

At dinner that day the conversation turned upon the whisker affair. It seemed the whole town had got wind of it, and Jenks could not walk the streets without the remark being continually made by the boys:—"There goes the man with old Sol's whiskers!" And they had grown to an immense size, for he dared not trim them. In short, I became convinced that Jenks was waiting very impatiently for me to assert my rights in the property. It happened that several of the party were sitting opposite me at dinner who were present when the singular bargain was made, and they all urged me to take the whiskers that very day, and thus compel Jenks to go to the ball whiskerless, or stay at home. I agreed with them it was about time to reap my crop, and promised that if they would all meet me at the broker's shop where the purchase had been made, I would make a call on Jenks that evening, after he had dressed for the ball. All promised to be present at the proposed shaving operation in the broker's office, and I sent for Jenks and the barber. On the appearance of Jenks, it was evident he was much vexed at the sudden call upon him; and his vexation was certainly not lessened when he saw that the broker's office was filled to overflowing by spectators anxious to behold the barbarous proceeding.

"Come, be in a hurry," he said, as he took a seat, and leaned his head against the counter for support. "I can't stay here long; several ladies are waiting for me to escort them to the ball."

"True, very true—you are one of the managers—I recollect. Mr. Barber don't detain the gentleman—go to work at once."

The lathering was soon over and with about three strokes of the razor, one side of his face was deprived of its ornament.

"Come, come," said Jenks, "push ahead—there is no time to be lost—let the gentleman have his whiskers—he is impatient."

"Not at all," I replied coolly. "I'm in no sort of a hurry, myself, and now as I think of it, as your time must be precious at this particular time, several ladies being in waiting for you to escort them to the ball, I believe I'll not take the other whisker to night."

A loud laugh from the bystanders and a glance at the mirror caused Jenks to open his eyes to the ludicrous appearance he cut with his single whisker, and he began to insist on me taking the whole of my property! But all wouldn't do. I had a right to take it when I chose—I was not obliged to take all at once! and I chose to take but half at that particular period—indeed I intimated to him very plainly that I was not going to be a very hard creditor; and that if he "behaved himself," perhaps I should never call for the balance of what he owed me!

When Jenks became convinced that I was determined not to take the remaining whisker, he began, amid the loudly expressed mirth of the crowd to propose terms of compromise offering me ten dollars, then twenty, thirty, forty—fifty, to take off the remaining whisker. I said firmly, "My dear Sir, there is no use talking; I insist on your wearing that whisker for me a month or two." "What will you take for the whiskers?" he at length asked. "Won't you sell them back to me?" Ah replied I, "now you begin to talk as a business man should. Yes, I bought them on speculation. I'll sell them if I can obtain a good price." "What is your price?" One hundred dollars—must double my money. Not a farthing less, and I'm not anxious to sell even at that price. "We'll take them," he groaned, "there's your money; and here barber shave off this infernal whisker in less than no time—I shall be late at the ball. The barber accomplished his work and poor Jenks was whiskerless! Jenks went to the ball, but before the night was over he wished he hadn't."

"WHAT ABOUT THOSE ONIONS"

While our last General Conference was in session at Pittsburgh, the Temperance Societies in that city held frequent meetings, and several members of the Conference addressed the meetings. One of the delegates, from "down East," related an instance, in substance as follows:

A merchant in a small village sold rum, and had, of course, a large number of customers, who became poor

in consequence of his ruinous traffic. The wife of one of those men had waited on the rum-seller to entreat him to sell her husband no more of his deadly drink.—She was coldly received, and obtained no assurance of favor. It was in vain that she told him what her husband once was, and what he would be again, but for his traffic, which had already reduced them to abject poverty. In vain she drew the truthful picture of poverty, want and sorrow! No sympathy was inspired in the heart of the rum-seller.

As time rolled on, the inebriate husband went still downward in his course, and had not only sold for rum everything which he could exchange for the fiery beverage, but had run up a bill of a few dollars for the article as the store of this merchant; for, though nearly all the labor he performed was for this man, and all for rum, he was so far destroyed in his physical as well as mental and moral powers, as to be able to work but little, besides rendering his home a place of sorrow and woe.

The afflicted wife struggled as well as she was able to provide for her little children, herself and her ruined husband. A small plot of ground, which composed the yard of their poor, reared cottage, was put in order by the wife and her little boys and sown with onions.—These were tended and weeded with much care, and gave early and unmistakable signs of yielding a fine return. Oh, what delightful anticipations did the children look upon the work of their hands—upon all which they could call their own! And, as some dollars' worth were likely to be realized, the mother told them of many little comforts which might be procured for the coming winter by the sale of their little harvest. No wonder they looked eagerly for the time of gathering their all—their only wealth!

