THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF DEMOCRACY, AND THE DISSEMINATION OF MORALITY LITERATURE, AND NEWS.

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CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

JANUARY 1st, 1855.

HAIL patrons! of whatever stripe,
Who live around, up through here;
We wish you all, both great and small,
A very happy New Year.
How are yourselves and wives? and how
Are all those chubby faces,
And "baby in the cradle," too,—
A model of the Graces.
How do you get along, these times?
They 're hard, and growing harder;
Have plenty in the meal-tub,
And plenty in the larder?
"'Nuff sed," we see you'll weather it;
Hold on a few months longer.
These boys and girls will soon be help,
They 're daily growing stronger.

Now let us take a fancy flight,
As fast as we can skim it,
(No matter which way round we go,)
To Asia's eastern limit.
Here's Japan, old Japan,
That bade the world defiance,
Has had its rusty portals op'ed
By Uncle Sam's appliance—
Not by the force of cannon-balls,
Her double-decks invading,
But [illegible] arguments,
By Yankee rules of trading.
Presume she'll lose her eye-teeth cut
Before she's ten years older;
And when she sheds the shiners out,
We'd like to be the holder.

Canton some says, "Ancient of days,"
Conservator of nations;
To time by no chronometer's force,
Down to decrepitude, fossil fions.
She claims a [illegible]
Above all others;
But who her early orders were,
Antediluvians, brothers.
Some think the world was peopled by
Foundlings of pagodas;
Assuming, as an argument,
The different models.
No doubt the babe has it right,
And we're a [illegible] believer;
And think we'd better stick to that,
Than follow a deceiver.

Hindostan lies just as she did,
A prey to British plunder:
Amenable to British laws,
Under the British thunder.
The progress of monopoly
Shall on the page be written,
Which History shall have display'd
The damning deeds, Great Britain!
Thou art a strange anomaly
Of splendid contradictions:
"The good are very good, indeed,"
The bad too base for fictions.
The Ganges cannot wash thee white,
Nor make the first beginning;
Nor freeing thy West India slaves
Atone for Eastern sinning.

The rest of Asia we must skip;
Perhaps you think we should n't;
But we've no time to itemize,
And if we had, we could n't.
We're something like the pedagogue
That skipped the vulgar fractions
Because he could n't work them out,
Nor dig the root extractions.
A pretty master, you will say,
And pray a printer's devil!
But, never mind; the boss can tell,
And we'll soon find his level.

And we must skip all Africa;
Not as at first we thought to,
For we have neither time nor space
To treat her as we ought to.
We claim to be "some pumpkins" there,
By virtue of our station;
For boss, you know, 's a "wooley-head,"
And we're a sort o' nation.
Some time, when leisure comes along,
And we are in the notion,
We'll give you Afric, right and left,
From center to the ocean.

Now look through Europe's horoscope,
Adjusted with precision,
And tell us what thou see'st there
Presented to thy vision.
I see a monstrous, heaving mass,
Like some great cauldron boiling;
Nation against nation rocked,
Then fearfully recoiling.
Just look again. I seem to see,
(The glass is somewhat murky,)
The Autocrat is punching fire,
And busy roasting Turkey.
England and France are hov'ring round,
As if to reconnoiter;
Sometimes they seem to go ahead,
At other times they loiter.
They tell the Czar, "Hands off, good sir;
We 've come to spoil your dinner;
You cannot have the Turkey, sir,
Unless by force you win her."
Austria looks to right and left,
And then she looks behind her,
And looks so many ways at once,
They scarce know where to find her.
The other nations, one and all,
By dismal fears are shaken,
And playing hide and seek, all round,
In hopes to save their bacon.
We'll even let the cauldron boil,
Nor useless trouble borrow;
No one can tell his destiny,
Nor what will be to-morrow.
Yes, let the sullen Russian Bear
Keep Europe's dogs in motion;
And while they 're finishing the game,
We 'll come across the ocean.

