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THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

H. C. PAGE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL is issued every Thursday, in Barrett's Building, Corner of Main Street and Washington Place, Greenwich, (formerly Union Village,) Washington County, 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 success of the People of Northern New York in general, and 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 men and the party who have carried the country successfully through a great war, and are struggling for a reconstruction of the Government on the basis of liberty and justice. It earnestly advocates strict retrenchment in the administration of the General Government, and in State, County and Local affairs. Upon the financial and other questions that may come before the country for consideration, it speaks for and in behalf of the People. It will be in fact, as it is in name, truly THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL,—and in all respects we shall spare no efforts that energy, industry and perseverence may command to make it a VALUABLE FAMILY NEWSPAPER, a welcome guest to every fireside. In its LITERARY DEPARTMENT, in its LOCAL DEPARTMENT, and in the AGRICULTURAL and other Departments, great pains will be taken to make its columns especially interesting. We also give, from time to time, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES of leading citizens, and sketches of our Business, Commercial, Financial Manufacturing and Farming interests. Our object is to make the JOURNAL useful in every respect—to the Farmer, the Mechanic, the Merchant, the Professional man, and to all classes. So far as possible, its contents will be original, a number of local authors and writers having been engaged for that purpose.—Believing the true mission of the local press to be the publication of local news, particular effort will be made to collate all intelligence of interest transpiring in this and the adjoining towns and counties, and to this end we invite correspondence and contributions from all quarters, on all topics. The JOURNAL will also contain a weekly epitome of the latest FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, the state of the Markets, etc.

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Local subscribers are regarded as those who get their papers at the office of publication or at Greenwich post-office. Clubs at the above rates must be sent to one Post Office, and to one address, payment to be made invariably in advance. Any person sending us a club as above shall receive the paper free of charge, one year. Subscribers for three or six months will be entitled to complete the remainder of the year at our stated rates for single subscribers. Persons desiring to act as agents must make application to the Publisher—and no person is authorized to procure subscribers or collect monies due this office without written authority signed by the Publisher.

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To the person sending us the largest club of subscribers to one post-office by mail, we will present an EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE worth $60; for the second largest club, a WEED SEWING MACHINE worth $35; for the next, a Revolving Rifle, worth $23; but any one club must not be less than fifty in number; and for every club of forty or more subscribers sent us, a new Fowling Piece (shot gun), valued at $12. All clubs to be accompanied by the cash, and to be sent in on or before July 1st, 1868.

JOB PRINTING, of all kinds executed nicely and promptly by the aid of job type of the latest designs, and upon efficient and rapid Power Presses.

Business Directory.

JAMES L. LOURIE,
Attorney and Counselor, will attend to all legal business which may be entrusted to him, carefully and with promptness. Office in Bradley's block, opposite the Blakely house, Greenwich, N. Y.

HENRY GRAY,
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BLAKELY HOUSE,
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A. J. BOSWORTH,
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Dealer in stoves, hardware, wooden ware, cutlery, tools, &c., at his new store, Main street.

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Ready-made clothing, furnishing goods, etc., Bradley's Block, Washington Place.

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Type founders and printing material, Nos. 28, 30 and 32 Centre street, New York city.

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Attorneys and Counsellors, No. 104 Broadway, N. Y., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care.

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Miscellaneous.

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THROUGH LINE TO CALIFORNIA.
Touching at Mexican ports, and carrying the United States mail. Through in Twenty-two days.

Steamships on the Atlantic.	Connecting on the Pacific with the
ARIZONA	COLORADO.
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One of the above large and splendid steamships will leave Pier No. 42, North River, foot of Canal street, at 12 o'clock noon on the 1st, 11th and 21st of every month, (except when those dates fall on Sunday, and then on the preceding Saturday,) for ASPINWALL, connecting, via Panama Railway, with one of the Company's steamships from Panama for San Francisco, touching at Acapulco.

Departure of 1st and 21st connect at Panama with steamships for South Pacific and Central American ports. Those of the 1st touch at Manzanillo.

Departure of 11th each month connects with the new steam line from Panama to Australia and New Zealand.

Steamer of February 11th connects closely at San Francisco with steamer Great Republic, leaving March 5, 1868, for Yokahama and Hong Kong.

For Japan and China, steamer of November 11th connects closely with steamer Great Republic from San Francisco, December 4; at Yokohama with steamer New York for Hong Kong, and Costa Rica for Nagasaki and Shanghai.

