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THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL

H. [illegible], EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THE JOURNAL is issued every Thursday, in Brett's Building, corner of [illegible] street and Washington Place, Greenwich, Washington Co., N. Y. The 27th volume [is] issued with new type and various other improvements. The Journal comprises 28 columns of compact matter, and the various departments we believe will receive the popular commendation and support. The first duty of the Journal is to advocate the interests and promote the [illegible] of the People of Northern New York in general, of the Town of Greenwich and County of Washington in particular. While it is conducted in an independent manner, it sustains the principles of the [illegible] and the party who have carried the country safely through a great war, and are struggling in reconstruction the Government on the basis of liberty and justice. It earnestly advocates retrenchment in the administration of the Government, and in the County and Local affairs, [illegible] the financial and other questions that may come before the country for consideration, it speaks for the behalf of the People. It will be in fact, as it is, truly THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL—and in all [illegible] we shall spare no efforts that energy, industry and perseverance may command to make it a VALUABLE FAMILY NEWSPAPER, a welcome guest to every fireside. In its LITERARY DEPARTMENT, [illegible] LOCAL DEPARTMENT, and in its AGRICULTURAL and other Departments, great pains will be taken to make its columns specially interesting. We also, from time to time, [illegible] BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES of leading citizens, and sketches of our [illegible] Commercial and Manufacturing and [illegible] interests. [illegible] object is to make the Journal [illegible] in every respect—to the Farmer, the Mechanic, the Merchant, the Professional man, and to all. So far as possible, its contents will be [illegible] and among other things we have the pleasure to announce a [illegible] Story entitled, "THE INDIAN GIRL; A LEGEND OF THE DIONONDEHOWA," by Miss Nellie M. Soule, [illegible] and beautifully [illegible] replete with interest; ESSAYS by Prof. [illegible]; NOTES FROM A UNION OFFICER'S [illegible]," by MAJOR T. MASON, in which the [illegible] patriotism of the soldiers of Northern New York will be duly recorded; and other contributions [illegible] talents of local authors and writers, who [illegible] our columns. [illegible]

[illegible]

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POETRY.

The Light of Stars.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The night is come, but not too soon,
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Droops down behind the sky.

There is no light, in earth or heaven,
But the cold of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
O no! from that blue tent above
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not, in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

HUMOROUS.

Dear eating—Venison.

A clerical error—Ritualism.

A sure sign—A horse-shoer.

The golden mean—A rich miser.

The temporal power—The brain.

An explainer—A retired carpenter.

"On the fly"—Wings and legs.

Burning words—A dictionary in flames.

A cow belle—A beautiful milkmaid.

"The best substitute for silver"—Gold.

What is a "whiskey ring?" A topaz.

The "Poor in spirit"—Bankrupt publicans.

Quilp says his babies are all "holler joys."

A bad sign—To sign another man's name to a note.

Not unlike honey, the letter C—Both come after the B.

Servants of an inn may be an independent class.

Good winter costumes for the Black Crook danseuses—Bear skins.

The earliest tubular bridge, "the bridge of the nose."

"What a wry face you're making, Ned."—"Yes, I've been drinking rye whiskey."

What sort of a horse would you name when you demand a man to settle his bill? Pacer. What foreign officer would he name if he felt disposed to ignore the bill? Pay, pshaw.

Making ox-head cheese and ox-tail soup may properly be considered making both ends meat.

Women are generally in quest of something. Conquest seems to suit 'em about as well as anything.

A serious question—Whether Nobody's Daughter can be considered as belonging to the legitimate drama.

An Internal Revenue.—What did Sheridan, the dramatist, do when arrested by the sheriff? Sheridan Shook.

A Southern saving bank, established by negroes, collapsed because the depositors withdrew all the funds to attend a circus.

We think the extract from a medical advertisement is about correct:—"Cough while you can, for after you have taken one bottle of my mixture you can't."

A gentleman wishing, not long since, to "pop the question," took up the young lady's cat and said, "Pussy, may I have your mistress?" It was answered by the lady, "Say yes, pussy."

