

The Weekly Journal.

John Wells

Volume 2.

CHICOPEE, Mass., SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1854.

Number 12.

Poetry.

For the Weekly Journal.

THE PAST.

BY KATE CAMERON.

The waves are dashing on the shore,
Ever rising more and more;
Thus on my heart's beach are cast
The stormy billows of the Past.
Bright the things which there they fling,
Rich the treasures which they bring;
Sparkling gems from Fancy's mine,
Relics old from Memory's shrine.
Faded flowers, which bloomed and died
By my childhood's fountain-side;
Golden sands, which once have lain
On my girlhood's sunny plain.
Many a wrecked and shattered boat
Which on Youth's bright stream did float,
Now, Joy's pennon waves no more—
It lies stranded on the shore.
Broken spars of mighty Thought,
Anchors on Hope's my will wrought,
Cables twisted from Feeling's thread—
All are in confusion spread.
There, upon the drifting sand,
Many air-built castles stand;
But the waves, with ceaseless flow,
Soon will lay those frail towers low.
Thus, upon my heart's vast beach,
Many things this lesson teach:
All the soul's best gifts are cast
Into the relentless Past.
Old Deerfield, August 15, 1854.

Select Tales.

For the Weekly Journal.

ELLIOT IRVING, OR TO WILL IS TO BE.

BY CORA CLINTON.

Yes, I will be great! There shall come a day when my native land will be proud to own me as her son! I have natural talent—they tell me so, and my own heart echoes it; and it shall not be uncultivated; the germ of genius shall not die for want of nourishment. Yes, my mother, I will bring the honors that wealth alone could never purchase! And thou, my benefactor—my more than father—thou shalt never regret thy generous kindness in giving a home, and the inestimable benefits of an education, to the poor beggar boy; thou shalt see that he appreciates thy bounty. And with a mind filled with lofty and noble purposes, the young man laid aside his pencils, and with his eyes bent upon the floor, walked the room, deeply absorbed in thought. Now the noble brow clouded, and he paused in his hasty walk—for he thought of his poverty; but it was only for a moment; and then the dark eye flashed with new brilliancy, and his firm step grew still prouder, while, in a low voice, but one which none could fail to note as the index of inflexible resolve, he said:—"I will be honored! poverty shall never bind my powers! I will never yield to it! Elliot Irving shall not be forced to yield to difficulties!"

While the young man thus holds communion with himself, let us look about him. It is a spacious apartment, and all that art can devise, or wealth purchase, to facilitate the development of the mental faculties, is there in lavish abundance. Books, maps, charts of every description, fill the large cases; portfolios of engravings, sketches and statuary, are strewn upon the tables and walls. An easel is placed near the large window of colored glass, upon which is an unfinished head of the Madonna.

Enough is done, however, to prove it a picture of extraordinary merit; how beautiful, how life-like, the delineation!—the sweet holy look of the eyes, the expression of tranquil serenity about the mouth, the delicacy of coloring, all proclaim it the work of a master spirit.

The young man pauses before it, and his dark eyes kindle anew with the fire of genius. Conscious power of intellect, noble supremacy of mind over matter, illumine his handsome features; and with a smile of pride and triumph on his beautifully chiseled lips, the young artist again seats himself at his task.

But who is this youthful devotee at the shrine of Apollo? Whence comes it that though he speaks of himself as a poor beggar boy, we find him surrounded by luxury and taste?

Look back with me, through the mists of years, and behold the home of Elliot Irving.

Nay, start not back, gentle lady, from this wretched abode. Many such are there in every great city; thousands, fair as thou

art, dwell beneath roofs of equally humble pretensions; thousands of hearts, delicately sensitive like thine own, pulsate beneath garments coarse as you meet here. Let me push back this door, and we will enter. Two broken chairs, a small pine table, an old chest, on which is lying a bit of paper with a small, but well executed, sketch in pencil upon it; a bed, with ragged coverings—these constitute the entire furniture of the apartment.

Hark! was not that a low groan proceeding from the little hard couch? Yes, a tiny form is lying there. How beautiful! and yet want looks out from the large dark eyes, and suffering has marked the rounded alabaster forehead. Fever has given a flush to the fair cheek and a brighter hue to the ruby lips; the long brown curls hang over the pillow, in wild disorder; the small white hand lies on the spread; how delicately the blue tracery shows through the transparent skin. Dwell she in princely halls, how marvelously beautiful would she be deemed! But alas! poverty has been her lot and sorrow from her cradle. Poor little Mabel! thy childhood knew few golden hours; thy sun was early clouded. Alas for those to whom life's spring-time brings not flowers, for never after are they free from thorns, even to the happiest.

The little sufferer turns restlessly upon her hard couch: "Mamma!" the patched lips utter; but there is no voice to reply. Soon, however, the door opens, and a woman, bent, but not with years; enters, bearing wearily a huge basket filled with clothes for washing. Laying aside her burden, she hastens to the side of her child.—"O mamma! I am so glad you have come! I am tired, mamma, and I have been lonely; where is Elli, mamma?"

"He has gone to look for work, my dear darling; but don't talk now, it is not good for you; here, don't you want some of this nice drink?" and she held to her lips a tiny cup, filled with a cordial, that the mother had denied herself bread to purchase.

Again was Mabel laid upon her pillow, and the weary woman sank exhausted upon a chair, and buried her face in her hands. Not always had her lot been one of sorrow and of suffering. Her childhood was passed within a princely mansion, where her every wish was law, and she could dream of no boon too great to be granted. But she gave her hand to one whom fortune had failed to bless; who, though all true and noble, was destitute of that greatest of charms, in the estimation of the world—wealth.

And when the peerless Elise threw aside the gilded fetters she loathed, and, turning from the crowd of mammon's worshipers, gave her hand to the unknown Walter Irving, her father cursed his child—his only one—she who had been his darling—cursed, and bade her never see him more.

The loving wife left her father's mansion, and though her young heart sorrowed at his curse, she knew that there was an arm that would ever support—that there was a heart beating for her alone, and she did not regret her choice.

But they were destined to prove the bitter truth, that real worth often passes over the earth unknown and unappreciated.—Sorrow, suffering and poverty—poverty that all his struggles proved unavailing to remove; anguish at the sufferings of his family—all united, threw Irving into a violent sickness, from which he never recovered.

Elise was left a widow, with two children, one a boy of eight years, the other a girl of three. For two weeks, she had struggled on to support herself and babes. She had taken washing—had performed almost every species of physical labor; the thought of her children was an incentive to almost superhuman efforts.

And now little Mabel was taken ill; a violent cold settling upon her lungs terminated in lung fever, and the little sufferer was now at the gates of death.

A low moan from her child aroused the mother, and, going to the bedside, she saw a change had passed over the features, and she knew the death-angel was throwing open to her the dark portal leading to the better land.

"Mabel, my own baby, speak to me!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in agony; "look at your mother, my child; don't you know me, darling?" And the heart-stricken one bent over the couch, with the anguish which is felt only when the strong-

est ties that link the soul to earth are being rent asunder.

The child turned upon the pillow, and looked earnestly with her large liquid eyes into her mother's face. Just then the door opened, and a boy entered: "Mother, how is little Mabel?" and he came toward her. "O God, she is dying!" Father of mercies, take me also, if my baby dies!" "Dying!" and the boy threw himself upon his knees, and seizing the little hand, covered it with kisses. "Mabel, sweet Mabel, oh, do not die! do not leave me here all alone in the cold, dark world! What shall I love when you are gone? Who will kiss me, and talk so sweetly as you used to do? O, Mabel, you shall not die!" and the boy wept bitterly. There was silence for a few moments in that lowly apartment, broken only by the low breathing of the dying one and the sobs of the boy.

