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Poetry.

[A friend has sent us the following "New Year's Address" for the Journal: there are fine thoughts expressed in it, but the rhyming could be much improved.—Eds.]

TO THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL.

KIND PATRONS, accept our greeting
Of this Happy New Year;
It gives us much pleasure, meeting
You at the Happy New Year.
May Heaven's choicest blessings
Be thine, prosperity attending
Upon all thy undertakings,
And all thy undertakings,
And all thy undertakings,
And all thy undertakings,
May the fire ever burn brightly
Upon thy hearthstone, and the dear
Circle gathered round it, kindly
Preserved through the whole fleeting year.
May Love, Hope, and sweet Charity
Ever find a dwelling in thy breast;
May Friendship pure and holy
Ever welcome thee, Peace ever bless.
We hear our greeting returning
From many an honest heart and
Lip, thankful are we, yearning
For kindred spirits, Friendship's hand
To cheer us in our labor,
You comment, you blame us, you scold,
Yet you prize us as neighbors,
And give your opinions in gold.
To one and all, we give our hand
For this the Happy New Year,
Together let us go, hand in hand,
Cheering sorrow, drying its tear,
With liberal hand, gifts bestowing
On the poor and needy, hunger,
Feeding to the Orphan's pining
Care, a home to the wanderer,
A home to the friendless,
Give, when life's fatal dream is o'er,
That happy throng, who evermore
Shall praise thee in an endless song.

Select Tales.

ANTHONY MARTEL.

THE DEATH WARRANT.

Anthony Martel, was as brave a young soldier as ever trod a battle field. He was an universal favorite in his regiment. He loved his country and a maiden named Cadeline, who was considered the prettiest girl in Viselle, and they were the hearts that beat with love and joy when the fair Cadeline turned her eyes upon them and returned their salutations with a willing smile. There was not a brave soldier in the whole regiment but would have been proud to shed the last drop of blood to resent any insult to the bright star of Viselle. Many were they who worshipped at her shrine, but only one who received any return to his passion, and he was the gallant Anthony Martel.

The Colonel of the regiment to which he belonged was a man of violent passions, insolent and overbearing in the extreme to his subordinates, and was as universally detested as Martel was generally beloved.

On several occasions he made infamous proposals to Cadeline, which she resented with scorn, but he became more importunate, until finding himself baffled in his endeavors, he determined to adopt a new mode of procedure, hoping to be more successful in his designs. Accordingly, he called upon Cadeline one evening, when she was alone, and made an apology for his former rudeness, and asked for forgiveness, which she readily granted, presuming that he would trouble her no further; but in this she was disappointed, for he immediately made new overtures of love to her, promising, if she would listen to his suit, he would load her with presents, and make her his lawful bride. But all these flattering inducements had no effect upon her, for she was determined to be true to her first love.

"Consider, Cadeline," said he, "my rank and station, and that your position would be higher than the proudest lady in our village; besides, you shall have attendants, and all the luxuries and refinements that wealth can furnish.

"Ah, Colonel Lavalier, what would all these splendid gifts be without the heart?"

"You would soon learn to love me, my dear girl."

"No, Colonel, we can never love but one."

"Then why not love me?"

"Because I already love another," replied Cadeline.

"Indeed, my dear charmer," said the

Colonel ironically, "may I be permitted to ask the name of your cherished gallant?"

"Anthony Martel," was the innocent reply.

"What a common soldier—a miserable hireling for a rival! By heavens!" he exclaimed in a terrible passion, "unless you accept my suit and reject the beggarly churl, I will have him shot like a dog for his audacious presumption, and will give you but a moment to decide upon the subject."

"Oh, sir, exclaimed Cadeline, "he is guilty of no crime; he has never injured you."

"Has he not dared to supplant an officer of the French army, and he only a common soldier?"

"Nay, Colonel—I loved him ere I saw you. He is generous, noble, and would not injure any one."

