

The Weekly Journal.

Volume 2.

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Number 28.

Poetry.

For the Weekly Journal.
What becomes of the Pins?

BY KATE CAMERON.

"Give me a pin!" "Lend me a pin!"—how oft I hear the cry;
And strange as it may seem to you, I always leave a sigh
To think how quickly from their homes, on papers
Pins and needles,
The shining ranks of pins, dispersed, and never more
Were seen.
The toilet claimed their service, but their labor soon
Was o'er,
For careless hands have scattered them on bureaus
And on floors;
'Tis all in vain to summon them from out their shel-
tered nooks;
They leave them as reluctantly as e'er did borrowed
books!
'Tis true, pins are but little things; yet who shall
dare to say
That they may with impunity be idly cast away?
It may be that you see a pin upon the dusty wall,
When you are strolling, leisurely engaged in pleas-
ant talk;
Of course you will not pick it up, and so pass coldly
by,
And, to make the old adage true, "want it before
you die!"
If you chance to have a hand-maid, who always
wields the broom,
Whose task it is to sweep, and dust, and garnish
every room,
You may be certain that she reaps a harvest rich and
rare.
Whole rows of pins, and needles too, reward her
faithful care;
But if you chance to cast your eye demurely on the
floor,
You will not see a single pin, tho' there may be a score;
But servants do not take them all, for 'tis who boast
of none,
Full often find of all our pins, there is not left 'en one!
The reason why, we cannot guess, and therefore
crave your aid,
Trusting that in this noble cause your skill may be
displayed.
Ye who in Clubs and Lyceums will wrangle & debate
About the difference between four times two and eight!
Ye scholars, who lend all the day above your dusty
books,
Ye authors, who waste pens and ink in making
sermons and crooks;
Turn your minds for once, to what will help you
in
"wives and daughters,"
Tho' it may not be to taste of Helicon's sweet waters,
For if the muses whom ye serve, and whom ye so
admire,
Only wore basques and collars, and our modern attire;
Of the Genies who could keep them in pins, they
would think more
Than of all the idle flatteries you in their ears could
could pour;
Then, altho' our humble pleadings ye might per-
chance refuse,
Of course, you will do it smilingly, to please your
favorite muse;
Then tell us frankly, if you can, where goes each
truant pin?
And wherefore it is always out, when you choose to
have it in?
If you will do it, should we meet upon some pleasant
day,
If we chance to have a pin, you shall take it for your
pay!

Select Tales.

THE LAST ARROW.

"And who be ye who rashly dare,
To chase in woods the forest child?
To hunt the panther in his lair—
The Indian in his native wild!"

OLD BALLAD.

The American reader, if at all curious about the early history of his country, has probably heard of that famous expedition, undertaken by the vicegerent of Louis XIV., the governor general of New York, an expedition which, though it carried with it all pomp and circumstance of European warfare into their wild haunts, was attended with no adequate results, and had but a momentary effect in quelling the spirit of the tameless Iroquois. It was on the fourth of July, 1696, that the commander-in-chief, the veteran Count de Frontenac, marshalled the forces at La Chine, with which he intended to crush for ever the powers of the Aganushcon confederacy. His regulars were divided into four battalions of two hundred men each, commanded respectively by three veteran leaders, and the young Chevalier de Grais. He formed also four battalions of Canadian volunteers, efficiently officered and organized as regular troops. The Indian allies were divided into three bands each of which was placed under the command of a nobleman of rank, who had gained distinction in the European warfare of France. One was composed of the Sault and St. Louis bands, and of friendly Abenakis; another consisted of the Hurons of Lorefte and the mountaineers of the north; the third band was smaller, and composed indiscriminately of warriors of different tribes, whom a spirit of adventure led to embark upon the expedition. They were chiefly Ottawas, Saukies, and Algonquins, and these the Baron de Bek-

ancourt charged himself to conduct. This formidable armament was amply provisioned and provided with all the munitions of war. Besides pikes, arquebuses and other small arms then in use, they were furnished with grenades, a mortar to throw them, and a couple of field-pieces; which, with the tents and other camp equipage, were transported in large batteaux built for the purpose. Nor was the energy of their movements unworthy of this brilliant preparation. Ascending the St. Lawrence and coasting the shore of Lake Ontario they entered the Oswego river, cut a military road around the falls, and carrying their transports over the portage, launched them anew, and finally debouched with their whole flotilla upon the waters of Onondaga lake.

It must have been a gallant sight to behold the warlike pageant floating beneath the primitive forest which then crowned the hills around that lovely water. To see the veterans who had served under Turenne, Vauban, and the great Conde, marshalled with pike and cuirass beside the half naked Auron and Abenakis; while young cavaliers, in the less warlike garb of the court of the magnificent Louis, moved with plume and mantle amid the dusky files of wampum decked Ottawas and Algonquins. Banners were there which had flown at Steenkirk and Landen, or rustled above the troopers. Luxembourg's trumpets had guided to glory when Prince Waldeck's battalions were borne down beneath his furious charge. Nor was the enemy this gallant host were seeking, unworthy of those whose swords had been tried in some of the most celebrated fields of Europe: "The Romans of America," as the Five Nations had been called by more than one writer, had proved themselves soldiers, not only by carrying their arms among the native tribes a thousand miles away, and striking their enemies alike upon the lakes of Maine, the mountains of Carolina, and the prairies of the Missouri; but they had already bearded one European army beneath the walls of Quebec, and shut up another for weeks within the defences of Montreal, with the same courage that a half century later, vanquished the battalions of Dieskau upon the banks of Lake George.

