

The Weekly Journal.

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POETRY.

For the *Chicopee Journal*.

MEMENTOES.

BY KATE CAMERON.

Treasures there are, to which the heart
With fondest love will cling,—
Life's faded flowers, that still impart
The perfume of our spring.
And yet, the things which most we prize,
That are to us most dear,
Would scarcely seem to other eyes
Worthy of smile or tear.
A leaf from the wide-spreading tree
—Neath which our childhood played,
—Brings back those vanished days of glee,
Their sun-shine, and their shade.
Our early home,—the loved ones there—
Who round the hearth-stone met;
No other spot e'er seemed as fair—
Those friends we ne'er forget!
And oft a severed tress of hair,
Of clustering jet, or gold,
Recalls the friends once fond and fair,
Loved in the days of old.
Time may have broken the bright chain,
Which once we deemed so strong;
Or in the grave they may have lain,
For many years and long.
And letters bearing many a name,
By love and friendship traced—
Ah! from the hearts, whence those words came,
These records are effaced!
The hands that penned these pages, now
With cold touch meet our own;
And strangely altered is the brow
And chilled the loving tone.
Yet still we heed with miser's care
These relics of the past;
Though of this truth, they impress bear,
That naught on earth can last.
And life, with all its sunny gleams
Of beauty, and of bloom,
Buries at last our highest dreams,
Within Oblivion's tomb!
"Hermitage," Jan. 28, 1856.

THE MERITS OF KANSAS.

The Kansas region; forest, plain, desert, mountain, vale and river. Description of scenery, climate, wild productions, capability of soil, and commercial resources; interspersed with incidents of travel, and anecdotes illustrative of the character of the traders and red men; by Max Green. New York: Fowler & Wells publishers, 308 Broadway.

This book is most thrillingly interesting. It is the record of one who writes from his own round of observation, who has himself chased the buffalo and antelope in their wild haunts; and who once, during six continuous months, according to his own testimony, never slept under other roof than the starry or stormy sky. In theaters of interest and danger, he has experienced what it is to share the hard fare of him who would be the comrade of Old Williams, Kit Carson, Robt. Brandt and the red braves of the western prairies. Max Green has been a free, unlimited, *ad libitum* traveler; indeed, a rover from hood. Scarce a stream, hill, valley, lake or mountain, in our far wide west, but what he has measured its limits with his own eyes. His record, therefore, of this region of country, can be relied on. It is not only interesting from the fact that we glean wholesome needed truth from its perusal, but it has all the charm of romance, life-endangering adventures and the masterly spirit of eloquence that breathes thro' all his descriptions of climate, scenery, soil and adventure.

Kansas territory occupies eighty-four millions of acres; about one fourth of which is barren plain and mountain, and all the large remainder an undulating succession of fields of verdure, hedged with woodland,—the most desirable country, climate and all things considered, anywhere between the Alleghany and Pacific.

In regard to the sweet and pure atmosphere that is breathed over all this vast region of country, we will allow Mr Green to speak of it in his own vivid manner:

"It is a gratification, indeed, to escape from the immense, humid trough of the Mississippi, to this ethereal lightness and dryness which quickens every fiber of your being. And it is pleasurable, beyond expression, to feel about your temples, all day long in summer, the coy fingers of the bland south-western wind.

Traveling toward the mountains, your admiration deepens nightly at the serenity of the firmament, from whose massive blue the magnificent stars come bursting out like red hot diamonds; while at mid-day, the sun is decreased in size, brought lower, and intensified to whiteness; and gazing up the perpendicular escarpment of the rocky spurs, it will, at times, resemble a shield of blazing silver impaled on some lance-like pinnacle.

Objects, however harsh or awful when approached, as seen through this medium, in the distance, wear the delicate and sil-

ty hue of the wing of a dove, or a fading cloud. And through this transparent sheet, mounds and forests loom up large and distinct as though close by. Novices sometimes start confidently for a point hardly five miles off, as they think, and journey thirty miles to reach it. It is related of a certain greenhorn, experimenting in this wise, by way of stretching his legs and provoking his appetite for his morning meal, that, finding he had miscalculated, and being imbued with a will of his own, he kept on till he had accomplished his proposed promenade, and returned exhausted to high breakfast at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

On the Arkansas and Cimarron the mirage plays its vapory tricks. A few grease bushes and mullen stalks, a fur-long off, may take the semblance of a clump of trees; an elk or wolf may be mistaken for a prancing mustang; or a picketed mule expand into a covered wagon.

At Pawnee Rock, one clear evening, our party were amused with a series of these grotesque transformations on the part of a buffalo intent upon having a drink from the Arkansas. As the staid fellow unwittingly plodded along, his hump shot into a pyramid; then jauntily cocking it on one side, like the beaver of a loped dandy, and then descending the kuoll, he turned a flip-flap summerset, swallowing himself, and came out a very elegant giraffe, which shortly settled into a brown and shapeless heap, and in another second, reassumed its ancient buffalonian aspect only to undergo momentary changes as ludicrous as before.

Once, encamping by the Cimarron, we were all surprised into breathless expectancy, by the apparition of a party of mounted Indians, under the shadow of a bluff, charging down upon us pell-mell. There was a rush made for revolvers and six-shooters, and a clattering of rusty knives, until the defensive operations were stayed by the whimsical evolutions of our foes, who, tumbling over their animals, kicked them out of sight and continued to advance on foot. When sufficiently near, they were recognized to be several of our men who had been out to select a spot for grazing. The prospectors were welcomed back with an affectionate ardor that astonished them. For somehow, the sensation of threatening danger safely passed imparts to folks a clinging fondness for one another that is refreshingly wonderful.