One hundred pounds baggage allowed each adult. Baggage masters accompany baggage through, and attend to ladies and children without male protectors. Baggage received on the dock the day before sailing, from steamboats, railroads and passengers who prefer to send down early.

An experienced surgeon on board, Medicine and attendance free.

For passage tickets, or further information, apply to the Company's ticket office on the wharf, foot of Canal street, North River, New York.

jan2y1 F. R. BABY, Agent.

ALBANY AND SUSQUEHANNA RAILROAD.—CHANGE OF TIME.—On and after Monday, Dec. 23d, 1867, trains will run until further notice (Sundays excepted) as follows:

LEAVE ALBANY.
7:30 A. M.—Passenger and Mail—Stopping at all stations, and arriving at Harpersville at 1:45 P. M.
2:00 P. M.—Passenger—Stopping at all stations, and arriving at Harpersville at 10:00 P. M.
5:00 P. M.—Freight and Passenger—Stopping at all stations, and arriving at Oneonta at 12 M.

LEAVE ONEONTA.
3:00 A. M.—Passenger and Mail—Stopping at all stations, and arriving at Albany at 0:45 A. M. Connecting with New York Central, Boston, Northern, Harlem and Hudson River Railroads.

LEAVE HARPERSVILLE.
8:00 A. M.—Passenger and Mail—Stopping at all stations, except Adamsville, and arriving at Albany at 4:00 P. M. Connecting with Hudson River, Boston, Northern and New York Central railroads.
2:50 P. M.—Passenger—Stopping at all stations, and arriving at Albany at 8:40 P. M. Connecting with Hudson River, Boston and New York Central Railroads.

All trains connect at Schoharie direct with trains to and from Schoharie Court House via Schoharie Valley Railroad.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.
The morning train from Albany connects with stages at the following points:
At Schoharie Court House for Middleburgh, Gilboa, Moresville, Roxbury, Livingstonville, Preston Hollow, Cooksburgh, Durham and Oakhill. At Richmondville for Summit, Jefferson, Stamford and Hobart. At East Worcester, for Charlotteville. At Schenevus, for Fergusonville, Davenport and Bloomville. At Colliers, for Cooperstown. At Emmons, for Delhi. At Oneonta, for Morris and New Berlin. At Otego, for Franklin, Walton and Gilbertsville. At Sidney, for Norwich. At Bainbridge, for Norwich, Green, Oxford, Coventry and Guilford. At Afton, for Deposit. At Harpersville, for Centre Village, Windsor, Osborn Hollow, Port Crane and Binghamton.

The 2:00 P. M. train connects with stages at Colliers.

Through tickets for sale at the depot in Albany for all points on direct stage lines west and south.

J. H. RAMSEY, President.

MOUNT IDA NURSERY.—A large stock of fruit and shade trees, evergreens, flowering shrubs and roses, for sale at Mount Ida Nursery, Troy, N. Y.
JOSEPH CALDWELL, Nurseryman.

Apple trees, 5 to 6 feet, selected	$18 ℔ 100
" 6 to 7 feet "	20@25c each
" " "	$25 ℔ 100
" " "	30@37½c each
Pear trees, 2 years, 4 to 6 feet	37½@75c each
" 2 and 3 years, 5 to 6 feet	50@100c "
" bearing trees	$1@3 "
Plums, 2 years, 4 to 5 feet	50c "
" 3 to 4 years	75@100c "
" bearing trees	$1.50@2.00 "
Cherries, 2 years, 4 to 6 feet	50@75c "
" 3 to 4 years	75@100c "
Apple quince, 3 to 5 feet	37½@50c "
Delaware grape vines, 2 to 3 years	50@100c "
Hartford prolific, 2 years	50c "
Adirondac, 2 years	$1 "
Iona, 2 years	$1 "
" 1 year	50c "
Allen's hybrid grape vines, strong layers	50c "
Rogers' hybrid grape vines	50c "
Hybrid, perpetual and other hardy roses	37½c "
Moss rose	50c "
Double Michigan rose	37½@50c "
Asparagus plants, 1 year, strong	75c ℔ 100
" 2 years, transplanted	$1.00 ℔ 100
Strawberry plants	75@100c ℔ 100

Fifty cents per bundle for packing. Catalogues on application. Not more than ten of any one variety of fruit trees to the 100.

