

The Weekly Journal.

Volume 2.

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Original Poetry.

For the Weekly Journal.

AGITATION.

The power that is proudly said
This slavery strife at length shall cease;
This traitorous band we do not dread;
We soon will have a lasting peace.

A had compromise we'll have,
Which shall through future time endure;
The nation's union thus we'll save:
The remedy, we know, is sure.

Thus spake the power:—the deed is done;
Now list the herald's haughty cry:
Be mute and wise each in thier's son;
Who dares oppose shall surely die.

And now to God's propitious ear,
To Him who makes the slave His care,
From hearts of truth and love sincere,
Ascends unceasing, fervent prayer.

Quick through the souls of Mammon's lost
A selfish, cruel spirit creeps;
They fear to lose both self and posts;
In them all heaven-born justice sleeps.

This fact well known, the ruling power
Oppression's work in haste renews;
The nation mourns its darkest hour;
Its voice remonstrant they refuse.

To cease now—no god but he,
Our strength is great, and awe shall seal
The doom of him whose speech is free;
Let no one seek the negro's weal.

With us, whatever is, is right,
If it may serve oppression's cause;
Our plighted faith has naught of might;
Nor God nor oaths shall be our laws.

A war with freedom shall be driven,
The people all shall now be told
To fight against the laws of heaven,
And in this war be fiercely bold.

Shall scenes like these our nation see?
Shall not the north say sternly, No?
The north! oh blackest shame! 'Tis she
Has done this work of sin and shame.

Oh Thou, whose kingdom rules o'er all,
Our fathers' battle cry who heard,
And caused defeat their foes befall,
We too will trust thy sovereign word.

An earnest agitation,
Guided by moderation,
Shall rouse this slumbering nation,
And work its great salvation.

Let the whole people fearless cry:
We'll freely, freely agitate—
The threats of tyrants we defy,
The higher law shall save the state.

Freedom for man we will enshrine,
Her glories bright we'll spread abroad;
Our nation's work is her's alone;
Her praise we'll chant with sweet accord.

There is a north, a valiant north;
In God's high name she yet will rise,
Her voice for righteousness go forth,
And peace and freedom bless our eyes.

We will not oppress the oppressed,
For slavery's darkling stream to flow;
We will not curse each rising state,
Where'er our country's name shall go.

The rulers, we the people, widely roar—
Oppression's rule shall have an end;
Abused power is her's no more;
No more shall she this nation rend.

Ye "faces dough," who fear not God,
Nor rule to bless your fellow men,
But meanly watch your master's nod,
Retire, and hide ye where ye can.

Ye men of truth, who freedom love,
On to the battle-field advance—
To Kansas rush! your birthright prove!
And conquer in this hallowed war.

Enthroned in purest light above,
Then will our patriot sires behold
A land of freedom and of love—
The scene they sought in days of old.

From east to west, from north to south,
Where'er our country shall be named,
By voice of eloquence shown forth,
The rights of man be loud proclaimed.

For the Weekly Journal.

STANZAS.

BY BEL HEATH.

What mortals have called music, first
Did thrill the silent earth,
When morning stars together sang
O'er young Creation's birth.

High swelled the pean of the skies,
Till soft o'er earth there swept
Strange murmurs of a hidden lyre,
That in its bosom slept.

Ne'er hushed again that mighty harp—
Its melodies still roar;
Earth's myriad voices, every one,
Breathe music evermore.

When o'er the earth Aurora flings
Her golden robe of light—
When softly fall the starry veil
Of still and solemn night—

Each hour with melody is fraught,
Each breeze a low song bears—
Earth breathes out poetry in flowers,
The yearning heaven in stars.

And oh! in soul what melodies
Are ringing evermore!
Strange music tones, whose echoes stir
Deep founts of wondrous lore.

How oft that voiceless song doth thrill
The inmost being through;
Till soul is with the glory bowed—
Yet wrung with anguish too.

For earth-lips never speak
The wondrous story out!
Earth-language never frames the song
To spirit only taught!

And so, 'mid tearful throbs and prayers,
We walk life's shadowy way—
Our only star, the far off light
Of that divinest day.

Finite shall there be swallowed up
In Infinite of God;
Soul-music there shall find a voice,
Soul-story there be told!

Enough to know that mortal there
Immortal shall put on,
And spirit-lyre, heaven-tuned, ring out
The hallelujah song.

For the Weekly Journal.

Come to my Grave at Morn.

My friends, when I am gone to rest
You must not mourn and weep,
For I shall feel no sorrow there,
Beyond life's rolling deep:

I there shall dwell in that fair land
Where dwell the good and just,
Forever free from pain and care,
And you'll not mourn, I trust.

And when you come unto my grave,
Choose not a mournful hour;
Come not at evening, nor at night,
For then a saddening power

Is in the whippoorwill's lone voice
And in the frog's harsh note:
Come not when such sad, mournful sounds
Upon the night air float.

The close of day is not the time
To come unto the grave
Of one who hopes to live again
Beyond life's troubled wave;

For that dark hour would have more power
To sadden soul and heart,
And make the tears that should not fall
From out their fountain start.

But come at morning's rosy hour,
When earth itself seems gay,
And when the cheerful songs of birds
Will chase sad thoughts away.

Come to my grave at morn, and gaze
Upon the rising sun,
And think that man too rises up
When this short life is done.

At morn, the very air is fraught
With fragrance and with balm,
And lovely nature wears a smile,
The sinking heart to charm:

'Tis then the sun's first sparkling rays
The dewy flowers adorn,
And every thing seems happy; oh!
Come to my grave at morn!

[The above lines were written by Miss MELVINA J. HAYNES, late of Chicopee, a short time previous to her decease.]

For the Weekly Journal.

LOVE.

We live to love, and love to live;
'Tis a holy thing, for "God is love."
Love is the gem celestial set in light,
The effulgence of the Father's crown, forever bright.

