

# The Weekly Journal.

Volume 2.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1854.

Number 17.

## Poetry.

For the Weekly Journal.

LINES.

BY KATE CAMERON.

A rose-leaf floating down a stream,  
A moon-beam on the river,  
A sun-set glow, a starlit gleam,  
Now seen—now gone forever—

Are like the joys which bless the heart,  
In youth's gay, cloudless morning,  
And which as suddenly depart,  
Without one tone of warning!

We dream not when our life is new,  
And all is bright before us,  
That clouds will dim the sky of blue,  
Or sorrow's gloom come o'er us—

We think not that our days will be,  
When sweetest, the most fleeting,  
That kindred barques float on Life's sea,  
And know not one fond meeting.

We know not then what tears will fall,  
At memory's slightest token,  
Nor how the heart will e'er recall  
Light words, unkindly spoken!

'Tis Time alone can teach this truth,  
When fond ties have been given,  
That earth is fleeting as our youth,  
And nought is true—but Heaven!

## Select Tales.

### THE EMIGRANT BOY.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

In the old town of Rudesheim, on the Rhine, is one of those dilapidated old castles which impart such picturesque beauty to the scenery of Germany. Among the ruins, Karl Schelling, a poor hard-working peasant, made for himself a home. With him dwelt his good wife Leisbet, and two blue-eyed children, named Fritz and Gretchen. A few cooking utensils, and wooden stools, constituted all their furniture; and one brown-and-white goat was all they had to remind them of their flocks and herds. But these poor children led a happier life than those small imitations of humanity, who are bred up in city palaces and drilled to walk through existence in languid drawing-room paces. From moss-grown arches in the old ruins, they could watch the boats and vessels gliding over the sparkling Rhine, and see broad meadows golden with the sunshine. On the terrace of the castle the wind had planted many flowers. It was richly carpeted with various kinds of moss, tufts of grass, blue bells, and little pinks. Here Karl often carried his goat to feed, and left the children to tend upon him. There had been a stork's nest on the roof from time immemorial; and the little ones were early taught to reverence the birds as omens of blessing. Their simple young souls were quite unconscious of poverty. The splendid Rhine, with all its islands—the broad pasture-lands, with herds peacefully grazing—houses nestling among woody hills—all seemed to belong to them, and, in reality, they possessed them more truly than many a rich man, who,

"One moment gazes on his flowers,  
The next they are forgot;  
And eateth of his rarest fruits  
As though he ate them not."

On their little heaps of straw, brother and sister slept soundly in each others arms; and if the hooting of an owl chanced to wake them, some bright star looked in with friendly eye, through chinks in the walls, and said, "Go to sleep, little ones; for all little children are dear to the good God."

Thus, with scanty food and coarse clothes plenty of pure air and blue sky, Fritz and his sister went hand in hand over the rugged but flower-strewn path of life, till he was nearly seven years old. Then came Uncle Heinrich, his mother's brother, and said the boy could be useful to him at the mill, where he worked; and if the parents were willing to bid him to his service, he would supply him with food and clothing, and give him an outfit when he came of age. Tears were in Leisbet's eyes, for she thought how lonely it would seem to her little Gretchen when they should no longer hear Fritz mocking the birds, or singing aloud to high heaven. But they were very poor and the child must earn his bread. So, with much sorrow to part with his father and mother, and Gretchen, the goat and the stork, and with some gladness to go to new scenes, Fritz departed from the old nest that had served him for a home.

Mounted with Uncle Heinrich on the miller's donkey, he rambled along through rocky paths, by deep ravines and castle-crowned hills, with here and there glimpses of the noble river, flowing on bright and strong, reflecting images of spires, cottages, and vine-covered slopes. When he arrived at his new home the good grandmother gave him a right friendly welcome, and promised to set up on her knitting-needles a striped blue cap for him to wear. Uncle Heinrich was kind in his way; but he thought it an excellent plan for boys to eat little and work hard. Fritz, remembering the blossom carpet of the old castle, was always delighted to spy a clump of flowers. His uncle told him they looked well enough, but he wondered that anybody should plant them, since they were not useful either to eat or to wear, and that when he grew older he would doubtless think more of peace than posies. Thus the child began to be ashamed, as of something wrong, when he was caught digging a flower. But his laborious and economical relative taught him many orderly and thrifty ways, which afterwards had great influence on his success in life, and fortunately a love for the beautiful could not be pressed out of him. Kind, all-embracing Nature took him in her arms, and whispered many things to preserve him from becoming a mere animal. All day long he was hard at work; but the blossoming tree was his friend, and the bright little mill stream chatted cosily, and smiled when the good grandmother gave it his clothes to wash. The miller's donkey, rambling along through sun-lit paths over the hills, was a picture to him. From his small garret window he could see the millwheel scattering bright drops in the moonlight; and he fell asleep to the gentle lullaby of ever-flowing water. Other education than this he had not.

"His only teacher had been the woods and hills;  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

An aged neighbor, cotemporary with the grand-mother, took a great liking to Fritz; and on Sundays, when no work could be done, he was often allowed to go and take dinner or supper there. The old man had traversed nearly all Germany as a pedlar, and had come to die in the old homestead near the mill, where he had worked when a boy. He knew by heart all the wild fairy legends of the country, and in his character of pedlar-guest, had acquired a talent for relating them in a manner peculiarly interesting and exciting to children.

In the course of his travels, he had likewise collected many things that seemed very remarkable to the inexperienced eye of Fritz; such as curious smoking pipes and drinking cups, and images in all the various costumes of Germany. But what most attracted his attention was an ancient clock, brought from Copenhagen when the pedlar's father was a young man. When this clock was in its right mind, it could play twelve tunes, about as simple as "Molly, put the kettle on." But the friction of many years had so worn the cogs of the wheels that it was frightfully out of tune. This did not trouble the boy's strong nerves, and he was prodigiously amused at the sputtering, seething, jumping, jabbering sounds it set in motion. To each of the crazy old tunes he gave some droll name. "There goes the Spitting Cat," he would say; "now let us hear the Old Hen."

