

The Weekly Journal.

Volume 3.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1855.

Number 6.

Original Poetry.

For the Weekly Journal.
TO MISS M. W. CURTIS.

BY MISS B. E. LANGKTON.
Walking on a holy Sabbath,
Mid the graves at early dawn,
When the fragrant summer blossoms
Had their perfect beauty won,—
Fleet winged memory softly whispered,
With its accents mild and low,
Of the faded human blossoms
In the heavenly garden now.
Straying on that quiet Sabbath,
Quite alone amid the dead,
Bird-voices loud and rustling branches
Waked no slumberer from his bed.
I had read of those—the aged,
Who had ripened for the sod,
And had ceased above the marble
Where the little child was laid.
Then I thought of one who calmly
On a lone mid-winter night,
When the stars were veiled in darkness,
Met death's angel with delight;
For he felt he would not tarry—
He had waited now full long;
So his last farewell was mingled
With the spirit's triumph song.
I was thinking, friends, that morning
As I stood beside his grave,
Of the all-sustaining promise—
Which such mighty comfort gave.
Surely those last not forgotten
How in yonder temple fair,
We have often knelt together
At the solemn hour of prayer.
You and I those courts are treading
As we've trod them oft before,
While his voice is sweetly blending
With the harpers evermore.
We have both had little lessons
In the weary way below;
Will our steps still love to falter,
In the path we've made to go?
Was it all a vague, wild fancy
Which a lofty mind revealed,
That when time's swift march is ended,
And the earth her treasure yields,
Man shall rise to life immortal
With the form he ever wore,
As he paced life's shadowy pathway,
And its weight of sorrow bore?
We could love the gray haired pilgrim
Who had won the victor's crown,
And the precious, smiling children
Who had early laid them down.
Would the thought seem sad and mournful
Were they spirit unannounced hence
That ye both should meet in heaven,
Clad in youthful radiance?
Thou must view the mystic future
With beclouded human sight;
He, thy cherisher, well beloved one,
Bathes in God's eternal light.
I have seen thee pale and silent,
And have watched the falling tear,
Would that this weak soul might help thee,
These poor words of solace cheer.
Chicopee, June, 1855.

Original Story.

For the Weekly Journal.
THE GHOST FROM THE STRAITS.

BY EDGAR S. FARNSWORTH.

Several years ago, I occupied the station of chief mate on board the old ship Flavia. We were homeward bound from Canton. The night after we cleared the straits of Sunda, my watch had the deck from 8 until 12. It was a beautiful starlight night, and the watch, with the exception of myself and the men at the wheel, were forward on the top-gallant fore-castle, listening to the yarus of an old gray headed son of Neptune.
I was lazily pacing the quarter-deck, when, on looking forward I saw the whole of the starboard watch come tumbling upon the fore-castle, in great haste.
What this could mean was entirely beyond my comprehension, for it was but little past two bells, and the ship was heading her course, with all sail set.
I went immediately forward to ascertain the cause of their coming upon deck before eight bells; I paused a moment at the gangway, and heard the following remarks:
"Bloody fine doin's this, to call all hands such a pleasant night as this!"
"I wonder what the skipper's a thinkin' of," says another.
"He means to work us up a little for bein' so long bendin' on that new main-sail this morning," said a third.
"What does all this mean, boys?" said I, stepping forward; "what are you on deck before eight bells for?" They all looked at me in utter astonishment.
"I ax your pardon, sir," said one; "but wasn't we called?"
"Not a bit of it," said I; "you must have been dreaming, for it has only just struck two bells. Go below and turn in, and mind how you dream."
"If all hands war'nt called then my