"Do not lose time in idle words; consent to be mine, or ere the morning sun has risen an hour in the heavens, his heart shall have ceased to beat."

"Oh, heavens! spare him!" cried Cadeline in anguish.

"You plead in vain."

"Give me but a single day, to decide the question."

"Not an hour."

At this moment a majestic form cast a slight shadow in the door way, but it was not observed by either of the persons in the room, so deeply were they engaged in their own affairs. Stepping a little aside so as to be unseen, the stranger remained a silent spectator to all that passed.

"I implore you to let me speak with Anthony before I give you a final answer."

"Not a word with him; therefore, instantly give me your consent to be my bride, or you sign the death warrant of Martel."

"Inhuman monster! I had rather die a thousand deaths than become your wife—even were you the proud emperor of France, Anthony fears not death, and would rather give his life than to have me prove false to him."

"Mad girl, you are in my power, and I use you as I please, since you have so insultingly spoken."

"Do you dare insult me to my face? Thus, then, let me prove my words by snatching a breath of the sweet fragrance of your scornful lip."

And, clasping his arms about the fair form of Cadeline, Colonel Lavalier endeavored to put his threat into execution.

"Help! mercy! help!" exclaimed Cadeline.

At this moment, a report of a pistol in the hands of the stranger whom we have before mentioned, was heard, and the bullet-shattered the arm of the aggressor, rendering him powerless, but from whence the shot came both were unable to tell, for no sooner was the weapon discharged than the deliverer disappeared, and Anthony Martel rushed into the room.

Observing the wild appearance of Cadeline, breaking from the arms of the Colonel, in an instant he divined the whole, and, with a powerful blow, he laid the base insulter at his feet. By this time the report of fire-arms brought a large detachment of soldiers to the spot, who, on entering, were immediately commanded to arrest Anthony for attempting to murder a superior officer. In vain did Cadeline protest his innocence—they dragged him away under a strong guard.

On the following morning, an unusual activity among the officers told that something of more than ordinary importance was to take place, each one hastening to the quarters of the commander. Although a court martial is not an unusual affair, yet it is sufficiently rare to attract great attention in the camp.

Soon the quick roll of the drum told that a court had convened, and we were ready to try a criminal. Within a spacious tent were gathered a large number of officers, in full uniform. Seated on a raised platform was General Laverack, acting as judge. Another roll of the drum announced the entrance of the prisoner.

"Of what is the man charged?" asked the judge.

"With an attempt to take the life of his superior officer, Col. Lavalier," said the advocate.

"Where is the accuser?" continued the court.

"Here, may it please your excellency,"

replied the Colonel, whose arm was bound up with a sling.

"How came Martel to attempt taking your life?"

"I know not," said Lavalier.

"What provoked the insult?"

"A conversation with a young girl, with whom the prisoner is acquainted."

"Is that all?"

"It is, your excellency."

After a short consultation with the other officers, the judge turned to the prisoner, and thus addressed him:

"Anthony Martel, you have been found guilty of an attempt to murder a superior officer of the French army; the punishment for which crime is death. What have you to say why you should not suffer the extreme penalty of the law which you have offended?"

Martel, who had stood unconscious until now, raised his manly form; standing erect, he bent his searching eye upon the Colonel, and said, in a clear, firm voice:

"Your excellency, I am awfully that my vindication which I may make would be of no avail; but being thus permitted, I will speak the truth; that my fellow soldiers may know that I die innocent of the charge which has been brought against me. I did not fire upon Colonel Lavalier, and had no weapon when arrested; at the moment when I entered the dwelling of Cadeline, I found her struggling in his arms. I stopped not to inquire his rank, but struck him with my clenched fist to the floor; that is all I have done, and had it been the emperor himself in his palace, I would have done likewise, for the duty of a soldier is to protect the innocent and defenseless. I am willing to die, but my death will not be avenged, for the grass will not have grown over my grave before the weapons of my comrades shall have found the heart of my murderer; for there is not one who will shrink when the hour comes. I am ready to pass your sentence."