Our business, however, is not with the main movements of this army, which we have already mentioned, were wholly unimportant in their results. The aged Chevalier de Frontenac was said to have other subjects in view besides the political motives for the expedition, which he set forth to his master the grand Monarque.

Many years previous, when the Five Nations had invested the capital of New France and threatened the extermination of that thriving colony, a beautiful half-blood girl, whose education had been commenced under the immediate auspices of the governor general, and in whom; indeed, M. de Frontenac was said to have a parental interest, was carried off with other prisoners, by the retiring foe. Every effort had been made in vain during the occasional cessations of hostilities between the French and the Iroquois, to recover this child; and though, in the years that intervened, some wandering Jesuit from time to time averred that he had seen the Christian captive living as the contented wife of a young Mohawk warrior, yet the old nobleman seems never to have despaired of reclaiming his "nut brown daughter." Indeed, the chevalier must have been impelled by some such hope when, at the age of seventy, and so feeble that he was half the time carried in a litter, he ventured to encounter the perils of an American wilderness, and place himself at the head of the heterogeneous bands which now invaded the country of the Five Nations under his conduct.

Among the half-bred spies, border scouts, and mongrel adventurers, that followed in the train of the invading army, was a renegade Fleming by the name of Hanyost. This man, in early youth, had been made a sergeant major, when he deserted to the French ranks in Flanders. He had subsequently taken up a military grant in Canada, sold it after emigrating, and then, making his way down to the Dutch settlements on the Hudson, had become domiciled, as it were among their allies, the Mohawks, and adopted the life of a hunter. Hanyost, hearing that his old friends, the French, were making such a formidable descent, he did not at all

hesitate to desert his more recent acquaintances, and offered his services as a guide to Count de Frontenac the moment he entered the hostile country. It was not, however, mere cupidity, or the habitual love of treachery, which actuated the base Fleming. In this instance Hanyost, in a difficulty with an Indian trapper, which had been referred for arbitration to the young Mohawk chief, Kiodago (a settler of disputes,) whose cool courage and firmness fully entitled him to so distinguished a name, conceived himself aggrieved by the award which had been given against him. The scorn with which the arbitrator met his charge of unfairness stung him to the soul, and fearing the arm of the powerful savage, he had nursed the revenge in secret, whose accomplishment seemed now at hand. Kiodago, ignorant of the hostile force which had entered his country, was off with his band at a fishing station, or summer camp, among the wild hills about Konnedeyn; and when Hanyost informed the commander of the French forces that by surprising this party, his long lost daughter, the wife of Kiodago, might be once more given to his arms, a small but efficient force was instantly detached from the main body to strike the blow. A dozen musketeers, with twenty-five pikemen, led severally by the Baron de Bekancourt and the Chevalier de Grais, the former having the chief command of the expedition, were sent upon this duty, with Hanyost to guide them to the village of Kiodago. Many hours were consumed upon the march, as the soldiers were not yet habituated to the wilderness; but just before dawn on the second day, the party found themselves in the neighborhood of the Indian village.

The place was wrapped in repose, and the two cavaliers trusted that the surprise would be so complete, that their commander's daughter must certainly be taken. The Baron, after a careful examination of the hilly passes, determined to head the onslaught, while his companion kept his eye upon the fugitives amid shifting forms that glanced continually before him; and when, accompanied by Hanyost and several others, he had got fairly in pursuit, Kiodago, who still kept behind his wife, was far in advance of the chevalier and his party. Her forest fleeing had made the Christian captive as fleet of foot as an Indian maiden. She heard too, the cheering voice of her loved warrior behind her, and pressing her infant in her arms she urged her flight over crag and dell, and soon reached the head of a rocky pass, which it would take some moments for any but an American forester to scale. But the indefatigable Frenchmen are urging their way up the steep; the cry of the pursuit grows nearer as they catch a sight of her husband through the thickets, and the agonized wife finds her onward progress prevented by a ledge of rock that impends above her. But now again Kiodago is by her side; he has lifted his wife to the cliff above, and placed her infant in her arms; and already, with renewed activity, the Indian mother is speeding on to a cavern among the hills, well known as a fastness of safety.

