

The Weekly Journal.

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Original Poetry.

For the Weekly Journal.

If we Die, we shall Live again.

BY MISS E. C. LANGRISH.

A saint of God has fallen, and there is mourning here below,
But rapturous joy in Heaven, where the spirit resteth now;
The fragile bark no more can be by earthly tempests tossed,
Tis safely moored, the port is gained, death's gloomy Jordan crossed.
They will miss her by the fireside, there will be a vacant chair;
We shall miss her in the house of God, the accustomed place of prayer;
Another bright green mound will rise amid the buried dead;
Another lettered stone be reared above the sleeper's head.
We remember when our mother from our circle passed away,
And with breaking heart and tearful eyes, we viewed the lifeless clay;
But 'tis not in vain we've struggled through such sorrows vast and deep,
We have learned to "mourn with those who mourn, and weep with those who weep."
Oh! envy not the proud of earth, whom wealth has gained a name;
Nor envy those who wear with scorn the laurel wreath of fame;
But following hard the master's step, through all this care and strife,
With earnest zeal record thy name within the book of life.
They are not false and idle tales, those wondrous words we read,
Of the gates of pearl, and streets of gold, where the pure immortals tread;
But the "New Jerusalem" is there, beyond the swelling flood,
And 'tis lighted by the glory of the risen son of God.
Sure death is not that fearful thing our spirits so much dread,
For dust thou art, to dust return, was by a father said,
And though the brazen forms we love shall moulder and decay,
We know they'll wake to life again on the resurrection day.
Chicopee, June, 1855.

Select Tales.

From Household Words.

THE GLEANER.

"They have all been touched, and found base metal."—
—Slakepeare.
"So, this is my return to my native village! This is my reception from relatives who owe me so much!" Thus thought, rather than said, a poor looking old man, as he stood leaning over the gate of a newly cleared wheat field, in the bright, bustling harvest-time. "One," exclaimed he, as his musings took a tone of passion which broke unconsciously into words, "one—yonder portly landlady, sitting in her bar, as she pleased to call it—her bar, quotha!—In my young days it was the little boarded parlor opening from the tap-room. A bar in the old Red Lion! What shall we hear of next? One, bedecked and bedizened, with her gown like a rainbow, her fringed apron, and her cap stuck out with flowers, sitting in her bar, if that be its style and title, amongst her glasses and punch bowls, with a bell upon her table and a net of lemons dangling above her head; she, Miss Collins, as she calls herself—she used to answer to the name of Jenny Collins twenty years ago—defused point blank to acknowledge me!—Refined to my face that she had ever seen me! Called me a cheat and an impostor! Wondered at my impudence in attempting to pass myself off for her dear uncle, Michael Norris! Threatened me with the stocks and the round-house, the justice and the jail! Precious mix! She whom I rescued from drudgery and starvation, from living half shop woman, half maid, with the stinky tennant clear-starcher, in Belford Marsh! whom I set up in that very Red Lion—perched upon her throne, in the arm chair, in the bar! purchased the lease of the furniture, the good will; paid her first year's rent; stocked her cellars; clapped a hundred pound bank note into her hand! And now that I come home, old and lame, sick and ragged, she reviles me as a vagabond and an impostor, and tells me to be thankful to her compassion and tender heartedness that she does not send for the constable to carry me to jail! Liar that she is!—ungrateful perjured liar! for she knew me. I saw that she knew me; ay, as well as I knew her.—She would be glad to be no more altered in the years that have changed her from a slim girl of twenty-five to a bloated woman of five and forty, than I, in those same years, with all my griefs! Think of her brother—fugh!—It madens me to think of their baseness—whom I educated and apprenticed, finding him

money afterwards to put him into partnership with old Jones, the thriving linen draper. He, indeed, did not pretend to deny that I might be his uncle; but, grant that I were, what claim had I upon his charity, more than any other starving wretch?—What was I to him? He pitied me, Heaven knew! but what could I expect from him? O, the smooth-speaking, soft-spoken knave, with his pity and his charity! Hypocrite in look and word! His tone was as gentle as if he had been bidding me welcome to bed and board for my whole life long. What a fawning parasite that would have been now, if I had accosted him like a rich man! Well, there is some virtue in these rags, since they teach false tongues to speak the truth. Then came my cousin Anthony, whose daughter I portioned, whose runaway son I clothed and sent to sea. And this Anthony is now a great meat man—a rich miser, who could buy up half the country. What says he?—Why, he was poor himself—the second lord—nobody knew how poor, and had been forced to make a rule to give nothing to beggars; ay, he called me a beggar! I might go to the Union, he said; the workhouse; O, the precious rascal! The son of my father's brother, brought up in my father's house—worth a hundred thousand pounds, and would have sent me to the workhouse—me, his only living kinsman! O, this world! this world!—for I was resolved to try them all—I sought out my old schoolfellow Nicholas Hume, the spendthrift, whom I bailed in my young days, when little richer than himself, and saved from prison by paying his debts. What was his gratitude? Why he, forsooth, had never heard my name. Michael Norris?—Who was Michael Norris? O, they knew me well enough twenty years ago, when I returned from the West Indies a rich man, husband of a wealthy Creole, master of flourishing plantations, to visit my early haunts, help my poor relations—I found them all in distress, some way or other—and shook hands with my old friend! Nobody had forgotten me then. But now I come back a ragged cripple, houseless, friendless. And the old man paused, and lifted his wretched hat from his thin gray hairs, and passed his tattered handkerchief over his furrowed brow, with an air which proved that he was as much oppressed by mental suffering, by indignation and disappointment, as by the sultry heat of an August noon.
"There are none left now," thought old Michael to himself, as, exhausted by his vehemence, he sank into a milder mood; "none left for me to apply to now, except the three orphan children of my poor nephew, William Leslie, the cousin of these hard-hearted Collinses, and their mother;—and they, I fear, are themselves in great want, and great trouble. He lately died, after a series of undeserved misfortunes, and a long and wasting illness; and, working as hard as ever woman did work to keep herself and her family out of the work-house—that Union to whose comforts my precious cousin Anthony so tenderly consigns me. Poor things! They may well deny any knowledge of me, for they never saw me; and I have a good sample of the slight impression that benefits conferred leave behind them! William was only eighteen when I left England and returned to Jamaica, after my last visit. A fine, frank-hearted lad he was. I remember wishing to take him with me. But my poor sister would not part with him. She had married again after the death of her first husband, William's father, and a wretched match she made; for this second husband proved to be a habitual drunkard, always half mad when intoxicated, who broke out at last into desperate frenzy, and, but for my interposition, would have murdered the poor boy. I seem to see the struggle now," thought the old man closing his eyes; "he flung himself upon William with a table knife, and I rushing between them just soon enough to receive the blade in my arm. I bear the mark of the wound still. The madman was sent to the asylum, and there soon died. And my poor sister, well off for her station, could not part from this only son. He was a fine lad, was William, spirited and generous; and when she also died he was already attached to the girl whom he afterwards married. I helped too, for I loved that boy; I helped on that match, for it was one of sincere affection, and they were in a way to earn a handsome competence; there must have been

some imprudence, or great ill luck, to have reduced them to such poverty." So ran the train of the old cripple's reveries. "I never suspected it; he never wrote to me; and I, engaged in my own affairs, and with children then of my own—well, I will see them, however. They are in this field, gleaming. So said their neighbor. Yes, this is the field; there they are. I'll see them," thought Michael Norris, "though it is probable that they too will know nothing of me." And, opening the gate, the old man limped across the furrows, and began gathering the scattered ears of corn in his withered hand.
We have said the field, although, after passing the gate, which admitted him between the two high hedges that bound it on the northern side, the wide expanse from which the wheat had just been carried assumed the appearance rather of a large open ridge of arable land, bordered by the high-road, and terminated by a distant village, than of the small wooded inclosures so common to the midland counties. A pretty scene it was, as it lay before him bathed in the sunshine; and a lovely group was that to which his attention was immediately directed. A pale young woman, whose regular and beautiful features received additional interest from her close widow's cap, stood before him, holding a fine infant in her arms; a very pretty girl of twelve or thirteen was flourishing a tuft of wheat ears before the baby's eyes, smiling herself at the smile she excited, while her little brother clung to his mother's petticoat in momentary fear of two high fed dogs attending a gentleman and lady riding slowly along the road.
The poor cripple drew back, and sat down under a clump of maple and hawthorn, gay with the purple wild reitch, the white bindweed, and the pretty clematis, known by the still prettier name of "the traveler's joy"; whilst the riding party called off their dogs, spoke graciously to the child and its mother, and passed slowly out of sight.
Leslie, for she it was, approached the old man, to replace the infant in his cradle;—nichel under the fragrant shade of some overhanging hazel stems, just beside his rude seat. Struck by the evidence of poverty, sickness and sorrow, afforded by his tattered apparel, and his wrinkled, yet venerable countenance, she took up a pitcher which stood by the cradle, and, with the kindness which the very poor so often show to each other, and a remark upon the heat of the day, offered him a small cupfull of the milk which formed the contents of the jug. He took it with a trembling hand, and thanked her with an emotion which our readers will comprehend, but which at once surprised and interested its object.
"Your name is Leslie?" asked he, as, after returning the cup with thanks and blessings, he made room for her beside him on the thyny bank. "Your name is Leslie?"
"Margaret Leslie. It is so."
"The wife of William Leslie?"
"His widow! Ah, me! his widow!" replied she, with a sigh. "The widowed mother of these children. Michael," added she as the boy came near them, "take some milk yourself, and carry a cupful to your sister, and bring what wheat ears she can you have gathered to my little heap."
"Michael!" echoed the old man, "your husband's name was William! How came you to call his son Michael? But the name belongs to your family perhaps; your father, or some favorite brother?"
"No," replied the widow, "it is for a different reason. A very dear kinsman of my husband's bore that name, and in token of love and gratitude to him, and in fulfillment of an old promise, so our only son was christened."
"I remember," muttered the cripple to himself, "I remember William said that his first boy should bear my name, and I think he wrote to that effect after the child was born; but the letter must have arrived at that time of misery." Then rousing himself, and turning to the gentle creature, whom a feeling of unusual interest still detained at his side, he added aloud, "I do remember now that William Leslie had an uncle called Michael Norris, but what peculiar cause of gratitude—"
"What cause?" interrupted Mrs. Leslie, thousand causes; from a mere infant, when I have heard my husband say that he gave