Father Rudolph called the rickety old machine his blacking box; because he had bought it with the proceeds of a peculiar kind of blacking, of his own manufacture. He was always praising this blacking, one day he said, I have never told any one the secret of making it, but if you are a good boy, Fritz, I will show you how it is done." The child could not otherwise than respect what had procured such a wonderful clock, and when he fell asleep that night, there floated across his mind undefined visions of being able, some time or other, to purchase such a comical machine for himself. This seemed a very unimportant event of his childhood; but it was the introduction of a thread that re-appeared again in his web of life.

Fritz passed at the mill four years of health, happiness, and hard labor. For three years, Father Rudolph was an unfailing source of entertainment. Alternately with his comic old songs, and wild legends of fairies and goblins, he imparted much of a traveler's discursive observation

and thoroughly practical knowledge concerning the glossy jet blacking. At last he fell asleep, and the boy heard that pleasant old voice no more, except in the caves of memory. The good old grandmother survived the companion of her youth only a few months. The ancient ballads she used to croon at her spinning-wheel, had caught something of the monotonous flow of the water, which forever accompanied them; and Fritz, as he passed up and down from the mill to the brook, missed the quaint old melodies, as he would have missed the rustling of the leaves, the chirping of crickets, or any other dear old familiar sound. He missed, too, her kind, motherly ways, and the little comforts with which her care supplied him. With the exception of his rough but really kind hearted uncle, he was now alone in the world. He had visited Rudesheim but once, and had then greatly amused Gretchen with his imitations of the crazy clock. But he had since removed to a remote district, and he knew not when he should see his dear Gretchen again. As none of them could read or write, there came no tidings to cheer the long years of separation. How his heart yearned at times for the good mother and joyous little sister.

But when Uncle Heinrich announced his intention of removing to America, the youthful tendency to look on the bright side of things, over-balanced the pain of parting from father land. It is true, the last night that he slept at the old mill, the moonlight had a farewell sadness in its glance, and the little stream murmured more plaintively as it flowed. Fritz thought perhaps they knew he was going away. They certainly seemed to sigh forth, "We shall see thee no more, thou bright, strong child. We remain, but thou art passing away."

When the emigrants came to the seaport, everything was new and exciting to the juvenile imagination of Fritz. The ships out in the harbor looked like great white birds, sailing through the air. How pleasant it must be thus to glide over the waters! But between the ships in the distance, and the ship we were in, there exists the usual difference between the ideal and the actual. There was little romance in the crowded cabin, with hundreds of poor emigrants eating, drinking, and smoking, amid the odor of bilge water, and the dreadful nausea of the sea. Poor Fritz longed for the pure atmosphere and fresh flowing brook, at the mill. However, there was always America in prospect, painted to his imagination, like Islands of the Blest.

Uncle Heinrich said he should grow rich there; and a fairy whispered in his ear that he himself might one day possess a Copenhagen clock, bright and new, that would play its tunes decently and in order. "No, no," said Fritz to the fairy, "I had rather buy Father Rudolph's clock to crow and sputter to me in the New World."

But these golden dreams of the future received a sad check. One day there was a cry of a man overboard! It occasioned the more terror, because a shark had been following in the wake of the vessel for several days. Boats were lowered instantly; but a crimson tinge on the surface of the water showed that their efforts were useless. It was not till some minutes after the confusion subsided, that Fritz perceived his Uncle Heinrich was missing. Terrible had been that stain on the water; but now, when he knew that it was the life-blood of his last and only friend, it made him faint and dizzy, as if it were flowing from his veins.

Uncle Heinrich's hard-earned savings were fastened within a belt he wore; and a bundle of coarse clothes, with a few tools were all that remained of his worldly possessions. The captain had compassion on the desolate child, and charged nothing for his passage or his food. When the vessel came within sight of port, the passengers, though most of them poor, raised a small fund for him by contribution. But who can describe the utter loneliness of the emigrant boy, when he parted from his ship companions, and wandered through the crowded streets of New York, without meeting a single face he had ever seen before? Lights shone in cheerful basements, where families supped together; but his good-hearted mother, and his dear little blue-eyed Gretchen—where were they? Oh, it was very sad to be so entirely alone in such a wide, wide world! Sometimes

he saw a boy turn round to stare at his queer little cap and outlandish frock; but he could not understand what he said when he sung out, "There goes what they call a Flying Dutchman." Day after day he tried for work, but could obtain none. His funds were running very low, and his heart was extremely heavy.

As he stood leaning against a post, one day, a goat walked slowly toward him from a neighboring court. How his heart leapt up to greet her! With her came images of the castle on the Rhine, the blooming terrace, his kind father, his blessed mother, and his darling little sister. He patted the goat's head, and kissed her, and looked deep into her eyes, as he had done with the companion of his boyhood. A stranger came to lead the animal away; and when she was gone, poor Fritz sobbed as if his heart would break. "I have not even a goat for a friend now," thought he. "I wish I could get back to the old mill again. I am afraid I shall starve here in this foreign land, where there is nobody to bury me."

In the midst of these gloomy cogitations, there was an alarm of fire; and the watchmen sprung their rattles. Instantly a ray of hope darted through his soul! The sound reminded him of Father Rudolph's blacking box; for one of its tipsy tones began with a flourish exactly like it. "I will save every cent I can, and buy materials to make blacking," thought he. "I will sleep under the planks on the wharves, and live on two pence a day. I can speak a few words of English. I will learn more from some of my countrymen who have been here longer than I. Then, perhaps, I can sell blacking enough to buy bread and clothes."

