

The Weekly Journal.

Volume 2.

CHICOPEE, Mass., SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1854.

Number 7.

Poetry.

REFLECTIONS

Upon receiving a copy of my first poem, published in the newspaper.

Ah! here it is! I'm famous now—
An author and a poet!
It really is in print! Ye gods!
How proud I'll be to show it!
And gentle Anna! What a thrill
Will animate her breast,
To read these ardent lines, and know
To whom they are addressed.

Why, bless my soul!—here's something strange
What can the paper mean,
By talking of the "graceful brooks"
That gander o'er the green?
And here's instead of r,
Which makes it "tripping rill";
"We'll seek the shade," instead of "shade,"
And "hell," instead of "hill."

"They look so,—what! I recollect,
"Twas 'sweet' and then 'twas 'kind';
And now to think, the stupid fool
For 'bland' has printed 'blind.'
Was ever such provoking work—
"Tis curious, by the by—
How anything is rendered blind
By giving it an eye.

"Hast thou no tears," the 's' left out,
"Hast thou no ears," instead;
"I hope that thou art dead," is put
"I hope that thou art dead."
Who ever saw in such a space
So many blunders crammed!
"Those gentle eyes bedimmed," is spelt
"Those gentle eyes bedimmed."

"The color of the rose" is "nose,"
"Affection" is "affliction";
I wonder if the likeness holds
In fact as well as in fiction?
"Thou art a friend," the 'r' is gone;
Who ever would have deemed
That such a trifling thing could change
A "friend" into a "fend"?

"Thou art the same" is rendered "lame";
It really is too bad;
And here, because an 'i' is out,
My "lovely maid" is "mad";
They drove her blind by poking in
An eye—a process new;
And now they've gouged it out again,
And made her crazy, too.

"Where a 'e' the missis fled, that thou
Shouldst live so long unwept."
This reads my version—here it is—
"Shouldst live so long unwept."
And a commences fate;
How small a circumstance will turn
A woman's love to hate!

"I'll read no more! What shall I do!
I'll never dare to send it!
The paper's scattered far and wide,
'Tis now too late to mend it.
O fame! thou cheat of human bliss!
Why did I ever write!
I wish my pen had been burnt
Before it saw the light.

Let's stop and recapitulate:
I've damned her eyes, that's plain—
I've told her she is a fanatic,
And blind, and deaf, and lame,
Was ever such a horrid hash
In poetry or prose?
I've said she was a fiend, and praised
The color of her nose.

I wish I had that editor
About half a minute;
I'd bang him to his heart's content,
And with an 'h' begin it.
I'd jam his body, eyes and bones,
And spell it with an 'd,'
And send him to that hill of his—
He spells it with an 'c.'

Select Tales.

GODFATHER VIVIAN.

BY MEETA.

It was early in a July afternoon, when the carriage set me down at Peekwood, whither I had gone to spend the holidays. I walked quickly up the old lane of roses and sweetbriar, thinking all the way of Jenny and Robert, and of the delightful days we should pass together. It was such a long time since we had parted last year, at least, it seemed so. I was somewhat disappointed when, instead of Jenny's pretty, laughing face appearing at the door, I beheld the two prim forms of her step-aunts.

Miss Lucretia and Miss Penelope welcomed me, but not cordially—that they never did.

"Where's Jenny?" said I giving a half pressure, to the cold fingers which received me.

"Jenny is with Robert, at present," replied Miss Lucretia, stiffly.

"And Robert is in disgrace," subjoined Miss Penelope, austere.

A cloud, dark and lowering, overshadowed the promised sunshine of the delightful holidays. I stood irresolute—half wishing, half fearing to ask if I might go to them. Miss Lucretia anticipated me.

"You will find your companions in the south room. I will send up your trunk, immediately."

I scarcely waited to hear the second announcement. I was already at the foot of the stairs. Up I flew, two steps at a time, all red and dusty, and full of love. I found them together in the south room. Robert, sitting silently by the window, and Jenny, upon her knees beside him. Oh! what a glad shout he gave when he saw me, and how Jenny cried and laughed alternately. For a time, disgrace was forgotten, and it seemed just as if old times on the sea-beach had returned again. But gradually the settled sorrow stole back over Robert's face.

"What is it all about?" asked I, as we three sat together; and they told me from beginning to end. In a moment of great temptation, Robert had taken that which was not his own. He had stolen—he was a thief! Never shall I forget the world of anguish that passed over his countenance as he said these words—such a bitter, regretful anguish.

"And have you told all the circumstances to your aunts?" I again inquired.

"No," replied Robert, proudly, "they would neither understand or believe me, if I did."

"Perhaps they might forgive you."

"Never! They have sent up, this morning, for godfather Vivian. I don't know what will be done with me."

I had heard of godfather Vivian before, but none of us three had ever seen him. He had lived abroad until during the last year, and, though he had sometimes made short visits to Peekwood, it always happened that he came when Jenny and Robert were absent from home. This announcement of his coming silenced us momentarily.

"I know," said Robert, mournfully, after a pause, "I know that he is hard-hearted and unfeeling, or else they never would have sent for him. I expect to have no mercy shown me."

"I am afraid you're right, Robert," said I, sadly, and with tears in my eyes.

"I can foresee everything," exclaimed Jenny, passionately, while she held her brother's hand. "I can see him before me just as if I had known him all my life. Tall, grim, hard, unfeeling, stern, implacable and unforgiving. That's godfather Vivian."

It was a faithful picture to us, and we took it home. We decided that he was a very ogre, and that Robert was to prepare for the worst and most speedy of punishment.

Two hours passed away. We sat sorrowful and without hope. Suddenly, Jenny, who had been watching the window intently, sprang back, clasping her hands, and crying out—

"He's coming! he's coming! The carriage is just coming up the avenue. Oh! Robert, Robert!"

She threw herself upon the floor, and hid her face upon Robert's knee.

He sank back in his chair, his brave, handsome face looking white and ghastly, with the black curls clinging around it. I gained the window, and looked hastily out. A plain, brown, traveling carriage was winding slowly up to the portico. Yes; godfather Vivian had come. Poor Robert! it was all over with him.

Minutes passed away—they seemed hours to us—and then there was a noise at our chamber door. It opened, and admitted the two step-aunts—Miss Lucretia and Miss Penelope. They looked rigid, austere, and boding ill. They beckoned solemnly to Robert. He arose, and walked between them. There was no fear expressed in his face, but he looked worn and wretched. Jenny and I followed; and thus, in awful state, we proceeded to the tribunal.

The door of the old library stood open, as if awaiting our entrance. As we passed in, Robert's head sank lower upon his breast, while Jenny and I walked with downcast eyes. We felt that we were in the dreaded presence, and we did not wish to behold it.

There was a breathless pause. Then a round, mellow, beautiful voice, full of sweetness, broke the silence.

"How's this? Robert, my boy, what's the matter?"

I thought that, all at once, a tide of blossoms, and fragrance, and sunshine, had burst into the grim old library. Robert

lifted his head and downcast eyes. So did Jenny, and so did I. In the centre of the apartment, on the old-fashioned hair lounge, sat godfather Vivian. No tall, grim, unfeeling guardian. No stern, implacable, unforgiving ogre. But a hale, healthy personage, in the prime of life, with a beautiful, benign countenance and tender, peaceful, blue eyes.

A single streak of sunlight, which was playing on the wall, glanced now and then across his greyish-brown hair and white, uncrinkled brow.

Robert stood before him, his hair tossed aside from his face, which now wore a reassured, grateful look. The step-aunts seated themselves, upright and gloomy, one on either side.

"Mr. Vivian," said Miss Lucretia, by way of preface, "a circumstance like this has never happened in my family. I consider my sister's memory disgraced by this unpardonable action which her stepson has committed."

"Mr. Vivian," concluded Miss Penelope, "a Marchmont never would have perpetrated an act so unworthy of his ancestors."

"Go on, Robert," said the mellow voice, mildly. "Tell me all—tell everything."

"Yes, yes, go on," repeated Miss Lucretia, with acrimony. "Be explicit, and don't lie."

Robert's face flushed, his dark eyes glanced passionately, and he bit his lips as if to suppress his just anger. Then he became subdued again and sorrowful.

"Godfather Vivian," he began, but broke down at these words. Then he rallied and went on, remorsefully, but bravely.

"For sometime past, in going to my place of employ, I have been in the habit of dropping in to visit a poor family, who live in that vicinity. The family consist of a drunken father, a mother, and a crippled child. While I had a little money to spare, besides what I invested, and what I spent in pastime, I gave it to the poor woman for the sake of her child."

"For a week past, the child has lain very ill—almost at the point of death. During her sufferings, her constant desire has been for fruit—for oranges, which delicacy her mother was unable to buy with her scanty means. Yesterday, while I stood at the bedside, her pleadings were heart-rending, and I almost cried because I could not give them to her. I had spent foolishly the little pocket money I had, and there was no more to be procured until the next month."

