

The Weekly Journal.

Volume 2.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1855.

Number 33.

Poetry.

For the Weekly Journal.

WINTER.

O Winter's very beautiful when comes the sunny day,
And all the village youth are out right merrily at play,
Some with the bounding hoop and ball, some with
the shining steel,
That rings along the sounding ice, beneath the skater's
heel.
They glide and wheel like birds at play, with laugh
and shout and song,
And watch at the cottage door the bright and
merry throng;
See how they fall, those yearly tears, and twinkle
in his eye,
The long eternal years are his, but childhood scenes
are by.

The winds are lulled to slumber, that so late were
bleak and chill,
The forests, in the valley, and along the snowy hill,
Are breaking all their icy bands and dashing them
away,
And tossing up their giant arms like men in battle
fray.
I listen to the pleasant sounds where icy shackles
fall,
And weep to think that human limbs still bend be-
neath their thrall,
But the Sun of Truth is rising; it will melt their fet-
ters driven,
And men, like forests free, will throw their arms and
shout to heaven!

EDWARD INVERO.

Chicopee, Dec. 1854.

For the Weekly Journal.

IRELAND.

When dullness shall chain the wild heart that would
prize thee,
When the last sigh of freedom is heard on thy shore,
When its rapture shall bless the false heart that be-
trayed thee,
Oh then, dearest Erin, I love thee no more.
When thy sons are less tame than thine own ocean
water,
When their last flash of wit and of genius is o'er,
When virtuous beauty forsake thy young daughters,
O then, dearest Erin, I love thee no more.
When the sun, that now holds his bright path o'er thy
mountains,
Forgets the green fields that he smiled on before;
When no moonlight shall sleep on thy lakes or thy
fountains,
Oh then, dearest Erin, I love thee no more.
When the name of the Saxon and tyrant shall ever
When the freedom you lost you no longer deplore,
When the thought of thy wrongs shall be sleeping
forever,
Oh then, dearest Erin, I love thee no more.

HENRIETTA.

Thompsonville, Conn.

(The above lines are very fine; they breathe the
true poetic fire, and also the sentiments of a warm
Irish heart.—Ed.)

Select Tales.

JUST CHARGE IT.

BY AUSTIN C. BUDWICK.

'Charles, what did this peach preserve
cost?'
'I'm sure I don't know, Hannah.'
'But you bought it this morning.'
'I know I did, but I didn't ask the
price of it.'
'No.'
'Why not?'
'O, because I couldn't stop to make
change. I have opened an account with
Mr. Waldron, and shall hereafter settle
once in three months.'

This conversation was going on at the
tea-table, between Charles Mathews and
his wife. Mathews was a young mechanic,
who had just commenced housekeeping,
and as he was making excellent wages, he
could afford to live pretty well. After he
had made known his intention to his wife,
she remained for some time in silent
thought.

'Charles, she at length said, in a very
mild, persuasive tone, 'I think it would be
better to pay for things as you take them.
You know you receive your pay for labor
every Saturday night, and you can pay as
you go very easily.'
'I know I could,' returned Mr. Math-
ews, with the air of a man who had unan-
swerable argument at his command; 'but
then it would not be near so handy. You
see, I shall save all the trouble of making
change, and shall not only save time, but
also avoid mistakes.'

'Mistakes?' repeated Hannah. 'How
can mistakes occur when you pay for things
as you get them?'
'I will tell you. Sometimes it may not
be convenient to pay for a thing when I
get it. I may forget my money, or only
take it on trial—then if I pay for a part,
and not for all, some things may get charg-
ed which I pay for. No, Hannah, a set-
tlement once a quarter will be the best and
most convenient all around; I am satisfied
will it be so?'
'Well, perhaps it may,' said the wife,
with a serene tone and look, yet with a

smile, 'but I can not think so.'
'But why not?'
'Why, on all accounts. In the first
place, you will buy more than you would
if you paid cash. Now you needn't shake
your head, for I know it. There are many
little luxuries, little extras, which we do
not need, but which you will be apt to
buy if you do not pay cash down. I know
something of this credit business, and it is
not a fair thing. In the second place, if
you pay cash for everything, you will get
your goods cheaper. A trader will sell
cheaper when he can have the money in his
hand than when he has to carry out the
amount on his ledger.'

'But let me tell you, Hannah, that Mr.
Waldron will not cheat. He is not the
man to take advantage of a person in this
way.'
'You misunderstand me, Charles. Do
you not know that all traders can afford
to sell cheaper for cash than for credit?—
Mr. Waldron, for a five dollar bill, would
let you have more sugar than he would for
the same amount entered at different times
on his ledger. He could afford to do so.
Traders like to secure cash customers. I
think you would find it to our advantage
to try the cash system. Now I do not be-
lieve you would have bought this peach
preserve if you had to pay the cash for it.'

'But I bought that just to please you,
Hannah, and I thought you would accept
it gratefully,' returned the young husband
in a tone that showed his feelings were
touched.

'I know you did, Charles,' said the wife,
'and I was grateful, for I know you would
do anything to please me; but for the sake
of helping you, I would forego all such
things. Perhaps—and the wife spoke very
low—'you might be able to buy a cottage
of your own one of these days.'
For several days, Charles only sent such
things up from the store as were actually
needed. At length, as he went by the store
one morning, on his way to his work, he
saw some splendid looking pickles in fancy
jars. He had ordered the articles he need-
ed, and was about to leave, when Mr. Wal-
dron spoke:

'Mr. Mathews, said he, 'don't you want
a jar of these pickles? I carried my wife
in a jar last evening, and she thinks them
superior to anything she ever saw before.'
Now Charles knew that his wife had
plenty of plain pickled cucumbers, some
that her mother had put down for her, but
Mr. Waldron's wife had some of these fancy
ones, and why shouldn't Hannah?
'Shall I send you up a jar?'
'Only a dollar.'
'Yes, you may send it up—and just
charge it, if you please.'
'O, certainly. Anything you want you
may order at any time, and you may be
assured we shall be happy to accommo-
date you.'

