

The Weekly Journal.

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Number 30.

POETRY.

MEN.

AN ASPIRATION AND A SONNET.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands—
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office can not buy;
Men who possess opinion and a will;
Men who have honor—men who will not lie—
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.
For while the rabble with their dumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land; and waiting Justice sleeps.

How a Lazy Man was Reformed.

Mr. Easy was one of the most good natured, idle, happy, don't-care sort of a man, that the sun ever shone upon. It didn't trouble him an iota, whether there was a war in the kitchen or in the Crimea, if he had but a newspaper, a cigar and a lounge as tall as himself, whereupon he could recline at full length and see the blue smoke curl up and waft away—he didn't care where—if Mrs. Easy wasn't in the mood of talking. The whole family of little Easies might dance around, spin tops, play ball, over-turn the coal-hods, and take his best-hat for an ottoman without his ever turning his eyes in that direction.

But a very different kind of a person was Mrs. Easy; she cherished the idea that nature intended her to be somebody, and that the only obstacle to her rapid rising in the estimation of mankind generally, was the supineness of her slothful and easy husband. When the thermometer indicated less than seventy degrees, the house was comparatively quiet; and if Jimmy did pull Benny's hair and set him to crying, and then in his efforts to run away, fell over his father's boots, and upset his mother's work basket, why, Mrs. Easy never pursued him farther than the door, and then on her return would give her lord and master a look that would make him place the newspaper a little closer to his face to conceal his merriment.

On Wednesday afternoon, just after the dinner table had been cleared and everything arranged orderly, Mr. Easy was occupying his favorite place on the lounge, and his wife was engaged sewing the last button on a garment for Jimmy, when she suddenly exclaimed:—

"I wish I could go to the sewing circle this afternoon; Mrs. Ray and Mrs. Holbrook and almost everybody is going, and they are to choose officers, too, and I heard they talked of nominating me for president."

"Well, do go," said her husband, laying down his paper, to her utter astonishment, having noticed her remark without her repeating it.

"I don't feel very well, and I will stay at home and see to the children and have everything first-rate when you get back."

"First-rate!" repeated the wife, a little excited; "you have kept house before, and when I got home it looked as though there had been a fire here, and I said then I would never leave you again with the children."

"Well, my dear, you know experience is a good teacher; so just try me this once, and see if you don't find things in good shape when you get back."

"The wife hesitated a few moments, and then the desire to spend the afternoon with her friends, and the idea, too, that when she returned she might be an officer in the society, prevailed over her fears of household disorder. So after giving her husband various instructions how to proceed for the next six hours, (of which he heard not a single word, though a nod now and then caused his more ambitious half to believe that he treasured up the whole of them,) she went to her chamber to dress for the occasion.

Half an hour afterwards Mrs. Easy entered the sitting-room, and her husband tho't he never saw her look more attractive than she did in her closely fitting bodice and brocade skirt, and he firmly resolved to do his best to merit her approbation when she returned.

"I want a piece of bread and butter," said Jimmy, about half an hour after his mother had left. His father was still on the lounge with the newspaper before him, and not being accustomed to attend to the wants of the children, he already forgot the responsible trust he had assumed; so Jimmy, finding his request unheeded, proceeded to help himself, and going to the closet, he climbed to the top shelf in search of the article desired, but making a misstep, down came Jimmy, bread, butter, Mrs. Easy's favorite soup tureen, and several other dishes.

"Come down, Jimmy!" said his father—the crash having brought him to his senses.

"I am down," replied the boy, trying to extricate himself from among the fragments.

"I should think you were down, and all your mother's china with you!" said Mr. Easy, with sorrow depicted on his countenance; "but there, there, Jimmy, don't cry; I'll buy some more before your mother gets back—so you be a good boy and run out to play; here's a cent for you," and the father took his pocket-handkerchief and rubbed the butter either in or off the boy's face, and left it shining like an apothecary's bottle by gas light; then gathering up the broken ware and putting it all into the swill pail, he swept the remains of the butter into the dust-pan, and again seated himself on his favorite spot. But his troubles were not yet ended—for Jimmy's mishap and outcry had awakened Ella, the youngest, who had been sleeping in the cradle. She vociferously demanded where was ma.

"Oh, Lord," said her father, half musingly, "she's gone down to Mrs. Norwood's, to the sewing circle. If it was a man who invented them, I hope he will have to keep house every Wednesday afternoon as long as he lives."

"Gone to Mrs. Norwood's," repeated Benny, to whom Jimmy had told the story of his misfortunes, and who was now viewing the ruins.

"I'll go right straight down and tell her that Jimmy's broke a whole lot of dishes, and the baby's crying, and pa won't give us nothin' to eat."

"Come back!" shouted the father, while the perspiration stood in drops on his face. But the boy knew that his father never used the rod, so the call had no other effect than to make him increase his speed in the direction of Mrs. Norwood's house. The parent did not wait to give a second call, but started in pursuit of the fugitive. He was just descending the steps that led from the door to the pavement, when, owing to the butter on the soles of his boots, he slipped and fell, reaching the street without any muscular efforts on his part. Mr. Easy groaned aloud, but he had no time to ascertain if any of his bones were broken, so away he hobbled, much to the amusement of a group of shavings-boys, who were on the corner opposite. In spite of all his exertions, the distance widened between him and his undutiful son; so he hired one of the boys to overtake Benny and bring him back. Away went the boy on his errand, while the house-keeper, forgetting he had left the baby at home alone, stepped in the nearest shop to rest. Presently he heard an outcry in the street, and on going to the door, he beheld his son (who had some of his mother's blood in his veins) in mortal combat with the boy who was trying to force him home against his will. Benny had already received a black eye, the blood flowed freely from his nostrils, and his clothes were considerably the worse for the afternoon's wear. Away went Mr. Easy to the rescue, and triumphantly captured his son, whose garments fluttered in the wind. The group of shavings-boys voluntarily escorted them to their threshold, and made the air resound with vocal music—thus giving more publicity to the affair and increasing Mr. Easy's troubles, which seemed to have no end.