Love is the goal for which we press,
For love is heaven, and heaven is rest.
'Tis love that gives each blessing here,
And love that makes the giver dear.

'Tis love that spreads this gorgeous scene,
And robes the earth in velvet green;
And bids the shrinking buds appear,
And paints this world, a fairy sphere.

'Tis love that makes all nature sweet;
'Tis love, attired in beauty, that we greet.
'Tis love that speaks the gentle word;
By love the glorious soul is stirred.

'Tis love that binds the bleeding heart—
Like oil, transfuses every part.
'Tis love that sweetens e'er the crust;
'Tis love that hallows moldering dust.

'Tis love that extracts from glittering gold
Its purest joys; else, never told.
'Tis love that bindeth man to man,
And makes this world a golden span.

'Tis love that makes the brightness bright;
'Tis love that gives the darkness light.
In love's own tones the Savior spoke,
And bade the sorrowing trust and hope.

'Tis heavenly love that circlets us,
Divinely stamps our crumbling dust.
'Tis love alone that ne'er shall die,
For "God is love," who reigns on High. L. F. B.
'Sunny Side," May, 1855.

For the Weekly Journal.

THE MINISTER'S DINNER.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

The Reverend Mr. N—— was a man
Of excellent temper, generous feelings,
And well cultivated mind, but he was eccen-
tric even to oddity. He was a powerful
preacher, and his ministration was blessed
to the reformation of many of his parish.

At the age of thirty-four, he became en-
amored of a beautiful, light-hearted girl
of seventeen, daughter of one of his rich-
est parishioners, and who imagined that
to refuse the hand of a minister would be
a sin bordering hard upon the unpardon-
able. The marriage was consummated,
the bride's fat portion paid; and the hus-
band, as husbands are apt to do in their
first love, gave in to the humor of his
wife, and accompanied her to several par-
ties given by his wealthy neighbors, in
honor of his marriage.

The happy couple were sitting together
in their comfortable parlor, one evening
toward spring, the reverend gentleman
studying the Venerable Bede, and his
wife equally intent upon a plate of the
latest fashions, when she suddenly looked
up, with an expression between hope and
fear, and thus addressed her companion:

"My dear husband, I have a request

to make."
"Well, Nancy, anything consistent?"

"You do not imagine that I would make
an inconsistent request, surely!"

"No—not a request that you consider-
ed inconsistent. But come, what is it?"

"Why, my dear sir," and her voice
trembled a little, "we have been to sever-
al parties among the neighboring gentry,
and now I think to maintain our position
in society we should make a party too."

The minister looked blank.
"What sort of a party, Nancy?" he
said at length.

"Why," she replied, "such a party as
those we have attended. We must make
an elegant dinner, and have dancing af-
ter it."

"Dancing! in a minister's house!" ejac-
ulated Mr. N——.

"Why, yes, certainly," replied his wife,
coaxingly. "You will not dance, the par-
ty will be mine; and then we have been
to similar parties all winter."

"True, true," he muttered with a per-
plexed air, and sat silent for some time,
as if considering. At length he spoke.

"Yes, Nancy, you may make a party,
give a dinner, and if the guests desire it,
you may dance."

"Thank you, love," she cried, putting
her arms around his neck.

"But I have some stipulations to make
about it," he said; "I must select and in-
vite the guests, and you must allow me
to place some of my favorite dishes upon
the table."

"As you please, love," she answered,
delightedly. "But when shall it be?"

"Next Wednesday, if you please."

"But our furniture and window draper-
ies are very old fashioned. Is it not now
time that we had new?"

"I should think it hardly time to re-
furnish our rooms, Nancy. All our fur-
niture is excellent of its kind."

"But our smooth carpets, white drap-
eries and cane chairs, have such a cold
look; do, consent to have the rooms new
fitted, we can move these things to the
unfurnished chambers."

"And of what use will they be in the
rooms which we never occupy? Besides
it is near spring, and to fit up now for
winter is superfluous."

"Well, I would not care," she persist-
ed, "only people will call us parsimonious
and ungentle."

"Oh, if that is all," he said gaily, "I
will promise to expend a thousand dollars
on the evening of the party, not in furni-
ture, but in a manner which will be far
more agreeable to our guests, and profit-
able to ourselves, and which shall exoner-
ate us from all imputation of parsimony;
and you may expend in dress, eatables
and dessert just what sum you please."

And so the colloquy ended. He resum-
ed his studies, and she gave her mind to
the consideration of the dress which would
be most becoming; and the viands which
were most expensive. The next day she
went busily about her preparations, won-
dering all the time how her husband would
expend his thousand dollars, but as she
had discovered something of the eccen-
tricity of his character, she doubted not
that he meant to give an agreeable sur-
prise, and her curiosity grew so great,
that she could hardly sleep during the
interval.

At length the momentous day arrived.
The arrangements were all complete, and
Mrs. N—— retired to perform the im-
portant business of arraying her fine per-
son in fine attire. She lingered long at
the toilet, relying on the fashionable un-
punctuality of fashionable people, and
when the clock struck, left her chamber
arrayed like Judith of old, gloriously,
to allure the eyes of all who should look
upon her, and full of sweet smiles and
graces, notwithstanding the uncomfortable
pinching of her shoes and corsets. Her
husband met her in the hall.

"Our guests have all arrived," he said,
and opened the door of the reviewing
room. Wonderful! wonderful! What a
strange assembly! There were congre-
gated the cripple, the maimed and the
blind; the palsied, the extreme aged, and
a group of children from the almshouse,
who regarded the fine lady, some with
open mouths, others with both hands
in their hair, while some peeped from be-
hind furniture, to the covert of which they
had retreated from her dazzling presence.

She was petrified with astonishment, then

a dash of displeasure crossed her face,
and having run her eyes over the grotesque
assembly, she met the comically grave ex-
pression of her husband's countenance,
when she burst into a violent fit of laugh-
ter.

