

Poetry.

There's a Lining of Silver to every Cloud. BY JONATHAN FREE SLINGSBY. Did a sable cloud Turn forth her silver lining on the night?—Milton. One winter night dreary, Dejected and weary, I kept my lone vigil of sorrow and care; Mistaking—mistaken— My heart full to breaking— My soul seeking comfort, and finding despair!

Select Tales.

From Godey's Lady's Book. SELLING THE LOVE-TOKEN My Grandmother's Story. BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"VERY well done!" said my grandmother, "very well done, sir—you have succeeded better than I expected." The foreign-looking gentleman bowed and smiled, showing his white teeth through a dark overhanging moustache, as my grandmother bent forward again from the easy chair, and raised her double silver-rimmed eye-glass.

told her that every person needed some time in the day to collect their thoughts, and balance accounts with themselves. After these talks, mamma would sometimes make the attempt to have an undisturbed five minutes, "sitting with closed doors;" but nurse would come with the baby, Charley with his cut finger, Josephine with her torn frock or hard spelling lesson, and I with a mutilated doll that required instant surgical aid. Maude and Elizabeth were sure to have a dispute about the joint occupancy of some desk or closet; the cook was in want of some receipt, or the newspaper carrier insisted on sixty cents for the "Journal," and could not be put off. No wonder that mamma was always "nervous" and delicate, and that those periods of seclusion were few and far between.

branch of the scarlet geranium in her dark hair, which suited the coral ornaments, papa's gift, and was wonderfully becoming. Chester Adams moved a little, to make way for her, and then spilled the gravy he was helping grandmother to, as she sat down. We children thought he was very dull—he did not tell one amusing story, or eat philopenas with us, as he generally did. Our Christmas dinner was the great feast of the year. On other days, the orthodox two o'clock rule of our neighbors was adopted, but there was a lunch after church on Christmas, and the dinner was not served until it was quite dark. The shutters were closed, lights placed along the table, a great dessert-dish of fruit, ornamented with evergreens, occupied the center; while the roast beef before papa, and the turkey in mamma's vicinity, were the finest the market could afford. We used to wonder how people could eat beef, when there was roast turkey with dressing!

but the tears rose to his eyes, and he went directly to grandmother, and, stooping down, kissed her forehead, putting back the silvery hair as he would have done to one of us, and holding his hand there a moment as if he said, "God bless you!" in his heart. It was the only affectionate caress I ever saw him give her, for he was usually self-composed, almost stern in manner; which was her own way. "But what is it about, grandmother—the story?" asked Josephine. "What a funny little baby!" commented Charlie. "Not half so pretty as ours. And such an ugly old gentleman? What is he doing with that eye-glass, mamma? It isn't double, like grandmother's?" Maude and Elizabeth seemed interested to know whether it was to be hung in the parlor, and said the frame was very handsome. For myself, I saw in the picture a dark room, not at all like any in our house, with an old gentleman, whose long pointed beard reminded me of the Jewish doctors in the Temple—one of the prints in grandmother's large Bible. He seemed to be examining a ring through an eye-glass, and before him stood a lady with a very sad, anxious face. She wore a dark robe, of a quaint, though graceful fashion, and held a little child in her arms. I thought it was as pretty a picture as any in the annual, Chester Adams had given Maude that morning, though I felt almost inclined to cry; the lady's face looked so very sorrowful.