The mother's grief was too deep for utterance; Mabel had been her darling; she loved her first-born tenderly, but for him she felt not the passionate idolatry she bore her youngest—her baby.

And now she was passing away. Never more would her bird-like songs and merry laughter gladden their dwelling. Her innocent prattling, that had so often cheered her at her work, would greet the mother's ear no more; the light of her home was passing away; O, was it strange that her fond heart prayed for death?

"Mamma, I'm cold; something like ice seems coming over me; what makes it so?" The poor woman pressed the tiny hand in silence; how could she tell her child that it was death?

Soon on the aching hearts of the sorrowing ones fell again those sweet tones, but now more animated than before: "O mamma, Elli, look! See those beautiful people—all dressed in white! O, how bright they are! I almost dazzle my eyes! Mamma, they look as you told me angels did, with such beautiful crowns on their heads; don't they, mamma?"

"Where, my child? I see nothing, said the mother.

"Right up there! O, can't you see them? Hark! do not you hear them sing, oh, so sweetly?" and the little creature listened intently.

The mother knelt in awe, for she felt that though she saw them not, to the pure vision of her dying babe angel forms were visible.

"Mamma, it is all light now; it seems as if I could fly up where they are; there are little children like me there too; see, they are beckoning me to come, and one of them holds me a white robe like theirs.—O, mamma, may I go?" She listened a moment, her thin hands clasped, her large eyes upturned, then the fast falling lips uttered—"Mamma!" and the angel messengers bore her home.

And the mother and son were left alone. Alone, did I say? How could they be alone, when heaven had come so near them?—when, from that lonely apartment a sinless spirit had fled to its rest? No, they were not alone; ministering angels hovered over them and poured balm into the breaking hearts; though they wept long and bitterly, it was not a hopeless grief, for something seemed whispering to their hearts, "Ye shall meet again."

Three weeks had passed since the death of little Mabel. It was near sunset, and the mother and her son were seated in the same little room where we last saw them. Mrs. Irving was endeavoring, by dint of patching, to give her son's jacket a neater appearance; Elliot was sketching a picture of his sister, as she looked when lying on her death-bed, speaking of the beautiful angels.

From his infancy, the boy had displayed a taste for drawing; his mother, for a time, hoped to give him advantages in pursuing his favorite employment, for she knew he had talents, that only required assistance in their development, to make him an extraordinary man. But she had long since relinquished her darling purpose, for poverty rules with a rod of iron, and so fully were they beneath its sway, that the talents of the boy seemed destined to remain unacknowledged by the world, because there was no hand to direct them.

Suddenly a rap at the door. Mrs. Irving hastened to open it, and a gentleman of apparently about fifty years, with a kind, pleasant countenance, and richly dressed, stood before her. She immediately recognized him as a person spending a few weeks in the city, whose washing she had done.

"Good evening, Mrs. Irving," said he; "I am unexpectedly called home to-morrow morning, and as we made no arrangement for my washing to be returned before night, it became necessary for me to call for it."

"Yes, sir, it is all ready for you; but I am sorry you should be obliged to come for it; I will send my son over with it immediately."

"No, no," answered the gentleman, "I will take it; you don't think I am afraid to be seen carrying a bundle, do you?—And the pleasant, smiling gentleman, whom I will introduce to the reader as Mr. Elwain, entered the room and seated himself, while Mrs. Irving placed the nicely folded garments in a bundle.

"What are you doing, my boy?" said he, as he approached Elliot. "O, drawing. Who is your teacher? You do him credit, whoever he may be."

"I have no teacher, sir," said Elliot, raising his dark eyes to the stranger's face. "I only draw sometimes, because I love it so dearly."

"No teacher!—that sketch without a teacher! You are a fine little fellow if you did that," and the stranger gazed upon the drawing steadfastly.

It was a pretty picture; there was the child, lying on the low bed, while above her hovered the band of seraphs she had spoken of. It seemed to recall some other memory in the bosom of the stranger, for he brushed a tear from his eye as he laid it down.

"What made you think of drawing that?" said he; "who is it like?"

"My sister; my own little Mabel; she was laid just like that on her own little bed; and she put up her small hands so, and talked of those angels that were all around her when she was dying; they came to take her to heaven, sir—my mother said so—and she is now there with them; I know she is happier there, and never is cold or hungry or suffers pain, as she used to here, but—oh, sir, I did love her so," and the boy burst into a flood of tears.

Mr. Elwain talked kindly to him, and then, changing his mind about carrying home the bundle, gave Elliot directions where to leave it.

After he had left them, "Mrs. Irving," said he, "that boy has talents that would make him an ornament to any circle, if he had only an education."

"I know it," replied the poor mother, "and I would gladly send him to school, but I have not the means; all that I can earn barely feeds and clothes us." Mr. Elwain mused.

"Mrs. Irving," he resumed, "I have no children, and the boy pleases me; I will take him home with me, clothe, educate, and treat him as my own son. When he becomes known and appreciated, as he will be, I shall feel amply repaid for anything I may do. Will you accept such a proposal?"

Mrs. Irving hesitated; how could she give up both her children—how bear the thought of being left alone? But she thought of the advantage to her boy; she saw him great and honored, if she parted with him now, and his talents buried if she kept him with her.

She told Mr. Elwain she was very grateful for his kindness, and that Elliot should go. Mr. Elwain departed soon after, and the next morning, in his company, Elliot left his home for one in the city of F—.

It is there we find him, ten years after, at the commencement of our tale.

Mr. Elwain had kept his promise; Elliot had enjoyed every privilege that an own son could have done, and well had he improved them. The expectations of his kind benefactor had been more than realized; the promise of his boyhood was not deceptive, and the works of the young artist were already famed.

There was to be an exhibition of the gems of art in New York a few weeks from the date of his introduction to the reader, and for that was the head of the Madonna destined.

We next meet our young friend in the metropolis of the middle states; it is the afternoon preceding the exhibition, and an idle hour is being whiled in the street.

Leaning against one of the pillars supporting the piazza of — House, he amused himself in watching the faces of the passers-by. It was the hour when the wealth and beauty of the crowded emporium seek the busy streets, and visions of rare

loveliness glided past him. Soon, two girls approached, arm in arm, engaged in earnest conversation.

"Heavens! what beauty! he muttered between his shut teeth, as they glided past him; his eyes followed them as they pursued their walk, and at last, leaving his stand, he joined the crowd, hoping to catch another glance at the fair ones.

While he is gone, let me describe the maidens who had made such an impression on the heart of young Irving. One was a slight little creature, looking as if love was her life, and a harsh word like poison to her sensitive spirit; a bright smile played on her rosy lips, and the sunlight of the heart beamed from the clear soft eyes; her hair, of the richest auburn, fell in ringlets over her shoulders; her complexion was a lovely blending of pink and white, that seemed a rivalry between the rose and lily.

