

The Weekly Journal.

Volume 7.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1855.

Number 35.

Poetry.

From the Manchester American.
Native American at the World's Fair.
John Bull on a day, much perplexed with the Paddy,
Had broken the head of Sir Phelim O'Grady,
And, bothered to death by his eastern possessions,
Called in a wise council of all the professions,
Who, finding affairs in a stupid condition,
Contrived for amusement a grand exhibition,
To divert the old gentleman's mind from his boys,
Who were always unruly and full of their noise;
For what with taxation, or corn and Brown-Stout,
And real vexation within and without,
John was near to the end of his wits and his purse,
And from quite bad enough, was fast getting worse.
It is supposed that in view of the arrangements
alluded to, the following conversation took place
among the various members of father Bull's family:
COCKNEY.—My eyes! ere a go, the world is hin-
dled all to London. What will Mrs. Bull say?
SCOTCHMAN.—'Till cost an uncos sum of money and
the treasury 'er o'er well filled; noo we'll see.
WELSHMAN.—'Tis all one fery tam great mistakes,
In my opinions; every mother's son of us shall be
in the show.
IRISHMAN.—'Divil a bit care I how much it costs
the cold vagabond. Och, honey! but would there be
a bit of a row, just win all the red republicans get
into the United Kingdom. Where's my shillalah?
by the powers, but,
COCKNEY.—There'll be the Russians and Prussians and
men from Cologne,
With whole cargoes of Dutchmen, and French from
the Rhone;
Turk, Spaniard, John Chinaman, Viking and Dane,
Ship-loads of Yankees, and nutmegs from Maine.
John caught at the whim, for he had quite a notion
That he ruled like a Pope over land and the ocean,
So he sent for his friends to the end of creation,
To drop in and see him, and bring their relation;
Pope, prelate or Protestant, might all have a pass
For all the world's whim, wrought of iron and glass,
With room enough in it, above and below,
And John saw at once that he was taken in,
And what, more than all, made him feel very much,
He saw them all laughing, Turks, Spaniards and Dutch.
COCKNEY.—There will be the Russians and Prussians
and men from Cologne,
With whole cargoes of Dutchmen and French from
the Rhone;
Turk, Spaniard, John Chinaman, Viking and Dane,
Ship-loads of Yankees, and nutmegs from Maine.
MORAL.
Now ye foggy politicians, before it is too late,
Take warning from this father Bull and his fate.
You'll find that old man in these same striped trows;
When he gets up his dander, is one of the rousers;
If you can't get the platform of seventy-six,
Take your hint from the people, and leave without
kicks.
For the Weekly Journal.
SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.
How terribly has the monster intemperance
crushed thousands of noble minds, and
made a charnel-house of hundreds of lov-
ing hearts! Not many years since, with-
in a farmer's dwelling, in one of our New
England villages, might have been heard
the sound of nuptial gaiety, and the part-
ing blessing of fond parents on their only
and filial daughter. The proud husband
stood by the side of his shrinking bride,
a noble hearted and stalwart being! His
countenance bespoke the strong inward
resolves of a virtuous heart. A lingering
farewell, a scalding tear, a silent look-
ing up to Heaven for guidance on the uncer-
tain voyage of life, and our young and
promising friends were on their way to that
"El Dorado" of a New England imagina-
tion—the luxuriant west! that to the
"son of the soil" ever offers a reward to
energy, virtue and industry. With a
loving heart, he cheered his somewhat sad
companion by bright pictures of their fu-
ture competence and happiness;—to have
gazed on those two beings, one would
hardly have admitted the possibility of
the sad change that was to befall them
within their brief space of three years. I
am indebted to a friend for the sequel to
my story. While a resident in Yernon,
N. Y., she was called to the assistance of
a young woman in great distress—she was
so emaciated, haggard, and ragged, it
was difficult to recognize in the grief-
stricken creature, who stood at the door
a beggar! our rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed
daughter of comfort, who had so short a
period before left parents and home, for
him who had wantonly immolated her
heart on the accursed altar of intemper-
ance! The story was told in these words:
"My husband became a drunkard."
Our little farm, and every comfort which
united economy and industry of one year
had conferred, were exchanged for the
gratification of unholy and debasing ap-
petites! At the end of three years, star-
vation and misery compelled us to seek our
eastern homes, relying on my parents' mer-
cy and generosity for help. Alas! we did
not then know that grief, for my misfor-
tune, had stricken from earth our only de-
pendence! We started in sadness and
shame on our homeward way; we had
traveled but a few miles, when my darling