ing was to Alice Gray, and how she tried to shut out the daylight, and put away for a time all comfort that was offered to her. It was not as now, when letters can come from those in distant lands almost with the swiftness of a loving thought—it was months, and sometimes years, before any tidings could arrive. The dangers of the sea were little understood, but greatly dreaded, and loss and shipwreck far more frequent. So Alice Gray shut her sorrows in her own heart from the strangers around her, and listened to the sobbing wind and moaning sea through the long dreary nights, until her child, her first-born son, was given to her arms. There was pain even in that new happiness; for there was no father's blessing for her little one, and no kiss of tenderness for herself, as she pressed her child to her heart. "But the boy grew like his father. His same curly rings of hair lying on his broad forehead, though many shades fairer, and the clear blue eyes, haunted her with a well-remembered look. She had need of all comfort, for she passed through many trials, sickness, loss, and at last poverty, still among strangers, though not where her husband left her. She could not stay so far from the sea, where it would be so many days after he had landed before he could reach her. So she came to the little seaport from which his vessel had sailed for the far-off Indian Ocean, and there watched for the first glimpse of its white sails. Months passed on in sickening harassing anxiety; and then came news of disaster, shipwreck, death; an awful certainty for the fear that had haunted her day and night. She and her child were doubly poor! She could not give up all hope at once, but through the long autumn, paced the rocky line of coast day after day, her child cradled warmly in her arms, and looking out with straining eyes towards the horizon. She thought she must go mad, and almost prayed for it, if forgetfulness came to—but, then there was her child—there would be no one to care for him, and she could not abandon him with the new mother-loving growing up in her heart. Many pitied the "poor English lady," as they saw the chill sea-breeze tossing her thin garments, she standing on the very verge of the bleak rocks, with the cold, black waves breaking sullenly beneath her. There was one who did more than pity. She welcomed him as a friend first, for he came with sympathizing looks and kind words, and would have relieved the pressure of her poverty. But Alice Gray was still too proud for that, and she parted one by one with the few treasures, costly toys, her husband had gathered in foreign lands, to keep away starvation. She had no idea of toiling for a subsistence, as the poor creatures around her did, and was too much wrapt up in her grief to think or plan any lighter task. He saw it all, rich and prosperous as he was, and patiently waited his time. It came at last, when, with a shudder, she drew off her ring of betrothal, scarcely dearer or more sacred than the wedding-ring itself, and offered it in exchange for gold, to buy bread for herself and child. Heaven help her when that was exhausted! It was all she had. It was very late when she hurried through the narrow street, to offer it, where all her trinkets had gone before. They were celebrating Christmas night in her own land, with its blazing fires, and tables spread with plenty. She hurried as if to put aside such goading memories, past low wine-shops, and groups of fishermen, and common sailors, until she came to the house of the Israelite, who exchanged whatever was brought him, without questions, so he could get it at half its worth. The dingy shop was closed, but she was admitted for the first time into the inner apartment, which the broker had fitted up with the spoils of his hard trade. Pictures, goblets, and vases, musical instruments, and embroidered cushions, and antique carved chairs, gave it a novel, but curious air, this cold wintry night. There was no light save the broad glare of the brands on the hearth, and of the lamp that burned still in the outer room, and fell through the casement, by which all visitors were recognized. A heavy curtain of velvet, a little faded, but once the hangings of a palace-like mansion, concealed the rough wall on one side, as she stood there noting all these things with a strange, minute interest she did not feel, and wondered

at even then. It seemed as if he would never name the value of the ring. She could not bear to see him handle it so carelessly, when it was so dear to her. "Outside the gusty wind was sweeping the narrow streets, and coarse songs and jests, hard tramping feet went by, and she had yet to go out and encounter these perils of darkness and storm; she, who had been so tenderly reared as a child, and so closely sheltered as a wife. She had removed the brown braided tress that filled the centre of the ring; but it was of virgin gold, massive and antique in design, as suited the sailor's fancy, with a circlet of precious stones. She knew little of its real value; to her it was beyond all price as the first love-token from her husband, who was gone forever. The careful dealer saw this, and noted the indifference of her manner as she stood before him in her dark robes and linen coil, for she had thrown down the coarse mantle that had wrapped herself and child at the entrance of the outer apartment. He did not anticipate much wrangling as he slowly drew forth the key of his treasury, and as slowly counted out the price at which he valued the token. He was right; for the sacrifice had cost her too much for words, and she went out slowly from his presence with that same fixed hopeless expression. When that small sum was exhausted, she had no other earthly resource. "Still pressing his child to her bosom, Alice Gray passed along the dingy street to her miserable home, though it was no home, with its blank walls and fireless hearth; but it served to shelter her when night came, as she was driven from her she reached it, a roving band of sailors, landed that day from a ship she had seen enter the harbor, filled up the narrow path, shouting and rolling with the wine they had quaffed, and singing a wild bacchanalian song. She shrank aside to let them pass; but the foremost seized her with an oath and rude grasp, and would have torn the mantle from her face in another instant, had not a blow struck him breathless against the wall. The strong arm of her deliverer set aside the assailant, and conducted her safely on her way. It was the one friend who seemed always to mark her movements, and to whom she was indebted for many kindnesses. "He, too, was a stranger; and wandering on the cliffs, had first noted the pale, quiet woman that haunted them. When he had learned her story from the fisherman, his pity grew to sympathy, and ended in love. He was rich and free; and that night, as she clung gratefully to his arm, it was offered to her, with protection from all care and want and contact with the world. He had come out to seek her, he said, and that very night stood ready to make her his. The priest awaited them; his arms should shelter her; he urged and pleaded with her to become once more a wife. "You must not blame her, children—you must not, at least, judge her too harshly that she listened to the temptation, knowing, as she did, that the new vows would be an empty mockery; that all her love was buried fathoms deep with Richard Gray. She stiff trembled from the insult of the sailors; the night was black and pitiless; she was alone, and almost starving. It was like one benumbed with cold and hunger, standing on the threshold of a mansion blazing with light and warmth and costly cheer. Many a young maiden has bartered her hand for gold without Alice Gray's bitter need, now, even in our own day, or for the baubles of rank and position. "Oh, it was cruel in that kind voice to stand so earnestly, knowing her heart was starved—craving for kindness and care! For her child's sake, he said, and pictured the boy growing up under the fatherly protection, or skillfully reversing the lines, showed him to her neglected and abandoned among the rude fisherman. No wonder that consent hung on her very utterance, when the child stirred in her bosom, and passed its little hands carressingly over her haggard face as she bent towards it. Richard's child! She could not give another the husband's right he had been proud to claim; no, she would work, ay, starve, if it must be so, but not wrong his memory by falsehood and the endurance of caresses from which she must ever shrink, as the memory of his love came between her and the present. "Her child saved her from the great sin