Now this was flattering to young Math-
ews's feelings, to think that the trader had
such confidence in him, and he went away
with an exceeding good opinion of himself
and his credit, and of the storekeeper in
particular.

'Only a dollar! Yes—only a dollar on
the trader's ledger—that is nothing. But a
dollar right out of one's pocket—that is
different. Charles would not have bought
these pickles if the cash had been required
for them.'

'Ah, Mathews, look here; I have got
something to show you.' This was said by
the trader to the young man on the very
next morning after the purchase of the
pickles.
And so Mr. Waldron led our hero out
to the back side of the store, and opened
a box.
'There, Mathews, ain't these nice oran-
ges?'
'They are nice,' replied Charles. 'And
so they really were.'
'I know your wife would like some of
these. I carried some in to my wife, and
she wanted me to save her four or five doz-
en.'
'These are very nice. How high do they
come?'
'Let us see; I can send up three dozen
for a dollar, I got these very cheap. You
know they are retelling at five and six
cents apiece.'
'Yes, Well you may send me up three
dozen. Just charge them to me; if you

Certainly. Anything else this morn-
ing?'
'I believe not.'
And so Mathews went on. This morn-
ing it would be a dollar—to-morrow
morning perhaps fifty cents. It didn't seem
much. The young man kept just as much
money in his pocket as though he had not
bought them.
'Only a dollar,' he would say to himself.
'That isn't much out of twelve dollars a
week. And so it might not be; but the
trouble was, that the next dollar was also
only a dollar. He forgot to add this dol-
lar with the former dollar, and call it two
dollars; and so with the next, and call it
three, and so on.

One evening Charles came home with a
new gold chain attached to his watch.
'Where did you get that?' asked his
wife.
'Ah,' returned the husband, with an im-
pressive shake of the head, 'I made a bar-
gain in this chain. Now guess what I paid
for it.'
'I'm sure I can't guess.'
'O, but try—guess something.'
'Well, perhaps ten dollars.'
'Ten dollars! cried Charles, with a
sort of disappointed look. 'Why, what are
you thinking of? Jack Cummings bought
this chain two months ago, and paid twen-
ty dollars cash for it. Why, just lift it,
and see how heavy it is. Eighteen carats
fine. Jack was hard up for money, and let
me have it for the cheap sum of twelve
dollars.'

'It is cheap, to be sure,' returned Han-
nah, but yet not with so much pleasurable
surprise as her husband had anticipated.
'But,' she added, 'you did not need it, and
I fear you will feel the loss of the mon-
ey.'

'Pooh! I have money enough. You
know I have spent but very little lately. I
have been pretty saving.'
'But you forgot one thing, Charles.—
The money which you have on hand is not
yours.'
'Not mine?'
'No. It belongs to the storekeeper, and
to the butcher, and to our landlord. You
know they must be paid.'

'Don't you fret about them. I know it
don't cost me anywhere near twelve dollars
a week to live, for I have an estimate.—
There is Wilkins, who works right side of
me in the shop, who has four children, and
gets the same wages that I do, and yet he
lays up three or four dollars every week,
besides paying his rent.'
'Yes,' said Hannah, 'I know he does.
I was in to see his wife the other day, and
she was telling me how well they were get-
ting along. Mr. Wilkins takes his basket
every Saturday evening, and goes over to
the market, and buys his week's quantity
of meat and vegetables, and trades for
cash, so that he gets everything at the best
advantage. So he does at the store. He
lays in a good quantity of all those arti-
cles which will keep, and buys them as
cheap as he can. Butter, eggs, cheese, ap-
ples, and so on, he buys when the market
is full, and when they are cheap, and he
always buys enough to last his family over
the season of scarcity, when such things
are high. His butter, for instance, he
bought for eighteen cents a pound—a large
firkin of it—and it is much sweeter than
that for which you paid twenty-eight cents
yesterday.'

'Twenty-eight cents!' repeated the young
man in surprise.
'Yes. I asked Mr. Waldron's man who
brought it up, and he said it had risen to
twenty-eight cents. Mr. Wilkins got fifty
dozen of eggs some time ago for twelve
cents a dozen, and his wife packed them
down, and they keep well. You will have
to pay Mr. Waldron thirty-three cents for
those you sent up yesterday.'

Charles Mathews was somewhat aston-
ished at this view of the case, but it could
not be helped now, and the subject was
dropped. His gold chain had lost its charm
it did not look so well in his own eyes, as
had the simple black cord which he had
worn before.

At length, the end of the quarter came
around. The first bill paid was the rent,
which amounted to thirty-one dollars. The
next was the butcher's bill, which came to
thirty-six dollars. Charles was astonished
to see how the meat bill footed up. But
when he saw how many steaks he had had
at seventeen cents a pound, the cause of
wonder was at an end. Next, he paid the

baker's bill, which was thirteen dollars.—
When he came home in the evening, he
paid all his bills except the one at the gro-
cery.
'Mr. Waldron sent in his bill to-day,' his
wife said, after supper.
'Ah! did he? Let me see it?'
Hannah brought it, and Charles looked
at it. He was astonished at its length, and
when he came to look at the bottom of the
column, his face turned a shady pale. It
footed up just sixty-five dollars—an aver-
age of five dollars per week!