A Tough Story.

A Western paper tells the following rather tough story. If true, it is the most remarkable on record:

"An accident of a remarkable nature occurred in the woods of a neighboring county [las]t week by which a man was thrown eighty [fee]t into the air. He was standing on a bal[anc]e tree laying across a large log, to see [ano]ther tree come down, when the tree in its [falli]ng course struck the other end of the tree [on w]hich he was standing, and the tremendous weight of it coming on the spring lever, [threw] him like a shot into the air. [illegible] at its highest elevation the man ca[ught] hold of a limb in the top of a tree abo[ut f]ifteen feet from the trunk, and remain[ed] suspended by the arms until the person who had felled the tree traveled the distance of [thre]e miles and returned with help and a ladder before he could be released from his perilous position. He was found in the same position as when left, evidently in the best of spirits, for he was whistling 'Yankee Doodle,' and making a strong fight with his feet against a congregation of wasps that were endeavoring to build a nest in the seat of his pants.

MISCELLANY.

Written for the People's Journal.

The Indian Girl;
A Legend of the Dionondehowa.

BY NELLIE M. SOULE.

CHAPTER I.

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms."
LONGFELLOW.

Through the leaves of the trees the warm rays of the October sun were glancing; the waters murmured merrily in their dance to the ocean, and the birds sang "as if life were a new thing to them." Indian wigwams dotted the smooth grass, and the squaws seemed making ready for a royal banquet. Their fathers and husbands, brothers and lovers, for many days had been waging war against a hostile tri[be], [illegible] had just arrived with the welcome news that they were approaching with many scalps and prisoners. So the young women and the old, made the welkin ring with their shouts of joy, and hasten to adorn themselves for the grand reception. [illegible] a group of girls were preparing food for the banquet: ripe fruit, wild squashes, beans and corn and the tender venison. In the doorway of a wigwam stood an old Indian whose days of warfare were ended. He had been a mighty chieftain; many trophies he had brought from the old wars to adorn his lodge. There were piles of fine skins and long rows of tomahawks and scalping-knives. He had been a juggler, too, and his white bones and chichiquer and bags of charms hung by the door.

Owaissa, his grand-daughter, stood by his side, listening to a story of the time when the first pale-face was seen in the land. Her graceful fingers were busily weaving a chaplet of red and yellow leaves for her hair. She was fair to look upon. Many a modern belle might envy the forest maiden her dark, dreamy eyes and glossy tresses. Her moccasins were richly wrought with stained quills and wampum; bracelets of shells and feathers were on her arms, and strings of red hawthorns hung from her round neck over the beaver-skin jacket and skirt. Owaissa, the blue-bird, was the only daughter of the great chief Samkama, whom she was soon to meet at the head of his victorious warriors.

The preparations completed, the friends of the returning party hastened to meet them. Owaissa led the way, her swift steps and animated gestures showing her eager enjoyment. It was a wild scene. The sun had gone to lighten other races of mortals, but he left a legacy of beauty upon the clouds. Red pillows, tinged with orange were heaped about the western horizon; light, feathery drapery, tossed higher up, flushed a rosy pink, that faded into pale yellow, till above and over all, the pure, blue, sky bent softly. The indescribable haze of Indian Summer floated through all the air, and the quiet of evening was settling over the great forest. Then came the Indian women, gliding swiftly along in the fading light, looking like the troops of restless spirits Dante beheld in the Inferno.

Suddenly, through the hushed air, sounded a chorus of demoniac yells, such as excited red men only can utter. As the women neared them, they paused, and Samkama gave as many yells as they had prisoners and and scalps. The joyous meeting ended, a white staff, tasselled with the tails of the deer, was given to each prisoner. Then the wild procession passed onward to their village.