"Nancy!" at length said her husband,
sternly. She suppressed her mirth, stam-
mered an excuse, and added,

"You will forgive me, and believe your-
selves quite welcome."

"That is well done," whispered her hus-
band, "then, my friends, as my wife is
not acquainted with you, I will make a
few presentations." Then leading her
toward an emaciated creature, whose dis-
torted limbs were unable to support his
body, he said,

"This gentleman, Nancy, is the Rever-
end Mr. Niles, who in his youth traveled
and endured much in the cause of our
common master. A violent rheumatism,
induced by colds contracted among the
new settlements of the west, where he
was preaching the gospel to the poor, has
reduced him to his present condition.—
This, his wife, who has piously sustained
him, and by her own labor procured a
maintenance for herself and him. But she
is old and feeble now, as you see."

Then turning to a group with silver
locks and threadbare coats, he continued,
"These are soldiers of the revolution.—
They were all sons of rich men. They
went out in their young strength to de-
fend their oppressed country. They en-
dured hardships, toils and sufferings, such
as we hardly deem it possible for men to
undergo and live; they returned home at
the close of the war, maimed in their
limbs, and with broken constitutions, to
find their patrimonies destroyed by fire,
or the chances of war, or their property
otherwise filched and wrested from them.
And these worthy men live in poverty
and neglect in the land for the prosper-
ity of which they sacrificed their all—
These venerable ladies are wives of these
patriots, and widows of others who have
gone to their reward. They could tell
you tales that would thrill your heart
and make it better. This is the celebrated
and learned Dr. B——, who saved hun-
dreds of lives during the spotted epidem-
ic. But his great success aroused the
animosity of his medical brethren, who
succeeded in ruining his practice, and
when blindness came upon him, he was
forgotten by those whom he had delivered
from death. This lovely creature is his
only child, and she is motherless. She
leads him daily by the hand and earns
the food which she sets before him. Yet
her learning and accomplishments are
wonderful, and she is the author of those
exquisite poems which appear occasion-
ally in the Magazine. These child-
ren were orphaned in infancy by the Asi-
atic cholera, and their sad hearts have
seldom been cheered by a smile, or their
palates regaled by delicious food. Now
dry your eyes, love, and lead on to the
dining room."

She obeyed, and notwithstanding her
emotions, the thumping of coarse shoes,
and rattling of sticks, canes, and wooden
legs behind her, rarely threw her into an-
other indecorous laugh.

To divert her attention, she glanced
over the table. There stood the dishes
for which her husband had stipulated, in
the shape of two monstrous homely-look-
ing meat pies, and two enormous platters
of baked beans and vegetables, looking
like mighty mountains among the delicate
viands which she had prepared for the re-
fined company which she expected. She
took her place and prepared to do the ta-
ble honors, but her husband after a short
blessing to the bountiful God, addressed
the company with, "Now, my brethren
help yourselves and one another to what-
ever you deem preferable. I will wait
upon the children."

A hearty and jovial meal was made,
the minister setting the example; and as
hearts of the old soldiers were warmed,
they became garrulous, and each recount-
ed some wonderful or thrilling adventure
of the revolutionary war; the old ladies
told their tales of privation and suffering,
and interwove with them the histories of
fathers, brothers, or lovers, who died for
liberty.

Mrs. N. was sobbing convulsively when
her husband came round, and touching
her shoulder, whispered,

"My love, shall we have dancing?"

that word, with its ridiculous associations,
fairly threw her into hysterics, and she
laughed and wept at once.

When she became quiescent, Mr. N.
thus addressed the company:

"I fear, my friends, that you will think
my wife a frivolous, inconsistent creature,
and I must therefore apologize for her.—
We were married only last fall, and have
attended several gay parties, which our
rich neighbors gave in honor of our nup-
tials, and my wife thought it would be gen-
erous to give a party in return. I consent-
ed on conditions, one of which was that I
should invite the guests. So being a pro-
fessed follower of him who was meek and
lowly in heart, I followed his command to
the letter, 'But when thou makest a feast,
call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the
blind,' &c.—you all recollect the passage.

Mrs. N., not knowing who her guests
were to be, is highly delighted with the
rust I have played, and I do not believe
there has been so noble and honorable
a company assembled this winter. My
wife desired new furniture, lest we should
be deemed parsimonious, and I pledged
myself to expend one thousand dollars in
a manner more pleasing to our guests,
and which should obviate any such imputa-
tion."

Then addressing the children, he said:
"You will each be removed to-morrow
to excellent places, and if you continue to
be industrious, and perfectly honest in word
and deed, you will become respectable mem-
bers of society. To you, Dr. B——, under
God I owe my life. I did not know your
locality, neither had I heard of your misfor-
tunes until a few days since. I can never
repay the debt I owe you, but if you and
your daughters will accept the neat furnis-
hed house adjoining mine, I will see that
you never want again. To you, patriot
fathers, and these nursing mothers of our
country, I present the one thousand dol-
lars. It is just one hundred dollars to
each soldier and soldier's widow. It is a
mere trifle. No thanks, my friends.—
You, Mr. Niles, are my father in the Lord.
Under your preaching I first became con-
vinced of sin, and it was your voice that
brought me the words of salvation. You
will remain in my house. I have a room
prepared for you, and a pious servant to
attend you. It is time you were at peace,
and your excellent lady relieved of her
heavy burden." The crippled preacher
fell prostrate upon the carpet, and poured
out such thanksgiving and prayer as found
way to the heart of Mrs. N., who after-
wards became a meek and pious woman.
A fit helpmate for a devoted gospel min-
ister.

"DON'T BOTHER ME."