The climate of Kansas, he tells us, is nearly that of Virginia, without the saltness of its south-eastern section in May and August.

"East of the mountainous region, the actual winter does not continue three months, during which snow-falls rarely exceed 3 inches. Plowing is done in January; and across the border in the Missouri settlements, families may be seen, in calicoes and shirt-sleeves, seated at their doors, and enjoying the twilight of a December eve. But there are bleak days and weeks when strong winds from the north blow uninterruptingly. And, near the mountains, full fledged storms come down, not long-lasting, but as frostily keen and gloriously wild as those we read about of Piedmont and the Scottish Highlands.

Spring in the eastern half of Kansas is attended with rains from the beginning of March until June. The streams are swollen; and wagon routes become miry, but not like those of Indiana and Illinois; and it is not probable that corduroy or plank roads will need to be constructed. The vegetation is exuberant; and, upon the cottonwood and Little Arkansas, the bright green of the fresh buffalo grass, outrolling in sunshine, is almost too vivid for the eye to bear.

Autumn brings the calm beauty of the Indian summer of New England and the middle states. It is rather dry; for August, September and October bless the country with but little rain; and some of the creeks stand in pools. But this does not prevent abundant crops, since they are either harvested, or so matured as not to be affected by drouth. In respect to continuance of growing weather, the climate is decidedly superior to that of Wisconsin, Iowa and Michigan, where, from 1846 to 1851, there were, successively, partial failures of the crops from the shortness of the season.

Summer, throughout the territory, is a delicious cycle. The ardent noon-time is tempered by the soft south wind from the Cordilleras, and refreshing showers, accompanied with such unpatented thunder and lightning as modern melo-drama will never imitate. Then, of clear evenings, the round moon will float up its path of mellow splendor until the looker-on is drunk to the spirit's core with the red glory that floods half the sky. And, even upon the desert, where, in the garnish light of day, there is no fair-thing, there is yet a starry beauty in the night that calls the soul to heaven.

There is not that smothering dampness and closeness which annoys the dweller upon the bottoms of the lower Mississippi. Moschetoes are small and less rapacious, and away from the Kansas river there are none—none, at all events, that ever presented their bills to me.

As regards the great bugbear which terrifies all emigrants to the western country, viz: fever and ague, Mr. Green says there is some of that in Kansas, but adds, by way of a consolatory appendix, that there is no danger of shaking it pieces with it. He says ague in the west is like cholera in the city, you hear most of it at a distance. It is only troublesome upon low river bottoms, and where pools of sluggish water emit poisonous gasses. He thinks with reasonable caution few need stand in fear of it; and ventures the assertion, that there is more of it, now-a-days, along the Mohawk and Potomac, than upon any river of the west. He recommends Kansas as a resort favorable to those afflicted with consumption, alleging that if there be no sanitary power in the fresh breezes of the buffalo hills, it is vain to hope for any good from the rocking of ocean, or the blandness of Italy. At least, he says, if Kansas climate will not soundly cure—which it well invariably does—it kills soon; and that without the posthumous distress of a doctor's bill. Hear him on this subject:

"There is a vitality in the atmosphere that is truly wonderful. As soon as you pass upon the upland swells of the Shawnee country a new life seems breathed around; a buoyancy and vigor is felt coming back to old limbs. Such was my experience; and hundreds have said to me theirs was similar. Progressing westward, farther from the humidity of the Mississippi region, there was to me a hopefulness, an elation in the very sense of being: an effluence which pulsed through the frame of nature, and at times, would thrill every fiber of my body like the deep joy which penetrates the heart of a child. This is to some the exaggerated talk of an enthusiast. But should my reader go out from the foetid breath of the multitude, and inhale that thin, wholesome air, he might know again the elasticity of youthfulness, and be an enthusiast too. It is worth the expense, time; and manly hardship, to spend an August and September in a buffalo hunt upon the Pawnee Fork of the Arkansas, if only to see your corpulent shadow fall like an ink-spot on the grass.

It is generally taken for granted that invalids had better stay where the chances are in favor of their being nursed into the death. That New York, Philadelphia and Boston, with their many physicians and many smells, are the most desirable abiding places for those who take cheap tombstones into the account, is admitted without argument. But Kansas is excellent to rid the valetudinarian of the dumps and there is no one so delicately gibeted together, but that a roystering outdoor life will benefit him physically, if there be recuperative energy in him. By the law of western metempsychosis, the weak complainer, with cold in his head, rheumatism in his toes, and the small of his back out of tune, under the force of circumstances, is first changed into a Nimrod, and then gradually transformed into a Samson: when he wishes to die. Kirker says, he must return east.

Kit Carson is of slight, lithe build, and of anything externally rather than the cast iron hero which school-misses dream him to be. Who pens this line is not at all formidable in "outward front and semblance;" and, when preparing to go into the wilderness for the first time, was edified with many grave prophecies of what Iowa and Michigan, where, from 1846 to 1851, there were, successively, partial failures of the crops from the shortness of the season.

Summer, throughout the territory, is a delicious cycle. The ardent noon-time is tempered by the soft south wind from the Cordilleras, and refreshing showers, accompanied with such unpatented thunder and lightning as modern melo-drama will never imitate. Then, of clear evenings, the round moon will float up its path of mellow splendor until the looker-on is drunk to the spirit's core with the red glory that floods half the sky. And, even upon the desert, where, in the garnish light of day, there is no fair-thing, there is yet a starry beauty in the night that calls the soul to heaven.

blow him into the clouds, or the sun, beaming through his attenuated form, would cast no shadow, and having lost that, he might no longer be able to find the less material part of himself. Nevertheless, he survived to aid at the funeral of several fat giants, and to rejoice in the acquisition of many new pounds of solid flesh. The fact is, that the nervous-bilious, cadaverous, active fellow, so puny in the city, may be the paragon of firm endurance; and if he have the soul of manhood in him, can not fail to make a pattern pioneer.