and only babe of two years, smiled on me,
as he suuk to his last sleep. We had
just entered one of those mighty forests,
when death kindly opened a happier home
than earth might offer my suffering and
injured one, whose smiles had been our only
food; the stupor of intemperance had made
the once strong and ready arm of my
husband powerless, and laid my dead treas-
ure on the leaf-covered ground, while with
a heaven-bestowed strength I opened deep
the trim earth as a safe resting place for
my babe, and buried my boy! and my
heart—with him! The extreme of suffer-
ing forbade my lingering, and confiding all
to Him who never sleepeth, continued
my lonely sad way! I ask for charity? she
said, "to sustain life, while I await God's
will!"
This simply told tale is the experience
of many all about us. "Taste not the red
wine," young man! dash the uplifted cup
from thy yet pure lips! Young woman!
use thy potent influence to stay the tide
of intemperance, lest it engulf a brother,
a father, yeal a child, a husband. The
appalling circumstances of that solitary
funeral, have suggested the following
simple lines:
The Forest Burial.
Within a forest's deep recess
Was heard the wail of bitterness!
There, sad and low, a mother knelt,
In anguish dreading, she loudly wept.
The pallid face and shrunken form
Was voice enough of sorrow's storm!
That o'er her life had fiercely borne,
While she its solemn memories kept!
Beside a little grave—new made,
She knelt—and thus she prayed—
"Father in Heaven! oh hear my prayer!
Help me my griefs in faith to bear—
And kindly keep thy precious child
Secure from terrors of this wild!"
Pillowed upon thy sovereign breast—
Still it may love—and sweetly rest!
And ever o'er this heart so sad,
My "angel visits" come to glad!
Oh! must it be? all, all alone
My babe be left in this wild home?
Oh, world of wealth, of joy and love!
Would that thy power e'en here might
rove!
To soothe the path of woe and woe!
This way not be alas I go!
"Tis stern necessity with demon grasp—
My heart doth bind in fetters—fast!
So—noble boy! beneath the shade
Of love divine that ne'er shall fade,
I lay thee down—to peaceful rest—
Till "in our father's house" e'er blest,
Mother and child once more may meet—
And o'er the erring vigil keep,
Sunny Side, Old Deerfield, Jan., 1855.

GENERAL HOUSTON'S BAPTISM
The announcement of Gen. Houston's
immersion, at Independence, Texas, has
excited the wonder and surprise of many
who had supposed that he was "past pray-
ing for," but it is no great marvel to us.
Let memory turn a quarter of a century
back, and it will find that General Jackson
was regarded as "little better than one of
the wicked past praying for," and unworthy
of the support of a decent and religious
people, but who does not know the habitual
reverence and respect with which that
great man was ever accustomed to speak
of his dependence upon the Supreme Ruler
of the Universe, of his rigid observance
of the Sabbath, and the manifest humility
of his religious devotions while President,
and of his uniting with the church after his
labors on earth were accomplished. No
man who knew Gen. Jackson, ever doubt-
ed his sincerity as a Christian. And why
should his friend and pupil, who has been
the wayward child of so many prayers, be
considered past all hope of regeneration,
through faith in the blood of the atone-
ment?
General Houston had a pious mother,
who prayed over him from the cradle to
the grave. The pious old women of Ten-
nessee, not a few, took it up and prayed for
him when he left the state as a volunteer
under General Jackson. The chaplain of
the army included him in his prayers for
the brave volunteers. The widows and or-
phans in Texas, prayed for him after the
battle of San Jacinto, and when in one day
he distributed to them five thousand dol-
lars of his own and only money. The pi-
ous partner of his bosom has fervently pray-
ed for him, without ceasing, believing that
in accordance with the Divine will and
economy, "the believing wife shall sanctify
the unbelieving husband." The Indians
have prayed to the Great Spirit for him,
and the three thousand and fifty citizens
have been praying for him ever since the
Nebraska outrage in the senate.
General Houston has been a careful reader
of the Scriptures for many years. He
has been a constant attendant upon Divine
Worship. He has never gone to bed with-
out first reading a portion of God's Holy
Word, and of kneeling down and commit-
ting himself to the care of that Being who
has watched over and preserved him. Gen-
eral Houston has arrived at the age of
three score and one, and he feels that these
are sober times. As almost the only sur-
viving friend of General Jackson, it is not
surprising that, after adding to his virtue
temperance, to temperance Godliness, he
should make an open confession of his faith?
—America's Own, Jan., Dec. 23.

THE GRAVE.
The gravel yet cold, dark, narrow grave!
How silent; yet how eloquent! Its damp
sods seem to press upon the heart with the
weight of mortal sorrow and the stern chill
of oblivion. How rare, how worthless are
all the joys of earth, when standing upon
the brink of that which so feelingly reminds
us of a man's littleness. Yet of this im-
mortality—of time and eternity. Before
this petty heap of dust bends the pride of
the strong in heart. The ambition that
spurned nations from its feet—the intellect
that made its own immortality—the avarice
that transmuted blood and tears to
gold by its accursed alchemy—the revenge
that consumed on its unholy altar, alike the
priest and the victim—the lust that melted
the pearl of price, in the Circean cup
of pleasure—all, all are hushed in the presence
of this lowly monitor, as the moldering
relics that sleep beneath its bosom. Yet,
amid this silence and desolation springs
there not flower of hope, child of a bright-
er sky, and a more genial climate? Read
no lesson of virtue, written as with the
finger of Truth, in the dust of mortality?
Yes! religion's bow of promise spans it with
the hues of Heaven, and while it teaches
man the true value of all that is passing
away, it points his aspiring, though humble
spirit, to the future—the glorious, the un-
changeable.
THE WOOL TRADE.—All the prices
current reports of the principal cities of
the United States report a continuation of
the dullness that for so long a time has pre-
vailed in the wool trade. All descriptions
seem to be equally neglected. Dealers
complain that the past year has been the
most unsatisfactory they have experienced
for a long time past, and until there is some
encouragement for manufacturers there
can be no material improvement.