The companion, on whose arm she leaned, was taller, with large hazel eyes, that seemed almost black, surrounded, as they were, by a fringe of jet. Her hair was black too, and its wavy abundance was bound back beneath her hat. There was an air of haughtiness about her, but it increased rather than diminished Irving's admiration. A Grecian nose, mouth—

"A bow of love, drawn with a scarlet thread"—slender, swan-like neck, and graceful person—made the young lady quite a fascinating creature—at least, in Irving's eyes.

It was the second day of the exhibition that Elliot received a call from Mr. Bentley, a Wall street millionaire.

The painting in the exhibition bearing Mr. Irving's name had pleased him; he wished the portrait of his daughter Inez. Was the young man engaged, or would he execute it? Elliot assented, and the day but one succeeding was appointed for the first sitting.

The hour came, and as Irving was ushered into the spacious apartment, he was astonished and delighted to find the young heiress was the same whose beauty he had admired a few days previous. Seated on a low ottoman, by her side was her blue-eyed companion, whom she introduced as her cousin, Ella Melrose.

But I must condense. Were I writing a romance, I should tell you how, as the portrait advanced, the young artist lost his heart upon the beautiful face he was transferring to canvas, of the innumerable errors, that required so much erasing, and made him so very long in completing it, of the stolen glances, the low spoken words, and sweet smiles interchanged; but I pass over the details; suffice it, that poor Irving was deeply in love.

The little deity, who is probably an enemy of Mars, inasmuch as he disdains all improvements in fire arms, sporting with the primitive bow and arrow in preference to Colt's patent revolvers, had exercised unparalleled skill in archery upon the young artist's heart, and bitter were his sighs as he was compelled to acknowledge the picture completed, and to leave his innamorata. But his star designed not that their acquaintance should thus terminate.

Mr. Bentley was so much pleased with Irving's success, that he engaged him to take a family group, in which the blue-eyed Ella, whom Elliot had previously discovered, was an orphan, and dependant on the kindness of her uncle for a home, was to be included.

So again was the young man thrown into the society of the beautiful Inez; and the lovely heiress did not seem indifferent to his passion. Her smile was brightest when it beamed on him, and her wit most brilliant when he listened.

At last the hour came when he must depart; but ere he went, he poured his tale of love into the maiden's ear. "Twas true, he said, he had not wealth, but he trusted to his talents to obtain it. He asked her not to wed him now, only bid him hope that when, by patient and unwearied effort, he had acquired a fortune, she would become all his own. When he commenced speaking, the eye of Inez sought the floor, and the small white hand he held, though it trembled in his grasp, was not withdrawn; but ere he finished, all the pride of her nature was struggling against the love she could but feel for him, so that as he ceased, she snatched away her hand, and with an angry gesture, bade him depart, adding bitter words upon his poverty and his presumption in thus addressing her.

The young man's lip curled, and his eye flashed, but he turned on his heel and without a word, left the apartment.

It was the last time Inez saw him for five years. He went immediately to Italy; there in that cradle of genius, did he strive to perfect himself in his art.

Difficulties, insurmountable to any spirit save his, surrounded him, discouraging failures and disappointments were his lot, and sometimes even his heart almost despaired of overcoming the mighty obstacles which impeded his progress; but the thought of the haughty words with which the beautiful Inez had thrown away his love, nerved him to new effort, and—he conquered. Even there, in that sunny clime, where genius is an almost universal gift, he was famed.

Inez could not forget the handsome, intellectual face of the young artist, though she strove hard to banish his image from her mind. She half repented repulsing him so rudely, then wept refusing him at all; she did not dream of his going without again seeing her, but he had gone—perhaps forever—and she had sacrificed a life of happiness for pride. Alas, poor Inez!

Time flew away. Nearly five years had passed since his farewell to his father-land, when Elliot received intelligence of the death of his early benefactor.

Mr. Elwain was a widower and childless, and at his decease bequeathed his entire property to his young protégé.

Once more Irving's foot pressed the soil of his native country. But now crowds bend to him; the wealthy artist, the heir of the immense property of Mr. Elwain, was a very different person in the eyes of the world from Elliot Irving, the poverty stricken portrait painter.

And now Inez strove again to win him to her side; but all her efforts proved unavailing. The young man, though courteous and polite, was cold in his manner toward her. How strange! people said; she, an heiress and beauty, evidently flattered by his attentions, and he so perfectly indifferent! The world could not look behind the scenes as we have done.

Time passed, and in the sweet face of the gentle Ella, Irving learned to see more true beauty than in that of Inez; the purity of soul and truthfulness of heart mirrored there, won his affection, and ere long the papers chronicled their union in that holiest of ties—marriage.

As Mr. Elwain had predicted, Elliot Irving was great, and wealthy, and honored; and more, for he found in the bosom of his family, that priceless boon which renders earth an Eden, true happiness; and often, as the tender ministrings of his gentle wife soothed his weariness, did he bless the hour in which he had lost the heiress for the true-hearted.

The Tribune deals the following cut at those who were taken in by the Fernham Gift Scheme:

"Mr. R. Thayer, of Braintree, Mass., favors us with a letter for himself and 80 others, who, as he says, have been taken in by the notorious lottery gambler, Fernham. The thing was done by a gift enterprise, in which every investor was to receive a gold pen worth the cost of the ticket at any rate, with chances for other very splendid prizes in perspective. The gold pens, however—all they have actually got—turn out to be worthless; and accordingly they appeal to the Tribune to avenge their wrongs, and crush the 'swindling Fernham.' We beg politely to decline the invitation. On their own showing, they are too egregious asses to allow of any effort in their behalf. And we respectfully suggest to the authorities at Braintree that they should take measures for the safety of the place. A town with eighty-one such fools in it must be in imminent danger of a catastrophe of some sort."

A STEADY DIET.—An old lady down east having kept a hired man out liver nearly a month, said to him one day, "Why, John, I don't think you like liver." "Oh! yes," said John, "I like it very well for fifty or sixty meals, but I don't think I'd like it as a steady diet."—The old lady cooked something else for the next meal.

"Tommy, my son, run to the store and get me some sugar." "Excuse me, ma, I am somewhat indisposed this morning; send father, and tell him to get me some tobacco."

S. M. PETERS & 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.

WHIG STATE CONVENTION.

This convention met in the new Music Hall, Boston, on Wednesday. We do not propose to enter into a minute description of its doings and sayings.

Franklin Dexter of Boston was chosen president, with a long string of vice-presidents, among whom we notice the name of our talented friend, David W. Childs of Deerfield.

Five secretaries were chosen—among them, J. R. Childs, Esq. of Chicopee.

Mr. Dexter addressed the convention at great length on taking the chair.

Two committees were chosen, to collect and count votes for governor and lieutenant governor.

Josiah Quincy, senior, addressed the convention while the votes were being collected.

On motion of Mr. White of Lowell, the chair appointed a committee to prepare and report resolutions.

The committee on votes now reported the following result of the ballot for a gubernatorial candidate:

Table with 2 columns: Name, Votes. Includes: Whole number of votes, Necessary for a choice, Emory Washburn had, Julius Rockwell had, Scattering.

On motion of Benjamin Seaver of Boston, the nomination was declared unanimous.

The convention then took a recess until 8 o'clock in the afternoon, and on reassembling, the committee on votes for a candidate for lieutenant governor reported as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Name, Votes. Includes: Whole number of votes, Necessary for a choice, William C. Plunkett had, John G. Galfrey had.

The nomination was then declared unanimous.

Mr. White reported resolutions, which were unanimously adopted—anti-slavery in character, and in favor of the whigs adhering to the old organization.