Kiodago looked for a moment after her retreating figure, and then coolly swung himself to the ledge which commanded the pass. He might now easily have escaped his pursuers; but as he stepped back from the edge of the cliff, and looking down the narrow ravine, the vengeful spirit of the red man was too strong within him to allow such an opportunity of striking a blow to escape. His tomahawk and war club had both been lost in the strife, but he still carried at his back a more efficient weapon in the hands of so keen a hunter. There were but three arrows in his quiver, and the Mohawk was determined to have the life of an enemy in exchange for each of them. His bow was strung quickly, but with as much coolness as if there was no exigency to require the haste. Yet he had scarcely time to throw himself upon his breast, a few yards from the brink of the declivity, before one of his pursuers, more active than the rest, exposed himself to the unerring archer. He came leaping from rock to rock, and had nearly reached the head of the glen, when, pierced through and through by one of Kiodago's arrows, he tottered from the crags, and rolled, clutching the leaves, in his death agony, among the tangled furze below. A second met a similar fate, and a third victim would

probably have been added, if a shot from the fusil of Hanyost, who sprang forward and caught sight of the Indian just as the first man fell, had not disabled the thumb joint of the bold archer, even as he fixed his last arrow in the string. Resistance seemed now at an end, and Kiodago again betook himself to flight. Yet anxious to divert the pursuit from his wife, the young chieftain pealed a yell of defiance, as he retreated in a different direction from that which she had taken. The whoop was answered by a simultaneous shout and rush on the part of the whites; but the Indian had not advanced far before he perceived that the pursuing party, now reduced to six, had divided, and that three only followed him. He had recognized the scout, Hanyost, among his enemies, and it was now apparent that the wily traitor, instead of being misled by his ruse had guided the other three upon the direct trail to the cavern which the Christian captive had taken. Quick as thought, the Mohawk acted upon the impression. Making a few steps within a thicket, still to mislead his present pursuers, he bounded across a mountain torrent, and then leaving his foot marks, dashed in the yielding bank, he turned shortly on a rock beyond, recrossed the stream, and concealed himself behind a falling tree, while his pursuers passed within a few paces of his covert.

A broken hillock now only divided the chief from the point to which he had directed his wife by another route, and to which the remaining party, consisting of De Grois, Hanyost and a French musketeer were hotly urging their way. The hunted warrior ground his teeth with rage when he heard the voice of the treacherous Fleming in the glen below him; and springing from crag to crag, he circled the rocky knoll, and planted his foot by the roots of a blasted oak. A shot from its limbs above the cavern, just as his wife had reached the spot, and pressing her babe to her bosom, sank exhausted among the towers that waved in the moist breath of the cave. It chanced that at that instant, De Grais and his followers had paused beneath the opposite side of the knoll, from whose broken surface the foot of the flying Indian had disengaged a stone, which cracking among the branches, found its way through a slight ravine into the glen below. The two Frenchmen stood in doubt for a moment. The musketeer pointing in the direction whence the stone had rolled, turned to receive the order of his officer. The chevalier, who had made one step in advance of a broad rock between them, leaned upon it, pistol in hand, half turning toward his follower; while the scout, who stood farthest out from the steep bank, bending forward to discover the mouth of the cave, must have caught a glimpse of the sinking female, just as the shadowy form of her husband was displayed above her. God help the now bold archer! thy quiver is empty; thy game of life is nearly up; the sleuth hound is upon thee; and thy scalp lock, whose plumes now flutter in the breeze, will soon be twined in the fingers of the vengeful renegade. The wife—but hold! the noble savage has still one arrow left.

Disabled, as he thought himself, the Mohawk had not dropped his bow in his flight. His last arrow was still gripped in his bleeding fingers; and though his stiffening thumb forbore the use of it to the best advantage, the hand of Kiodago had not lost its power. The crisis which it takes so long to describe, had been realized by him in an instant. He saw how the Frenchman, inexperienced in woodcraft, were at fault; he saw, too, that the keen eye of Hanyost had caught sight of the object of their pursuit; and that further flight was hopeless; while the scene of his burning village in the distance, inflamed him with hate and fury toward the instrument of his misfortunes. Bracing one knee upon the flinty rock, while the muscles of the other swelled as if the whole energies of his body were collected in that single effort, Kiodago aims at the treacherous scout, and the twanging bowstring dismisses its last arrow upon its errand. The hand of the scout could alone have guided that shaft! But Wanevo smiles upon the brave warrior, and the arrow, while it rattles harmless against the cuirass of the French officer, glances toward the victim for whom it was intended, and quivers in the heart of Hanyost! The dy-

ing wretch grasped the sword chain of the chevalier, whose corslet clanged among the rocks, as the two went rolling down the glen together; and De Grais was not willing to abandon the pursuit when the musketeer, coming to his assistance, had disengaged him, bruised and bloody, from the embrace of the stiffening corpse.

What more is there to add. The bewildered Europeans rejoined their comrades, who were soon after on their march from the scene they had desolated; while Kiodago descended from his eyrie to collect the fugitive survivors of his band, and, after burying the slain, to wreak a terrible vengeance upon their murderers; the most of whom were cut off by him before they joined the main body of the French army. The Count de Frontenac, returning to Canada, died soon afterward, and the existence of his half blood daughter was soon forgotten. And though among the dozen old families in the State of New York, who have Indian blood in their veins, many trace their descent from the offspring of the noble Kiodago and his christian wife—yet the hand of genius, as displayed in the admirable picture of Chapman, has a one rescued from oblivion the thrilling scene of the Mohawk's Last Arrow.

