

The Weekly Journal.

Volume 2.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1854.

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Poetry.

WE'VE ALL OUR ANGEL SIDE.

Despair not of the better part,
That lies in human kind—
A gleam of light still flickereth,
In e'en the darkest mind.
The savage, with his club of war,
The sage, so mild and good,
Are linked in firm eternal bonds
Of human brotherhood.
Despair not, oh! despair not, then,
For through this world so wide,
No nature is so demon-like,
But there's an angel side.
The huge, rough stones from out the mine,
Unsightly and unfair,
Have veins of purest marble hid
Beneath the surface there;
Few rocks so bare but to their lights
Some tiny moss plant clings,
And round the peak so desolate,
The sea-bird sits and sings;
Believe me, too, that rugged souls
Beneath their redness hide,
Much that is beautiful and good—
We've all our angel side.
In all there is an inner depth,
A far-off secret way,
When through the windows of the soul
God sends his smiling ray;
In every human soul there is
A faithful sending chord,
That may be struck unknown to us,
By some sweet loving word.
The wayward heart in vain may try
Its softer thoughts to hide,
Some unexpected tone reveals—
It hath an angel side.
Despised, and low, and trodden down,
Dark with the shade of sin,
Deciphering not those halo lights
Which God has set within;
Groping about, in utmost night,
Poor prisoned souls they are,
Who guess not what life's meaning is,
Nor dream of heaven afar.
Oh! that some gentle hand of love
Their stumbling steps would guide,
And show them that amidst it all,
Life has its angel side.
Brutal, and mean, and dark enough,
God knows some natures are,
But he, compassionate; comes near—
And shall we stand afar?
Our cruize of oil will not grow less,
If shared with hearty hand,
For words of peace and love's of love
Few natures can withstand.
Love is the mighty conqueror—
Love is the beautiful guide—
Love with her beaming eye can see
We've all our angel side.

Select Tales.

N. Augustus Hinchins. A THANKSGIVING STORY.

Whoever had happened in at the domicile of farmer Hinchins, on the eve of a day appointed by the governor of one of the New England states, for "public thanksgiving and prayer," could not have avoided noticing that somebody more than the circle there assembled was expected. As the large family sat about the spacious fireplace, the hearty honest wood-fire threw a cheerful light on their almost happy faces—almost happy because, as we have intimated, there was a chair yet to fill. The premonitions of thanksgiving waited upon the table, in the cold chicken, the pie manufactured more with an eye to quantity than quality, the stonut pitchers of cider, flanked with plates of shining pickins, walnuts cracked and ready for the tooth, "fire cake," yet smoking, and "dough-nuts," in Manhattan called "crawlers," a bountiful supply. Another platter contained a formidable brisket piece of cold boiled beef, with a garnish of pork, and no lack of cabbage and cold garden sauce. Such was the repast, and the party only awaited the arrival of some expected guest, to fall upon it.

Suspense, which always appears long to those who endure it, is not half so long as it seems. At its usual hour of arrival, the Hardscrabble mail-coach drove into that village, and, stopping before farmer Hinchins' door, deposited the precious burden for which the family had been waiting for three hours before it was due. Sisters, brothers, father and mother, crowded round a tall mass of shawl, hankerchiefs, fur tippet and upper Benjamin, and, by industrious unrolling, a young gentleman was at length revealed—father's hope and mother's joy—lengthened sweetness long drawn out! All had naturally made up their minds to be delighted to see him; but the mother started back from his lips as if she had encountered a shoe-brush. The sisters were frozen into formality by an apparition so much unlike their mental portrait of brother Nahum, and the little brothers shrunk grinning into a corner. The father deliberately wiped his spectacles, and com-

menced a survey of the nondescript, beginning at his monkey face, coursing over his foppish waist, running a line of survey down his candle-mold invested legs, and ending in a long stare at his stilt-hilted boots. It was evident that where they had expected a natural blood relation, they had found an unnatural curiosity. The stranger repaid their stare of curiosity with another, and putting his quizzing-glass to his eye, surveyed the room in which his childhood was spent, as if he had never seen it before, and was not sure it was habitable. His father frowned, his mother bit her lips; his sisters blushed before his gaze, and his little brothers, to use their own expression, "snorted right out."