GRAPE VINES BY MAIL.
I will send the following grape vines by mail for $6. Half the number for $3.50:
2 Delaware, two years.
2 Adirondac, two years.
2 Iona, two years.
2 Concord, two years.
2 Diana, two years.
2 Hartford prolific, two years.
Dec. 26, 1867. 4m

SALEM, Oct. 23, 1867.—The commissioners of the United States Deposit Fund for the county of Washington, give the following notice:
Whereas, The following named persons having neglected to pay the interest on their mortgages executed in this office, notice is hereby given that said mortgages are foreclosed, and the lands hereinafter described will be exposed for sale at public auction on the first Tuesday of February next, at one o'clock P. M. of that day, at the court house in the village of Salem, in said county, according to the provisions of the statute.
Martin B. Perkins—Mortgage No. 181.
All that certain piece or parcel of land in the village of Fort Miller, and town of Fort Edward, known and distinguished as a subdivision of lot No. 5, in the first allotment in a partition among the proprietors of a tract of land granted to John Schuyler, junior, and others, and fully described in the book of mortgages of the U. S. D. Fund, for Washington county, bearing date October 5, 1850.
WM. ROBINSON,
A. P. ROBINSON,
Loan Commissioners.

THORBURN'S
ALBANY SEED STORE,
No. 46 Hudson street, between Broadway and Green street.
Keeps constantly on hand all the leading varieties of vegetable, garden, flower and field seeds. Also bird seeds, bird gravel, cuttle fish bone, and mocking bird food. Canary birds and bird cages. Garden tools and garden books, and everything appertaining to a well kept seed store. Ridley's and Maillard's New York confectionary, Borden's condensed milk and extract of coffee, Seamen's celebrated chocolate cream bars, chocolate of the best manufacturers, Shaker prepared sweet corn, split peas and turtle soup beans, etc.
Choice brands of cigars. Bouquets, wreaths, crosses and cut flowers furnished at two hours' notice.
SAMUEL T. THORBURN, Seedsman,
46 Hudson st., Albany, N. Y.
Catalogues on application or sent by mail.

WASHINGTON COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE, January 4th, 1868.
Notice is hereby given, that on Monday, the 27th day of January instant, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, a panel of Grand Jurors, and also a panel of Petit Jurors, will be drawn at this office, to serve at a Court of Oyer and Terminer, and Circuit Court, to be held at the Court House, in Salem, in and for said county, on Tuesday, the 25th day of February, A. D. 1868.
td P. C. HITCHCOCK, County Clerk.

NOTICE.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Battenkill Knitting Company for the purpose of choosing Directors of said Company, will be held at their Factory, on the first Wednesday of February, 1868, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.
A. A. MOOR, Pres't.
JAMES L. LOURIE, Sec'y. jan23w2

FOR SALE.—A pleasant HOUSE AND LOT, with all the necessary accommodations, and a very desirable location, situated on John Street, for sale low, by
I. G. PARKER.
Greenwich, Dec. 26, 1867. 1tf

CALICOES, at a cheap figure, for sale by
ANDREWS & SMITH.

BOOTS AND SHOES, of all sizes and kinds, sold by
ANDREWS & SMITH.

POETRY.

The King of the Cradle.

Draw back the cradle curtains, Kate,
Whilst watch and ward you're keeping;
Let's see the monarch lie in state,
And view him whilst he's sleeping.
He smiles and clasps his tiny hand,
As sunbeams in come streaming,
A world of baby fairy land
He visits whilst he's dreaming.

Monarch of pearly powder puff
Asleep in nest so cosy,
Shielded from breath of breezes rough,
By curtains warm and rosy;
He slumbers soundly in his cell,
As weak as one decrepid,
Though King of Coral, Lord of Bell,
And Knight of Bath that's topid!

Ah, lucky tyrant! Happy lot!
Fair watchers without number,
To sweetly sing beside his cot,
And hush him off to slumber;
White hands in wait to smooth so neat
His pillow when its rumpled,
On couch of rose leaves fresh and sweet,
Not one of which is crumpled!

Will yonder dainty, dimpled hand—
Size, nothing and a quarter—
E'er clasp a sabre, lead a band
To glory and to slaughter?
And, may I ask, will these blue eyes—
In baby *patois* "peepers"—
E'er in the House of Commons rise,
And strive to catch the Speaker's?