At Lafayette, a well dressed gentleman,
accompanied by an interesting looking la-
dy, evidently his wife, and two sweet chil-
dren, entered the cars. He was of short
stature, with a short turned up nose, a
short thick lip, small eyes, and impercep-
tible eyebrows. The lady bore the im-
press of suffering patience. Her younger
child appeared sick, and tossed fretfully
on her wearied knee. The other soon
grew tired of the irksomeness of the car,
and became fretful and impatient. The
man, for I can not call him a gentleman,
lay lazily reading a paper, lounging on a
whole seat he monopolized to himself,
though other passengers were standing—
At length the lady, perfectly unable to at-
tend to the two little ones, in a tone of
gentleness, that had something of fear in
it, besought him to attend to the wants
of the elder. She was answered in a loud
and abrupt tone that attracted everybody's at-
tention—"Don't bother me!" Her eyes
dropped, a look of mingled sorrow and
shame came over her face, but she said not
a word. A moment afterwards, the con-
ductor, Mr. Paul, came along, and the
man inquired of him the distance to Mich-
igan city. With a tone rolled to the
life after that previously used by his inter-
rogator, Paul hissed out "Don't bother me!"
The man's eyes glared with fury as he de-
manded the reason of such an insult, and
threatened to resent it unless a proper apol-
ogy was offered.

"I shall offer no apology for my language,"
said the noble-hearted conductor, "neither
will you resent it; for a man who deems
himself injured by having applied to him
the same language he has disgraced himself
by applying to a lady, is too little of a gen-
tleman to be apologized to and too much
of a coward to resent it!"

Closing Scene of the Louisiana Legisla-
ture.

The New Orleans Crescent gives the fol-
lowing account of the closing scene of the
Louisiana legislature: "At an early hour,
honorable representatives commenced amu-
sing themselves by rolling wrapping paper
into balls, which they threw at each other
with infinite gusto. Shortly after, newspa-
pers were resorted to, and larger paper
pellets were seen flying through the hall
in all directions. The clerk's desk was a
favorite point of attack, and even the speak-
er's chair did not escape. The honorable
members, however, were not content with
these descriptions of missiles, and commen-
ced throwing volumes of statutes, laws and
other books at each other, to the unbound-
ed delight of themselves and audience when-
ever a good hit was made. The applause
was loud and frequent from gallery, lobbies,
and every part of the hall. Between eight
and nine a recess was taken, and then the
fun grew "fast and furious." Songs were
sung amid the uproarious shouts—"confu-
sion worse confounded" reigned supreme,
and to crown the whole, about half past
nine, a "stag-lance" to the strain of a
not badly played violin, was in active
progression, when messages from the sen-
ate and governor temporarily arrested
these edifying and appropriate amuse-
ments. And to make the story short, the
tumult and confusion continued to increase,
to grow worse, more and more disreputa-
ble, up to the very moment of adjournment.
The only redeeming feature of the even-
ing was the good humor that universally
prevailed."

From the Gospel Banner.

PARENTS, TALK WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

Not only furnish them with books and
send them to school; not only be careful
that they regularly attend church and the
Sabbath school; not only furnish them with
clothes and the advantages of good soci-
ety—but talk with them.

There are many kind and provident pa-
rents, particularly fathers, who do every
thing for their children, but do not talk
with them, except to exact their obedi-
ence, or in regard to trifling, every-day con-
cerns.

If you have a thought worthy a king's
hearing, give it to your child. If you
have noble, Christian ideas of any subject,
speak to the son or daughter of them.

Familiarly, by the way-side, at home,
talk with the children about God, his char-
acter, his government. Talk with them
about heaven, of its holiness, love, near-
ness, as the home of all souls, as the world
where we shall meet departed ones, and
live with God and Christ for ever.

Talk with them about life and death,
that they may not have a dark view of the
change we all must meet.

Talk with them as those you are to ed-
ucate for usefulness and happiness here,
and for the glory of God. They will
bless you by and by, if you talk with
them frequently and properly upon such
subjects.

Parents, heed this suggestion.—Talk
with your children.

NEVER SAY DIE.—If you can't succeed
at one business, try another. If you fail
as a cobbler, enter yourself as a member of
congress. In short, do anything but take
to despair. When Monsieur Jollie present-
ed his picture of Moses crossing the Red
Sea, the curate of Louvre threatened to
kick him out of doors. Did that disheart-
en him? Not at all. He went home,
added a little chrome yellow to it, gave
it a new name—"Caesar crossing the Ru-
bicon"—and sold it in less than a month
to the same curate, for ten thousand
francs.

Here we see the advantage of "never
giving up." Had Monsieur Jollie been
like most men, the insult he met with on
first going to "the great national gallery,"
he would have resulted in a shilling's
worth of prussic acid. But he wasn't
like most men, and the consequence is, he
has become a lion of the first magnitude.
When similarly placed, then go and do
likewise.

"Will you take the life of Pierce or Scott
this morning, madam?" said a news boy to
good old aunt Betsy.

"No, my lad," she replied, "they may
live to the end of their days for all me,—
I've nothing 'ag'in 'em."

The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, May 12, 1855

S. M. FERRIS & 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 113 Nassau street, New York, and 10 State Street, Boston.

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

EUROPE.

The recent news from Europe nips in the bud any prospect of immediate peace, and all that remains for the four powers is to fight until they get tired of defraying the expenses and spilling the blood incident thereto.

England, the proud, the despotic, who, with aristocratic dignity, has ever been ready to engage in war, if it would only add to the lustre of her antecedents, now finds her military reputation disgraced, her officers a laughing-stock, and her finances in a bad condition. But she must continue the war; there is no alternative. The conference at Vienna has adjourned *sine die*, for the reason that Russia is uncompromising. The latter intended no child's play when she commenced this drama. Alexander II. is a second edition of Nicholas—thoroughly saturated with the opinions of his father, if he does not possess his ability. In a political point of view, they were ever on terms of the closest intimacy. Nicholas took especial pains to instruct him in his views of the science of government, the true policy of Russia, &c. Was it to be supposed, taking into consideration the strength of the Russian forces, and relative weakness of the allies, and the small prospect of Sebastopol being taken, that the young emperor would consent to the reduction of the Russian power in the Black Sea? She has not consented, and so far well to peace prospects. Two hundred thousand lives have already been lost, by bullets, cold and disease, in this contest; and it now looks as if Europe were to be drenched in blood, old dynasties overthrown and annihilated. Results always flow in the path of great political movements not thought of at the commencement. And just so with this war; it may be the cause of *coup d'etat* which will completely revolutionize the programme of European politics.