name ar'n't Bob Wilkins," said another of the men.
"Shiver my timbers if we wasn't," spoke a third, stepping forward, "for I was as wide awake as I am at this blessed minute, and I am beggared if somebody didn't come to the scuttle and sing out, 'All hands ahoy!'"
I now suspected that it was a trick played upon them by some one in my watch, but upon questioning my men, they all denied it so earnestly, that I immediately came to the conclusion that some one of the off-watch had, in dreaming, imagined he heard the watch called, and rousing up on the instant, had awakened the rest.
I sent the off-watch below again, and went aft.
Judge of my surprise when, at seven bells, the starboard watch again came on deck.
I was provoked, for I was now fully confident that they had been called by some one in my watch.
I went immediately forward again, and found that the most superstitious of the men were impressed with the idea that there was a ghost on board. This, however, did not alter my opinion in the least. I lectured my men severely for carrying their jokes so far, and promised the other watch that if I found out who the offender was, it would be nothing less for him than the next four hours on the main royal yard instead of in his berth below.
It was now so little time before eight bells, that I did not send the starboard watch below again, but walked aft, with a determination of watching my men closely on the following night, and, if possible, bring the offender to justice. The next night I kept a sharp look out forward; not one of my men went nigh the scuttle; but a little past four bells, however, the starboard watch made their appearance on deck.
I was completely taken aback, to use a sea term, for I had been looking forward continually, from the moment I came on deck, and I was certain that not one of my men had been nigh the scuttle.
I went forward, and found the men nearly frightened out of their senses. They all declared that there was no longer any doubt but that there was a ghost on board, and one of them, who happened to be awake when they were called, said the voice didn't sound like that of any one of the crew, "but kind o' unearthly like."
I laughed at the idea of a ghost calling the watch, but the man shook his head, and declared he had seen too many ghosts in his day to doubt that there was one on board the Flavia now.
This was conclusive evidence, for the man who had spoken had been in nearly every part of the world, and was a great favorite with the crew.
The whole crew were now ready to testify to having heard many mysterious noises since they had shipped in the Flavia. I tried to reason with them, although I must confess that things did begin to look a little mysterious with me.
I could not prevail upon them to go below for the remainder of the night. They all stayed upon deck and told ghost stories, till the least flapping of a sail, or creaking of a block, would cause them to start as if they expected to see a ghost immediately.
In the morning, I made the affair known to the captain. He promised to solve the mystery on the following night, provided the watch came on deck before eight bells again.
Not much was talked of during the day by the men but the ghost that called the starboard watch the night before. The oldest of the crew prophesied bad luck to the old ship Flavia.
The next night, soon after my watch came on deck, the captain came up, and going to leeward into the shade of the bulwarks, crept forward, and went down into the fore-castle, without being seen by any one of the watch on deck.
His plan was to station himself in the fore-castle so that no one could come nigh the scuttle without being seen by him, for he thought, as I had done until convinced to the contrary, that it was one of my men who had caused the disturbance.
I stationed myself in the starboard gang way, where I could command a view of everything forward without being seen, and awaited patiently the result of the captain's investigation.