Will that fair brow o'er Hansard frown,
Confused by lore statistic?
Or will those lips e'er stir the town
From pulpit ritualistic?
Impossible, and yet, maybe—
Though strange, quite true it may be—
Perhaps Nero once was fed on pap,
And Beales was once a baby.

Though rosy, dimpled, plump and round
Though fragile, soft and tender,
Sometimes, alas! it may be found
The thread of life is slender!
A little shoe, a bitten glove—
Affection never waning—
The shattered idol of our love
Is all that is remaining!

Then does one chance, in fancy, hear
Small feet in childish patter,
Tread soft as they a grave draw near,
And voices hush their chatter;
'Tis small and new, they pause in fear,
Beneath the gray church tower,
To consecrate it by a tear
And deck it with a flower.

Then take your babe, Kate, kiss him so,
Fast to your bosom press him!
Of mother's love what does he know?
Though closely you caress him,
Ah! what a man will be that boy,
What mind and education!
If he fulfils the hope and joy
Of mother's aspiration.

HUMOROUS.

A high rent—a hole in your hat.

A drop too much—the hangman's.

"You are quite welcome," as the empty pocket said to the greenback.

He who takes too many glasses will become himself a tumbler.

A busy barber is said to be like a telegraphic despatch, because he runs from poll to poll.

"Capital weather, Mr. Jones, capital weather. My wife's got such a bad cold she can't speak. I like such weather."

Noah built his ark with gopher wood, but how far he had to go for wood to build it with the Scriptures do not inform us.

How to cook a goose—Suspend yourself in front of a brisk fire and revolve carefully and regularly until you are done brown.

Ideas hang together in the mind by numerous hooks, and the more ideas a man has the more he can hitch on.

A western editor says, he heard a young lady at table asked for "hen fruit," meanidg eggs.

Tobacco is a weed which every one may make hims if a beast with if he choose. (chews.)

The young lady who was recommended to take exercise to improve her health says that she "will jump at an offer and run her own risk."

"Figures can't lie," says the arithmetician. "You can't say that of women's figures in these days," responds the slanderous dressmaker.

The fall style of ladies' bonnets is very tea-tableish. It is round at the back like a teacup, and turns over at the front, like a saucer.

An apothecary is not likely to become a toper, from the fact that he has many scruples to every dram, and always keeps his balance perfect.

"My opinion is," said a philosophical old lady of much experience and observation, "that any man as dies on washing day does it on of pure spite."

An anecdote of the Duke of Cambridge is "going the rounds." The princely carpet warrior is Commander-in-Chief of the British army, and in his military capacity is somewhat prone to blasphemy. A waggish colonel, who had been the object of several emphatic expressives, was asked if the Duke had arrived to take command of a force to be reviewed. "Yes," said the wag, "he swore himself an hour ago."

A merchant who was absent from home received a telegram informing him of his wife's safe delivery of a little girl, and at the same time a letter from his partner advising him that a draft had been presented for $5,000, and the signature seemed rather doubtful. The merchant replied to both letters, but misdirected them. The astonishment of the wife may be imagined when she read, "I know nothing about it, it's a swindle."—The partner received a hearty congratulation upon his safe deliverance.

A good story is told of a distinguished mathematician in the army, remarkable for a want of practical judgment, sometimes seem in other mathematicians. The officer was orderered to construct a bridge over a creek somewhere in Southern country. He built it, working out the arch by mathematical formulas. When it was done the bridge was found to be under water. He, when called upon to explain, said, "Oh, the work is all right, only I used the minus sign instead of plus!"

An "ould counthryman," Tom Donovan, was severely hurt. His friend, Tim Murphy, heard the doctors talking of the injuries. He had, they said, a compound comminuted confused fracture of the tibia, a stellated fracture of the cranium, and an abrasion of the os frontis. Tim listened, awe stricken.—Phil Donohue came quietly to know how Tom was. "Bad enough," said Tim, "bad enough! The doctors—heaven be praised for larnin'—have tould me all about it. He's a dead man! All his Latin parts are wounded, and he won't live foive minits."

MISCELLANY.

Written for the People's Journal.

The Indian Girl; A Legend of the Dionondehowa.

BY NELLIE M. SOULE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER IV.