In regard to the original discovery of Kansas, Mr. GREEN marks down Monsieur DUISSE, a subject of Louis XV., as having discovered it in 1719. He conducted his expedition 250 miles beyond the mouth of the Osage river, and held council with the Osage tribe in the tract of country they yet occupy. Thence he continued northwest, meeting some Pawnee tribes, and then advancing westward for fifteen days, he erected a large wooden cross, and engraved thereon the imperial arms of France. Since then, Kansas has year after year, been the resort of hundreds of French and American traders and trappers.

Mr. GREEN relates many startling, thrilling adventures, in which others, as well as himself, have been actors. We would that by some magic we might lay them all out before the vision of our readers, saving tedious process of re-writing them and "setting up" types with a "click," "click," one by one. In fact, the whole book is so crowded with interesting facts, romantic adventures, and descriptions of Indian character and manners, that we are lost in the multiplicity, and in doubt what to transfer to our columns. We may at another time draw further from this interesting source of information. All eye-witnesses of Kansas territory agree in representing it to be one of the finest and most desirable countries, in which to locate, that can be found in America. If Kansas can only escape the withering curse of slavery, and be admitted into the Union as a free state, the most unlimited prosperity and wealth may be reasonably hoped for her. We would direct the attention of those who design emigrating west, to this territory, which offers them good and cheap homes. We wish a hearty God speed to all those who are now laboring for its future growth and freedom.

PROSPERITY FOR 1856.

The New York Independent thinks that the prospects of plenty, prosperity and wealth, for the new year, are bright and glorious. It goes on as follows to give its reasons for thus thinking:

1. Never before were our agricultural interests acknowledged to be as prosperous as at the present time. We have not only bread enough to feed our population, but surplus enough to freight almost every ship which could be freighted for Europe from our harbors. The great west, with her bursting granaries, has hardly commenced sending forth her enormous supplies to the seaboard.

2. Our manufactures, with the exception perhaps of wool and iron, are fully employed, at remunerative prices.

3. Our railroads, most of them, are no longer in "bonds," but are rapidly developing almost every square mile of nearly one half of the states of this great confederacy. A short time since, and nearly all of them were borrowing and begging for millions on millions to help them to completion. Now finished, whether they are paying dividends or not to the stockholders, they are at work for the country, in developing its untold resources.

4th. Our ship owners, commanding a position hardly second to any other class in point of wealth and influence in the country, are reaping a golden harvest, and have full employment, at high prices, for "everything which can float."

5. Our merchants, as "princes" in New York or other large cities, or as "business men" in every interior town and village—numbering, it is estimated, in the aggregate, more than 200,000—were never in a sounder or more thriving condition. They enter upon another season's business under circumstances most auspicious. The past year, much long standing indebtedness to Europe has been canceled. Millions of floating capital in our country, owned abroad, has been sent home.

6. Intelligence from California in regard to the immense treasures of gold to be expected from there, is more encouraging than ever. Our receipts from these western shores can hardly be less than \$70,000,000 during the present year. The number of miners is rapidly increasing, and great improvements have been made in labor saving machinery, now at work upon the mountains of gold.

7. Our banks and insurance companies have done a most successful business; have paid good dividends, made a few losses, and entered upon a new year, strong, popular, and promise to their thousands of stockholders a fair remuneration of their capital.

8. Our bankers, and business men of every class, have, by a long series of hard drillings and long warfare with a tight money market, learned much valuable experience, which will, for a time at least, be made available.

If these statements are true—and they can hardly be doubted—they should have their proper influence. We see no farther reason for long faces, crying or whining. As a republic, we are highly favored by Providence in everything which should make us grow and strengthen day by day. In spite of the troubles in Europe (and that is the only dark spot which can be pointed at,) we promise to prosper beyond all precedent in the history of nations. But if we "make haste to be rich," if we plunge headlong into destruction; if we set at naught every principle of justice and humanity, if we barter away our integrity and defy the Authority Omnipotent of our mercies, then may we look for clouds and darkness and storms and thunderbolts, which will bring troubles, embarrassments, disaster and ruin on every side.

CLERGYMEN'S SPHERE.

There is nothing more ridiculous than the fuss made by some people about the sphere of clergymen. The moment that a clergyman touches a topic of general interest, a topic, perhaps, on which his congregation are divided, we at once hear the outcry, "The man is out of his sphere!" "What does he meddle with other people's business for? Why don't he confine himself to his legitimate office?" What is a clergyman's office? Not only to make treatises on abstract theology. Of such the world has already had enough, and more than enough. He must be practical. But how practical? Simply by inculcating on his congregation practical Christianity. But practical Christianity includes all the duties of man. There is no point of morality nor obligation which it does not embrace. The clergyman's sphere then, is the sphere of human duty—not merely of duty in general, but of the particular duties of the congregation over which he is called to preside. It is for this reason more particularly that he is called the pastor of his congregation: because he is set over them as a shepherd over sheep, to supply their moral and spiritual wants, and supply them according to their necessities.

Especially is it the business of the clergyman to call the attention of his charge to those duties which they are the most apt to neglect, and to warn them against those vices to which they are the most exposed. Some vices are made infamous by legal enactments or the opinions of mankind. There are some obligations which a man can not violate without losing social or business caste, or perhaps exposing himself to the penitentiary. With respect to these, the task of the clergyman is comparatively easy.