ORIGIN OF VARIOUS PLANTS.
Every gentleman farmer ought to be
somewhat acquainted with the history and
origin of all native plants and trees, so as
to know their nature, country and condi-
tion. Such knowledge, besides being a
great source of pleasure, and very desirable,
will often enable him to explain the phe-
nomena in the habits of many plants that
otherwise would appear inexplicable.
Wheat, although considered as a native
of Sicily, originally came from the central
tableland of Thibet, where it yet exists as
a grass, with small, mealy seeds.
Rice exists wild in Siberia.
Barley exists wild on the mountains of
Himalaya.
Oats were brought from North Africa,
Millets, one species, is a native of India,
another, Egypt and Abyssinia.
Maize, Indian corn, is a native growth in
America.
Rice was brought from South Africa,
whence it was taken to India, and thence
to Europe and America.
Pears are of unknown origin.
Peaches are natives of Germany.
The garden bean is from the East Indies.
Buckwheat came originally from Siberia
and Tartary.
Cabbage grows wild in Sicily and Nap-
les.
The poppy was brought from the east.
The sunflower from Peru.
Hops came to perfection as a wild flow-
er in Germany.
Saffron came from Egypt.
The onion is also a native of Egypt.
Horseradish from South Europe.
Tobacco is a native of Virginia, Tobago
and California. Another species has also
been found wild in Asia.
The grasses are mostly native plants,
and so are the clovers, except Lucerne,
which is a native of Sicily.
The gourd is an eastern plant.
The potato is a well known native of
Peru and Mexico.
Coriander grows wild near the Medi-
terranean.
Anise was brought from the Grecian
Archipelago.
GENERAL CANROBERT.
It is said, (says an exchange paper,) is
believed to be the son of the Emperor Na-
poleon I, and of Madame de Raincy. He
passed the early portion of his life in the
employment of the ease and insouciance which
a large fortune can bestow, and it was not
until called from his life of dissipation, to
attend upon the dying bed of his mother,
that he learned the secret of his birth.—
Immediately, notwithstanding the accession
of fortune suddenly acquired by his moth-
er's death,—notwithstanding the habit of
idleness and luxury he had indulged in
ever since his birth, he declared that, with
such blood in his veins, he should scorn to
remain inactive. He instantly set out for
Algiers as a volunteer in the chasseur, and
has risen by slow degrees to the station
he now occupies. The moral effect of
his relationship to the Great Napoleon
has been immense upon the troops under
his command, and enabled him to obtain
an ascendancy which St. Arnaud could
never acquire.
BATHING IN THE DEAD SEA.
About six o'clock in the morning I
reached the shore. I was desirous of as-
certaining the truth of the assertion that
"nothing sinks in the Dead Sea." I swam
a considerable distance from the shore, and
about four yards from the beach I was be-
yond my depth; the water was the coldest
I ever felt, and the taste of it most de-
testable; it was that of a solution of niter,
mixed with an infusion of quassia. Its
buoyancy I found to be far greater than
that of any sea I ever swam on, not ex-
cepting the Euxine, which is extremely
salt. I could lie like a log of wood on the
surface, without stirring hand or foot, as
long as I chose; and with a good deal of
exertion, I could just dive sufficiently deep
to cover all my body, but I was again
thrown on the surface in spite of my en-
deavors to descend lower.—Madden.
Mayor Wood has issued his ultima-
tum to the liquor sellers of New York.—
He says to them, "If your shops are open,
or you again sell liquors upon Sunday, I
shall resort to every legal means at my
command to close your establishments for
the sale of liquor, not only upon that day,
but for every other day in the week."