According to the last advices, five hundred cannon, of the largest caliber, had been for about a fortnight playing upon Sebastopol; the bombardment was to continue a few days longer, and at the end of that time the allies were going to try to take the place by assault. No doubt the carnage has been tremendous, and the French and English have probably fought with sublime obstinacy. But, in our opinion, Sebastopol is not taken. A few days will tell the tale.

But it is said that Austria now refuses to join against the czar. Alexander has threatened to assist insurrection among her discontented Slavonic subjects if she dares to aid the allies. If possible, Austria is in a worse condition than England. Her treasury is bankrupt, and the allied powers, cut loose from the disgraceful alliance complained of, can now unite with Hungary and Italy. Louis Napoleon would probably be adverse to such an arrangement, but he may be driven into it, as a last resort, especially if Sebastopol has not been taken.

The people of this country lost their sympathy for the allies when they sought an Austrian alliance; but the recent news puts a new face upon the matter.

CANADA BREADSTUFFS.—On this score the Oswego (N. Y.) Times of the 28th ult. remarks:—"Scarcely two weeks ago one of our most prominent flour dealers insisted to us that not to exceed 100,000 barrels of flour would be received in the United States from Canada this season before harvest. Over 250,000 barrels have been received already, and on the 25th there were in the several warehouses in Toronto, awaiting shipment, 80,000 barrels of flour and 97,500 bushels of wheat, and about 200,000 bushels of corn. There are afloat at the same time about 10,000 bushels of wheat, and 9,000 barrels of flour."

BOOTS AND SHOES.—The Lynn Bay State says that the great staple business of Lynn is in a very flourishing condition. There are no manufactured goods on hand, and it will take months to supply the orders which have been taken—in fact orders for spring goods can not be supplied. Many more shoes might have been sold had they been manufactured. Buyers have been obliged to go away without procuring the goods they wanted. There are no jobs out of employment, and manufacturers find it difficult to obtain as many workmen as they want.

BOSTON.—When our readers go to Boston, just walk down and take a view of Oak Hall. It is one of the great attractions of the city, and you may there procure a suit at the lowest prices. Large sales and small profit. One price cash system.

CHICOPEE NEWS.

We are glad to learn that a company has just been organized in this village bearing the title of "Chicopee Boot and Shoe Company," and for the business indicated by the title. The capital is fixed at eight thousand dollars, and is distributed among twenty-five or thirty shareholders, all resident in this immediate vicinity. It is proposed to commence operations at once, the company having taken a part of Capt. McClellan's brick building on Chapman street, for the purpose. W. S. Wood, late of Brookfield, is to be the managing agent. James Lyman has been elected clerk and treasurer; and John Wells, Nathaniel Cutler, W. S. Wood, George H. Chapman, T. A. Dennison, directors.

Tuesday morning, at about half past 2, an unoccupied house at the head of School street, belonging to Samuel Flynn, of Holyoke, was discovered to be on fire. The engine companies were soon on the ground, but the fire was too far advanced to render it possible to save the building. Probably the work of an incendiary. There was a light insurance. A building near by became so hot during the conflagration that a man's hand would be unpleasantly affected by resting against it.

The lower railway station is to be improved, by being papered, painted, carpeted, &c. Three hundred dollars have been appropriated for that purpose. The statement in the last paper about a change in ticket-master was not correct, although it did not spring from nothing. Mr. Clapp had received an application to go elsewhere, and at one time felt disposed to accept it. There was also a probability that Mr. Johnson would take his place; but Mr. C. finally concluded to retain his present situation. Hence, the story was circulated that there was a change, and we published it, supposing it to be correct. This only shows that "mistakes will happen, even in the best regulated families."

The Conn. R. R. R. commenced their new plan of using horses, instead of steam, to draw the cars between the junction station and Chicopee Falls, last Monday morning. This note-worthy march of improvement was celebrated by the Chicopee Falls boys in a manner eminently appropriate. A friend in that place has furnished us with the following account of the proceedings:

The horse-flesh locomotive and train of cars thereunto attached, met with a distinguished reception on its advent into this place on Monday morning. It was received at the outskirts of the village with a band of music (consisting of a drum and fife, played by boys,) followed by four young men, each bearing aloft the flag of our Union; behind these was a grand procession of three wheelbarrows, for conveying passengers to any part of the city. On arriving at the station, they were received with a grand salute of twelve fire-crackers. The neigh of the locomotive and the urbanity of the conductor, engineer and fireman, added eclat to the occasion.

SPECTATOR.

Many of our citizens are in favor of running a daily omnibus between this village and Chicopee Falls. The idea is worthy of consideration.

The Chicopee Falls Torrent Engine Co. at their annual meeting on the 7th instant, made choice of the following officers for the year ensuing:—Wm. R. Kenfield, 1st director; John H. Smith, 2d director; Asher Bartlett, 3d director; H. H. Jewell, clerk and treasurer; M. D. Whittaker, C. S. Stiles, George Matoon, standing committee.

Rev. Mr. Lincoln, pastor of the Baptist church in this village, baptized eight persons last Sabbath—his daughter being one of the number. We understand that his society is in a flourishing condition, numbering many more than it did a year and a half ago.

Last Sunday, officer Swift found a man from Northampton in a state of beastly intoxication; he removed the unfortunate person to the lock-up, where he slept off the drunkenness, and was then allowed to "go on his way," probably not "rejoicing."