'This is impossible!' he uttered as he
gazed upon it. But he examined the dif-
ferent articles, and he could remember
when he ordered them. Those things which
cost only a dollar, looked very innocent
when viewed alone, but in the aggregate,
they had a different appearance.
'How much shall you lay up this quar-
ter, Charles?' kindly asked his wife, as she
came and leaned over her husband's shoul-
der, and parted the hair on his forehead,
and smoothed it back.
'How much shall I lay up?' he repeat-
ed.—'Get the slate, and let us
reckon up.' Charles was resolved to be
frank about the matter, and let his wife
know all.

The slate was brought. First, Hannah
put down one hundred and fifty-six dollars
as the quarter's wages. Then came the
rent, and the butcher, and the baker.
'Now you may put down twelve dollars
for this chain—and twelve dollars for sun-
dries—that means cigars, tobacco, nuts,
beer, soda, theater tickets, and such like
things. Now take all that from my quar-
ter's wages, and see how much will be re-
maining.'

Hannah performed the sum, and gave
fifty-two dollars as the result.
'Fifty-two dollars!' uttered Charles, sink-
ing back into his chair, 'and we have not
bought one article of clothing nor of furni-
ture. Fifty-two dollars with which to pay
sixty-five. There is thirteen dollars short
this quarter, and I had meant to save thirty,
at least.'

'Well, it's no use to mourn over it,' said
the wife, in a cheerful tone, for she saw
that her husband felt badly. 'Let us com-
mence again. There is nothing like trying,
you know.'
For some moments Charles remained sili-
ent. He gazed first upon the bill he held
in his hand, then upon the figures on the
slate, and then upon the floor. At last he
spoke:
'Hannah, I see where the trouble is, and
I must freely admit that I have been entire-
ly wrong. If I had paid for everything as
I bought it, I should not be where I now
am in pecuniary matters. You were right.
I see it all now. I have not estimated the
value of money as I ought. Let me once
get up again to where I began, and I will
do differently. I must step down to the
store this evening, and pay Mr. Waldron
what I have, and the rest I will pay him
when I am able.'

'That matter can be easily settled,' said
Hannah, with a bright happy look. 'I
have more than enough to make up the
amount of that bill. It is money I had
when we were married. Wait for one mo-
ment.'

Charles protested most earnestly against
taking his wife's money, but she would lis-
ten to no argument on that subject. It was
her will, and he must submit. So he went
down and paid up the grocery bill, and on
his way home he sold his gold chain for
fourteen dollars. He felt happier when he
got the old black cord once more about his
neck, and he had money now to commence
the quarter with.

On the next Monday morning the young
man went into the meat store to send home
a piece of beef for dinner.
'How much will you have?' asked the
butcher.
'O, three or four—'
Charles got thus far, and then he stop-
ped. He had always been in the habit of
ordering an indefinite quantity, and leav-
ing the butcher to cut it off at the highest
figure, and charge the highest price; and
then he remembered how much was usually
wasted.
'Let me have two pounds,' he said.—
He stopped and saw it weighed, and then
paid for it.
When he went home at noon he found
that his two pounds of beef had made
enough, and there was none to waste.—
The next morning he went to the store.

Mr. Waldron had some nice figs just come,
which he showed. They were only one
shilling a pound. For a moment Charles
hesitated, but as he remembered that he
had got to pay for all he bought, he con-
cluded not to take them. He found that
things were not so enticing when it re-
quired cash to get them as when the pay-
ment could be postponed. He paid for
what he bought and went his way; and
thus things went on through the week.—
When it came Saturday night he knew
that all the money in his pocket was his
own, after deducting the rent. That
evening he went over to the market with
Wilkins, and bought as much meat and
vegetables as he thought would last him
through the week. He found that he
made a saving of at least twenty per cent.
by this operation, and when the opportu-
nity offered he made the same saving in
other matters.

At the end of that quarter, Charles
Mathews did not have to get any slate.
He paid his house rent, and then he found
that he had thirty-five dollars left in his
pocket. That was all his—he did not owe
a penny of it.
'Ah, Hannah,' he said as he held the
money in his hand and looked at it, 'now
I see how easy it is for a man to be wrong
and his wife right. This money all comes
of paying as I go along. It is very easy
and simple to say—'just charge it,' and a
man can easily buy things under such cir-
cumstances, but when the day of reckoning
comes, these three simple words, that sound
so innocent when spoken, are found to be
costly things. I would not have believed
it until I tried it. I could not have believ-
ed that a man would purchase so many
more useless articles, simply because he
could have them charged. But I see it
now, and if I refused to follow your advice
at first, I have gained experience enough
to lead me to follow it the more explic-
itly now.'

Charles Mathews never again allowed
himself to be led away by the credit system
but he followed the cash rule punctually,
and the consequence has been that he can
not only buy any quantity of produce, coal,
wood, etc., at cheap cash prices, but he
has cut off the expense of house rent, for
he owns a snug little cottage in the suburbs
and it is all paid for.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.
Extract from EDWARD BURKE'S Speech
in the British Parliament, on the subject
of a reconciliation with the colonies.
'Pray, sir, what in the world is equal
to it? Pass by the other parts, (of Amer-
ica), and look at the manner in which the
people of New-England have carried on the
whole fishery. Whilst we follow them
among the tumbling mountains of ice, and
behold them penetrating into the deepest
recesses of Hudson's bay, and Davis's strait;
whilst we are looking for them beneath the
arctic circle, we hear that they have pier-
ced into the opposite region of polar cold,
that they are at the Antipodes, and en-
gaged under the frozen serpent of the south.
Falkland's Island, which seemed too re-
mote and romantic an object for the grasp
of ambition, is but a stage and resting place
in the progress of their victorious industry.
Nor is the equinoctial heat more discourag-
ing to them than the accumulated winter
of both places. We know that whilst
some of them draw the line and strike the
harp over the coast of Africa, others run
the longitude, and pursue their gigantic
game along the coast of Brazil. No sea-
but what is next by their fisheries—no cli-
mate that is not witness to their toils.—
Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor
the activity of France, nor the dexterous
and firm sagacity of English enterprise,
ever carried this most perilous mode of
hardy industry to the extent which it has
been pushed by this recent people; a peo-
ple who are still, as it were but in the
gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone
of manhood.'