Ella, who had seen between two and three years of life, was of a very inquiring mind, and when she saw herself the sole occupant of the room, and found that if she did cry there was no one to hear her—she climbed up the side of the cradle, tipped it over, and started on a voyage of discovery on her own account. Her first attempt was to obtain a drink of water, in doing which she upset a brimming pail, and then stooped to quench her thirst from the brook she had made. Next she proceeded to investigate an esoteric upon a small table in the corner of the sitting-room. The large black marks the ink made on the paper pleased her very much, continuing this occupation, the ink bottle was soon upside down on the carpet, the liquid spreading rapidly. Though Ella's

education was limited, she had learned to discriminate somewhat between right and wrong; her last act she concluded must be of the latter class, and to make amends, she endeavored to scrape up the ink with her hands. At this moment a fly lit on her nose, and with the same hand she routed him. After this it would have been difficult to determine to which of the five races she belonged. The next scene of action was the kitchen-closet, when a pitcher of milk was partly drank and the remainder poured into a pan of flour; Ella began to knead its contents, but she preferred more room, so she dragged the pan into the center of the parlor, the door of that apartment being ajar.

A few moments after, Mr. Easy entered with his son, determined to shut them up for the rest of the afternoon. But what was his horror to find his kitchen afloat, the sitting-room carpet stained beyond all probability of restoration, and the parlor strewn with flour and literally covered with paste. His first idea was of a voyage to Australia, and of leaving each one to his fate; but then came the thought of his poor wife.

"If I have such a hard time in taking care of the children for a few hours," said he, "what must be poor Susan's trials, staying here all the time, and not only taking care of them, but attending to all her other duties. I always thought woman had a very easy time, but I give up that idea now, and only wonder that so few are in the insane asylums. From this time forth I am easy no longer, but I will be industrious and frugal—and if at home the domestic whirlwind blow Olympus high, I shall not attribute it to her—but remembering this day, seek for the true cause."

After musing and resolving what to do, he set himself about restoring order once more; but it seemed to him to look worse when he had done, than when he began, for as he had not thought to wash the children's hands and remove their soiled clothes, they had been going about leaving their marks. Neither did his brain suggest to him that if he let the paste dry on the parlor carpet, it could be removed without injury; but he undertook to wash up the floor in the same manner as he had done the water and ink from the other rooms, and with the same cloth too. As he thought hot water would be best, he went to some trouble to obtain it; and after carrying into execution his threat of slitting up the boys, he went on with his work. We leave the reader to judge how much the beauty of the carpet had increased an hour afterwards, when, with tired muscles and aching heart, he rose from his humble position.

But we will not follow Mr. Easy too minutely through all his troubles on that eventful afternoon. While Jimmy and Benny were prisoners in the bed-room, they amused themselves by playing ball around the room, and circling on the white counterpane. In a short time the wash-bowl and pitcher were in fragments, the looking-glass cracked, and the counterpane dangling on the floor!

Mr. Easy, in his anxiety to keep the youngest one quiet, gave her whatever she desired. As he found she was Mrs. Easy in miniature when thwarted, he gave her bread and butter to spread for herself, silver spoons to drum with, scissors to cut a newspaper—and when his back was turned, she cut her curls and strewed them about the floor.

Then she called for the sugar bowl, which he considered perfectly harmless, but the room was soon thronged with flies.—By this time, Jimmy and Benny, after promising good behavior, had gained their liberty, and wished for a drink of molasses and water. This request was granted, and they were permitted to mix it for themselves; their father having taken a seat in despair, and made up his mind to wait patiently the result of all the chaos, when his better managing half should return. But a scream from the kitchen brought him to his feet again, to behold Ella dripping with molasses, a large vessel of which Benny had upset.

Ella, with blinded eyes, grasped the first object that came in her way, which happened to be her father, with his Sunday pants on. Alas! poor Mr. Easy! on finishing his cleaning operations, he found his pants so bedaubed with flour, paste and ink, it would have been hard to tell if he were a baker or a printer; so as his

best ones were the nearest at hand, he doffed his floured garb, and now what a misfortune. Mr. Easy, was mad! stark mad! and at that moment he caught a glimpse of the rod of correction which lay on the shelf, and which he had often thought it was all nonsense to use; but he was now of a very different mind, and he plied it dexterously until it became too short; and then ended the tragic farce by putting them all to bed supperless. As he had not much appetite himself, it did not occur to him that they might be similarly inclined.

After the children had cried themselves to sleep, and the house was once more quiet, Mr. Easy pondered in his mind whether it would be best for him to see his wife, or his wife to see the house, first; and he came to the conclusion that the former would be the better mode of proceeding. He knew she intended to stay in the evening, so as it began to grow dark, he crept softly down stairs, went to the clothing store near by, and purchased a new pair of pants, and a few other articles to match them; then, going to his room he made an entire change of apparel. "I will lounge about no longer in a threadbare coat," he mentally exclaimed, as he surveyed himself in the glass, and saw the change in his appearance; "but I will throw off these idle habits I have indulged in, and be a man among men; nor will I burden my wife with so many cares, until from necessity she is compelled to neglect the culture and habits of our children."

With thoughts like these, he again went into the street and stopping at the next door, rang the bell, which summons was answered by a young girl.

