sit down at the first table, declaring that he would have no innovations in his household. Accordingly the bride found her elbow in close proximity to Andrew's coat sleeve. After supper they returned to what was called the "great room." The bride sat down in a corner of the fireplace, and looked rather pouty. "And this," thought she, "is marrying for money. What good will a fortune ever do me here among these pine hills? O, Harry Blake!" and from the embers, there rose a gladsome young face, and with a sigh, she thought of the great heart she had so cruelly thrown from her, and trampled beneath her feet.

"Well, my dear," said the old man, clapping his hands together, "now don't this look like home? You havn't got acquainted with the neighbors yet—real nice folks, I tell you, and to morrow I must go right about starting that other saw mill."

Days passed, and the bride begun to feel much like a caged bird. Never was a fine lady more out of her element. At first she busied herself in refurnishing her house, and soon all the extravagancies of the city found their way thither. The great room was fitted up for a parlor, chimneys were taken down, in short, there was a general overturning and upturning sufficient to bring about a complete domestic millennium. But no one gained anything by way of happiness. Susy got tired of the word style, the old man missed some home comforts' the piano got out of tune and there was nobody to tune it, the two maid servants took it into their heads to leave just at the busiest time, and they could get nobody for love or money to fill their places; so Margaret Maria was obliged to lay aside her diamond ring and go into the kitchen. The old man was foolishly indulgent and begged her to spend all the money she wished. She proposed a removal to the city. "Risky piece of business," said the squire, "never get into a better neighborhood than this. Besides I've found a place on that middle creek for another saw mill—capital fall of water there." She grew very lonely: two or three times during her intervals of leisure had she taken from its secret hiding place, a faded bouquet, the souvenir of an early love, while the old man was accustomed of a Sabbath evening, to gaze long on a lock of silvery hair, and to moisten it with his tears. At last two stout Irish girls were imported from the city, and the same trip of the squire also brought home an elegant silver tea service. Margaret Maria threw herself into the rocking chair, and declared that if it were not so horrid dull there, she might be happy. "Law," said the squire, "why not make a party?" "Yes," chimed in Susy, "we'll have all the neighbors." "And I'll tell you what, we'll show them style," said Margaret Maria, getting eloquent, "I guess they'll open their eyes once in the world. If I had only some of my city friends."

"Nice folks here," said the Squire, "and that last saw-mill is turning off more lumber than all the rest put together.

"Susy," said Margaret Maria, "pink satin would be pretty for you." Susy's cherry lips were parted with an exclamation of wonder. "Why, didn't you ever hear of such a thing? And you must have it short sleeves." "What, in winter?"

"Why you poor little heathen," said Margaret Maria, and all at once her benevolent feelings were aroused, and she determined to make something of the girl. "We will have Andrew for the porter, you and I will receive the company as elegantly as possible, and we will take care to have a magnificent table."

The whole house was alive with preparations for the coming fete; invitations were sent out, and Margaret Maria was in her element. The Squire had but one direction to make, and that was not to slight anybody. The pink satin was procured, and it really made Susy look like some fair, young rose bud. Margaret Maria put on her bridal robes, and was herself again.

"They will all come early," suggested Susy.

"Not before eight."

"Why, yes," laughed out Susy, "everybody around here goes to bed at half past eight."

Andrew was instructed as to his duties, and Susy practiced the hostess by receiving her mother several times.

Just about dark, a large sleigh load came driving in at the gate, and soon there came a loud knock at the back door. Andrew, the porter, looked comical, and the squire darted through the kitchen to receive them.

"What does it mean?" said Margaret Maria. "Why, the neighbors always come in that way," said Susy, "we never use our front door in the winter." Then came a burst of laughter from the new comers, and Andrew looked up beseechingly, and asked if he must stand there all night. In came Mrs. Jenkins, a square shouldered woman, dressed in a shilling delaine, with a black silk apron and clean linen collar. Next came a whole bevy of girls. They stood with their mouths wide open, evidently stupefied at the fairy like appearance of Susy and her step-mother, while Andrew indulged in a sly giggle.

"Margaret Maria," said the squire dashing on without regard to ceremony, "this is Mrs. Jenkins, as good a neighbor as I ever wish to live by, and here are the Crank girls, and—law, Susy, you know 'em all.' Susy cordially greeted her young friends, and tried to make them feel at ease. Sleigh load after sleigh load came, and all the back way. Every piece of poplin and delaine at the dry goods store at the Corners that evening. Never was Margaret Maria so puzzled to play the hostess. The young men ranged themselves on one side of the room, the girls on the other, and there they stood as if for a spelling school. The old women huddled together in the corner, and unrolled their knitting work, while Squire Martin entertained the men on his favorite subject, *saw mills*. He hired four or five more lumbermen, and paid off a score of old debts that evening. Margaret Maria thought of the gayeties of A., and gave a sigh for Harry Blake.

Refreshments were served up early, as several suggested it was about time they were going home. The table was arranged with exquisite taste, but the guests were too much frightened to eat, all except the widow Crank, who drew off a long slice of each kind of cake, and then stepped up to the bride, and said, "Well, I used to think the squire's first wife was the best cook I ever did see, but I declare, you do beat her entirely." Margaret Maria smiled a pitying smile, as much as to say 'you poor heathen.'

When they returned to the parlor Susy proposed music, at which the singing master at the Corners instinct-