They belonged to one of the great Mohawk tribes, whose war-whoops have so often, in the years long ago, been echoed by the beautiful hills around our village; whose birchen canoes have many times glided gaily down the waters of the Battenkill. They were a powerful people, and their faith that Gitche Manitou, the Mighty, was the red man's friend and the white man's foe, rendered them stubborn, blood-thirsty and cruel in all their dealings with the invaders. Surely there was but little hope for the two white prisoners, however lenient they might be towards their swarthy captives. Harry Alleyn and Edward Smithson thought sadly of these things as they wearily walked towards the spot where they expected soon to be pitilessly murdered. Vividly as the visions of a drowning man, their past lives came before them. They had left the Dutch settlement on the Hudson, to hunt in the forest, believing they could bribe any Indians they might meet and by kindness avert their hostility.—Yet now they realized how wild with the war fever the infuriated savages had become and how sure was their doom. They had been discovered among the enemies of their captors and on friendly terms with them. All their overtures of peace had been refused, all their presents scorned, and finally, they and all their hunting gear had been seized. Tales of inhuman cruelties, of horrible butcheries, and bon-fires made of prisoners, rushed through the mind and made the life-blood curdle. Every fiendish yell sounded to them as their death knell, and yet, away, over the broad ocean, warm hearts were throbbing with love for them and hope for their return. How they gnashed their teeth in anguish!

Rowah, Owaissa's persistent suitor, was in gala dress that day. Cloak and leggings made of deer-skin, wrought with porcupine quills and shells; on his head tall eagle-feathers swayed to the breeze; a broad belt of wampum girdled his waist; [illegible] ple ash-wood and the arrows of oak were gay with feathers of the wild birds. A royal suitor was Rowah, the Rushing Wind.

Harry Alleyn, with shouts of triumph, was led to the lodge of the chief. His comrade, with the other prisoners was conducted to the wigwam of Rowah. Many moons had passed since a captive had been burned in their village, and now they clamored for the indulgence. It was rare sport for them to hear moans of agony and shrieks of despair from the lips of enemies, and the death-rattle in the throat of their victim sounded sweeter than the song of the Opeeche in the tree tops. These people, so true and tender as friends, ready to part with their last blanket or morsel of venison to aid a needy brother, make the most bitter, cruel, and implacable enemies in the world!

Food was presented to the prisoners as soon as they entered the wigwams, and, in the mean time, a council was called, to decide the fate of the captives. This great council was composed of the heads of families and of those whose deeds had raised them high in the opinion of their tribe. They met in a lodge built for meetings on great occasions, where they received ambassadors from other nations, and gave them answers; there they sang their traditional songs, inciting each other to valor, and commemorated those who had passed before them to the "Islands of the Blessed." there, too, the fate of the prisoners of war was irrevocably fixed. Samkama had called the warriors together in the council-lodge and reminded them that never before had they held white prisoners. "But many moons ago," he said, "a pale-face came to the lodge of Samkama and gave him much wampum and many plumes. He was the red man's friend, and Gitche Manitou, the Good Spirit, whispered to Samkama in the west wind and said 'Bury the tomahawk, and smoke the peace-pipe with the white man.' So he lived in our wigwams and taught us the talk of the tribes over the great waters. But when the moon of snow-shoes came, in the stillness of night his soul went to the far hunting-grounds; and we turned his face to the setting sun and covered him with earth. *That* pale-face was the friend of the Mohawk.

"Two days journey to the southward we have fought with our old foe and you white men were *their* friends. Let your heart speak, Rowah, what shall be done with the captives?"

Then Rowah, the orator of the tribe, slowly rose, shaking his proud head till the eagle-plumes quivered. He was a graceful and ready speaker and when passion and the desire for vengeance moved him, his words swept over the people in wave after wave of resistless eloquence. Stooping, he raised from the fire, with quick, impulsive motion, a blazing brand and exclaimed,