I had been waiting nearly an hour, when the captain made a furious rush upon deck, exclaiming, as his head made its appearance above the scuttle—"I have got you now, you salt water rascal; I'll teach you to"—here he stopped as suddenly as if he had been struck by lightning, for not a soul was near the scuttle, excepting captain Tim Kenfield, of the ship Flavia.
The men were all forward, lounging on the top-gallant fore-castle.
He immediately inquired of me who had been to the fore-castle door. On my informing him that not a soul had been near there excepting himself, he stopped me short. "I know better," said he, "some one come to the scuttle of the fore-castle, and called the watch, or begun to, at least, but I stopped him by springing upon deck. The rascal was too quick for me this time, but he won't escape again."
The captain, thinking it not at all likely that the attempt to call the watch before eight bells would be again made that night, went aft, and "turned in," although he announced to me his determination of watching again on the following night. He also declared his intention of adding half an ounce of cold lead to the rations of the first man whom he should detect in alarming the watch before eight bells.
I resolved to solve the mystery that very night, however, if possible, which I did in the following way:
As soon as the captain had gone below, I went forward and descended in the fore-castle. I satisfied myself that the off-watch were all fast asleep, then stationed myself as far up on the ladder as I could without having my head seen from deck, and there I awaited the coming of the ghost.
I did not have to wait long, however, before a voice directly over my head cried out:—"Starboard watch ahoy! eight bells, bullocks, rouse up there!"
The noise sounded so strange that I was not a little startled, and if, at any one period of my life more than another, I have come nigh being a believer in the existence of ghosts, I firmly believe it was at that moment; but I sprang immediately on deck. As I did so, I heard a sort of whizzing noise, and the next instant I caught a glimpse of something crowding itself between the slats of a hen-coop that was lashed by the main-mast.
I went immediately to the cabin and procured a lantern, and upon reaching the hen-coop, I found a ghost, but a large parrot, sitting quietly on the perch with the hens. The mystery was now fully explained.
While we were stopping at the straits, the ship Vancouver put in there, for the purpose of trading with the natives.
Upon examining the parrot, I at once knew him to be a deserter from that ship. I had seen him on board of her the morning before we sailed, and one of the Vancouver's men had given me a full account of his wonderful powers as an orator. He had been learned to call the watch, and I suppose he considered it to be his duty to do so now that he was in a new ship, although he did not seem at all particular as to the time. As soon as he had alarmed the watch, he would immediately secrete himself in the coop with the hens. It was some time after this before he ventured to make his appearance in the day-time, and never would allow himself to be caught, although he was very tame while on board the Vancouver. What his object was in leaving her, I will not attempt to say.
When the men had all seen the ghost that had caused them so much fright for the last four days, seamen might have been obtained cheap by applying on board the ship Flavia. There were no more mysterious noises heard on board during the remainder of the voyage. Whenever the affair was mentioned, the parrot was always spoken of as "the ghost from the straits."

A HEAVY CODFISH.—The New Haven (Conn.) Palladium, says that "Mr. George W. Lamb, of Gtoton, Conn., caught in his fish net last week a codfish weighing sixty-five pounds. In the stomach of the cod were found six smaller fish, six squids, and a complete cod fishing gear, to which was attached a lead weighing ten and a quarter pounds!" Does the gross weight of the fish in the foregoing paragraph include that of the lead?
The gross receipts of the Boston theater for the season just closed were \$178,000—the net profits \$35,000.