him the first shilling he ever possessed, that kind uncle, absent or present, was his good genius. He insisted upon his being sent to the Belford school; paid himself for masters, whom his guardians thought superfluous; rescued him from the frantic frenzy of his step-father; saved his life at the utmost peril of his own, from the furious assaults of that wretched madman; placed him in the paper-mill, which, but for the rash speculation of his partner, would have been not merely a comfortable income for himself, but an affluent provision for his family;—and, last and dearest kindness, when William, with his characteristic generosity, loved a poor girl, the portionless orphan of a naval officer, when interested connections and officious friends opposed the union, did not he, from across the wide ocean, send it merely his approbation of the destined marriage, but a portion for the destitute bride? I never saw him," continued Mrs. Leslie, in a lower tone than that which had been dictated by her enthusiastic recollection of her benefactor's goodness; "but night and morning I have prayed for him, and night and morning do my children join in those prayers; and my dear husband, amongst his last words—"
"Did he pray for the uncle who seemed to have forgotten him?" asked the old man, his voice half stifled with emotion.
"Look, Margaret," added he, stripping up his sleeves and showing a deep scar extended diagonally across his left arm; "this scar was received from the knife with which his furious and frantic step-father was pursuing William Leslie. I am Michael Norris. You do not disdain to acknowledge the cripple who comes to your door hungry and ragged. Here, too," said he, taking from his pocket a bundle of papers, "are characters that you will know."
Tearfully, yet sorrowfully, the warm hearted yet grateful Margaret returned the embraces of her venerable kinsman, presented her three children to him one by one, and replied to his questions as to their changes of circumstances.
It needed few words to tell the story. Nothing is more rapid than a descent. The rolling of a stone down a hill is a true type of a falling fortune. Taking advantage of a long illness with which William Leslie was afflicted, his partner engaged in desperate speculations. They failed. The rash speculator absconded, and William remained a bankrupt, without a friend or resource. Honest to the last, his wife resigned her small settlement to satisfy the creditors. His debts being paid, he tried every means of living, and whilst he retained his health had supported his family by the most persevering industry; but a fever, occasioned by over exertion, had come on; his constitution impaired by anxiety and labor, had been unable to resist the attack, and since that period the wife who had been the faithful partner of his cares and his toils had at least so far succeeded as to maintain her children without the assistance of charity, whether public or private.
"Why not have written to me when this bankruptcy took place?" inquired the uncle.
"Alas! dear sir, we had heard before of that terrible hurricane, in which—"
"In which," said the old man, filling up, with stern composure, the sudden pause that from a mixture of delicacy and sympathy had arrested Margaret Leslie's words—"in which the plantation where I resided was laid waste, my house was leveled with the ground, and my wife with four helpless children in the ruins. In striving to rescue them, this thigh,"—striking the withered limb with a hazel—"this thigh was broken. I owe my preservation to the gratitude of an emancipated negro;—but for months, for years, all my life, all nature, was a blank before me. I have sometimes wondered how I could have survived such a blow; for what purpose I was spared. The doubt was sinful, and finds its rebuke, its thrice merciful rebuke, in this blissful hour. You heard then of my losses, dear Margaret? Poor William heard of them?"
"We were sure that something must have gone amiss, from receiving no reply to the letter which announced the birth of our boy, and claimed your promise of standing godfather at his christening. William did not like to write again upon such an occasion; it would have seemed like encroaching upon your too generous spirit. But when the news of that awful hurricane arrived, and Nicholas Hume and the Col-

lines made inquires in London, and ascertained that your plantation had indeed been among those laid waste—then your silence was too well explained. I heard this sad news first; for it arrived during the dreadful illness which preceded my husband's bankruptcy. And when he regained so much breathing time after his own misfortunes as to ask news of you, no tidings could be obtained; all trace of you seemed lost. Oh, that he had lived to see this day! His will be done! But oh, that my poor husband had but lived to see once more the kinsman he loved so well.
The old man pressed his hand in speechless emotion, and Margaret, smiling through her tears, went on:
"You must live with us, dear uncle, and we shall wait upon and work for you, and be happy together—as happy as we can be without him—after all. My Annie is a good girl, and pretty, is she not, dear uncle? and poor Michael, your namesake, is a boy of a thousand. We have much to be thankful for. Farmer Rogers, the overseer, whose books my husband kept, (little Michael keeps them now, as well, the farmer says, as his father did,) supplies us with milk twice a day. Mrs. Lascelles, the rector's wife, employs Annie and me constantly in needle-work for her large family; and if we can but keep that cottage at whose porch poor William planted the honey-suckle and the China rose and the vine which now covers the thatch—that cottage where we worked and wept together, and where he died the death of the righteous; if we but live together there, within sight of the turf that covers his dear remains, I should ask for nothing better on this side of the grave."
The widow's tears flowed afresh, and once again the old man pressed her hand.
"Is there any doubt of your retaining this beloved habitation, dear Margaret? and does my coming cause that doubt?"
"Oh, no! dear uncle! not in the slightest degree. The cause of doubt is, that we have no lease, and that Miss Collins, as she calls herself, poor William's cousin, wants it for some purpose or other—people say with home view of marrying, but that is idle talk—village gossip. What is certain is, that she wishes to take it, and is willing to give two pounds a year more rent than I give or can afford to give. If our old landlord, Mr. Godfrey, had stayed, and lady Elizabeth had promised that I should remain; but the hall, and the village, and the whole estate are sold, and the new lord of the manor is coming this evening! Hark! you may hear the bells coming even now. Mr. Godfrey and lady Elizabeth intend staying a few days at the rectory; you saw them ride by with their dogs; they have promised to speak in my favor to the new landlord; they mentioned it even now, and the other rector and his excellent lady will second my petition;—still—"
"Be of good cheer, Margaret. Even if you should leave your pretty cottage, I would wager something—" The old man checked himself, and resumed, in an indifferent tone—"Who is the new lord of the manor? what is his name?"
"The property was purchased by a man by the name of Price; but he is understood to be an agent, and I have not heard the name of the real proprietor, who is said to be an elderly gentleman, and so rich that he will hardly be tempted to turn an old tenant from her cottage for so trifling an addition of rent. Nevertheless—"
"Once again, dear Margaret, I say be of good heart," reiterated her kind old uncle.
"The tenants are to meet him in the avenue; the farmers and their sons on horseback, the cottagers, women and children, on foot. Ought I to join them? I have no shame in honest labor, but do shrink from meeting the scorn of those proud kindred who—" and poor Margaret's tears fell fast. "Ought I to be there, dear uncle? I will go or stay, as you direct."
"Go, Margaret. Go, and fear nothing. Gather up your treasures; the jug, whose generous draught was the sweetest I ever quaffed; the wheat ears, and the cradle with its crowing babe—blessing on its dear face! Go boldly; I will not shame you by these uneasy rags, but will rest awhile under the friendly shade of the hazel, while you return home and prepare for the procession. Be sure that you fail not. We