America! our native land!
With rapture do we hail thee,
And may no evil destiny
Convulsively assail thee;
And these United States, may they
Not fill their cup of sorrow,
Lest they be stricken from the roll,
Like Sodom and Gomorrah.
Though sometimes driven to the wall,
The demon fairies brave us;
We have a host of righteous men,
Enough, we hope, to save us.
When tyrants here presume too far
Of liberty to cheat us,
We dose them off with paper pills,
And give them their quietus.
We've killed one batch of Congressmen,
And we shall kill another,
Before we'll call that bastard brat—
That Bill Nebraska—brother.
"Conquer our prejudices," eh?
And be their docile donkies?
Come when they whistle—go when bid,
Like spaniel dogs, or monkies?
We've answered that, and put a check
To some of their vagaries:
They've heard the roaring o'er the land,
Like fire on the prairies.
Onward's the word. Then go ahead—
We mean to free the nation;
And have our emptyings all set
For next Administration.

We ousted Billy Bigler, for
In Freedom's fight he faltered,
And in our noble Temperance cause
He miserably paltered.
He pardoned out Agnerti,
The notorious baby-seater,
Who kidnapped Rachel Parker,
And murdered Joseph Miller.
And more he did; but that's enough
To damn his name forever.
And shall we have another such?
We hear you shout, "No, never."

We have a point, now aboard—
"Who not" on up the rudder?"
And when we hoist the *Maine* sail,
Hazza boys! won't we send her!
We'll weather Charybdi's gulf,
And lay the rocks of Scylla,
And be the noble flagship
In Uncle Sam's flotilla.
Why may not Jimmy Pollock be
Next President, we wonder?
If you can find a better one,
We'll quietly knock under.
If any one should ask you why
We skip the county voting,
Just put your thumb upon your nose,
'Twas hardly worth the noting.
Our humbler friend felt very nice,
Just like so many ninnies;
Because, while we were catching whales,
They begged a fry of minnies.
We meant to tell about that bell,
And Fourth of July *Treason*;
But that must be deferred until
A more convenient season.

"IDA MAY" has arrived at Mobile. The *Evening News* of that city contains the following tribute to its excellence:

"We are seldom called upon to administer full and complete censure upon a work sent to us for the purpose of eliciting a notice. In the present instance, however, we feel it a duty we owe to our readers to caution the public generally, as well as book dealers throughout the South, to beware of the the book titled as above. It contains the concentrated essence of Abolitionism in its most seductive and insidious form, and no Southern man or woman should, through curiosity, or from any other motive, be tempted to purchase a copy, as by doing so, they only help to swell the profits of the author of a vile and infamous publication. The publishers are reminded that they greatly mistake the wants of Southern readers and the faithfulness of the Southern press, if they think to palm off such stuff in this locality, or secure a puff which, to write would be rank treason. We beg such favors toward ourselves may be discontinued."

No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.

There are 357,525 slaveholders in the United States.

BARNETT, THE MISER.

In the town of N....., up a passage leading to the Bridle-smith-Gate, there lived a man named Barnett. He was about sixty years of age, but though his hair was somewhat sprinkled with gray, and his form was somewhat bowed, he had the energy of a younger man, and a frame that seemed of iron. His brow was lofty, and gave an idea of intellect, but the hard lines bespoke craft.

His dwelling was an old mansion which had seen better days; secluded on all sides from public gaze, its gloomy courts and still gloomier chambers accorded well with the character of its occupant, whilst the iron-bound shutters testified to the care he had taken to secure the treasure he was said to have amassed. For Barnett was reputed to be rich despite his eloquence on "hard times," "dear food," "losses in business," &c. He seemed to be chanting a perpetual dirge in honor of poverty; but the world never believes a man while he pleads her, unless he wears her livery unmistakable. Otherwise it shakes its head and smiles skeptically, but then it treads him under, and passes on its way! Thus Barnett had got the reputation of being rich, and certainly deserved it. There were many in that town who could have told of bankruptcies he had hurried on, widows he plundered, and orphans he had stripped of all,—legally, of course, (for "respectability" respects law,) but forgetful of a higher command than any man-made statute, from the great Lawgiver of all!

Secure in this legality, and buoyant in the recollection of the riches it had gained him, Barnett sat on the evening that my tale commences, taking his solitary supper of porridge (he had made a bargain and indulged accordingly) a dead silence reigned in the streets, for the populace had deserted them for a great meeting outside the town, to give expression to the discontent then prevalent among the working classes.