CALIFORNIA TREES.—One tree
made 13,000 feet of lumber. The butt,
26 feet long, made 4,000 feet of clear stuff.
There are trees growing that would make
100,000 feet, enough to furnish all the ma-
terials for two houses 50 feet square, two
stories high.

RICE has been cultivated more than
150 years in South Carolina. It was plant-
ed there in the year 1693, and has grown
every year since that time.

WOODEN HUTS are to be sent from
England to the Crimea—an experienced
iron founder has submitted to the foreign
office a plan to make them fire proof.—
One hundred of these buildings had been
taken out in one screw steamer. Large
orders for stores and other iron work for
the Crimea had been given.

The wife and daughter of Col. Dav-
id Crockett of world-wide notoriety, have
gone to Texas to get possession of a por-
tion of the land donated by the State to
the heirs of those who fell at the battle of
the Alamo, during the struggle for inde-
pendence.
'You lie!' as the man said when
he knocked another down.

BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.
We heard a minister in the pulpit, re-
late the following historical fact, and apply
it to Christian duty. There is an electric
force, an unctious arising from its contem-
plation, that ought to arouse, elevate and
quicken the feelings of every Christian in
contemplating the beauties of the parable.
The minister remarked that historians
said the eagle, when the winds and storms
arose to a fearful extent, would weigh with
instinctive precision its ability to withstand
its force without injury. If the storm was
likely to rage with too great violence, the
eagle would flap his broad wings and soar
above it, and from his proud attitude would
look down with serenity and composure on
the devastation below.

The application to Christians was to per-
suade them to imitate the noble eagle—
When bickerings and strife arose in the
church or in society; when the storms of
religious discord were rising higher, and
higher, and higher, and the wrath of God
was thundering in his Providence into the
ears of his provocators, then they should,
on the pinions of their faith, rise above the
world. This needs no comment. When
will Christians learn to emulate the eagle,
and proudly, through the influence of the
Divine Spirit, 'trample the world beneath
their feet?'

A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.
Mr. Crittenden was engaged in defend-
ing a man who had been indicted for a capi-
tal offense. After an elaborate and power-
ful defense, he closed his effort by the
following striking and beautiful allegory:
'When God, in His eternal counsel,
conceived the thought of man's creation,
He called to Him the three Ministers who
wait constantly upon His Throne—Justice,
Truth, and Mercy; and thus addressed
them: "Shall We make man?" Then
said Justice, "O, God, make him not; for
he will trample upon thy laws." Truth
made answer also, "O, God! make him
not; for he will pollute thy sanctuaries." But
Mercy, dropping upon her knees, and
looking up through her tears, exclaimed,
'O, God! make him; I will watch over
him with my care, through all the dark
paths which he may have to tread." Then
God made man, and said to him, "O, man!
thou art the child of Mercy; go and deal
with thy brother.'

The Jury, when he finished, was drown-
ed in tears, and against evidence, and what
must have been their own convictions,
brought in a speedy verdict of not guilty.
—N. Y. Mirror.

RELIGION.
The following short and beautiful quot-
ation, is from the pages of the elegant and
the benevolent Mackenzie. Speaking of
those who profess a disbelief in religion, he
expresses himself in the following heart-
touching manner:
'He who would undermine those founda-
tions upon which our future hope is reared,
seeks to beat down that column which
supports the feebleness of humanity; let
him but think a moment, and his heart will
arrest the cruelty of his purpose. Would
he pluck its little treasure from the bosom
of poverty? Would he wrest its crutch
from the eye of affliction, the only solace
of its woe? The way we tread is rugged, at
best; we tread it, however, lighter, by the
prospect of that country to which we trust
it will lead. Tell us not it will end in the
gulf of eternal dissolution, or break off in
some wild, which fancy may fill up as she
pleases, but reason is unable to delineate;
quench not the beam, which amidst the
night of this evil world, has cheered the
despondency of ill requited worth, and
illuminated the darkness of suffering virtue.'

WOODEN HUTS are to be sent from
England to the Crimea—an experienced
iron founder has submitted to the foreign
office a plan to make them fire proof.—
One hundred of these buildings had been
taken out in one screw steamer. Large
orders for stores and other iron work for
the Crimea had been given.

The wife and daughter of Col. Dav-
id Crockett of world-wide notoriety, have
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The Weekly Journal.

CHICPEE, SATURDAY, JAN. 13, 1855

S. M. PERRY & Co. are the Agents for the Journal, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for us at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments. Their offices are at 119 Nassau street, New York, and 10 State Street, Boston.

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

KNOW-NOTHINGISM.