IS THERE ANY FORGETTING?
Dr. Rush tells us that when he was called upon to attend, on their death-beds, aged Swedes, who for forty, fifty, and sixty years had lost the use of their native tongue, the long suspended faculty would be recalled in approaching death, and they would talk, pray, and sing in Swedish. Dr. Johnson, also, when it came his turn to die, spoke not in the march of his own majestic rhetoric—passed by even the cadences of those Latin hymns in which he once loved to dwell—but was heard with sinking voice muttering a child's prayer which he had learned upon his mother's knee. Strange indeed is the providence, and yet so wisely illustrative of the absence of time as an element in the divine economy, which thus brings together the two extreme points of human history—birth and death! This same remarkable quality is thus touched upon by Coleridge:
"In a Roman Catholic town in Germany, a young woman of four or five and twenty, who could neither read or write, was seized with a nervous fever during which she continued incessantly talking Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, in very pompous tones, and with most distinct enunciation. The case had attracted the particular attention of a young physician, and by his statement many eminent physiologists visited the town, and examined the case on the spot. Sheets full of her ravings were taken down from her mouth, and were found to consist of sentences coherent and intelligible each for itself, but with little or no connection with each other.—All trick or conspiracy was out of the question. Not only had the young woman ever been a harmless, simple creature, but she was evidently laboring with nervous fever. In a town in which she had been a resident for many years as a servant, and different families, no solution presented itself. The young physician, however, determined to trace her past life step by step; for the patient herself was incapable of returning a rational answer. He at length succeeded in discovering the place where her parents had lived; traveled thither; found them dead, but an uncle surviving, and from him learned that the patient had been charitably taken in by an old protestant pastor, at nine years old, and had remained with him some years, even till the old man's death. With great difficulty he discovered a niece of the pastor, of whom anxious inquiries were made concerning his habits, and the solution of the phenomenon was soon obtained. For it appeared it had been the old man's custom for years to walk up and down a passage of his house into which the kitchen door opened, and to read to himself with a loud voice out of his favorite books. A considerable number of these were still in the niece's possession, and the physician succeeded in identifying so many passages with those taken down at the young woman's bed-side, that no doubt could remain in any rational mind concerning the origin of the impressions made on her nervous system.
"This authenticated case furnishes both proof and instance, that relics of sensation may exist for an indefinite time in a latent state, in the very same order in which they were originally impressed, and as we can not rationally suppose the feverish state of the brain to act in any other way than as a stimulus, this fact (and it would not be difficult to adduce several of the same kind) contributes to make it even probable that thoughts are in themselves imperishable, and that if the intelligible faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it would require only a different and apportioned organization—the body celestial, instead of the body terrestrial—to bring before every human soul the collective experience of its whole past existence. And this—this perchance, is the dread book of judgment, in whose mysterious hieroglyphic every idle word is recorded! Yea, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than that a single act, a single thought, should be loosened or lost.—Presbyterianian.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A LADY?
For the Weekly Journal.
Since the word lady is so often forced upon our attention, by being applied to the females of our land, and, since many aspire to the dignity of that name without considering its true meaning, let us try, if possible, to ascertain wherein consists the secret of being a true lady.
Our brave and noble pilgrim mothers, as well as the heroic wives and daughters of the revolution, were content to be called women,—and they were women whose lives embodied all that was good and noble, and whose influence will ever be breathed upon the passing generations of America.
But two hundred years have wrought a great change in the world; fashion has endeavored to erase from our vocabularies the original Saxon term, woman, and replace it in its stead, lady. Since it is so, let us look at some of the essential elements of character which a female should possess to deserve the name:
Gentleness of manner, forgetfulness of self, and strength of principle founded on the word of God—wherever these are found, whether in high or low degree, there alone is formed the true nobility of soul requisite to the lady.
Wealth and rank are too often looked upon as the standard of excellence; too often we associate dignity of character with purple and fine linen; genius and intellect is often made the criterion, but it is not from these alone that the female character derives that beauty and loveliness, which causes it to shine with radiant luster in all the walks of life. The accomplishments, wealth can procure may cast an outward glow; she may drink deeply at the 'Pierrian spring,' become acquainted with the relics of the old world, and the mysteries of the new; we may adorn the outward person with all that fancy or art can obtain, but if the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is wanting, we have not yet learned the first letter of wisdom's alphabet.
Personal merit should be the only test of greatness, and is this not as often found in the vocation of labor as in the highest walks of life?
The fashionable belle, the would-be lady, may look with a degree of disgust upon the sensible young woman, who pleads guilty to a thorough knowledge of domestic affairs, and whose graces will not be detracted by being placed in the kitchen; let such study the characters of those noble women who crossed the Atlantic, who toiled unremittently for our good, and while laboring for a home, a country, and a God, exhibited a holiness of purpose, a dignity of soul, worthy the imitation of every female who proudly claims descent from noble ancestry.
LILLIE.
Maple Avenue, Chicopee, June, 1855.