The convention was then addressed by Reuben A. Chapman, Samuel H. Walley, P. E. Aldrich, Otis P. Lord, C. H. Braunscomb and P. W. Chandler.

The correspondent of the Springfield Republican says there was very little enthusiasm manifested during the whole proceedings.

All hopes of a union in Massachusetts are now at an end, for the present, at any rate. The first resolution of those adopted comes out flat-footed against any such project.

With the resolutions we have no fault to find, excepting the first, and that one destroys the moral force of all the rest.

During the present campaign—unless circumstances are greatly changed—we shall stand one side, and let the political fools of Massachusetts fight their own battles.

FRUIT STEALERS.

Come up here, you little scamps! we propose to administer a little wholesome advice. You know that summer complaints are quite frequent this season.

But to be serious, it is outrageous that there should be so much fruit stolen in this village. We hear complaints from all quarters. Can not a stop be put to these things?

THE ARMORIES.

The President has removed the present superintendents of the armories at Springfield and Harper's Ferry. At the former place, Bessie S. Allen, of that city, has been appointed; and at the latter, William Byington.

COLT'S PISTOLS.

We refer our readers to the article in another part of the paper upon this subject—published at the request of a friend. It will doubtless be of much interest to many in Chicopee.

We want just three lines to fill out this column, and, dear reader, here you have them.

KANSAS EMIGRATION.

We present our thanks to the secretary of the Massachusetts Emigrants Aid Society, for a copy of a pamphlet upon the organization, objects and plan of operations of the company; also, a complete description of Kansas.

Much praise is due to Eli Thayer, Esq., the talented principal of the Oread Institute, Worcester, for his herculean labors in forwarding the objects of this association. When the names of the bogus great men of earth shall have been consigned to merited oblivion, he will be looked back to as one of the true heroes of the race.

Kansas shall become a free state, to him, more than any one else, will the friends of freedom have cause to offer their thanks. Kansas has been thoroughly explored by the agents of the Massachusetts association. They are enthusiastic in praising the surpassing richness of its soil.

To those who are desirous of following "the star of empire," our advice is to go to Kansas, by all means. Go there, and offer anew your vows upon the sacred altar of liberty, and swear to cling to them, with fond devotion, while life shall last.

EUPHONIOUS TITLES.

We are indebted to that "good fellow," W. W. Johnson, the Chicopee postmaster, for the following list of classic titles of various post-office stations established by Uncle Sam:

Table with 2 columns: Name of Post-Office, In what State. Lists various locations like Eureka, Land of Promise, Hornet's Nest, etc.

THE KNOW-NOTHINGS.

What the members of this organization will effect in Massachusetts, at the coming election, time alone can determine. Their march is as still as a funeral procession, but effective as the grim messenger who causes it.

IOWA.

Returns from this state have come in very slow, but it is now pretty certain that the republican party is triumphant, and the pro-slavery forces defeated at every point.

ATTEMPTED INCENDIARISM.

The brick school house in Chicopee, situated near the "Patch," was discovered to be set on fire both Saturday and Sunday evenings, but no damage was done.

[The following, from a much respected friend, is "rather late in the season" but it gives an interesting account of a sad scene. We shall be pleased to hear from "Hibernicus" at any time.]

INTERESTING CEREMONY.

On July 28th, I went, with many others, to the Catholic church in your village, to witness the last offices about to be performed for those who perished in the late fire on Bullens street.

The services were performed by that gifted and amiable clergyman, Rev. Mr. Lawrence, who, during the greater part of the day, chanted the office of the dead, with his rich, melodious style, which I am sure must have awakened sympathy in the breasts of all present.

On this occasion, the church and altar were veiled in black, which gave it a solemn appearance. At the foot of the altar were arranged the coffins of the sufferers, which no one could behold without feelings of the greatest emotion.

At the conclusion, the Rev. gentleman went over, in a masterly style, the lives of the different bodies, and dwelt in a particular manner on the virtues and holy life of the youngest of Mr. Canty's daughters. In conclusion, he recommended that all carriage and hearse expenses might be avoided, and named a body of young men who should take the remains to the grave—at the same time raising a subscription, amounting to \$66, to assist the friends of the deceased who were left destitute.

On the whole, it was a solemn time, and such as I am sure will ever be remembered by those who witnessed it.

Much praise is due to the Rev. gentleman who conducted the ceremonies, and I am sure it will cause many who may differ from him to say:—"He has done the good work," and may he rest in peace.

HIBERNICUS.

CHICOPEE GIRLS!—ATTENTION!

A young man, residing in Chicopee, advertises in the Springfield Republican for a wife! Can not some of you patch up the poor fellow's diseased heart, and pour into it the sweet balm of consolation?

If the gentleman will insert his advertisement in the Chicopee Journal, and pay for it in advance, we will warrant him a wife—nothing to be said as to quality.

ROBBERY.

On Wednesday evening, a young lady employed in one of the millinery establishments in this town, went into the post-office; as she stood before the wicket inquiring for a letter, an Irish woman came up and requested her to read the list of letters—pretending that she was unable to, and expected that her name was upon it.

SARATOGA CONVENTION.

This convention, on Wednesday, was a glorious affair. The number present was immense—comprising the most prominent men of the three political parties. Excellent resolutions were adopted, and the best of feeling prevailed.

MUSTER.

The third regiment of artillery, Massachusetts militia, including the Amherst, Northampton, Greenfield and Springfield companies, are to muster and encamp at Amherst on the 5th of September, near the Mount Pleasant Institute, and continue in camp for three days.

A COURSE OF LECTURES.

We have been requested to state that there will be a meeting next Monday eve. in Atlantic Hall, at 7 1-2 o'clock, to take into consideration what shall be done towards securing a course of lectures next winter. It is hoped that there will be a good attendance.

The librarian of the Chicopee Town Library acknowledges the receipt of two handsomely bound volumes, containing the proceedings of the late constitutional convention—through the politeness of Chas. Sherman, Esq., of this town.

To the Holyoke Independent we say:—"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

The communication of "C. MEXICUS" will appear next week.

Russia is the greatest unbroken empire for extent that ever existed—occupying vast regions of Europe and Asia, and nearly one-sixth of the habitable globe.

It is forty-one times the size of France, and one hundred and thirty-eight times that of England. Yet it was too small for the ambition of the Emperor Alexander, who is reported to have said—"I insist upon having the Baltic to skate upon, the Caspian for a bathing-place, the Black Sea as a wash-hand basin, the North Pacific Ocean as a fish pond."

POLICE COURT.

On August 11, Joseph L. Moffat, of Holyoke, was brought before Justice Bemis of this town, charged with violation of the liquor law. He pleaded not guilty. Continued to August 21.

Same day, the same party was arrested by officer Marsh of Holyoke, and brought before Justice Doolittle of this town, charged with two sales of liquor, contrary to law. Plead not guilty. Continued, by consent of parties, to the 22nd of August.

Escape and Rescue of a Lunatic.

On Wednesday, August 16, John Greeley, a lunatic, escaped from the Iusane Hospital at Worcester, was pursued to this place by an officer connected with that institution, and arrested by the assistance of five or six of our citizens, and taken back. This arrest was the cause of great confusion, drawing together a large crowd of people, greatly to the annoyance of the officers.

SUICIDE.