We find the following in the Warren (Penn.) Ledger:

AN ELEVENTH HOUR AVOWAL.—We are glad to observe that our friend Pratt, of the "Weekly Journal," Chicopee, Mass., has, at last, expressed his condemnation of the "religious crusade" which the know-nothing movement has instituted in this country, against all Catholics and foreigners. He says:—"We have never believed, and do not now, that the foreign exodus will prove a curse to the republic. On the contrary, it is fraught with innumerable blessings." Now these are our sentiments exactly, James,—such as we have, all along, been promulgating. We are glad that, even at the eleventh hour, you have come out on the side of truth and justice, nor will we now reproach you for not having done so before the election in Massachusetts, thereby lending your influence to the cause of universal freedom—not freedom for one race and proscription for another. Had you taken this true and manly position before the election, it might, perhaps, have been the means of saving some of your free soil brethren from the foul disgrace which now rests upon them, as recreants and traitors to those principles which they once professed to love; for their past glory is blotted out by their present shame; their once bright escutcheon is now stained with dark treason. No, we will not condemn thee, James; thine own conscience shall be thy accuser.

Friend Stevens we expressly stated in the article you quote from that we rejoiced over the recent revolution in Massachusetts—not on account of any fear from foreign influence, but because political chaos would be the necessary result, and this chaos must be succeeded by a fusion of anti-slavery men of all parties. It is not stretching the thing to say that four-fifths of the know-nothings voted the ticket for the sole purpose of breaking up the old combinations. Why should we have opposed the movement, when it afforded us such solid satisfaction to see the work go on, for the reason above stated? The recent election in this state can not, by any process of reasoning, be regarded as a demonstration against Catholicity. To some, the Catholic church seemed to be the object against which the guns of the people were playing; but it was owing to a defect in eye-sight; the bomb-shells were intended for another fortress, and they hit, and secured the object desired. The question of a change of the naturalization laws was only a secondary consideration—while the Catholic scarecrow only frightened men of weak nerves.

We read the Warren Ledger every week—a pro-slavery administration paper, which protests strongly against anti-slavery agitation; and, moreover, it is edited by a young man who, when he stood upon the soil of his native state, was an ardent advocate of anti-slavery principles, and an intense opponent of the present administration. We had marked him down in memory's note-book as a talented young soldier in freedom's army, who would do good service for the rights of man. What strange law of causation has brought about this remarkable change? Was it because the opportunity of editing a democratic paper in Pennsylvania presented itself?—And yet, friend Stevens, after having, with eucalyptic grace, licked the hand against which you once hurled your loudest anathemas, you now turn suddenly round, and accuse us of inconsistency! Why, our position upon this know-nothing question is as plain as the rule of three.

It is with feelings of sorrow that we allude to your apostasy. When you left the green hills of the old Bay State, you left your principles behind you, and have been "grinding corn in the prison-house of the Philistines" ever since. But you speak of the deep shame resting upon the anti-slavery men of Massachusetts. A tipsy man always imagines every one else drunk, and when a person has fallen from an honorable position, it is generally his highest enjoyment to seek to drag others down to the same level with himself. In what case have the voters you allude to voted for a pro-slavery man for national office? When was the Massachusetts legislature ever more thoroughly anti-slavery in sentiment than now? And a personal liberty bill, establishing trial by jury and the habeas corpus, will be one of the results of the recent movement. If the position of our freedom-loving citizens be disgraceful, because of a political strategy, owing to a desire to give the slave power a severe blow, in a new way, what is your own position?—yes, you, who have trampled under foot the sentiments you once so warmly advocated. "Physician heal thyself!" Because you have sold your manhood, and smothered the promptings of a naturally generous heart, do not imagine that the

anti-slavery men of Massachusetts have done the same. No, sir! they will remember their political creed "as long as the heroes remember their scars"—not to be forgotten, even though all the pro-slavery chairs-editorial in Pennsylvania should be offered as an inducement to apostasy—not excepting that of the Warren Ledger.

It is painful to see freedom suffer, but still more so to see it caused by those who have been its warmest advocates. Benedict Arnold, Stephen A. Douglas and John Mitchel once raised their voices for freedom. But we forbear. Walter, "thine own conscience shall be thy accuser."

THE INSTITUTE.

William Stark, Esq., of Manchester, N. H., not only pleased, but carried by storm, his audience, on last Monday evening, by giving a brilliant, quaint and witty poem. His subject was "The Miracles of Time." Commencing in the garden of Eden, he gave a miniature history of mankind.—"But the cream came in the last half, in the shape of comparisons between 'grandfather' and various characters of the present day. The two best lecturers, so far, have come from the Granite State.

Dr. Holland, of the Springfield Republican, will give a poem next Monday evening. Subject:—"The Sunny Side of Life." Of course, we shall all want to hear the Doctor.

We alluded, week before last, to some disturbers, who attend the lectures only for the purpose of whispering and giggling.—It was then hoped that it would not be necessary to allude to the subject again. But we have since heard complaints from several different quarters. One gentleman informs us that he, and a number of others, were annoyed during the whole time of Mr. Stark's remarks by loud whispering and laughing, which proceeded from a seat directly in front of them, occupied by three young men, and the same number of women. The names of these six persons are known, and if we are compelled to allude to their ill-breeding again, it will be to give them publicity. As the old man said to the boy in the apple tree:—"If grass be of no avail, we will see what virtue there is in stones."

THE GOVERNOR'S ADDRESS.

The Governor's Address is able, clear and forcible. He first alludes to foreign immigration, and discusses the subject at some length, and recommends a change of the state constitution, so that foreigners in the state shall be obliged to remain in the country twenty-one years before being naturalized; and also that none shall be qualified to vote, no matter whether foreign or native, unless possessing the ability to read and write; and announces his determination to disband all military companies in the state composed entirely of foreigners.

The Governor comes out in plain terms upon the temperance question, and states that he will sign any prohibitory bill the legislature may pass, provided it be constitutional. On the slavery question, the Governor's remarks possess the ring of the true metal. The passage of a strong personal liberty bill is recommended. Numerous recommendations upon various subjects are made. The Address is of the wide-awake kind. No man would be likely to go to sleep over it. We think, however, that twenty-one is too long a period for foreigners to stay in the country before voting. Ten or twelve years seems enough.