"Nancy," he said, "my wife has gone out and I am going too. Will you sit with the children a little while? They are asleep and will be no trouble to you."

Nancy was a great favorite with the Easy family, and they were with her, so mutual favors were often done by each to the other. In a moment more, Nancy was ascending the stairs that led to the Easy family, while the husband was on his way to the sewing circle.

"Ladies, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Easy," said Mr. Norwood. Mrs. Easy, who was really a pretty smart woman, and who new held the highest office in the gift of the ladies present, looked up to see who this namesake of her's was. But who can picture her astonishment when she beheld her own masculine property in a new suit standing before her. It was the first time since their marriage that he had ever voluntarily entered company to spend a social evening with her. She longed to ask him a thousand questions—How he had got along—who was taking care of the children—why he came—and what made him buy those clothes? But Mrs. Easy had too much good sense to manifest the commotion within, and when he took a seat by her side, she treated him with that respect which is ever due from a wife to her husband. But when all eyes were turned in another direction, she whispered in his ear.

"Did the children behave good?"
"Can't you go home pretty soon, Susan?" was the reply. "I have something to say to you."

At first Mrs. Easy felt alarmed, and then she thought it could not be anything serious, or he would not be there. But Mr. Easy seemed so different from what he generally was, she was puzzled as well as pleased. He was so polite and gentlemanly, and he had so many new ideas to advance, she thought he hadn't read so many newspapers for nothing, and she really felt proud of him, and wondered if the fault hadn't always been hers; and she resolved not to scold so much in future, nor try to convince him of her superiority, but on the other hand, make him believe he was somebody, and she was his wife.

As soon as etiquette would allow, Mr. and Mrs. Easy took their way home.
"Come to your chamber, Susan," said the husband, as he saw her place her hand on the knob of the parlor door, and he remembered the scenes of the afternoon—"I wish to tell you something," and he led the way to their room, while the wife marvelled more than ever what it could all mean.

"Susan," he began, "I want to talk with you, if you will listen."
She bowed assent, and then placed the

lamp she had lighted on the table. Mr. Easy had the next twenty minutes' conversation without interruption from her; at the end of that time Susan did not know whether to shed tears of joy or sorrow, whether to speak no word of reproach, or to so far unsex herself as to curse him for the loss of her carpets, and for the ruin and chaos that met her vision when she looked around on her suite of rooms. A few moments of silence, and she obeyed the better voice within, and only put her arm around her husband's neck, laid her head upon his shoulder and said, weeping:—

"I will believe you, and trust this afternoon's experience will prove no less. If you will but become industrious and energetic, it is all I ask; I shall then be able to have leisure time to teach the children in such a manner they will remember the lessons when I am not here to enforce them."

Mr. Easy was up with the sun the next morning, and away to his business; and when some neighbors entered after dinner, they were surprised not to find him on the lounge as usual, but a frown from his wife put a stop to all inquiries, and so the matter dropped.

In a few years, Mr. Easy became a landlord instead of a tenant; but to this day, the neighbors have not discovered the secret of his reform, and she wouldn't even tell me; but I overheard them talking about it the other evening, and discussing the expediency of getting their now meaningless surname changed. How ridiculous in her not to tell all she knows! and now I have found it out, I'll put it on paper out of spite; which I suppose is the most effectual way of informing all my friends of the cause of the rise and progress of the Easy family.

EXTRACT FROM CHARLES SUMNER.

It is proposed to attain men for their religion, and also for their birth. If this object can prevail, vain are the triumphs of civil freedom in its many hard fought fields; vain is that religious toleration which we all profess. The fires of Smithfield, the tortures of the Inquisition, the proscriptions of non-conformists, may all be revived. It was mainly to escape these outrages, dictated by a dominant religious sect, that our country was early settled, in one place by Quakers, who set at naught all forms; in another by Puritans, who disowned bishops; in another by Episcopalians, who took their name from bishops; and in yet another by Catholics, who look to the pope as their spiritual father. Slowly among the struggling sects was evolved the great idea of the equality of all men before the law, without regard to religious belief; nor can any party now organize a proscription merely for religious belief, without calling in question this unquestionable principle.

But Catholics are mostly foreigners, and, on this account, are condemned. Let us see if there be any reason in this; and here indulge me with one word on foreigners.

With the ancient Greeks, a foreigner was a barbarian; and with the ancient Romans, he was an enemy. In early modern times, the austerity of this judgment was relaxed; but, under the influence of feudalism, the different sovereignties, whether provinces or nations, were kept in a condition of isolation, from which they have been gradually passing, until now, when the provinces are merged into nations, and nations are giving signs that they too will yet commingle into one. In our country, another example is already displayed. From all nations, people commingle here. As in ancient Corinth, by the accidental fusion of all metals, accumulated in the sacred temples, a peculiar metal was produced, better than any individual metal, even silver or gold, so, perhaps, in the arrangement of Providence, by the fusion of all races here, there may be a better race than any individual race, either Saxon or Celt. Originally settled from England, the republic has been strengthened and enriched by generous contributions of population from Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, France and Germany; and the cry is still they come. At no time since the discovery of the new world, has the army of emigrants pressed so strongly in this direction. Nearly half a million are annually landed on our shores. The manner in which they shall be received is one of the problems of our national policy.

All will admit that any influence which they may bring, hostile to our institutions—calculated to substitute priestcraft for religion, and bigotry for Christianity—must be deprecated and opposed. All will admit, too, that there must be some assurance of their purpose to become not mere consumers of the fruits of our soil, but useful, loyal, permanent members of our community, upholders of the general welfare. With this simple explanation, I am not disposed to place any check upon the welcome to foreigners. There are our broad fields; stretching toward the setting sun;

let them come and take them. Ourselves the children of the pilgrims of a former generation, let us not turn from the pilgrims of the present. Let the home, founded by our emigrant fathers, continue open in its many mansions to the emigrant of to-day.