"Shall the pale-face then be left to war again the Indian? Let us burn them and scorch them and torment them, till in terror every pale-face in our land shall fly to their big canoes and go back to their own hunting-grounds. Let us cut off the fingers and toes, of the captives in our wigwams, cover them with burning pitch and pile live coals on their heads till they die. Give the white captives to Rowah; he will show you how a pale-face can shriek and yell. Indians will not groan under any torture, but the pale-face is not brave; he would cry like a sick squaw. Warriors, shall the white man burn our forest or shall we burn them? Their big canoes move without paddles, as Kenare, the great war-eagle, moves through the air. Shall they bring them to our rivers and lakes, catch our fish, trap our deer, and drive us from our wigwams, or shall we wage eternal war against them till they fly forever from the face of the angry red man? Shall they watch the waters of the Dionondehowa leap like a wounded stag over the sharp rocks, or shall we drown them beneath its sparkling foam? O, warriors, the Master of Life is your friend. He will help you drive out the pale-face from the forests of the Mohawks.—Gitche Manitou, father of evil and giver of all suffering, remember the pale-face! May rain and hail beat upon his naked body, may bad spirits torment him and good spirits desert him, till every one shall groan and skriek, as yonder captives will do when another sun shall shine!"

"Nay, nay, Rowah; nay, nay, Rowah," sounded the low, clear voice of Owaissa.

With the light of courage in her eyes and a firm purpose in her heart, she had left the wigwam where Harry Alleyn was guarded to learn the proceedings of the council. Stealing to her father's side the Indian maiden looked at him, and, pointing towards his lodge, murmured,

"His eyes are dark and brave; they shine like the eyes of the son of Samkama, whose soul, in the bright moon of leaves, glided into the land of Ponemah. Give him to Owaissa for her brother. He shall be her Keway-din, the brave-hearted."

The eyes of Rowah grew fierce as he listened to her words, but Samkama smiled and said,

"Shall Owaissa have her brother? Then let the warriors rise."

They glanced at the infuriated Rowah, then at the beautiful pleader and thought of the captive. One after another rose, till the old Sachem, Owaissa's grandfather, sprang to his feet, fired by the speech of Owaissa's lover, yet touched by her pleadings.

"Let the dark-eyed pale-face be given to Owaissa, the beautiful, but oh! Samkama, give to us the other ca[ptive] [illegible]

[illegible] was uplifted, every eye fixed on Samkama. The fur[illegible] could do no more. [illegible]

"Let it be as the great Sachem has decreed," he said, and instantly a hundred blood-thirsty savages shouted through the village the horrid death-cry.

Owaissa, the intercessor, returned with the chief to their lodge. She unbound the arms of the wondering captive, and in broken English, told him he was to be her brother, Kewaydin.

"Owaisa could not save them all;" she said; "your eyes are deep; they shine like the bright stones in the big sea-water.—Owaissa is your friend, your sister."

What better introduction was needed?—As the young Englishman seized the hand of his preserver, visions of drawing-room presentations and artificial beauties flitted through his mind, and the olive-skinned, bright-eyed Indian girl did not suffer by the unconscious comparison. From the depths of his manly heart, the deep fountains of gratitude, the words came welling up, and breaking impetuously from his lips,

"God bless you; God bless you, Owaissa, the beautiful!"

The treaty was complete, the sympathy which that moment sprang into being, Minerva-like, was ready for any contest.

The first delirious sensation of joy past, Harry Alleyn thought of his friend. Learning he was to be burned, he asked if he might not see him before he died. Owaissa had no power to grant the request, and the chieftain had left his lodge. An embassy from a distant tribe had arrived to negociate for peace, and the burning of the prisoners was to be delayed till the next day. The squaws counselled Alleyn to remain in the chief's wigwam, and not show himself to their infuriated savages until after the execution. Then, they assured him, he would be perfectly safe, even in the presence of Rowah, who thirsted for his blood; for every treaty or promise made by an Indian, is considered as sacredly binding as an oath.

CHAPTER II.

"A scene of death' where fires beneath the sun
And blended arms and white pavilions glow."
CAMPBELL.

Morning dawned clear and cloudless, but no slumber had visited the eyelids of Edward Smithson. All the long hours the wretched man had sought [illegible] the [illegible] searching his aching head, and the death yell reverberating through his brain.