Affection can not, however, be lightly crushed; and the family could not forget that they were receiving a long absent member. The animal was led to the fire, and deposited himself in the chair with the air of one who is paying his inferiors an enormous compliment, and the usual common-places were passed between the guest and his entertainers. November's cold without was not, however, half so chilling as the re-union within the walls of farmer Hinchins' dwelling. The city son diversified his conversation at table with remarks upon the city dishes, by way of teaching his father and mother, by no very ambiguous intimations, that people lived in the country very much like savages. Every attempt to excite his interest in old familiar scenes and objects was parried by his ceaseless gab to show his traveled knowledge, and his acquaintance with scenes and people who were not, for superiority, to be mentioned in the same breath with any of the objects and persons which composed the happy little rural world, in which N. Augustus Hinchins had once been a contented resident. Or if that worthy vouchsafed to hear his friends speak, it was with such an expressive smile of condescension that the rustic family began, in spite of themselves, to feel some inferiority before Mr. Hinchins, as they now felt compelled to call him, whom they had counted on welcoming home with their whole hearts as brother Nahum. The cider and apples did, however, melt down a little of Nahum's gentility before he went to bed, and the sisters actually ventured to offer their hands as they parted for the night. "Aw raywahr, drawled Nahum Augustus Hinchins, as he scuffled out of the room in embroidered slippers, holding the lamp with just a thumb and finger—"Aw raywahr mah mare eh mong pair."

The matron looked up anxiously at her husband, as she raked up the fire—the husband sat in mood contemplative. At last, as he rose, he broke out—"the starch must be taken out of that youngster, ma'am." "He is our own son, Mr. Hinchins." "Never mind, the starch must be taken out, and if it is not before to-morrow night, I'll be—"

Mrs. H.'s somewhat extensive hand clapped a stopper on the farmer's mouth, but not on his resolution.

"Why don't that boy come down!" said the father the next morning. "The mother went up to see. The tender lad complained bitterly that there was no bell in his room—and that he had always been accustomed to have a fire in his 'apartment,' but as there was no servant he would try once to rise without. So after a deal of fuss about water and towels, and a display of his dressing box, to the astonishment of his country mamma, he managed in an hour's time to come down to breakfast in a flannel dressing gown and slippers; the former article causing new amusement among the young natives, his brothers, who thought he might as well be a woman at once and done with it. He exhausted the bastard French of the hotels in lamenting the absence of sundry made dishes, but concluded at last to let a furious appetite have its way. He eat bountifully of the wholesome food before him, cooked by his tidy mother and sisters, instead of by greasy men in dirty night caps, with napkins tucked through their button holes, which answer to dust a plate or wipe the mouths of the wearers.

Getting ready for church was another awful difficulty. He enquired for a "bawber," although he very well knew there was no such phenomenon in the village, and never had been. He asked his mother to send his boots to the bootblack's, another dignitary that Hardscrabble never supported, and the mother, as many a foolish

mother has, compromised the matter by taking his elegant and fashionable leathers to the kitchen fire and giving them a brilliant coat of first rate "blackball," the stereotyped unction for leather, warranted to preserve it and fill the pores. The good lady had beautified them to the best of her knowledge and belief, but the shining coat of Day & Martin, the remains of which had adorned them before, gained nothing by the operation. "O, dem it," cried the exquisit, as they were placed before him, "some demotion fule has pawstively ruined my boots, and if I could find him I would kick him, pawstively." He looked up, his mother was hesitating between tears and astonishment, his father debating between a kick and cuff, and his brothers and sisters standing in their "go to meeting clothes," uncertain whether to wonder or fear what should come next. The explosion was however spared for the present.

Going to church was an awful bore to N. Augustus Hinchins, but he had seen some stormy indications in a certain quarter, which warned him that the next ounce of his puppyism might break the camel's back. Beside, he had a secret wish to show himself off to his old playfellows, the natives, and therefore ventured to let his elder sister touch his arm, and with her walked behind his father and mother. It was a curious procession. The mother would feel a little proud and could not help feeling a little dubious of the impression her boy was to make on the congregation. The father looked as if though the animal was his own son, he should be glad to contradict it; the sister who had his arm seemed foolish—how could she help it? N. Augustus minced along, quizzing the villagers with his glass, totally insensible while every body was gaping and laughing—totally insensible to every thing but his own pre-eminent importance. Little Ned the wag of the family, strutted behind him, "following his footsteps," making stride for stride, straddle for his straddle, and a swing of his contee for every swing of his brother's swallow tail. It was glorious, broad comedy, and as the procession passed, people did every thing but cheer the young actor.