We learn, from the Springfield Republican, (and, by the way, we always give credit for every local item taken from that paper,) that a young man by the name of Jerry Collins, drowned himself in Connecticut river, opposite Springfield, on Thursday. He had been laboring under a liquor hallucination for about a month previous.

FIRE IN HOLYOKE.

A dwelling-house in Holyoke, belonging to A. C. Crocker, of this village, was burnt on Thursday evening, at about half past ten o'clock. It was occupied at the time. Nothing saved. Probably the work of an incendiary. The building was insured in the Washington County (N. Y.) Mutual, for \$150.

"I'm a great gun," said a tipsy printer, who had been on a bender for a week. "Yes," said the foreman, "you're a great gun and half-cocked, and you can consider yourself discharged." "Well, said typy," then I had better go off."

The ink for printing bank notes in London, is made from the calcined leaves and seed of grapes, and forms one of the finest and darkest imprints that can be found.

A vessel will sail from Baltimore, about the first of September, for Liberia, for the conveyance of emigrants.

A Cheering Reflection.

Though we are oft perplexed with the tangled web of this life, in the heavenly all knots shall be untied, all mysteries unveiled; the just connection of the least link in the chain of Providence will be easily seen in that land of vision, where all is clear, yet all amazing; and the unequal reflections made here, as if Divine Wisdom were very careless, or baffled, will be turned into admiring acknowledgments of that care and goodness which runs through all the windings of Providence.

The true culture of the imagination does not lead to sentimentalism, but elevates the mind above that which is selfish and sensual, and quickens it into spiritual life, till it glows with charity, and delights to exercise itself in self-denial, and in a wise zeal for the good of others.

The imagination is a native faculty of the soul. Its growth is at first spontaneous. It simply needs guidance. Live it well in some form; but whether for evil or good, depends on its culture. If we would keep the imagination healthy, we must give it proper employment. To prevent it from going in a wrong direction, we have only to keep it in the right. Pre-occupy it by what is good. Present it to the pure and fair; then will its love for the true shine from the false; it will stand as the uncompromising friend of virtue; and, as the flaming cherubim guarded the gates of Eden, it will guard the avenues of the soul.

It is stated that the upper crust of the state of Florida lies on a series of arches of great magnitude above the channels of innumerable rivers and the gurgling of springs and subterranean creeks. There are two thousand mineral and thermal springs in Florida. Professor Agassiz says that Florida owes its existence to the coral worm and other marine animalcules, and that these wonderful little architects spent over 100,000 years in laying its foundations and building it up.

The good people of Paris have observed that, of late, when the empress rides out in public with her husband, she takes the right of his Majesty in the carriage, instead of the left as customary; and, having observed, they wink at one another; for this is a piece of old etiquette transmitted from by-gone times, and signifying that the queen or empress so honored expects to present an heir to the sovereignty.

During a violent storm which burst over Paris a few days since, the electric fluid entered a room in which was seated a man who had long been suffering from paralysis, which deprived him completely of the power of speech. It set fire to the bed curtains, and did other damage in the room; but, instead of injuring the infirm man, it restored to him his speech and health.

The women of Japan—the married women—shave off their eyebrows and blacken their teeth, as a matter of cosmetic observance, so that when a lady pleasantly opens her mouth to laugh, she looks suddenly hideous to every European eye. The naked eyebrows may be borne, but the row of black teeth are beyond endurance.

A London paper states that a lady was recently traveling in an omnibus alongside a fashionably dressed man, who had on his finger a splendid ring; on returning home she missed her purse, containing about £4, but in the lining of her dress she found the ring she had seen on the person who sat beside her in the omnibus. A jeweler valued it at £40.

The Post says that an advent preacher holding forth in this city on Sunday evening, thus unburdened himself upon the matter of a name for his sect:—"I don't keer a bit, I don't keer a snap, I don't keer a single red copper what they call us—it is God Almighty's truth we want." There was more force than beauty in the remark.

A Florida paper sympathizes with a murderer named Graham, and hopes he will be pardoned in consideration of the events of his life, which are in substance, both jaws once broken by a tiger, an arm twisted off in a sugar mill, bitten twice by rattlesnakes, and killing one of his neighbors in a drunken frolic.

It is related of Elder Richards (Mormon) of Salt Lake, that he became violently enamored of two fair daughters of a widow lady. The mother, who was on the shady side of sixty, objected to being separated from them. As the Elder was determined to make a bargain, he took the whole lot!

The London gaming houses have a peculiarly constructed water-closet attached to an inner room. By means of a rush of water from a large cistern, the balls and other implements of gaming are disposed of with ease and rapidity, and the police are thwarted in their attempts at conviction.

The most remarkable case of conscience, of modern times, is that of Gerrit Smith, who, it is stated, in settling with the sergeant-at-arms, was entitled to about \$500 legal mileage, but only took about \$90—being eight dollars a day while coming and going, and actual traveling expenses.

Mr. Abbot Lawrence was made a Doctor of Laws by Harvard University at the late commencement. The New York Evening Post objects, and asks why not call him Doctor of Medicine just as well? It would be equally true, and no less absurd.

The Boston Gazette tells it for fact, that Goldsmith's "She Stoops to conquer" was not long since played at one of the St. Louis theaters, and at the fall of the curtain the audience called—"Author! author! author!"

Punch says the reason why ladies wear such small bonnets, is just idea, they have of making nature and art correspond—having nothing inside their heads, they put as near to nothing as possible on the outside.

The Lowell Courier records another case of over issue. On Tuesday, a lady in Barnstable presented her husband with two boys and a girl at one birth—the three weighing 20 1-2 pounds.

Punch says the man who plants a birch tree, little knows what he is conferring on posterity.

Sir George Gore, the sporting English baronet, (says an exchange,) was seen a few days ago encamped, with his company, on the Kansas river, on his way to the great western plains, on a hunting expedition. He brought the most magnificent pack of dogs that were ever seen in the country. Between forty and fifty dogs, mostly gray-hounds and stag-hounds, of the most beautiful breeds, compose this part of the expedition. He had a large carriage, and probably a dozen large wagons to transport provisions, &c. These require five yoke of oxen to each wagon. These, with horses, men, &c., make up quite an imposing company. Sir George is a fine built, stout, light haired, and resolute looking man.

Not long since, the porter of a house in the Rue Fabourg du Temple, in a fit of mental hallucination, imagined himself to be a wolf, and attacking a woman who came to make an inquiry, bit off her ear. The woman was rescued by the police before any more serious injury was inflicted. On the same day, another man in a different part of the city, laboring under the same delusion, attacked all who came within his reach, and bit off the thumb of the policeman, by whom he was finally secured.

A curious and rare occurrence has says the Register, just taken place at St. Monance. A woman, whose age is 84, had been complaining of a pain in her jaw for some time, which she ascribed to tooth-ache; but although strange, it is nevertheless true, the old woman was "teething." During the last week, she acquired two new teeth—one on the upper, and the other on the lower jaw. She is now well, and proud of her additional assistants.

Hydropony is a good deal better than some hills. In Rome, aristocratic visitors to Charmis, who came to take cold baths in the winter under his direction, were required to pay him a consulting fee of eight hundred pounds.

He was the first water-cure doctor that ever practised in Rome, and he realized such a fortune as his successors may aim at in vain.

The Drayton Gazette gives an account of a German woman living in that county, who has had six children at one birth. The children are now six months old, all alive, and were in Drayton with their mother on the 3d inst. They were in a wagon with her, snugly propped up in a wicker basket. They are all boys, and small of their age.