"Oh! if I had heeded the wishes of mother and Alice, had stifled my longing for adventure, this anguish would have been spared them."

Towards morning he grew calmer, tried to look death sternly in the face, to feel that he could die like a man and a Christian. Then he thought of Sparta's braves and of the martyrs, thought of John Huss and his disciple and friend, Jerome of Prague, who, says Poggio, "spake like a Socrates, and walked to the kindled pile with as much serenity as that great philosopher displayed when he drank the poisoned cup." Could not he die like them? They loved and served the God he worshiped; would not He who gave them strength to endure all things for Him, still be the Helper of the needy? Then courage came to him; he turned from earthly things, banished all hatred and fear from his heart, and in anticipation began the life of the immortals. Over and over he repeated the words "Death is the portal of endless life," till in comparison the death seemed endurable, so much the fruition exceeded the suffering.

Finally the savages awoke and immediately preparations were commenced for the festivities of the day. Two posts were fixed in the ground and two pieces of wood fastened from one to the other, one a foot from the ground, the other six feet higher. Piles of bark and sticks of pitch and hemlock were brought to the spot with shouts of fiendish exultation. Even the women and children shared in the enthusiasm. Then they led forth the white man and the twelve Indian prisoners. Several of these were to be sent to neighboring villages that all their friends might enjoy a "day of frolic." The others, with two exceptions, were killed with the tomahawk. One of these was adopted by a widowed squaw and one, who had been a life-long enemy to the tribe was reserved for the flames. Mellow and dreamy was all the air; softly the birds sang in the trees; lazily the dead leaves fluttered to the ground, red and amber and gold; the murmur of the waters of the Dionondehowa filled the rests in the bird-songs, and the white spray leaped up to moisten the tiny blue wild flowers and evergreen shrubs on the gray cliffs above.—When all was ready Rowah, to whose tender mercies the captives had been given, sounded again the death-yell. Smithson was seized by the savages and bound to the cross-peices with strong cords, his hands stretched above his head. Then began the horrid work of death. Men, women and children vying with each other in torturing the agonized victim. They cut his quivering flesh with their tomahawks, heaped coals of fire on his bowed head, and, finally, inclosing the stakes with dry bark set fire to the whole, and, forming a circle around the dead body, danced and shouted the livelong day. He had died bravely. Even Rowah could desire no more fortitude than the pale-face had displayed. Only once during his torture did he speak, and then he shouted, that Harry Alleyn might hear,

"Tell them all it is well" and died with the words on his scorched lips.

[illegible] ted on his body. The next day the Indian prisoner was to be burned, and, setting a guard around the lodge to which he was bound, they rolled themselves in their bear-skins and slept.

All that day Alleyn had remained in the wigwam of the chief, silent with sorrow.—Why was he saved, and his friend, the companion of many a pleasant hour, and many a stirring adventure, cruelly murdered? The more he thought of it, the stronger and deeper became his sympathy for the sufferer of the morrow. He had looked at the stalwart man with admiration, who was strong and nimble of limb.

"If I could only save him," he thought, "how gladly would I thwart the purposes of the savage Rowah, the tormentor of my friend."