of going to another home and another love that night, when she had nothing to offer in return. "So her last friend was repulsed, and deserted her, trying to keep down the bitterness of spirit that pride called up to take the place of rejected love. She sat alone and hopeless with her child through the midnight darkness, and the love-token sparkled beneath the lamp of the grasping broker, who sat counting the day's gains. "A knock at the entrance did not startle him, for he conducted many a shrewd bargain while others slept; but he looked to see that all his treasures were within a sweep of his arm before he admitted the visitor. "It was a sunburnt, swarthy-looking man, with jewels from the Orient to be exchanged for gold. He knew their full value, and demanded it; but, while the Jew demurred, his quick eyes scanned the whole room at a glance. Travel-worn as he was, something arrested his gaze—that made his lips tremble and grow white, and his heart beat fast as he bent forward and clutched, heedless of the old man's remonstrance the love-token he had given years ago to his wife, Alice Gray. "You can see it all now, my children, from what a fearful sin the sacrifice of that night saved her, though you are too young and too untried to imagine even the swoon of joy in which she lay clasped to her husband's bosom, till the dim morning light revealed those dear features, and the nut-brown curls threaded with silver from the toil and exposure he had endured. No wonder that she shuddered at the remembrance of her temptation, or that she loved to give to her arms." So ended Aunt Mary's reading, while papa still shaded his eyes from the light, and grandmother's hand trembled as she supported the screen. Mamma's eyes were full of tears, and she kissed Charlie's, now sleeping on her shoulder, over and over again, as if stooping down over him could hide them. Josephine and myself could not understand the scene till we were much older, and the picture had come to be spoken of as an heirloom in the family. But I saw something else that interested me very much, for I thought she might better have given it to me—Maude pulled Robert Winthrop's scarlet geranium from her hair, and finally scrubbed it under her slipper, as the decision of Alice Gray was told. Some one else saw it, too, I fancy, for presently Chester Adams's hand dropped from my shoulder up on Maude's, lying near me, and she did not withdraw it. Maude was crying, too; but a smile, like sunshine, came into her eyes as she stole a timid, wistful look up into his affectionate eyes, as I have seen children ask for pardon. "When we separated for the night, grandmother took a hand of each of them in one of hers, and said, "Good-night, my children; be true to yourselves and to each other!" and it was in this way I noticed a ring, like the love-token in the picture, on my grandmother's wedding-finger. NEVER BE IDLE.—Life is too short to allow of any moments being wasted which can be turned to good account. The apprentice who spends his evenings in study is sure to lay up a stock of ideas, which he will find, at some time or other, will prove to him so much positive capital. His fellow apprentice, who squanders his evenings at oyster collars, or in lounging at out-cottage-houses, gains no such seeds of future wealth; but on the contrary impairs his health by his early excesses, besides losing the confidence of all who might help him forward in life. Even he, who avoids the follies so common to young men, but yet makes fatigue the plea for sleeping away the evening, or otherwise wasting his time, commits a serious blunder. If more persons would resolve, on emerging from childhood, never to be idle, there would be many fortunes made where one is made now, and twenty men rise to eminence where one obtains distinction at present. Every year more hours are wasted, of four people out of five, than would if improved, have made them rich in their old age.—Never be idle.—Phila. Ledger. A RUSSIAN OUTBREAK.—The papers say that the Emperor Nicholas has had a breaking out on his face. To us it has long been obvious that he is rash all over. Punch.