But there are other points of morality that are left by society and the law, more to the individual discretion. There are vices which, instead of being infamous, are fashionable, and obligations that a large portion of mankind habitually neglect without any diminution of outward respectability. With respect to these, while the clergyman's task is more difficult, his duty is more imperative. If any of his charge are accustomed to regard as neutral or innocent, acts, or even sentiments, that are essentially vicious in their character; if they are in danger of admitting into their minds doctrines that reverse the whole system of morality, and reduce all recognized principles of right and wrong to a mass of chaotic confusion, it is the business of their pastor to warn them of their danger, without caring what reference such errors may have to the politics of the day, or what clique, sect, faction or party he

may offend. In fact, the whole controversy about 'political preaching' lies in a nutshell. A man is bound to discharge his political, as all his other duties, in the light of Christian truth. And whenever he is in danger, either through overweening party attachments, or from any other cause, of forgetting his obligations in that respect, it is the duty of his Christian pastor to remind him of them.—*Dayton Gazette*.

"Traveler for perdition!" said Mrs. Partridge, turning round in State street, as a little boy was proclaiming in dismal tones that he had the "Traveler fourth edition" for sale. It was evident that she had misunderstood him. "Poor child!" said she, with a benignity that would have furnished the capital stock for four Samaritan societies, "and are you really in so bad a way as that? I knowed there was a good many going that road in this neighborhood, but shouldn't think you was one of 'em, so young. But people begin in sin airy in Boston, and here you are at your age calling yourself a traveler for perdition!" The old lady's voice trembled; there was a tear good for a dime in her eye; her hand was in her spacious reticule in a search for the coin; the little boy stood selecting the paper from the number under his arm; busy merchants stood buying and selling all round her; and busy brokers were shaving each other within sound of her voice. The search for the dime went on, but not one cent could she find, and with a benediction, on the disappointed boy she left him—bearing his melancholy voice in the distance—"here's the traveler for perdition!" She sighed deeply, and in her abstraction wandered into a snow bank, where Iks had mischievously led her.

A TRUE SISTER OF MERCY.—Miss Nightingale is one of those whom God forms for great ends. You can not hear her say a few sentences—no, not even look at her, without feeling that she is an extraordinary being. Simple, intellectual, sweet, full of love and benevolence, innocent—she is a fascinating and perfect woman. She is tall and pale. Her face is exceedingly lovely; but better than all is the soul's glory that shines through every feature so exultingly. Nothing can be sweeter than her smile. It is like a sunny day in summer; and more of holiness than is expressed in her countenance one does not often meet on a human face as one passes along the dusty highways of life. Through all her actions breathes that high intellectual calm which is God's own patent of nobility, and is the true seal of the most glorious aristocracy—that, of soul!—*Trenery's City of the Crescent*.

LITERATURE IN THE SCILLY ISLES.—The whole library of one of the Scilly Isles consisted, about a century ago, of the Bible and the history of Dr. Faustus. The island was populous; and the western peasants being generally able to read, the conjurer's story had been handed from house to house, until, from perpetual thumbing, little of his enchantments or his catastrophe was left legible. On this alarming conjuncture, a meeting was called of the principal inhabitants, and a proposal was made and unanimously approved that as soon as the season permitted, any intercourse with Cornwall, a supply of books should be sent for. A debate now began in order to ascertain what those books should be, and the result was, that an order should be transmitted to an eminent bookseller at Penzance for him to send them another Dr. Faustus!

ANCIENT AND MODERN CITIES.—London is now the greatest city in the world, and far surpasses all the great cities of antiquity. According to Gibbon, the population of ancient Rome in the height of its magnificence, was 1,200,000; Nineveh is estimated to have had 600,000; and Dr. Medhurst supposes that the population of Pekin is about 2,000,000. The population of London, according to recent statistics, amounts to 2,500,000—414,722 having been added to it during the last ten years. The census shows that it contains 307,722 inhabited, and 16,389 uninhabited houses.

The American Almanac gives the following as the total population of the globe: Africa, 100,000,000; America, 57,706,882; Asia, 627,000,000; Australia, 1,445,000; Europe, 963,617,521; Polynesia, 1,500,000. Total, 1,050,169,403.

The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, Feb. 2, 1856.

S. M. PETERSON & 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 119 Nassau street, New York, and 10 State Street, Boston.

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

REV. J. T. RODDAN.