Hinchins was not a bad fellow—were there none in all the village to welcome him in real sincerity, and to remember in the returned puppy one who had really once been a favorite? Certainly there was one—the favorite schoolmate and playmate, the little girl, now a fine young woman, to whom three years previously, before his transportation to the city, he had plighted his word in all the sincerity of youth. Of course she was at once adopted at the farmer's house, as daughter and sister, and a union was as surely counted on, as if it had already taken place. Ellen was an invited guest at every Sunday dinner, and on holidays, and as her future husband was expected this day to grace the board, an extraordinary invitation had been sent her, in addition to the usual standing order. N. Augustus, when the service closed, planted himself in the porch outside the church, exchanging distant salutations with the young men who claimed his acquaintance. His sisters came out, and with them Ellen. With all the sincerity of a confiding girl, she came up, ready to give her hand, when he offered his. He scanned her through his glass—and reached her two fingers of his gloved left paw. "Oh, aw, child, I believe we have been acquainted—yes, I do remember—your name is—aw,—eh;—and here he raised his head and brushed up his whiskers.—Surprised that his three fingers were not taken, he looked round. Ellen had flown, and he saw her indignantly walking away, with head erect, and showing all the woman's tokens of an insult appreciated and resented. His father, mother and sisters had deserted him in disgust—his little brother Ned waited just long enough to cry out shame! and run, and the group about him set up an indignant hiss. In a few moments he was left almost alone, some few boys only waiting to take a last look at the monkey.

"Well this is really cutting in foine, the damned uncivilized clowns," soliloquized our hero.—"I shall positively leave this hole at once—the ignorant savages. Human nature can abide it no longer." He strolled across the road, and for lack of human objects to bring within the focus of his glass, commenced surveying a bluff hill,

down which he had many times rolled in play, as if he had never seen such a curiosity before. From this reverie a few snow balls soon disturbed him. Humbled essentially in his pride and in his pretensions he hurried to his father's house, with one eye bugged, and one half his dickey spoiled, by the unerring aim of some village embryo Tell, whose missiles were readily gathered from the winter covered ground, and dispatched with striking accuracy.

A large dinner party had been invited to Farmer Hinchins—and a large evening party. Right glad would the worthy people have been to have escaped from the dilemma, but in the country they have no "white lies" to turn away visitors with. The only way of proceeding was to face the matter out; as after the occurrences of the morning, malice in some, and curiosity in others, would be sure to bring all who were asked, and more too. The female members of the family were in agony, Ned was in his element of mischief, and father Hinchins was—in the kitchen. He dared not face the group of visitors in the dining room, but chewed the end of sweet and bitter fancy in the chimney corner. "They come to see an ape—but they don't make a menagerie of my house—I'll be d—d if they do. The starch must come out of him.—So saying, he rose, as he heard the front door open, and proceeded to intercept his hopeful son, as he was about to enter the parlor.

Leading him directly to the kitchen, Farmer Hinchins there borrowed his wife's shears, and thence took his son above stairs to his room, seated him in a chair, and before the top could guess what was coming, marred his whiskers, destroyed his moustachios, and reduced his imperial to a plebeian. Nahum expostulated, but it was of no use, he struggled, and the old gentleman's shoulder of mutton fist was shaken in his face. A razor completed the demolition of the Esau-crop, and N. Augustus Hinchins began to look like his father's son again. He turned disconsolate from the glass to go down stairs, when the old gentleman stopped between him and the door, and pointed to something which had before escaped his eye.—His former country Sunday suit lay across the back of a chair. Even then he could not conceive what his father meant. His mind could not embrace so awful a degradation as that he must really put on that suit, and cast off his city teguments. His father readily explained the case to him and intimating that he should give a sledge hammer voucher for his sincerity of purpose, poor Nahum was forced to submit. They then walked down together, and as the dining room door opened, the party inside, who had commenced their obeisances for N. Augustus, finished them for Nahum A. Hinchins. There was an awkward pause. A child broke it as children often do. Little Ned, ran up and seizing both hands, cried "welcome home to Thanksgiving, brother Na—we're all glad to see you." The whole party closed in, and in their honest greetings, poor Nahum melted to tears reciprocated. There might have been a little rage in the first tear—there was a little shame in the second—and real contrition afterwards. All however was forgotten and forgiven by the time Nahum's next neighbor had denuded the first "wish bone," and challenged him to break it with her. "There Nahum roared little Ned, 'you've got your wish, and I know what it is! Don't you wish Ellen Smith was here now?'"

"Faith," answered Nahum, taken off his guard, "I do."

There was a hearty laugh all round, and now began the festivities of Thanksgiving in earnest. For the rest, how Nahum went over and coaxed Ellen to forget his insult, how she relented, as she made up her mind not to do when she saw him coming; how they went back together to the farm house, and how the party shouted as they entered arm in arm; how farmer Hinchins forgot his years and joined in the blind man's buff; how Ellen fought Nahum's battles when anybody alluded to his past mishaps; and how little Ned frolicked himself to sleep before midnight; is too long a story for us to tell now, but Mrs. Ellen Hinchins might tell you all about it, some evening as she rocked the cradle, if you should happen along her way.

The slaves of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity.

IMPORTANCE OF HIGH AIMS IN LIFE

BY MISS ANNIE W. DAVENPORT.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul!"