serve that accomplished, and never before retreating oratorical gladiator, quietly gathering up his papers his cane and hat, and leaving the platform. As he was descending the steps, one of his friends remarked, "Well, Tom, you are sensible—there was no replying to that speech!" "What!" exclaimed Marshall, in his inimitable style. "Do you call that a good speech?—'Yes,' was the prompt reply, 'one of the greatest I ever heard.'"
"Well, now, if you call that a great speech, what sort of a one do you think 'Old Hal' would have made, if I had replied to him, and he had come back at me?"
SCENES AT THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.—At the meeting in Redman Hall, last evening, Mr. Carey of Ipswich, in his speech, stated that when Gen. Wilson rose to reply to the assault made upon the Massachusetts delegation and upon himself in particular, a member from the south, sitting directly in front of him (Carey) and within four feet of Gen. Wilson, drew a revolver, cocked it, and so continued to hold it until the close of the speech. During all this time, Mr. Carey sat with his eye fixed upon the weapon, ready to act if the slightest movement was made. When General Wilson rose to reply to Bolling of Virginia, he (Bolling) rushed across the hall and took a seat beside Bolling, with an evident intention to intimidate him. Mr. Bullington of Fall River, who had heard Bolling declare that he would like to whip some one of the Massachusetts men, perceiving his movements, walked across the hall, and took a seat directly behind Bolling, ready for defense if necessary. During this speech Gen. Wilson turned directly to Bolling, and said that he was the last person to be intimidated by threats—that if a personal war was necessary to vindicate his opinions, he was ready for it.—Boston Telegraph, 25th.

TRUE BENEFACTORS.
Channing says, and with truth:—"The day laborer, who earns, with hardy hands and the sweat of his brow, coarse food for a wife and children whom he loves, by his generous motive to true dignity; and though wanting the refinement of life, is a nobler being than those who think themselves absolved by wealth from serving others." It is worthy of note, that the men and women who think most highly of themselves, and most meanly of others, are those who render back to society for the good things they enjoy the smallest return of personal effort. The world's true benefactors, and therefore its true noblemen, are they who serve it humbly and earnestly, to the best of the ability which God has given them. All others are but counterfeits and pretences.

Good.—The people of Lockport, Ill., asserting that the editor of the only paper in the village, who is a very worthy man, was "hard up," as editors always are, paid him, on a handsome and liberal scale, a "donation visit" after the manner of such visits to clergymen. The visitors had a fine time, enjoyed themselves supremely, the editor's heart was made glad, his empty pocket replenished, and everything went off as merrily as a marriage bell. The editor has a column of acknowledgments on the subject, overflowing with gratitude, and all his editorials are written in a more cheerful and happy mood.—Exchange.

MACKEREL.—The Newburyport Herald says:—"Speculators in mackerel hang and buy sparingly, in anticipation of there being a great catch the present season.—Small 3's are quoted at \$3, and large 3's at \$6 50 per bbl. At these prices, they are usually stored. We had accounts from the southern fleet, yesterday, which state that the catch will be comparatively small. The bay fisherman will probably do an average business. Our Labrador fleet comprises twelve vessels, all of which have sailed. Last year we had sixteen vessels in this pursuit."

BEARS.—Bears are more plenty in Vermont this year than they have been before for twenty-five years; they make sad havoc among the sheep on the mountains. Mr. Manley, of Chittenden, caught a cub a few days since in a trap, and Mr. Churchill of the same town caught a full grown bear.

Bayard Taylor delivered a lecture recently at Kalamazoo, Michigan. Next day a lady was asked her opinion of the lecture when she replied: "Oh! it was excellent; he has got such a sweet mouse-tache."

S. M. PETERSILL & 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.

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

THE FUTURE.

The know nothing state council has taken anti-slavery ground, but decided to adhere to the know nothing name and organization.

If there be not a general anti-slavery fusion throughout the free states, the north will be nowhere at the next presidential election, and the black power will again triumph and have full scope to build still higher the column of southern aggression.

The people of this state desired a fusion last fall, but party leaders prevented such a result. The former then made a partial one for themselves, although it was done by dressing the new party in the anti-foreign uniform; but still, underneath that dress was an anti-slavery coat-of-mail.