In another column will be found a communication from "A Catholic," in reply to our comments last week upon the lecture of Rev. J. T. Roddan. We find it impossible to discuss the views advanced in that production without speaking, to some extent, of the merits or demerits of Catholicity and Protestantism, for the tone of Mr. R.'s lecture was intensely Catholic; indeed, it seemed to us that he stated several times, in an indirect manner, that there was nothing good, or even decent, outside of his church. He seemed to think the Catholic church was the great and only embodiment of true civilization; all else was of no account. And here allow us with a slight digression: His lecture was respectfully listened to by five or six hundred Protestants; not the slightest mark of disapprobation was shown. Last Monday evening, Rev. P. J. Leo (an Irishman, and for over twenty years of his life a Catholic,) in an able, candid manner, entirely free from abuse, undertook to show to an audience, composed of both Catholics and Protestants, the errors of the church of Rome. The former (women as well as men) frequently interrupted him with yells that would disgrace a tribe of Sioux Indians. Notwithstanding the "heretical" Protestants had been brought up in schools tending to "barbarism," and had inculcated a faith leading directly to the bottomless pit, they did not show themselves strangers to the rules of common politeness—while, on the other hand, a large number of the Catholics of Chicopee, on the Monday evening occasion alluded to, behaved more like savages, fresh from a bloody fight, than civilized beings. If the civilization of Catholicity be so perfect, and that of Protestantism so defective, why is it that the people of Italy, Spain, Portugal, Mexico and the South American nations do not show some evidence of their moral and intellectual superiority? The population of the papal states of Italy is about three millions, and thirteen thousand of that number are incarcerated in gloomy prisons, while the masses are ignorant and degraded. Works of art piled as high as the Corinthian column would not begin to compensate for the intellect-crushing process there constantly going on, for no civilization is worth a straw which does not elevate and individualize the great masses, and teach men that they are something more than automatons. According to Wendell Phillips, the laborers in Italy get two cents a day for their labor! But still, according to Mr. Roddan's philosophy, the civilization of Italy is superior to that of the United States! And what is the condition of Catholics in all countries? They are the "hewers of wood and drawers of water;" they have gagged mouths, chained hands, and are controlled by their leaders to such an extent as almost to lose their individuality. Compare poor imbecile Mexico with the United States, and the South American nations with England. Compare Italy, Spain and Portugal with Scotland, Sweden, and the Protestant cantons of Switzerland. Where do you find the most crime, the most ignorance, the most poverty, the most servility, and the most degradation? Or, to come nearer home, compare the Catholics of Chicopee who treated P. J. Leo in such an indecent manner with the Protestants who listened respectfully to the address of Mr. Roddan, which was nothing but a compact mass of Jesuitism. We have ever felt kindly disposed toward Catholics—and some among them we feel proud to claim as friends—but when we see a speaker of talent, who utters no abuse, screamed and hooted at by a pack of ignorant nincompoops, the strongest ties of personal friendship will not prevent us from censuring such a course. Had the Protestants treated Roddan as the Catholics did Leo, we should have censured such contemptible business as strongly we now do the action of the Irish.

America is the land of free thought and free speech—gems not borrowed from that old, corrupt, stagnant civilization which bishops and priests love to eulogize—but originating in the brains of men who were the determined foes of civil and religious despotism. And it will not do, in these times, for any class to attempt to strangle free thought. Such a course will, in this country, always injure those who undertake it. We do not live in Austria, or Italy, or Spain, or Mexico. Roddan and Leo had both a perfect right to say what they did; and we have the same right, and our correspondent, and everybody else, can always criticize us in the Journal as long as we have anything to do with it. But

men have no right to insult a speaker, and endeavor to break up a public meeting.

It is true that we many times scolded the boys of Chicopee for their precocity and too often disregard of the rules of good order and well regulated society, but the thought never occurred to us that the parents of those unruly boys were generally Protestants. As far as our observation extends, the sons of Catholics in this village are as much addicted to rowdyism and profanity, even if their mothers do make them "repeat their prayers before going to bed," as the sons of Protestants. And, moreover, a critical analysis would show that a majority of Protestant mothers do oblige their children to pray before sleeping. Our mother used to teach her reprobate son to do so, and so do nine-tenths of the good old New England mothers. That practice was not confined to the "dark ages," by any means.

Youthful rowdyism is peculiar to cities and manufacturing towns—because they are made up of the "odds and ends of everything,"—and is not alone the creature of American civilization; it exists, more or less, in every nation in christendom—and probably always has existed, not only in this world, but in every inhabited planet. True American society is to be found in the "rural districts."

Our correspondent says the French Huguenots were massacred because they were considered dangerous to the safety of the state. It is true they were not Catholics, and is it not also true that they were from that fact considered dangerous, and from that fact alone? If we have read history correct, the Huguenots were noble men, who dared to think for themselves, and for that reason 50,000 of them were massacred in a single day; and the pope indorsed the transaction; and the "infallible" church made Rome vocal with the "Te Deum."—It was not an election riot, where people got so excited that they did not know what they were about, but a wholesale, deliberate, cold-blooded murder. Our correspondent says the church rejoiced not over the massacre, but in consequence of the salvation of France! There is hair-splitting, with a vengeance.

In regard to the inquisition, the history we have read state it to be a purely Catholic institution. According to Dowling, spies were distributed throughout Spain, and if a person was heard to utter a word against Catholicity, he was sure to suffer the torments of the inquisition. Catholic historians give a different account. Each man must judge for himself as to which is the correct statement. One thing, however, seems certain:—The inquisition was a Catholic institution.

Mr. R. stated, without qualification or explanation, that our free schools tended to "barbarism." But we will not stop to discuss that point; there is no need of it.

The burning of Mount Benedict and destruction of Philadelphia churches were infamous transactions. The latter, however, was, in a great measure, the work of Irish Orange-men.

We have spoken freely, and perhaps used strong language. But severe talk is some times needed, especially after such a demonstration as occurred in Cabot Hall on Monday evening.

GEORGE LAW REFUSES TO BE BLENDED.—Mr. Law has written a letter to some friends in New Jersey, in which he says he shall not pay any money towards his nomination or election to the presidency, and threatens to expose any mercenary adventurer who applies to him for money.

ANIMAL FOOD IN NEW YORK.—The enormous number of 1,147,509 of beeves, sheep, lambs, calves, and swine, costing over \$20,000,000, have been slaughtered in this city during the last year, averaging 22,067 per week.—This is 1,708 more than the average of the previous year. More than half of the beeves come from the western states.

EFFECTS OF THE WAR.—The Manchester Examiner says that the increase of pauperism in Manchester has been nearly 50 per cent in 1855 above the number in 1854. The fact is mentioned to illustrate the influence of the war upon the industrial interests of Great Britain.

The Salem Register says that the late cold weather, the accumulation of snow upon the glass, and the succession of storms, has destroyed three of Mr. Allen's plants of the Victoria Regia, and he has but faint hopes of preserving the two remaining ones.

PROFANE.—The Louisville Journal says that Mr. Richardson is a very profane man. There is one oath he will never take—the official oath of speaker of the house.—Atlas.