And thus he did. At first, it went very hard with him. Some days he earned nothing; and a week of patient waiting brought but one shilling. But his broad face was so clean and honest, his manners so respectful, and his blacking so uncommonly good, that his customers gradually increased.

One day a gentleman who had traded with him made a small mistake, and gave him a shilling instead of a ten-cent piece. Fritz did not observe it at the moment; but the next day, when the gentleman passed to his counting house, he followed him, and touched him on the arm. The merchant inquired what he wanted. Fritz showed him the coin, saying, "Dat not mine."

"Neither is it mine," rejoined the merchant; "what do you show it to me for?" The boy replied in his imperfect English "Dat too mooch."

A friend, who was with the merchant, addressed him in German; and the poor emigrant's countenance lighted up as if it had become suddenly transparent, and a lamp placed within it. Hearing a sigh, and blushing at his own emotion, he explained in his native tongue, that he had accidentally taken too much for blacking, the day before. They looked at him with the most friendly glances, and inquired into his history. He told them his name and parentage, and how his Uncle Heinrich had attempted to bring him to America, and had been devoured by a shark on the way. He said that he had not a single friend in this foreign land, but he meant to be honest and industrious, and he hoped he should do well. The gentlemen all assured him that they should always remember him as Fritz Shilling, and they would certainly speak of him to their friends. He did not understand the joke of his name, but he did understand that they bought all his blacking, and that customers increased more rapidly after that interview.

It would be tedious to follow the emigrant through all the process of his gradually increasing fortune. As soon as he could spare anything from necessary food and clothing, he went to an evening school, where he learned to read, write, and cipher. He first became a shop-boy, then a clerk, and finally established a neat grocery store for himself. Through all these changes he continued to sell the blacking, which arrived at the honor of poetical advertisements in the newspapers, under the name of "Schelling's Best Boot Polisher."

But the prosperity thus produced was not the only result of his acquaintance with Father Rudolph. The dropped stitches of our life are sometimes taken up again strangely, through many intervening loops. One day, as Fritz was passing through

the streets, when he was about sixteen years old, he stopped and listened intently for he heard far off the sound of a popular German ballad, which his grand-mother and the pedlar used to sing together. Through all the din and rattle of the streets, he could plainly distinguish the monotonous minor cadence, which had often brought tears to his eyes when a boy. He followed the tones, and soon came in sight of an old man and his wife singing the old familiar melody. A maiden, apparently somewhat younger than himself, played a tambourine at intervals.

When he spoke to her in German, her face kindled, as his own had done, at the first sound of his native tongue in a strange land. "They call me Roeschen," she replied, "these are my father and mother. We came from the ship last night, and we sing for bread till we get work to do." The soul looked simply and kindly through her blue eyes, and reminded him of his sister Gretchen. Her wooden shoes, short blue petticoat, and little crimson jacket, might seem vulgar to the fashionable and picturesque to the artist; but to him it was merely the beloved costume of his native land. It warmed his heart and childish recollections; and when they sang again the quaint sad melody, he seemed to hear the old brook flow plaintively by, and see the farewell moonlight on the mill. Thus began the acquaintance with the maid who was afterwards his wife and the mother of his little Gretchen.

Of these and all other groups of emigrants, for many years, he inquired concerning his parents and his sister, but could obtain no tidings. At last, a priest in Germany, to whom he wrote, replied that Gretchen had died in her childhood, and that the father and mother had recently died. It was a great disappointment to the affectionate heart of Fritz Schelling; for through all his expanding fortunes he had cherished the hope of returning to them, or bringing them to share his comfortable home in the New World. But when he received the mournful news, he had Roeschen to love, and her parents to care for, and a little one that twined herself round his heart with fresh flower garlands every day.

At thirty-five he was a happy, prosperous man—so prosperous that he could afford to live well in the city, and yet build for himself a snug cottage in the country. "We can go out every Saturday and return on Monday," said he to Roeschen. "We can have fresh cream, and our own sweet butter. It will do the children good to roll on the grass, and they shall have a goat to play with."

"And perhaps by and by we can go there to live all the time," rejoined Roeschen. "It is so quiet and pleasant in the country; and what's the use of being richer than enough?"

The site chosen for the cottage overlooked the broad, bright river, where high palisades of rock seemed almost like the ruins of an old castle. Fritz said he would make flower-carpets on the rocks for the goat to browse upon; and if a stork would only come and build a nest on his thatched roof, he could almost fancy himself in Germany.

At times the idea of importing storks crossed his mind; but his good sense immediately rejected the plan. It was difficult to imagine how these venerable birds, with their love of the antique and unchangeable, could possibly live in America. One might as well try to import loyal subjects, or ancient nobility.

When the house and barn were completed, the first object was to secure honest, industrious German tenants to till the soil. Fritz heard of a company of emigrants, who wished to sell themselves for a specified time, in order to pay their passage, and he went on board to see them. A hale man, who said he was sixty years old, with a wife some five or six years younger, attracted his attention by their extreme cleanliness and good expression of countenance. He soon agreed to purchase them; and, in order to prepare the necessary papers, he inquired their names.

"Karl Schelling and Leisbet Schelling," replied the old man.

Fritz started and his face flushed, as he asked, "Did you ever live in the old castle at Rudesheim?"

"That we did for several summers," rejoined Karl.

"God bless him, where is he? We came to America to find him."

"Mother! mother! do you not know me? and he threw himself into her arms, and kissed the honest, weather-beaten face. "I see it has gone well with you my son. Now, thanks be to God, and blessed be His holy name," said Karl, reverently uncovering his head.

"And where is Gretchen?" inquired Fritz, earnestly.

"The All-Father took her home to Himself, soon after you came to see us at Rudesheim," replied Leisbet. "She was always mourning for the brother, poor little one! It troubled us to go away and leave you behind us without saying farewell; and I feared no blessings would follow it. But were very poor, and we thought then we should come to join you in two or three hours."