Mr. Maurice Landers has presented us a cucumber ten inches long, raised in the hot-bed of "Uncle John" Chase, whom Dame Nature has given a large physical frame, a large heart, large pears, peaches, apples, &c., and large cucumbers. He should be a contented man.

C. E. Burleigh lectured in Atlantic Hall on Monday evening, upon anti-slavery.—Those who heard him call it a good address. After he had concluded, A. Doolittle, Esq., made a few remarks, taking strong anti-slavery ground. We had somehow got the impression that he occupied a conservative position, but were glad to find it a mistake.

There is to be a circus in Chicopee this afternoon and evening; and another on the 30th instant. Those persons in the habit of attending such performances are referred to the advertisement in another column.

Our thanks to L. A. Moody, Esq., for legislative documents.

POLICE DEPARTMENT.—Margaret Mori-

arty was arrested on the 7th inst., by officer Swift, and brought before Charles Sherman, Esq. for examination, on complaint of William Bowler, charging her with the crime of larceny. Discharged. Stearns for prosecution; Bond and Surety for defense.

Ellen Downing, of Chicopee, was arrested and brought before W. L. Smith, Esq. of Springfield, on complaint of Margaret Moriarty, for violation of liquor law.—Found guilty, and ordered to pay a fine of ten dollars and costs. Appealed. Stearns for defense.

Tuesday, May 8, John O'Connor was arrested by officer Whittaker, and brought before A. Doolittle, Esq. for examination, for aggravated assault and battery upon Robert T. Trip. Found guilty, and fined five dollars and costs. Committed in default.

We have received a letter from Rev. Mr. Nute, and shall give it next week.

DEATHS.

Death has been busy among the notables of Greece. General Tsavellas, the hero of Missolonghi; Gardskiotis Grivas, formerly palas marshal; and Deliani, formerly president of the senate, have died within a few weeks.

Ex-governor Seabury Ford died at Burton, Ohio, May 8.

Walter Colquit, formerly U. S. senator from Georgia, died at Macon, May 8.

Capt. John A. Webber, U. S. military store-keeper at Watertown, died Saturday.

M. Durcos, French minister of marine, died April 18.

A GEORGIA PATRIOT DEAD.—The Thomsville Watchman says:

"Lewis Sanders Noble, a soldier of the revolution and trooper in Marion's legion, died on the 19th ult., in Clinch county, in this state, at the advanced age of 104.—The deceased had preserved and retained until within a few days the apparel and hat worn by him in battle, and which exhibited nineteen bullet holes."

James A. Van Dyke, ex-mayor of Detroit, died May 8.

It is with feelings of sorrow that we announce the death of our friend and former preceptor, Luther B. Lincoln, Esq., representative in the legislature from Deerfield. He died yesterday morning, of lung fever.

CHARLES SUMNER'S address at Springfield was a perfect combination of lofty eloquence and impregnable logic. For nearly three hours his spell-bound audience drank in the spiritual nectar he so lavishly dispensed, and we believe that hardly a person was impatient for him to conclude. The Republican says:

CHARLES SUMNER.—"For us to praise the earnestness, interest and eloquence of his speech, would be superfluous. His devotion to his opinions on the question of questions has been consistent through evil and through good report. He is no fair-weather friend of anti-slavery, nor does he use it to-day to advance his own interest or those of his party, and thrust it aside to-morrow to serve like purposes. Whatever else may be said of Charles Sumner, he is no demagogue, no time-server, but a true man, and a worthy son of Massachusetts."

On Wednesday evening, he addressed the people of New York city. The Tribune says:

"Mr. Sumner's speech last night was the greatest oratorical and logical success of the year, and was most enthusiastically praised by the largest audience yet gathered in New York to hear a lecture."

MINNESOTA.—The Minnesota Pioneer of April 25th, estimates that 8,000 settlers have entered the territory this season, most of them hardy farmers. Extensive lumber mills have been put into operation in the Minnesota pine forests. One of these establishments, costing \$120,000, uses thirty saws, besides shingle, lath and clapboard machines, and employs 180 men, 50 yoke of oxen, and 17 span of horses.

LUMBER TRADE OF BANGOR.—The pine, spruce and hemlock lumber surveyed at Bangor for the season of 1854 was 159,630,624 feet. The stock of old logs remaining in the boom and on the banks of the Penobscot and its tributaries on the first of March was estimated at from 150 to 175 millions feet, which with the logs cut last winter will give the mills a stock of 225,000,000 feet.

A CURIOUS FACT.—In the United States there were in 1850, 2,555 persons over one hundred years of age; in France there were only 102, though their population was nearly 36,000,000.

PATENTS.—Since 1836 no less than 13,000 patents have been granted in the country. During the first quarter of 1855 the number of patents granted was 500.

A client once burst into a flood of tears after he had heard the statement of his counsel, exclaiming, "I did not think I had suffered half so much."

HOUSTON FOR PRESIDENT.—There are three papers in Pennsylvania that have run up Sam Houston for the presidency in 1856.

JUDGE LORING.—The governor has refused to remove Judge Loring. Sorry.

GENEROUS.—The Albany Journal of Friday says, there were up to that day, ninety-seven unpaid letters remaining in the Albany post office,—three directed to places abroad, and ninety-four to places in the United States. A public spirited and benevolent neighbor happening in the post office, inquired the amount of postage due on the whole lot, and finding it to be \$2.94, paid it and sent them on their destined way—a piece of kindness that will benefit many people without their knowing who they are indebted to.

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.—As proof of the valuable services rendered by swallows, it is estimated that one of these birds will destroy, at a low calculation, 900 insects per day, and when it is considered that some insects produce as many as nine generations in a summer, the state of the air but for these birds may be readily conceived.

THE VALUE OF FREEDOM.—John Adams concludes a letter of April 26th, 1777, thus:—

"Posterity! you will never know how much it has cost the present generation to preserve your freedom! I hope you will make good use of it. If you do not, I shall repent in heaven that I have ever taken half the pains to procure it."