A RACE TO THE GRAVE.
The other day a funeral procession was passing down Broadway, with slow and solemn tread, when it was overtaken by another, both going to the same "city of the dead,"—Greenwood Cemetery. My attention was called to the scene, by "whipping up" of the horses in the rear procession. The sexton laid the lash hard upon his horse, and the sable hearse rattled on over the pavements, followed by mourners, urging their horses to greater speed. A gentleman by my side remarked that the swift-moving funeral was running by the other, in order to be first at the grave, and first at the grave. In this driving world, men can scarcely stop to bury the dead, and seem quite anxious to fulfill literally the words—"Let the dead bury the dead." It was a sad, awful scene to the looker-on. And yet it symbolized the moral race of mankind to the tomb. By fast living, and faster sinning, they are hurrying life to its fearful close. While their hearts are beating funeral marches to the grave, they dash on in utter recklessness towards that world from whose bourne no traveler can return.—*Ex.*

AN AMERICAN IDEA.
When one idea predominates strongly above all others, it is a key to a nation's history. The great idea of Rome, that which the child drank in with his mother's milk, was Dominion. The great idea of France, Glory. In despotisms, the idea of the king or the church possesses itself of the minds of the people, and a superstitious loyalty or piety becomes the badge of the inhabitants. The most interesting view of this country is the grandeur of the idea which has determined its history, and which is expressed in all its institutions. Take away this, and we have nothing to distinguish us. In the refined arts, in manners, in works of genius, we are as yet surpassed. From our youth and iniquated position, our history has no dazzling brilliancy. But one distinction belongs to us. A great idea, from the beginning, has been working in the minds of this people, and it broke forth with peculiar energy in our revolution. This is the idea of human rights.—*Channing.*

HONEST LABOR.
Labor, honest labor, is right and beautiful. Activity is the ruling element of life, and its highest reish. Luxuries and conquests are the result of labor—we can imagine nothing without it. The noblest man of earth is he who puts his hand cheerfully and proudly to honest labor. Labor is a business and ordinance of God. Suspend labor, and where is the glory and pomp of earth—the fruit, fields and palaces and fashions of matter for which men strive and war? Let the labor-scuffer look at himself, and learn what are the trophies of toil. From the crown of his head to sole of his foot, unless he is made as the beast, he is the debtor and slave of toil. The labor which he scorns has tracked him into the stature and appearance of man. Where gets he his garments, and his equipment? Let labor answer. Labor makes music in the mine and the furrow, and at the forge.

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CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, DEC. 9, 1854

A. M. PETERSON & Co. are the Agents for the Journal, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for us at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments. Their offices are at 119 Nassau street, New York, and 10 State Street, Boston.

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

A WEEK OF LEISURE.

OLD DEERFIELD, December 2, 1854.

All will probably remember the story of the French prisoner, who was imprisoned for fifty years in the Bastille, and, after the expiration of that period, freedom of limb given; but we can assure the readers of the Journal that no such emotions possess us as did that venerable culprit: everything appeared so new and strange to him, that a return to former captivity was immediately demanded. As a bird feels when let loose from a cage, to enjoy the benefits of air and sunshine, and hold sweet communion with the works of the Great Architect, so feel we over this beautiful transition from confinement to the most perfect freedom—and especially pleasant is it to be, even for a short season, in a place where liberty of thought and action is not only tolerated, but directly encouraged—where old Tyrant Opinion is not disposed to disjoin a man because he happens to believe in the great theory of universal democracy—a doctrine promulgated in its completeness by the "meek and lowly Jesus"—and is willing to grasp by the hand every human being who bears the stamp of his Creator, no matter if surrounding influences have not favored his mental growth and development. We allude to this subject merely to show that our native town does not possess a disagreeable appendage in the shape of modern aristocracy; it makes no difference here whether or no a man "owns a gig"—which was the standard of respectability in England in old feudal times.

The great prevailing evil of the age is a lack of charity; those who have reached the "respectable" round of the ladder are generally too apt to condemn all beneath them as uncivilized clowns. Now our brief experience has taught us that there is much excellent material in the so-called "under-crust," which only needs the cheering influences of kind and generous treatment.

But it is not our purpose to write a sermon—being willing to leave that department to those who are educated for the purpose—hoping, by the way, that those who perform the labor, and also those who listen, will never forget the great principle of love to man, even to the meanest of God's creatures, as an indispensable element in forming the character of a symmetrical Christian.

The foliage is gone, but the trees still stand, in all the pride of their imperial grandeur. How often, away in sunny childhood, have we enjoyed dreaming under those thick branches. If is not so very strange that those brought up in their quiet shade should be somewhat prone to dreaming—and even enthusiasm. The latter trait is not one of the cardinal sins—Who ever knew a calculating cut-throat to be enthusiastic? No! as well look for vigorous vegetation in the midst of a dreary desert. Those who are somewhat tinctured with a generous enthusiasm are always sure to be true and reliable friends—while the society of the opposite class is anything but desirable.

It is well understood that this is thanksgiving week. With innumerable chickens, turkeys, geese, &c., this is indeed the "last of earth"; they have gone to the "sleep that knows no waking"—sacrificed upon the altar of appetite. Many gobblers have gobbled their last strains, and caused some swearing among the profane portion of their voracious consumers, on account of toughness. The dear little chickens, too, after a summer of happiness, have been sent to the "other side of Jordan." And then that venerable tom-turkey, forcibly reminding one of a conservative "swell"—even his immense dignity can not save him. Death is truly a sturdy old democrat, not to be escaped by the aristocracy of the fowl creation, or by those wearing the habiliments of the human form. It is really a cheering thought that all must finally be laid in the grave—no escape for the haughty and overbearing.