**An Impressive Lesson.**  
"Be sure your sin will find you out," was the admonition of the Hebrew lawyer to two of the tribes of Israel, who had reason to fear might be tempted to deal unfairly with their brethren. The admonition conveys a truth which, with rare exceptions, has held good in all ages, and among all people. Recently it has been most impressively enforced in the infamous career and the tragical death of Dr. George A. Gardner, mentioned in our last. This individual is represented as a man of good appearance and education, and from the vast scheme of fraud which he conceived and carried through with perfect success, it is evident that he possessed talents which, rightly applied, might have earned for him an honorable position among men. But he chose a career of guilt, and he has received his reward. By an ingenious and elaborate series of forgeries and frauds, he obtained from the Mexican commission nearly half a million of dollars, and left this country for Europe, without a suspicion resting upon him. After paying his counsel and other claims, he was able to leave some \$22,000 subject to his order, in Washington and New York. His success seemed complete, and his security beyond a doubt. But while he was abroad, a new clerk happened to enter into the service of the Mexican commissioners—a man who had lived fifteen years in Mexico. It also happened to fall to the duty of this clerk to file away the various papers belonging to the commission, among them the Gardner documents. It happened, too, that the clerk's attention was attracted by the palpable evidence of fraud, in the vouchers of Dr. Gardner. A thorough examination satisfied him that the whole claim was a gross fraud. His suspicions were communicated to government, and measures were taken to investigate the affair. An injunction was laid upon a considerable portion of the money Gardner had left in bank. He returned, was indicted, and took his trial; but he was so ably defended, and his plot had been so carefully laid, that the jury were staggered, and could not agree. On a second trial, he was convicted, and sentenced to ten years imprisonment. The next stage in the drama was his suicide—a terrible confession of the justice of his sentence, and an awful blow to the friends who had stood by him through the prosecution. The wretched man died with a lie in his mouth, as the physicians who made a chemical analysis of the contents of the stomach, testified to finding strychnine and brucine in quantities more than sufficient to destroy life. Pieces of paper were also found in the stomach, which had been used as inclosures for the poison, and were much worn from being carried long in the pocket.

The admonition which this event carries with it, was well expressed by Judge Crawford, in pronouncing sentence upon the criminal:—"The unexampled ingenuity of the network spread out on this trial, and the fact that it has been exposed at the last stage, ought not to fail of a beneficial effect, in convincing all men that if they trample on laws human and divine, they shall suffer for it."

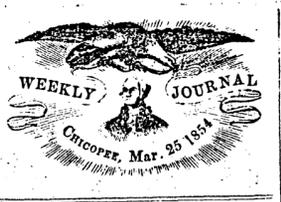
**N. E. Farmer.**  
"Who is recently returned from a three year's sojourn in Europe, in expressing her disgust at the evening at the fashionable habit among our Fifth Avenue circles of getting "a little tight" at parties, remarked that such violations of decency were not tolerated in the upper circles of European society. To appear tipsy in the presence of ladies is there regarded as an unpardonable offence; and she mentioned the case of a certain elegant and dashing young nobleman, who was banished from the drawing rooms of Brussels for having been intoxicated at an evening party.

But it is very different here in New York.—Nobody thinks of "cutting" young Bilo who got so drunk the other evening at Madame Mach's fancy ball in the Fifth Avenue that the servants were obliged to put him to bed, where he lay "in his swinish sleep" until three o'clock the next day. The hostess, we understand, even plumes herself upon the fact, as an illustration of the free and easy manner in which her guests "make themselves at home" in her house.

**New York Mirror.**  
**PLEASURE.** Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child! for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth.—Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the quiet days of childhood? The writer of this recalls himself at this moment as a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village; with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage—he was a wood-cutter by trade—and spent the whole week at his work in the woods. He was come into his garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations—it was streaked with red and white—gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word; and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now, here at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feelings of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy, expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but now it blooms afresh.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

**THE NEWS-BOYS' LOANING-HOUSE, N. Y.**—An effort is just being made by the Children's Aid Society to raise a large class of boys who have hitherto been mostly out of good influences—the news-boys. The plan is to furnish the boys with good lodging, at sixpence a night, and, in connection with the lodging-room, to have a pleasant, warm room, with books, papers, &c., where they can read or be taught, or listen to some simple lecture or lesson. A bath-room and an office for the Superintendent is connected with it. A book and savings box will be kept by means of which each boy can deposit in the Sixpenny Bank.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

**D. S. Wood,** an engineer on the Western railroad, was seriously injured at the East Chatham station on Tuesday. In passing from one train to another he was caught between a locomotive and the platform. Two of his ribs were broken, and he was badly bruised otherwise.



**AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.**  
V. B. PALMER is the Agent for this paper in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and is fully empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His receipts will be regarded as payments. His offices are in Scollay's Building, Boston, Tribune Building, New York, and North-West corner Third and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

**WE notice that the Town Whig Committee** have called a meeting in Cabot Hall, next Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of nominating town officers and choosing a Town Whig Committee for the ensuing year. We hope it is not necessary to urge a full attendance.