Yes! the poets words are true! Life is a reality indeed! It is not a shadowy dream, a mere existence without aim or object, as some would have it; nor is the grave, to which we look as the last thing in this world, the goal to which man is hastening.

Life is a state of probation—of trial, in which man is placed to be developed, refined, and improved; and it appears fearful, oftentimes, in its stern reality. Growth and improvement is one of nature's laws and man is in a great measure subservient to it.

It would hardly seem that placing a little seed in the ground could bring about any important results; and yet watch it from day to day! What is that little sprig of verdure struggling upwards to the light? It daily grows and improves, until by the influence of the genial sun and gentle dew—nature's kindest aids—it develops into a plant, beautiful in all its parts, displaying the richest and fairest tints of loveliness.

Thus man is placed in life for some important end; to improve and cultivate himself, and to develop by careful training the noblest traits of his character.

To this end he must have in view some definite controlling aim, which shall exert an influence upon his character, and color all his prospects for the future. Of this, man alone is capable.

The inferior animals are possessed of that wonderful faculty called instinct, which teaches them to do many intelligent things, which seem really marvelous, when we consider that they are without the power of thought, or the capacity of having any distinct motive by which to regulate their actions. They fulfill their course, finish their destiny, and are no more; but man's life is designed to be a continued series of means, leading on, and still on, to some distant goal.

No one can properly conceive of the purpose of his life, until he rises to a clear view of a general good, involving his own individual good. The sage, Johnson, characteristically remarked while meditating upon the ruins of Iona, that "whatever detached man from the present, and carried him back into the past, or forward into the future, elevated him in the true dignity of his being." We might say, that whatever carries a man out of himself, and engages his thoughts upon the interests and welfare of his fellow beings, elevates, and ennobles him.

Any object to which every thought an act is tending, must, of course, exercise a powerful influence upon the mind and heart the character and disposition. A man begins life; a hundred objects present themselves, either of which he may take for the guiding star of his existence.

He chooses glory, fame! He seeks it on the battle field; and as a mighty conqueror, all nations bend beneath his sway. He may have found glory, but not peace; his whole aim has been for himself, and personal aggrandizement. One so intensely selfish, who concentrates upon himself all his affections and solitudes, ask our respect in vain; his character develops into all that is evil; cruelty, sin and disregard to the laws of God and man, characterize his career. Such was Alexander, who, when he had spent his existence in the pursuit of glory, sat down to mourn that there was no more worlds to conquer.

What nobler aim can one have than the happiness and improvement of his fellow men? Howard took for the object of his life the alleviation of the wants of the miserable. For this purpose he visited all the prisons in England and on the continent, that he might himself witness the sufferings of the criminal, the better to induce the government, by a recital of their sufferings, to something to improve their condition. He clothed the naked, comforted the sorrowing, and spent his life in doing good; and went down to his grave in peace, with a name unblemished in the eyes of the world, and a character revered and admired by all the lovers of the good and holy.

The effect of a high and noble aim upon

man himself, is to make him happier and better. It leads him to the diligent and active discharge of all the duties of life which tend to its accomplishment. In its steady pursuit, every faculty of mind and body is actively engaged, and none of the talents with which God has blessed him, are taken away or abused. He has neither time nor inclination to indulge in vain repinings; and if at times his heart is sorrowful, the thought of the one great object of his life, and the hope of attainment, soon dispels the momentary cloud, and he is happy again in anticipation of a bright realization of his hopes.

To all with whom man is associated, the influence of a noble aim cannot fail to be beneficial. No purely noble object can be a selfish one, and its effect on his life will be to induce him to do all in his power for his fellow men. By a noble and upright course in the pursuit of some high end, and by persevering and accomplishing, he may leave behind him a blessed memory of difficulties conquered, and a glorious destiny achieved—bright foot tracks on the dull sand of time.

"Foot-prints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, may take heart again."

and, following in those very paths, attain a like degree of success and happiness.

A man influenced by a high end is a noble example to those with whom he is associated. His steady and eager pursuit of the object of his ambition, and the influence of his upright character, will serve to rouse men, whose energies have long been sleeping, to an active discharge of duty, and by the effect of his example, many more lives may be rendered useful and happy.

Thus may we see how essential it is that every one be governed by some pure, high and noble aim, which shall have power to develop the character into all that is good and virtuous.

Oh, what a broad, free, commanding theater for the play of the mightiest energies of man, in evolving the resources of nature and himself, and applying them to the purpose of progress and culture, is the free nation, with her magnificent and inexhaustibly rich domain, her glorious institutions and continental position!

Shall we then waste our glorious natures on low and sordid objects? shall we devote our lives to the pursuit of fame, riches or pleasure? shall we be content with those things which, like apples of Sodom, fall to ashes in our grasp? shall we not rather soar higher than the personal gratification of an hour, to those objects which are enduring?