Letter from Victor Hugo on Slavery in America.
In compliance with the request of a Mrs.
Chapman, who is reported to entertain a
deep interest in the anti-slavery cause in
this country, Victor Hugo has written the
following letter on American slavery:
Madam: I have scarcely anything to add
to your letter. I would cheerfully sign
every line of it. Pursue your holy work,
You have with you all great souls and
all good hearts.
You are pleased to believe and to assure
me that my voice, in this august cause of
slavery, will be listened to by the great
American people, whom, I love to think,
are closely linked with the mission of
France. You desire me to lift up my
voice.
I will do it at once, and will do it on all
occasions. I agree with you in thinking
that within a definite time the U. States
will repudiate slavery with horror. Slave-
ry in such a country! Can there be an in-
congruity more monstrous? Barbarism
instilled in the very heart of a society,
which is itself the affirmation of civiliza-
tion; liberty bearing a chain; blasphemy
polluting the altar; the collar of the negro
chained to the pedestal of Washington!—
It is a thing unheard of. I say more, it is
impossible. Such a spectacle would destroy
itself. The light of the nineteenth century
alone is enough to destroy it.
What! Slavery sanctioned by law among
that illustrious people who for seventy
years have measured the progress of civil-
ization by their march, demonstrated de-
mocracy by their power, and liberty by
their prosperity! Slavery in the United
States! It is the duty of this republic to
set such a bad example no longer. It is a
shame—and she was never born to bow
her head.
It is not when slavery is taking leave of
old nations, that it should be received by
the new. What! When slavery is de-
parting from Turkey, shall it rest in Amer-
ica! What! Drive it from the hearth of
Omar, and adopt it at the hearth of Frank-
lin! No! No!
There is an inflexible logic which devel-
ops more or less slowly, which fashions,
which redresses according to a mysterious
plan, perceptible only to great spirits, the
facts, the men, the laws, the morals, the
people; or better, under all human things,
there are things divine.
Let all those great souls who love the
United States, as a country, be re-assured,
The United States must renounce slavery,
or they must renounce liberty. They
must renounce slavery, or renounce the
Gospel. They will not renounce the Gos-
pel!
Accept, Madame, with my devotion to
the cause you advocate, the homage of my
respect.
Victor Hugo.
REMARKABLE PROPHECY.
The following remarkable prediction was
made by Friar Bacon, who was born in the
year 1241, some 640 years ago. "Here,"
says a certain writer, "is poetry and philo-
sophy wound together, forming a won-
derous chain of prophecy."
"Bridges, unsupported by arches, will be
made to span the foaming current. Men
shall descend to the bottom of the ocean,
safely breathing, and treading with firm
step on the golden sands never brightened
by the light of day. Call up the secret
powers of Sol and Luna into action, and
behold a single steersman sitting at the
helm guiding the vessel, which divides the
waves with greater rapidity than if she had
been filled with a crew of mariners toiling
at the oars; and the loaded chariot, no
longer encumbered by the panting steeds,
shall dart on its course with resistless force
and rapidity. Let the simple elements do
thy labor; bind the eternal elements, and
yoke them to the same plow."
A gentleman inquired of a carpen-
ter's boy—"My lad, when will this job
your master now has on hand be complet-
ed?"
"I can't tell, sir," said the honest boy
artlessly, "it's a DAY JOB, and it will de-
pend upon how soon the old man has another
order."
A printer out West, whose office
is half a mile from any other building, and
who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree,
advertises for an apprentice. He says,
"A boy from THE COUNTRY would be pre-
ferred."

The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, JAN. 27, 1855

S. M. PATTENSON & Co. are the Agents for the Journal, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for it 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.

THE FUTURE OF KANSAS.

There is pleasure in living at the present time—because so many objects of intense interest present themselves to the attention of the thinking man. Almost any condition is preferable to a lack of exciting subjects. The mind would starve to death were not questions of importance continually arising, one after another, to relieve the hum-drum insipidness of every day business. Now, the most important thing to be decided is, whether Kansas shall be admitted into the confederacy as a free or slave state—important, because the territory is two hundred and seven miles in width, six hundred miles in length, three times the size of the great state of Ohio, and possessing a soil second to none in the United States. Gov. Reeder, in a letter to a newspaper in Pennsylvania, states that although the land has been highly rated, still it is better than is generally believed. He invites laborers, of every description, to emigrate—assuring them that no state or territory offers greater inducements to the working classes. And, in addition, the continuance of slavery in Missouri depends upon the destiny of Kansas. The institution in the former is in a precarious condition, owing to the small number of slaves in comparison with the white people, and activity of the blessed "under-ground railroad." A free state on the west would sound the death-knell of slavery in Missouri; and this is the reason why Senator Atchison and his satellites are so determined in their design to blight one of the fairest regions on the continent with the curse of bondage. Hence the crossing of so many Missourians over the line to elect the pro-slavery candidate for delegate to congress—men who had not the slightest intention of remaining there, and openly boasted of the fact on election day. The drunken bullies, with the aid of pistols and bowie-knives, accomplished their object—but, thank heaven, they have not decided the future of Kansas.

There is a bright side to every picture, and just so with this question. We would not give a picayune for a reformer who has not a large organ of hope. Kansas will not be made a free state by northern people sitting down, and, in a feeble voice, groaning out that there is no use in trying to make her a free state, because the thing can not be done. It can be done, if there be only the will and activity to do it. The way is for the north to send her heavy battalions of emigrants, and such emigrants as will not be afraid to meet the southerners though they be "armed to the teeth." New England alone could spare as many as there are slaveholders at the south. Northern men in that territory now greatly outnumber the slaveholders. Three anti-slavery newspapers are about to be started in the city of Lawrence. And Gov. Reeder is on the side of freedom. What is the use of despairing, when, with such chances in our favor, a strong determination would make all things right? Napoleon achieved his immortal renown by an iron will and untiring activity. If the slave power can not be prevented by legislation from controlling the new territories, then we must fight it by emigration. We care not how slavery is overthrown, provided the thing is only done; the northerners should resort to any and every means to throttle the monster. "Untiring vigilance is the price of liberty." We are dealing with an enemy who has "as many eyes as Argus, and as many arms as Briareus"—a foe who never gives quarter—and, for this reason, any system of tactics, no matter whether it be an attack in front or in the rear, or strategy, or what not, is justifiable.