"Don't speak of that," said Fritz. "You were always good parents to me, and did the best you could. Blessings are followed me, and to meet you thus is the crowning blessing of all. Come, let us hasten home. I want to show you my good Roeschen, and our Gretchen and Karl, and Leisbet, and Rudolph, and baby Roeschen. My small farm overlooks a river broad and beautiful as the Rhine. The rocks look like castles, and I have bought a goat for the children to play with. The roof of our cottage is thatched, and if a stork would only come and build her nest there, then dear father and mother might almost imagine themselves at Rudesheim, with plenty to eat, drink, and wear. If Father Rudolph's blacking-box were only here," added he, laughing, "I should have one of my boyish dreams fulfilled. Ah, if dear Gretchen were only here!"

The fairy who whispered to Fritz when he was crossing the Atlantic told him, if he were diligent and saving, she would perhaps bring him the old clock; and she kept her promise better than fairies sometimes do; for it chanced that the heir of Father Rudolph came to America, and brought it with him. The price Fritz offered for it was too tempting, and it now stands in his thatched cottage. Its carved black case, inlaid with figures of birds and beasts in pearl, is more wonderful than a picture-book to children. When any of them are out of humor, their father sets the old bewildered tunes agoing, and they soon join in a merry mocking chorus, with "Cluck, cluck, cluck! Whirr, whirr, whirr! Rik a rik a ree!"

Note. The accidental purchase of his parents by a German emigrant actually occurred a few years since; and the story was suggested by the fact.

### A CHAPTER ON MARRIAGE.

Marry not a man who thinks woman's only duty is to make his shirts and cook his dinners. Such a man would make his wife a slave.

Marry not a man who is too proud to acknowledge a woman's equality, for that man is a tyrant and would make a scold or a nobody of his wife.

Marry not a man who thinks himself one of the superiors of creation, for that man's brain lies much in the back of his head.

Marry not a man who thinks it a woman's privilege to learn of her husband at home, for that is not the man to teach you, your life would be one of hopeless ignorance.

Marry not a man who is fortune hunting; for the money once obtained, you would be a secondary consideration, taken because the money could not come without you.

Marry not a man who in his intercourse with men speaks sneeringly and vulgarly of women, for that man's love would be a kind to be despised and loathed by the virtuous.

Marry not a man who seeks for amusement where his sisters are excluded, for that man's associates are low, his ideas of purity limited, and himself not worthy the companionship of a high minded woman.

The South Carolinian says that in some parts of that State Harper has been dropped by its patrons, and that in Montgomery, Alabama, the booksellers have packed up and returned the September number of Putnam, all on account of articles on the Nebraska question. No great loss we fancy. Probably there are more of those magazines sold on the New York Central Railroad cars alone, than are taken by all the slave drivers of the Union.

S. M. PERRYVILLE & Co., are the Agents for the Journal, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for us at the same rates as required at this office.

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

KNOW-NOTHINGISM--No. 2.

We do not appear in the field to defend the know-nothings, but for the simple purpose of expressing honest thoughts, without any reference to political organizations;—and should be perfectly willing, if put under oath, to state that we are not a member of the know-nothing organization, and never intend to be.

Probably nothing has caused more trouble in the world than religious dissension. History is filled with accounts of holy wars and ecclesiastical infanisms; the inquisition and martyr's stake have certainly had business enough on their hands to render them objects towards which the most intense hatred should ever be directed by every intelligent lover of the race—and God forbid that America shall ever witness the scenes of a degraded and loathsome past.

All that is meant by the foregoing remarks is a declaration of hostility toward a crusade against any religious sect, no matter whether Catholic or Protestant.—“Let every man enjoy his own opinion,” as far as religion is concerned.

In our article last week commenting upon the communication of “Amicus,” we gave it as an opinion that five years was not sufficient to cause the foreign immigrants in this country to vote intelligently; and also, that the great mass of the Irish Catholic citizens vote in a body,—obeying orders from their ecclesiastical rulers.—“Amicus” makes objections to these statements.

When the foreign immigrants arrive in this country they are, with a few exceptions, as ignorant of American politics as new-born infants. Is not this so? We do not, by any means, include all in this remark—but a very large majority. After their arrival, they are not surrounded by circumstances conducive to a knowledge of the wants of the country.

“Amicus” alludes to the slaves of the south, and seems to think we should be in favor of extending to them, at once, the right of suffrage, if they were all emancipated to-morrow. Now we should be opposed to any such arrangement, and probably not five thousand voters in the state could be found to favor such a plan. No man, whether black or white, is fit to vote unless he knows what he is voting for and what against, and unless he is able to assign reasons for so doing.

“Amicus” doubts that the Irish Catholics vote in a body, following the dictates of a central power. Did they not nearly all vote for General Jackson, Martin Van Buren, Gen. Harrison, James K. Polk and Franklin Pierce? And did not the Irish Catholics, a few years ago, in the state of New York, all vote against the clause in the new constitution allowing free blacks the right of suffrage, for which they themselves are now shouting so lustily?

Formerly known as the landlord of the Connecticut River Hotel, in this village, has just returned from California, after several years absence. He has presented us with several San Francisco papers, for which we return thanks.

To that portion of our readers who generally attend circuses, we advise a look at the advertisement in another column.

Irish Catholics to always vote one way if they did not obey the dictates of a central power? Those who do not like our solution of the problem may figure it out at their leisure, and see if they can arrive at a more satisfactory result.

We shall be pleased to hear friend “Amicus” at any time, upon this or any other subject.