A hasty step was heard upon the stairs. The miser clutched his pistols and listened with all his might. Soon a young man stood within the room; still handsome, but worn with debauchery and want, an unsettled gleam in his dark eyes, and a visible agitation in his frame.

"Father."

"Sir!"

After fifteen years of separation, their whole greeting was comprised in this!

The word fell coldly on the young man's heart, and he paused as if to nerve himself to proceed, but words came not, and he stood irresolute.

"Well," croaked the parent, "what brings you here?" The son took courage. Affection would have brought him to his knees. Harshness hardened him the more.

"I have come," said he, "to seek employment. I was starving where I was, and now appeal to you. I ask no charity, nor plead a tie your heart owns not."

"You are right," was the hard response. "Ingratitude washes out innumerable debts."

"Ingratitude!" faltered the son.

"Yes, ingratitude; did I not educate and rear you? did I not love you once? and did you not betray my love, squander my substance, and now you come to burthen me!"

"No! not to burthen you; I have sought pleasure too eagerly, and have wasted the means you gave. I have been self-willed, but have been punished. Years have passed over me, and have seen me groveling in poverty, living with criminals, and when I had most need of comfort, my wife and child were laid low, starved! Father, starved! I sat and saw them as day by day their flesh wasted, and their voices grew weak, and I could not help them. I could only share their want; my soul thirsteth for but one word of kindness.

"Which you shall never have!" thundered the old man; "heir of my name, but traitor to my hearth, end in the folly which you have begun. *You* have done without *me* for fifteen years; good! *I* will do without *you* for life; go, and may my heaviest—go, ere I curse you—go!"

With a bitter earnestness words cannot express, the miser hissed out these words, and, drawing his wrapper more closely round his form, stalked sternly and hastily from the room.

His son sat for some minutes with his face in an agony of sorrow, buried in his hands. Then, heaving a deep sigh that sounded of despair, he staggered forth into the silent streets. Thus they parted, and the last words they were destined to interchange were words of bitterness and strife. O, evil hour! O, terrible truth! truth he could not evade. Of all his accusers, conscience was the worst! Brought up by his father, even then stern and inflexible, he became acquainted with a set of "choice spirits," that haunted the corner of the streets, scribbled profane language upon the walls, and shouted it to the passers-by; spirits who lived in a perpetual atmosphere of smoke, and did their little best to appear like spirits from below. All this was in secret. Thus hypocrisy was added to guilt. At length his excesses ran him into debt, and his creditors attacked his father, who, furious at his son's delinquencies, forbade him to see him more. He was then forced to seek a precarious subsistence in a neighboring town. There he married, and brought upon himself increased burdens. But toil and penury did the work of time; premature age crept upon him. Bereft of home, hope, and family, he threw himself upon a mercy that never existed, upon an affection that never was. It had ended in this!

And now we return to the miser. What words can paint the struggle within his breast! A last faint spark of natural feeling strove with the mist of selfishness. The hope of having one to care for him amongst the thousands that cursed his name, tempted him to forgive. The hate he had cherished for so long, strove furiously.

Suddenly were heard along the passage steps, and voices, "Who lives in this dismal house?" said one. "The miser," said another: and they passed away. A black scowl gathered over his face, a sneer curled his lip, his better feelings were blotted out forever in the storm of hate these words called up. He "had taken to himself seven other devils worse than the first."

Whilst thus he sat full of evil thoughts, the town's people, excited by want and ill-advice, were in open riot, and their hoarse cries went up to heaven, mingled with the smoke of the buildings they had fired. In their midst, a man of middle age was the most eager in urging them on. Some said he was a government spy, some a starving weaver, and others a fiend in human shape, so impervious to danger did he seem. Few could have recognized in his matted locks and smoke-stained lineaments the miser's son, who seemed to seek a refuge from his misery in extraordinary exertions.

A great flame shooting high into the air, and from its commanding position illuminating the country round about, told that the work was attacked. The miser started at the glare, hastened out, and beheld the devouring element as it swiftly darted up the red pile, and crowned it with a brief but dreadful glory. The fitful flashing of the fire gave a terror to the scene, which the uproar of the mob increased.