Gov. REEDER has written an able letter in reply to Pierce's Kansas message. He promises to give the president another broadside.

EUROPE.—Russia agrees to negotiate, but is difficult to tell whether she wishes peace or not.

CHICOPEE NEWS.

The legal controversy between Charles B. Eastman, of this village, and Vanderbilt & Co., of New York city, has finally been settled, in a manner satisfactory to the plaintiff. Four years ago the coming March, Mr. E. purchased of the aforesaid company a through ticket to California. He went as far as the Isthmus, and there remained for seven weeks—the Messrs V. & Co. not fulfilling their part of the agreement, as they agreed to convey him to San Francisco, without any delay on the route. He finally concluded to wait no longer, and accordingly came home, having suffered in the meantime from fever and ague, caused by continuing so long in that unhealthy region. He afterwards sued for damages; the New York common pleas court decided in his favor; and the company appealed to the superior court, which gave a like decision; the company again appealed to the superior court, and the case was to be tried last Tuesday week, but, as we have stated, a private arrangement was made by the parties, and farther litigation prevented.

Young ladies, by universal consent, enjoy great liberties during leap year. A modest young man in this village lately received the following anonymous poetic epistle from one of the fair sex:

"This leap year! 'tis leap year! indeed 'tis true, And gentlemen now have got something to do: What a comfort that ladies can woo as they will, Can smile on a beau, or give him a chill.

If we pop the question, why you must say yes; If we should propose it, must give a kiss; If you lords of creation must now go to school, And ladies will teach you how you should rule.

Young Cupid has long been preparing his darts, And he'll now fling 'em at your stubborn hearts; At our word of command his arrows shall fly, And his motto shall be, "I'll conquer or die."

You earnestly beg for three days more grace, That the cords of your heart you might tear may lace; But all your precautions in this will not do, For sure as you live, there is an arrow for you.

We will have no mercy, for you've shown none; Now the days of your triumph are over and gone; At the altar of Venus we've lifted our flame, And a cordial submission is all that we claim.

Old bachelors, widowers, young men and all, At the touch of our flames you're certain to fall; From conquest to conquest we'll certainly go, 'Till all men acknowledge we have not one foe.

The doctors no longer can mix up their pills, The lawyers, dear creatures, can lay by their quills; All trades and professions will be at a stand, Now ladies have taken their hearts in command.

You talented gentleman too must resign, And if you should fall, oh! do not repine; 'Tis woman that bids you stand and deliver— If your heart is at home, 'tis that you must give her.

The Youkers Herald copies the notice we gave of H. B. Perkins' lecture before the Chicopee Lyceum, and adds the following:

"It is seldom the good fortune of the extraordinarily gifted to have their merits and genius mentioned in such terms of unqualified praise, and it is the more singular in the present instance from the fact that the lecturer appeared before the public in a manner unexpected to himself, and therefore without that study which forms so many months and even years of preparatory exercises. Mr. Perkins' triumph is the greater from this reason, showing the possession of a genius which needed only to be started to life, to win a world-wide reputation for its possessor. It is a source of pride to know that Youkers is the place from whence radiated the continually expanding circle of his fame. We shall not soon forget the first night of "Robert Burns," at the rooms of the Youkers Library Association.

"By invitation from the principal carpet dealers in New York, who justly feel proud of their compeer in trade, Mr. Perkins, last evening, delivered his celebrated lecture at Hope Chapel. We have no doubt it filled still higher the measure of his reputation as an eloquentist, and an appreciator of the immortal Burns. Henceforth their names will be co-equal. We expected some particulars of the lecture last night by telegraph, but were disappointed."

We notice that John Wells, Esq. is a subscriber for Agassiz's great work on the Natural History of the United States.

Mr. King's lecture upon "The law of disorder," was an intellectual treat—of the kind that people rarely get. That lecture alone was worth the price of a season ticket.

Mr. Stark writes the committee that he will be here on Thursday, the 7th inst., instead of Tuesday, as announced at the last lecture.

The town clerk has furnished us with the following:

CHICOPEE REGISTRATION—1855. Births.—Whole number of births, 180. Males, 95; females, 85. American parentage, 62; foreign do., 118—divided, nationally, as follows:—Irish, 104; English, 7; Scotch, 3; German, 2; French, 1; Canadian, 1. 2 illegitimate, and one pair of twins.

MARRIAGES.—The number of marriages solemnized in the town of Chicopee during the year 1855, was 204; and out of the state where the parties were residents here, and the certificates returned here for registration, 2—making a total of 206.

Of this number, 61 couples were Americans, 139 foreigners, and 6 intermarriages. One man aged 65, was married to a woman aged 65—both having been married before.

One man aged 38 years, was married for the third time to a woman aged 44, she having been married once before.—There have been five cases where each party was married for the second time—16 where the man has taken for a second wife a woman never before married; and three where the man never before married has joined his fortunes with a woman once before married.

Nine males have been married under 21 years of age, and 3 females aged 16 years. Rev. W. A. Blenkinsop and associates have solemnized 138 marriages; Rev. Warren Lincoln, 9; Rev. Geo. A. Oviatt, 9; Rev. B. F. Green, 8; Rev. C. H. Webster, 5; Rev. Messrs. D. H. Sherman, J. C. Cromack, W. H. Hatch, R. K. Bellamy and E. B. Clark, 4 each; W. H. Munroe and Samuel Pettes, Jr., 2 each; F. H. Newhall, E. Nute, Jr., Francis Tiffany, R. H. Seeley, R. B. Thurston, Mark Carpenter, D. W. C. Huntington and S. A. Seaman, 1 each; Amory Doolittle, Esq., 2; M. J. Severance, Warren Smith and J. R. Childs, Esqs., 1 each.