HOUSE OF ILL FAME GENTLY VISITED

On last Friday evening, at about 11 o'clock, as we learn from the Republican, the officers of the law in Springfield made a descent upon a house of ill fame kept by J. A. Harwood, in East Bridge street.—Four girls were arrested, who gave their names as follows:—Fanny Brown, Henrietta Lane, Fanny Howard and Martha Williams. The keeper of the house was also taken into custody, and a man by the name of George F. Miller, who was found safely deposited in bed by the side of a young lady. The gentlemen and ladies engaged lodgings at the county jail for the night, and visited the police court the next day. Harwood was committed for want of bail in the sum of \$500, to answer at the December court of common pleas.

MASSACHUSETTS.

In Massachusetts, the condition of politics is pretty much like that of a caucus of half-a-dozen talkative old ladies—each one talking on her own hook, and none knowing the subject-matters of the rest. Everything in this state is twisted up and snarled up; confusion and uncertainty reign supreme; the whigs, free soilers and democrats are each very careful not to boast over expected victories. “I don't know anything about it,” is invariably the answer to all questions concerning the probable results of the election.

PROSPECTIVE UNION.

Notwithstanding all hopes of a union in this state have failed, as far as the present campaign is concerned, still, there would be a hope of a fusion at some future time, if the whig and republican papers would only learn to quit their guerrilla warfare. This everlasting fire of robin-shot does not pay at the present time; it is well enough on ordinary occasions, but not now. After the election is over there may be a chance to talk again about union, and such a consummation can be brought about before the next presidential election, provided editors will be a little more careful not to dig up the political skeletons of the past few years.

PROF. KELLY.

Our readers will probably remember seeing quite a severe article in the Journal a few weeks ago in relation to Professor Kelly. Our statements concerning him were gained from a gentleman in Bridgeport, Conn., and accordingly we deemed it necessary to publish what we did, in order to prevent others from being deceived by him; that was the sole object of the article. The Professor called at our office a few days ago, and paid his bill, like a man, and therefore we cheerfully retract everything stated in the article above alluded to.

MR. BROWN'S DOG.

Our friend E. F. Brown, of this village, has a very curious dog; he can perform about as many tricks as we have ever witnessed from learned pigs and other animals which have been exhibited about the country. Mr. Brown is “one of the boys,” and his dog is one of the dogs.

WM. MILLER.

Formerly known as the landlord of the Connecticut River Hotel, in this village, has just returned from California, after several years absence. He has presented us with several San Francisco papers, for which we return thanks.

CIRCUS.

To that portion of our readers who generally attend circuses, we advise a look at the advertisement in another column.

MILFORD BRASS BAND.

The concert given by this justly celebrated company of musicians at Cabot Hall on Friday evening of last week, was one of the best, if not the best, of the kind, that the citizens of Chicopee ever had the pleasure of listening to. We were very sorry that the audience was not larger. The programme was well selected, and afforded a good variety in character and expression.

Every piece was admirably rendered, and, of course, every part admirably sustained. It is superfluous for us to particularize; yet we can not refrain from saying that “Kidder's Quick-Step” was the gem of the evening—so full of those magnificent and sublime shadings and beautiful modulations that its lamented author (James P. Griffin, Esq.,) knew so well how to create and manage.

The “Andante & Waltz” and “Hall's Quick-Step,” are magnificent pieces, tho' to our mind, the latter has much more of the “blood and fury” than real inspiration.

The solos, by Messrs. Leavitt, (leader) Hutchinson, Hamlet and Bullard, were finely executed, and showed a degree of taste and skill seldom attained by members of a country band. We are informed, on good authority, that Mr. Bullard, as a base Tuba player, has but few, if any, equals in the country.

FIREMEN'S MUSTER.

Hurra for the Chicopee Boys!

According to all accounts, the Firemen's Muster in Hartford Thursday was a great affair. Thirty companies were present, embracing 2650 firemen. Three prizes were played for—three splendid trumpets, worth \$800. The first prize was taken by the Pacific company of Chicopee; it threw 174 feet. The second prize was taken by the Holyoke company, which threw 172 feet; and the third by the Northampton company, playing 163 feet. Eighteen companies played—the ten from Hartford taking no part.

As far as Chicopee is concerned, the Springfield willows have changed to Hartford laurels. We do not believe any town in western Massachusetts has a more efficient fire department than our own.

The Pacific company partook of a splendid supper at the Chicopee House last evening. Mr. Mosher knows how to do that thing.

PARTING TESTIMONIAL.

Mr. William Dennison, an old and popular overseer in the Dwight Mills in this village, has recently received an offer of a situation in Blackstone, with a considerable advance of pay, which offer he has accepted, and has left, to enter upon the duties of his new situation.

On the occasion of his leaving the room where he had been so long employed, the “help” presented him with one of the Ames' elegant silver cake baskets, as an expression of their regret at parting. We have not been fortunate enough to get a copy of the kind words said upon the occasion, but are certain that they were sincere and heartfelt, for we have been aware of Mr. Dennison's popularity in his room. May heaven's blessings be his wherever he goes.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The democratic state convention will be held at Boston, next Tuesday. Of course, the administration will be indorsed, Nebraska, Graytown, Gadsden treaty, veto of river and harbor bill and executive interference with state elections included.—Some man of the “soldier of fortune” stamp will undoubtedly be nominated as candidate for governor. And aside from all this, the convention will probably find out “who struck Billy Patterson,” and also discover the precise whereabouts of the “man in the moon.”

POLICE COURT.

Monday, September 18, James Hogan was arrested by officer Barnes, and brought before Justice Doolittle, charged with the crime of larceny, to which he plead guilty, and was sentenced to the reform school at Westboro for three years.

Monday, Sept. 18th, Mary Torrey was arrested by officer Ballard, and brought before A. Doolittle, Esq., on a complaint charging her with being a common drunkard. Found guilty, and sentenced to the house of correction for the term of thirty days.

During the present week, J. C. Stoeber, the former publisher of this paper, has given Chicopee a visit. He is connected with the Germantown (Penn.) Telegraph. May his propitious star never desert him.

“OUR BEAT.”