Mr. Warriner's school (Elm Seminary) commences Monday. He had 107 scholars last term. This academy was established in 1786, and is now in a more flourishing condition than it has been for a long time. It has generally been benefitted by the labors of first-class teachers—but none more universally popular than the present one. Mr. Lincoln, the know-nothing representative from this town, was preceptor for about ten years. By the way, the statement in the Republican previous to election, that his nomination had caused much dissatisfaction here, has been the cause of considerable laughter. The silly man who

wrote the very silly communication deserves a copper medal.

There was a large know-nothing ball at friend Perry's hotel last evening. The Deerfield girls seemed to be in their best spirits, and everything passed off in a highly acceptable manner. We regret our never having learned to dance, for the pleasant time we had at Mr. Nagle's school one evening a few weeks since, convinced us that there is considerable pleasure in the exercise. There are, however, serious objections,—one of which is keeping late hours in the ball-room; another one is, that many females there get the seeds of consumption, by wearing short-sleeve and low-neck dresses; and besides, young men are apt to contract habits of dissipation. Why would it not be an improvement to have private dancing parties?

But all earthly pleasures must have an end; and thus it is with our visit to Old Pecumtuck; soon, with us, labor will usurp the place of repose. Well, man was made to work; he was not made for a mere butterfly, to sport in fortune's favors, but for action.

MESSAGE.

We do not publish the message, because most of our readers have probably read it before this. As to brevity and a business-like style, it is a commendable document. The immense sales of the public lands during the year must be gratifying to Young America, who is anxious to see the great west settled, and the territories shored into states as fast as possible, notwithstanding some old fogies think there is danger of the old states being entirely depopulated.

The public debt has been reduced to \$44,975,456.

The President is silent as to the annexation of Cuba and the Sandwich Islands; and not a word upon Nebraska or the Pacific railroad.

The post-office department exhibits a gratifying increase of business.

There is no use in giving a synopsis of the message, as every body has read; it is a very good one.

P. T. BARNUM.

We went to Cabot Hall on Tuesday evening with the determination to dislike Phineas T. Barnum as a lecturer, but the opinion was essentially modified before he concluded; there were many good things in the lecture. Still, the favorable manner in which he spoke of the constellation humbug seemed rather egotistical.

It is to be regretted that a man of Barnum's ability should have been engaged in exhibiting bogus woolly horses, Joice Heths, &c.

Over three hundred dollars was realized by the sale of season tickets.

The next lecture will be by Joseph G. Hoyt, of Exeter, N. H. Subject:—"Wealth, and some of its relations to a free government."

U. S. SENATOR.

It is a matter of uncertainty who will be chosen United States Senator, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Everett. Good taste seems to indicate the necessity of not selecting a man for the post who has been known as a bitter partizan. Obnoxious politicians should be laid upon the shelf, and not suffered to be put forward, as such action must tend to divide and distract, and render a fusion movement next fall, upon an anti-slavery basis, out of the question. Why should not CHARLES P. HUNTINGTON, of Northampton, be an excellent man for the post?—His political garments have always hung loosely upon his shoulders; he is not an office seeker—is a true anti-slavery man, and would be an honor to the state.

THE STORES.

Mr. L. Jenks, one of our old established merchants, has circulated a paper, and obtained signatures from nearly every store and shop in the village, in favor of closing stores at 7 o'clock on Lyceum night. The decision is nearly unanimous.

Why not have the stores closed at the same time on the night of the "Literary and Debating Club?" About every merchant in the village is a member.

CONCERTS.—The Avondale Troupe gave a very good concert at Cabot Hall, on Wednesday evening—so those said who went.

Ossian E. Dodge, with his bards, will sing in the same hall this evening. He will have a good audience.

We are indebted to Mr. Brown for a copy of the "American Manual," which includes the constitution of the United States, with all the acts of Congress relating to slavery, including the Kansas and Nebraska bill. The book is well worth purchasing.

"Have faith in man, thy brother, whoever he may be."

POLICE REPORT.

Nov. 25, Isaac Allen was arrested by officer Wheeler, and then brought before George M. Stearns, Esq., on complaint of Nathaniel Cutler, charging him being a common vagabond. He was found guilty and sent to the house of correction for 30 days.

Nov. 30, William Hill was arrested by officer Barnes, and brought before A. Doolittle, Esq., charged with the crime of drunkenness, to which charge he pleaded guilty. Fined \$3.00 and costs of prosecution, amounting in all to \$9.96, and in default he was committed to the house of correction, where he paid up.

Dec. 1, Edward Shaw was tried before George M. Stearns, Esq., on complaint of A. B. Abbey, charging him with larceny of three tuns of coal. After trial, he was adjudged not guilty, and discharged. Sentence for commonwealth; Ladd for defense.

GRACE CHURCH.

On the first Sunday of each month, the usual afternoon service at Grace church, in this village, will be omitted, and in its place, there will be a service at 5 1-2 o'clock in the evening.