Next year will be the time for the grand battle between freedom and despotism. If the south then triumphs, it will secure complete control of the republic.

The recent Philadelphia convention has cut the cord which bound northern and southern know nothingism, and no ingenuity of subtle politicians can unite the two.

A republican party has been organized in Maine, Vermont, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa.

There is a report from St. Louis, that after the arrival of Gov. Reeder in Kansas, he was attacked by Stringfellow, and a severe fight ensued.

Fire at South Hadley Falls.—The South Hadley gingham mills were entirely destroyed on Tuesday afternoon; loss estimated at over \$200,000, and insured for \$150,000.

What Wine is Made of.—A Cincinnati paper says that more than two-thirds of all the Catawba wine sold in that city, is made of water, sulphuric acid and honey.

CHICOPEE NEWS.

The "Shepherd Boy," by far the most complete triumph of art of which America can boast, is finished, and was sent to Boston on Monday, and is going from thence to the world's fair in Paris.

Bathing is a great luxury beside being highly beneficial. The young men and boys of this village seem to regard it so, and are very glad such is the case.

Our spring and summer school term was closed last week, and the teachers and scholars are to have a six weeks' vacation.

We neglected to state last week that a boy by the name of McKimberly was drowned in the race-way in this village, on Friday.

L. A. Moody, Esq. has just returned from a western tour. He gives an encouraging account of the wheat and corn crops in the states where he has been.

The Unitarian society in this village has invited the Rev. Mr. Pettis (who has preached in this village for a number of weeks,) to become its pastor.

The Cabot and West Springfield Bridge corporation has declared a semi-annual dividend of 3 1-2 per cent.—payable at Cabot Bank.

Titus Chapin, Esq. has left in this office a sample of the "Sebastopol pea"; it grows to the light of about a foot, and bears very plentifully.

We find, in the Kansas Herald of Freedom, the following in relation to the Rev. Mr. Nute:

"We neglected to notice, as we purposed to do last week, the meeting on the Sabbath evening previous on Grand Mount, and the discourse by Rev. Mr. Nute.

Mr. Nute comes among us as a missionary of the American Unitarian association. He is a gentleman of classical education, a very pleasant speaker, and withal, we believe a very worthy man.

A gentleman in this village has received the following letter from Mr. Nute. A portion of it is of a private character, and we accordingly give it in a condensed form:

"We have made our tent, and began night before last to live in it. It is a charming location, with excellent, never failing springs, within a few rods of where the house should be built.

What Wine is Made of.—A Cincinnati paper says that more than two-thirds of all the Catawba wine sold in that city, is made of water, sulphuric acid and honey.

and in some directions, as far as the eye can see.

"The climate is the most salubrious I have ever found for the same season of the year—mornings some times like the beginning of one of your warmest days in the Connecticut valley; about 10 a. m., a cool breeze springs up from the north-west, and continues through the day.

"Now a word about my mission; Last Sunday I began my labors as a preacher, under very interesting and encouraging auspices; was urged to preach again in the open air the next evening.

"I stood on the height, about 300 feet above the city, and one mile south-west, and saw my flock filling out therefrom, and thought of Him who, standing on Mount Gorazim, and seeing a similar spectacle said to his disciples:—'Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white for the harvest.'

"We sang a hymn about the Good Shepherd leading his flock in the fair pastures, and I preached about the lessons of nature as interpreted and applied by the revelations of christianity.

"To-day I went, according to appointment, about a mile west from this, and spoke to 30 persons, at the cabin of a squatter;—gathered a beautiful bouquet on the way, and took for my text:—"Consider the lilies of the field." Subject:—Providence, and the need of trust therein.

"Next Sunday morn, I am to try to form a Sunday school for my neighborhood, and preach again on Capital Hill in the latter part of the afternoon. I enjoy my ministerial work more than words can tell, and find a warm welcome almost everywhere.