DEATHS.—Whole number of deaths, 151; males, 86; females, 65. Of American parentage, 81; foreign do., 70. Under 1 year, 31; under 5 years, 27; from 5 to 10, six; from 10 to 15, five; from 15 to 20, eighteen; from 20 to 30, twenty-three; from 30 to 40, twelve; from 40 to 50, eleven; from 50 to 60, six; from 60 to 70, eight; from 70 to 80, two; from 80 to 90, none; over 90, two.

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Rev. P. J. Leo, an Irishman, and formerly a Catholic, lectured in Cabot Hall, on Monday and Thursday evenings.—The first upon "The Bible: the only true rule of faith;" and the second upon "auricular confession." He is one of the finest speakers we ever heard—uniting impregnable logic with rare oratorical power. We have alluded, in another column, to the disturbance on Monday night. On Thursday evening, the hall was crammed full; many were unable to secure admittance, and a large portion of those who attended were Irish. Before the lecturer commenced, sheriff Cutler addressed the audience, stating that if any persons present should undertake to be riotous, they would be punished; and that Mr. Leo should be protected in his right to speak, at all hazards. Ample preparations had been made to suppress any disturbance.—The entire police force of the town, with a sufficient number to back them, were on hand. Only one man undertook to be noisy, and he went out the hall much quicker than he came in.

If the Irish do not wish to hear their creed discussed, why they are not obliged to. But they must remember that this is a land of free speech. If any Catholic should give a public lecture in Chicopee against Protestantism, and in favor of Catholicity, he would not be disturbed.

Mr. Leo will lecture again on Tuesday evening. Subject: "Invocation of saints, and worship of the virgin Mary."

IMMENSE EXCITEMENT.—The crowd of persons who visited Cabot Hall on Thursday evening, to hear Rev. P. J. Leo, could not well be beaten, unless by the crowd who rush to Brown's News Room thus early, to secure their Valentines, from his large and splendid assortment. See advertisement.

For the Chicopee Journal.

REV. J. T. RODDAN.

Mr. Editor:—In your notice of the lecture of Rev. Mr. Roddan, I think you do that gentleman injustice, and misinterpret his views, to some extent, on civilization, &c. I am of opinion that he did not "denounce American civilization as the most objectionable the world ever saw," but rather sought to inculcate the idea that it has very great defects, and, in some points, is inferior to the civilization of past ages. One point I understood to be in the religious training of the children. For instance, he cited the fact that the mothers of past ages, prior to the reformation, had been in the habit of teaching their children to offer up their prayers to the Author of their being, before going to bed at night,—a thing which, in our American civilization, is sadly neglected, if we take the youth of our day as an example. You yourself have frequently deplored the fact that there are crowds of boys running round our street, who have no respect for the aged, no respect for their parents, no respect for the authorities, and no respect divine law which says: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." But this morning, as I was passing by the door of one of our school-houses, I heard three "archers," apparently about ten or twelve years old, uttering oaths which would do credit to the most polished society. It was with this tendency of American civilization which the lecturer found fault. He also found fault with the law of divorce, which enables a man under slight provocation in some states, and not much in all, to put away his wife—thus tending to make woman the slave, rather than the comforter and equal of

man. These are wholesome truths, but rather unpalatable in our present stage of civilization. It was the refusal on the part of the Catholic church, to grant the beastly Henry VIII a divorce from his wife, which caused the "reformation" in England, which caused the act for the robbery and spoliation of the abbays and monasteries to pass. "I hear my bill won't pass," says Henry; "I will have it pass, or I'll have some of your heads." In these places, mark you, the poor were provided for. There were no poor houses in England prior to the reformation.—These model institutions owe their origin to more civilized times.

With respect to the "inquisition," and the "massacre of St. Bartholomew" being sanctioned, as you say, by the civilization of a past age, I would merely remark that I believe you to be somewhat in error. I presume you have reference to the Spanish inquisition. Unprejudiced history (there are one sided history's too) tells us that the sect of the Manichees, the Jews and Mahomedans, had conspired against and sought the destruction of the state; in other words, were guilty of treason. To counteract this, the inquisition was established. If I remember right, the clergy who happened to be on this tribunal never condemned to death or torture; that was the work of the civil power. That there were cruelties practiced under it was true; but that it received the sanction of the civilization of the age, I believe to be a stretch of the imagination. But does not the United States protect itself against treason? Does it not punish treason with death? What think you would have been the fate of Arnold, if he was caught? He might not get his thumbs in the screws of the inquisition, nor his body bent up in a hoop, called the "seavenger's daughter," the creation of the civilization of Elizabeth of England, but he would have a rope tied round his neck, and would be pulled up gently as in New York, or fall from the drop as in Massachusetts.

Again, the Huguenots conspired against France. They contemplated the destruction of the state, like the red republicans of our day; they were overthrown, massacred. But the civilization of the day do not, in my view, sanction this slaughter. The church is said to have offered up a "Te Deum," not for the massacre of the Huguenots, but for the safety of the state. If the United States were to go through a contest with foreign or domestic foes tomorrow, and to come out victorious, she would be found offering up her thanks for her deliverance. Did it ever occur to you that many of those Huguenots who escaped the massacre, found a refuge and a resting place in Ireland? I do not find, then, that the Catholic church, to whom France and England, and per consequence, America, are indebted for their civilization, indorsed the things of which you speak. She certainly does not indorse the burning of Mount Benedict, the sacking of the churches in Philadelphia, or the "massacre of Louisville."

"Our American civilization gives all sets an equal chance, persecutes none." Does it? The Catholics are not a "sect." I presume they are included, and I would ask: How many Catholics are in the high places of Massachusetts? How many chances do they get to improve their position in society here? How is it that the civilization of the age, represented by our K. N. governors, tends to take away our civil rights, and to degrade us below the level of freemen. But it gives all an equal chance, in theory at least; when it will in practice, time alone will tell.