The history of our country, in its humblest as well as its most exalted spheres, testifies to the merits of foreigners. Their strong arms have helped furrow our broad territory with canals, and stretch in every direction the iron rail. They have filled our workshops, navigated our ships, and even tilled our fields. Go where you will, among the hardy sons of toil, on land or sea, and there you will find industrious and faithful foreigners bending their muscles to the work. At the bar and in the high places of commerce you will find them. Enter the retreats of learning, and there you will find them too, shedding upon our country the glory of science. Nor can any reflection be cast upon foreigners, claiming hospitality now, which will not glance at once upon the distinguished living and the illustrious dead—upon the Irish Montgomery, who perished for us at the gates of Quebec—upon Palaski the Pole, who died for us at Sarannah—upon DeKalb and Sturton, the generous Germans, who aided our weakness by their military experience—also upon those great European leaders, Kosciuszko of Poland, and Lafayette of France, each of whom paid his early years to liberty in our cause. Nor should this list be confined to military characters, so long as we gratefully cherish the name of Alexander Hamilton, who was born in the West Indies, and the name of Albert Gallatin, who was born in Switzerland, and never, to the close of his octogenarian career, lost the French accent of his boyhood—both of whom rendered civic services which may be commemorated among the victories of peace.

Nor is the experience of our republic peculiar. Where is the country or power which must not inscribe the names of foreigners on its historic scroll? It was Christopher Columbus, of Genoa, who disclosed to Spain the new world; it was Magellan of Portugal, sailing in the service of Spain, who first pressed with adventurous keel through those distant southern straits which now bear his name, and upon the way to the vast Pacific sea; and it was Cabot, the Venitian, who first conducted English enterprise to this North American continent.

As in the triumphs of discovery, so also in other fields have foreigners excelled.—The Dutch Grotius, author of the sublime work, "The Laws of Peace and War," an exile from his own country, became the ambassador of Sweden; and in our own day, the emperor of Russia has employed in the most exalted diplomatic trusts the Italian Pazzi di Borgo. In the list of monarchs on the throne of England, not one has been more truly English than the Dutch William. In Holland, no ruler has equaled in renown the German William, prince of Orange. In Russia, the German Catharine II takes a place among the most commanding sovereigns. And who of the Swedish monarchs was a better Swede than Bernadotte the Frenchman; and what Frenchman was ever filled with aspirations for France more than the Corsican Napoleon Bonaparte?

POLITENESS.

The most characteristic instance of carrying politeness to an extreme, came off not long since at a Hibernian ball. As related to us by one of the sons of Erin, who kindly appreciates a good thing, it seems that one gay Lothario pro tempore, in crossing the room to request Bridget's hand in the next reel, stumbled over the outstretched foot of Mr. Terence O'Grady. Mither O'Grady promptly arose, and in the politest manner imaginable, said, "I beg yer pardon, sir." "No offense—no offense, sir, at all," responded the other, "it was my fault." "I beg yer pardon, sir, it was my fault," accompanied by a graceful bend of the body and wave of the hand. "No, sir," answered Mr. O'Toole, "yer intirely in the wrong, sir, I till ye it was altogether my fault!" "I till ye it was not, sir," responded O'Grady, "de ye mane to be tilling a lie, sir?" "Bad luck to you, sir, do ye mane to say I'd be tilling a lie, sir, when I till ye it wasn't yer fault?" responded O'Toole, waxing wrath. "Bad luck to yer bad brading, yer ignorant nitiny; ye'd think ye'd be gittin' the better of me in manners!" shouted O'Grady, as with a trip and a blow he laid the unfortunate O'Toole upon the floor. O'Toole rallied, and a rough and tumble fight ensued, which ended in the expulsion of both gentlemen from the ball room.—California Pioneer.

A METER.—The French divide a quadrant of the earth's circumference, or the distance from the equator to the pole, into ten million equal parts for their unit of linear measure. This is the basis of their tables, and is termed a meter, being nearly equal to 39 38 inches of our measure.

This line fills out the column.

The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, Dec. 29, 1855

A. M. PETERSON & 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.

1856.

The new year comes bringing with it duties and responsibilities for all—to each man according to his ability. How fitting a time for noble resolve—for a determination to do right, socially, morally and politically. "To-day," says Emerson, "is a king in disguise"—and therefore the apparently small deeds of every man may, in the end, prove "kings in disguise." Man was made for a noble destiny—not to wander in caverns of darkness, exposed to innumerable pitfalls, crevices and obstructions, where the sunshine of truth never enters—but to soar to the empyrean light, and drink in noble precept—such as was declared by the "friend of publicans and sinners."

The old year is near its close; it has witnessed the fall of Sebastopol, after an eleven month's siege. It is impossible to foretell the results which will flow from the war between the 4 powers. Europe is in a night-mare, unable at present to flee from those Siamese twins, civil and religious despotism, who have so long stifled her energies, and cursed her masses. When she has knifed them both, regeneration and disenchantment will follow as necessarily as effect from cause. It will require long years of patient effort on the part of European democrats to place those nations on the side of freedom and progressive civilization; and very likely oceans of blood will be spilled to bring about the desired changes. As long as tyrants have the power to oppress, they will do so; but cold lead is an argument they and their minions can feel.

Here, in America, there is a grander struggle going on than that which is disturbing the monarchies of Europe—the decision of which will affect the destinies of America for perhaps centuries—one in which all the noble impulses of the nation sympathize. The haters of tyranny in our country are fighting a nobler battle than did Peter the Hermit, or many other ancient heroes, who are now cherished as the demi-gods of history.