Let man cultivate his intellect, improve himself religiously and morally, influence others by a good example, advance mankind by his genius, his talents or his charity; let him begin in his youth to aim at the perfection of his nature, and let him remember, above all, that he has important materials out of which to elaborate a perfection which shall not only enrapture angels, but attract the praise of the Eternal and All-perfect Mind.

An Iowa Verdict.

They have some queer jurymen in Iowa. A few days since an old toper died rather suddenly—the coroner, in consequence, held an inquest—listened to the testimony of a physician—and was about rendering a verdict "water on the brain," when Mr. Stocum Popplepodis, ris to object. "Mr. Coroner, I have known the deceased for ten mortal years, and I know he has never seen a sober moment in all that time. To say that such a man can die of 'water on the brain,' is therefore nonsense. It can't be did. The true verdict, Mr. Coroner, should be, gin, rum, or brandy on the brain, but as I cannot get such a verdict, I am willing to split the difference—compromise—and bring in a verdict as follows: 'Died from the effects of brandy and water on the brain.' The compromise was agreed to, and the above verdict is a part and parcel of the recorded doings of Iowa.

Some calculating Yankee says—"If all the ejected tobacco quids of the members of Congress were from this time to be dropped on the dome of the capital at Washington, the hill of Egypt would be no comparison to the pelting storm, and the edifice would be buried deeper than Nineveh, before the next meeting of Congress."

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JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

EDITOR ASTRAY.

DEERFIELD, Wednesday morning, Aug. 30. Beautiful Old Deerfield! when I forget thee, may my "right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!"

Deerfield is the old mother-town of Franklin county, and is distinguished for the general intelligence and highly-developed social qualities of the inhabitants.

Mr. Warriner's school, at "Elm Seminary," (a name, by the way, lately given to the institution by some of the enthusiastic young ladies of the village), commences to-day, with nearly one hundred scholars.

The 11th regiment of infantry, under command of Col. S. F. Dudley, and composed of the Deerfield, Colerain, Montague, Leverett, Shutesbury and Warwick companies, meet in Montague, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 12th, 13th and 14th, for encampment and drill.

WILL KANSAS AND NEBRASKA BE FREE?

The spirit of freedom seems to be thoroughly awakened in the free states, as far as emigration to Kansas and Nebraska is concerned. Already the sturdy northerners, like a mighty wave, are pouring into that territory.

But no thanks to Frank Pierce and S. A. Douglas if such shall be the case; they have established a precedent, and declare the same rule shall be applied to future acquisitions. Mexico, Cuba, Hayti and the Sandwich Islands will sometime belong to the United States; and the question is whether slavery or freedom come with them.

The passage of the Nebraska bill has aroused the conscience of the nation. A feeling as strong as adamant exists at the north against letting the slave power obtain control of Kansas and Nebraska, and this fact accounts for the immense tide of emigration which is turning towards those regions.

MILITARY.

The following companies will form the encampment at Amherst on the 5th, 6th and 7th prox.: Springfield Horse Guards, Capt. Robinson; Greenfield Artillery, Capt. W. T. Davis; Northampton Artillery, Capt. L. C. Lyman; Belchertown Artillery, Capt. Jefferson Leach; Amherst Artillery, Capt. J. S. Slate; Springfield City Guards, Capt. H. C. Lee.

LECTURES.

At the adjourned meeting on Wednesday evening, at Atlantic Hall, relative to a course of lectures for the ensuing winter, L. A. Moody was chosen chairman, and S. G. Southworth secretary.

An executive committee of five was then appointed, as follows:—J. R. Childs, S. G. Southworth, E. S. Albro, O. E. Darling, Wm. M. D. Rogers.

CHOLERA IN CHICOPEE.

There have been five or six more deaths from cholera in this village, among the Irish on the "Patch"—owing to unwholesome fear, swinish filth and miserable liquor. Most of the deaths from that cause occur on Mondays,—the results of the previous day's rum-drinking.

ACCIDENTALLY SHOT.

Mr. Charles L. Fairbanks, of Springfield, formerly of Chicopee, while engaged in hunting in Agawam on last Friday afternoon, with several young men, was accidentally shot. He laid his gun down to eat a watermelon, and afterwards, while taking it up, with his hand hold of the muzzle, it went off, and the ball passed through his body.

BOUND FOR KANSAS.

On Wednesday, the second Massachusetts company for Kansas started from Boston, numbering sixty-eight; when it reached Springfield, it numbered over a hundred, and was to be joined by great numbers along the route.

POLICE COURT.