"All the way to my employer's I thought about it, and half the day it haunted me. In the afternoon I entered the counting-room for some articles. The apartment was empty; no one was near, and upon the desk lay a few bright silver pieces. Temptation was before me. I thought of the sick-bed of the little child, with its parched lips and piteous cry. I forgot what I had come for, and yet lingered in the room. If I took the money I could not easily replace it again. Only one month, and then I would replace it all, perhaps more than I took. Then something whispered to me, 'Oh! Robert, don't steal,' and I started at my own thoughts. I tried to say my prayers, but I had forgotten them. I glanced involuntarily at the money, and said 'Our Father,' but it wouldn't do."

Here Robert broke down again, and covered his face with his hands. Some-body sobbed. It wasn't Robert, nor Miss Lucretia, nor her sister. It wasn't Jenny, either, although she was weeping silently. It was godfather Vivian. His face was covered with his white handkerchief, and his breast heaved with emotion.

Robert continued, shading his eyes with his hand.

"I left the counting-room not as I had entered it a few moments before. There was a great weight on my heart, and I felt no longer fearless and honest, but trembled at a sound, I hurried away from thought, and the place of my temptation. I bought the oranges, and carried them to the sick bedside. The mother gave me a blessing, but it sounded more like a curse. I never, never could be upright and honest again, I was so sunk in my own esteem. Oh! sir, I have suffered just here," placing his hands upon his breast, "more than words can tell. It

seems as I had passed through years of punishment and horror. The money had been replaced by my aunts, and Heaven knows my torture has been severe."

Robert ceased speaking and stood with bowed head, the perfect picture of youthful despair. He asked for no clemency, and he need not have asked for it.

Godfather Vivian removed the handkerchief from his face.

"Mr. Vivian," said Miss Lucretia, leaning forward, "he deserves all and everything. Let him not escape."

"Mr. Vivian, be severe," said Miss Penelope, eyeing him closely.

Godfather Vivian arose from his seat calmly, and with mild dignity. He spoke clearly and distinctly—

"Judged not lest ye be judged also."

The step-aunts exchanged glances. He continued. He spoke eloquently and long. He made an appeal to the stony hearts before him, and they melted at his touch. He asked them if for one offence he should crush for ever the hopes and spring-time of youth. If he should trample upon repentance, and toss lightly away a soul, noble and brave, but erring.

There was pathos in his tones—a great depth and tenderness. Oh! how great and good he looked, standing there, with love and pity and tears in his eyes! He finished his appeal—he turned—he held out his arms.

"Robert, my boy, cheer up! There's a long life before you. Be honest, be strong, be hopeful. Never despair, and never throw away life because of a single false step."

Miss Lucretia and Miss Penelope sat with downcast eyes, struggling to regain their ancient pride. I buried my head in the window-curtain, and cried heartily.

When I looked up, Robert was in godfather Vivian's arms, and sobbing upon his brave, broad breast. Jenny was there too, with her hands clasped about his neck, and her bright hair waving down around him.

And the tide of blossoms, and fragrance and sunshine, kept swelling and gliding into the grim library, keeping pace with the round, murmuring, mellow voice. Noble, generous, brave-hearted, godfather Vivian!

INEQUALITY OF CONDITION.

A very casual and imperfect survey, of society, in regard to the vast disparity of condition it presents, must satisfy any reflecting mind that there is some great and pervading error in our system. If the inequality of artificial condition bore any relation to those of nature if they were determined by the comparative degrees of men's wisdom and strength, or of their providence and frugality, there would be no cause to complain. But the direct contrary is, to a very great extent, the truth. Folly receives the homage which should belong only to wisdom; prodigality riots in the abundance which prudence has not been able to accumulate, with all his pains; and idleness enjoys the fruits which were planted and cultivated by industry. It is not necessary to state these facts in figurative language, in order to render them worthy of serious and attentive consideration. Look through society, and tell us who and what are our most affluent men? Did they derive their vast estates from inheritance? There are scarcely a dozen wealthy families in this metropolis, whose property descended to them by bequest. Did they accumulate it by patient industry? There are few to whom an affirmative answer will apply. Was it the reward of superior wisdom? Alas, that is a quality which has not been asserted as a characteristic of our rich. Whence then have so many derived the princely fortunes, of which they display the evidences in their spacious and elegant dwellings, in their costly banquets, their glittering equipages, and all the luxurious appliances of wealth? The answer is plain. They owe them to special privileges, to that system of legislation which grants peculiar facilities to the opulent, and forbids the use of them to the poor; to that pernicious code of laws which considers the rights of property as an object of greater moment than the rights of man.

Cast yet another glance on society, in the aspects it presents when surveying those of opposite condition. What is the reason that such vast numbers of men groan and sweat under a weary life, spending their existence in incessant toil, and

yet accumulating nothing around them, to give them hope of respite, and a prospect of comfort in old age? Has nature been less prodigal to them, than to those who enjoy such superior fortune? Are their minds guided by less intelligence, or their bodies enervated by less vigor? Are their morals less pure, or their industry less assiduous? In all these respects they are at least the equals of those who are so far above them in prosperity. The disparity of condition, in a vast multitude of instances, may be traced directly to the errors of our legislation; to that wretched system, at war, with the fundamental maxim of our government, which, instead of regarding the equality of human rights, and leaving all to the full enjoyment of natural liberty in every respect not inconsistent with public order, bestows privileges on one, and denies them to another, and compels the many to pay tribute and homage to the few. Take a hundred plowmen promiscuously from their fields, and a hundred merchants from their desks, and what man, regarding the true dignity of his nature, could hesitate to give the award of superior excellence, in every main intellectual, physical and moral respect, to the band of hardy rustics, over that of the lank and sallow accountants, worn out with the sordid anxieties of traffic and the calculations of gain? Yet the merchants shall grow rich from participation in the unequal privileges which a false system of legislation has created, while the plowman, unprotected by the laws, and dependent wholly on himself, shall barely earn a frugal livelihood by continual toil.

In as far as inequality of human condition is the result of natural causes, it affords no just topic of complaint; but in as far as it is brought about by the intermeddling of legislation, among a people who proclaim, as the foundation maxim of all their political institutions, the equality of the rights of man, it furnishes a theme of merited reprehension. This is the case with us, to a very great extent, no man of candor and intelligence can look over our statute books and deny. We have not entitled ourselves to be excepted from the condemnation which Sir Thomas Moore pronounces on other governments. "They are a conspiracy of the rich, who, on pretense of managing the public, only pursue their private ends, and devise all the ways and arts they can find out, first, that they may, without danger, preserve all that they have so acquired, and then that they may engage the poor to toil and labor for them, at as low rates as possible, and oppress them as much as they please."

Wm. Leggett

GOD!

There is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountains, bless him—the insects sports in his beams—the elephant salutes him with the rising of day—the bird sings him in the foliage—the thunder proclaims him in the heavens—the ocean declares his immensity—man alone has said,—"There is no God."

Unite in thought, at the same instant, the most beautiful objects in nature; suppose that you see at once all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year; a morning of spring and morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds; meadows enlivened with flowers, forests hoary with snow; fields gilded by the tints of autumn; then alone you will have a conception of the universe. While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging under the vault of the west, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east. By what inconceivable magic does that aged star, which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shades of evening, reappear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning? At every instant of the day the glorious orb is at once rising—resplendent at noonday, and setting in the west; or rather our senses deceive us, and there is properly speaking, no east, or south, or west, in the world. Everything reduces itself to one single point, from whence the King of Day sends forth at once a tripple light in one single substance. The bright splendor is perhaps that which nature can best afford is most beautiful; for while it gives us an idea of the perpetual magnificence and resistless power of God, it exhibits, at the same time, a shining image of the glorious Trinity—Chateaubriand.

The Religion of the Aborigines.