The emigration west during the year has been unparalleled. The sturdy emigrants are conquering the wilderness, establishing schools and churches, raising grain to feed the eastern states and Europe, and, above all, disseminating the principles of unconquerable freedom. The great west, alive with activity, is the place for the young and hopeful.

During 1856, we shall have an exciting presidential campaign, which will call into action the passions and prejudices of American society, and decide whether the country shall be governed by freedom or slavery for the next four years. May every man who loves humanity and right resolve now, at the commencement of the new year, to work, work, work, for the success of the republican candidate.

The time demands earnest and constant effort. In the words of another:

The past is passed—its glorious work is done; its noble deeds are wrought, its race is run; To-day, today, the burden falls on you— Is there no labor left for you to do? In nature's depths do not get secreted lies, Waiting the coming of an open eye? Are there no burning wrongs to be redressed?— No fainting hearts to be sustained and blessed?— No hoary humbugs yet to be exposed?— No living, vital truths, to be disclosed?— Before you stretches out the vast unknown; To be unveiled to hearts of faith alone; Gird up your loins, your manly sinews brace, In trusting hope, stretch forward to the race. Upward and onward let your spirits spring— Aye, pluck the feathers from the serpent's wing; And do not stare, when once you have them loose, To find you've striped the carcass of a goose; And what we all were wont divine to call Turns out a cackling gander, after all. This is the burden of the song to-day Which greets our ears, while tolling on our way; Fixed by this spirit, onward rolls the race, From thought to thought, and eke from place to place, And old King Custom trembles, rocks and reels At the dread rumble of its chariot wheels.

AN OCEAN OF BLOOD.—It is said that within a radius of five miles around Sebastopol, more blood has been shed, more lives sacrificed, and more misery inflicted within a year, than any other of equal extent of the earth's surface in the same space of time, since the days of Noah's flood.

LIBERAL UNCLE SAMUEL.—The yearly expense of maintaining our twelve military posts and two thousand men in New Mexico, is said to be about one and a half millions of dollars, or seven hundred and fifty dollars per man.

A BABY SHOW.—Dianora Salvati, who lived in France some 300 years ago, was the mother of 52 children, of whom never less than three were produced at a birth.

THE BOSTON JOURNAL.—We refer our readers to the prospectus of the Journal, in another column.

CHICOPEE NEWS.

No labor was performed in the Dwight and Perkins Mills on Christmas day, and a large proportion of our citizens abstained from labor. There were religious services at the Catholic and Episcopal churches. In the evening, the house of J. C. Dowker was illuminated in a splendid manner.

Friday morning, as a horse and sleigh, belonging to John A. Deunion & Co., were hitched about half way up the hill leading to the congregational church, some boys on sleds came whizzing by, which so frightened the horse as to make him break loose and run considerable distance, smashing the sleigh, and laming one of the horse's legs. There is a law against coming in the streets, and it is time some of the violators were prosecuted. The boys rule the town, and we presume they always will.

We see, by our exchange papers, that the supply of lyceum lecturers is not sufficient to satisfy the demand. We take pleasure in recommending Rev. Mr. Pettes, of this village, to the various literary associations of the county, as a man every way qualified to instruct and please the lecture-hearing public.

George Perkins, yeast peddler, drew a silver watch, a few days since, in the book lottery concern which has been in this village for several weeks past. Most of those who patronize the establishment draw finger rings, ear rings, breast pins, lockets, pen knives, and such like. The plan is as follows: A person buys a book, and pays ten cents beside for a ticket—and every ticket draws something.

Mr. Bailey, in his lecture to the lyceum, had for his theme, "Purpose,"—commencing with an allusion to several young men starting in the journey of life, with high hopes, and each one determined to make his mark, and secure success; and then went on to show why so many of the hopeful band were doomed to disappointment. Mr. "I Will" was the hero of the lecture; he it was who always succeeded, and who should lead every great enterprise,—while Messrs. "I Won't" and "I Can't" were rather severely used by the lecturer, and finally sent to the jumping-off place.

The next lecture will be on Tuesday eve, by O. Tiffany, Esq. of Baltimore. Subject: China.

The next meeting of the debating club will be on Thursday eve., at 7 1/2 o'clock. Subject for debate:—Is intemperance a greater curse to America than slavery? For the affirmative, Amory Doolittle, Esq., S. C. Haven; for the negative, George M. Stearns, Esq. — Fisk Wm Bliss was selected to give the declamation. A vote was passed at the last meeting that in future each member be requested to bring a lady. A chance for the young men to show their gallantry.

At the Hampden county court of common pleas, the following persons from Chicopee were convicted of selling liquor: Melville Dooley, Hartley Dooley, Johnnah Monahan, Horace Adams, Richard B. Hawkins, Ellen Haley and John Moran.

Among the floor managers for the "national" democratic ball in Springfield, we notice the following from this town:—Rufus Mosher, Otis Chapman, M. J. Severance, Geo. M. Stearns, R. C. Tuttle and Henry Fuller.

Jane Clark, a young lady employed by the Perkins corporation, had her right arm badly injured, on Wednesday, owing to the flying out of the shuttle in her loom.

A gentleman in this village has recently received a letter from Mr. Steover, who is at St. Peter, Minnesota, and engaged in land speculation. He has just purchased 12,000 acres.

CHINA.