Ninety-seven millions eight hundred and forty-six thousand and ninety-five lbs. of paper rags have been imported into this country in four years, at a cost of three millions two hundred and sixty-two thousand and ninety dollars, averaging 3 cents and a third a pound.

A correspondent of the National Era says: "We have now some ten or twelve anti-slavery churches established in Kentucky, in good condition; and there are few but admit that the time is not far distant when Kentucky will be free. May God speed the day!"

It is said, in an English paper, that a daughter of Madam Sontag largely inherits the elegance, beauty of voice, and refined culture, which made Madam Sontag a standard of artistic excellence. Her appearance on the stage was purposed, within a year or two, and the world may yet renew, in a daughter's attainments, that satisfaction and delight, ever derived from the mother's professional exertions.

A rich man once asked the poet Sadi why the learned were so often seen at the doors of the wealthy, while the wealthy were never seen entering the portals of the learned. "It is," said Sadi, "because learned men know the value of riches, but the rich are ignorant of the value of knowledge."

One man near Cambridge, Massachusetts, raised this year, on eight acres of ground, strawberries which sold for near \$10,000, and yielded a nett profit of \$3000. The encouragement was such that the same is stocking eight acres more with the plants. The picking, weeding, &c., are all done by German women.

The French paper "Firage" in Paris, speaks of "One of the American states—the state of Boston!" The Pays, another journal, with an equal genius for geography, laments a railroad accident in the United States, which happened, as it goes on to say, upon a line in Upper Canada.

The Buffalo Democracy chronicles the following, under the head of "Sharp Practice":—"A German, whose wife died of cholera one day last week, married his second wife on the following day, and she departed this life, also, on the next day." With wedding and funerals, that household was very much engaged for a few days.

The Colt Corruption Investigation.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

The Outside Influences which are Brought to Bear on Congress.

[copy.]

The undersigned, a portion of the special committee raised by the resolution adopted by the House of Representatives, on the 10th day of July last,

REPORT

The resolution presents two points of inquiry. First, whether money has been offered to members of Congress to induce them to vote for Colt's extension bill or any other bill which has been pending or is now before Congress for action.

It is not supposed that Congress designed to confine the inquiry entrusted to this committee to the mere point of whether members of Congress had been offered money or other valuable consideration for their votes, influence and aid in favor of such measures as they had sustained or designed to sustain.

It is perfectly clear that Congress intended to ascertain as far as practicable what outside means of an illegal or improper character had been employed by the agents or attorneys of the applicants, their agents or attorneys, to secure the success of their several schemes.

Preparatory to an examination and discussion of these points, it is necessary to fix the standard of representative character and ascertain the obligations of representative duty.

The character of a representative of a free people, especially in his highest halls of legislation, should not only be fixed, but it should be frank, manly, incorruptible in all respects, and unapproachable by those who are interested in the results of his action.

The undersigned readily concede that the evidence does not show that money has been offered to members of the present Congress for their aid, influence, or votes in favor of any particular measure, nor does it show that any particular measure which has been, or is now before Congress, nor is there evidence to show that they have been improperly influenced in their action.

The means and appliances which are resorted to by interested parties to secure the success of their measures are numerous, and are supposed to be adapted to the characters, views, necessities and objects of those who are to be influenced.

established by the testimony that money has been liberally used to secure the passage of bills, and they verily believe that much more evidence could be procured, if time had been allowed the committee to make a more thorough investigation of the facts connected with the measures which have been, or are now pending before Congress.

The testimony of JOSLIN shows conclusively, in the judgment of the undersigned, that Dickenson has received, since last fall, the sum of \$15,000 of Colt's money. For what purpose it was received, and how has it been expended?

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The means and appliances which are resorted to by interested parties to secure the success of their measures are numerous, and are supposed to be adapted to the characters, views, necessities and objects of those who are to be influenced.

"I sincerely regret that you did not keep your appointment with Mr. C. on Tuesday night, as I am sure it would have resulted in great good to all parties.

This combination is evidenced by another fact of striking force and significance. We find the same agents and attorneys acting in behalf of the same bills, patents, railroads, &c.

Another fact, that must not be overlooked, is that in Colt's case a most extraordinary and unusual number of agents and attorneys have been employed to urge the passage of the bill by Congress.

Now, what is the fair, the legitimate, the only inference from the extraordinary array of outside influence in behalf of this particular measure? Can further evidence be necessary to show that the application is devoid of merit, that far greater reliance is placed upon outside influence than upon any intrinsic merit the application possesses?

The evidence shows another important fact—that the letter-writers for the daily press, who have been admitted to desks on the floor of the House, are very generally regarded as the most efficient agents who can be employed by those who have measures to advance.

This rule of the House is a wise and proper rule, and one must admit its necessity. It is a wholesome restraint intended to protect the order, purity and dignity of the House, and promote its independence and integrity.

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BORN. In this village, 14th inst., a daughter to H. H. Harris.

MARRIED. In this village, Aug. 13th, by Rev. Edward Jessup, Mr. GEORGE W. PARSONS, and Miss MARTHA A. UNDERWOOD.

DIED. In this village, Aug. 11th, EDGAR EMBURY, son of Joseph S. and Martha S. Keen, aged 3 months and 18 days.

GRAMP AND PAIN KILLER. The world is astonished at the wonderful cures performed by GRAMP AND PAIN KILLER, prepared by C. W. HERRING.

WILD CHERRY BITTERS. For the cure of Biliousness and Jaundice complaints, and general debility. They quicken the blood and give new life and energy to the whole system.

NOTICE. TAX LISTS for the current year, with Warrants for collecting the same, have been duly committed to me by the Assessors of Chittenden County.

VOLNEY WINCHELL, DEALER in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Looking Glasses, Cutlery, Spectacles, Bird Sewers, Brushes, Combs, Perfumery, and a general variety of articles such as are usually for sale at such places.

Sign of the Big Flag. THE STEAMER BAY STATE has made arrangements to call at the following points during the present and coming months.

LANE & COMPANY, No. 6 Exchange Street, Chittenden, Vermont, having engaged the whole of the building occupied by them, are making most ample arrangements for doing a large trade the present year.

MEN & BOYS' CLOTHING. Together with a large lot of fine and medium Clothing, such as plain and fancy Dress Suits, Rich Satin, Greendine, Marseilles and other Vestings.

\$300,000 WORTH OF GIFTS!

FOR THE PEOPLE. PROFESSOR HART'S GREAT GIFT ENTERPRISE

OF THE WHOLE WORLD. WORLD'S FAIR HALL, Nos. 377 & 379 Broadway, New-York.

WORLD'S FAIR HALL, Nos. 377 & 379 Broadway, New-York. Prof. J. WOODMAN HART, Proprietor and Manager.

LIST OF GIFTS. Prof. Hart's Whole World, worth an immense fortune to any one, valued at \$50,000.

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WEEKLY JOURNAL. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

D. B. Potts, Publisher. OFFICE IN THE ROOM UNDER CABOT HALL.

TERMS—\$1.50 in advance. A discount made to Agents and Compositors.

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

Job Printing OF EVERY VARIETY, DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH AT THIS OFFICE.

WANTED! 100,000 subscribers to the leading Magazines of the day.

Read and decide for yourself! \$70,000 WILL be presented to One Hundred thousand subscribers.