shall meet again soon, dear ones! For the present farewell."
There was something about the old man, ragged, sick and lame as he was, that Margaret found it impossible to disobey. So, buoyed up, she knew not why, she called about her her blooming children and departed, Annie and herself bearing the cradle between them, and the boy laden with the gleanings of the day.
The setting sun gleamed brightly between the noble elms that formed the beautiful avenue to Corston Hall, gilding the rugged branches and turning into pendant emeralds the leaves of the branches, which met across the wide carriage road—met and interlaced in a lengthened archway, that might well have suggested the rich intricacies of a cathedral aisle in the proadest days of Gothic architecture. The village bells pealed, horses pranced, flags waved, the children of the parish schools strewed the gandy flowers of early autumn, and as the carriage of the new lord of the manor rolled between the vivid lodge to the gray old Hall, a quaint, irregular structure of Elizabeth or James' day, when a tame peacock, sunning himself on a stone balustrade, a large old English spaniel basking on the steps, and the tenants in their holiday apparel grouped round the porch, and artist, whether painter or poet, might have envied the accident which produced an arrangement so felicitously picturesque.
Something of this feeling, however, unperceived or unguessed by herself, mingled with the natural emotions of curiosity and interest in our friend Margaret's bosom, as standing humbly apart between her two elder children, with her infant in her arms, under a large sycamore, she gazed around upon the scene, and perceived, gaily adorned in the extreme country fashion, the rival candidate for her beloved cottage—the buxom landlady of the Red Lion, surrounded by the unfriendly kindred of her late husband—Neither Margaret nor her William had ever applied for assistance to these people; and yet she knew instinctively that some from pride and some from shame felt the silent reproach of her unassisted poverty and her blameless life—that all wished her absence, and would contribute, as far as in them lay, to turn her from her home; and, in spite of the encouraging influence of her lately known kinsman's cheering forebodings, her heart sunk within her as the door of the cottage was thrown open. An elderly gentleman, very neatly dressed, but pallid, emaciated and lame, was assisted by his servants on the two low steps that led to the porch. Having ascended them with some difficulty, he turned around, took off his hat, bowed with a gracious smile to the assembly, and then paused, as if in search of some one whom he expected to see.
The effect of this apparition was a start of surprise and horror from the portly landlady, seldom equaled on the stage or off; her brother the haberdasher, who had just flourished his hat preparatory to leading the general cheer, let it fall in dismay, looking the curses which his habitual hypocrisy scarce repressed; cousin Anthony, the rich miserable miser, smothered a groan; and Nicholas Hume, in spite of his consummate impudence, fairly stole away.
What, in the meanwhile, did our friends in their humble nook under the sycamore? Little Michael danced for joy. Annie clapped her hands and poor Margaret, for the twentieth time during the last six hours, burst into tears; this time, however of unmingled joy.
"Mrs. Leslie! Margaret my dear niece!" cried Michael, (or as we may now call him, Mr. Norris,) advancing to meet her, "to you alone, of all my relatives now living, do I owe any account of my motives for coming among you as I have come to-day; with the rest of my kindred I have done forever. But I also owe some explanation to my tenants and future neighbors. You all know that I left England, about fifty years ago, a poor and friendless lad. I returned, nearly thirty years afterwards, with riches honestly obtained, the happy husband of a wealthy and excellent woman, and the father of four hopeful children. I came to Corston, found my relation, some indigent, some comfortably situated, did what I could among them and went back to Jamaica, with the view, at some future day, of placing my sons at the head of my planta-

tion in that island, and coming home to die in my native village. A hurricane passed over the estate where I lived, destroying my dwelling, my wife, my children, and almost myself.

"For many years I was dead to the world; but care had been taken of the large property that remained to me, and when, by God's mercy, I was restored to health, mental and bodily, I found myself rich indeed, so far as money was concerned, richer than ever; but in the charities of life, most poor—a childless, desolate, bereaved old man. I knew that a report had gone abroad that I was ruined by the hurricane, and I resolved to prove the relations I had left in England, by coming among them in seeming poverty. I have done so, and the experiment has answered well. And now my dearest place, I need not tell you that the cottage is yours; but for the second time to-day, I throw myself upon your charity. You will not abandon me because I happen to be rich? You never have the heart to do so! You remember your promise that we should live together; so come with those dear children to brighten and gladden the old Hall."

The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, June 9, 1855.

J. M. PERRY and 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 110 Nassau street, New York, and 10 State Street, Boston.

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

REV. MR. KNIGHT AND BR. PORTER.

We find, in the last number of the Holyoke Mirror, a letter from Rev. Richard Knight, who is in Kansas, with the Hampden county company, and who is known by our citizens to be a very conscientious man, and his statements can therefore be fully relied on. It seems that his company has a fine location, being in a section where there is plenty of timber, good water, excellent soil, and a great abundance of fish and wild game. Of course, pioneer life has its hardships, but if a healthy man can not undergo temporary privations, what is he good for? Just think for a moment of what our noble pilgrim ancestors went thro': there you find courage which should cause the effeminate characters who have returned from Kansas because they did not find easy-chairs and metropolitan boardings, to hide their heads in shame. We have not, however, read or heard of many who have returned; but, of course, there will always be, in every large company of emigrants, some who will begin to feel skittish after they get fifty miles from home.

Such persons injure the prospect of Kansas being a free state much more than the Missourians do, for they tell pitiful stories, quadruple the magnitude of every obstacle, and thereby prevent thousands from going thither. Had such men lived in the time of the revolution, they would not have been very sublime opponents of British despotism. There is brother Porter, editor of the Westfield Newsletter—a very clever man—but (from what we hear of him), just about as well fitted for pioneer life as Mr. Partington is to command an invading army—he has returned, and, in his paper, tells a sad story. A Westfield man told us a short time after Mr. P. started that he would certainly come back, as he was entirely unfitted for pioneer life, and to use the gentleman's own words, had "not the spunk of a cat." When we see Porter's last letter so extensively copied by the newspapers, we feel justified in writing as we do concerning him.

The following is the letter from Rev. Mr. Knight:

HAMPDEN, K. T., MAY 8, 1855.

I promised you a communication from this far off land, but fear that my present one may be wanting interest in consequence of the very short notice of an opportunity for sending to the post-office, one hundred miles from this—from which you will see that we can not conveniently run to it every day.

Our company left Springfield on the 3d of April, arrived in St. Louis on the 7th and at Kansas city, Mo., on the borders of this territory, on the 12th. We met with only the ordinary incidents of travel and were all in tolerable health and spirits, but very much fatigued. At Kansas city we had to determine our course and fix upon the locality as nearly as possible where we should finally form our settlement.

After obtaining all possible information and advice we determined to take an almost opposite direction to any of the previous companies. The river Neosho (Clear Water, in the Indian language) presented the greatest attraction, and thitherwards it was unanimously determined to direct our steps. This settled, we moved about five miles and pitched our tents on, or nearly on the state line; here we encamped, nearly one hundred men, women and children, four days, until the necessary oxen, horses, wagons, farming utensils, and provisions could be purchased.

Some of our New England friends would doubtless have been much amused to see our cotton city, with its inhabitants cooking and eating before or around the camp fires. On the Sabbath we had religious services, and all seemed really to enjoy themselves. (I should have stated that I preached also to a large and very attentive congregation on board the steamer as we sailed up the Missouri river.)

We left our encampment on Monday, April 16th, quite a large train; and commenced our journey about S. S. W. over a part of the great Santa Fe road and then for sixty miles over a perfectly untraveled and almost unknown route. My daughter Emily was very sick when in camp, and we found after the first day's travel that she was too weak to proceed, and we made an arrangement with a Shawnee Indian to occupy a part of his hut until she should recover. Here we remained eight days (I mean my own family); our furniture being three or four old buffalo robes, a mattress, an old counterpane, a trunk and the floor—plenty of opportunity between the logs to study the weather and meditate upon the stars. Our living was very good for the place and the people, and when the wagon came to take us away we were all pretty well and quite ready to depart. We followed on the track of our company, they having left us landmarks; and in four days, after camping out every night, we were delighted with the sight of our tents on the borders of a beautiful long range of very fine timber.

The situation of the place selected for our settlement is without question one of the most beautiful imaginable—fine, rolling, rich prairie, with sufficient timber of the very best description to satisfy all reasonable requirements. Some of our farms of 100 acres will have from 20 to 50 acres of timber upon them, others less. The first season has been unusually dry, but we have found no lack of water, unless it was upon some high divides of prairie. In our journey, the longest stretch, without a creek was about 15 miles, and even then by going a very little out of the way we could have found one. On nearly all the land in this region, springs seem to abound; and on many of the farms water, cold and clear, is found oozing out of the ground in little streams sufficient to make a good supply if a small basin is formed to retain it. Such is the case on my own lot.

A city has been laid out, and all the farms around it regularly arranged and drawn for. Most of our people are now very busy putting up log cabins, others plowing. In a very short time we shall make quite a show. As soon as possible, after getting a steam saw-mill, it is intended to build a school-house, which may also for a time serve for a place of worship. At present we meet in a beautiful grove where seats are arranged, and my pulpit formed by a board placed between two magnificent oak trees! Could you have the same proportion of population attend the house of God in Holyoke, you would require as large a sanctuary as ours.

Our woods abound with grape vines, some of the stems of which are at least 20 inches in circumference; many other fruits also abound.

We have an abundance of wild turkeys, geese, ducks, quails and other birds, also large flocks of parrots; wolves, whose bark is all we know about them, some deer, and a sprinkling of rattle-snakes. The timber is almost exclusively oak, hickory, elm and walnut; some of the trees are of immense girth.

The climate, so far as we can learn, and so far as we can judge, is very fine; exceedingly dry, generally. Only think of our whole company being drenched in a soaking rain for ten hours, and all their trunks in the same state, so that they could make no change of clothes, and not one of them taking cold! We all have enormous appetites, and if there is any danger of a famine it arises from the quantity we eat, and not from any real scarcity of provisions. More by and by, if all continues well. Yours very sincerely,

RICHARD KNIGHT.