The strangers had told Rowah of the settlement of white men, by which they had passed in their journey thither, and he with several other Mohawks resolved to visit the place and buy of the pale-faces some of their shining merchandise. Alleyn longed to join them, but dared not mention his desire, since Rowah was one of the company, for he knew the Indian's secret hatred waited only a convenient opportunity to manifest itself. Owaissa, too, clung to him, [illegible] to leave her, even for a few days, saying with pleading voice,

"Harry does not know the fierce Rowah. If the warrior did not love Owaissa, his sharp arrow would long ago have pierced him. He fears to lose his bride, if he harms her Kewaydin."

So, though intense longing had risen in the young man's heart to see kindred faces once more, the siren song of love held his charmed feet, and the party left the village without him. The earnest tones of Samkama dwelt in their hearts after his parting benediction; "May the great Spirit favor you with a prosperous voyage, give you an unclouded sky and smooth waters by day, as your birch canoes glide down the Cohohatatea; may you lie down at night on beaver blankets and enjoy good dreams; and may you find constant safety under the great pipe of peace."

And they strode away on their long snowshoes over the frozen stream towards the mountains far to the southward.

Alleyn thought Owaissa had never been so fair and the days flew by to the lovers on golden wings, for Rowah's watchful eyes were far away and to all others he seemed her brother, Kewaydin. He was teaching her to write one day and the old chief drew near them to watch her nimble fingers copy the marks the white man made.

"Bring to Samkama the bark the white Indian gave him, Owaissa."

She obeyed and left them alone. A feeling of perfect respect and love had sprung up between these two men, and now the Indian chief drew his adopted son to a seat beside him, saying as he did so,

"A white man lived among us many moons. He died and we burried him with our warriors. We call him the white Indian for he lived as we lived, only he had no squaw and wigwam, but dwelt in the lodge of Odayween. He would never tell to the red man the name of his tribe, and sometimes he would go out of the village and groan and weep all the day. Here is the white man's bark and strange marks are on it like those Kewaydin made for our Bluebird."

Alleyn had wondered why this man of whom he had heard so much, should choose to live and die among these rude natives of the new world, and with joy he took the roll of thin bark from the chiefs hand. It was closely covered with writing. Promising to tell Samkama the story the next day, he unrolled the bark and with eager eyes he read;

CHAPTER V.

My name is Willis. To-day is my fortieth birthday. On the banks of the Thames was my childhood's home; roses and scarlet jessamine climbed over the door. Every living thing in that beautiful Eden of earth seemed full of joy. Birds and bees and low-voiced cattle filled the fields with pleasant sounds. Full of innocent mirth and childish sport my boyhood passed, till my fourteenth birthday came. How clear and sweet were the tones of the church bell at the hamlet on that October morning! The aspen leaves by the low porch quivered with delight and the blue-bell hung her head to listen. The roar of noisy London which on week days seemed a part of the very air we breathed that Sabbath morning did not reach us.

"Alfred," said my father, "you will go to church this morning. Learn, my son, to be prompt in duty."

When at noon I returned, my home was in ashes. The fire, they surmised, had been kindled in the night, but was not discovered till too late to save the dwelling. That night I overheard my parents talking of some man who was their enemy, why, I could not understand, who they fully believed had taken this means to destroy both life and property. The story seemed to awaken in me a latent power of hatred, which, till then, had been a stranger to my heart, and I remember I muttered with scowled brow and set teeth "I'll be revenged on that man. I'll kill him!"

We went to London, the vast city, where wealth and want, goodness and vice are mingled, and my father, whose property had all been destroyed by the fire found humble employment, and I was put to school. My mother whose whole life had passed in the pure air and healthly sports of the country, soon began to droop like a crushed lily and before a year she was laid in the lonely grave. Father soon followed her, and in the delirium of fever he would often cry,

"Cruel Warbeck, you killed my Mary!"

The day they laid him in the tomb by my mother's side, I vowed to be revenged. The contrast was always before my eyes, the happy flower-crowned cottage where health and joy dwelt, and the narrow apartments where the lamp of life had been put out by toil and grief.

Fortunately I soon obtained a servant's place in a printing establishment, and by indefatigable toil, came after many years to be a partner in the firm. Ten years ago I married a lovely girl, the daughter of my senior partner. When I asked her hand in marriage, her father said to me,

"Willis, you are all I wish my Mary's husband to be, only I have noticed an inveterate feeling of revenge towards those who injure you, and it troubles me. I do not know why I speak so freely of it, but it seems to me that half-stifled passion may be like Vesuvius' flames, pent up for a time, but bursting forth at last in a stream of ruin and death."