Aside from the slavery question, there are many inducements to settle in Kansas. The climate is just about right, and the soil very fine. We hear that there is some talk about forming a company in Chicopee to emigrate to Minnesota. Now, in what respect is the latter superior to the former? Certainly not as far as climate is concerned, for we all know that New England winters are unpleasant, and those of Minnesota are much more so. In corroboration of this assertion, Mr. John D. Butts, a gentleman well known in this village, informed us a few days ago that he knew of a company which emigrated to Minnesota, and every member of it came back, in consequence of the long continued severity of the winters. Neither is the soil better than in Kansas, and probably not as good. The amount of the story is, that Kansas is just the place for northern men, who desire to emigrate, to go to. Just look at the question at stake!—whether slavery shall be

shall not be established in the very center of the republic!—the decision of which will probably tell the story whether slavery or freedom is to control the nation.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

Were there no heads disposed to drop in shame when Clay, on Tuesday evening, in speaking of the northerners and southerners, exclaimed in thunder tones:—"You are the degenerate Greeks, while they are the conquering Romans." With us, a feeling of sadness was mingled with admiration, to witness that noble specimen of Kentucky chivalry rebuking these same "degenerate Greeks" for their sycophancy—for it is sad to think the truth in relation to the subject.

Mr. Clay first showed that slavery was the most infernal oligarchy in existence—the power of which is felt by the non-slaveholders of the south to such an extent that they are no better off than the slaves themselves—that the only maxim of the slave power is force, which is its alpha and omega. If a southerner dare to raise his voice for freedom, in nine cases out of ten the only response is the bowie-knife. The slaveholders maintain their position, said he, by wealth and education, while they keep the poor classes in ignorance, well knowing that a good common school system would certainly prove the annihilation of slavery, for it would cause the oppressed non-slaveholders to think, rise in their might, and cast off this "old man of the sea."

He then proceeded to show the effect of slavery upon the north—how it had debauched the moral sentiment of the free states, &c.; &c. He reviewed the long and dark list of southern aggression, showed how the early policy of the government had been perverted, and the idea that freedom should travel with the national flag had been changed to the reverse. In conclusion, Mr. Clay said:—"Either freedom or slavery must die!"

We have alluded to only a few points of the address; it is always too bad to murder a good thing by an imperfect description, and, for that reason, we will stop.

U. S. SENATOR.

The idea of January has smiled upon Gen. Wilson; it is now pretty certain that the long wished for senatorial mantle will rest upon his shoulders. When the coalition was overthrown a year ago last fall, it seemed as if he was buried in as deep a political grave as circumstances ever dug. But now, "presto! change!"—the General again appears, and several rounds higher upon ambition's ladder. His shrewdness led him to mount the know-nothing steed, and his superior power of managing political reins will probably place him in the senate chamber.

The following was the vote on Tuesday in the House:

Whole no. of votes,	364
Henry Wilson,	234
N. F. Bryant,	55
Julius Rockwell,	18
A. B. Ely,	9
Jonathan Pierce,	3
George S. Boutwell,	2

The Senate votes upon the question next Wednesday.

ACCIDENTS.

A pair of horses, belonging to Mr. Chapin, of Chicopee street, were drowned Saturday afternoon, at Jones' Ferry. The man driving them attempted to cross on the ice, but it broke, and hence the accident.

A few days ago, a young woman by the name of Eliza Wakefield, badly sprained one of her ankles—caused by a fall while walking in the street. Slippery sidewalks should, in all cases, be asbed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have received a letter from the editor of the Warren (Pa) Ledger, in reply to an editorial which appeared in the Journal a few weeks ago. It did not arrive in season for this week, but will be cheerfully inserted in our next number.

"Minnie May" will also be attended to in the next Journal.

Several original poetical productions are on hand, which will be disposed of according to the rule "first come first served."

FOR THE WEEKLY JOURNAL.

GAS.—There seems to be a general complaint among the merchants of our village that the gas supplied them is impure and bad, and the monthly gas bills do not decrease in the same ratio as the bad gas increases. Now if the managers of this concern would find out the cause, and remove the same, they would much oblige one and all of the merchants of this town.

GAS BURNER.

Our citizens will all be rejoiced to learn that Nathaniel Cutler, Esq. has received the appointment of sheriff for Hampden county.

H. A. Longley, of Belchertown, has been appointed sheriff for Hampshire county, in place of W. A. Hawley; and A. P. Peck register of probate, in place of Samuel F. Leman.

FROM OUR GEORGIA CORRESPONDENT.

MACON, JAN. 10, 1855.

This inland city is 191 miles northwest from Savannah, connected by railroad.