Another effort is to be made to dispose of the main line of the public works of Pennsylvania. The governor announces that sealed proposals for the purchase of the said main line, or any division thereof, will be received at the office of the secretary of the commonwealth, until Monday, the first day of January next. The proposals must state distinctly whether the bid is for the whole line, or part, and for what part.

The largest church in Europe is at St. Petersburg. It was begun in 1771, and in twenty years two thousand men had not finished the walls. It is of polished marble, both inside and out; the pillars are of one piece, fifty feet high; the base and capitals of solid silver; but the greatest curiosity of all is the wooden box, constructed to cover it from the weather.

Thurlow Weed, the editor of the Albany Evening Journal, in the midst of all the dirty turmoil of politics, has found leisure to enter into the cultivation of babies. He is now the father of eighteen children—his valuable helpmate having presented him with one every eleven months since their marriage.

Although emery has been sought for in all parts of the world, it has been only found in two places—in the island of Naxos, and in Turkey. The annual production is at present limited to two thousand tuns of Naxos stone and sixteen hundred tuns of Turkish.

The territory of Minnesota has produced during the past season, 275,000 bushels of wheat, 400,000 bushels of potatoes, 400,000 bushels of turnips, 40,000 to 50,000 bushels of onions. Flint corn is raised 55 bushels to the acre, and dent corn yields 60 to 70 bushels per acre.

Among the ladies who have achieved the ascension of Mount Blanc the past season, was a French woman, who, after reaching the summit, caused herself to be lifted upon the shoulders of her guides, so that she might boast of having been higher than any man in Europe.

The year 1854 began on Sunday and will end on Sunday, thus having fifty-three Sundays. January, April, July, October, and December have each five Sundays. Such an array of Sundays, it is said will not occur again until 1882.

Whoever feels a pain in hearing a good character of his neighbor, will feel a pleasure in the reverse; and those who despair to rise in distinction by their virtues, are happy if others can be depressed to the same level with themselves.

The "big drum" of the band of every Austrian regiment is drawn by a dog in a neat little cart. The drums are placed in the cart, and the drummer walks behind and taps away.

In five years the number of believers in spiritual rappings has increased; in this country, to over one hundred thousand, and they now support eleven newspapers.

During the prevalence of cholera in Trinidad, monkeys were found dead under the trees in all directions, having apparently died of the disease.

It is remarked by a person of "eminent gravity," that the political dish was entirely spoiled by the introduction of too much cayenne (K. N.).

Theodore Parker, in a recent discourse, spoke of many of the do-nothings of society as "fragments of moonshine and milk-sops of humanity."

Man is like a snow-ball—stir and roll him about, and there will be more of him.

For the Weekly Journal. DEBATING CLUB.

The Chicopee Literary and Debating Club organized Nov. 28th, by a choice of the following gentlemen for officers for the ensuing year:

M. J. Severance, Esq., President.
Rev. C. H. Webster, Vice-President.
James C. Pratt, Secretary.
L. Lane, Treasurer.
A. Jamson, Collector.

The originators design to make it a permanent institution, so that those persons who are disposed can have a comfortable place to spend an hour or two of a Monday evening in each week in exercises which must tend to enrich the mind and cultivate the social faculties.

While they wish to make their meetings public, and cordially invite any citizen, (male or female,) to come and listen to their debates and lectures, yet they wish it distinctly understood that they do not meet for the purpose of spouting only, but chiefly for improvement, in its broadest sense.

It is presumed that there are young men enough here who will sustain such a club, and certainly there ought to be talent enough in a village of this size to render it both pleasant and instructive.

All those who wish to avail themselves of the benefits of this institution are notified that the next meeting will be held at Lane's Hall, on Monday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

Subject for discussion:—Will the repeal of the Missouri compromise increase slavery? Com.

Accident and Loss of Life.

A melancholy accident occurred at the boiler-house of the Ames Manufacturing Co. in this village, at about half past five on Thursday morning, which resulted in the instant death of Mr. Albert B. Hoyt; and Mr. Henry Loomis was so severely injured that he died on the evening of the same day.

The accident was caused (in our opinion) by some defect in one of the pumps, which made the fires collapse. The coroner's jury is still in session, and we have kept the press waiting several hours, to publish the decision, and have become tired of waiting, and therefore the verdict can not be published until next week.

The boiler, which weighed 7500 pounds, was thrown just about twice its length, through a brick building. Mr. Loomis was sitting near by at the time, reading, while Mr. Hoyt was warming himself. Both of the gentlemen leave families.

It is rather singular that Mr. Hoyt is the last of three brothers, whose deaths have all been caused by accidents.

According to the census returns of the United States, the liquor manufacture in this country is a big business, requiring the use of fourteen million dollars worth of grain, hops and apples, and turning out nearly twenty million dollars worth of distilled liquors and ale. One bushel of corn to every fifty-four ground, is converted into intoxicating liquors. The amount of liquors produced is, whiskey, 42,133,955 gallons; rum, 5,500,000 gallons, and ale 1,777,942 barrels.

The tide of emigration that is sweeping towards Texas is immense. The Port Gibson Herald, of a very late date, says, that upon a single route that lies through Port Gibson and Rodney, there passed within the previous twenty days, between four and five thousand persons. These emigrants are principally from lower Tennessee and the upper part of Alabama.