The Springfield Republican says that a letter has been received from John R. Pierce, late of Barre, dated Hampden, Kansas, May 21, in which he says, "I like the country very much. I think the climate is quite equal to New England, and far more healthy. We have something like 100 persons in our settlement, and more are arriving almost every day." Hampden is the settlement which brother Porter left with such profound disgust.

THE PORTLAND RIOT.—There was a serious riot in Portland, Me., recently, growing out of liquor prosecutions. A mob endeavored to tear down the building used by the city liquor agent. The military was called out to quell the riot, and one of the rioters—John Robbins—was killed, and several wounded. Mob law is worse than hydrophobia, famine and pestilence. If people wish to oppose any law, let them do it at the ballot-box.

FROM EUROPE.—The allied army in the Crimea now numbers 200,000 men—120,000 French, 35,000 Turks, 30,000 English and 15,000 Sardinians. Reinforcements were constantly arriving, and we may expect important results—sometime.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—Punch says, "One of the most interesting specimens of British manufacture, at the forthcoming exhibition, will be an improvement in elastic garters, from a distinguished house at Windsor—warranted to fit anybody."

GOWARD'S REAL ESTATE REGISTER.—This paper, published in Boston, has recently been enlarged, and donned a new and beautiful dress. Those interested in real estate matters should subscribe for it.

On the 19th, 26 ready made houses were sold by a firm at St. Louis, to persons on their way to Kansas, for the sum of \$10,000 in cash.

LIQUOR LAW IN ILLINOIS.—The recent special election in Illinois indicates the success of the prohibitory law by a large majority.

CHICOPEE NEWS.

We stated two weeks ago that the dog belonging to Amziah Bullens, supposed to be mad, had bit T. A. Denison's dog—

Mr. D. chained the dog at the time. Last Saturday, the latter began to appear sick and stupid, and continued to grow worse and worse; a few days after, he would not give the slightest attention to those who spoke to him, and on Wednesday night he died. His symptoms, from beginning to end, were similar to those stated in the article which we published last week from "Mayhew on Dogs." The poor animal was at times inclined to be furious, but the chain which confined him prevented serious consequences. This case fully shows the necessity of our people attending to the dog subject. Nobody knows how many have been bitten, and the owners of such property, if they do not wish to kill them, should at least confine them in such a manner as to render escape impossible. And, moreover, all dogs that show themselves in our streets without being securely muzzled should be instantly killed. We have heard of dogs not showing any symptoms of hydrophobia until 6 months after having been bit—and the same of persons. C. H. Howe, daguerrean artist, of this village, has a brother who was bitten several years ago: the wound healed, but he has been a changed man ever since—his nervous system being completely prostrated.

Robert Beach, of the Cabot House, was bitten on Thursday by a dog belonging to Henry Crooks. Mr. B. thinks the dog was not mad, but poisoned.

The youth of this village, and some more advanced in years, have been doing considerable of a business for several weeks past in the way of catching lamprey-eels. Most of them are taken from Chicopee river, near the "Dam," they are salted, put in barrels, and some kept for home consumption. One of the kings of England (Henry III., we believe,) was so fond of them, that he died from eating too great a dish of one meal. Perhaps he did not think of snakes until after the act was accomplished.

William F. Webster, of this village, has in his possession a chipping squirrel perfectly white. It was caught a few days ago by some boys, in a piece of woods in Chicopee.

As there was not a sufficient sum raised to pay the expense of watering our streets during the summer, Messrs. Wells & Younglove, with the assistance of their immediate neighbors, have commenced keeping a portion of the road through Merchants Row and Exchange street moist, by means of a garden engine. They have employed a man to attend to the business during the warm weather.

P. S. Since the above was in type, we learn that the garden engine has been discarded, owing to a lack of water in the vicinity of the section to be watered, and a horse machine substituted in place of it. The expense will be \$100, and the bill will be paid by the persons above-mentioned. Their public spirit deserves commendation.

Rev. Mr. Lincoln, pastor of the Baptist church, baptised five persons—one male and four females—last Sabbath, in the Chicopee river, just below the "Dam."

Madison E. Wiley, who has been a resident of Chicopee for twenty-one years, is soon to leave for the northern part of Illinois, where he intends to be engaged in the jewelry business. His house is for sale.

The equestrian statue of Washington now being made by the Ames Co. will, when completed, be placed in Union Square, New York city. The Crayon, a New York paper, thus speaks of it:

"It represents Washington, not in the heat of battle, when the dignity of manhood is, to a certain extent, lost in the excitement of conflict, but at the close of it, in the act of recalling his successful troops to moderation and repose. He sits bareheaded, his hat resting upon his bridle arm, which restrains his horse's ardor, his sword sheathed, and his right arm and hand extended in the attitude of restraining, or commanding to quiet. His head is slightly thrown back, and the position of the whole figure is one of easy dignity. The costume is the simple continental uniform."

Bishop Eastburn preached in Grace church on Wednesday evening, and administered the ordinance of confirmation to 7 persons. We learn that the exercises were impressive and interesting.

Dr. Harrington, of Springfield, will lecture in Cabot Hall Sunday eve., at 5 o'clock, upon "Disease." Those acquainted with him speak highly of his qualifications as a physician and lecturer. See advertisement.

We intended to publish a list of the new books recently added to the town library in to-day's paper, but, owing to a press of other matter, are obliged to defer it until next week. After that time, the books will be ready for distribution.

On Monday evening, Messrs. M. J. Severance, George M. Stearns and Seymour Bagg caught about four hundred pounds

of fish, with a seine, in Connecticut river. Nearly five hundred of them were alewives, two shad and one bass.

We have received from Rev. Mr. Nute copies of the Kansas "Herald of Freedom" and "Kansas Free State," and expect a letter soon.

Those who wish for first-rate daguerreotypes can do better than give C. H. Howe a call, at the rooms formerly occupied by Ripley Swift, in Cabot Hall building. Mr. H. will always be found at his post, both ready and willing to attend to customers.

The Barker Family sing in Cabot Hall this evening. Go and hear them.

POLICE DEPARTMENT.—June 2d, Jerry Sweeney was arrested by officer Porter, and brought before Justice Doolittle, charged with stubbornness and disobedience. He was found guilty, and sentenced to the reform school at Westboro for three years. Half the boys in the village should be sent there.

The bakery of Mr. King, on Exchange street, was broken open on the night of June 2, and a number of articles stolen. The robbers were traced to a tenement in the "Arcade," occupied by Mrs. Elder; a search warrant was issued by Justice Doolittle the next day, and officer Porter searched the place, but the thieves had secreted the property, and nothing was found.

Arthur Delarghy was arrested by officer Porter on June 3, and brought before Justice Doolittle the next day, charged with drunkenness; he pleaded guilty, and was fined two dollars and costs, amounting in all to \$8.79, which he paid. He refused to tell where he got his liquor. We are glad to see a disposition in our police to put a stop to rowdiness and drunkenness in this village.

John Wright was arrested by officer Porter on June 3d, for assault and battery upon his wife, and was brought before Justice Severance the next day for examination; he was found guilty, and fined \$2 and costs—amounting in all to \$8. It is stated that Mrs. Wright did not appear very well on the witness-stand, and was reprimanded by the justice.

The following cases in which the parties interested reside in Chicopee, have been disposed of by the common pleas court at Springfield:

In the case of Michael Bowen and wife, of Chicopee Falls, as being common sellers of liquor, the latter was discharged, and the former pleaded guilty. Sentenced to jail for 60 days, owing to non-payment of fine. *George M. Stearns, Esq. for defense.*

In the case of Tryon Winchell, of Rock Valley, on complaint of two several sales of liquor, defendant was discharged, on account of informality in process, on motion of his counsel. *George M. Stearns, Esq. for defense.*

Martin Wood was arraigned on an indictment found by the grand jury charging him with the crime of perjury; he was bound over for trial last December. The crime was committed before Justice Doolittle.

Patrick Kelley, who escaped last week from the officer having him in charge, was re-arrested by officer Whittaker on Thursday morning, and sent to Springfield, to be tried by the common pleas court.

ANNEXATION OF WASHINGTON VILLAGE.—Washington village has finally been annexed to Boston. The line runs from Clapp's orchard wall across the marsh about midway between Dorchester street bridge and Crescent avenue depot, and terminates in the channel at the point of division between Dorchester and Quincy. The whole area annexed is about 150 acres, and the population of Boston is increased about a thousand souls.

The six degrees of crime are thus defined.—"He who steals a million is only a financier. Who steals a half million is only a defaulter. Who steals a quarter of a million is a swindler. Who steals a hundred thousand is a rogue. Who steals fifty thousand is a knave. But he who steals a pair of boots or a loaf of bread is a scoundrel of the deepest dye, and deserves to be lynched."

The California legislature being piously inclined, adjourned on Good Friday, and the members proceeded forthwith to a horse race! The Alta is down on them, and thinks this conduct savors of hypocrisy.

COTTON BURNED.—It is estimated that forty thousand bales of cotton have been lost this season by the burning of steamboats at the south, and by disasters at sea.

The Albany Knickerbocker says that there is a man in Greenbush who believes in rotation of crops. One year he raises nothing, the next weeds.