Patrick Kennedy was arrested by officer Ballard, and brought before J. R. Childs, Esq., on the 20th inst., charged with being a common drunkard. After hearing divers witnesses, all of whom told a sad tale of Pat's delinquencies, through a too strong attachment to the "crathur," the magistrate adjudged him guilty, and sentenced him to the house of correction for thirty days.

Patrick Haggerty was, on the 26th ult., arrested by officer Wheeler, and brought before Warren Smith, Esq., on complaint of one Mary Donahue, charging him with having committed the crime of assault and battery upon her. Fined \$1 and costs.—Stearns for defense.

Margaret Patterson was arrested by officer Wheeler, on the 19th ult., on the charge of malicious mischief, and brought before Warren Smith, Esq., for examination. Upon trial, discharged. Severance for prosecution; Knapp for defense.

James Leary was arrested by officer Wheeler, on the 30th ult., and brought before Warren Smith, Esq., on the complaint of one Eastman, charging him with having committed the crime of assault and battery. Fined \$5 and costs. Stearns for defense.

Henry Dickinson was tried before Geo. M. Stearns, Esq., on the 25th ult., for drunkenness, and fined \$1 and costs.—Severance for prosecution.

On the same day, A. Codlet was tried for same offense, before the same court, and disposed of in the same manner. Both paid their fines. Severance for prosecution.

Jonathan Priestly was tried before Geo. M. Stearns, Esq., on the 28th ult., on complaint of John Gregory, for indecent exposure, and was found guilty and sentenced to the House of Correction for sixty days. He appealed. Severance for defense.

Augustus Eastman was arrested and brought before Justice Stearns, on the 30th ult., on complaint of James Leary, charged with an assault and battery. He was found guilty and fined \$1 and costs, and appealed. Severance for defense.

Mary M'Carthy was tried before Amory Doolittle, Esq., on the 1st inst., for being drunk. Found guilty, and fined \$5 and costs. Committed by officer Churchill.—Knapp for defense.

A GENUINE CURIOSITY.—Mr. James Robinson of Manchester, N. H. while gunning along the bank of the Connecticut river, two miles below this city, a day or two since, discovered two singular looking fish swimming beside each other, near the surface of the water, and killed them both at a single shot.

Oh! now don't believe yourself! This wonderful nondescript, over which you make such a fuss, is nothing more nor less than a by no means uncommon Gar fish. Mr. Austin Chapin—not the "oldest inhabitant" of Chicopee, by a long chalk—says that he has seen hundreds of them in the Chicopee river years ago, and lately too—and used to catch them quite commonly. They used to be called, vulgarly, Bill fish.

The Musical Review

Comes to us this week, as it ever has done, well filled with musical and musical information. Mr. Pitkin's description of the Opera, alone is worth a year's subscription,—which is only \$1.00. We can assure our musical friends, and those designing to become musical, that they can not invest a dollar to better advantage, musically speaking, than by subscribing for this valuable semi-monthly journal—published by Mason & Brother, 23 Park Row, New York.—There should be a large list made up at once in Chicopee.

CONCERT.

The Walkers sing in Cabot Hall, this (Saturday) evening, and bring with them strong recommendations—among them, one from an old acquaintance of ours—Capt. T. M. Dewey—an excellent music teacher. Give them a crowded house.

TITUS CHAPIN,

Of Chicopee street, in this town, has laid upon our table a watermelon weighing twenty-three pounds and seven ounces.—If any body in Chicopee goes to heaven, it will be the gentleman who gave us that watermelon.

As we are going to press, rain seems near at hand. So mote it be.

The communication of "Hibernicus" will certainly appear next week.

SCHOOL REGULATIONS.

A word thereon from the School Committee to the parents, and others whom it may concern, in District No. 4.

The evil of irregular attendance has been, for a long time, one of the standing themes in school reports. It has been repeatedly shown that quite a large portion of the money expended in the support of schools is every year wasted—not only in loss of those who are absent, but by the deterioration of the whole school, which is the certain consequence of the irregularity of its members.

Last year, in District No. 4, we had a trial of this wasteful management, on a scale large enough to satisfy the most ardent lover of ignorance. Sad was the result, as it appeared in the condition of the schools, at the close of the winter term—especially in those of the two highest grades, (if we may take the testimony of the committee of last year and the teachers of those schools.) In the High School this evil had been absent from a quarter to a half of the time, and several more than that.

Such was the sad account laid before us, as we entered upon our trust at the beginning of the year. We were urged to provide some remedy for the evil, (both by teachers and by those who had served before us on the committee.) A set of resolutions, similar in substance to those in operation elsewhere, was suggested and urged as the thing desirable. After some anxious deliberation, we decided to make the attempt. We did our best to frame regulations that should effect the end, and give no just ground for offense.