Mr. Bancroft, in the third volume of his history, has the following beautiful account of the religion of the aborigines:

"They believed that some powerful genius had created the world; that unknown agencies made the heavens above them and the earth on which they dwelt. The god of the savage is what the metaphysicians endeavor to express by the word substance. The red man, unaccustomed to civilization, obtained no conception of an absolute substance of a self-existent being, but saw a divinity in every power: Wherever there was being, motion or action, there to him was a spirit, and in a special manner, wherever there appeared singular excellence among beasts or birds, or in the creation, there to him was the presence of a divinity. When he feels his pulse throbb or his heart beat, he knows that it is a spirit. A god resides in the flint, to give forth the kindling, cheering fire; in the mountain cliff; in the cool recesses of the grottoes which nature has adorned; in each little grass that springs miraculously from the earth. The woods, the wilds, and the waters, respond to savage intelligence; the stars and the mountains live; the rivers and the lake, and the waves, have a spirit. Every hidden agency, every mysterious influence, is personified. A god dwells in the sun, and the moon, and the firmament; the spirit of the morning reddens in the eastern sky; a deity is present in the ocean and in the fire; the crab that overhangs the river has its genius;—there is a spirit to the waterfall; a household god makes its abode in the Indian's wigwam, and consecrates his home; spirits climb upon the forehead, to weigh down the eyelids in sleep. Not the heavenly bodies alone, but the sky is filled with spirits that administer to man. To the savage, divinity, broken, as it were, into an indefinite number of fragments, fills all place and all being. The idea of unity in the creation may have existed contemporaneously; but it existed only in the germ, or as a vague belief, derived from the harmony of the universe. Yet faith in the Great Spirit, when once presented, was promptly seized and appropriated, and so infused itself into the heart of remotest tribes, that it came to be often considered as a portion of their original faith. The shadowy aspirations and creeds assumed, through the efforts of missionaries, a more complete development, and a religious system was elicited from the pregnant but rude materials."

CHARACTER.

Among the happiest and proudest possessions of a man is his character. Like most treasures that are attained less by circumstances than ourselves, character is a more felicitous reputation than glory. The wise man, therefore, despiseth not the opinion of the world; he estimates it at its full value; he does not rush, from vanity alone, against the received opinions of others; he does not hazard his costly jewel with unworthy combatants, and for a petty stake. What is the essence and life of character? Principle, integrity, independence, or, as one ancient writer has it, "that inbred loyalty unto virtue which can serve her without a livery." These are qualities which hang not upon a man's breath. They must be formed within ourselves—indissoluble and indestructible as the soul.—Exchange paper.

SIX MONTHS MORTALITY IN BOSTON.—For the six months ending June 30, 1854, there have been 2206 deaths in Boston. Last year, during the same period there were 1945. Increase this year, 261. A portion of this increase is attributable to the increase of population. There has also been an increase in the number of deaths by consumption and small pox. At the present time the city, considering the season of the year, is remarkably healthy.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The ladies of New Worcester, according to the Spy, have informed the owner of a hotel in that village, that unless there is a speedy reformation in the character of his tenants, the most serious consequences will ensue. The hotel is at present unoccupied, and whoever aspires to be its landlord, had better obtain a certificate of good character, or be prepared for vigorous measures.

A post office has been established at Indian Orchard, and Elisha A. Fuller, Esq., is appointed postmaster.

The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1854

S. M. PETERS & Co., are the Agents for the Journal, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for us at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments. Their offices are at 127 Nassau street, New York, and 10 State Street, Boston.

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

FAREWELL.

Usually a hard word to speak is this same farewell, dear reader; but to us on the present occasion, we must say it is a word whose sound has a joyous ring. Not that we have failed to enjoy your company, to be grateful for your smiles, and unmindful of your frowns; but because we are about to be relieved of burdens of which the reader knows little, and of course cares little. Our experience in the life editorial has been brief, but sufficiently long to convince us that with its superior joys, it has also corresponding griefs. We have few words to offer in retiring, beyond an appeal to our patrons in behalf of those who are to succeed us.

The paper has been purchased, and will be published by Mr. DAVID B. POTTS, a man long employed in the office, and favorably known to its patrons. The editorial charge of the paper has been placed in the hands of Mr. JAMES C. PRATT, under whose care and management it has been issued for the last few weeks. Mr. Pratt needs no word from us, as he steps for the first time upon the editorial platform, for he is far more able to speak for himself than we are in his behalf; still we can not do less than to invite your co-operation with him in his endeavors to furnish you a good local paper; you can not be aware how essential it is for an editor to receive assurances that his writings are read, and how gratifying and strengthening it is to know that they are read approvingly.

And now, a parting word to the good people of Chicopee respecting their duties towards their local paper. We have not felt a disposition to invite patronage, so long as the paper was in our own hands; indeed, we could not do it; but now, we need not feel fastidious, but speak with all frankness, and say that it is a duty which you owe to your local paper to give it a generous support. Have some native pride about it; and if you think you are paying too much for papers, cut off your city list, and continue or begin your home subscription. A newspaper office is one of the institutions of a town, which, like the church and the school, should receive a universal support. And in the matter of advertising and "job printing," we think that the business men of a town owe it to their own office to give it all the work there is to do in the town, that can be done there. It is useless to multiply words, and we shall therefore close by thanking our friends for every kindness which we have experienced at their hands, and renewing asking a continuance of their favors in behalf of our successors. J. R. CHILDS.

OUR BOW.

Not having gone through a complete course of studies in the school of the graces, the readers of the Chicopee Journal need not be alarmed if our first editorial bow appear somewhat awkward; do not attribute it to any intentional buffoonery, but rather to the fact just mentioned.

The duties of an editor are not always of the most agreeable kind. The fairest flowers do not greet him on his way, to cheer and enliven the everlasting tedium of the profession; just so much "copy" must be supplied every week—headache, rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, love matters, and the "devil" to look after, to the contrary notwithstanding. And then it is impossible to furnish editorials adapted to all tastes; if an article happens to be written in a spicy, careless style, some will accuse the author of lacking dignity; if it be of an opposite character, others will call it dull and stupid—and so on, to the end of the chapter.

In regard to politics, we wish to have it distinctly understood that our position is thoroughly anti-slavery. The time has come when the northern whigs, free soilers and anti-slavery democrats should forget the "ancient forms of party strife," and unite for the holy purpose of making freedom the paramount interest of the nation. It is a duty we owe to the sacred memory of our fathers, and also to those who may chance to follow in our footsteps, when life's drama is closed. By everything lovely and beautiful, Duty enjoins the freedom loving men of the north, of every political organization, to forget the dead past, discard all former prejudices, and unite to fight once more for that sacred boon which has caused the true heroes of the race, in every age, to pour out their precious blood like water. We shall labor, with all our might, to assist in effecting such a desirable consummation. If the anti-slavery men of the north shall see fit to be divided in

the coming election, our policy will be to stand one side, and take no part, except by voting, in the strife. It would be a sorrowful sight to witness two parties going into the field, standing upon precisely the same principles, and yet with different candidates, and especially at such a time as this—when the invader's column is at our very firesides, ready to destroy everything we prize most highly, not excepting even the "household gods."

We have wrapped the editorial mantle about us—perhaps to wear it, in this and other fields of labor, as long as life and health shall last—not expecting honors, graceful smiles, a full purse, or an entirely smooth path, and hoping never to forget that life was not intended for a cotillon or tournament. JAMES C. PRATT.

WATCHMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

We are in the midst of a political revolution. Old party tests and names are, thank heaven, going to the sleep that knows no waking; and we are now called upon, by every dictate of humanity, to embark on a new voyage—to discard the former leaky vessel, which should have been condemned years ago, and sail in the glorious ship Constitution, bound for the land of freedom. As for ourselves, we have fully determined to give heed to the call; others may, if they choose, linger behind, and still pay obeisance, on bended knee, to slavery—but they should remember that God is just.

In most of the free states, the aspect is cheering. In some, union has been effected; in others, there is a good prospect for it. But Massachusetts seems determined to play the part of a silly child in this crisis, and fritter away her influence in useless division. Most of the whig papers of the state seem disposed to adhere to the old party name and organization. This course seems to us unwise in the extreme. It is worse than useless to talk about union unless the parties forming it are disposed to meet each other half way. It is sheer nonsense to ask the free soilers to come over to the whigs, or the whigs to the free soilers. Neither of the two things can be brought about. There must be mutual concession and forbearance; the old party names should be discarded; there will be no trouble as to the platform. Union seems difficult, but it is one of the easiest things to accomplish, if people only choose to think so. Every one seems to desire such a consummation, with the exception of a few old hunker politicians, who have never been any benefit to the race; but only served as clogs to obstruct everything of a reformatory character.

Outside of Massachusetts, the look of things is cheering. Michigan has done gloriously; Vermont promises not to be behind; the people of Ohio are to have a state convention in a short time, and will probably regulate matters about right—New York has also set the ball in motion, and we confidently predict a "ten strike." In New Hampshire, heretofore considered as invincible, the slavery column is tottering over the volcanic fires beneath; and in fact, almost every free state is awakening from former stupidity, and preparing to enter the lists in support of those lofty principles which have caused martyrs to yield up everything at their shrine. But how is it in Massachusetts—the cradle in which the baby freedom was first rocked?—the home of Warren, Hancock and the "brace of Adams." Mutterings about by-gone coalitions are the only responses to appeals for a great freedom party. What is the use of lingering among the dead embers of the past? The angel of liberty is beckoning for us to follow in the glorious path that leads to political salvation and social development. We have been chasing shadows long enough. Slavery aggressions are already heaped as high as the Corinthian column, and is it not time to rise in patriotic indignation, and shake off "the old man of the sea"? It is for us to say whether our children and children's children shall point the finger of scorn at us, and spit upon our graves, or look upon the actions of to-day with fond admiration.