At last the time arrived, and the little hands which reared, were now busy in securing the cultivated treasures. But little did they know the grief and disappointment which awaited them. On the very day on which they hoped to gather the harvest, they were to be robbed of the fruit of their toil. The rum-seller had long had his eye upon that only fruitful spot upon which the desolate premises of the victim of his cupidity; and as soon as the onions were out of the ground the officer of the law was there to seize them, at the bidding of the merchant, on his demand against the poor husband and father of the producers! Such an affliction was great and overwhelming to those poor ones as would be the burning of the store of a wealthy merchant, with all its contents, or the sinking of a ship in which his all was ventured! It was *their* all! and though that was little, it was much to them! Despite not the trials which come upon the poor, nor the tears which they have shed over their little, GREAT losses! The deed of the oppressor was told in every part of the village, and in an hour a hundred hearts beat high with indignation! The injured and robbed ones shared in the sympathy of the good people, and the sympathy took on substantial forms.

But the rum-seller—what was done to him? Verily, he had his reward! Did the strong men of the place hang him on the nearest tree? No. Did they give him "a hundred lashes on his bare back, well laid on?" Nothing of the kind. Well, what did they do? Now, be patient, and I will tell you all about it. They left him to the ladies; and to wo the poor wight against whom they combine! A large number met in an "indignation meeting," and had their plan of vengeance. Its details can best be seen in its execution. Next morning, one of the ladies called at the store, for the purpose of examining several articles in the dry goods line. After looking and having the counter well loaded by the obliging trader, she said, "How is it about those onions?" and firmly told the abashed merchant she should trade no longer with *such a man*!

Scarcely had he time to return his goods to the shelves before another lady entered and going through a similar process, looked him in the face with an expression of contempt saying "What about those onions?" and left with the assurance that he could not have her trade!

Such were the calls with which the trader was favored, in quick succession, to the number of a dozen or more each in turn asking, "What about those onions?" and pouring upon his miserable head their burning invectives, worse than coils of fire; closing with the declaration that they should trade no more with him.

As the proceedings of the ladies became known the indignation appeared to become contagious; and even

the little boys, as they passed the store, would shout, "How is it about those onions?"

Such, reader, was the vengeance which was meted out to that miserable sinner. And what do you think was its end? Why, it would have been easy to foretell that "What could a man like him do? Not a man would brave the displeasure of the ladies by trading with him. He could not show his head without bringing it in contact with onions—figuratively; and his quiet as well as his occupation was gone.

Having an opportunity to sell out to a better man, he embraced it, and went to a land which was very far off; it is hoped to reform his conduct and establish a good reputation. It is, however, doubted whether he ever relished onions. "fried, roasted, boiled, or raw."

I will not be sure, but my impression is, that after the tempter fled, the poor inebriate was restored to his former sobriety; and his wife and children were again happy in his love, and the peace and plenty which blessed them with their presence. See what the ladies can do! We read that "the wraith of a king is terrible," but it is nothing, when compared to that of a dozen virtuous females brought to its focus upon the head of such a man! Let all the good women of our land take a stand against rum-selling, and it shall flee away like the onion-man!—*Christian Advocate and Journal*

KOSSUTH AND NON-INTERVENTION.—The substance of the following statement appears in the New York papers. It is evidently with the sanction, if not by request of Kossuth himself. It may be regarded as a correct representation of the exact grounds upon which he stands with reference to Non-Intervention:

The impression having gone out through some of the public journals, that the purpose of Gov. Kossuth aims at a forcible intervention in foreign affairs, we take leave to say, on authority, that such is not the fact. He asks simply that England and America shall unite in affirming the policy that "every nation shall have the right to make and alter its political institutions to suit its own condition and convenience," and that the nations (England and America) shall not only respect, but cause to be respected, this doctrine, so as to prevent Russia from again marching into Hungary. He holds that there is a wide difference between an attitude, powerful enough to prevent interference, and going to war to repulse an intervention already commenced. Gov. Kossuth has not intended to suggest that America should copy the example of France during our Revolution, according to the letter, but according to the spirit. The circumstances are widely different, and all that can be hoped is that a great and free country like this should act in behalf of Freedom according to the time and the circumstances in which it is placed.—*N. Y. Times*.

Movements of Kossuth.

New York, December, 15, 1851.

Monsieur and Madame Kossuth, dined with the Mayor yesterday. The dinner to Kossuth by the New York press comes off this evening at the Astor House. The Rev. H. W. Beecher announced last evening that Kossuth would speak in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on Thursday evening, when \$5 admission fee would be charged. It is expected to add from 10 to \$12,000 to the Hungarian fund.

The Spanish papers mention that a fight among the captives in the city prison of Madrid, a few days since ended in the death and mutilation of a celebrated burglar, who was stabbed by a brother of his craft.

§ The Morris, Ill., Yeoman states, that not long since while some men were digging in a coal bank, near the canal, they exhumed the body of a man in a state of petrification. From the corduroy cloth in which the legs were encased, the cords and seams of which are perfectly defined, it is supposed to be the body of one of the Irish laborers, engaged in the construction of the canal. The limbs are nearly perfect, and are comparatively transformed into stone.

The tide of emigration, which had slackened for a time, is again renewed as strongly as ever. Thousands are hurrying daily to the ports of shipment.

A Dundee paper states that subscriptions are being taken up in that town with a view to the formation of a company for the establishing of steam communication with Canada.