15,401 Presents, amounting to \$70,000. The person who orders either of the above Magazines from us subjects himself to receive whatever is the full value of his money, three dollars, is received in the Magazine alone, a 4 is entitled and will receive upon receipt of the money (sent in a check) to a numbered ticket to be used at the distribution of Presents, which we are now commencing to take place as early as the first day of January next.

PARTICULAR NOTICE. A New Map of Hampden County. THE undersigned proposes to publish a new and accurate Map of Hampden County, entirely from original surveys under the direction of H. T. Walling, superintendent of the Mass. State Map by appointment of the Mass. Legislature in 1851.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. HAMPDEN SS. BY leave of the Probate Court, in said county, the subscriber will sell at Public Auction, on Thursday, the 31st inst., at the Hotel of Casson Pendleton, in Wall street, all the Real Estate belonging to the estate of George Jospon, late of Chittenden, deceased.



Agriculture.

CULTIVATION OF FLAX.

CIRCULAR.

Having made extensive arrangements with the past two years for the spinning and weaving flax and linen goods, which will enable us to consume annually a much larger amount of the raw material than is at present prepared or sent to market in this country, we have been obliged to import from Europe several hundred tons of the flax fiber to supply our immediate consumption. This necessity has existed not from the fact of the growth of flax being unadapted to our soil or climate, but because the attention of our farmers has not for many years been drawn to the subject by any demand for the prepared fiber. Recent investigations have shown that more than two hundred thousand acres have been occupied the past year in our western states, with the flax crop; it being grown entirely for the seed; in many places the stalk and its fiber being wasted and thrown away. In Ohio alone, over eighty thousand acres were under flax cultivation, for the supply of linseed oil mills in Cincinnati, Dayton, and other parts of the state.

But while the seed is a valuable and important part of the flax crop, the fiber is deemed in Europe even more so; and in many places the latter only is cared for, from a false impression that the two objects are incompatible with each other. The reports and exertions of the Irish flax society, however, and the experience of many parts of Europe, and of all modern science, have shown that so far from the fiber being injured by a sufficient maturity of the flax plant to fit the seed for market, the reverse is the case, and with proper management both can be advantageously preserved.

We are therefore desirous of calling the urgent attention of the growers of flax, and of the farmers generally in the west, to this long neglected branch of industry; and are prepared to offer direct inducements to them so to modify their method of cultivation as to accomplish the end in view. In a letter from Thomas Kimber, Jr., of Philadelphia (who has spent some time in investigating the subject of flax culture) to Gov. J. A. Wright of Indiana, he says:

"The secret lies in the proper preparation of the ground, before sowing the seed. If the farmer would give the land a fall plowing, and leaving it over the winter to mellow, then plow it deeply again in the spring, reducing it as fine as possible without too much labor, he would, on good ground, average 20 bushels of seed to the acre. The flax plant is peculiarly sensitive to such attentions, and amply repays them the roots striking downwards almost as deep and straight, where the ground is open and mellow, as the stalk shoots upward. It is not too much to say that, taking into consideration the increased seed as well as the fiber, every dollar spent in plowing and pulverizing the ground would yield ten fold in the harvest gathering. 'The land best suited for flax, is an open, rich loam, with a clay subsoil if possible. In the next place for the fiber: If the farmer would sow two bushels or two and a half to the acre on rich ground, so prepared, he would, while obtaining 20 bushels of seed, also obtain two tons or two and a half tons of flax straw per acre. At present, with the poor preparation and thin sowing, not over one and a quarter tons are obtained on an average. Every ton of straw yields three hundred pounds of flax fiber, so that he would then obtain, if he chose to rot and prepare it, as it was done in the days of our grandfathers, about six hundred or six hundred and fifty pounds of each of flax fiber rotted and scutched. This would give, by the slight addition of fall plowing, enriching if the land needs it, and after sowing, a light brush harrowing or rolling, a great increase of profit to the farmer."

We propose to deposit with well known parties in each state, adequate samples for the flax fiber, grown in our own and other countries and imported by us within the past few months; and to affix to each sample the cash price we paid for those qualities, when laid down in New York, adding the charges for commission, freight, duties, exchange, and other expenses. We will then bind ourselves to pay for twelve months from this date the same price in cash for all the flax fiber of equal qualities to the sample so deposited, which may be prepared and forwarded to New York by western parties; or to pay such prices less the freight and other charges to New York, on all flax so delivered to our agents in Louisville, Cincinnati or Chicago.

We propose taking the flax at some rate unless it should fall too far below the lowest sample furnished, to be of any advantage for use to manufacture. We wish all the flax either pulled, or else cut with the cradle so carefully as to preserve the stalk uninjured and the ends even; the seed taken off by a rippling comb, or by passing the heads of the stalk through rollers, so as to avoid the present destructive effects of thrashing; the flax to be water rotted and scutched; to be sent in bales or packages so as to be ready for hecking on reaching our mill.

AMERICAN LANKEN CO. Fall River, Mass., 1854.

In the list of births published in the Liverpool Courier of June 28th, is the following: 'Lately, the wife of Jarvis Wilkinson, laborer, Woolston, Notts, of her twenty-fifth child.'

When an implement is no longer wanted for the season, lay it carefully aside, but let it first be cleaned.

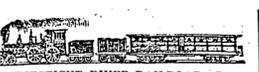
THE DARK SIDE.

There are some people who are always looking on the "dark side" of life. They seem to see the world through "colored glasses" and thus everything bright, beautiful and glorious, takes a somber tint from the medium through which they gaze. They have not strength and courage to struggle with the actual ills of existence, for these are wasted in grappling with imaginary evils. If in the springtime they see amid the budding loveliness of nature, they do not believe that when autumn comes their fields will be filled with "plenty sheaves," and plenty will sit smiling at the household hearth. They think of the devastating march of the tornado, and the withering breath of the forest king, rather than the crystal dewdrop, the refreshing shower, and the cheering sunlight, that shall ripen the fruit and give a golden hue to the waving grain. When the harvest has been gathered in, amid the merry songs of the reapers, they do not offer a prayer of thanksgiving for those mercies. On the contrary, they borrow trouble concerning the winter, and fear that during her long and dreary reign shall chase abundance from their dwelling. If they have white-winged vessels floating in far off seas, they listen to every rising breeze, as if it were the herald of a coming doom, and fancy each ship a thousand times wrecked. Do they possess richly-stored coffers? they are in constant fear of burglars and assassins. Friends, they do not trust, because there is a possibility that a smile may conceal a deceitful heart, and kind words be used to lure another to ruin. They visit homes, that seem to them like emblems of Eden. Peace, and joy and love, throw over them a halo of light, but even there a shadow floats up from a murky atmosphere which enshrouds the distrustful soul. They wonder if this apparent happiness is not assumed in order to make an impression, and give them an idea of real domestic bliss. There are those to whom they are bound by a thousand ties, but instead of enjoying their society, they spend the hours in gloomy forebodings of death and misery. Dear reader, you have seen just such persons, so have we, and marked how they have not only rendered themselves wretched, but cast a dismal spell over all with whom they come in contact. It is well to look upon life as it is; to realize that it has sorrows and sufferings, and prepare for them; but it is vain and sinful to look continually on the dark side. If wants fall to your lot, remember that He who sent the ravens to feed his servant, will not forget His trusts to you. If friends become weary of you, do not think that the whole human race are of the same stamp. "Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell," and so it is with mankind. True, there are thousands of wretched, fallen, guilty beings; but there are, also, hearts that glow nobly with their wealth of pure and generous impulses. It is a pernicious doctrine, which too many are teaching, when they portray friendship as "only of name," and truth but the fair semblance of what she ought to be. Death may sever us from those to whom we have clung with yearning fondness; but we must not repine in every hour of trial and suffering, we must remember that there is One guiding the affairs and destiny of the world, and that "He doth all things well."—Olive Branch.