Freemen of Massachusetts! the fate of unborn millions is perhaps in your hands. Do then act wisely and with manly courage.

FIRE.

A large three story brick building, the property of George Ramwell, situated on the north side of the river at Chicopee Falls, and occupied by Irish families, was burned last Saturday night. The fire was occasioned by the carelessness of some girls in sitting a lighted candle upon a trunk and leaving the room; the candle burned down and set the trunk on fire, which communicated to the building.

THE WORCESTER CONVENTION

On the 20th should be largely attended. We hope there will be such a gathering as will cause the state to renew her vows in good earnest in support of freedom. Now is the time to act. The iron should be struck while hot.

THE POCUMTUCK HOTEL.

At Deerfield, is rapidly filling up with boarders, among whom are Hon Anson Burlingame, Hon Isaac Livermore and Commodore Downs, with families. We do not know of a more desirable spot in New England to spend the summer months.—The late lamented Col. Stone, editor of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, visited Old Deerfield a short time before his death, and in his communication to that paper, describing the journey, stated that the place was fully equal to beautiful Wyoming, which has been immortalized by Scotland's bard. And then Mr. Perry, the accomplished landlord, is every inch a man. The words we once saw applied to another, will not be out of place in this case: "He is one of God Almighty's own gentlemen; Nature made him with her sleeves rolled up!"

FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

Hon. A. D. Smith, justice of the supreme court of Wisconsin, has declared the fugitive slave act unconstitutional. The decision arose from the petition of Sherman M. Booth, one of the rescuers of the fugitive Glover, for a writ of habeas corpus, and to be discharged from imprisonment. The decision fills six columns in the Tribune, and must be convincing to every unprejudiced mind. It will be remembered that Chief Justice Hornblower, of New Jersey, rendered a like decision three years ago, and also Judge Hutchinson of Vermont.

MICHIGAN.

This state deserves to be placed in the saintish calendar. The whigs, free soilers and anti-slavery democrats have completely annihilated old party lines, and shaken hands over a common platform and the same candidates. The resolutions have the ring of the true metal, and the nominees are quite equally distributed among the allied forces. A like movement is on foot in New York. What is the reason Massachusetts will not prove herself equal to her early days, and do likewise?

The gardens of Henry Gates and E. P. Kimball have contributed most liberally to the gratification of an editorial appetite during the past week, we would join to our adieu a wish for the kindest of Heaven's blessings on the donors.

The following statement, which is founded on data afforded by Marshal Marmont, will show the relative expense to their respective countries of English, French, Prussian, Austrian, and Russian soldiers, viz:—120 English soldiers cost as much as 538 Russian; 120 French cost as much as 350 Russian; 120 Prussian cost as much as 240 Russian; 120 Austrian cost as much as 212 Russian.

We understand that Miss Jane Lither, of Philadelphia, aged 12 years, and weighing about 200 lbs., will hold one of her novel entertainments in Cabot Hall, next Wednesday afternoon and evening.

The emperor Napoleon has established a system in Paris, whereby the poor can receive gratuitous medical attendance at their own houses. To carry out this benevolent plan, 159 medical attendants have been employed, and are to receive for their services from 600 to 1,000 francs per annum.

This anecdote is not of the newest, and yet, since some are apt to overlook the ever present opportunities for little deeds of kindness and charity, in their desire to do great things in the way of philanthropy, it is worth "keeping before the people."

"I see in this world (says Jeremy Taylor) two heads—one of human happiness, and the other of human misery. Now, if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap, or add to the other I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child drop a halpenny and if by giving it to another I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something. I should be glad, indeed, to do greater things; but I will not neglect this."

Another Infernal Machine.

Mr. Hilderman, a house painter in West Chester, Pa., on Thursday, 6th instant, found in an alley near his residence, in that borough, a small pine box, six inches long, four feet wide, and two feet deep. The lid was a sliding one, with a notch in it, and Mr. H. attempted to open it, but found the lid, from some cause, fast. A thought of the Cincinnati tragedy fortunately crossed his mind, so he procured a hammer, and drove one end in, when the box was found to be partly filled with gunpowder, and the rest with powder sand. On the under side of the lid, a piece of sand-paper was let into the wood. Friction matches, six in number, were firmly fixed in a piece of wood running across the box, in front of which a quill was arranged and passed down through the sand to the powder, the quill also being filled with powder. When the lid should be drawn, the sand-paper would come in contact with the matches, the fire, from which would certainly ignite the powder in the quill. The cause of the lid not drawing was produced by a portion of the glue running down one end of the box, and fastening it—otherwise the explosion would have taken place. "No clue to the scoundrel who devised this horrible engine has yet been obtained.—Tribune.

For the Chicopee Journal.

GRACE CHURCH.

Mr. Editor:—Last Sunday afternoon, I attended divine service at Grace Church, (Episcopal,) in this village, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. E. Jessop, who is laboring hard for the welfare of said church, and the congregation of his parish; and we trust that he will reap a rich harvest, and be the means of bringing many into the fold of Christ, who shall be of the redeemed of the house of Israel. The text was the words of Solomon, taken from the book of Proverbs:—"Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

I will merely say that the Rev. gentleman stated the duty of parents towards bringing up their children "in the way they should go," whilst they were young, and not to let them have their headstrong will, but by kind and affectionate treatment, and good counsel, to awaken in them such a dread of doing wrong, that by the time they had arrived at a certain age, such good seed would be sown, that they would refrain from all manner of evil, and not only be a comfort to their parents in their declining years, but an honor to themselves and the world. I can not describe nor paint it in the glowing colors that the Rev. gentleman did. How much parents are to blame in indulging their children, whilst under parental care, in having their own way, and finally as to the consequences that must inevitably attend such a course. I can only (and that in sincerity of heart) say that all parents who have their children's welfare and happiness at heart (and what parent is there who does not love his children and desire to see them happy?) could have heard this discourse, and taken counsel to themselves, if they had never thought of it seriously before—to "bring up their child (or children) in the way they should go, and when they are old they will not depart from it."

And if I may be permitted to suggest the idea, would it not be well for a discourse to be occasionally delivered by clergymen of different denominations to parents, on this subject. For when we look around us, and see so many promising youths forgetting the fifth commandment, to "honor their father and mother, that their days may be long in the land which the Lord their God giveth them," and going down the broad road that leads to ruin, and that only on account of the many indulgences they have received at their parents hands, when young.

Is it not of the utmost consequence for the love we bear our offspring that parents should be awakened and aroused from their lethargy?

With your permission, Mr. Editor, you shall here from me again, if you will grant a little space occasionally in your columns.

[REMARKS:—We shall be happy to hear from our correspondent "B." at any time. The subject he has spoken of is one of the utmost importance. Children should be thoroughly instructed in those lofty principles of right which make true men and women, and cause the drinkers-in to have higher conceptions of the beautiful. The future destinies of the republic depend on the training of its sons and daughters.—They should be taught to abhor individual sins, and also those of a national character.—Ed.]

A New Orleans paper asserts that during the last year there was expended something near \$30,000,000 for intoxicating drinks in that state; two-thirds of this was expended in New Orleans alone.—There were made about 16,000 arrests, directly and indirectly, for drunkenness in the city and state; about 400 deaths by delirium tremens, about 15 murders, and a host of other crimes. Over 1,000 have been reduced to vagrancy and pauperism, the resources of the state have been crippled, thousands have been kept out of employment, society at large has been seriously and deeply injured in all its relations, the health and energies of some of the first citizens have been destroyed and ruined for life.

The number of females at present holding the office of postmaster, (or rather postmistress,) in the United States, is 128. They are appointed, give bonds, are commissioned, and receive the same compensation for their services as other postmasters. Unmarried females only can hold the office of postmaster.

There is a strong rumor in the court circles of Paris that the empress of France is likely soon to gratify the hopes of the emperor, and disappoint those of the persons who have a real or fancied interest in his leaving no direct issue.

Mr. Bernstein, publisher of the Anzeiger, in St. Louis, is translating Col. Benton's book entitled "Thirty Years in the United States Senate," into German. He designs publishing an edition of two thousand copies.

An English paper semi-jocosely remarks that roast beef, serenity of mind, a pretty wife, and cold water baths will make almost any man "healthy, wealthy, and wise."

There is a town called Random.—A resident of the place being asked where he lived, said he lived at Random. He was taken up as a vagrant.

The editor of the Culpepper Observer wishes to unite himself to an Owning Society, and hopes all his subscribers will do likewise.