WHAT A NICE PARTY!—A train of cars that recently passed through Michigan contained 954 paying passengers and 525 babies!

From our New York Correspondent.

New York, June 5th, 1855.

An experience of city life, more pleasant to learn by record than by trial, is looking for board. The wretched bachelor, an outcast by position, and a vagabond by fate, having determined, within his solitary self, to take new or change his former lodgings, wades through the captivating advertisements of the morning papers, wherein delightful homes in a most healthy and quiet neighborhood, without children, and all the modern improvements are duly pictured, wanders forth in quest of an habitation. Let us make a call at number one with him—we mount the steps of an imposing house on a fashionable street, with a neat bit of paper posted beside the door, whereon a female hand has traced words to the effect, that a few single gentlemen can find the comforts of a home within—a pull at the bell brings to the door a woe-begone Biddy, the set of whose garments indicate they were hurried on, without the superfluity of daylight, or a mirror, and whose rebellious hair, scorning the durance comb or pin, is of that suspicious quality most sickening in biscuits. She waves us into a parlor, in the furnishing and arrangements of which faded gentility and sham taste go halves, and summons her mistress. This important personage makes her appearance, habited in black, the outer sign of widowhood and a chastened spirit, and immediately conceives a motherly liking for us, and although she always requires the best of reference, she is satisfied of our high character and standing, by a certain goodness she can discover in our eyes; as our organs of vision have indicated their quality on all similar occasions, we bear the praises meekly and ask to see the rooms. We are led up two flights of stairs into a decent apartment, which has certainly been occupied before, and has a worn, jaded look, much like that of the servant girl who admitted us. It is now our prospective mother develops her internal resources—lighting a gas burner, and taking a position of command, she rids herself of a random, disjointed speech, something in this wise: "This, gentlemen, is a most beautiful room, the ceiling is lofty, the air pure, and bugs are never found; from the window is a most beautiful view of the shipping, and on Sunday, I pledge you in honor, it is most delightful to see the crowds going to church; yonder is a beautiful closet with beautiful books, and the hair mat truss on the beautiful French bedstead, is beautifully springy. Those bureaus are much larger than they look, and beautiful for shirts. If you should go down into my beautiful basement, you would see a lovely white damask table cloth upon a beautiful table, silver forks, ivory handled self-balancing knives, three kinds of meat, clear coffee in the morning, and strong tea at night;—and then we are such a happy family. I myself am a highly educated woman, accustomed to the first society; my daughter plays the piano most beautifully, and the young men read loud from Shakespeare, and my brother-in-law makes such witty remarks that really we know no unhappiness, but if anything, as Mr. Durr, who has the room adjoining this, remarked to me one day, we suffer from too much joy. If my young men wish to receive a friend and have a quiet glass of punch, as young men will sometimes you know, I always give a cheerful assent, and can any one have more at home? If you ever smoke (and here we blush and look guilty) you can step out upon the beautiful piazza and enjoy a cigar in peace, for bad boys never call out, 'puff ahead swell-head to my boarders.' Now, you will take this room, wont you—upon my honor, twenty young men have been here to day to see it, and were positively in raptures with it, but your appearance delights me, and I am sure you will secure it—can come in at any time of night, and hot and cold water upon every floor. You will take it, wont you?" Compounding with consciences for a white lie, we promised to call again, and tear ourselves away and secure the comforts of a home where there is less pretension and gas. But dear young lady reader, if you have a lover in Gotham "boarding," remember him in your vision, and fear lest your timid perverseness to "name the day," joined to the toughness of his beef and the rancidity of his butter should urge him to suicide.

Speaking of suicide, a thing of that sort transpired last Saturday evening, which made a stir among the fancy,—a Philadelphian, who for some time held the office of Inspector of Customs and City Register in San Francisco, where about a year ago he deserted a wife and two children, came to this city with some \$30,000; this he squandered in fast living, gambling, and other vicious courses, and meanwhile fell into desperate love with a barlot living under the roof of the notorious Cinderella Marshall. The reporters describe her as a pretty animal, and as she scorned the matrimonial and other advances of the ex-inspector, he called at her residence with a pistol in each trowsers pocket, and finding her still obdurate, he deposited a half ounce of lead beneath his temporal bone, and rolling down a flight of stairs to the very feet of the mistress of the palace of sin, dismissed his unshrined spirit to its last account. What a warning, more pungent than pulpit preaching can utter to the thousand of young men just sporting in the outer circles of dissipation, deaf and blind to the roar and whirl of the minor maelstrom, full of despairing shrieks, remorseful wailings, and pale corpses of victims gone before.

Yesterday the census Marshals began their visitations. To an iron-nerved beef eater, with a clear conscience, and everything above board in his morals, domestic and pecuniary relations, the visit of one of this inquisitive is of little moment, but to ladies of an uncertain age, who are compelled by the overhanging sword of a heavy fine to disclose the facts in horrid figures; to the sham business man, whose costly equipage and splendid town residence, are false exponents of a real bankruptcy; to the O'Flanagan, who have quietly sunk the emerald lake and stood forth as a native American, and

all who from any cause have reason to dread a too strict inquest, the advent of this official, with his long roll of searching questions, is most devoutly to be feared.

The telegraphic news of the liquor riot in Portland, Me., has created much excitement here. The opponents of the prohibitory law augur from the shocking occurrence, a reaction against the law in Maine, and effectually throughout the country. From the imperfect and perhaps partial accounts we have received of the affair in this city, such a conclusion seems warrantable, and without censuring any parties until the whole facts are before me, I would suggest that the good citizens of Maine are pushing the enforcement of this law too far; a measure which excites riots, and renders it necessary for citizen soldiers to fire upon and kill their neighbors, can not, I think, permanently aid a great moral cause.

Delegations from the various know nothing lodges, on Saturday evening last, presented James W. Barker, Esq., with a set of plate, consisting of 105 pieces. A dinner was partaken of at the Collamore House, and with decidedly American speeches, toasts, and music; the festivities ran into "the small hours." The know nothing defeat in Virginia was something of a stunner, as the party newspaper organs evidently feel the less added to the milk in that cocoa nut, the better. These are beginning to advise an open declaration of opinion and action, and last evening a meeting was held at Stuyvesant Institute, to make in a liberal comprehensive spirit, an open declaration of American principles. A declaration faith was read by Cornelius Mathews, and adopted by a small but enthusiastic meeting. The weather is a delightful mixture of sunshine and cold, and just at this instant the shrill cry of "strawberries" comes in at my open window for the first time this season, as they are now hawked about until they have been on sale in the market several weeks.

NATIONAL KNOW NOTHING COUNCIL.

This body commenced its deliberations in Philadelphia on Tuesday. Nothing of importance was done the first day. The Massachusetts, Ohio and Arkansas delegations were not allowed to take seats, on account of alleged informality of their certificates.

On the second day, the delegates above alluded to were admitted into the council, and the slavery question was freely discussed. Bowlin, of Virginia, commenced the debate, with an angry and gross attack on Gen. Wilson, and demanded that the organization should take pro slavery ground. The Tribune's Philadelphia correspondent thus alludes to the attacks and reply:

The boiling blood of Virginia which had been seeking vent all the week against Massachusetts and senator Wilson, could hold no longer, and Mr. Bowlin of that state opened upon them in a long and abstruse. The whole afternoon session was thus devoted to a free talk on slavery, president Barker refusing to entertain a point of order, but throwing the gates wide open. The tide poured in a torrent for near three hours. The Union went all to smash several times. But Albert Pike and others gathered up the fragments for use to-morrow, when the ball is to be reopened. Mr. Bowlin's speech very much annoyed the better part of the southerners by its inappropriateness, coarseness and vulgarity. He came close to Gen. Wilson while making it, pointing at him, and putting his hand into his face. He charged Wilson with defeating the know nothings in Virginia—said niggers were but one remove from monkeys, and acquitted himself generally in the fittest style of negro-driving.

Gen. Wilson replied with admirable coolness and bold frankness. He said he was the last man to shrink at home or abroad from the frank avowal of his opinions, and he was the last man on earth to submit to dictation and threats. The gentleman from Virginia charged him with indorsing Burlingame's speech in the Tremont Temple and striking him down in Virginia. He did endorse that speech. He now indorsed it, and he should live and die by it, and Massachusetts will stand by that speech. An effort had been made in Virginia to strike him down in Massachusetts, but he was not to be stricken down there by the slave power of Virginia. He conceded the right of the states to settle their own domestic affairs. He stood by the state rights doctrine of Virginia in 1799. Massachusetts had just asserted her own sovereign powers. She flung back with defiant arm all assaults, come from south or north. He was for the abolition of slavery in the District and in the territories; for the restoration of freedom in Kansas-Nebraska; for severing the national government from all connection with slavery. This was the only national position, and on this we can carry the free states like a tornado; but if northern men wavered, all was lost at the north, and the south goes for the winning party. He went for the Union. So did his state. They responded to the sentiment of Andrew Jackson—the Union must be preserved. And they mean that liberty shall be preserved at any cost. He was for peace but did not shrink from war, personal or political, if necessary, to vindicate his opinions. He told the south that the north would outvote them on these questions and that they would submit. We have submitted, and your turn is now to come. Ours is the future—yours the past.