"Martel, your language does not become a man who is on the very threshold of eternity. Truth becomes a man at all times," replied the judge.

Colonel Lavalier, during the time the prisoner was speaking, seemed greatly excited, and turned pale, for he knew that Martel was a great favorite in the regiment, and he feared that his own life was in danger.

"Anthony Martel," said the judge, "the sentence of the court is that you die to-morrow, and that you be shot by twelve of your comrades."

Again the roll of the drum told that the case had been decided, and that they were about to conduct the prisoner to his quarters, when a girl rushed by the guard into the tent, and prostrating herself at the feet of the presiding officer, exclaimed:

"He is innocent! spare him! he is not guilty, and he did not shoot Colonel Lavalier."

As the tears flowed down the beautiful face, every heart was touched with pity save one. He stood unmoved by her supplications. The judge informed her that it was impossible to alter the sentence of the court, and that the only hope that was left her; was in Colonel Lavalier, who should ask for his pardon, or recommend him to mercy. In vain did Cadeline plead with him; he was inexorable; she was borne senseless from the tent.

On the following morning, a little before sunrise, some soldiers were busily engaged in placing red flags at short intervals, on a beautiful plain not far from the camp. No sooner had this been accomplished than the muffled drum and the band playing a dead march was heard. A company of soldiers drew near, accompanied by a large number of officers, who came to witness the punishment of death. Anthony Martel was walking with a firm step to meet his doom. Arriving at the designated point, he was calm and unmoved at the approaching crisis. Twelve of his fellow soldiers were brought into line; every movement told their unwillingness to perform the odious duty that had been assigned them.

All being arranged, the commandant walked up to Martel, and, taking him by the hand, shook it warmly. Bidding him farewell, he gave him permission to address his companions in arms. This mark of kindness moved the condemned man, and a tear started in his eye; but gaining his composure, he addressed those who were to lay him low in death.

"Comrades, I have come here to die like

a man and a soldier. I am guilty of no crime; I have never dishonored my country or regiment; I have fought by your side in the thickest of the battle, when the guns of the enemy poured hot lead into our ranks, and swept our brave countrymen down like chaff before the wind. But you all can affirm that I did not quail or falter, and should I tremble now, when I am about to die by the hands of my beloved comrades? No! I consider it an honor, and the last sound that will greet my ears will be the glorious dying music of your own true gasps, as I fall. I know that you will not suffer my ashes to rest unavenged. Let not your hands tremble, but with a firm, steady aim, level your pieces at my breast, when I give the word FIRE; for I would have the marks of every man, if you love me. Comrades, farewell, and may we all meet where the warrior rests from his battles and his victories."

The soldiers brought their pieces to their shoulders, but stopped suddenly as the frantic Cadeline rushed into the arms of her lover.

"Oh, Anthony, Anthony, you must not die. Colonel Lavalier will certainly have mercy; he can not be so cruel as to murder you."

"Cadeline, there is no hope. I had prepared to die, but this meeting unavertedly spared this scene; but calm yourself, and do not weep when I am gone. You will not wait for defenders, for my regiment will protect you; and it will go hard with him who dares to offer an insult to Cadeline, be his rank what it may."

"Commandant," said the Colonel, in an impatient tone, "it is past the time ordered for execution; have them parted, and at once perform your duty."

With great difficulty, Cadeline was torn from the embrace of Martel, and conveyed to a distance from the spot.

The word "READY" was given; and quickly followed by the second command, "FIRE."

"AIM" and the fourth and last fatal word "FIRE," was on the lips of the commandant, when a stern voice from a person who stood a short distance apart, and closely muffled up, gave the command to "RECOVER ARMS."

So sudden and abrupt was the order, that every eye was turned upon the person who had thus dared to countermand an order on so important an occasion.

"Order that man under arrest," said Colonel Lavalier, as the person approached rapidly to the place where he stood; throwing his cloak from his face, the astonished officer beheld in him Marshal McDonald.