**THE NEBRASKA QUESTION.**  
One of the serious faults of the age is a hurried impatience with everything—Subjects of the most vital importance are brought before the public mind, an intense feeling is awakened, which finds expression through public meetings, long series of resolutions, solemn addresses and the like, and then all sinks back to its accustomed level, and the subject is dismissed as old. There is generally a want of persistence, continued effort. From this cause, many a noble purpose is suffered to go by default, and every hope for good under it, is lost forever.

The American people, in this particular, seem to partake more of the character of the rolieite French, than of their Saxon progenitors. It is said that the battle of Waterloo was won by Wellington in consequence of his faith in the endurance, and unyielding purpose of the English troops; and his movements were directed by this confidence, and that splendid victory achieved through the fact that it was not misplaced. The quality of character which fits one to engage in carrying a forlorn hope is ever to be esteemed, and will always command respect among men. The opponent that strong and true men like to meet, is that one who is always sure to be found at his post, with the cry ever upon his lips—*nil desperandum.* There is something tangible about such a man; in opposing him you are sure not to be merely beating the air. In the present crisis, we are reminded of the words of the poet:—"I am tired of this Nebraska business."

Yet there never has been a question before Congress 't' has demanded a more unflinching struggle; where so much was to be gained or lost by agitating, or ceasing to agitate. Every day jeopardizes the chances of the ultimate success of the bill, and every demonstration against it weakens its power.

We are glad to publish, as we do below, the address of the Clergymen of Hampden county. It is a document worthy the high source from whence it emanated, and worthy to be read by all the people. The voice of the Watchmen who have been stationed upon the watch-tower of Israel to warn the people in the name of the Most High, should not fall powerless to the ground. The present glory of New England is largely attributable to this class, and every true New England heart feels a sense of shame and chagrin, that they were not more manfully defended on the floor of the United States Senate, when attacked in so cowardly a manner by the Senator from Illinois.

**ADDRESS.**  
**To the Members of Christian Ecclesiastical Societies in Hampden County.**  
Brethren and Friends:—Assembled in a special convention for the consideration of a theme apparently somewhat remote from the line of our ordinary professional occupation, we are yet by no means unmindful of our relation, as pastors, to you. On the contrary, it is not as citizens, nor as philanthropists, nor as ministers of Christianity merely, that we have met, but distinctly and chiefly as pastors. We do not, indeed, assume to represent your sentiments upon the points which have been embraced in our discussions, though we trust that in the reaction which we have taken we shall find that we have to a good degree your sympathy and support. Yet it is principally in view of the connection which we hold with you, and of the consequent influence which you may be supposed to exert in forming your sentiments, or directing your action upon moral subjects—an influence for which, as conceded by you under the will of God, we are grateful, and the responsibility of which both to the Lord and to you we deeply feel; it is in view of this that we have desired to avow our opinions and combine our counsels upon the great question which is now agitating our country. This is our justification for the present address, to which we solicit your candid attention.

Suffer us to ask you to look at the issue now pending before our national Legislature in its true aspect. Consider it in its bearing upon Christianity. The boundaries of freedom are generally the boundaries of pure, enlightened religion. Within the limits of oppression, ignorance, superstition, infidelity, pride and all their associated evils largely prevail. The effort to extend the reign of all that would oppose the progress of the Gospel of Christ in our land.

Consider it in its bearing upon the honor of the nation. The demand that the territory described in the bill before Congress be opened to the encroachments of slavery, is a demand that we shall sacrifice on the foul altar of sectional interest, the fundamental principles of truth and good faith. A vast domain pledged to freedom by previous solemn enactments, is to be laid at the feet of reckless ambition, to the conscience of the world abhor, and which our republic is under bonds to humanity, by legislation with which you are familiar, to at least restrict, and thus virtually and ultimately prohibit. To forfeit these bonds is to renounce the claims of honor, and thus destroy the confidence of the world in us; give just occasion for despots to triumph, and the oppressed of all nations to faint.

Consider it in its bearing upon the citizens of the free States in their connection with slavery. It asks that we shall take upon ourselves the responsibility of fostering and perpetuating an institution always odious to us and from which we have hitherto flattered ourselves that we stood aloof,—enduring only in others while protesting ourselves. Other portions of our country, having previously adopted slavery as their domestic system, have sought admission to our union, and we have not thought it expedient to deny them, nor consistent with the constitution to rearrange their social basis. Now, however, we are required to plant with our own hands the system which it does not exist, and cannot, unless we of the north place it there. Hitherto our southern neighbors have warned us that we interfere not with their institution—now they would have us not only interfere for them, but make it ours, and foster it as of common interest. It has been sectional in its character—*are* are to make it national. In the light of these considerations, and many others, which we refrain from mentioning, earnestly, as teachers of righteousness, beseech you to awake to the importance of this great question, the most momentous when regarded in its probable future results, that has stirred the minds of our people since the founding of the republic.—We urge you to cast aside the restraint of party ties, and break from the local prejudices which have hitherto hindered all efficient action, and hereafter, with united hearts and hands, resist the advances of an enemy to our peace, prosperity, honor usefulness, and above all, our religion, which, often insidious in its approaches, has now waxed bold from our patience, and cannot longer be tampered with safely. We do not venture to recommend any political action. We only ask that whatever political organizations you may see fit, individually, to adopt, you give this subject the place which rightly belongs to it, as paramount in importance to all others, social, economical or international.