P. T. BARNUM.

The autobiography of this distinguished American showman is having a very great sale; men, women and children are continually running to the bookstores after 'Bar-num.' In our opinion, the book will have a pernicious effect; it will cause many to become dissatisfied with honest employment, and cause them to seek a livelihood by their 'wits.' The writings of the 'constellation humbug' will produce many of a 'sky-rocket' character. Honest toil will be avoided by thousands of young men, who otherwise would contribute something to the prosperity of the country.

The Life of Horace Greeley will have an effect directly the reverse of that of Barnum; and it is fortunate that the former should appear at the same time as the latter. Every young man who reads 'Bar-num' should also peruse 'Greeley' immediately afterward.

We had the pleasure of a short visit, a few days ago, from Samuel Rust, the inventor of Rust's printing press; he resides in Duane street, New York, and is about 70 years of age. Mr. J. D. ASHTON, of this place, has recently purchased of him a superior press, for punching and shearing iron, saw gumming, embossing, stamping and copying. We have seen the said press; it is a fine one; but the frame was unfortunately broken upon the railroad.

THE LEGISLATURE.—Nothing of importance has been done by the legislature during the week. Mr. Moody of this town is a member of two committees—finance and printing.

From Our New York Correspondent.

New York, Wednesday morning, Jan. 10th.

The steamship North Star arrived here about eight o'clock this morning with two hundred passengers, and one million one hundred thousand dollars in gold, and the California mails of 16th Dec., brought down to Panama by the John L. Stephens. The Steamship Golden Age, with the passengers that left New York on the 20th Nov. reached San Francisco on the 14th Dec.

All was quiet at Acapulco on 24th Dec.—The North Star left Acapulco on the evening of the 1st, inst., having been detained there two days on account of a severe gale from the north, which caused great loss of life and property in that port. The brig Flying Cloud, of New York, was driven ashore and became a total loss. The captain and seven men were drowned. Mr. Riley, the mate, and two seamen reached the shore. The brig Alvarado, of New York, and a Carthagenean Schooner, were also lost. The breakwaters and wharves were badly damaged, and the wharf of the U. S. Mail Steamship Co. was almost destroyed. The steamship Falcon, from Havana, with the New Orleans Mails, was unable to enter the port until the first inst., in consequence of the heavy seas. The news from California is entirely devoid of interest. The miners throughout the state were still anxiously awaiting rain. The Russian ship Kamshatska from Sitka, previously referred to as a supposed privateer, turns out to be of that character, mounting ten guns, and carrying a crew of one hundred and twenty men.

Hon. W. T. Barbour, judge of the tenth district, had been indicted by the grand jury of Yuba County, for an assault with deadly weapons upon the person of C. P. Stidger. The Stockton and Sonora Telegraph line, was rapidly approaching completion; thirty-three miles of wire had been laid. A bridge, eight hundred and five feet long, across the Trinity river, at Grass Valley, had been completed. A rich claim was struck at Caldwell's Garden, on Shaw's Flat, from which four thousand dollars were taken out in two days, and the claim afterwards sold for \$5,000. At the S. W. tunnel on Douglas Flat, the average yield is thirty ounces per day. The steamer New World got swamped in the Sacramento river, and sustained considerable damage. The shock of an earthquake was felt in San Francisco, on the morning of the 11th. Tobacco of an excellent quality has been raised in some parts of the State.

POLICE REPORT.

December 10th, Martin Wood, of Holyoke, was arrested, and brought before A. Doolittle, Esq., charged with the crime of drunkenness, to which charge he plead guilty, and was ordered to pay a fine of \$3 to the use of the commonwealth, and cost of prosecution, and in default was committed.

Jan. 11, Tryon Winchell was arrested by officer Davis, of Holyoke, and tried before Wm. L. Bethis, Esq., at Holyoke, charged with two sales of intoxicating liquor. He was found guilty, and sentenced according to law. The defendant appealed, and recognized to prosecute his appeal. C. H. Branscomb for commonwealth; Geo. M. Stearns for defense.

Same day, Winchell was tried before the same court, for selling liquor—being arrested by officer Wheeler, at same place. He was found not guilty, and discharged. Branscomb for commonwealth; Stearns for defense.

Same day, Betsey Winchell was tried before the same court, as a common seller of spirituous liquor, and held to answer. Branscomb for commonwealth; Stearns for defense.

Same day, Tyron Winchell was tried by same court as common seller, and some questions of law being raised by counsel for defense, the case was continued by the court to February 1st, for further consideration of the questions raised. Branscomb for commonwealth; Stearns for defense.

FROM EUROPE.

The Baltic arrived at New York Thursday afternoon. The news is not indicative of peace. There has been considerable skirmishing about Sebastopol. A general bombardment was soon to take place.

Victoria has given her assent to the foreign enlistment bill.

The emperor of Russia has issued an imperial ukase that whoever, after a battle, shall commit acts of cruelty on the wounded or unresisting shall suffer death.

DEBATING CLUB.

For two weeks past, there have been no meetings of the Debating Club, owing to Prof. Boynton's lectures. There will, however, be a meeting on Monday evening.—Question for debate:—Is foreign immigration a blessing to the United States? As the subject is an interesting one, a good attendance is expected.

The Knickerbocker says that there are three classes of aristocracy in the city of New York—the codfish aristocracy—the guano aristocracy—and the patent medicine aristocracy.

The Brattleboro Eagle and the Vermont Statesman have been united.—The new paper is to be called the Republican.

The Southbridge Press adds one more petition to the Litany.—"From soft soap, Good Lord deliver us."