The speech of Gen. Wilson was received with much attention and made a deep impression. It has cleared the air and Massachusetts and Gen. Wilson are more respected to-night than at any time before this week. Many southern gentlemen came to him after he closed and congratulated him. The debate will be resumed to-morrow unless the south chokes it off. Massachusetts is ready—she has several more speeches in reserve.

ENCOURAGE YOUR OWN.—Every man, and particularly every advocate of the protective principle, should supply his wants at home. Support your neighbors first. Get your boots, your coats, your groceries, and dry goods, at home, if you would have your city and community thrive.—Amongst all your practice of this principle, don't forget to encourage your home newspaper, for that is a matter we have good and cheap articles as circumstances will allow. Just in proportion as each branch of business is encouraged, will ambition be stimulated and the means found to better supply your wants.—Boston Bee.

Tobacco.—In the United States, physicians have estimated that 20,000 persons die every year from the use of tobacco.—In Germany, the physicians have calculated that, of all the deaths which occur between the ages of 18 and 35, one half originate in the waste of constitution by smoking. They say that the article exhausts and deranges the nervous powers, and produces a long train of nervous diseases, which the stomach is liable, and especially those forms that go under the name of dyspepsia. It also exerts a disastrous influence upon the mind.

ON GENDER.—Punch slanderously says: "The sun is called masculine from his supporting and sustaining the moon, an finding her the wherewithal to shine away as she does of a night, and from his being obliged to keep such a family of stars besides. The moon is feminine, because she is constantly changing, just as a ship is blown about by every wind. The church is feminine because she is married to the state, and time is masculine because he is trifled with by the ladies."

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.—A letter from Marseilles of the 9th, states that an immense quantity of tents were loaded on the 8th on board of the steamer Wearmouth, and a battery of artillery embarked in the packet Mersey. Wire for the telegraph in the Crimea, and mats to shelter the men from the heat of the sun, have been shipped on board several sailing transports; 400,000 lbs. gunpowder, 300,000 projectiles, and 120 gun carriages arrived at Marseilles on the 8th by railway.

GRAPES IN CONSUMPTION.—The use of grapes as an article of food is much recommended in cases of consumption. They contain a large quantity of grape sugar, the kind which most nearly resembles milk sugar in its character and composition; which is very useful for consumption, it having a great attraction for oxygen, and therefore readily affording materials for respiration.

It was the remark of a celebrated London physician, who enjoyed the most lucrative practice, that he had witnessed such harrowing scenes at the death-beds of the aristocracy, that he shrank with instinctive dread when called upon to visit persons of this class in their sickness.

TELEGRAPH.—Contracts for the building of a sub-marine telegraph between this country and England are said to be perfected, which require that this gigantic work shall be ready for operation by Jan. 22, 1858. The cost is estimated at a million and a half of dollars.

TRUE GENEROSITY.—The Marietta (Ohio) Advocate says that many farmers in that section have refused to sell their corn to speculators at \$1.40, and have chosen to divide it among their poorer neighbors at one dollar per bushel. Such benevolence deserves to be recorded.

YANKEE NOTIONS.—We have seen in Boston many attractive novelties, but among them all, none is more worthy of notice than the celebrated Oak Hall Clothing House. Besides, you will there be sure to get the *quid pro quo* in your purchases, an important idea with a Yankee. One price cash system.

COLONIZATION SOCIETY.—Several slaveholders in Missouri have offered their slaves to the colonization society, to go to Liberia. One Dr. M'Lean, offers his eighteen, with money enough to pay their expense there and furnish a comfortable settlement.

A MILITARY OPINION.—It is said that General Scott and Jessup have, within a few days, expressed their opinion that the allies can not retreat from the Crimea without first capturing Sebastopol by a coup de main, or beating the Russian armies of the interior in a pitched battle.

FEEDING THE ALLIES.—It is stated that three or four thousand hogs have lately been slaughtered in Greencastle, Indiana, for the use of the army in the Crimea.—Contracts for thirty thousand head, for the same purpose, have been made with different parties throughout the state.

LUMBER.—The Bangor Journal says lumber is coming very freely from the mills upriver, and the docks in Boston are filling up rapidly. The docks above the Penobscot bridge are quite full and the over-haulers and surveyors are very active.

The Dubuque (Iowa) Tribune boasts the name of WILLIAM H. SEWARD, for President of the United States. That paper says that Iowa will cast her electoral vote for the great champion of freedom in 1856.

Six sisters were recently married in the same evening, at their house in Somerset county, Penn.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

If you are going to How's Gallery for your Daguerreotypes, go early. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Holloway's Pills, a certain Remedy for Dropsy—Charles Hutchinson (33), of Burlington, Vermont, was for fifteen months a sick victim to this complaint, so bad was he one part of the time, that the water actually oozed through the pores of the skin, and thrice per day change of apparel became necessary. Every time his doctor called he expected to find him dead, and in fact gave his friends no hopes of his recovery; his sister who had derived great benefit by the use of Holloway's Pills, begged him, as a favor to her, to try them; fortunately for him he did not refuse, and they soon produced a change for the better, in four weeks he was again attending to business having thoroughly got rid of the disorder, and in the most excellent health and spirits. These Pills work wonders in liver and bilious complaints.

Wolfe's Schiedam Aromatic Schnapps.—This medicinal drink is manufactured by the proprietor at Schiedam, in Holland, expressly for medicinal purposes. It has been submitted to nearly all the first Chemists and Physicians in the United States, who endorse it over their own signatures as one of the best essentials of the *Materia Medica*. It is now prescribed with great success in Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism, obstructions of Bladder and Kidneys, and for Dyspepsia it has no superior in the world.

Put up in quart and pint bottles, enveloped in yellow paper, with my name on the bottle, cork and label, and for sale by all the respectable Druggists in the United States.

UDOLPHO WOLFE,
18, 20, and 22 Beaver st., New York.
25 South Front st., Philadelphia

Use the old "Village Doctor's" Infallible Cathartic Remedy, Dr. CLOON'S COLUMBIAN PILLS, their uses do not help, but cures diseases such as Headache, Liver Complaint, Costiveness, &c. They do not sicken or gripe. Try the Columbian Pills. See advertisement.

BORN.
In Chicopee, Thursday, June 7, a daughter to Thomas W. Price.
In Chicopee, June 5, a daughter to Julius M. Lane

MARRIED.
In Chicopee, June 2, by Rev. George A. Oviatt, Mr. Havilah Robbins of Longmeadow to Miss Mary Jennings of Chicopee.
In Meriden, Conn., by Rev. James Gallagher, John L. Ives to Jane M. Stevens, both of Meriden.

At the same time and place, by the same clergyman, Philip S. Felton to Leona A. Gallagher, both of Meriden.

DIED.
In Chicopee, June 3, Nancy, wife of Luman S. Coe aged 67.
Sing ye out the church bells slowly—
Slowly, for 'tis solemn chime,
Telling once again to mortals
Story of his fleeting time!
Slightly ring ye!
Holy one we now resign.

Ag'd pilgrim, who hath trodden
Well and nobly all his road;
Rightly wrought out all his mission,
Leaving light where'er he trod—
Gone to God—
Lay her gently near the sod.
Silver hair and wrinkled forehead
Told the frame was growing old;
Whisper'd years of pain and suffering;
But the heart-streams still outrolled,
Fresh as childhood;
Never age had touched the soul.

I had thought I would not tarry
Till life's sands should feebly run,
Till life's rare romance had faded—
Feeling, fancy, thought become
Withered, decayed;
I would die when life was young.
But I felt when I had known thee—
Seen the dew of blossoming morn
On the fruit all richly ripened—
Might soul thus keep young—grow strong—
Till the gray hairs
Were indeed a glory crown.

That last time I well remember,
When my eyes look'd into thine;
Weary was my soul that evening,
Fainting for the better time—
Fretting human
Sadly seeking the divine.
Gladly came thy waiting welcome,
Almost bidding the tears start;
And my name—my name of childhood,
Fell so softly on my heart;
Sitting by thee,
Almost did the load depart.

Thought I, gazing on thy bowed form,
How, through all the lapsing years,
Womanhood—its sacrifice,
Its tenderness, its tears,
Thou hadst known;
Yet hadst smiled through all the years.
Sore'd once more my spirit drooping,
Love and yearning, worn and tried;
Sprang the white celestial blossoms
Where earth's passion-flowers had died;
Felt I softly
Holy fingers
O'er my quivering heart-strings glide.

Thou knewest not o'er what wild waters
Thy voice breathed the "Peace, be still!"
What soul newly baptized went forth,
Meekly to walk all His will;
Murmuring rightly,
"Earth is here—
One saint walketh on it still!"
Now I'm sitting in the shadows;
Vainly for thy voice I wait;
Thou hast gone up in the glory—
And they've closed the golden gate.
I no more thy love may taste.