Wishing you grace, mercy and peace, we remain faithfully yours.

**Sad and Fatal Accident.**  
We are rarely called upon to record an accident like the following, that is, one attended with so many circumstances that seem to invest it with a peculiar interest of seeming to invade the sanctity of private grief, we venture to enter somewhat into particulars.

Mr. Walter Palmer, a farmer residing in the northern portion of Chicopee Street, near Williamsett, was engaged last Tuesday in chopping, upon a lot east of his dwelling. Mr. Palmer is now living with a second wife; has had one child by his first wife, named Albert, an unusually forward and interesting boy, aged at this time about five years. The mother of Mr. P.'s first wife is a resident in his family, and has been so for years; Mrs. Palmer was her only daughter, and the child, the last link in the family chain. All these circumstances combined to endear it to his heart, and they seemed to cling to it with a "wild idolatry." On the day above named, the child requested to be allowed to visit the lot where his father was chopping; the consent of both father and mother was obtained, and he accompanied his father to the ground. Mr. Palmer was soon after engaged in cutting down a tree, which leaned to the south-east, and the wind at the time was blowing from the north-west; being anxious for the safety of the boy, he took him up, and placed him some distance from the butt of the tree, on the north-west side. When the tree was ready to fall, contrary to all expectations, it fell in the direction of the place where the boy was located; and striking him on the forehead, broke in his skull, killing him instantly. How forcibly do all these circumstances bring to mind the words of the ancient prophet "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."

The state of mind into which this afflictive dispensation throws the father and aged grandmother, borders on distraction. In the midst of their trials, the sympathies of a large number of friends, and of the entire community are extended towards them.

**AN UNUSUAL SIGHT.**—On Friday morning an image was discovered swinging from a limb of one of the trees in the public square, in front of Mr. Isaac Ballens. It was suspended by a cord around the neck. Hundreds of people flocked to see it as the news went around the village; and it was greeted in a variety of ways by the different crowds. A placard was attached to the figure which read as follows:—"STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLASS, AMERICA'S REPUTED JUDAS. TRAITOR."

We are not aware when, or by whom the effigy was placed there, but understand that a zealous juvenile Democrat exclaimed, upon seeing it, "that's the work of some infamous Whig." It may be so, and may be not.

**SPORTING.**—We took occasion last week to notice the sporting operations of some of our friends, who seemed to be having a nice time shooting black ducks, "down in the cove." Mr. H. C. Rich, desirous no doubt of convincing us that we had pitched that tune no higher than we could sing it, placed a fine specimen of the birds in question, upon our table, one day this week. We caused it to be placed upon another sort of table, and found it "all times cracked up to be." We had a rich time over it, friend Rich, and you have our richest thanks.

The good luck of the boys at home has excited a desire in others to enjoy similar sport in a wider field; consequently, Capt. Leavitt, with Messrs. Walker and Webster from here, and City Marshal Churchill of Springfield, are bound for Milford Point, Conn., where sad havoc may be expected among the web-footed denizens of that quarter. We understand that they left home yesterday, with high hopes. We shall be glad to chronicle their good luck next week.

The annual meeting of School District No. 4 in the town of Chicopee, is called at Cabot Hall next Wednesday evening the 29th, at 1-2 past 7 o'clock.

The book-store of Col. Ansel Phelps of Greenfield was destroyed by fire last Wednesday night. Amount of loss not known. Probably covered by insurance. The fire is supposed to have taken from a defect in the chimney, in the attic.

Accounts of the great gale last Saturday, which roofed a considerable portion of the new passenger depot at Springfield, demolished the freight house of the Conn. River Rail Road Co. at Holyoke, and committed divers and sundry similar acts, in various parts of the country, near and remote, has been so fully described by all the dailies during the last week, that we shall consider our readers know all about it, and therefore not trouble them with a rehash of windy items.

As we waited until the last possible moment for a letter from our Boston correspondent, which would give an account of the doings of the Legislature for the past week, and were disappointed in not receiving it, we shall be under the necessity of withholding from our readers any account of the doings of that august body. The Hoosac Tunnel bill has not yet passed the House, and some of its friends are becoming impatient of the delay.

**PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.**—For April, with received, and is to be had at Brown's.

**POLICE.**  
Owen McIntyre was tried before Justice Sherman for being a common drunkard, and also for being drunk. He was found guilty of the latter, and fined cent and costs, which he paid.

Officer Wheeler brought Patrick Burns before Justice Stearns charged with being a common drunkard, and also with being drunk. This warrant was issued some two months ago, and the defendant hitherto had evaded the officer. The magistrate upon being satisfied that the defendant has reformed, and was steady and industrious ordered him to be discharged upon judgment of costs.

**National Monument to Washington.**  
Our readers will find below a statement in regard to this interesting enterprise, which has been furnished by the agent in this town, Wm. L. Bemis Esq. It would seem that there could be but few objects to which it would be such a privilege for an American citizen to contribute, as to a monument to commemorate the deeds and virtues of the Father of his Country.

All persons desirous of aiding by their contributions in the completion of the "National Monument to Washington," are invited to do so previous to the 10th of April next as it is designed to forward the funds collected from this town at that date.

Boxes for the reception of funds may be found at the office of the Chicopee Manufacturing Co., the Ames Manufacturing Co., the Perkins Mills, and the Dwight Manufacturing Co.; also, at the Town Clerk's office in Chicopee.

### Communications.

**Pittsburg March, 16th, 1854.**  
**FRIEND CHILDS.**—I left for this city yesterday by rail-cars, via Wellsville, distance 150 miles. The last named place is the terminus of the railroad on this route and the rest of the distance is by steam boat, 50 miles up the Ohio river, lie a few feet below the surface of the earth.—They are the deposits of vegetable matter, which in the course of ages, through chemical process has become the staple fuel of this country. It is supposed by many scientific persons, that all this section of the country, was once covered by waters, and as they receded, leaving marshy deposits, these coal-beds have since been formed.

Touching the river brought reminiscences of former years to mind. Fourteen years ago I was passing down the same river, a month or two later in the season. The banks were then covered with verdure and appeared more attractive than now. The trees are now without foliage, but spring is here in good earnest, and the shores will soon be dressed in living green. There is a good stage of water, which now appears very muddy. The steamers use the staple of this country for fuel and the smoke which rolls in cloudy volumes from the pipes of the "Steamer Winchester," resembles wool—not white, however, but really "dyed-in-the-wool." The prophetic words of John Fitch one of the first applicators of steam for the propelling of boats, was that when his bones were resting by the banks of the Ohio, the stillness of its shores would resound with the music of the steamer, and the merry voice of the boatman. More than this has come to pass, not only are the stillness of its waters disturbed by the puff-puff-puff of the steamer and the screaming of the steam-whistle, but along its banks are to be laid the iron rails, and then there will be other voices added to the river-choir. A railroad is now being built from Wellsville to Pittsburg curving with the river.

Pittsburg is located at the junction of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, which compose the waters of the Ohio. Here, properly speaking, is where steamboat navigation ceases, although the first named waters are navigable a few miles up for small boats. The city and its environs contain 100,000 inhabitants. The amount of the iron, glass, and coal trade are immense. I was informed from a reliable source that the former alone is near 20,000,000 dollars, yearly. At this season of the year, it is estimated that 600 tons of freight is brought by Ohio steamers into that port daily, and an immense quantity passes through the city and is shipped to different ports down the river, and the far west.

There are many costly and magnificent public and private buildings. I had time to see but few of the former. The Court-House is a very expensive substantial structure, commanding an elevated position, and giving one quite an extensive prospect. The largest and most expensive edifice, is the Catholic Cathedral, which is now in course of completion. Its length is 225 feet, and its width is 140 feet. It is built of costly and massive structures of the finest of the States.

East, we hear much of going west, but here there is hardly an hour in the day, one does not see or learn of persons "westward ho!" The fact is, after one move, it is much easier pushing further, so that now the Pacific is the only limit. The old homestead—the early associations, and the graves of our fathers, each strong chords binding us to the scenes of our childhood, once severed, it becomes easier to change, and as business, adventure, accumulation are proverbial with the whole Yankee nation now days, locality, taste and even affection, are often sacrificed to its way.

There are many more items of interest which I would like to add, but as my time is so much occupied, and I am so soon to leave for the city of "brotherly-love" that I shall be obliged to adjourn until a more convenient season. Oz.

**Court of Common Pleas.**  
*Elizus Wade vs. the Town of Chicopee.*—The jury returned a verdict against the town, on Tuesday, in the above case, for \$552, after a trial of four days' length. The suit was for an injury alleged to have been sustained by the Plaintiff by driving into a snow bank in the highway near the house of Samuel Mills, in February, 1852. The road was blocked up with snow, and was impassable, and a turn-out was provided into the adjoining lot, as had been the custom every year from time immemorial.