From our South Carolina Correspondent.

CHARLESTON, JAN. 2, 1855.

DEAR JOURNAL:

"Hard times," is heard from all quarters; it comes from all classes,—long, deep and loud. The planter, as he sells his cotton for one half the usual price, and pays twice the usual amount for his corn and bacon, cries "hard times." The lowing cow chews the cud of hard times, and wonders at the folly of the sable maid, who pulls at her empty udder night and morning, while there is neither grass in the field nor shucks in the pen. The squealing pigs cry "corn, corn," and the thrifless master knowing corn is \$1.10 per bushel, gives them cotton seed, or turns them into the piny woods, and says, "run, root or die." The patient mule drags his weary length along, gravely speculating upon the foolishness of expecting a good day's plowing out of his hungry anatomy. The poor slave, as he hears the auctioneer's hammer and the words, "going, going, gone," bids farewell to wife and all, and sobs emphatically "hard times." The idle, dissipated, vicious sons of chivalry, with pistols and Bowie-knives in their pockets, and the fumes of whiskey in their brains, and no knowledge in their skulls, no money in their pockets, cry "hard times." The old red sand hills, with their unseemly gullies, and the forsaken fields, worn out by the continual cultivation of cotton, respond "hard times." Finally, "hard times" is written in bold colossal letters over this sunny clime.

Good times might be summed up in a few words:—A bale of cotton to the acre, eight bales of cotton to the hand; and one pound of cotton by 2 pounds of bacon—ready cash at Christmas for the cotton.—But good times have passed for this worn out soil; if they can average a bale to four acres, or three bales to the hand, they are satisfied. I am informed by good authority that the above is a fair average of South Carolina. They are dependent upon the north for their corn, pork, mules, horses, live Yankees, &c., &c. Under a good system of farming, these lands might be improved, and might produce all they consume. They now depend upon the one crop of cotton, and make it buy everything else, and thus transfer to the north the annual income which ought to remain in the form of capital. I will just remark that emigration to the virgin lands of Texas and Louisiana is very extensive. More new land, more cotton, more negroes,—that's the sentiment they admire, the poetry they love, the tune that makes music in their souls.

The weather is beautiful, reminding one of a warm September day in Yankee land; the robins and many of our summer songsters are here, making the piny woods resound with their melody. A happy new year, and freedom from hard times.

YANKEE.

The Baptist denomination appears to be progressing rapidly through the country. Nearly two hundred persons have joined that church in Mississippi; success is also reported in Louisiana, Texas and Florida; in Virginia they have a membership of 100,000, of whom 10,000 joined them last year.

The Boston Courier with great truth remarks, "the United States export more of the real necessities of life, and import more of unnecessary articles than any other nation in the world."

Raw whiskey and common rum is now shipped from New York to France in large quantities, and having undergone certain distillation comes back for pure brandy.

The Texas papers say that the Maine Law is to be made an issue in the next election of members to the Legislature, and they confidently predict its success.

Three papers are soon to be established at Lawrence, Kansas, all of which will go for making the State free from slavery. Gov. Reeder is popular with the anti-slavery people.

It costs the U. S. Government \$50,000 annually in freight money, to convey the rough bars of gold from New York to Philadelphia to be minted.

Iowa.—Rev. James Harlan, a higher law anti-slavery man, has been chosen U. S. Senator from Iowa for six years, to succeed A. C. Dodge. A happy change.

The Columbian Artillery, an Irish company in Boston, has disbanded, owing to the declaration of Gov. Gardner in relation to foreign military companies.

U. S. SENATOR.—The House ballots for U. S. Senator on Tuesday afternoon. Gen. Wilson and Mr. Ely seem to stand the best chance just now.

A gentleman connected with the Virginia Central Railroad found ten thousand dollars concealed in the crevice of a rock.

HORRIBLE DEATH—A DRUNKEN WOMAN

ROASTED IN BED.—A gentleman informs us

that as he was passing, on Monday evening, up Lafayette-st., he saw a crowd passing in and out one of the hovels in that vicinity.—Our informant entered. Lying on a bed of rags were the literally roasted remains of a young woman, with just life enough, perhaps, to be conscious of her condition.

In the absence of all the other members of the house, she had become completely intoxicated, and her clothes taking fire, probably from the stove, she was unable to leave her chair till, from her feet to her neck, she was broiled to a crisp. After an examination by a physician, she was pronounced past recovery, and in a few minutes after expired. We have not been able to learn the name of the unfortunate female. Detroit Adv. 3d.

The English democrats seem determined to give Louis Napoleon a *Haynau* reception if he visits England. In their address to the "Men of England," they say, "Let it be understood throughout the world, if Napoleon comes, he is the Queen's guest, not the people's; if the Church prays for him, that the people execrate him; if aristocracy fawns on him, that the people spurn him; if users drag their fat homage to his blood-stained feet, that there is not an honest working man—an honest tradesman—in England, who would not think it a branding infamy to touch his hand in friendship."

THE MINIE RIFLE.

The Cleveland Herald is informed by an intelligent officer of the army, that the Minie Rifle Ball is being adopted into our service, upon an improved plan. Instead of a short iron tube inserted in the ball, it is to be made with a cavity, into which a portion of the charge of powder will be forced, and its explosion does the whole work of spreading the ball, so as to completely slug or fill the rifled bore of the gun, and driving it on to its mission of death. The manufacture of muskets in our armories is to be abandoned, and our troops are to be armed with the improved Minie rifles with bayonets.

KANSAS.