My lips were firmly compressed. I remembered the origin of that terrible thirst for vengance and dared not speak.

"I have wounded your feelings unnecessarily," he added after a moment's pause, "but it was only a nervous whim. Alfred, let us be a devoted father and son," and the noble old [illegible] grasped my hand. [illegible] I muttered "Thank you," and bowed myself from the library utterly overcome, more by the sudden recollections of the past than by the success of the present.

My wedding night came. In the large saloons of Mr. Maynard's house were gathered youth and beauty, the devotees of pleasure and the aspirants for fame, the proud millionaire and the humble student. I stood by my dearly-loved bride, and the surpliced priest pronounced the words that made us one. Then the music and gay laugh and hearty congratulations followed, till my brain seemed reeling with pleasure. All at once a gentleman and lady approached for an introduction. Something in the man's face seemed familiar yet repulsive to me; but when the names were pronounced "Sir Walter Warbeck and Lady," the whole buried past rose before me and I recognized in him the murderer of my parents.

"Patience; be still!" I said to the demon within me. "Revenge is sure now, but not to-night not here." The villain was bowing and smiling, uttering the usual commonplace remarks at such a time, and I was called to myself by the words

"The father of your good husband here and myself, Madame, were old cronies in boyhood. It is a pleasure to see the son of a playmate so signally blessed in life."

Mary returned some playful answer and soon they moved on to give place to other and more welcome greetings. But all my enjoyment was gone. That craving fiend in my breast seemed shrieking for the blood of that murderous hypocrite. In vain I strove to banish such thoughts, and remember my blessed lot, my excited eye and flushed cheek would bear witness to the rage within.

Time passed on, and I saw no more of Warbeck. I had struggled hard to forget him, and, by living outside of myself and entirely in the present, I was in a measure successful.

One pleasant Spring morning, five years after our marriage, Mary stopped me as I passed through the hall on my way to the Office.

"Alfred," she said, "father wishes us to go with him to dine with a friend. It will be a pleasant drive out of the noisy city and will do us good. John is to come with the coach in an hour. You'll go?"

"Really, my dear, I don't think I can; will you not enjoy it without me as well?" Then, seeing her look of disappointment, "Yes, I will go, Mary. It will do you good and the bills can wait a day for your pleasure."

How bitterly I have ever since regretted that change of decision! Dispatching the porter with a note to the office, I prepared for the ride. Rapidly we whirled out of the city into the clear, cool air and when we saw wild flowers blooming by the road side in the open country, Mary's enthusiasm could not be restrained. We laughed and shouted and sang the good old songs of country life, till it seemed to me I was a boy again and my wife some dear playmate of my youth. It was the road that led to my old home and I began, at length, to note familiar objects.—Since my marriage, I had studiously avoided this road for the associations it awakened called my evil passions into dangerous exertion. This morning good spirits seemed aiding me as we neared the spot where my childhood had passed. I said to my companions, as I saw the elegant stone edifice that had replaced the cottage,

"I want this place for a summer-home.—Whose property——"

"Why, my boy," interrupted Mary's father, "this is where we are to dine. Sir Walter Warbeck built this mansion. Notice, Mary, the regular rows of graceful trees," for we were riding slowly up the avenue. "See the roses and jessamine in the conservatory already in bloom," and they chatted gaily, while every word sent a dagger to my heart and roused the demon there.

"Don't you like the place, Alfred? You are very suddenly still."

"I like it," I muttered with set teeth.—Vengeance was rampant in my bosom and grimly I repeated the old proverb "The feet of retribution are shod with wool." Softly, not carefully, friend; I'll yield to you," and with the determination came calm, murderous design. My plan was all laid, as the coachman opened the carriage door and we walked into the presence of host and hostess.

"Ah, this is kind in you, friend Maynard; and your son and daughter are very welcome to Warbeck Lodge."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"They say I'm growing old because my hair is silvered, and there are crows' feet upon my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as of yore. But they are mistaken. That is not me. The knees are weak, but the knees are not me. The brows are wrinkled, but the brows are not me.—This is the house in which I live. But I am young—younger than ever I was before.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

Written for the People's Journal.

American Education.

BY PROF. E. H. GIBSON.