"My address is Lawrence, Kansas territory." As ever, yours, E. NUTE, Jr.

We put the above under the "Chicopee News" head, because it is of particular interest to Chicopee people.

Monday, July 2, James Shay was arrested by officer Whitaker, and brought before Charles R. Ladd, Esq., charged with the crime of drunkenness—to which he pleaded guilty, and was fined \$3 and costs, which he paid, and was discharged.

Mr. Emerton.—A man by the name of King was arrested by officer Porter on Thursday, and brought before J. R. Childs, Esq. the next day, charged with the crime of drunkenness, and he was as drunk as he could be, but was discharged.

JEREMY TAYLOR'S IDEA OF A FRIEND.—A friend shares my sorrow, and makes it but moiety; but he swells my joy, and makes it double.

CONTRADICTION.—The reports of Indian murders in western Kansas are contradicted by the latest arrival. The Indians are alarmed by the report of troops being sent against them, and desire peace.

The peach crop in New Jersey and Delaware gives promise of being the largest ever known. Contracts have already been made for the delivery of large quantities of this fruit at very low prices.

James Keenan, in an interesting letter about Japan, says that "socio" the principle drink of the country, is supposed to consist of sour whiskey, tobacco juice, and aquafortis.

All the land offices in Illinois are discontinued excepting at Springfield, because the quantity of land in each district is reduced below 100,000 acres.

Iowa last year received an addition of 100,000 to its population, and from present appearances will receive twice that number this year.

Over five millions in small silver change, from half dollars to three cent pieces, are now lying idle in the federal treasury.

"Cabbage," says the Edinburgh Review, "contains more muscle-sustaining nutriment than any other vegetable."

For the Weekly Journal. MENDON, Worcester Co., July 2.

FRIEND PRATT:—Owing to the pressure and fatigue of business, I have neglected writing to you as I promised to do, some time since. Your village may well be called a thriving one, and the few hours that I was in the place will always be remembered with pleasure.

Looking at the surrounding country, I saw more than twenty church spires, visible in different parts of the city. On one side I saw the villages of Westboro, Northboro, and Marlboro; while from the highest hills in Middlesex county, Hopkinton looked down almost like a city.

"Two young and enterprising 'wolverines' have given us something to gaze at. For 18 months did they chop, saw and split at a tree in one of the gorges of California, and loading a clipper ship with it, have brought it to this port, where all that can stand beneath the lofty dome of the Crystal Palace is being erected.

"The adoption of this platform commits the American party unconditionally to the policy of slavery—to the iron dominion of the black power. I tell you, sir, I tell you, that we can not sit down upon this platform in a single free state of the north.

"The Richmond Enquirer has shown an admirable ability and energy in the recent struggle in Virginia, but directed against the free institutions of the north, that energy and ability will prove but arrows of glass, sped against pillars of granite."

A GREAT TRAVELER.—Captain West of the steamship Atlantic, who is but fifty-five years of age yet, has completed his two hundred and thirty-sixth voyage, which is about equal to 708,000 miles of ocean travel.

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From our New York Correspondent.

"Upon my life the day grows wondrous hot—Some airy devil hovers in the sky And pours down mischief."

Nineteen cases of sun stroke, limp cravats, sweltering streets, full of "moist, unpleasant bodies" bobbing about on blistered feet, and panting for air, are not the worst of it, for by the venacious zodiacal figures in the old almanacs, this same 92° of sultriness do permeate the midriff and chafe the warfish imps, which, during the desperate days lie perdue, then goading them to all manner of elfish franks.

"The adoption of this platform commits the American party unconditionally to the policy of slavery—to the iron dominion of the black power. I tell you, sir, I tell you, that we can not sit down upon this platform in a single free state of the north.

"The Richmond Enquirer has shown an admirable ability and energy in the recent struggle in Virginia, but directed against the free institutions of the north, that energy and ability will prove but arrows of glass, sped against pillars of granite."