The country through which we pass is level and sandy, broken only by dense swamps and morasses. The traveler can not count over fifty painted houses in the whole distance. The county is poor, the buildings are poor, the people are pale and sickly, death and decay seem to be impressed on all. But, on arriving in Macon, the panorama changes. The city is built on elevated and somewhat uneven ground; the streets are remarkable for breadth, and the buildings for their neat and New England like appearance. The Macon Female College stands upon an eminence, overlooking the city, and adjoining country; it is a fine brick edifice, 16 x 60, has four Professors and several lady teachers, and enjoys a high reputation. The Southern Botanic Medical College is located here, and is struggling to keep above ground; it has about 40 students.—Georgia bankers at that. The surroundings of Macon are interesting, first in the Cemetery, a half mile above the city, on the Ocmulgee river, on elevated ground, the highest point being 165 feet above its bed. The area of ground comprised within the inclosure is about 50 acres; the Cherokee and other wild roses form an ever green hedge around the grounds. A prominent feature in its scenery is the Ocmulgee river, along which it extends nearly half a mile. The banks are from forty to sixty feet high and form an impenetrable barrier to its approaches. The banks are thickly wooded with giant poplars, green magnolias, hollies bay, china trees, cypresses and weeping willows, all entwined with creeping ivy and other vines too numerous to mention.

South of Macon, on both sides of the river, are Indian mounds. Large mound, one half mile below the city, is about 150 feet above the level of the river; the top contains an area of nearly half an acre, and is cultivated as a flower garden; three sides are covered with large oaks and hickories. Brown's Mount presents a long high ridge of shellstone, several hundred feet above the river; the whole mass appears one vast conglomeration of sea shells, the different genera and species of which can be distinctly traced.

Macon is the center of a large cotton trade; it is the seat of much wealth; many of the wealthy planters from the south of Georgia and Alabama have summer residences here. I will say in closing, that hard times are improving, cotton is on the rise, and buyers are more numerous. The weather is more like May than January. I feel its exulting influence, and am indolent to think or write. Give me the bracing air of my mountain home. Give me New England. Hurrah!

YANKEE.

CHARLES E. WHITEHOUSE.

It is unpleasant to witness mental and physical prostration, but still more so when it is caused by villainy. Many of our readers are acquainted with the history of C. E. Whitehouse, who made this village a visit a few days ago, and gave a magnificent exhibition at Cabot Hall.

When a boy, he resided in Mansfield, Connecticut. A legacy of one hundred and sixty dollars was left him by an uncle, who stated in the will that if Charles died first the father should have the money. For this petty sum, that fiend in human shape determined to destroy the life of his son, and, to effect his hellish purpose, gave him pulverized glass, mixed with cider brandy. Charles was then only two years old. A powerful dose of mercury was given him by the attending physician to counteract the effect of the glass, which resulted in the complete prostration of the nervous system. There are very respectable people in Chicopee and Springfield who can testify to the facts—among them, Chas. R. Ladd, Esq., of the former, and Mr. Earl Woodworth of the latter.

Since that time, the life of Charles has been a wretched one. Not being able to perform mental or physical labor, several years of his existence were spent in a poor house. For about a year, he has been engaged in exhibiting dissolving views, which some friends purchased for him, and our object in writing this is to recommend his exhibitions to the patronage of those who sympathize with suffering. So far, he has been enabled to procure a comfortable living by the business—and no more.—Those persons in Chicopee who are acquainted with him say that "a more honest hearted fellow never lived." It is hoped that his efforts to obtain a livelihood will be successful.

FROM EUROPE.

Nothing important from the seat of war. Occasional skirmishing about Sebastopol. Some talk about peace—but the Czar has invaded the principalities. The eastern question has become a decided bore.

Buffaloes are very abundant on the Red river beyond Minnesota, and many hunters will follow them this winter.

FROM OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT.

PROTOCOL TO THE CZAR—BANKS AND BUGBEAR.

—More Soup—Sherbit and Chibouque—Maine Law—Lozenges—Items.

The black war-cloud which overshadows Europe is revealing just the least possible edge of silver lining. The allies, having found to their cost, that the Czar has an arm strong enough to maintain the *ukases* of imperial will, that Menschikoff is something more than a wooden-headed Cossack, and that the Russian soldier is capable of religious frenzy and *amor patrii* enough to impel him to die on the field rather than show an enemy his back, have tendered to the Czar a new protocol, precisely interpreting the "four points" as they respectively understand them. They propose less humiliating terms than hitherto, and say nothing of the razing of Sebastopol, the withdrawing of the Russian Fleet from the Black Sea, &c. &c. This new advance towards an adjustment is now under consideration by the Czar, and affords a faint hope of peace. But new and strange features are so constantly starting out of the crater of Europe's politics, that it is impossible to predict the result of the pending negotiation. Meantime financial matters at home are improving. "Hard times" is a monster which has some of the qualities of a bugbear too, and it is found, when reasoned upon dispassionately for a moment, impossible for a universal bankruptcy to follow the general healthy condition of things throughout the country, Schuylerism and railroad speculation to the contrary notwithstanding.