Torture and decapitation still proceed with fearful celerity at Canton. The Pottery sheds, for many years standing at the inland entrance of the execution ground, as well as the skull cupboard in the center, have been pulled down, so that it is now possible to place 500 malefactors in rows, with sufficient room for the headsmen to pass between each file and perform their work without incommencing each other. The crosses, too, which used to be put up on occasion required, are now fixed permanently at the little Joss' house at the entrance of the Golgotha. There was a grand butchery last Sunday, when Kan Asien, said to have been at the head of the besieging force at north of the city last year, was cut in two hundred pieces. We are told they commenced with the finger joints, the victim living till his members were divided into numerous pieces.—500 poor wretches were also decapitated at the same time. Kan Asien was not taken in arms; he was arrested while plowing in a field, having taken to labor of this kind in the hope of eluding his pursuers, bent on his capture by the offer of large rewards.—*Ex.*

THE SPEAKERSHIP.—On the last ballot, on Thursday, Mr. Banks lacked only three votes of an election. Wait patiently.

An improvement in the weather.

For the Chicopee Journal.

The Old Year is Done.

A few more beats of the pendulum and strikes of the clock, and 1855 will be among the things that were. It has been a kind friend to most, if not all, of us; and we would not part with it without a word.—But what has the year done? It has rounded the limbs of the infant, and given brightness to its eyes; and practice to its organs of speech. Yes, the child which only one year ago was an object of care to its mother, is now the center of affection to the household, and even the old folks, who had begun to lose their interest in the world, find a new tie binds them. They find that their children's children hold and lead them by a cord almost as strong, and not a whit less mysterious, than that which bound them to their own. Thus the infant does a blessed work, while we think it is idle.

And the old year has brought the youth one step nearer to manhood. He is taller, and stronger in body. But has he gained any strength within? He is impatient to start on his voyage; but is he ready? Is he one of those who will safely pass from childhood to manhood, or will he be wrecked on the passage?

The maiden has gained her wish; she has been married during the year. Is she as happy as she expected? It is one characteristic of our people that they are in haste to win a position, and forget to ask whether they can fill it. It does not make a child a man to put on his grandfather's boots. Are not young women more anxious to possess a home of their own than they are to be ready to make it what it should be? Do we understand that happiness is to be the result of labor? If you are to have a party of pleasure, you must do something more than procure cakes and sweet-meats.

But the old year has brought sorrow as well as joy. While some have felt for the first time a mother's joy, others have laid down their cares and fallen asleep. Homes have been broken as well as formed, and warm tears will melt the chill snow on many graves; but they can not quicken into life the forms that slumber there. There is an old tradition of a "skeleton in the house," and we hear of houses haunted by ghosts; but are there not homes where the eye of affection sees, and the heart and soul feel, the presence of forms, not like grim skeletons or shadowy ghosts, but fresh and life-like, although perhaps more spiritual than these earthly bodies—forms of loved and departed ones, which faithful memory and Christian faith and devoted love have summoned to cheer and strengthen us in what might else be a lonely way?

Some men have found their plans defeated this year, and they are poorer than they were months ago. Have they taken despair for a companion? Or do they idly wait for the tide? Do they understand that the net must be thrown, if the fish are to be caught? and that if perchance the net becomes tangled and broken, it must be loosened and mended, and thrown again?

And some have greatly prospered this year. Has it quickened their sympathy and opened their hands more freely, and made them more active to serve their race, and loosened the knots which parsimony or thoughtlessness had tied in their purses?

And now the old year leaves us. It has brought us some trials, but if we met them right, we found they were only angels in disguise. The year has brought us many kind words, and bright smiles, and warm grasps of the hand, and quickening thought, and gentle, pleasant memories. May a blessing go with it as it leaves us. * Chicopee, December, 1855.

For the Chicopee Journal.

How to Live this Winter.

Economy has always been regarded a virtue, and in times like the present, when the cost of living has nearly doubled, it might almost be considered as "the whole duty of man." A frugal and judicious expenditure of one's resources is so important an item in the management of household matters, that anything suggestive of the means of saving is worthy of consideration. As prices now range for even the necessities of living, we can hardly imagine how persons of moderate incomes can live with ordinary comfort; there must be either great economy or great suffering. The prices of beef, pork, butter, flour, &c., are unprecedented, and instead of a decrease, it is more than probable that there will be an increase on the present price. No doubt the present eastern war, which drains off our surplus produce, and the large sums realized by the western farmer for the last crops, and thereby enabling him to hold on to the present one, operates to produce this, and consequently prices for the future will necessarily range high. Everybody complains of this. A few capitalists and speculators are making immense fortunes, while the great mass of the people are pinched in their daily food. It is no matter for one to live through such a pressure. Complain as we may, we must eat and drink and be clothed, the house warm,

and a cold winter provided for.

In the matter of food, it is economy to find substitutes at a less cost than our heretofore ordinary living. Instead of wheat flour, we must eat more of something else. Oat-meal, when properly prepared, furnishes a most excellent and nutritious article of diet. The Scotch and Irish peasantry subsist on it almost exclusively. It can be cooked in a variety of ways, all equally palatable. Rye, also, is another substitute, and at three fourths the price of wheat, ought to be much more in use. Corn meal can be used in such a variety of ways, that even for health's sake it should always constitute a large share of your daily food. At the west and south this is so, and no meal-hardly passes without the "corn cake" or the "corn dodger." Those not accustomed to this method of cooking the corn meal, can have no idea of its delicate excellence. Try it:

Rice, when properly cooked, is one of the most simple, as well as cheap and nutritious articles of diet; it contains double the nutriment, and is a good substitute in times of scarcity for the potato.

The greater use of vegetables is much more economical, as well as more healthy, than meat. Meat once a day is fully sufficient for any man engaged in any kind of labor, and it is always economy to purchase a good piece. A Frenchman will make three good dinners from a joint of meat—first a roast, then a stew, and then a good soup.