MR. EDITOR:—Some of us are quite anxious to know what the Republican means by “our beat”; also, how far “our beat” extends. See their notice of the Hartford muster in Friday's paper. CHICOPEE.

THE IRISH.

MR. PRATT:—In your editorial of Saturday you comment at length on my communication about the “position of the Irish in Massachusetts,” and draw inferences which I think are not warranted by the language I have used.—For instance, I have said that the Irish “are doing the hardest and least paid portion of our labor, and are not offered those chances of promotion which are sometimes given to others of less industry and ability.” You answer this by saying: “It is rather strange that a person should desire their promotion to office and rank merely for this reason.” This is a wrong inference; I have not desired their promotion to office and rank, to the judicial ermine or the gubernatorial chair, for this reason. There are chances of promotion in their various avocations; higher steps in the ladder of labor; lighter work and greater wages—by any of which the interest of the laborer may be promoted.—You will understand what I mean when I say that “the editor of the Chicopee Journal might be promoted to the editorship of the New York Tribune;” and although he might reach the top of the editorial ladder, yet he would be but an editor still.

You will admit that, to discharge the duties of a police officer does not require a great amount of education. Yet we have seen, a few years ago, a naturalized citizen of twenty years standing dismissed from this office in the city of Boston, because the cry was raised against him that he was a “foreigner”—dismissed too by the very man who had reported favorably to his character, &c. I allude to Bernard McGinnis, who was dismissed by Marshal Tukey.—Here is proscription on account of the accident of birth, and this is but a sample. How many naturalized citizens hold office under the state government? I can say that they are “few and far between;” although there are hundreds of them qualified to hold many of the offices in the gift of the state.

But, you do not think it right that they should enjoy the elective franchise merely after a five years residence, from the fact that they contribute to the wealth of the country. Yet the American Congress, in the time of Jefferson, must have known that a large portion of the immigrants to this country would be of the laboring population: And for half a century, Congress has sustained this five years residence as a qualification, without saying that the applicant should be a gentleman or a laborer, a learned or an uneducated man.

The general sentiment of this state, if I mistake not, is in favor of the freedom of the slave. You are of this opinion. Massachusetts, the state, gives the elective franchise to the colored population. The state would, if it could, emancipate all the slaves of the south to-morrow; and as the state holds that “all men are created equal,” of course it could not refuse to give these same slaves the freedom of the elective franchise. You would give them this freedom—else there is no meaning in the cry “freedom for the slave.” It is asserted by Massachusetts politicians that the south keeps the slaves in ignorance; they charge the south with denying to the slaves the privileges of education. Many of the colored population are intelligent, and some educated. I speak of the mass. And yet you, or others, would give to the mass, whom you call ignorant, the freedom of the franchise to-morrow, and question the expediency of giving the same freedom to our poor laborers after a five years residence. I can not see the consistency of this.

You charge the ignorance of the Irish to the “civil and ecclesiastical despotism of the country from which they emigrate.” I will give you a specimen of the civil despotism, and after reading it, I think you will admit that they might have left out the ecclesiastical. I will confine myself to education. If you need other proofs of civil despotism, as regards property, religion and personal disabilities, they shall be forthcoming. Here is a sample of the penal code:

“If a Catholic kept school, or taught any person, Protestant or Catholic, any species of literature or science, such teacher was, for the crime of teaching, punishable by law, by banishment; and if he returned from banishment, he was subject to be hanged as a felon.”

“If a Catholic, whether a child or adult, attended, in Ireland, a school kept by a Catholic, or was privately instructed by a Catholic, such Catholic, although a child in its early infancy, incurred a forfeiture of all its property, present or future.”

If any Catholic child was sent to any foreign country, or any person remitted money or goods for the maintenance of such child, such child's impressions incurred a forfeiture of all right to property, present or future.”

And this enactment was made in violation of a solemn treaty. Edmund Burke thus describes it:—

“It had a vicious perfection. It was a complete system, full of coherence and consistency—well digested and well disposed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of the people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man.”

You will perceive, from the above, that the civil despotism of the rulers was sufficient to cause ignorance—according to your standard—and it was actually enforced by statute law.—Ecclesiastical despotism then was unnecessary, and in fact never existed, except in the brains of the hereditary enemies of our race. You will perceive that I show cause for the ignorance—that is to say—want of education, of a large portion of the immigrants; but, I by no means admit that there are not numbers of them well qualified to fill higher stations in society than they get chances for filling in Massachusetts.

You ask: “Is it not true that a very large portion of the foreign voters have been governed in their action at the polls by the dictates of a central power?” If you mean that “central power” to be ecclesiastical, I would say the naturalized citizens have been under no such dictates. Perhaps you give a clue to this “central power” in another part of your paper, when you

say that “orders have been given by Archbishop Hughes to the priests in the different states of the Union to send out naturalization agents, and drum up every Catholic to get naturalized at once.” This is news to me, and certainly is news to the Catholics of the Union, to hear that the Archbishop can send orders to priests not within his jurisdiction; and as to his interfering with, or dictating, to Catholics which way they should vote, you had probably forgotten his reply, during the late presidential canvass, to a Mr. Semmes of Louisiana on this subject. He said:—“I would prefer that the Catholics should err with the minority, or, what is equally possible, with the majority, rather than be guided by any ecclesiastical influence.”

Again, you say they, “obeying orders from their ecclesiastical rulers, have carried the sectarian element into the political arena.” When and where? Greeley and his aid, Robinson, appealed to the Irish Catholics at the late presidential election to vote against General Pierce, because, said they, “he did not try to abolish the religious test in New Hampshire;” and the whig press, the Springfield Republican among them, spread the falsehood all over the Union. The Catholic press promptly put down this attempt to introduce the religious question, but, at the same time, left the people free to vote for the candidate of their choice, and on his own merits. The native party introduced the religious question—that is to say—proscription of Catholics, in 1844; but they were as little successful as Greeley and the whigs of 1852. The know-nothings are again introducing religion into politics, and though they may succeed for a time in their proscriptive policy, yet they will leave but their day, and be forgotten, while the services of ‘foreigners’ will be remembered with gratitude by coming generations, and the power that they have wielded in defense of the freedom of this republic, with the pen and with the sword, may be limited by others, with profit to themselves and honor to their country.