Our banks are in a more healthy condition than has been known for a year. Capital is more abundant; a disposition to "launch out" into a fresh business, which, of itself, would half cure the panic, is manifest, and although more failures may occur, there are the best reasons for believing that the worst of the hard times is over. Still, the dispensation of soup has not ceased, and some 50,000 messes are daily dealt out to our pauper foreign population, for be it understood, that of the many thousands now feeding from the hands of charity, scarcely a score are American born. When we remember how, during the past season, our packet ships poured the pauper scum of Europe into our streets by droves, the wonder is, not that there is so much but so little distress. Among the latest "strikes" is that of the ship caulkers, who magnanimously stood out for \$3 per diem, and scoring the offered wages of \$2.50, as citizens of the first republic on earth have a right to do, marched in ragged platoons through several streets, and shaved at extemporaneous eloquence in the Park.

Our city is becoming cosmopolitan, from Circassian to Hottentots; all "peoples" are represented in our New World omnium gathering. Among the latest, "exotic" is blooming on Broadway under the care of a "gentleman from Constantinople."

These enterprising Turks have opened a cafe, with divans, chibouques, sherbet, rebab, and other Asiatic edibles, while in a Turkish basement on the floor above, tiny embroidered slippers suggest the dark ages which gleam from the lattices of the harem.

Mayor Wood's efforts to enforce the law against open tipping houses of the Sabbath, have been followed with the happiest results. Only twenty-five places were reported as open, and for selling on the sly on the 21st instant. The number of arrests for disorderly conduct were only about one-fifth usually made on Sunday, and a degree of quiet and scarcity of liquor prevailed, unparalleled in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. The complete enforcement of the law shows triumphantly that a "Maine Law" could be executed in the city, and the friends of temperance should thank Mayor Wood for having furnished such testimony. The journals are full of comments, and the Tribune of this morning moves to the attack with a thrust at brandy-lozenges.

A gale prevailed on Sunday night, doing considerable damage in the city and vicinity, mostly to the awnings and fences. Thirteen bodies were picked up yesterday on Long Branch, supposed to be from the ship *New Era*; lost there some weeks since. The ship *Great Republic*, partially destroyed by fire some months ago, has been refitted, and is now at dock receiving cargo for Europe. The dimensions of her hull are the same as before; she has four masts, and floats the water like a huge bird. May a happier fate than the first one indicated attend the Phoenix of the wave.

COL. BENTON.

Col. Benton, on his return to Washington, from his lecturing tour at the north, is reported to have said:

"I have the Pacific railroad in my trunk, sir, my trunk. The solid men of Boston have taken it in hand, sir! Abbot Lawrence, sir! Abbot Lawrence—a man of great wealth, sir—a man of great wealth—has authorized me to use his name, sir! Lawrence may have more money than knowledge, sir! but he has the cash, the cash, sir! I am like Peter the hermit, sir! Peter the hermit. He preached the crusades, sir—I the Pacific railroad, sir! Solitary and alone, sir, I am setting this Pacific railroad in motion, sir!"

HEADACHE AND CATARRH SNUFF.—There is no need of having the headache; if you are afflicted with it, just go and purchase a box of "Durno's Catarrh Snuff." We have tried it, and found it a certain remedy. Thursday afternoon, Mr. David Morse came into our office, and stated that he had been confined to his bed all the forenoon with "sick-headache"—a liberal pinch of the aforesaid snuff completely removed the pain, and he "went on his way rejoicing." For sale by J. S. Bagg and C. F. Kent.

There is a singular fatality attending the leading politicians of N. Hampshire. Three of them have died suddenly and unexpectedly—Levi Woodbury, (who was thus cut off from being President of the United States,) Atherton, who had no superior after Woodbury, and Norris, who has now followed them. The place of the last named will probably be filled by John S. Wells of Exeter.

In Germany, a law regulating the printing and publishing business has been quietly smuggled through the Germanic Diet at Frankfurt, according to which no one is allowed to establish, or continue the printing or publishing business, without the permission of the local government, and such permission may be withdrawn by the police of the respective States without any lawsuit.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—We learn from one of the conductors on that branch of the Underground Railroad, running through this immediate portion of the State, that the number of passengers from the South, who passed over the route from March 1, 1854, to the following January, was forty-three. The road through southern Massachusetts is in excellent condition. *New-Bedford Standard.*

As an indication of the extravagance which has prevailed in the country for some time, an importing house in New York has written a letter stating that the amount of duties paid for artificial flowers for the first quarter of the current fiscal year, was almost double the amount of duties paid on railroad iron.

"PIN MONEY."—It is reported, says a Boston paper, "that a lady in this city has spent, during the year 1854, at a lace and embroidery store, the sum of \$3,000, and that several ladies have each contracted bills at the dry goods stores varying from \$5,000 to \$6,000 each."

A pair of pure bred Cashmere goats were recently bought by some gentleman in Richmond, Va., for \$1,500.—The wool from another pair of the same lot, when examined by a microscope, compared precisely in fineness with the hair of a 2,000 Cashmere shawl.

A biography of Robespierre, published in a late Irish paper, concludes with the following remarkable sentence:—"This extraordinary man left no children behind him except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

A student of medicine from Boston while attending lectures in London, observed that "the knives evil had been but little known in the United States since the revolution."

There are 264,091 milliners and dress-makers in England, as reported by the last English census. The "Household Words" calls them "the army of vanity."