The Toledo Blade tells of a hunker politician at that place who threatened, before the election, to mark every democrat who abandoned the regular ticket.—He has been kept busy ever since, having used up several pots of paint without half finishing the job. He says it is much like taking the census.

CROSBY.—Mr. L. V. H. Crosby, the people's favorite singer, has returned from his northern musical tour, and will sing in Cabot Hall one evening during the coming week. Of course, we shall all attend his concert.

By a census just taken, Mexico contains a population of 7,853,292. The republic is divided into 28 states, in which are 85 cities and towns, 193 large and 4,709 small villages, and 119 communities and missions.

The number of enrolled militia in the several cities and towns of Massachusetts for the year 1854 is 135,253, showing an increase of 1,912 over the number of 1853.

The number of words in the English language has been computed at about eighty thousand.

A valuable coal mine has been discovered near Camden, Arkansas. The coal is of a similar kind to cannel.

The eye of the butterfly consists of 17,000 lensless each as perfect as the human eye.

From our New-York Correspondent.

Mr. Editor.—Thanksgiving is past—the turkeys are eaten, the pumpkin pie all gone, and severe cold weather, and the President's message are upon us. The streets and sidewalks are slippery with ice, and there is a general frostiness in the atmosphere that quickens the pace, while the wind blows with an earnestness, which requires constant attention to one's hat. Last night was a hard night upon the water, and the new boat "Plymouth Rock" from Stonington, had its strength and ability to cope with the waves thoroughly tested during an ordeal of five hours running in rough water, and when she came up to the place of landing at nine this morning, her guards and exposed decks presented a perfect glare of ice. It is said to have been the severest night in many years, and it must be exceedingly gratifying that the fastest boat now floating, has proved itself so sea-worthy and independent of storm, since it is often times found that the boat which cuts the water the best, swamps the easiest in a heavy sea.

The movements of the Know Nothings occupy a large share of the attention of the people, and I presume your readers are equally interested since the mania seems co-extensive with our territory. They have lately held a convention at Cincinnati, which is reported to have been entirely harmonious and satisfactory, and it is understood that the question of slavery out side of the states was met in such a manner as will prove highly gratifying to both north and south. However indifferent we may have looked upon the movements of Uncle Sam and his children, we can no longer do so, and must of necessity consider what is to be done.

There has been a nest in the developments of bank defalcations, though there is something to-day about a difficulty in the Chatham Bank finances.

The reduced amount of sales of foreign goods is having its effect in making the money market less deplorable than it would have been, while at the same time the importers who are obliged to realize a fall, are trembling in their boots, and if this state of things continue they must go down; the loss will eventually fall in Europe where the profits have accumulated for the last six years. The opposition to foreigners for office, and the attempt to infuse a more American spirit into the people, has had the effect to reduce purchases somewhat of imported goods, and if Know Nothingism does nothing else, it will help the country in this particular, and cut off some of the expensive luxuries in which the great mass of the city residents have been indulging for the past two years. The extravagance and princely luxuries of New York had become proverbial, and too many of our small fry cod-fish aristocracy were willing to compete with foreign born lords, so that at last, many of them, like the frog, have burst.

The hard times are bringing rapidly to light many facts heretofore hid from day light, and inducing men to resort to expedients, which, but for the stringency, would not be thought of. You doubtless observed in most of the city papers that a broker of the name of Potter has been arrested by Isaac K. Barbour for refusing to give up bonds to the amount of \$15,000, which had been in soak for the sum of \$200.

This same Mr. Barbour has pleaded usury in another instance, in order to avoid the payment of four or five hundred dollars secured by the same kind of bonds as collateral. There has for a long time been a question in the minds of the inquisitive, whether it was not quite as noble to knock a man down and rob him, as to extract money from his pocket book with a pin-hook while you were talking lobster and chicken fixins to his face. The latter way is that generally resorted to in New York; and on the whole, since the days of chivalry have gone by, is perhaps the safest, and best. They have a way of locking up those who show muscular strength, whereas the cunning watch, stock, bond or real estate stuffer usually escapes scot free with his pockets full of rocks, when in fact the pebble stones ought to fall thick as hail around and against the respectable second-rate head. It is estimated that fifty thousand people live in this metropolis by their wits. Regular birds of prey upon the seven hundred thousand among whom live. No wonder that the city is poor. No wonder we are hard up where so many consuming elements are in our midst, without producing one single thing of value, to "life, liberty, or the pursuit of h. p. niss," but are continually draining from all three, and as generally happens in all enormities, making themselves miserable in the end besides.

The case of the vitriol-man, who has been arrested for destroying ladies dresses at places of public amusement, shows that in the way of cost, our wives and sisters have made Wall street bleed pretty freely, it being quite common to find ladies wearing dresses costing forty, seventy, and one hundred dollars, for capes five hundred dollars, and handkerchiefs twenty-five dollars.