Ye who sit beside the heart-stone,
Whence hath vanished your soul-light,
Oh forgive me this lamenting!
Though it seem your sacred right,
I did love her
Let me weep with you to-night!
Weep? yet wherefore?—was't not fitting
While He earth's new robes put on—
He should give unto his own
Best beloved
The white robe and starry crown?
Was't not fitting, while all darkly
Dawned o'er our earth the Sabbath morn,
He should send his angel, whispering
Through the clouds and through the storm,
Here the tempests never come!"
Ring ye out the church bells slowly!
Toll for her just passed away!
O one of God's renowned children,
Living to do good each day—
Life sublime!
Best evangelist!
Earth hath cause to mourn to-day.

Ring ye out the church bells slowly!
Strike if thy thought thou may'st send
Up beyond the rolling planets,
Where that soul's first day doth end—
Day in heaven!
Mighty my-try!
Help us, Lord, to comprehend!

BL HEATERS.

They catch 2000 eels a night at the Holyoke dam; and a foot sturgeon was captured there in a sluic net, a few nights ago.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DAGUERREOTYPES.
ALL persons wishing for Daguerreotypes, will find just what they want, for quality and price, at C. H. HOWE'S GALLERY.

CABOT HALL BLOCK.
And as cheap as can be obtained at any other Gallery in the county.
N. B. Perfect satisfaction given, or no charge.—Persons are invited to call and examine, whether wishing pictures or not.
C. H. HOWE,
Chicopee, June 9, 1855.

DR. HARRINGTON.
WILL deliver a lecture in Cabot Hall on Sabbath evening, June 10th, at 6 o'clock, explaining the discoveries which he has made of the extraordinary powers of the human mind, revealing the most surprising phenomena of intuitive power and of the greatest consequence in the progress of man.
Doct. H. has developed the faculty of examining persons either present or absent, giving the physical, moral and intellectual developments; the condition of health, location and character of disease; also the medicinal and chemical properties of substances however concealed.
Seats free. A collection will be taken to defray expenses.
Doct. H. will reciprocate courtesies at the City Hotel, in Springfield, from 10 to 12 A. M., and 3 to 5 P. M., also, usually in the evening.
Chicopee, June 9, 1855.

The Chicopee Boot & Shoe Company.
HAS been organized at Chicopee, in the County of Hampden, under the statute of 1851, chapter 133, as a corporation for the manufacture and sale of Boots and Shoes, with the above name.
The amount of Capital Stock is fixed at eight thousand dollars, in eighty shares, the par value of One Hundred Dollars each.
The amount of stock has yet been paid in the first assessment of ten per cent being payable on the first day of June next.
The following is a list of the names and residences of the stockholders, and the number of shares owned by each:

Name.	Residence.	No. Shares.
Charles McCallan,	Chicopee,	Ten
John Wells,	"	Five
John Chase,	"	Five
James T. Ames,	"	Five
George W. Fitz,	"	Five
J. A. Dennison & Co.,	"	Five
Warren B. Wood,	"	Three
Nathaniel Cutler,	"	Three
George H. Chapman,	"	Three
Charles L. Peppin,	"	Three
Sylvanus Adams,	"	Three
George W. French,	"	Two
James Lyman,	"	Two
George Arms,	"	One
Allen Johnson,	"	One
B. Leavitt & Co.,	"	One
P. H. Streeter,	"	One
Nathan P. Barnes,	"	One
Emerson Gaylord,	"	One
P. E. Kimball,	"	One
Charles Sherman,	"	One
Allen Johnson,	"	One
N. B. Meader,	"	One
Harvey Hillcock,	"	One
S. E. Wood,	"	One
Abner B. Abey,	"	One
W. E. Wentworth,	"	One
John Wells, Nathaniel Cutler, Thos. A. Denton, George H. Chapman, and W. S. Wood,	"	One
Before me, GEO. M. STEARNS, Justice of the Peace.		June 8-55

HAMPDEN SS. May 24, 1855.
Subscribed and sworn to by the said James Lyman, John Wells, Nathaniel Cutler, Thos. A. Denton, George H. Chapman, and W. S. Wood.
Before me, GEO. M. STEARNS, Justice of the Peace.
June 8-55

AUCTION.
BY license of the Court of Probate for the County of Hampden, will be sold at Public Auction, at the Rock Valley Hotel, in Holyoke, in said County, on SATURDAY, the fourteenth day of July next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all the right, title, and interest of Festus Parsons, Ely Parsons, and William H. Parsons, in and to a certain parcel of Real Estate, situated near Westfield Pond, in Westfield, in said County. Also, all the right, title, and interest of the above named persons in and to a certain other parcel of Real Estate, situated near Rock Valley, in said Holyoke.
Said land formerly belonged to Seth Parsons, late of said Holyoke, deceased, and is mostly covered with young and growing wood and timber.
HORATIO COLTON, Guardian.
June 9-55

NOTICE.
WHEREAS, my wife Margaret has left my bed and board without any just cause, and without my consent, this is to certify that I forbid all persons harboring or trusting her, for I will pay no debts of her contracting.
PATRICK FOGERTY,
June 9-55

NOTICE.
THE subscriber having been regularly licensed by the Court of Probate for the County of Hampden, to give prompt attention to the sale of every description of property at any time or place.
Chicopee, June 9-55
MERRICK M. MARSH.

The Barker Family
RESPECTFULLY announces to the ladies and gentlemen of Chicopee, as an Amuseur, is ready to give a Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music, at CABOT HALL, Chicopee, on SATURDAY EVENING, June 10th, and at Market Hall, Chicopee Falls, on Monday Evening, June 11th, at Holyoke, Tuesday evening, June 12th, at Easthampton, Wednesday evening, June 13th, when they will present a choice selection of the most new and most popular pieces.
OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.
THE BARKER FAMILY.—This family, one of the very best ever in our city are now making a tour in the neighboring cities and principal towns. We beg to speak for them, that they are much deserving a liberal and warm reception. Let them be patronized according to their deserts, and through and delightful houses will follow them wherever they go.—Boston Daily Bee.
THE BARKER FAMILY.—The Company, consisting of three gentlemen and one lady, besides "Master Charlie," have a choice and happily arranged programme, their voices harmonize most admirably and their execution is so remarkably clear and distinct, with their instrumental performances, in which all take part, have never been equaled by any Concert Band giving entertainment.—in Montpelier.—Green Mountain Freeman.

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William Pearce, Plumber,
Nos. 12 & 20 City Exchange, Devonshire St., Boston, & Market Square, Portland, Me.
FORICE PUMPS, Water Closets, Bathing Apparatus, Plumbing Work and Water Fixtures of every description, executed in the most manner in every part of the Union with dispatch.

BOSTON TYPE FOUNDRY,
The oldest in New England.
JOHN K. ROGERS & CO.,
SPRING LANE, BOSTON.

RENEWED AND ENOUGH TRAIN & CO.,
Respectfully give notice, that to ensure a central and convenient location for the transaction of their business, they have leased the room formerly occupied by the Globe Bank, No. 20 State Street, Boston, for their general business.
The basement room, No. 21, will be exclusively set apart for the sale of Passage Certificates, by the regular line of Liverpool Packets, and Sight Bills of Exchange for 21 and 22 days, payable at any Bank in Ireland, England, Scotland and Wales. The Packets will continue to sail from and arrive at Constantinople, &c. as usual.
N. B.—The new offices will be opened May 1st, and the entrance to the Passenger and Exchange Offices is at the corner of State Street and Wilson's Lane.

ANNA CLAYTON, OR, THE MOTHERS' TRIAL.
A TALE OF REAL LIFE.
12 mo; nearly 400 pp. Price \$1. The above is a new and original tale, founded on New England incidents of peculiar interest, but involving characters and scenes abroad as well as at home. For thrilling and absorbing interest, it is unequalled. It is a tale of love and suffering, but extending developments of guilt, this story has rarely been equaled.—It will be published on the first day of May, by JAS. FRENCH & CO., 78 Washington St. BOSTON. Dealers in Books & Stationery of every variety.

Wholesale Clothing House.
BURBANK & CO.
The subscriber under the firm of BURBANK & CO., who has the past year been with the firm of BURBANK & ROSE, 95 PEARL ST., and has now purchased their entire stock of READY MADE CLOTHING, at an enormous discount, and removed said stock to Chambers.

No. 64 Federal Street.
Where I shall offer it for sale at 25 per cent below its original cost, a rare opportunity is offered to purchasers of Clothing.
I shall carry on the Wholesale Clothing and Furnishing business in all its various branches. Having had fifteen years experience in the Ready Made Clothing business, I think I can keep pace with the times and suit the most fastidious taste. Particular attention will be paid to Boys' Clothing. You are respectfully invited to call and examine this stock when in the market.

Book & Newspaper Illustrations on Wood.
BY JOHN ANDREW.
129 Washington Street, BOSTON.

Premium Window Shades.
Manufacturers and Importers of WINDOW SHADES, CORNICES, BANDS, PINS, LOOPS, &c. N. B. Store Shades made to order. J. L. & K. KELLY, 119 Washington Street, Boston. Also Kelly's Improved Metallic Fixtures.

JAMES H. HALLETT & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Feathers, Mattresses, Bedding, Upholstered Chairs, &c.
No. 16 Dock Square.

Charles Copeland,
Confectioner, 85 & 87 Court St., Boston.
Keeps constantly on hand the best Ice Cream, Fancy Cakes, Pastry and Confectionery. Parties supplied in addition to the above articles, with Frozen Sherbet, Jelly Blanc Mange, and Table Ornaments.