We were not so sanguine as to expect to please every one, nor conceded enough to think we had done what was worthy to give perfect satisfaction to any one. But we were anxious to make the experiment; and now, after carefully watching the operation of their rules for a term, we have thought that they might be so modified as to obviate the objections which have arisen, and so better secure the end which we had in view. The regulations are accordingly amended.

In place of an application from the parents to teacher or committee—sometimes really too inconvenient—the scholar who has been absent for more than half a day in one week, is now required to get an excuse from some member of the committee, (town or district.) In this way, all truancy and deception in excuses may be prevented, and a good understanding be had between parents, teachers and committee.

It seems proper to add that we are much encouraged by the improvement effected during the last term in the schools to which we have referred. Notwithstanding a change of teachers, and other circumstances more unfavorable, this is very manifest. It was the emphatic testimony of the late excellent principal of our High School, on leaving his office about the middle of the term, that the attendance, condition and progress had never been so good since he had been in charge during that term. It has lost nothing under the charge of his able successor. The record shows that the attendance has been full ten per cent better of the whole number connected than in any previous spring term. Here, the regulations have been observed, with but little opposition. Let us hope that this improvement may continue, and be seen in all our schools, at the end of the year, as their present condition leads us to do.

We do not hope, nor desire, to force any measures against the general consent of the district. It is but little that we can do without your good will and friendly aid. This we earnestly desire—not for our own sakes, but for yours—for the good of your children, for the prosperity of our schools, and thus for the general good. As servants for this end, Yours respectfully, E. B. CLARK, Chairman. E. NUTE, Jr., Secretary.

A Constantinople letter says, that a most favorable opportunity is here afforded to compare the armies of the two great nations, and no troops in Europe differ more in appearance than the French and English. John Bull is always well dressed in his red coat and white trousers, and carries himself stiff and straight as a flag-staff. He never looks at a Turkish soldier, and as they pass each other he shows at once, by the sneer on his face, how he despises the Musselman. No sooner, however, does the easy, loosely dressed and reckless Frenchman arrive than he forthwith fraternizes. Immediately the Sultan's grave and sedate soldiers are seen arm in arm with the charming Frenchman, dining from the wonders of the Brazzaars and Stamboul.

In short, ladies and gentlemen, I can only say—I beg leave to add—I desire to assure you, that I wish I had a window in my bosom that you might see the emotions of my heart. (Vulgar boy from the gallery.)—"Wouldn't a pane in your stomach do this time?"

Salt springs, large in size, and 24 in number, exist in southern Oregon, at a place called the Kammas Swail, near Winchester. Sixteen quarts of the water produce one quart of excellent salt.

RESTAURANTS IN PARIS.

No complaint can be made of a want of every variety and quality of restaurants at Paris. At Phillips' in the Rue Montorgueil, one can eat turtle soup at three francs the plate; at the English restaurant, Rue Richelieu, he can eat superb mock turtle at one franc; and at Mme. Baptiste's, as appears by evidence at a trial before the Tribunal of Correctional Police, the charge for soup is only two sous the plate—but then it must be understood that it is neither turtle, nor even mock turtle, but according to the testimony of a witness, "made of old bones, old dominoes and other equally nourishing things."

The following anecdote, says the Paris Pays, will give an idea of the state of degradation into which the lower class of the Muscovite clergy has fallen; A Russian gentleman relates that when passing one day through a village, he saw a number of peasants assembled, and stopped to inquire the cause. "Oh," replied one of them, "it is only the priest, whom we are going to lock up in the barn."—"And why do you do that?"—"Because it is Saturday. The priest is a drunkard, and we always lock him up on Saturday, in order that he may be in condition to perform divine service on Sunday. On and after Monday, he is free to drink as he likes for the other days of the week."

Illinois would make forty such States as Rhode Island, and Minnesota sixty.—Missouri is larger than all New England, Ohio exceeds either Ireland, Scotland, or Portugal, and equals Scotland, Belgium, and Switzerland together. Missouri is more than half as large as Italy, and larger than Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland. Missouri and Illinois are larger than England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

A SENSIBLE WILL.—The following is a copy of a will left by a man who chose to be his own lawyer:—"This is the last will and testament of me, John Thomas. I give all my things to my relations, to be divided amongst them the best way they can. "N. B.—If anybody kicks up a row, or makes any fuss about it, he isn't to have anything. Signed my me, JOHN THOMAS.

A wag, speaking of two of his acquaintances, who had gone out west, where new comers usually feel the effects of ague, said:—"Neither of those two men will be afflicted."—"Why not?" inquired a bystander.—"Because," was the reply, "one is too lazy to shake, and the other won't shake without he gets pay for it."

THE ENGLISH FLOTTILLA in the Baltic consists of from eighty to eighty-nine armed boats, one half carrying howitzers. They are divided into three squadrons, and each squadron into three divisions. A reserve squadron will be formed, consisting of the boats of the paddle and screw steam sloops.