One day last week, through the politeness of Mr. Saxton, the architect, I was permitted to visit the princely mansion just being finished by Dr. Townsend, on the corner of fifth avenue and thirty-fourth-street. There are six lots included in the plot of ground on which the house stands. It is Connecticut brown free stone, four stories high. The main hall is sixty-five feet long, and sixty-three feet to the ceiling, or roof of the house. The first floor is divided into parlors, reception room, dining room, picture gallery, and other rooms in keeping. The next floor (which is reached by a circular stairway, in which the remote corner passing up to a beautiful dome) contains chambers or sleeping rooms as gothic chapel and a gymnasium. Upon the top of the house is an observatory, from which can be seen distinctly the whole city, and many, if not all the adjacent villages, including Brooklyn and Jersey city. The cost of the building alone has been \$135,000, exclu-

sive of the furniture. There are three hundred yards of carpeting for the parlors alone, which cost nine hundred dollars. The windows are in single panes of French plate glass; and altogether it is the most imposing, as well as most expensive private residence in America; and will require the annual expenditure of a small fortune to keep the establishment upon a proper basis. Of course, there is a carriage house, stable, and conservatory upon the same scale of elegance.

It is generally conceded here that the allies will be compelled (if they have not already done so) to raise the siege of Sebastopol. This is to be regretted, as it will increase the stringency of the money market, and also would the vanity of John Bull and Bull-frog.

It is said that General Houston stands high in the favor of the know-nothings of the United States, and that an effort will be made to concentrate the vote of this new organization upon him for the next Presidency.

The London Times speaks of the Cossacks, as they appeared at the recent battles in the Crimea, as resembling "mounted Yankees; in their agility, intelligence, irregular costume, and individual self-reliance."

The St. Louis (Mo.) Democrat estimates that within one year from this date there will be at least one hundred thousand people in Kansas, which will entitle the territory to admission as a state.

The diving bell was first used in Europe in the year 1509. It was used on the coast of Mull, in searching for the famous Spanish armada, some time before the year 1669.

MARTIN MERRYVALE.—We have received the last five numbers of "Martin Merryvale," through the politeness of Mr. E. F. Brown. It is one of the most readable productions from the pen of Dickens.

The expenses of the corporation of the city of Melbourne are said to be wholly paid from licenses to public houses, and the fines of drunkards granted and imposed by the police court.

Sebastopol is pronounced with the accent on the penult, being analogous to Constantinople, &c. The termination is derived from a Greek word meaning a town.

Marshal St. Arnaud sent home the stone upon which he placed his foot when he landed on the shores of the Crimea. It weighs a quarter of a pound.

It is said that the income of Wm. B. Astor, of New York city, is one million two hundred thousand dollars per annum.

MARRIED.

In this village, Nov. 23th, by Jonathan R. Childs, Esq., Mr. ALBERT B. HOYT, to Miss ELLEN P. WEEKS, both of Chicopee.

In this village, Nov. 27th, by Jonathan R. Childs, Esq., MALACHI HOMER, to SARAH E. FOWLER, both of Chicopee.

TO RENT.

A NEW and convenient tenement for a small family, located on Spruce street, nearly opposite the residence of the subscriber. Possession given immediately. L. LANE.

Greatest Concert OF THE SEASON.

Mr. OSSIAN E. DODGE and his merry Singing Bards, WILL entertain the citizens of Chicopee at Cabot Hall, on Saturday evening, 9th of December, with Pieces, Songs, Glee, Quartets, and a variety of other styles of music, from the latest and best productions. Go early in order to get a good seat. No postponement on account of the weather. Doors open at 6; commence at 6 1/2.

FOUND.

ON Tuesday, Nov. 28th, between Chicopee and Ludlow, a wallet, containing a small sum of money. The owner can have it by proving property, and paying for this advertisement, by calling on SAMUEL WHITE, of Ludlow. Dec 9-3t

MEDICATED INHALATION! Consumption can be cured, as treated by Dr. E. N. Trist.

WITH HIS CELEBRATED Hygienic & Oxygenic Vapor!

DR. TRIST, graduate of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, and the recipient of Diplomas from the Lung Institution of Edinburgh and Hotel des Invalides of Paris, having settled permanently in New York for the practice of his profession, begs leave to suggest to the citizens of the United States that several years of study and successful experience in England and Scotland, as well as other parts of Europe, with Consumption in all its forms, enable him to warrant, not only relief, but a complete cure to all those suffering with this great national disease.

Dr. Trist deems it unprofessional to advertise; but others having represented themselves as the originators of the Inhalation Treatment, he would say to the afflicted that he alone is entitled to its first introduction, and would caution all against using the useless and dangerous compounds advertised by incompetent persons.

"Take up thy bed and walk." Dr. Trist would say to those interested, that he has had manufactured, for the use of his patrons, his "Patent Inhalation Tubes," through which the vapor is conveyed to the parts affected, and which he earnestly commends for the cheering results which have attended their use; and the fact, that they may be used by the most feeble invalid without any unpleasant symptoms.

To those residing out of the city, Dr. Trist will forward one of the Inhalation Tubes, together with a package of the Vapor, sufficient to last three months, accompanied with ample directions for use, on receipt of a letter containing \$10 ten dollars, and describing symptoms.

A cure is warranted in all stages of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all other affections of the Throat, Lungs, and Air Passages. In case of failure, the money will be returned.

Address [Post paid] Dr. E. N. Trist, 68 Grand st., New York City. Dec 9th 1854.