Hark, high above the din! "To the miser's!" "To the miser's!" Barnett stood transfixed; he had known that there was much misery in the town, and that the people were almost desperate, but *this* he had never counted on. He had watched the misfortunes of others with indifference and even joy, for the scene chimed in with the tumult of his own soul; but *now*, when the blow was about to fall upon his own head, when his darling riches, for which he had sinned for so many years, which had become his friend, wife, child, his other self, his God!—when *these* were threatened by the lawless mob, his frenzy was fearful to see. He swore with an awful energy, and tore his wiry locks in handfuls from his head.

Yes, he would save them! Better to lose his life than them. At this thought his courage returned. With swiftness of despair he threaded the narrow alleys of the town; diving through entries and passages whose intricacies were known to few, he reached his residence before the mob. Quickly he had the shutters closed and the doors barred, and opening a secret trap that concealed a deep well, he let himself and his treasure down to the place of safety.

On came the rolling crowd, the leader now striving with furious gestures to divert them from their purpose, but the passions he had aroused were not so easily allayed, and his endeavors were in vain.

On they came with exulting shouts, and thundered at the door. Long they battered ineffectually, till at length a ruffian, more provident than the rest, obtained an axe and cleft the door posts down. The obstacles removed, the crowd poured in and ran from room to room. Desks robbed of their contents, broken furniture piled on the floors, and curtains torn from their rings, attested their fury.

"Fire! save yourselves!" A rush took place; seven people on that awful night were trampled to death, and many more bore to their dying day the traces of their crimes.

With savage cries they watched the climbing flames, and marked the thick folds of smoke roll suddenly from the roof, which fell with a tremendous crash. At that moment a prolonged shriek of agony rose from the tumult, which sent the blood curdling through their veins. A troop of soldiers completed their dismay, and the morning sun beheld the smouldering ruins and thick pool of blood, in evidence of the affray.

Workmen were busy clearing away the ruins of the miser's house, and yet no vestige of humanity was found. At length they came to a blackened corpse, whose hand still grasped the ring of a trap door, on lifting which the body of the miser was found. A stream of molten lead had trickled from the roof, and in the place he had esteemed most secure, had inflicted a cruel though speedy death!

They laid them side by side. Thus father and son, who had journeyed by such different ways, met in one grave at last.

The one had suffered his passions to gain the mastery, and had neglected the opportunities knowledge placed within his reach. He had joined the mob, as we have seen, and it was supposed that going to the well-remembered hiding place to save his father, he had been crushed by a falling beam. His heart, hard and defiant before, had been softened by his father's threatened fate. Happy he, that death found him in a mood like that!

The other, through an unholy greed, had passed his life in solitude, hated by all, respected by none. The very rabble looked down upon him with contempt and abhorrence. He had used the intellect God had given him to unworthy ends, and to an unworthy end it had brought him. His wealth went to the "general coffers of the state," and his name was handed down to posterity as "*Barnett, the Miser.*"—*Manchester S. S. Magazine.*

FARMER'S CLUBS.

The evenings are now getting longer, and the farmer having finished up his husking, finds leisure to improve his mind and his social abilities, by reading and visiting among his neighbors. Through the spring and summer, and the early part of the fall, the days are long, and the exertion of laboring from sunrise till dark, unfits him in a measure, for the enjoyment of social visits, or conversation, but now his labor is light, and he finds many opportunities to sit down and take up a paper or a book, without the thought before him that he is idle, when his crops are suffering from his neglect.

This is particularly the case in the long evenings at this season of the year, and we hope that they will be improved by our farmers, interchanging ideas and thoughts upon the systems of raising crops, the best crops to be raised, and the best time and depth for plowing, and all the various questions arising as to the details of farming, upon which there always have been two or more sides, with parties to contend for each.

Every farmer wishes to carry on his farm in a way that will, for the labor bestowed by him, pay him the best wages. In order to attain this end, it is necessary for him to gain all the knowledge he can, in regard to the business in which he is engaged. This can properly be done better by establishing town farmers' clubs, than in any other way. Let some of the best and most enterprising farmers in each town start the subject, call a meeting, at which there will be a greater or a smaller attendance, as there is more or less interest felt in the subject, let them adopt a short and simple code of by-laws, and agree to meet once a week, for the discussion of practical questions, relating to agricultural subjects, at a central place, and we think, that while the members would be benefited by such a course, the whole town would gradually acquire an interest in the subject, that would be seen in the better management of the farms.