COTTON CULTIVATION IN INDIA.—At a recent meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, a number of samples of cotton were exhibited, which had been grown in India, as far to the northward as Upper Assam. Among the cotton were two kinds which had been produced from American seed—the one being the Sea Island, and the other having been grown from the American Gulf seed.—The specimens of indigenous Indian cotton were very poor, but those of these two American varieties were excellent.—The Manchester Chamber of commerce design to send out to India for trial, the seeds of other American cottons, as the Upland and the New-Orleans. Seeds of the Brazil, too, will also be sent out, as it is believed that the length of its staple may be preserved, and its fiber made finer and more wiry by the Indian climate. Other steps will probably be taken by the Manchester interests to encourage the production of cotton in the British East Indies.

THE FARMER AND THE ARTIST.—"Of what use is all your study and all your books," said an old farmer to an ingenious artist.—"They don't make the corn grow, nor produce vegetables for market. My Sam does more good with his plow in one month, than you can do with your books and papers in one year."

"What plow does your son use?" asked the artist quietly.

"Why, he uses—'s plow, to be sure. He can do nothing with any other. By using this plow, we save half the labor; and raise three times as much as we did with the old concern."

The artist turned over one of his sheets, and showed the farmer the drawing of his much praised plow, saying, with a smile, "I am the inventor of your plow, and my name is—"

The astonished farmer shook the artist heartily by the hand, and invited him to call at his house, and make it his home as long as he liked.

GENEROUSITY OF THE AUSTRALIANS.—We stated some days ago, that a son of Constable Clapp of this city, perished at a fire in Melbourne, Australia, in March last. Since that time Mr. Clapp has received a letter detailing the circumstances of the case. It appears that young Clapp, who had hold of an engine pipe, went inside of a burning building, and that immediately afterwards the roof fell in, burying him up. He was immediately rescued, but was so badly burnt in the abdomen that he died in a few hours. The Australians promptly raised 100l. to pay his funeral expenses and to raise a monument to his memory.—Boston Traveler.

BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.—On the 28th of this month, the anniversary of the Battle of Monmouth the militia of the state of New Jersey are to congregate upon the battle-ground, and re-enact as far as is practicable, the bloody engagement. An encampment is to be formed on the 26th and 29th A. M. of the anniversary, the troops will listen to an address, be reviewed, and then take their stations upon precisely the same ground occupied during the action. It is expected that the sham fight will occupy about an hour. In order to prevent any disturbances of the peace during the fight no liquor will be allowed upon the ground.

A FATAL PROOF OF IDIOTRY.—A man named Leroy, in Paris, who had invited a steam carriage for traveling on ordinary roads, was recently going in it towards the English channel, to ship it for exhibition, when in descending a hill the carriage struck some obstruction, toppled over, and poured the hot water from the boiler over Leroy, scalding him so badly that he can not recover. He had spent ten years and all his means in perfecting his invention, and had received flattering testimonials from various European crowned heads.

The African Institute at Paris—an association for the diffusion of civilization and Christian light in Africa—has recently issued a circular which shows that the number of blacks held in slavery in different countries seven and a half millions, of which 2,095,000 are in the United States, 3,250,000 in Brazil, 900,000 in the Spanish Colonies, 85,000 in Holland Colonies, 140,000 in the Republics of Central America, and 80,000 in European establishments in Africa.

ALCOHOL NOT A REMEDY.—Purnell Jackson, of Worcester county, Maryland, on the 12th ult., was bitten on the end of his finger by a copper headed snake, from the effects of which he died the next day. Immediately after being bit he drank a large quantity of whiskey, thinking it would counteract the effect of the poison, but, unfortunately, it had no such effect. So it would appear, alcohol is not a sovereign remedy for the poison of a snake, as has been asserted.

In Trimble co., James Branch, a man in easy circumstances, deliberately murdered his own son, by shooting him with a rifle, the son having provoked him by siding with his mother in a domestic quarrel. The man retired to his bed, calmly, after the deed, and when next morning he learned that the boy was still alive, he expressed regrets that he did not finish him with his knife.

The Countess of Beauregard (better known to fame as Miss Howard, and *chere amie* of the present Emperor of the French) was married in London, a few weeks ago, to Clarence Trelawney, Esq., an English subject, late in the Austrian service. It is understood that she is possessed of considerable property.

PROBABILITIES OF THE WAR.—In talking with some generals the other day, the Emperor Napoleon is reported to have said,—"It would be nothing extraordinary if next year I should find myself with an army (the camp of Bologne) and the Swedish army at St. Petersburg."

In referring lately to the statistics of the Philadelphia county prison, the North American incidentally notices the fact that of the two hundred and seventy convicts received into that institution during the last year, no less than one hundred and eighty-three were persons without any trade or profession upon which to depend for a livelihood. This extraordinary condition of things, says the North American, deserves the serious consideration of all well wishers of the community, pregnant as it is with an admonition which ought never to be neglected by those who have the charge and guidance of youth.—The fact speaks trumpet-tongued of the great wrong committed by persons who, under the weight of a responsibility, omit the performance of their duty, and permit children to grow up to maturity mere useless superfluities in the great body of civilized society.

Some idea of the importance of the perfumery made in France may be formed from the fact, that one manufacturer employs each year 5,000 kilogrammes of orange peel, 37,000 kilogrammes of acacia flowers, 27,000 kilogrammes of violets, 8,000 kilogrammes of lilac flowers, and about a similar quantity of mint, thyme, lavender, and other odiferous plants.

The emperor of the French will, before long, cause the remains of his uncle, Prince Lucien, to be brought from Canino to Paris, to be deposited in the vaults of St. Denis, in the spot destined by Napoleon I. for the members of his family.

The swamps of Provincetown are about to be turned to good account as cranberry beds. Many vines are being set out in the most favorable localities. Those planted last fall are said to be doing well, and some of them bid fair to bear the present season.

According to the regulations of the Methodist church south, single men are now to be allowed \$150, married \$300, besides family and traveling expenses for children under seven years of age, \$25;—over seven and under sixteen, \$40.

Locusts are infesting northern Illinois in myriads. In many parts of that region they cover every shrub, and make the woods vocal with their singing. In that section they are said to have last appeared in the summer of 1838.

About one hundred tons of fresh hay, put in the hold of a French vessel in Swansea harbor, England, generated a gas which, the hatches being battened down, blew up the deck and injured one-third of the crew.

There's a man living in Livingston, New York, by the name of Atherton, who in one week in January last, thrashed four hundred bushels of wheat, three constables, and seven deputy sheriffs.

A writer from the west, in alluding to the present high price of provisions of all kinds, states that the "price of flour ceases many to fall back on original principles—corn bread."

The Milwaukee Democrat says that of the 84 German papers which advocated Gen. Pierce's election, only 11 remain friendly to his administration. Quite a change for two years.

Under the head of "Quotation of the Money Market," Punch says:—"We can't help tallow rising in consequence of the Russian war, but anyhow, we can keep down Greece."

"My brethren," said Swift, in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches, of talents. I shall not speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

One column of advertising in the London Times is worth \$30,000 a year to the proprietors. The surplus profits of the Times are \$300,000 a year.

The Rochester Democrat says, one nursery near that city has several acres of roses now in full bloom, embracing some 400 varieties.

Speaking of railroad facilities, a writer in the Independent says:—"It makes very little difference now where a man lives. He is close by everywhere!"

The sum of \$700 was paid at Louisville, Ky., for a set of harness for His Imperial Highness, Santa Anna.

A horse is now being exhibited in England which is twenty-one hands high, and weighs twenty-five hundred weight.

Henry F. Tallmadge, U. S. marshal in New York under Mr. Fillmore, died in that city on Saturday.

The courts in Ohio have pronounced the new liquor law in that state unconstitutional.



Agriculture.

Action of Drought on Plants

It is often asked what is the action of drought on plants. As drought is the absence of water, or cold is the absence of heat, we should first examine of what advantage is water to plants, or the absence of these advantages depending of course the influence of drought. Water then may be called the lubricator of the plant, swelling its fibres, causing them to be supple. A large majority of the weight of most plants is water. It is a communicating medium for much of the pabulum of the plant. Gases when entering the lower part of the capillary tubes of plants may rise through water, and be appropriated during their passage; but in a plant, too dry for the full exercise of its functions, no such appropriation can take place.

Even the outer surface of plants cannot be in a healthy condition without the presence of so much water as will prevent their terminus from losing their organism, and ceasing to assist in the further development of the plant. A certain amount of water is required to be evaporated from the surface of plants for as all substances render present heat latent by the increase of their bulk, so the water evaporated from the surface of a plant by increasing its bulk 1700 times, is capable of rendering sensible heat latent, and does so by abstracting the sensible heat from the plant. One's head may be cooled by first wetting and then fanning, and the same facts are continually occurring both with the plant and the soil in which it grows; for the evaporation of water from the surface of the soil cools the water below the surface to the proper temperature for the use of plants.