"Will Colonel Lavalier please to inform me for what crime this culprit is to be shot?"

"For an attempt on my life with a pistol," was the answer.

"Are you sure he is the guilty one?"

"Yes."

"Will you not pardon him?"

"It has been decided by court-martial that he shall die."

"I decline all interference in the court of justice," replied the Colonel.

"I do not," said McDonald, "and therefore I stop the execution. Martel is not guilty."

"May I then ask your excellency who is the inquired Colonel Lavalier, with an unconscious air?"

"I am," said McDonald.

"Will you please explain this great mystery?"

"Yes; having business of importance with you on the night of the assault, I called at your quarters, but found you not. On inquiry, I learned the direction you had taken, and followed in pursuit. Finding that you had entered Cadeline's cottage, I arrived just in time to be the unobserved witness of your villainy, and the ball which only shattered your arm was fired by me, and had it not been for endangering the life of the fair girl, it should have entered your heart. Colonel Martel, I greet you in behalf of the emperor Napoleon, to whom I have related your case and who has been pleased to confer his honor and title upon you. Colonel Lavalier, your sword—henceforth you are no longer an officer in the French army, and now take Martel's place and receive the fire of those guns which a few minutes ago were aimed at the heart of an innocent man!"

Every heart beat with joy at this sudden change. Poor Lavalier, trembling with fear and shame, was led to the red flag;—again the fearful order was given, but his heart sank within him, and he implored for mercy.

"How can you ask for that which a few moments ago you refused to an innocent man?"

"I own my fault," was the reply.

"Then I refer you to Colonel Martel, who has full power to pardon you or not, as he may think proper," replied Marshal McDonald.

"Colonel Martel," said the disgraced officer, "dare I hope for mercy at your hands?"

"I grant you a free and unconditional pardon. You are at liberty," was the will reply of Martel, "and do not forget to show mercy that you may ever receive the same."

By this time, Cadeline had received the glad tidings, which soon spread with rapidity through the camp, and hastily returning, she was clasped in his warm embrace. That day was a glorious one to the regiment, and a grand celebration was given in honor of Marshal McDonald and Colonel Martel.

In the course of a few weeks after this event, the old church at Viselle was overflowed by those who assembled to witness the nuptials of Colonel Martel and his lovely bride, Cadeline Deupy, while many were the little presents and keepsakes, that the happy pair received from the regiment, who loved their brave and generous commander.

From our South Carolina Correspondent.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Dec 14, 1854.

On the 14th of Dec., 1782, the people of Charleston witnessed the departure and formal withdrawal of the British forces. This day marks the seventy-second anniversary of that event, and has been celebrated by the citizen soldiery with all the usual pomp and pride. Charleston has a population of 55,000, nearly one half colored. It occupies a point of land, formed by the junction of Ashley and Cooper rivers; it has a good harbor, and is defended by Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan Island, and Forts Pinckney and Johnson. Fort Moultrie, you recollect, was the scene of the enforcement of the nullification act, in the days of Jackson, and was the cause of Clay's great compromise. The city stands on elevated ground, and may be said to be New York in miniature; the streets are very narrow and irregular; the greater portion of the city looks old and dilapidated.

This being the season for bringing cotton and rice to market, gives the city an unusually active appearance; it is the most interesting time to a stranger, of the whole year. The planters are here by scores, with their best negroes and mules, exchanging their products for a year's supply of necessities.

Among the prominent buildings, the Orphan Asylum, Roger's Hospital, City Hall, and Medical College, are conspicuous; the latter has a class of 200 students, with 8 able professors, and a fine Museum. In the City Hall, stands the famous statue of John C. Calhoun, erected by the city. A movement is now projecting, to build a magnificent monument to the memory of Calhoun, located on the battery, which place much resembles the battery in New York; the wall around it, some ten feet high, is made of marine shells, cemented together. A reader of the Charleston papers would suppose this city to be, or about to be, the great commercial emporium of America; they talk largely about their direct and weekly steamers to Europe. They held their convention one year ago, and made paper railroads, all emerging toward Charleston, as the center. But the only thing they have done towards making these great improvements, is to get a machine for digging out and widening the entrance to the harbor; the said machine was wrecked in the September storm, and the whole loss, \$45,000, falls upon two northern men, who built the machine, the boasting city being bankrupt.