A farmer to succeed in his business, wants not only all the information he can acquire, individually, from his own trials and experiments, but also all the knowledge to be obtained from the experiments and acquired knowledge of others, and this he cannot gain if he remains at home. He must go out among his brother farmers, be willing and desirous to impart and receive all he knows or can learn, and this can be done more easily by establishing farmers' clubs, than in any other way.—*Granite Farmer.*

All noble enthusiasms pass through a feverish stage, and grow wiser and more serene.

We fancy that we hate flattery, when all that we hate is the awkwardness of the flatterer.

TREES AND FLOWERS.

We feel the irremediable destruction of flowers more than we do the stripping of trees and shrubs, because these appeal more than they to our protection and to our fondness.

We look up to trees as superiors, in whom reside guardianship and protection. They teach us patience, endurance, and unwearied hope. We see them beaten bare by autumn storms, and perfectly content to stand bare. The moment the winter relents, they spring forth again, and all the summer long you hear them singing, but never do you hear a tree rehearse its wrongs. It forgets the past. It lives outwardly so long as it can, and then retreats within itself, patient to wait for better times. And we feel also, in the case of trees, something of the veneration which antiquity always inspires. They are old chronologers. They are older than the oldest living men. That old oak was an old oak when that crippled old man yonder was a little boy, and it was an old tree in the days of his fathers. These faces that grimly hang upon our walls—the portraits of shadowy ancestors that long since have ceased to make a noise in the world—these very old faces, in generations gone by, used to look up into these fresh and hearty trees that carry themselves so youthfully, and marvel how high they wave, and wonder that little birds were not afraid of falling down off from their perilously high branches. The annual changes of trees are therefore devoid of the sense of death. Leaves die. We pity them. But trees do not die. They undress. They sleep in naked majesty. What time they will, when the south wind blows its horn among the hills, they rouse themselves and put on again their robes, and go forth as at other times.

It is not so with flowers. They are like little infant children. They look up to *us* for protection. They have no life that lasts. When they are stricken they make no resistance. They utterly die. And it is a real pain that we do not choose to encounter, to go out after the final frost stroke, and see all the plants which we have nursed and fondled, not gone, but lying there in colors so disgraceful to their former beauty. All these fine-edged leaves, these delicate lineations, these exquisite hues and shades of color, these matchless forms and symmetries, whatever is superlative in fineness, delicacy, variety, profusion, gorgeous richness, now lying a heap of undistinguishable decay and loathsomeness. The dank smell of decomposing vegetation drives you from your garden as from a graveyard. The brilliant generous verbenas, the pensile and graceful fuschias, the geraniums, the maurandyas, the ageratum, and the other scores which blossom all the summer long, from which you had gathered hundreds of bunches of flowers, to cheer your parlor, to inspire your pen while writing, to furnish you silent, loving company as you walked about among frigid men or barren things, they have here all gone to corruption before your eyes.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

An old Soaker's last Spree.

A correspondent of the Troy *Daily Times*, writing from Berkshire, Mass., and remarking upon the great change which had taken place in that region, in consequence of the suppression of the rum traffic, tells the following good story of an old soaker who has since reformed, and is now a regular total abstinence man. It is given in the old fellow's own words as follows:

"I once got a little change together, and started off on a regular bender. I bought a small keg with a bung-hole in the middle of it, so that it would be handy to drink from, had it filled with rum. After taking a few good swigs, I hid it in a cooper's shop under some shavings, and started for town. Falling in with some acquaintances, we all got gloriously drunk, and the spare change of the party was soon all gone. Fuddled as we all were, we started for the cooper shop. Arriving there after having traveled over much surplus ground, I got hold of what I supposed to be the keg of rum, but the bung wouldn't come out. Each of us chewed and tugged at it, but all in vain. We separated in despair. I carried it home for a sober trial; and what do you think it was? Why, it was the head of an old wooden beetle, with just enough of the handle left to stick in its place. My rum keg was still in the shavings, and there I let it stay. This was my last spree."

Bachelors are not entirely lost to the refinements of sentiment, as will be seen by the following toast offered by one of the much abused fraternity, at a celebration: LADIES—Sweet briers in the garden of life.