The desire grew strong within him. The captive could outrun any Indians who might pursue him; if he were unbound, he was sure of safety. Four wary savages guarded him and any movement on his part would be punished with instant death. He could not sleep; his mind was constantly revolving projects for rescuing the imprisoned warrior. At last, drawing aside the curtain at the doorway, he looked out. A tomahawk and the cloak of Samkama lay within his reach. He knew he could adopt the Indian gait, and determined to try to save the man who interested him so much. The village was silent and dark; only at the prison-lodge there was a fire. As he wrapped the chief's cloak about him grasped the tomahawk, and glided into the shadow of the trees, one of the guard rose from the ground, quietly stirred the fire, struck the prisoner with his tomahawk, and lay down again. Hardly daring to breathe, Alleyn stood for some time, then stealthily advanced to the rear of the wigwam. The prisoner, he now discovered, was bound to a large tree, that formed part of the frame for the lodge. He heard the heavy breathing of the guard, and knew by their posture they were sleeping. As he stole noiselessly past the first sleeper, the captive turned his head and saw him. Alleyn raised his hand to command silence and slipped behind the tree to which he was bound. No time was to be lost. He dared not cut the cords for then they would know [illegible] the Indian to the tree to [illegible] was not to move; then the feet were unbound. His hands had been tied together behind his back and as he moved them slightly towards Alleyn to be loosed, one of the sleeping guard started, and, turning on one side looked at the prisoner. Motionless he stood, his head stretched back as if the cord drew it. The Indian turned again, and, with a low "Ugh" laid down his head. A long time the excited, death-braving men waited, then the hands were unbound, and, motioning the freed man not to move till he had reached Samkama's lodge, Alleyn stole from the spot. The wigwam reached in safety, the cloak and tomahawk were replaced, and he lay down to await the issue of his daring deed.

True to his deliverer, the Indian waited till all was safe, then silently stepping over the guard, raised a tomahawk from the ground, and sped through the village with almost lightning speed. Free! free! How he leaped over the ground forgetting that his limbs were stiff and weary from long confinement, forgetting everything but one thought. He was free! Reaching the outskirts of the village, he came upon horses which belonged to his captors. One of them, light and fleet of foot, he caught, and, using one with which he had been bound as a halter, he dashed away through the forest. At day break he had reached the spot, where, on their return from battle, his conquerors had buried their dead. With wonderful swiftness he dragged one of the bodies from its grave, collected dry leaves and sticks, and, setting fire to them, laid the body in the flames, and dashed on his way. A few miles farther on he came suddenly to a party of five Mohawks, still sleeping by their camp fire. The tomahawk was still in his hand.—Why could he not revenge his friends who, the day before, had been slain? Caution, quiet and daring would do the deed.—Watching his opportunity he leaped from the horse and in one moment the tomahawk was reeking with the blood of his five enemies.—On he dashed through all the long day, till his horse could no longer stand, then he left him in the wood, and on foot continued his journey. Several times he had heard behind him the yells of his pursuers, but he only flung back to them through the air, a defiant war-whoop.

Not many moments elapsed after the prisoner's flight, before one of the guard discovered he was gone. A moment more and the whole village was astir with the startling intelligence. Rowah was infuriated and hastily despatched parties to recapture the fugitive. Like hounds on the slave-track they sped over the ground. R[illegible]h's suspicions fell on Alleyn, and h[illegible] white man should be burned [illegible] without their victim. [illegible] struggling in his heart [illegible] shielded the pale-face [illegible] ly avow h[illegible]

Written for the People's Journal.

PROGRESS.

BY PROF. E. H. GIBSON.