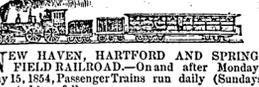
A BAD STORY. The following extraordinary case occurred in Mississippi under the slave laws of that State: A planter was afflicted with a loathsome disease. So offensive were his ulcers that he was deserted by his white friends; and while thus afflicted and forsaken, a girl, whom he owned as a slave, kindly and patiently waited upon him, dressed his ulcers, cleansed his person, and watched over him until he eventually recovered. With gratitude and affection to his benefactor, he took her to Cincinnati, in Ohio, executed to her a deed of manumission, had it recorded, returned to Mississippi, and there married her in legal form. They lived together affectionately, for many years, reared a family of children, and, as he lay upon his death bed, by a will he divided his property between his wife and children. His brother hearing of his death, came forward and demanded the property. The widow and children were indignant at the demand. They, too, were seized, and the validity of that marriage and will was tried before Judge Sharkey, of that state, who decided that the whole matter was a fraud upon the law of slavery—that the property belonged to the collateral heirs. His widow was sold by the surviving brothers, the children were bid off at public auction, and both mother and children now toil in chains or sleep in servile graves.

AN AMERICAN IN THE TURKISH ARMY. Willis has received a letter from Smyrna, written by an American lady traveling in the east, who thus describes an American hero serving in the Turkish army:—"The war goes on at a distance, but we are undisturbed. There is at Gallipoli, a young man from New York, in the Turkish army, who excites a great deal of attention. He fights entirely on his own hook, is always to be seen in the thickest of the melee, and is as brave as a lion. But advancing or retreating, he always has a peculiar tramp—tramp—tramp from which he never varies, whatever may be the style of march around him; and he has often been seen, in the hottest of the fight, to stop deliberately, tighten his cravat, take off his hat and arrange his hair, which is very beautiful, and then go to work again against the Russians. One of my friends, who has just come from Gallipoli, was telling me about it yesterday. He says the Turks are very enthusiastic about him. His ineffable coolness is, in their eyes, a species of courage which they consider to proceed from the consciousness of a charmed life, which cannot touch."

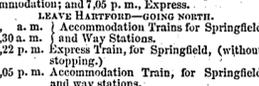
The Ohio river is so low that no first class steamers are running upon it.



CONNECTICUT RIVER RAILROAD.—Passenger trains leave Springfield to connect with all railroads North and way stations on this road at 7:30 a. m. and 1:50 p. m. For Northampton and way stations at 6:25 a. m. and 7:30 a. m., 12:05, 1:50 and 9:10 p. m. For Chicopee Falls, at 7:45 a. m., 12:05, 2:10, 5:15 and 7:10 p. m. RETURNING LEAVE Chicopee Falls for Springfield at 9 a. m., 1:20, 3, 6:20, and 7:40 p. m. Leave Northampton for Springfield at 6 and 11 a. m., 2:45, and 6 p. m. Springfield, for Springfield at 10:15 a. m., 5:15 p. m. connect with express trains for New York. Keene for Springfield at 7:15 a. m., and 3:15 p. m., with express trains for New York. Brattleboro for Springfield at 9:25 a. m. and 4:25 p. m., with express trains for New York. The trains leaving Springfield at 6:25 a. m. and 12:05 p. m., and Northampton at 2:45 and Springfield at 12 p. m. are freight trains, with Passenger cars attached. STAGES leave Williamsett for So. Hadley, So. Hadley Falls, and Mount Holyoke Seminary. Stages leave Northampton for Amherst, Easthampton and Williamsburg. Stages leave South Deerfield for Ashfield and Conover Falls, at 10 a. m. train. Stages leave Greenfield for Shelburne Falls, Colebrook and Charlestown at the 1:50 p. m. train. J. L. BIGGGS, Master of Transportation.



NEW HAVEN, HARTFORD AND SPRINGFIELD RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, May 15, 1854, Passenger Trains run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: LEAVE SPRINGFIELD FOR HARTFORD AND NEW HAVEN. At 7 a. m., Accommodation; 10:30 a. m., Accommodation; 12 m., Express; 2 p. m., Accommodation; and 7:05 p. m., express. LEAVE HARTFORD FOR SPRINGFIELD. 8:05 a. m., Accommodation; 11:25 a. m., Middletown Junction and Way Stations. 12:47 p. m., Express Train, for New Haven, (without stopping). 3:08 p. m., Accommodation Train for New Haven, Middletown Junction and Way Stations. 7:53 p. m., Express Train, for New Haven, Middletown Junction and Meriden. LEAVE NEW HAVEN FOR HARTFORD AND SPRINGFIELD. At 7:25 a. m., Accommodation; 11:05 a. m., Express; 2 p. m., Accommodation; 6:05 p. m., Accommodation; and 7:05 p. m., Express. LEAVE HARTFORD—GOING NORTH. 6 a. m., Accommodation; 12 m., Express; 9:30 a. m., Express Train, for Springfield, (without stopping). 12:22 p. m., Express Train, for Springfield, (without stopping). 5:05 p. m., Accommodation Train, for Springfield and way stations. 7:40 p. m., Accommodation Train for Springfield and way stations. 8:16 p. m., Express Train, for Springfield, (without stopping). The 6 a. m. train from Hartford reaches Springfield in time to connect with the Connecticut River Railroad Train, and the Northern Railroads. The train leaving New Haven at 7:25 a. m., and Hartford at 11:05 a. m., connecting with the trains of the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad. The 7:25 and 11:05 a. m. Trains from New Haven, Hartford, and Springfield, connect with the trains of the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad. The 7:25 and 11:05 a. m. Trains from New Haven, Hartford, and Springfield, connect with the trains of the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad. The 7:25 and 11:05 a. m. Trains from New Haven, Hartford, and Springfield, connect with the trains of the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad.



NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.—Summer Arrangements, commencing May 15th, 1854. TRAINS FROM NEW HAVEN FOR NEW YORK. ACCOM.—At 6:30 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 6:30 p. m., and 9:30 p. m. EXPRESS.—At 7:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m., and 10:30 p. m. LOCAL EXPRESS.—At 9:25 a. m., and 1:10 p. m. The 9:25 a. m. train receives passengers from the Naugatuck Railroad at Bridgeport, and from the Danbury Railroad at Danbury. The 1:10 p. m. LOCAL EXPRESS.—At 9:25 a. m., and 1:10 p. m. The 9:25 a. m. train receives passengers from the Hartford, Springfield, New London and Canal Railroads at Bridgeport, and from the Naugatuck Railroad at Bridgeport, and from the Danbury Railroad at Danbury. The 1:10 p. m. LOCAL EXPRESS.—At 9:25 a. m., and 1:10 p. m. The 9:25 a. m. train receives passengers from the Hartford, Springfield, New London and Canal Railroads at Bridgeport, and from the Naugatuck Railroad at Bridgeport, and from the Danbury Railroad at Danbury. 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