In the Peninsular war in Spain, only 40,000 soldiers were killed, or died of wounds received in battle; while 120,000 died of disease, and 120,000 were unfit for service. During the first five years that the French were at Algiers, their loss averaged about 5,000 by shot, and 15,000 by disease.

George Smith, do you recollect the story of David and Goliath? Yes, sir; David was a tavern keeper, and Goliath was an imtemperate man. Who told you that? Nobody. I read it, and it said that David fixed a sling for Goliath, and Goliath got siled with it.

Dr. Ribra, the German author of a new book of travel, says: "It is not until you get on board that you see the captain of a ship in all his unloveliness; between a captain at sea and a captain on shore before starting, there is the same difference as between a bride and a wife."

There are three hundred and fifty omnibuses in Paris—enough for the business, and so divided about the city that no possible inconvenience can be caused by them. Each omnibus pays the city four hundred francs a year for the privilege of "stationing" at the two extremities of its route.

We have been requested to state that there will be a meeting in Chicopee, on Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, to choose delegates to attend the republican convention at Worcester. Members of all parties are requested to attend.

The China correspondent of the N. Y. Times says.

"You will get but a moderate supply of tea this year, and you will make much of it, for stranger things have happened than that the tea farms of China should be waste places in another year.—The general trade of the country is so broken up that nothing but money can be used for any commercial purpose.—The green tea districts of Hwuy-Chow would be the battle field of the Tartars and Chinese, if the latter were driven back on Nanking, the Ningyong country is already the theater of a predatory war, and doubt-difficently hang over and encompass us on every side.

The Toronto Colonist says:—"We are informed that no less than eight persons have been admitted into the Lunatic Asylum in a state of insanity, occasioned by consuming quantities of camphor to prevent cholera. Some of them carried it about in their pockets, and kept from time to time eating small quantities of it. Others took it dissolved in brandy. In all cases where it was taken in any quantity it produced insanity. It is a fact well known that a comparatively small quantity of camphor will set a dog mad, and that he will soon afterwards die."

The mother of Ledru Rollin, the famous French democrat, died recently in Paris at the advanced age of 80 years.—Her burial took place on a Sunday, and had been announced for 11 o'clock, A. M. at which hour the company invited their friends, but the police, fearing a political demonstration, arrived at seven o'clock, got together some half dozen persons in a hurry, and huddled her to the grave with indecorous haste. Of course "order" was not disturbed, as the Parisian journals truly inform us.

The American lady Mrs. Putnam, has, perhaps, no equal in the world for critical knowledge of languages, for she converses readily in French, Italian, German, Polish, Swedish, and Hungarian, and is familiar with twenty modern dialects, besides Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Persian and Arabic. This extent of the linguistic acquirements is paralleled only by Cardinal Mezzofan, Elihu Burritt, and some half dozen other great names of both worlds.

The Transcript has authority for announcing that Isabella Glyn, now acknowledged in Europe as the finest living English actress, will sail immediately for America. Her intention is to visit the principal cities in the United States. As her tour is partly vacation from the more arduous duties of her profession, she will not come as an actress, but as a reader of Shakespeare.

Kansas, it is expected, will be knocking at the door of Congress for admission into the Union by December, 1855. The most flourishing domestic manufacture of States. One is turned out to order once a year. Utah will come next after Kansas, followed hard by Nebraska.—Every link in the confederacy adds greater durability to the Union.

A SCARCITY OF AGRICULTURAL LABORERS seems to prevail in France, and the Minister of War has ordered that the soldiers throughout the country may assist in harvesting, in case of necessity.—The prices are to be fixed before hand, and as long as there is a civil laborer unemployed; no soldier will be permitted to harvest.

The Russian commander at Swaborg has recently been imprisoned for life. Besides converting two of the ramparts into gardens, for the purpose of raising money by the sale of vegetables, he had sold iron cannon balls by the thousand, and supplied their places by wooden ones painted black.

A farmer in France stuck a pea in a potatoe and planted them together in March. The pea produced a stalk which was covered with pods, and the potatoe gave eleven healthy roots. He thinks that by this means double crops could be obtained, and the potatoe disease prevented.

John G. Saxe, in corresponding with his own paper, noticing the celebration at Yale, says: "Of the poem before the Phi Beta Kappa, I say nothing, as the author is the husband of my wife, and is not entitled to an opinion of his own verses."

The settlers on the shores of Lake Superior are now agitating the question of forming a State separate and apart from the present organization—taking parts of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and naming the new territory Superior.

The Grand Jury of the United States Court in North Carolina have presented the state of Massachusetts as a nuisance, for her want of alacrity in slave catching.