The basis of *American Democracy* is *American Education.* The idea of a stable Republic presupposes the education of freemen. This is a necessity growing out of the nature of our institutions. The sovereignty of law in the hands of the people is inconsistent with any just ideas of government if the people have not the capacity to exercise that sovereignty *wisely.* Tyrants tremble when freemen vote. *Vox popili est suprema rex* is a well known maxim of our American Law. The existence of monarchical power in the hands of a [illegible] is inconsistent with the existence of [illegible] power in the hands of the people. [illegible] and the [illegible] over, are greatly alarmed as to what shall be the result. The grand theory of our national compact is, that the rights of all constitute the basis and the happiness of all, the object of government. This principal is the joint fruit of the progress made both in science and Christainity, more especially of the latter. Civil and religious liberty and "equality before the law" are the leading principles in our Christian code. Legislators will legislate in vain and will come far short of being the true representatives of a free people unless they conform their legislation to these principles. The Bible must become the great law book of the nations.—Its great truths underlie the grand fabric of our political system and must and will be perpetual, no matter how much the machinery of our government be modified to gratify the whims and caprices of wily politicians. Ours is a representative government, where State representatives and departments act as checks upon the wild impulses of the popular throng. In the ancient republics, which were pure democracies, and not representative like our own, the greater portion of the people were slaves whose interest were wholly disregarded. Under the fierce democracy of Athens the laws of Licurgus and Solon which have been so much studied by statesmen, conferred the rights of citizenship only on a few, so of the other republics of antiquity. Art and science to be sure did much to improve their morals and refine their tastes, but for the lack of a restraining power in the senates and of that public virtue and intelligence which should have existed among the people, their governments crumbled to pieces or were overthrown by internal dissentions, and those same works of art which then existed are now mouldering in the dust and are pointed out to the traveller only as relics of former grandeur. Equality of distribution in respect to property and equal political privileges are desirable, but that equality which would make virtue a friend to vice, industry to idleness is not desirable. Social distinctions, in American society, will necessarily exist, because some will work while others sleep, but it is the glory of our republican institutions that no artificial barriers are created by law to hinder the progress of an individual in reaching his proper level in society. No religion of caste binds the soul of an American citizen to pay homage to any earthly potentate, no feudal system of military gradation compels him to furnish revennes of power to gratify the satiate ambition of any lord or master, no laws of primorgeniture, feetail and other feudal contrivances put restrictions upon property. But while there is so much freedom, it is well to understand what freedom is. A large portion I fear are ignorant upon this point. It is not the unrestrained desire to do what one would always please to do; no such thing. This would lead to anarchy in its worst forms.—*Freedom* is the result of *low check*, and *restraints*, not of license and impulse. A man is only free who is master of himself, having the power to arouse, regulate and quiet at his bidding the various faculties of his soul. This is the sublime idea of government and constitutes its mainspring whether applied to an individual or the state. Could we rightly understand this greatly felt among the masses an era would be opened in education such as the world has never seen before.—But in order that our government may be prosperous, popular action must conform to its theory and spirit. Parties must not apostatize their principles for the sake of votes. Better be beaten in a fair contest than yield up principle and win. The life of our republican system rests in its educational ideas of self-government, self culture teaching mankind to think and not to repeat, to learn principles rather than rules. Under the haughty priesthood that preceded the Reformation inaugurated by Martin Luther, the human mind was chained for ages, was compelled to repeat and follow Brahma, obey caste, but the dawning light of Christianity has spread over a dark and fallen world and has entered the secret chambers of the soul, and set the captive mind free.—Original, vigorous American [illegible] altars, the fires of liberty and reform. The Christian idea of government is fast taking hold of the minds of our people. It should be boldly taught from the pulpit, the school, the farm, and the press. Statesmen, beware! Frame ye your laws upon the broad, eternal principles of an enlightened Christianity, or an outraged enlightened people will by their votes give you a back seat. The people are the soverigns under a free government. The voice of the people is the supreme law.

Seek every opportunity to do good.

Written for the People's Journal.

A Fable and its Moral.