Amicus.

Chicopee, Sept. 18, 1854.

A boy found a pocket-book, in Philadelphia, on Saturday last, containing five hundred dollars in notes and gold, who upon restoring it to the lucky owner, was rewarded with a sum comprised in a three cent piece! This generous individual was determined to be no fool in filtering away his fortune in paying such debts.

The following extract is from the address of Governor Wright, before the Agricultural Fair, at Richmond, Indiana, Oct. 1852:—“I know a farm of 160 acres that was sold five years ago for \$500, that by the expenditure of less than \$200, in draining and ditching, the present owner refuses now \$3,000.”

The growing crop of tobacco in the Connecticut valley is a large and very promising one. It has seldom, if ever, looked better, and promised more than it does now. It thrives well in the midst of other crops, which are much injured by the drouth. The yield must be large, and the quality good.

Lydia Hill, a pretty girl of 25, recently at Lincoln, Eng. recovered \$3000 damages of a neighboring farmer, who in 1853 threw a rhubarb leaf at her which, striking the horse on which she was riding, she was thrown and had an arm and leg paralyzed by the fall.

A patent was in September last issued to David Freed of Huntingdon, Pa., for an “improvement in toilet furniture. The invention consists in attaching to a piece of furniture an apparatus by means of which pantaloons may be drawn off without stooping or sitting down.”

There is a man in Worcester, who has lived so long on corn bread that his hair has turned to silk like that of his gowns on the grain, and his toes so full of corns that he expects to see them covered with husks next spring.

An old author quaintly remarks: “Avoid argument with ladies. In spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted. And when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound up.”

The late Democratic Convention in California was of such a rowdy character and had such a time of dispute, that they were obliged to pay \$480 for the damage they did to the pews of the Baptist church where they assembled.

No less than nine “Christian Advocates,” in addition to other periodicals and tracts, are published for the benefit of the Methodists in the South. Some of these Advocates have been voted loans of from \$5,000 to \$6,000 each.

There is a French chemist, Loysel, in the Sydenham Crystal Palace, who teaches people how to make tea and coffee by hydrostatic pressure, which forces the water through and through, and brings out the entire essence of these vegetables.

The Maryland Colony in Liberia has been made a free and independent State. Wm. A. Prout was chosen Governor. The Constitution of the State contains a clause which prohibits the traffic in ardent spirits.

Many Millerites, mostly females, in Maine, have become insane lately on account of the extensive burning of the forests, which they looked upon as an indication of the end of all things.

The oldest member of the grand army of Napoleon I. is a soldier named Harmand, now in the Hotel des Invalides. He was born on the 30th of November, 1750, at Richmond, (Moselle,) and is consequently now nearly 104 years of age. He took an active part in the great events of two centuries. He embarked when almost a child under Louis XV., and made the campaigns of Admiral Rochambeau and Bailly de Suffren, the wars of American independence, and those of the French Republic, and of the Empire, and only retired from the service after the battle of Waterloo. He had received at different times 43 wounds. It was only very lately that the Emperor ordered his admission into the Hotel.

The Dayton (Ohio) Herald states Dr. Vantupl, of that city, in his extensive geological cabinet, has an arceolyte meteoric stone, which is about eighteen inches in diameter. It is globular in form, and possesses all the characteristics of a miniature planet. It fell in a swamp some miles west of Dayton, owing to which circumstance it was not broken. It was discovered about seventeen feet below the surface. There is no knowing how long this little world went careering through infinity with lightning speed before it came bump up against the earth.

The Ogdensburg “Sentinel” tells a story at the expense of one of its subscribers who had stopped the paper because it had so many advertisements in it. Just after he stopped the paper his farm was advertised as delinquent for taxes and sold. After a while, probably by the run of his credit, he discovered his “fix,” and by spending two days' time and paying ten per cent penalty, he redeemed his farm. On his way home he stopped at the Sentinel office and re-subscribed, and departed a wiser man.

The City of St. Louis has ordered a steam fire engine, to cost \$7,500. It is to be so constructed that steam may be raised from cold water, sufficient to work in five minutes from the time of lighting the fire; the engine shall be capable of discharging thirty barrels of water per minute upon the fire, through either one or four lines of hose, and of throwing water two hundred and twenty-four feet from the mouth of the muzzle.

Parson Brownlow, a preacher, and editor of the Knoxville (Tenn.) Whig, commenting on the burning alive of a negro for an atrocious murder, says: “We unhesitatingly affirm that the punishment was unequal to the crime. Had we been there we should have taken a part, and even suggested the pinching of pieces out of him with red hot pincners—the cutting off a limb at a time, and then burning them all in a heap.”

Mr. Ansel Marten of Norwich, Ct. has about 500 gallons of wine made from the native grape. He carries on the manufacture quite extensively, has presses and other apparatus, being all of his own invention. He says there is no more need of importing wine than there is of importing cider, and that there might be an abundance of a splendid home article, if the farmers would only give some attention to the subject.

The Nebraska orators in Indiana have a hard road to travel! The Lafayette Journal says, Holman, the democratic candidate for Congress, in the 4th District, recently made a speech at Milan, Ripley county, to three or four hundred people.—After he had finished, a vote was taken on the Nebraska bill, and only one solitary individual voted in its favor.

Bishop Taylor has this striking image:—“Conscience is a clock, which, in one man, strikes aloud and gives warning; in another the hand points silently to the figure, but strikes not; meantime, hours pass away, and death hastens, and after death comes judgment!”