A GREAT TRAVELER.—Captain West of the steamship Atlantic, who is but fifty-five years of age yet, has completed his two hundred and thirty-sixth voyage, which is about equal to 708,000 miles of ocean travel.

The peach crop in New Jersey and Delaware gives promise of being the largest ever known. Contracts have already been made for the delivery of large quantities of this fruit at very low prices.

James Keenan, in an interesting letter about Japan, says that "socio" the principle drink of the country, is supposed to consist of sour whiskey, tobacco juice, and aquafortis.

All the land offices in Illinois are discontinued excepting at Springfield, because the quantity of land in each district is reduced below 100,000 acres.

Iowa last year received an addition of 100,000 to its population, and from present appearances will receive twice that number this year.

Over five millions in small silver change, from half dollars to three cent pieces, are now lying idle in the federal treasury.

LIVING WITHOUT FOOD.

We find in the Medical Chronicle, of Montreal, the following communication from the Hon. P. Boucher de Boucherville:

QUEBEC, May 10, 1855. Sir: I have but one desire, one thought—to be useful to my fellow creature.

There is at present in St. Hyacinthe, in the district of Montreal, a physiological phenomenon, which I consider very interesting, and deserving of the attention of scientific men.

The facts, as far as I have been able to ascertain, are as follows: There is, in St. Hyacinthe, a young girl about 17 or 18 years old, (I forget her name,) belonging to a very respectable family of that place, who has for about three months taken no food of any kind whatever.

There must necessarily be something extraordinary in the physical organization of this person to produce such a phenomenon. We can understand that a lethargic sleep may last several days, or even weeks—that a person may exist for some time under the influence of fever without taking food, but in this case, where a young girl remains in her usual state, preserves her complexion, her sleep, her strength, her good humor, without any palpable change, without either eating or drinking, there is, it appears to me, something very extraordinary—something which certainly deserves the attention of science.

An investigation of facts, a study of the symptoms and a search for the cause, would perhaps lead to a solution of this physiological phenomenon, and open to science the way to great discoveries, interesting as well as useful, on the organization and formation of man's physical system.

P. B. DE BOUCHERVILLE.

A. HALL, M. D., Montreal.

Thunder and Lightning

Are no more absolutely necessary to purify the atmosphere, than are Dr. Clough's Columbian Pills absolutely necessary to purify, and keep regular, the natural secretions and excretions of every living person!

"Oh that mine enemy would write a Book." If he did, he would be obliged to tell of the wonderful cures already done in thousands of cases during the past year! And also of the thousands of sick and complaining persons, whose pills have plucked from the very jaws of death; and that families declare that hereafter they will use no other pills. These things are country. Friend, do just as you please about the liver, the lungs, the stomach, the bowels, the joints, the blood, the nerves, the skin, the head, the secretions or excretions of your "house of clay," remember, "The Lord hath created medicines out of the earth, and he that is wise will not abhor them," and that these medicines are beautifully combined in Dr. Clough's Columbian Pills, so that if you use them promptly and faithfully, you will find in their use something that will go all over you and through you, and give some friendly hints about health and beauty, that will surprise the looker on that so valuable a medicine can be sold for merely twenty-five cents a box, or five boxes for \$1, by druggists and merchants everywhere.

Good Pluck.—The would-be assassin of Louis Napoleon died like a hero. There was not a single moment of failing nerve, or of unusual excitement. Repeatedly he was offered his life if he would make revelations, but he constantly refused. Before the trial, the president, Partrieu Lafosse, went to interrogate him. "Do you feel no regret," he said to the prisoner, "for having committed the attempt?" "Pardon M. le president, I regret having missed." It is said that his name was not Pianori, but that he was a certain Count Alzeroni.

An automaton is exhibited in New York which walks and speaks by machinery. The inventor has spent fifteen years in the construction of it, and it can not do either half as well as a small boy.