Different parts of the organism of the plant are discharging excreta, which can only be carried down through water, while excess of pabulum existing in one part of the plant is by means of water transferred to another part where it is required for appropriation, but the necessity for the presence of water does not end here; for in the atmosphere and in the soil, it is the prime motor for the re-appropriation of the ultimate results from decaying nature, thus the dew and rains as they fall through the atmosphere wash from it and carry to the soil ammonia, carbonic acid, &c., and with them are received into the roots of plants, where these constituents are appropriated, while the aqueous portion passes through the plant, performing its lubricating offices, and is parted with at the surface for the purposes we have before named. In the soil the presence of water is not less important. It carries to the soil the heat it receives from the atmosphere, and in its evaporation from the surface of the soil it carries off the excess of this heat, and such other quantities as may be received from the direct action of the sun's rays on the surface of the soil.

From the expansion and contraction of water during freezing and thawing, it exerts a mechanical action in the disintegration of soils, rocks, &c. After such disintegration, it carries the constituents rendered soluble by chemical changes, consequent upon the presence of moisture, so as to bring these constituents in contact with others, and thus new chemical actions are engendered, and new compounds formed, such as may be required to prepare inorganic food for plants.

The roots of former crops, by the presence of moisture, are slowly rendered soluble, and their integrants are carried, in a state of solution, into the roots of the new growing crops. By the presence of this medium, each chemical product is more evenly divided throughout the soil, so that each root of a plant may meet with a portion of all the soluble constituents resident in its vicinity.

During the various chemical changes in the soil, gases are evolved, which would be thrown off into the atmosphere were it not for the property of water to absorb them, and thus detain them for the use of plants.

The motion of water down through the soil must cause a partial vacuum between particles, and thus induce the entrance of atmosphere laden with various other gases required for vegetation, which are absorbed by the moisture resident on the surfaces of particles of soil, replacing that previously absorbed by crops.

All these facts are readily proved by observing the increased effects produced by the irrigation of meadows; thus we know that watered meadows often produce five crops of grass, where from ordinary culture, but one crop could be obtained in the season.

Mr. Kennedy of Myerhill, England, has sustained 1000 head of stock on 90 acres of Italian rye grass, by continued watering; and on land capable of sustaining ordinary circumstances but six sheep to the acre, he has successfully kept 56 by the extreme dilution of small quantities of soluble manures. It should not be forgotten that 100 lbs. of manure in solution in 100,000 gallons of water, will produce a greater amount of vegetable growth, than 500 lbs. of manure in solution, in 1000 gallons of water, and simply because the greater amount of its dilution brings it in contact with a larger number of the roots of plants.

It is often asserted that highly manured land is less liable to suffer by drought, and as often answered that this arises from the fact that those who manure freely always cultivate deeply, but this is not true of all manures. Those of a saline character do attract moisture from the surrounding atmosphere, and for this reason we often see cellars that have been wetted with salt brine

remain damp for months. Market gardeners often apply small streams of water between the rows of celery, and keep them continually running, by which means they more than double the amount of their crops, and this too, without any additional manure other than that which would be used in the absence of such arrangement.

So much then for the effects of drought. But can these effects be avoided in ordinarily dry seasons? We answer yes; for in well under-drained and deeply disintegrated soils, the deposit of moisture on the cold surfaces of particles from the atmosphere circulating within them, always insures crops against drought. Who ever knew corn curl, or a meadow to run out on well under-drained and sub-soiled land? The farmer who properly prepares his soil, may defy drought in growing ordinary crops, and those requiring large amounts of pabulum in extreme dilution can be better grown in soil deeply prepared. Such soils too, are more benefited by irrigation than others, because the water, as it passes rapidly through them, deposits its fertilizing powers while it passes off, and is replaced by atmosphere following in its course.

Working Farmer.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.—Mr. Flaundin, in his narrative of a residence in Persia, relates a curious incident which occurred when he was at Ispahan:

"The Persian servant of a European had been stung by a scorpion, and his master wished to apply ammonia, the usual remedy in such cases, but the man refused, and ran off to the bazaar. When he returned he said he was cured, and appeared to be so. The European, rather surprised at this almost instantaneous cure, questioned him, and found that he had been to a dervish who he said, after examining the wound and uttering a few words, had several times touched it with a little iron blade. Still more astonished at the remedy than the cure, the European desired to see the instrument by which the latter was said to have been effected. At the cost of a small pickaxe he was allowed to have it for a few minutes in his possession. After a careful examination, finding nothing extraordinary in the instrument, he made up his mind that the cure was a mere trick; that the dervish was an impostor; that the scorpion sting had not penetrated, and that his servant had been more frightened than hurt. If he threw the blade contemptuously upon the table, when, to his great surprise, he beheld it attach itself to a magnet. But what power had the loadstone's attraction over venom? This discovery was very odd; incredulity was at a non-plus and yet the man stung by the scorpion was cured and he who had cured him was in great renown at Ispahan for the treatment of that sort of wound.

Mr. Frog, a tailor who had left Charleston at the commencement of the war, returned after the capitulation, and got acquainted with a certain J. W. Gibbs who was requested by Frog to stand as godfather to one of his children, which was agreed to by Gibbs, provided he should have the naming of the child. As they were going to church, the father asked Gibbs if he thought of the name.

'Yes,' said Gibbs; 'what do you think of my Lieut. Gov. B.?'

'Very good,' said the father; 'I approve of it very much.'

The child was accordingly named Bull.—Frog did not immediately think of the drollery of the name, but when he led, he could have killed Gibbs for the imposition on his reliance and friendship. He thought to have recourse to the Board of Police to get permission to re-baptize the child; but when he saw Lieutenant Governor Bull presiding there, he thought it would be an affront to relate the story, therefore he postponed the matter, and the child retains the appellation of Bull Frog.—Conn. Journal.

The Cholera in Mexico seems to have raged with great fury, although according to the latest accounts, the dreadful scourge had begun to abate. In addition to Mad. Sontag, Mr. Barkley, Secretary of the English Legation at Mexico, Senor Bustamante, Secretary of the Spanish Legation, and many other distinguished persons, were among the victims in the city of Mexico. In one day the deaths by the epidemic reached two hundred.

CHEAP TRAVELING.—The fare between Buffalo and Cincinnati has been reduced from \$8 to \$4. We believe the price of a ticket from this City to Cincinnati is now only \$10.50. It is rather cheaper traveling now than to stay at home, particularly if you live in New-York.

Matt Ward, the murderer, has gone to the Arkansas Hot Springs. The only steamer that he could get to take him down the river was the R. J. Ward, named after and partly owned by his father.

Count Sparre a Swede, has invented an extraordinary and curious mode of making bank paper which he says will make counterfeiting nearly impossible. The Count will carry his invention to England and America.

The commonwealth says of the Ohio senators, that Mr. Chase is one of the weightiest men, intellectually, in the Senate; and as for his colic, he is, "he's Ben Wade, and not found wanting."

The Roman cathedral at Cobourg, Canada West, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 19th inst. The house of the priest, adjoining the church, was saved with difficulty.

The Connecticut Legislature closed its annual session last Saturday.

Archbishop Hughes is again unable, from sickness, to perform his pastoral duties.

CONNECTICUT RIVER RAILROAD.

Passenger Trains Leave Springfield to connect with all railroads North and way stations on this road at 7.30 a. m. and 1.50 p. m.

For Northampton and way stations at 6.25 and 7.30 a. m., 12.05, 1.50 and 9.10 p. m.
For Cheshire Falls, at 7.45 a. m., 12.05, 2.10, 5.15 and 7.10 p. m.

RETURNS.—Leave Cheshire Falls for Springfield at 9 a. m., 1.20, 3, 6.20, and 7.40 p. m.
Leave Springfield for Cheshire Falls at 6 and 11 a. m., 2.43, and 6 p. m.
Greenfield, for Springfield at 10.15 a. m., 5.13 p. m. connect with express trains for New York.
Keene, for Springfield at 7.15 a. m., and 3.15 p. m., with express trains for New York.
Brattleboro for Springfield at 9.25 a. m. and 4.25 p. m., with express trains for New York.
The trains leaving Springfield at 6.25 a. m. and 12.05 p. m., and Northampton at 2.43 and Greenfield at 12.12 p. m. are Freight Trains, with Passenger car attached.

STAGES LEAVE WILLIAMSBURG FOR So. Hadley, So. Hadley Falls, and Mount Holyoke Seminary.
Stages leave Northampton for Amherst, Easthampton and Williamsburg.
Stages leave South Deerfield for Ashfield and Conover.
Stages leave Greenfield for Shelburne Falls, Colerain and Charlestown at the 1.50 p. m. train.
J. L. BRIGGS, Master of Transportation.

NEW HAVEN, HARTFORD AND SPRINGFIELD RAILROAD.