The watchword of the nineteenth century is Progress. Ours is a live age, and America has become the world's battlefield; all the conflicts of the ages past seem to have centered upon our soil. A great war of Ideas has been fully inaugurated. Although the sword may have performed its bloody mission, yet the great moral conflicts now commenced and which are to follow, constitute the present age, the grandest epoch in the history of our race, and will no doubt, serve as a crisis of the world's growth or decadence. Both church and state are growing ripe to participate in a coming struggle, and the vital question for the consideration of the Christian statesman, scholar, and patriot is, shall the nation after a baptism in blood know its hour? Had the ancient Hebrews after a long series of events which led to the coming of the Messiah, fully comprehended the choice they should have made in receiving Christ and crowning him as their king, whatever might have become of Him as the great sacrifice of the world, Jerusalem might have remained to this day the imperial city of the globe, and her court been forever the centre of the royal gentry of the earth. She rejected the Messiah and decay and destruction ensued. France, also, at the close of the last century, had opened to her the gates of a national emancipation.—The overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty, the dark history of the Bastile, the wild outbreak of the revolution which swept away altar, throne, nobles and priests, the wars of Napoleon and the peaceful reign of the House of Orleans, had ripened her for liberty; but she rejected the blessing, pushed back the boon of liberty, and to day, holding in her hand an outraged constitution, hugging to her bosom a code of violated laws, she quivers beneath the iron heel of a perjured emperor. She did not know her hour.—Our country has just passed through the trying ordeal of a terrific and sanguinary war, but the crisis is still upon us. Although the crash of rebellion has rolled by and bolts of lightning have gone scathing, withering, floating across the continent, yet the storm is not over. Our soldiers have come home [illegible] been wholly solved. True, we have survived a gigantic struggle, a civil war, maintained large standing armies and, astonished the whole world with our immense resources and development; but, it must be remembered that these alone will not make a great and noble people, or a stable republic. The proclamation of emancipation, issued as a gift to the down-trodden on the first of January, 1863, by the lamented Lincoln, was a great and noble act, and had an untold moral effect upon the whole world, but it resulted only in cutting loose the outward forms of oppression.—Slavery still exists, but in different forms.—There are greater enemies at work in our republic than treason or war. There are social evils more to be feared in a nation like ours, than any of the immediate forces we contended against in the late conflict. The country can better stand foreign invasion, civil war and domestic insurrection, than it can resist ignorance, bigotry, public debauchery, and general immorality.—Our government rests not, as a chief basis, on any central power, or other formidable fortification, but on the intelligence, purity, and piety of the people. Carefully compiled statistics show "that 60,000 lives are annually destroyed by intemperance in the United States; 100,000 men and women are yearly sent to prison in consequence of strong drink; 200,000 children are sent to the poor-house; 300 murders are committed; 400 suicides; 200,000 orphans are bequeathed to private and public charity; $200,000,000 are spent to produce this shocking amount of crime and misery, and so much more is lost by the same cause." These facts are startling, and should summon every lover of our country to activity in the cause of Reform.—The great national question of reconstruction upon the basis of "equality before the law," now demands the earnest consideration of every patriot. The great boon now offered to the people of America is "liberty to all the inhabitants thereof," the dissolution of caste, and the establishment of our government upon the great principles of external justice and undying Christian truth. Shall our country know her hour? What are the imperative demands of the age in order to settle these questions?—*First*, I would name *political integrity*. We want men in power, in the higest offices of state down to the humblest and lowest local office, in which a man may be called responsibly to act, whose honesty is never at a discount, who will never sell their souls for gain; men who feel, perform as well as know their duty to themselves, their God, and humanity.—*Secondly, an untrammelled press*. We want those who will and dare speak the truth through the public prints. Truth never loses ground in a fair, open discussion with error. "Great is Truth and it will prevail." *Thirdly, a free church and a true pulpit*; a church that is willing to work as well as pray, a pulpit that dare speak the "truth as delivered to the saints." An educated piety will then necessarily follow; not cant that whines and says its prayers and then steals its neighbor's purse, or stabs its neighbor's reputation; not bigotry that bows at Christ's altar with Christ's great name upon its lips and then goes out to persecute Christ's disciples; not alone a creed that too often is but a string of sounding generalities; not a litany recited by lips all polluted with vices; not a profession, forty cart-loads of which are not worth one honest, noble pious act; not a sacrament that may be nothing but hollow mockery; [illegible] [un]ion of soul and life which makes [illegible] lowly, human and yet which lifts his [illegible] to God. But fourthly, and [illegible]

[illegible] Hard Type Met[al] [illegible] TWENTY-TWO TO TWENTY-[illegible] OF SHEETS. Every article necessary for a [illegible] furnished as above.

[illegible] Harvest [illegible] Central New York, on the occasion [illegible] annual festival, the [illegible] consented. We make the fo[llowing] [fre]quent extract from his address [illegible]

[illegible] HARVEY WILCOX, Sec'y. Greenwich, Jan. 8, 1868.

[illegible] ER'S OFFICE. One day 8th, 1868.

JOURNAL at $2.00 a [illegible]

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[illegible] HORACE V. WRIGHT. Fort Miller, Jan. 6, 1868.

[illegible] SAMUEL NICHOLSON.