The lecturer is a native of this country, born, I believe, in New Hampshire, and since his connection with the press, has been accused of leaning too much to American civilization, that is to the native type; and would be the last man among the Catholic community who would disparage the civilization of our country. His object, in my view, was to show up its defects—at all times an unpleasant subject—to set people thinking, and present to them a view of civilization which they seldom see, and which few lecturers have the moral courage to hold up for their examination.

A CATHOLIC.

For the Chicopee Journal.

One or Two Gentlemen for Utility.

An English provincial theater manager, advertising for a stock company, class his list of wants with "one or two gentlemen for utility."

The phrase is suggestive, and we will borrow it. Nothing can be further from the common idea, which is that gentlemen are the most useless of mortals. Indeed, many who claim to belong to the class, pride themselves on this. In humble life, you may meet with a young man who claims to be a gentleman; but he takes especial pains to convince you that he has little or nothing to do. He can smoke as if it were not cowardly to insult the best feelings of true man and woman; he visits oyster saloons and bowling alleys, and looks with contempt upon all men who must move with the clock, or follow the factory bell; he

has a vague impression that the world owes him a living; but it would puzzle him to show his title, and so it is in higher life. The amusements may have more justing upon them; but leisure, idleness, ease, are essential to the youth's idea of a gentleman.

Now we venture to suggest that we need one or two gentlemen for utility, and that there are few more useful things in this world than a true gentleman. But what do we mean by a gentleman? It is one who has sell respect. He who does not know the worth of a gift will not use it aright, and so he who does not know the worth of his own nature will not cultivate it aright. But at the same moment; he respects other men for their manhood, their humanity, if for nothing more. If it is true, as our cant phrase has it, that, "I am as good as you," he is willing to accept the reverse also, and admit that you are as good as I. He is courteous in manners, kind in heart, delicate in feeling, true and just in speech. Such men we need. We need them to show us what our race can be and do. As a Franklin, a Webster, or a Clay, shows the power there is in man, so does a gentleman often, as we meet him, raise our conception of the race. We need such for merchants, and then it could not be said with a sneer, that our civilization was low because we worshipped the gold dollar.—For such a man uses the dollar as the sculptor uses the chisel—as the instrument of a higher work.

We need such men for lawyers, for surely there is no nobler work than to promote justice upon the earth. We need gentlemen for physicians, and who can tell the blessed ministry which such perform daily in the sick room? Their very presence is like the sunlight as it breaks through the clouds. We need such men in the school-room, and we believe their presence would do more than rods or by-laws to curb and guide young America. In a word, we need such men in every place of toil. It is time that we had banished the idea that rough work requires coarse thoughts, that because a man's hands must be soiled his soul must be soiled also. We can not raise labor to the place of honor until we lift up the men who perform it.

It has been said that the true gentleman is the perfect fruit of our civilization. Are not elements of that fruit in rich variety all around us? Are not our country and our institutions very favorable to its growth, if we will only cultivate it?

For the Weekly Journal.

The Chicopee Falls Branch Railroad.

Mr. Editor:—In your last week's issue, appeared an article from a Chicopee Falls correspondent, (Public) in relation to the manner in which the affairs of this branch of the Connecticut river railroad are conducted. After rejoicing that the "directors are beginning to open their eyes," (to see what does not transpire,) "Public" opines that Mr. Crowninshield "is not on the right track," and that the whole thing, has been badly managed.

From this, and the general tenor of Public's article, it may fairly be inferred that he thinks Mr. C. pays too much attention to the welfare and accommodation of the great body of the traveling public who patronize the Conn. river railroad, and not enough to the entire (hat body and boots,) embodiment of the traveling portion of the inhabitants of the ancient city of "Skip," as represented in the person of your Chicopee Falls correspondent. It is a matter of fact that there always has been, and doubtless always will be, a set of grumblers in the world, and it is met that these churlish vagaries should be tolerated to some extent, as well as any other necessary nuisance, unless they too widely depart from the line of truth; in that case, a gentle rebuke may not be out of place.

"Public" undertakes to say that the train on the branch "does not intersect or meet any other trains," and insinuates that this is managed designedly, "so that the public shall not be accommodated."

Can there be anything farther from the truth than such statements, and insinuations? The facts are, that the horse-car, about which "Public" speaks so contemptuously, conveys all who desire it, from the Falls, to the Junction in this village, in ample time to meet the express train from the north, which intersects with regular trains, east, west and south at Springfield, and returns to the Falls with all who may arrive by the early afternoon express train from Springfield for the north, and a locomotive train passes twice a day, each way, between the Falls and Springfield. What would a "Public" have more than this? Yet he preates about price, cars and locomotive, pleasant conductor; accommodating trains, &c., that they used to obtain when ancient "Skip" was new, and then complacently asks, "Did it not pay?"

Is anybody such a noodle as to imagine for a moment, that a railroad corporation would not run a train of fine cars and locomotive twenty times a day, if it did pay?

It is evident that "Public" is possessed of but one idea, and that of less than "one horse power," which is, that the company and directors of the Conn. river railroad are bound to furnish this branch with "fine cars and locomotive" at any time for the special benefit and convenience of any and every individual living in the vicinity of its termination. But, ten to one, should they do this, "Public" would spend half an hour any time watching for a chance to ride in some private conveyance, if he could save the fare by so doing. And to this extent is he interested in the welfare of the road.

When the company are shallow enough to adopt his advice, the tracks ought to be plowed up. VINDICATOR.

Chicopee, Jan. 29, 1856.