On and after Monday, May 15, 1854, Passenger Trains run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

LEAVE SPRINGFIELD FOR HARTFORD AND NEW HAVEN.
At 7 a. m., Accommodation; 10.30 a. m., Accommodation; 12 m., Express; 2 p. m., Accommodation; and 7.05 p. m., Express.

LEAVE HARTFORD GOING SOUTH.
8.05 a. m., Accommodation; 11.30 a. m., Express; 11.38 a. m., Middletown Junction and Way Stations; 12.47 p. m., Express Train, for New Haven, (without stopping.)

3.08 p. m., Accommodation Train for New Haven, Middletown Junction and Way Stations.
7.53 p. m., Express Train, for New Haven, Middletown Junction and Meriden.

LEAVE NEW HAVEN FOR HARTFORD AND SPRINGFIELD.
At 7.45 a. m., Accommodation; 11.05 a. m., Express; 12.20 p. m., Accommodation; 7.05 p. m., Accommodation; and 7.05 p. m., Express.

LEAVE HARTFORD GOING NORTH.
6.11 a. m., Accommodation Train for Springfield 9.30 a. m., and Way Stations.
12.22 p. m., Express Train, for Springfield, (without stopping.)

5.05 p. m., Accommodation Train, for Springfield and way stations.
7.40 p. m., Accommodation Train for Springfield (without stopping.)

8.16 p. m., Express Train, for Springfield, (without stopping.)

The 6 a. m. train from Hartford reaches Springfield in time to connect with the Connecticut River Railroad Train, and the Northern Railroad.
The train leaving New Haven at 7.55 a. m., and Hartford at 9.30 a. m., is the only train connecting with the Western Railroad Trains for Albany.

The 7.45 and 11.05 a. m. Trains from New Haven, and Hartford, which go south, leave at 8.00 a. m. from Springfield arrive in Hartford in time to connect with the Trains of Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad.

The 7 a. m. and 10.30 a. m. Accommodation Trains from Springfield, and the 8.05 a. m. and 11.38 a. m. Accommodation Trains from Hartford, connect at New Haven with the Express Trains of New Haven and New York Railroad, for New York.

Trains for New York leave New Haven on the arrival of each regular train from Springfield and Hartford, for New York.

The trains of the Connecticut River Railroad leave Springfield at 7.30 a. m. and 1.50 p. m., for Northampton, Keene, Brattleboro, and Greenfield, St. Johnsbury, Rutland, Montpelier, Burlington and the North, and at 9.10 p. m. for Northampton.

Express Trains from Springfield to Boston leave New York at 8 a. m. and 4 p. m.; New Haven at 11.05 a. m. and 7.05 p. m., and Hartford at 12.22 p. m. and 8 p. m.

Express Trains for New York leave Boston at 9 a. m. and 4 p. m., Springfield at 12 m. and 7.05 p. m., Hartford at 12.22 p. m., and New Haven at 11.05 a. m. and 7.05 p. m.

MIDDLETOWN RAILROAD.
Trains going north leave Middletown at 8.00 a. m., 11.35 a. m., and 7.30 p. m., and Springfield at 9 a. m., 2.15 p. m. and 7.20 p. m., connecting with the trains of the Hartford and New Haven Railroad at Berlin.

RETURNS.
Leave Berlin at 9 a. m., 12.02, 3.22, and 6.13 p. m. Hartford, May 12, 1854.

NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.

Summer Arrangement, commencing May 15th, 1854.

TRAINS FROM NEW HAVEN FOR NEW YORK.
Accommodation, at 9.00 a. m., 10.15 a. m., and 4.30 p. m. The 6.45 a. m. train receives passengers from the Naugatuck Railroad at Bridgeport, and from the Danbury Railroad at Danbury, and from the Hartford Local Express at 9.25 a. m. and 1.10 p. m.

The 9.35 a. m. train receives passengers from the Hartford, Springfield, New London and Canal Railroads at New Haven, and from the Naugatuck Railroad at Bridgeport, stopping at Bridgeport, Norwalk and Stamford.

The 1.10 p. m. train receives passengers from the Hartford, Springfield, New London, and Canal Railroads at New Haven, from the Housatonic Railroad at Bridgeport, stopping at Bridgeport, Norwalk and Stamford.

Express Train from Boston, stopping at Stamford. At 12.25 p. m., stopping at Bridgeport, Norwalk and Stamford.
Special trains leave Norwalk at 6 a. m. for New York.

Housatonic Railroad.
Passengers for Housatonic Railroad will take the 9.35 a. m. train to Bridgeport.

FOR WORCESTER AND BOSTON, 7.15 a. m. (Accom. 9.45 a. m., and 1.45 p. m. [Express] 1.50 p. m. [Accom.] 8.20 p. m. [Express].

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE ALBANY.
For Springfield, Worcester and Boston; 5 a. m., 9 a. m. [Express] and 2.45 p. m.

Trains connect at Albany with the Albany and Schenectady, Troy and Greenbush and Hudson River Railroads; Chatham Four Corners with the Harlem and Hudson and Berkshire Railroads; at State Line with the Housatonic Railroad; at Pittsfield with the Pittsfield and North Adams, and Stockbridge and Pittsfield Railroads; at Springfield, with the Hartford, New Haven and Springfield, and Connecticut River Railroads; at Palmer, with the New London, Palmer and Willimantic Railroads; at Worcester, with the Providence and Worcester, Worcester and Nashua, Norwich and Worcester Railroads.

Great Cough Remedy.

ON ROBERTS' SYRUP OF LIVERWORT, TAR, AND GINGHALAGUA.

FOR THE COMPLETE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Spitting Blood, Asthma, AND ALL OTHER LUNG COMPLAINTS.

TENDING TO CONSUMPTION!

THE above Expectant, prepared by an experienced Physician and Chemist, has now become a standard Preparation, and is offered for the COMPLETE CURE of those cases of the THIRD STAGE OF CONSUMPTION. It contains no Opium, Calomel, or any mineral whatever, but is composed entirely of those Roots, Herbs, and Vegetable Substances which have a specific influence upon the Lungs and their connected organs. Its immediate effect is to allay all irritation, and gently remove the phlegm and other morbid secretions from the throat and Air-passages, thus relieving the Cough, by subduing the inflammation, and other causes which give rise to it. It is approved of and recommended by physicians of the highest standing, and may be given with perfect safety to the youngest child, or the most delicate female.

Prepared by A. L. SCOVILL & CO., Gothic No. 316 Broadway, New-York.

NEW HOSIERY MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENT, WILBRAHAM, L. B. BISS—So. Hadley, Otis Goodman—Palmer, J. O. Bowles—Brimfield, J. T. & G. A. Brown;—By Druggists in Springfield.

IMPORTANT TO THE Farrier & Stage Proprietor.

GEO. W. MERCHANT'S CELEBRATED GARGLING OIL.

UNPARALLELED IN THE HISTORY OF MEDICINE. As the most remarkable External Application ever discovered.

GOOD FOR MAN & BEAST.

"They can't keep House without it."

Experience of more than sixteen years has established the fact that Merchant's Celebrated Gargling Oil, or Universal Family Emulsion, will cure most cases, and cure all such as

Swelling, Sweeney, Ringbone, Windgalls, Poll Evil, Chollous, Cracks, Heels, Scalls of all kinds, Frost Wounds, Sprains, Bruises, Fish-tail, Stiff, Sand Cracks, Strains, Lameness, Founder Feet, Scratches or Grease, Manes, Rheumatism, Bites of Animals, External Piles, Pains of the Neck, Stiffness of the Neck, Blisters, Corns, Whitlows, Burns and Scalds, Chills, Chapped Hands, Cramps, Contractions of the Muscles, Swellings, Weakness of the Joints, Caked Breasts, &c. &c. &c.

The unsparingly liberal use of this Oil, in the cure of all diseases in Horses and Cattle, and even in human flesh, is daily becoming more known to the farming community. It is freely credited, except by those who have been a vast amount of pain, suffering and time, are saved by the timely application of this Oil.

Be sure the name of the sole proprietor, GEORGE W. MERCHANT, is blown in the side of the bottle, and in his handwriting over the cork. All orders addressed to the proprietor will be promptly responded to.

Get a Pamphlet of the Agent, and see what wonders are wrought by the use of this medicine. Sent by respectable dealers generally, in the United States and Canada. Also by

J. S. BAGO and I. BULLENS, Chicopee; E. Bogue, and B. K. BUSH & HAYES, Springfield; L. LORAIN, West Springfield; E. B. BITTOS & CO., Monson; FLAGG & BROTHMAN, Holyoke; W. P. SPELMAN; South Wilbraham; W. HOLMROOK, Palmer; G. W. GREEN, Feeding Hills; and Druggists and Merchants in almost every town. Feb 25-6m.

REMOVAL.

NEW STORE—NEW GOODS. Great Cloth, Clothing, Furnishing, Goods, AND TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.