NATHAN HASKINS, MACHINERY BROKER,
No. 45 & 51 Haverhill, and 9, 7, & 7 Traverser Sts., Cor. of Haverhill and Traverser Sts., Boston.
STEAM ENGINES and BOILERS. New and second hand Machinery of all descriptions and prices bought and sold.

JOHN A. HUGHES, SHOW CASES,
No. 149 Washington Street, BOSTON, Directly opposite the Old South Church.

LANE & WHEELER,
STATIONERS and Account Book Manufacturers. Agents for Owen & Harburt's celebrated writing papers. Wholesale and Retail Dealers. Dress, No. 16 STATE STREET, BOSTON.

PURIFY THE BLOOD.
By the use of Dr. Wm. Clark's justly celebrated Anti-Scurful Linctus. This preparation has acquired a reputation unsurpassed by any other Medicine for the cure of Humors of every description. As a Scurful Linctus, it is without a parallel—can be used with perfect safety by all persons. Manufactured and sold by O. KING, at 634 Washington St., under Pine Church, and at all other places in Boston, where also may be found Dr. Wm. Clark's *Cholera and Diarrhoea Cordial, Healing Extract*, including all of his Family Medicines, together with a large assortment of *Botanic Medicines*, both simple and compound.
All orders as above will be promptly attended to.

Land Warrants Procured for Soldiers & Seamen.
UNDER the act of 1855, who were in actual service 14 days under State of U. S. Officers, in the war of Florida, War of 1812, Mexico, and for their widows and children, now minors, unless 100 acre Warrants have already been obtained; and where warrants less than 100 acres have been obtained, new ones will be secured sufficient to make up that amount, on appearance in person, or by letter to HORATIO WOODMAN, 26 Railroad Exchange, Court Square, who pays cash for the warrants.

FAIRBANKS & BEARD,
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Cider, Ale, Porter and Mineral Water, Howard Athamson Building, Howard Street, Boston. Hotels supplied on reasonable terms.

New England Wire Railing MANUFACTORY,
Nos. 90 & 92 Ulica Street, Boston.
Wrought and Cast Iron Fences, Patent Railings, Window Guards, Balconies, &c., of every description made to order.
OTIS HINMAN, THEO. LYMAN.

J. READ & CO.,
Manufacturers and Dealers in all kinds of GRINDSTONES, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
No. 56 Eastern Railroad Wharf, Boston.

Page's Bed Bug Annihilator.
Bedbugs beware! hear ye your doom;
This precious liquid take,
Whit's I resist, shall behold
Your last terrestrial shake,
Then will I lay me down to rest,
In peace, quite cheerful hearted,
Securely feeling that the last
Blood-thirsty Bro's departed.
This preparation can be relied on as a sure and certain annihilator of these midnight pests. Many preparations have been presented to the public, but have failed to produce the desired effect. If applied according to the directions it may be relied on as effectual. PRICE 25 CTS., in bottles three times larger than any other preparation of the kind.
Prepared and sold by the proprietor, WARREN W. PAGE, corner of Tremont and Pleasant Sts., Boston, Mass. And by Apothecaries and Grocers generally throughout New England.

SARGENT, HARLOW & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS and dealers in Carriages and Harnesses, of every description. Repository, 7 and 8 Charles Street, Haymarket Square, east side of the Marine Building Dept.

FRICES OF PRINCE & CO.'S UNRIVALLED MELODEONS
Four Octave, Ros 3 Case, \$45
Four Octave, Ros 4 Case, \$55
Five Double Reed
Five Piano
Five Piano
GEO. P. REED & CO., 13 Tremont Street, Wholesale Agents.

HENRY L. DAGGETT,
Wholesale Dealer in
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,
Metallic Rubbers, Lastings, Gallions, French Skins, Patent Leather, and Shoe Trimmings at the lowest prices for cash. Nos. 122 & 124 Congress St., Boston.
(South of Milk Street)

Important Notice.
DR. SPARKS' WOMAN'S FRIEND is unquestionably the only remedy ever discovered for that distressing complaint, Falling of the Womb, obviating all necessity of resorting to instruments. It is put up in packages and can be sent to any part of the world. Thousands are suffering with pressing down pains, pain in the groin and across the hips and small of the back—also very low down in the back, with heat and scalding of the water, with some affection of the liver, great weakness and prostration of strength, nervous debility, &c. Much exerted, walking, standing, riding, or lifting, greatly increase the above symptoms. In advanced stages of the disease the sufferer is thus deprived of all exercise and is obliged to be confined to the house, and frequently to her bed. These are the symptoms of the complaint, all of which can be radically cured by the use of this extraordinary medicine.
For sale only by Dr. E. D. SPEAR, No. 13 Kneeland Street, Boston. Persons at a distance wishing to obtain the above medicine, can enclose \$3 by mail, with full directions how they will receive it; immediate attention will be given to it.

Wholesale Clothing House.
BURBANK & CO.
The subscriber under the firm of BURBANK & CO., who has the past year been with the firm of BURBANK & ROSE, 95 PEARL ST., and has now purchased their entire stock of READY MADE CLOTHING, at an enormous discount, and removed said stock to Chambers.

No. 64 Federal Street.
Where I shall offer it for sale at 25 per cent below its original cost, a rare opportunity is offered to purchasers of Clothing.
I shall carry on the Wholesale Clothing and Furnishing business in all its various branches. Having had fifteen years experience in the Ready Made Clothing business, I think I can keep pace with the times and suit the most fastidious taste. Particular attention will be paid to Boys' Clothing. You are respectfully invited to call and examine this stock when in the market.

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CLOTHING.

The subscriber has just laid in a large stock of READY MADE CLOTHING for spring wear, which he invites the attention of his customers and the public.

The goods, cut out according to the latest styles. And made in a neat and durable manner from a large and select assortment, from which a customer can select any article of clothing to suit his taste.

READY MADE CLOTHING. But that we manufacture it ourselves, and sell it to them at a small advance over the cost of manufacture.

Coats, Pants, Vests, Overalls, Shirts, Bosoms, Collars, HANDKERCHIEFS, SAUKS, HATS CAPS, TRUNKS, UMBRELLAS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.

BOYS' SPENCERS, SACKS & PANTS on hand. We have but one price, and the young as well as the aged can make their purchases without fear of overcharge.

WE have in store a splendid assortment of Coats, Pants, Vests, Overalls, Shirts, Bosoms, Collars, HANDKERCHIEFS, SAUKS, HATS CAPS, TRUNKS, UMBRELLAS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.

WESTERN Railroad—Winter Arrangements. Commencing MONDAY, Dec. 11th, 1854. Passenger Trains leave Boston as follows:

For Albany, New York and Way Stations, at 7:20 a. m. For New York and Albany, (Express) 8:00 a. m. For Springfield, and Way Stations, (Acc.) 8:30 p. m.

For New York and Albany, (Express) 8:30 a. m. For Springfield, and Way Stations, (Acc.) 8:30 p. m.

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NOTICE!

The subscriber intending to make a complete change in his business, hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to him, either by note or book account, to make payment before the 1st of February, in order to prevent their debts passing into the hands of his collector.

Auction and General Commission Store—No. 4, Exchange st.

The subscriber intends to carry on the Auction and Commission Store, for which he has extensive store room, and is willing to make liberal advances on goods consigned for sale at auction, for which prompt returns will be made.

Letter and Account Paper, Envelopes, Slates; upwards of 1000 volumes of standard and other publications, by the most celebrated authors and modern writers.

The Subscribers Have received a full stock of SPRING GOODS,

BEING full Sixty Thousand Dollars, making the largest variety to be found in Springfield.

100 Rolls CARVETS, from \$1.00 to 2.25 per yd. 50 " MATTINGS.

200 Pieces of Silk and Colored Dress Silk. 200 Pieces of Bilk and Colored Dress Silk.

2000 POUNDS OHIO GESE FEATHERS. Millinery and Dress Making

THE subscriber would inform their friends and the public generally, that they have removed their stock of goods to the spacious store, in Union Block, next door to H. Rice, Jr., where they are now opening a very large and well selected assortment of

Boots, Shoes, and READY MADE CLOTHING. To which they would invite the attention of all who are in want of good articles, at a very reasonable price.

H. DOWNING, Daguerreian Artist, Exchange street, Chicopee, Mass.

A GOOD assortment of fancy and common cases constantly on hand, and neatly set in Lockets, Pins, Rings, &c. Charges reasonable.

WEEKLY JOURNAL, A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Office in the room under CABOT HALL.

ADVERTISING. The space occupied by 100 words, or not exceeding that occupied by 12 lines of minion type, shall constitute a square.

Advertisements—All kinds of Orders of Notice, \$2.00 each; Executors and Administrators' Notices, \$1.25 each; Commissioners' Notices, \$1.50 each.

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BOSTON CARDS.

JAMES FRENCH & CO., 78 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

DEALERS in all kinds of BOOKS and STATIONERY, of every variety.

BERRY & STRONG, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Cabinet Furniture, Feathers, Beds, Mattresses, Clocks, Looking Glasses, &c.

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