In the matter of house warming and cooking, it is no small matter to manage so as to accomplish both processes by the same fire. Almost every house is so built that by the proper arrangement of the stove pipe, the sitting room can be made comfortable while the cooking goes on in the kitchen. A good steady coal fire in the kitchen, with a properly arranged pipe and drum, can do this. This will make a saving of importance. Every contrivance that aids the means of cooking, and will also warm the house, is desirable. The least amount of fuel, the greatest convenience, and the most heat, are the requisites of a cooking stove. And here let us mention that the best pattern, in our opinion—and our experience is not small—is one designed and prepared by P. P. Stewart, of Troy, and for sale here by Mr. P. H. Streeter, who recommended the stove to our notice, and very politely pointed out its excellencies, and on trial, we find it as stated. This stove burns either wood or coal with equal facility, and accomplishes its work equally well with either, and uses but a small amount. It is the best and most economical stove in use. It is truly air-tight, and finished throughout most perfectly, and its fire can be regulated as one chooses. There is no stove for cooking purposes that we would prefer to it. We can honestly and cordially recommend it to every one; and although its first cost is somewhat high, yet in the end it will be the cheapest. Its arrangement and design is perfect, for it accomplishes all that is intended. With such a stove, and with a knowledge of economy, we will assure any family a comfortable "getting thro'" of a cold winter, in spite of high prices and greedy speculators in our daily bread. Chicopee, Dec. 1855.

FROM KANSAS.

The Chicago Journal of the 20th has intelligence from Kansas. A gentleman direct from Kansas informs that paper that on an interview with the people of Lawrence, Gov. Shannon acknowledged he had been mistaken in the facts upon which his proclamation was based, and promised to send home the Missourians.—Communicating the action of the committee to them, they agreed to disband if the people of Lawrence would give up their arms. This the committee refused to do, replying that the arms were their private property, and as such as sacred as their lives, and the border ruffians could not have the one without the other, whereupon the men in buckram valiantly returned to Missouri.

It was more from a knowledge that the people of Lawrence were determined to bear themselves like men, and to abandon the cause of right and justice only when they had no more lives to offer than from any other, that caused the Missouri outlaws to disperse.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat, writing from Kansas, December 9, says: The Missourians number about 1,800 men in both camps. At Lawrence they had collected about 700 men, who came there to die or be victorious. They were to fight for their homes and families, while the mob, on the other hand, had nothing at stake but the pleasing of a few political hacks. After Gov. Shannon had a conversation with some of the men from Lawrence, he saw his folly; and the entire strength of Lawrence placed itself in his hands, for the preservation of the public peace, and the restraining of all constitutional laws, so that he had to accept them, and by that means they have clearly out-generated the mob party.

And now that the mob find that they have been brought there upon the representation of a few interested men they are loud in their denunciation of them and wouldn't mind fighting among themselves. I have just been talking with a man who has just come in from the scene, and

he says the Missourians are leaving for their respective homes, as fast as they can, and they all seem to be of one mind. Damn Kansas, it may go to hell before they come over again. This is the third time they have come to clear out the dead Yankees, and each time have gone home without a fight, and they are now convinced that the men they have to deal with are not made of straw. The people of Lawrence were well armed, and provided with cannon, and in my opinion those Sharps' rifles had a very deleterious effect upon the minds of the mob.

"I am very glad the affair has happened. It has put the men of Lawrence right where they want to be understood to stand; willing to respect all constitutional laws, and to resist all that are not; and having taken that stand, to die rather than prove recreant to it. The mob know this now, and I think the political leaders will have hard work ever to get them to come again. Lawrence having conducted herself so prudently, has made friends by it, and secured the respect of those who before had no conception of their character."

SHARPS' RIFLE.

This weapon has been so often mentioned in connection with the troubles in Kansas, that a description of it may be interesting. It is a breech loading rifle, and it is said to throw a ball with great accuracy for a mile. A Washington correspondent of a Cincinnati paper, speaks of it as follows:

Sharps' rifle is the most efficacious and terrible fire-arm in existence. The small carbine now used by the U. S. mounted men, throws a ball with deadly accuracy one fourth of a mile, and can be fired ten times per minute. It is not complicated in structure, is easily cleaned, and experiences no injury in wet weather. Mr. Sharp is now preparing models for four new species of his weapon, namely: a small pocket pistol, calculated to throw a Minnie ball one hundred yards; a cavalry pistol with a range of five hundred yards; a rifle suitable for footmen, with a range of one mile; and a large gun to throw a two ounce ball or small shell, one mile and a half, or, as far as a man or horse can be seen to advantage. With this latter weapon, Mr. S. declares that he can set on fire a house or ship at a distance of nearly two miles and prevent the use of field artillery, by killing the horses before the guns are brought within good range. When completed, the piece will weigh about seven pounds, which, for a strong man, is not embarrassing. The service rifle, for footmen, will be a most serviceable and efficacious weapon, of about nine pounds weight, throwing an ounce ball. Sporting rifles will also be made of much smaller caliber, but the same range.

Sharps' rifle, in the hands of a good marksman, who can load and fire rapidly, is fully equal to 10 muskets for short range, while for a medium or short distance, a musket can no more compete with Sharps' carbine or rifle, than can a shilling pistol. Bayonets are obviated, for place a man six rods distant with a musket and bayonet, and before he can bring it into use, the rifle can be discharged at least 4 times. A column of infantry advancing upon a body of riflemen would be almost annihilated before they came within musket range.