HOWARD & AMSDEN will open their new and splendid establishment in Blake's Building, on Wednesday, March, 15th, with new goods, selected with much care from the principle manufacturing and importing houses in the country, and comprising a stock of Cloth, Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Youth's and Children's Clothing, India Rubber Goods, Oiled Clothing, &c., &c., which will be received weekly and moderate prices, was never equalled in Western Massachusetts.

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT. In our custom department we will not be excelled in the newest styles of American and Imported Clothing, and shall—sell less than any other similar concern in Springfield! We except none.

Youth's and Children's Clothing. A large assortment always on hand, and made to order under the supervision of a lady of long experience, who we have engaged expressly to oversee this department.

Purchasers will find it for their interest to call and examine our prices and mode of business. TERMS CASH—ONE PRICE. HOWARD & AMSDEN.

Park Clothing House

"A Splendid Remedy." DEVINE'S COMPOUND Pitch Lozenge.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED! AND Coughs and Colds, the parents of that fell disease that so often brings woe to the homes of our land, vanish, as if by magic, before the SOVEREIGN REMEDY!

This is that which has so long been sought for, and is in full faith offered to the public as a certain cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Costiveness, and Consumption, and will in any case where lungs sufficient are left to sustain life, check the ulceration and raise the patient to health.

Certificates of cures to be relied on, found in the circulars left with the agents—and the public may be assured we shall never publish anything we do not believe entitled to the fullest confidence, as truth and nothing but the truth!

When the Lozenge is soft like a paste, it is then preferable for use, and acts beneficially on every part of the system and makes strength and vigor take the place of weakness and debility, and is admitted to be the cheapest, most efficient and pleasant remedy ever offered to the afflicted. Try it faithfully. Safe for the Infant or the Invalid to use.

Prepared by WM. DEVINE'S, the original discoverer, for S. D. FULLER & CO., 3 Tremont Temple, Boston, Proprietors.

The Depot for Dr. Hibbard's Wild Cherry Bitters; Dr. Hibbard's Pills and Circassian Balm; Fowler's "Maccaroni," a sure cure for any kind of Piles; Yankee Balm, for crusting tar, paint or grease; Dr. Cornell's Pain Expeller; also a large variety of Popular Medicines—sold cheap for cash or approved credit.

Sold by C. F. Kent, and J. S. Bagg, Chicopee. Oct 22-1y

GEORGE KEEP, Springfield Marble Works,

On Main Street, South of Bridge, Street SPRINGFIELD, Mass.

FOR THE COMPLETE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Spitting Blood, Asthma, AND ALL OTHER LUNG COMPLAINTS.

TENDING TO CONSUMPTION!

THE subscriber takes this method to inform the public that he has not only his business, as has been reported, but is still engaged in the above business, and ever ready to furnish Monuments, Tombs, and Headstones, and all kinds of Marble work, as well as any other establishment, at about the same prices as he has heretofore done, and will be pleased to have his name put on all monuments and gravestones.

Mexican Mustang Liniment.—Every hand has hailed with gladness this preparation which has introduced its curative powers to the notice of the whole American people. Rheumatism of long duration; Neuralgia, with its tortures, have yielded to its magical influence; cancers, contorted joints, Ulcerated and swollen limbs that have defied for years under the weight of disease, have yielded to its soothing and health-giving influence. A remedy of such general usefulness that can restore the system to its normal state, and restore the glands of the human body, is worthy of high praise.

Let the rheumatic, halt, lame and palsied, the invalid examine its qualities, and they will not be disappointed. Years of study and investigation have enabled the proprietors of the Mexican Mustang Liniment to furnish a remedy, Extraordinary in its power over diseases, No matter of how long standing—sold at Wholesale and Retail by

A. G. BRAGG & Co., Proprietors, 304 Broadway, N. York. D. TAYLOR, Jr., General Agent, Boston. Dec 10-1y

CARPETINGS!

WM. P. TENNY & CO., RAILROAD HALL, Haymarket Square, Boston.

English Carpetings, of the following descriptions viz: Superior and Medium Velvet, Brussels, Tapestry Brussels, Kidderminster, Floor Oil Cloth, Rug, Mats, &c.

We have in store a great variety of choice patterns for Spring, also American Carpetings, Bigelow Brussels, Lowell 2 ply and Ingrains, and almost every description to be found in the market, at the lowest price. March 18-5m

RINGGOLD'S Hair Cutting, Shaving & Shampooing SALOON.

At the old Stand, No. 6 Merchant's Row, Chicopee Ringgold respectfully informs his friends and patrons that he has removed to the new stand, and has enlarged his business in all its branches, at the said place, where all wishing to employ him in his line will find him ever ready to attend them.

Particular attention paid to Shampooing Ladies' Hair; and a call at their residences made for the purpose, if desired. Jan 28-1y

FOR SALE.

THE House and Lot corner of Cross and South Streets. The House is pleasantly situated and at a convenient distance for persons working in the shops and mills. The lot has a fine growth of all varieties of fruit trees common in this climate, selected with great care and will be sold cheap, as I intend to leave town. For particulars, inquire of A. C. HANNUM. Chicopee, June 17-5t.

Commissioner Notice.

WARREN SMITH, Esq., of Chicopee, Hampden County, Mass., has been appointed by Gov. Seymour, of Connecticut, a Commissioner to take acknowledgments of Deeds, Depositions, &c., in the State of Massachusetts, to be used in the said State of Connecticut, and valid in any Court in that State. Oct 15-1y

NOTICE.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the subscriber are requested to call and make payment immediately. J. P. BUCKINGHAM. Oct 11-1y

GREAT ARRIVAL OF NEW SPRING GOODS.

BEING now fairly settled in our new establishment to our extensive inventory of Cloth, Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Youth's and Children's Clothing, &c., opening this week, which we do not hesitate to assert, comprises the largest and most elegant assortment of Gentlemen's Goods ever offered in Western Massachusetts.

We have opened the Spring campaign with the determination to sell more Goods than any other Clothing House in Springfield. In order to do so we expect—and shall—sell less than any other similar concern in Springfield! We except none.

Our Sales Rooms are the largest and best lighted Clothing Rooms in this City, being over one hundred feet in length, lighted at both ends with entire glass fronts, in the center with a large sky light, thus giving purchasers the privilege of seeing what their purchases are before buying them, an advantage rarely granted by our competitors.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Samuel Barrett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

BARETT'S Veto on Tooth-Ache.

Headache, Neuralgia, & Corns. That Good Time has Come. NO more sleepless nights with that wicked Tooth-ache. No more lost time. No more anguish and suffering with that worst of all troubles, the tooth-ache. No more old and even teeth, until they decay in a quiet and social manner, on natural principles.

Readers: if you ever had the genuine Tooth ache, or have witnessed the sufferings of others, put a vial of this Veto where you can find it; and you will say or write to the Proprietor, (if you have occasion to use it) that you would not be deprived of it for

FIFTY DOLLARS. This remedy is safe to use, and CERTAIN IN ITS CURE—causing no pain when applied,—not unpleasant to the taste,—no poisonous substance enters into its composition. Its application hardens the nerve, makes it insensibility to the air, and

Will Preserve the Teeth Affected. For several years, and for years, it is invaluable; when reduced as a Toothwash, to be used with a brush, beautifying the Teeth, it will give them a beautiful whiteness, removing all impurities, and disagreeable odor arising from impure breath. Think of that, and the best part of it is

It will silence Teeth aches Instantly. It will relieve head-ache, Neuralgia and kindred complaints, by reducing one-third with water, and bathe the parts affected. It will relieve Corns by applying three or four drops. Every bottle is worth its weight in gold. Every body should try it, and they would not be deprived of it upon any consideration.

All will readily agree, if it will come up to its recommendation, that that good time has come. Well, you must believe it. You cannot help it if you use it, or see others. It will

ONE FIXED FACT. All the time—Ever—All the time. To publish Certificates and communications to back up this remedy would be to supercede necessity. It needs nothing of the kind. Wherever used, it is rapid, astonishing all who use it. Any child old enough to apply it according to the directions on the vial MAY USE IT WITH PERFECT SAFETY.

No injuries, consequences can possibly follow its application, in any form. That is worth everything. The proprietor has great numbers of certificates, recommendations, and testimonials, which he is willing to furnish, and is compiling a book, for free distribution, of the sayings and doings of those who have used it, which will not only amuse, but instruct those who read the different kinds of testimonials, and expressions used to convince the Proprietor of their gratitude, for the relief afforded. The Veto will take care of itself, and finds friends wherever introduced, and becomes a standard insurance against loss of time, sleep, and exasperating pain, from the above complaint. This Veto is put up in neat Toilet vials with directions.

PRICE 25 CENTS. One dozen \$2.00. A liberal discount made to agents. Sent to any part of the United States or British provinces, accurately packed,