"Once upon a time," there came to a certain village, a carpenter, who was sober, intelligent, industrious and pious. The good qualities had won for him; also, a modest roll of Uncle Sam's photographs, whose *greenbacks* had such good effect in frightening *greybacks*, in time gone by. Now when the proper time came, this man, whose taxes helped to pay the town officers, proposed to join his fellow-citizens in voting for such officers.—Straightway, there was a great hue and cry. The Tailor said: "What impertinence!—Let him stick to his trade. A carpenter's place is in his shop, to my mind. I don't want to see him going to the polls. He will get intoxicated, neglect his work, and his children will be ruined by his bad example." The Blacksmith said: "Lo, friend Jack[illegible] is tired of his vocation. I've no doubt [illegible] Blacksmith. Its work he's [illegible] our rights by this [illegible] er spoke his doubtful mind [illegible]: "It is without precedent; this carpenter never has voted, why should he begin now to distract attention from my case?" For the Painter had just reached his majority and felt that the interests of the nation were on his shoulders. The Minister also gave cautious counsel: "It is unseemly for a sober, and respectable man to appear in company with the ignorant and vicious persons, who make the laws for a Christian Republic. He will lose his influence for good, in the community, if he is seen at the Hotel on Election day." The wealthy bounty-broker said: "We don't want him here. We can't buy his vote for intemperance, injustice, bribery and corruption, and it will counteract one in our interest. Keep him away if you value his head." The Doctor added: "He is too frivolous and lightminded. His linen is spotless, his hat well brushed, he wears pearl sleeve-studs. Voters should not fritter away, their time and thoughts on such trifles. Besides he will get soiled and rumpled, and possibly catch the small pox, if he joins us." The Merchant finally suggested: "He won't vote. He don't want to. Don't fret about 'giving him a chance', until he shows a disposition to demand it; furthermore insists that he *won't be refused.*" Then the honest man said: "*Moi, c'est l'empire!*" I am the active verb, To do. The Carpenter is the passive verb, To be or To suffer. He must cultivate patience and submission. If he starves or sinks into degradation, 'am I my brother's keeper?' He has as much right to the privilege as I, but if I help him to it, he may crowd me away. "Possession is nine points of the law", and as my *arguments* have failed, I will try the *Reductio ad absurdum.*" Then followed a picture of the carpenter voting, drawn with some skill, very funny in some of its details; shocking, in others.—Its only fault was the want of that truth to Nature, which constitutes the highest art.—And all this time the Carpenter was not allowed to speak at all. Does my story seem improbable? Friend: apply it to Impartial Suffrage. Dress Mr. Carpenter in jaunty, bonnet and crinoline, and see if the riddle is not plain. *I* was'nt there, but had it been, I would have said: "Gentlemen, let us glance at your arguments. Granted that a carpenter's "sphere" lies in his shop *generally*, *why* will it be more hurtful exercise to go to the Polls, *one day*, than to the Store, or Mill, or P. O. for needed articles *every day*? Granted that the company there is not always select, are they not the same men, whom he meets often at other places, without hurtful contact with "the unclean thing?" Granted: that voting will awaken a thirst for information, a pride in his own integrity, confidence in his own abilities, and ambitions to see good, wise and just men in office, are these things bad? Will his *children* respect him less therefore? Will his superiors in wealth and intellect respect him less for honor and integrity employed as leaven in the three measures of political meal? Will his poorer neighbors love him less for steadfast vindication of their rights?

Is *this* riddle plain also? May not Woman claim its solution as her well-earned guerdon?

He, who "made one star to differ from another in glory," gave to one bird, courage, fierceness, and strength; to another, gentleness, affection and beauty. But I never heard of the Eagle saying to the Dove: "Don't dare to leave your nest and show yourself in the air, my dominions. Stay, take care of your birdlings and starve if need be. It will make you strong and fierce to seek their food and teach them to use their wings. In short, it will make you an eagle; then what shall we do for doves to eat?" Eagles do not do this; they attend to their eaglets and build their eyries on the Heaven-kissing heights. Doves are happy in their humble homes; but both alike have the freedom of earth, air and sky. The principal reason is, *they* obey the laws of a just God. If I have wearied your patience, my excuse must be, "Out of the fullness of the heart, the mouth speaketh." VASHTI.

It is said that a marked religious movement is taking place among the natives in several parts of India, looking to the abolition of idol worship and the substitution of a pure Theism. Several native societies have been organized on this basis. The Christian Mission in India favor the movement, and the Rev. Mr. Kirk some time ago held a conference in the Cathedral of Bombay with several of the native reformers, and urged upon them the necessity of abandoning the worship of idols, and acknowledging one Supreme God.