Mr. Sharp showed me certificates from scores of men, civilians and soldiers, who have used his rifle, and they all testify to its wonderful qualities. One officer now on the frontier, writes that two men, with Sharps' rifles, on one occasion held thirty Indian warriors at bay. The latter were not sufficiently near to use their common rifles.

MORMON STATISTICS.

An official statement has been published at Salt Lake City, in the Deseret News, by George A. Smith, the church historian, showing the latest facts of interest connected with the progress of Mormonism. According to it, the church has about ninety-five missionaries in Europe, and an equal number in Asia, Africa, and the Pacific Isles, besides large numbers of native elders in the various fields, and a considerable number scattered throughout the United States and British America. Of newspapers and periodicals, the church has, of the former, one in Salt Lake City, issuing 4,000 copies weekly; one in Liverpool, issuing 22,000 weekly; one in Swansea, South Wales; one in Copenhagen, in the Danish language; one in Australia and one in India.

PROFITABLE BUSINESS.—Bayard Taylor has severely engagements this winter; to lecture on the "Philosophy of Travel," and expects to make one hundred. He averages at least, \$50 each repetition, which would give him the snug little sum of \$5,000, as the receipt of that lecture, during the winter.

THE TRUE SECRET.—Those who wish to use Dr. Rogers' Liverwort, Tar and Chalcidina for consumption, or any form of lung disease, can attest the superior efficacy of this medicine. Its health restoring and tonic qualities not being subject to any reaction from opium, or any of its preparations, is the true secret of its great success. All druggists have it.

Use Dr. Clough's Pills for liver complaint, costiveness, headache, &c. Females know what sinking at the pit of the stomach, sickness, sighing and groaning, pain in the side, lassitude, and such complaints and ailments mean. All this excellent Pill will cure. Take our advice, and try the best of all.

The latest estimate of the population of the world makes it eleven hundred and fifty millions.

NATIONAL BUILDINGS.—A letter from Washington says:

"Enlargements of the public buildings here are in active progress. That of the patent office is approaching completion.—The work of enlarging the treasury building has been commenced. The addition on the southern side will exclude the white house from a view of the city along Pennsylvania avenue; and this will form another reason, in addition to those now existing, for changing the site of the presidential mansion.—The addition to the post office has also been commenced.—The new wings of the capitol are progressing satisfactorily, and have advanced so far towards completion that offices are already in use in the southern wing. The capitol itself does not present, just now, a very grand or imposing aspect, from the fact of its well proportioned dome having been removed to make way for a cast iron one of more ornate or gingerbread style."

THE LARGEST ARMY IN THE WORLD.

The London Illustrated Almanac for 1856 gives the various statistics concerning the government, population, armies, &c., of the world. Russia, against whom France and England have combined but not yet conquered, has an army of 599,000 men. The United States (in the government of which these statistics call W. L. Marcy "chief minister") has an army of 10,248 men and a militia, which is our resource in time of war, of 75,382 officers and 2,127,366 men!

NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—This great newspaper now issues a daily circulation of 29,500 copies, it being 2,500 more than the number one year ago; of the semi-weekly, 15,250; of the weekly, 140,500; of the California edition, 7,500; and of the European edition, 500. Total, 193,250, or 35,310 greater than at the same period last year.

A COSTLY ANIMAL.—A vessel, called Robert Peel, which has just arrived in the Loire, France, from Samatra, has brought a magnificent royal tiger for one of the public menageries. Forty armed men were, it is stated, sent to capture him, but he killed ten and injured thirteen of them before he could be secured.

PIONEERS FOR KANSAS.—We are glad to learn that prompt and efficient steps are to be taken to organize a company of two hundred men for the purpose of emigrating to Kansas the moment their services shall be required to aid the people of that territory to defend their homes and firesides. They will each be provided with a copy of Sharps' rifle.—*Detroit Tribune.*

PAPER.—There are in the United States 1750 paper mills in actual operation, having 8,000 engines, and producing in the year 240,000,000 pounds of paper, which is worth, at 10 cents per pound, \$24,000,000. To produce this quantity of paper, \$204,000,000 pounds of rags are required.

THE CELESTIALS.—There are several Chinese firms in California that have invested over \$500,000 in their business; and there is more than two millions of dollars capital invested in the trade between San Francisco and China, owned and controlled by Chinamen residing in that city.

GEN. CANEROBERT is about to marry the daughter of one of the physicians of the emperor, a beautiful lady, 32 years of age, who has hitherto rejected all proposals of marriage, and who will bring to her husband, as a dowry, an income of 150,000 francs yearly.

During the year 1854, one hundred and sixty-five men were hung in the United States for murder. But seven of all these could read and write. This fact shows the influence of education in forming moral character and making men good citizens.

The sunflower may be cultivated for its oil, and as food for cattle and poultry. One acre will produce 60 gallons of oil, and 1,500 lbs. of oilcake. The stalks produce a fiber for the manufacture of paper. Why don't farmers cultivate this flower?

SO OLD A FRIEND.—The editor of the Boston Liberator calls upon the ladies of the north to make use of nothing that is produced by slave labor. He doesn't expect them not to use cotton. They will not expect so old a friend from their bosoms!—*Louisville Journal.*

REGISTRATION STATISTICS.—We have received from the secretary of state, E. M. Wright, the thirteenth annual report relating to the registry of returns of births, marriages, and deaths in this state for the year 1854.

Two gentlemen of Detroit have pledged themselves to give one thousand dollars each towards raising and equipping a company of men to aid the free state settlers in Kansas.

The Salem Gazette suggests the name of J. Otis Williams, of Boston, for speaker of the next house of representatives; if it should be necessary to elect a whig.

FOR MINNESOTA.—It is said that 50 of the best citizens of Lowell are organizing for the purpose of colonizing a township in Minnesota.