South Carolina may talk of state rights, nullification, secession and repudiation, but for myself, judging from the fertility of her soil, her populoussness, her great internal improvements, and intelligence of her people, I see no immediate cause of apprehension.

The only railroad she has, is now quarrelling with government in regard to compensation for mail carrying, and it is expected that the mails will be transferred to wagons in a few days.

The legislature of this chivalry state is now in session, and the question of a free school system is being agitated. This is in the right direction; also, a motion is pending to abolish the law whereby free colored seamen are confined in prison while vessel is in port.

The peculiar legislation of this state for her rights, (as she terms them) is faithfully depicted in her Governor's recent inaugural address. The indications around are fearfully pregnant with signs of a determination in some of the States to persevere in their course of degrading and subjecting the south."

The weather here is delightful, much like October, the roses still continue in bloom; still we have chilly nights, and one needs a good fire and overcoat. I had the pleasure of meeting Capt. L. H., of Chicopee, a few days ago. More anon.

IS RELIGION BEAUTIFUL?

Always! In the child, the maiden, the wife, the mother, religion shines with a holy benignant beauty of its own, which nothing of earth can mar. Never yet was the female character perfect without the steady faith of piety. Beauty, intellect, wealth, they are like it falls, dark in the brightest day, unless the divine light, which religion throws her soft beams around them, to purify and exalt, making twice glorious that which seemed all loveliness before.

Religion is beautiful—in health or sickness, in wealth or poverty. We can never enter the sick chamber of the good but soft music seems to float on the air, and the burden of their song is—"Lo! peace is here."

Could we look into thousands of families to-day, when discontent fights sullenly with life, we should find the chief cause of unprosperity, want of religion in woman.

And in felons' cells—in places of crime, misery, destitution, ignorance—we should behold in all its most terrible deformity, the fruit of irreligion in woman.

Oh, religion! benignant majesty, high on thy throne thou sittest, glorious and exalted; Not above the cloud; for earth clouds come never between thee and truly pious souls—not beneath the clouds, for above these is heaven; opening through a broad vista of exceeding beauty.

Its gates are the splendor of jasper and precious stones, white with a dewy light that neither flashes nor flickers nor blazes; but steady proceedeth from the throne of God. Its towers bathed in a refulgent glory ten times the brightness of ten thousand suns, yet soft, undazzling the eye.

And there religion points. Art thou weary? It whispers, "rest—up there—there forever." Art thou sorrowing? "Joy." Art thou weighed down with unmerited ignominy? "Kings and priests in that holy home." Art thou poor? "The very streets before thy mansion shall be gold." Art thou friendless? "The angels shall be thy companions, and God thy Friend and Father."

Is religion beautiful? We answer, all is desolation and deformity, where religion is not.

The Russian spies at Sebastopol seem to be much too sharp for John Bull. A British sentinel, at Balaklava, being astonished to perceive a horse with a sack of corn on his back, deliberately walking past him, when the sack of corn speedily became metamorphosed into a Cossack trooper, who put spurs to his steed, and vanished before the sentinel recovered his speech. In another part of Balaklava, on the 3d, a Russian spy, attired as a French officer, boldly entered the British lines, sauntered about, chatted with the officers, learned from them where their position was weak, and actually got off safe, when he saw that one of the Englishmen had grown suspicious, and had sent off to the General to say that he suspected there was a Russian spy among them.

The State of Vermont is intersected by 400 miles of railroad, which have probably cost up to the present time \$24,000,000 or \$50,000,000. Their construction has doubled within the last ten years, the value of the taxable property of the State. Their capital was mostly supplied by Boston.