Letters from emigrants to Kansas from this city, speak most encouragingly of the prospects of that new territory. The climate is mild and genial, no frost having been had up to the 20th of December that exceeded those common here to 1st of November; the soil is as fertile as any known in America; and the face of the country very beautiful, varied with prairies and woods, and watered by the finest streams. The population is rapidly increasing, and new towns are being surveyed, and the lands laid out constantly. There is work enough in preparing for the coming season, and wages are high. More will join them in the spring from here, and the emigration will be large from other quarters.—Newburyport Herald.

The bonny land extension bill, which has passed the United States Senate, and is awaiting the action of the House, proposes to give to each and every person who was mustered into any department of the United States service, and served 28 days, during any war since 1790, 160 acres of land, provided he has not already received as will make the whole number 160. It was stated in debate, that the bill would dispose of 300,000,000 acres of the public land.

The trip from San Francisco to Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, is getting to be quite fashionable. Visitors go down there and spend a week or fortnight among bananas, oranges and pine apples, visit the volcanoes and other curiosities, and return in ten or fifteen days.

The committee of the Edinburgh Bible Society have placed large Bibles in the waiting rooms at the principal stations of the most important railways, for the use of the officials and passengers, waiting trains.

Omer Pasha went to the Opera at Bucharest lately, with his nephew's wife, and the lady sat through the performance completely unveiled—a tremendous innovation upon the Turkish custom.

Prof. Phillips, of London, states that recent observations through Lord Ross's great telescope indicate that the prevalent belief of the absence of water in the moon may be an error.

The Navy of England exceeds by several vessels, and by nearly 2000 guns, the combined Navies of France, Holland, Russia, and the United States.

Prince Albert has sent a present of a seal skin coat to every officer of his regiment in the Crimea.

George M. Stearns, Esq. of this town, has been appointed notary public by Gov. Washburn.

It is estimated that since 1847, the cholera has swept off 50,000,000 of the world's inhabitants.

The number of light-houses on all our Atlantic, gulf, lake and Pacific coasts is 448.

THE KINNEY EXPEDITION, it is positively stated, will sail about the first of February with twelve or fifteen hundred men, well armed and equipped. Col. Kinney himself bears with him the commission as Governor General of the colony, and has full power to appoint and commission all officers, civil and military. Gen. Reuben H. Grant, of Miss., one of the Lopez expedition, holds the commission of Brigadier General, with a Colonel's command. H. Clay Davis, of Texas, and Runnels and Duncan, of the U. S. Army, received appointments. The colonists will embrace many very conspicuous men. Two Senators and three members of the lower house of Congress have already joined the expedition. We may, therefore, hear of warm times shortly, "down South."

SAM HOUSTON.

Some forty years ago, when a lieutenant of infantry and as graceless and rough a chap as then honored our army, was recovering from sickness occasioned by his last habits, when he said to a comrade, "I have been reflecting on the trifling good for nothing life I lead, and I am going to change it." "Well," said his friend, "what character will you appear in next?" "I will quit the army," said he, "I will study law. I will go to Congress. I will be governor of this state, and I will be president of the United States before I die." His comrade laughed at the absurdity of the programme, but he has seen all but the last item of the prophecy fulfilled, and may live long enough perhaps to see "old Sam" on the top round yet.

The African Institution of Paris, an association for the diffusion of civilization and Christianity in Africa, has recently issued a circular, which shows that the number of blacks held in slavery in different countries, is seven and a half millions, of which 3,095,000 are in the United States, 3,250,000 in Brazil, 900,000 in the Spanish Colonies, 35,000 in the Dutch Colonies, 140,000 in the Republics of Central America, and 80,000 in the European establishments in Africa.

De Quincy in one of his essays remarks:—"Russia, a mighty empire as respects the simple grandeur of magnitude, builds her power upon sterility. She has it in her power to reduce an invading foe into vast circles of starvation, of which the radii measure a thousand leagues."

"The street beggars are more numerous in the Fifth Avenue than in any other part of the city," says a New York paper. This is not wonderful since extremes are apt to meet; and their meeting is sometimes significant of the felicity of causes and effects.

A church has recently been built in Davenport, Iowa. The following notice was appended to the advertisement of the edifice:—"The chewers of tobacco are earnestly requested to avoid the use of the article in the church, or else spit in their hats!"

A thousand Testaments were put in circulation at Ningpo, China, in a single day at the literary examination recently occurring in that city. There were not less than 6000 or 8000 literary men present from all parts of the country.

The Payson society of Easthampton, whose church has been twice destroyed by fire during the year, have raised in the same time six hundred and fifty dollars for benevolent purposes.

Mrs. Child says—"Society at the present time is obviously an orchestra without a leader, where each man's ambition is to make his own part most prominent, without any reference to the whole."

The Clinton Courant, publishing an obituary notice of a highly valued friend, commences with the assurance that "it affords us sincere pleasure" to give place to it.

It was a remark of the celebrated Cuvier that "mankind is composed of hammers and anvils, and that it is much better to be a hammer than an anvil."

ToADYISM.—It is said that Mario parts his hair in the middle, and therefore the young fashionables of the New York gentry are doing the same.

Portions of skeletons, muskets, flints, balls and buttons, bearing the numbers of the regiments of the British army, have been recently dug up on Bunker hill.

Lord Elgin took to England ten thousand pounds, contributed by the Canadians to the fund for the relief of widows and orphans of the war.

Jeremiah Wetherhead, Jr., of Guilford, Vt., killed a hog 21 months and 5 days old, which weighed seven hundred and sixty-seven pounds.

The annual sweepings of the streets of Paris sell for \$700,000, after they are collected at the depot for manure.

The cost of all the railroads in Maine is \$24,064,79.

There are thirty Americans in Berlin attending scientific lectures.

The Dutch still have possession of Holland.