The Baptists in Oregon are enjoying revivals, and need more good ministers, who, like Paul, are willing to work hard for small pay.

Father Streeter, of Boston, during his ministerial service of twenty-eight years duration, has married three thousand seven hundred and sixty three couples.

A new poor house, in Cooke County, Illinois, was recently inaugurated by a grand ball. The idea is indicative of progress, and the example may be useful.

An old Irish paper has the following remark:—"The Americans and English educate their children in the fear of God and the love of money."

"I know," said Mirabeau, "but three ways of living in this world; first, by wages for work; secondly, by begging; thirdly, by stealing."

A bachelor institution has been organized in Indiana. No one can become a member unless he can prove he has been discarded five times.

There are 5,483 traveling preachers in the several Methodist Conferences, in the United States; and 42 died during the past year.

The Spanish Cortes have resolved not to sell Cuba for any price, and they offer an asylum to all the foreign refugees in Europe.

Abraham Miller, who was with Wolfe at the taking of Quebec, it is said, is still living in Canada, at the age of 115 years.

Albert Smith has presented 10,000 volumes of books of light reading to the army in the Crimea.

There are said to be forty-eight Methodist ministers in the legislature of Massachusetts.

Dr. Johnson defines a genius to be a man of large general powers, accidentally determined in some particular direction.

Some mathematician has calculated that the eastern war costs the Allies £60—equal to \$300—a minute.

SEA ISLAND COTTON IN AFRICA.—A Liverpool dealer, in Sea Island cotton writes to his correspondent in Savannah, Georgia as follows:

"The French colony of Algiers, in Africa, is likely to compete with the United States in the production of fine Sea Island. Two years ago ten bags were grown, last year one hundred and forty, and this year it is stated that two thousand bags will be produced. This cotton, *so far*, has been sent to Havre, and the prices realized were from 2s 4d (58c) to 4s (\$1) per pound.

EUROPEAN TELEGRAPHS.—Austria has now 3,000 miles of telegraph in operation, Prussia 4,000, and Switzerland a proportionally greater number. The Swiss have in fact, more telegraphic lines than any other country on the continent, allowing for the difference in territory. But all Europe together can not equal the 17,000 miles of wires in the United States. The wires in these countries generally run through leaden tubes, under the ground, and not on tall poles, as here.

Efforts are being made in different States of the Union for the establishment of curative hospitals for inebriates. On this subject the eminent Dr. Benjamin Rush, good medical authority, says:—"To the account of physical remedies, I shall add one more, viz., the establishment of a hospital in every city and town in the United States for the exclusive reception of hard drinkers. They are as much the objects of public humanity and charity, as mad people."

Orders have been given by the allied powers, to the army in the Crimea, to attack and to take Sebastopol at any price. The bombardment was to begin on the 28th, and the assault was expected on the 31st of December last. Our latest accounts from the Crimea extend only to the 26th, and up to that time nothing had been done.

SHOE BUSINESS.—The Lynn Daily says in regard to the business prospects of the city:—"We are happy to state that our shoe manufacturers are beginning to receive orders more liberally than for some time previous; and that the indications are that they will have a very good spring trade."

Some fine specimens of Italian marble have been brought to Sacramento from a lead which has lately been struck by Mr. Luce, at the Indian Diggings, which lie about sixty-five miles above that city, and between the Middle and South Forks of the Cosumnes river, in El Dorado county.

WON'T SURRENDER.—The Worcester *Egis* says:—"We learn from good authority that the Jackson Guards, of this city, refuse to deliver their arms; that the right of the Governor to disband them is disputed through an eminent lawyer of this city, and that they mean to try the matter."

CIGARS.—It is said to be an indisputable fact that, taking the whole United States together, much more money is annually expended for the single article of cigars than for all the common schools in the Union.

BASSWOOD PAPER.—A good deal has been said of late about a Mr. Beardsley, of Albany, who it is claimed has succeeded in making printing paper out of basswood, an invention that is to work a revolution in the paper market.

Messrs Jewett & Co., of Boston, have paid \$70,000, in cash, to authors during the three years past, of which \$30,000 went to Mrs. H. B. Stowe. These publishers issued fifty-three new books last year.

AMERICANS IN CANADA.—The Albany (N. Y.) Journal says that all but one of the conductors on the express trains of the Great Western Railroad in Canada, are graduates from United States railroads.

SPANISH HUMANITY.—Several ladies of high rank in Madrid, are endeavoring to get up a Society for preventing cruelty to animals; and even, it is said, to preach a crusade against bull-fights.

Queen Victoria has wept daily for hours over the details of the afflictions of her army before Sebastopol; so say the English papers.

There were 53 Sabbaths in 1854; such a thing will not occur again until 3865.

There is one mill at Lawrence, Mass., that consumes the product of five thousand sheep a day.

The new pennies have been issued from the mint; they are smaller and heavier.

Chicago is said to be the greatest grain port in the world.

The Boston Bee mentions the birth of a child which weighed 20-1-2 pounds.

In California they get \$3000 worth of shingles from a single tree.