While a miser was on his death bed, a candle was burning upon the stand, and a flickering flame in the fire place. Suddenly he called his son to him. The son approached the bed side when the old man whispered, “Blow out the candle, tallow's most as dear as butter.”

J. B. Gough, the well known, devoted and efficient advocate of temperance, stated in a late speech in London, that out of 500,000 persons who had signed the pledge in the United States, 450,000 had broken it!

Bennett, of the New York Herald, once said that what caused him to be so decidedly cross-eyed, was his attempting to watch the devious political course of Martin Van Buren.

Mrs. Partington says that she was much elucidated last Sunday, on hearing a fine concourse on the parody of the prodigious son.

The countess Ida Pfeiffer, the celebrated traveler, was lately at Chicago, and preparing to pay a visit to the stations of the Hudson's Bay Company.





Agriculture.

FARMING A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Though farming is one of the oldest employments in which man have engaged, the improvements in it have been very slowly introduced.

Farmers in this country a hundred years ago could hardly be expected to pride themselves on the good condition of their farms, the excellence of their stock, or the yield of their crops.

The good farmer lived just where his father lived, in the same old, unimproved house. He planted just as many acres of corn as his father planted.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT. Mr. Plaudin, in his narrative of a residence in Persia, relates a curious incident which occurred when he was at Isphaham.

"The Persian servant of a European had been stung by a scorpion, and his master wished to apply ammonia, the usual remedy in such cases, but the man refused, and ran off to be cured.

The Mormonites. At Ayr, one evening lately, a party of three women and one man were seen walking together on the beach, and separated, the man taking his position barely out of pistol shot.

The engagement that was "thrown up," did not come down.

embraced any opportunity that offered, to adopt the life of a mechanic, sailor or particularly that of a tradesman—employments that were honorable because they were more profitable; and, by following them, they sooner attained to independence.

It was slow work for Agriculture, creeping out from so debased a condition. There were learned Englishmen laboring, however, for its improvement and their labors were early appreciated here.

The true key of the universe is love. That levels all inequalities, "makes low the mountain and exalts the valley," and brings human beings of every age and every station into a state of brotherhood.

The true system for governing the world, for fashioning the tender spirits of youth, for smoothing the pillow of age, is Love. The one thing which most exalts and illustrates man is disinterested affection.

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CONNECTICUT RIVER RAILROAD.—Passenger trains leave Springfield to connect with all railroads North and West at 7:30 a. m. and 1:50 p. m.

RETURNS, LEAVE CHICAGO FALLS, for Springfield at 9 a. m., 1:20, 3, 6, 20, and 7:40 p. m.

NEW HAVEN, HARTFORD AND SPRINGFIELD RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, May 15, 1884, Passenger Trains run daily (Sundays excepted).

LEAVE SPRINGFIELD FOR HARTFORD AND NEW HAVEN. At 7 a. m. Accommodation; 10:30 a. m., Accommodation; 12 m., Express; 7 p. m., Accommodation; and 7:05 p. m., express.

NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.—New York Arrangement, commencing May 15th, 1884.

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For Worcester and Boston, 7:15 a. m. (Accom. 9:45 a. m., and 1:45 p. m.) Express 1:50 p. m. (Accom. 9:20 p. m. [Express].

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE ALBANY. For Springfield, Worcester and Boston, 5 a. m., 9 a. m. (Express) and 3:45 p. m.

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

THE above Expectoration, prepared by an experienced Physician and Chemist, has now become a standard Preparation, and is offered for the COMPLETE CURE of those diseases of the THROAT and LUNGS, which, if neglected, usually terminate fatally.

IMPORTANT TO THE Farrier & Stage Proprietor. GEO. W. MERCHANT'S CELEBRATED GARGLING OIL.

GOOD FOR MAN & BEAST. "They can't keep House without it."

STEVEN'S ICE-CREAM & REFRESHMENT SALOON. FANCY & VARIETY STORES.

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

The great remedy is at last discovered! THE DEVINE'S COMPOUND PITCH LOZENGE.

GEORGE KEEP. Springfield Marble Works, On Main Street, South of Bridge Street, SPRINGFIELD, Mass.

Mexican Mustang Liniment.—Every land has hailed with XRAY this preparation whose intrinsic merits have induced its Curative powers to the notice of the whole American people.

W. P. TENNY & CO., RAILROAD HALL, Haymarket Square, Boston. English Carpets.

RINGGOLD'S Hair Cutting, Shaving & Shampooing. At the Old Stand, No. 6 Merchant's Row, Chicopee.

Commissioner Notice. W. County, Mass., has been appointed by Gov. Seymour, of Connecticut, a Commissioner to take acknowledgments of Deeds, Depositions, &c., in the several Massachusetts, to be used in the said State of Connecticut, and valid in any Court in that State.

BOSTON ONE PRICE AHEAD OF ALL COMPETITION CLOTHING STORE. We have just been disappointed in our hopes of a large increase in our business when we moved into our present extensive establishment.

STEVEN'S ICE-CREAM & REFRESHMENT SALOON. FANCY & VARIETY STORES.

Great Artist's Union Enterprise!! 250,000 GIFTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

STATUARY. CHISEL CUTTINGS. ENGRAVINGS, colored in oil. STEEL PLATE ENGRAVINGS, for 100 years each. REAL ESTATE.

Marble Statuary, \$40,000. 100 elegant busts of Washington, at \$100. 100 " " Clay, " 100, 10,000. 100 " " Webster, " 100, 10,000. 100 " " Calhoun, " 100, 10,000.

GEORGE KEEP. Springfield Marble Works, On Main Street, South of Bridge Street, SPRINGFIELD, Mass.

EASTMAN'S Infallible Sick Headache REMEDY. HAS been used in private practice for the last four years, with the greatest success.

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