FLOUR MILLS.—The Buffalo Democrat learns from a gentleman who has been spending a few weeks in traveling through Ohio, that he came across four mills that had on hand and would manufacture before harvest, from wheat they had in store, over 10,000 barrels of flour each.

MILWAUKEE.—Milwaukee is only twenty years old, and it has a population this day, of forty thousand. It was laid out in 1835; in 1838 the population was seven hundred; in 1847, fourteen thousand; in 1850, twenty thousand; in 1855, forty thousand.

HENRY WILSON.—About one hundred legal voters in Hinsdale, of all parties, have petitioned the legislature to request Henry Wilson to resign the office of senator, on account of his political acts preceding, and which led to his election. Nonsense!

GRAIN.—The Buffalo Evening Post states that the amount of flour, grain and produce arriving at Black Rock, by the Brantford road, is so large that several canal boats are constantly employed in freighting it up to the city.

PAINTED PAIRS.—The Scientific American cautions its readers against the use of painted pairs, and says the oxide of lead, with which pairs are painted, is a dangerous poison, and has been known to be productive of evil in many cases.

THE LARGEST SPECIMEN.—The largest specimen of pure gold ever found in California, it is said, weighing two hundred and fifty ounces, was found on Scott's bar, Siskiyou county, on the top of the ground, and 380 feet from the river.

POLYGAMY.—Brigham Young, the prophet, thinks that St. Paul, in saying that a bishop should be the husband of one wife, meant, not to interdict him from having any more, but that he should have at least one wife to begin with.

REVIVAL.—An extensive revival has for some time past been in progress in Danbury, Ct. Forty have joined the Congregational church, as many more the Methodist, and one hundred and seventeen the Baptist.

The Northampton Courier says an effort is being made in that town to build a steamboat for the accommodation of pleasure parties. It is to be launched with appropriate ceremonies on the 4th of July.

CALIFORNIA.—The prohibitory law of California does not apply to wines made of California grapes. It is rather a moderate bill throughout, and is regarded merely as a preliminary step.

WHEAT CROP OF MINNESOTA.—The wheat crop of this territory for the present season is estimated by an intelligent farmer, at the value of two hundred thousand dollars.

THE REASON.—The London Leader says the real motive in inviting Louis Napoleon to Windsor was to prevent him from going; at present, at least, to the Crimea.

LOWER CALIFORNIA.—It is stated that Santa Anna is willing to sell Lower California to the U. S. for the sum of forty millions of dollars.

It's provoking for a woman who has been working all day mending her husband's old coat, to find a love-letter from another woman in his pocket. Is't it?

PRICES DESCENDING.—The Boston Bee says that coal from the British provinces can now be bought in that city for six dollars per ton.

TRACTS.—A tract distributor says, in the Puritan Recorder, that he traveled over 4,000 miles during the year 1854 in distributing tracts

From Our New York Correspondent.

New York, May 8, 1855.

Mr. Edron.—We are rejoicing in the loveliest of May weather, which is bringing out the verdure in our parks and scanty garden plots, and coloring the wooded shores on the farther side of the silvered Hudson with a cheerful green, which deepens daily. In a stroll yesterday in the fields of yelpet Elisian, by the classic neighborhood of Hoboken, I saw many veritable dandelions studding the fresh swards at the feet of the budding elms, and heard many songs of birds in the branches thereof, and convinced myself that all the many bad results which are said to ensue to the Jersey side from the restrictions of the liquor traffic on this are partly fictitious, and that Hoboken and the parts adjacent are the same peaceful resorts of phlegmatic and beer-imbibing Dutchmen and country-smitten German damsels, as of yore. Indeed, our liquor dealers have no need to emigrate into Jersey. Between the opinions of the district attorney and the corporation council and the inaction of Mayor Wood consequent thereupon, this is the golden time of all concerned in the traffic. New groggeries are springing up, who late last winter were on the point of winding up their business, are renewed and increasing their orders, and unless timely legal decision stamping the prohibitory law with constitutionality comes to the rescue, we shall have the "rummiest" season known for many a year. As licenses generally expired on the 1st inst., and as no law is yet decided to regulate the traffic until July, whatever may be the case afterwards, there is no penalty for Sunday sales, the police being only instructed to see that no unlawful disturbances occur, and although the more respectable hotels closed their bars last Sabbath, the great number of tipping shops were in full blast, and the brawls and rowdyisms which gave our New York Sabbaths such an unsavory reputation abroad have revived again.

The anniversary week began with last Sunday, when the annual sermons before the various societies were preached to crowded congregations. The city is filled with delegates from the various churches all over the country, and brother members in town are doing the hospitable to these crowds of visitors, who may be seen, carpet-bag in hand, and many of them dusty with the soil of a dozen states across which they have passed, finding their way by dint of inquiry of countless police-men, and careful study of street names on the corner, to the various places of meeting. White cravats abound, giving our profane streets and worldly ferry boats a sanctified air.

Notwithstanding the pompous parade of windy sermons by which aspiring church lights aim to wriggle themselves into temporary fame, which have always imparted a kind of ludicrousness to these anniversary gatherings, they are no doubt profitable and pleasant. Widely sundered members of the same family of faith there greet each other face to face; strengthen words of council and of cheer are interchanged; the condition and prospects of the common cause are made known, and concerted plans perfected for its furtherance, and all leave these public demonstrations for their respective fields of labor with new strength of purpose and brighter hopes. The retired country minister, shut up all the year in his study, gets a peep at the bustling world, and paints many a sermon with his bused observation of city life, and the daughters of lay delegates, covetly noting the fashions on Broadway and the manners of city ladies, assist to spread good breeding and refinement, along with the moral lessons learned during anniversary week.

What is to become of us if our good country cousins do not let down the price of the army products? Last Thursday, the beef market touched a higher average figure than has before been known in the city of New York—15 cents per pound. The same day, mutton by the carcass was 13 cents a pound, and scarce at that. But the supply of veal fully equals the demand, especially the description technically known as "kitten veal," i. e., veal made from calves from one to three days old. How highly privileged we are, to live imprisoned in brick and mortar, to eat kitten veal and the smallest of neglected eggs, to get such butter as our country friends can spare from their own tables, and such vegetables as they don't need, at famine prices.

Lorejoy's hotel was inundated by a tide of some 400 returned Californians upon the arrival of the North Star last week. Perhaps from the attraction of the name, compounded of love and joy, the whole motley crowd poured in, rendering all attempts to accommodate them out of the question. A queer throng they were, looking, with their broad brown hats and haggard unshorn faces, as if they came from any other than the land of gold.

John, archbishop of New York, may be considered as fairly "graveled" in his controversy with senator Brooks. After indulging in an amount of blackguardism and vulgar personality which ought to consign him to the lasting contempt of gentlemen, and utterly failing to relieve himself of the overwhelming proofs with which Erastus sustained his charges, he has begged a suspension of public opinion, and bawled off as Pius would permit him.

The immortal alderman Briggs yesterday proposed that as Bishop Hughes owns \$17,000,000 of property, he should be taxed for the same.—"The motion was adopted by the board of supervisors. Ah, why can not John rack, flay, burn and otherwise punish these ungrateful heretics? I dare say Pius would permit him."

Efficient means are now being taken to protect immigrants from the imposition of runners and other harpies, who have been in the habit of fleeing them on their arrival. The commissioners of emigration have leased Castle Garden, and all immigrants will be landed there, and cautioned against imposition and furnished with the knowledge needed to take care of themselves. It is hard, however, to give up this pleasant resort, where we are wont to go

to breathe, and welcome distinguished arrivals of famous men and singing women.

The street-sweeping machines are doing finely. Smith, Sacket & Co. promise to sweep the principal streets nightly, and to give us the luxury of clean thoroughfares.

LADY BLESSINGTON.

The New York Tribune sketches Lady Blessington as follows:

In a house within a pleasant drive to London, whose mixture of suburban beauty with city grandeur, and whose chaste adornments of art and graceful luxury of decoration, gave to it the air almost of a fairy palace, sits a woman of middle age, but round the parting summer of whose beauty somewhat of lingering spring has still decayed. This woman had, when young, wedded a husband at the altar with sworn vows.

She abandoned him for a lover. She sickened again of him, and soared up to another. She betrayed, too, his foolish, but loving and trusting heart which forced him into marrying her, and kept as a paramour, a gay, gallant, and gorgeous young Frenchman, Count D'Orsay. To this man she conceived the foul design of marrying her husband's child, her own step-daughter, in order thus to center in the object of her guilty passion, her dull dotard, of a husband's wealth. The plot succeeded. After the marriage she still continued the intimacy. When the fit time came her daughter was driven from the doors; the Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay maintained their connection, and set shame at defiance to the last. The wretched outcast of the street, poor and seduced, is called a prostitute. The brilliant mistress of Gore House, affluent and the seducer, is called "a charming person."

Men of the highest rank and most honored names in Great Britain were not ashamed, nay, were proud to worship the polluted goddess, and lay garlands at her shrine. We own we were startled to find among the list of such a woman's choicest communicants and most favored guests such names as those of the decorous Peel and the refined Lord John Russell. Yet this woman had not the palliation of seduction, of desertion, or of want, like the rustic outcast. She was rich, and had a fond husband and a beautiful home.

Yet she did a deed, and that to her own husband's child, so damnable infamous that not all the charms of sparkling conversation and elegant ease can wipe it out from the book of the recording angel. In this fell purpose she had for her accomplice, her paramour, Count D'Orsay, an accomplished dilettante, who dressed, rode, walked, talked, wrote, chattered, played and painted with a singular good taste, but who carried under those superficial accomplishments, as his one act to his victimized wife clearly showed, a heart as cold and black, as was ever harbored by a villain. Such was the woman and such the man round whose "graceful board" the pure and stainless aristocracy of England do gather. Yet, in hurrying home from such a feast, there was not one of these well-mannered men and fastidious women who would not have passed the outcast with a shudder.

The historian who will disclose the hidden causes of the recent political blunders of England, can scarcely complete his task unless at the same time he drag aside the folds which recently drape that hidden social corruption inevitable in every community based on the principle of caste and hereditary inequality of classes. The philosopher and lover of man may mourn over the evils revealed in the process, but it is the means of reaching that disease of which they are but symptoms. The death of Lady Blessington may induce mandarin sentimentalists to throw disguise over her real vices and protrude her fictitious virtues. But such distortion of truth does not elevate the dead; it merely lowers the living.

The Millionaires of New York.

The New York correspondent of the Charleston Courier makes the following mention of the millionaires of that city:

"Wm. B. Astor is our richest man; he inherited his wealth. Stephen Whitney, five millions; owes his fortune to speculations in cotton and the rise in real estate. W. H. Aspinwall, four millions; came of a rich family, and gained vast increase of wealth in the shipping business. James Lenox, three millions, which he inherited. The late Peter Hartung, two millions; came to this city as a cabin boy, and grew rich by commerce. The Lorillards, two millions; came from France poor, and made their huge fortune in the tobacco and snuff business. The late Anson G. Phelps, two millions; learned the trade of a tinner, and made a fortune in iron and copper. Alexander D. Stewart, two millions, now of the dry-goods palace; began business in a little fancy store. Of those who are put down for a million and a half, George L. Vanderbilt was a farm laborer, Cornelius Vanderbilt as a boatman, John Lafarge as steward to Joseph Bonaparte. After indulging in an amount of blackguardism and vulgar personality which ought to consign him to the lasting contempt of gentlemen, and utterly failing to relieve himself of the overwhelming proofs with which Erastus sustained his charges, he has begged a suspension of public opinion, and bawled off as Pius would permit him.

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