The Plaintiff was returning from a cruise through Springfield and about, to his home in Ludlow, late one Saturday night. At the house of Samuel Mills, he left his brother-in-law, Dwight W. Mills, who had been with him through the day,—and started towards Ludlow alone, with his horse and sleigh. How the accident happened, only appeared by his own account of it, given to the Selectmen of Chicopee, and sworn to by them at the trial; and also by the Town Clerk. He said he was driving fast,—the horse inclined to turn into the lot, or into the bushes; he twitched him up with the rein, and struck him, and he jumped and plunged right into the snow bank and "smashed all up." He couldn't tell how he got hurt, but he thought the horse must have kicked him.

He had been over the road several times before, and knew of the turn-out, but forgot it. The place of the accident was just at the turn-out, and the marks in the snow bank—a hard high bank—corroborated with his account of it and indicated that the horse and sleigh were driven with a good deal of force, out of the path where it turned to go into the lot, and upon the bank. The shafts, cross bars, and dash board were all broken to pieces in the scrape, and the Plaintiff in some inexpressible manner received a severe contusion upon the knee pan, as if made by the toe cirk of a horse. There were some marks about the place as if the Plaintiff had himself been down in the snow. There was nothing but the twitch and the blow which seemed sufficient to account for the horse's leaving the beaten path to mount the snow-bank; for although there was a curve in the road, and a little flurry of snow had slightly obscured the path, yet the known instincts and sagacity of the horse would have carried the sleigh safely through, if left to himself. It was sufficiently light, as Mills testified, to en-

able him to see a distance of thirty rods, and that Wade drove carefully so far on his way. One ground of defence was that the Plaintiff was not in a condition to exercise due and ordinary care, either in the management of his horse or himself.

It appeared that he and Dwight W. Mills had been at the "Five Mile House" in Springfield, where Mills had had a lottery that afternoon;—that all the party were pretty well awake;—there was proof positive that Wade and Mills both drank once there; proof to a reasonable degree of certainty that they both drank twice there, and a reasonable degree of probability that twice was not all; for just before leaving that place Wade accepted an acquaintance who drove up to the house to water his horses, with "How are you," and at the same time pulled the man's cap down over his eyes. Upon being asked what he meant by it, he said "I'm pretty drunk to-night," and then invited the person in to take a drink.

From the Five Mile House, Wade and his brother-in-law Mills, came to Springfield Hill, and that they took another drink there was proved by Wade's own confession, testified to by three of the Selectmen and the Town Clerk of Chicopee.

They then went to the Franklin House, near Chicopee Falls, kept by Lorenzo Lard, and passed an hour or so there. Lard's bar tender testified that Wade drank about a third of a tumbler full of raw whiskey when he first came there. Mills also said that they both drank there. Whether he drank more there or not is involved in mystery, but he bought any quantity,—treated the company in the bar-room several times, threw liquor on the floor,—paid about \$1.50 for what liquor he purchased there;—was so noisy that Lard came into the bar-room twice and told Wade that he must make less noise.

At about nine o'clock, after this carousal they drove away, and at about ten o'clock, Wade met with the accident.

By the rule of law, (and the Court so instructed the Jury) in order to find a verdict for the Plaintiff, the jury must be satisfied beyond any reasonable doubt that the Plaintiff was in the use of reasonable care, skill, and prudence in the management of himself and his horse at the time of the accident, and that he was in a condition to exercise such care, skill, and prudence; and it is for the Plaintiff to satisfy them of this. The jury by their verdict declare that they were so satisfied.

It ought further to be stated that Dwight W. Mills testified that neither Wade nor himself were intoxicated that night, and Lard's bar-tender thought Wade wasn't drunk when he left the Franklin House.

If this evidence satisfied the jury beyond any reasonable doubt that the Plaintiff was sober and capable of exercising ordinary care and skill, it would be an interesting inquiry "What would raise a doubt in their minds upon that point?"

What a blessed institution is "Trial by Jury!"

By His Excellency, EMORY WASHBURN, Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

**A PROCLAMATION**  
FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC FASTING HUMILIATION AND PRAYER.

The hour of adversity is not the only occasion when the wise man pauses to consider his ways, and reflect upon the vanity of human pursuits. To nations, as to individuals, prosperity brings its dangers; and happy is that people whose sense of dependence upon Divine goodness does not require to be quickened by any of those afflictive dispensations through which Providence at times makes known the sovereignty of His will as the endurance of His mercy.

Favored as is our Commonwealth in everything that can bless her as a community, prospered as she is in her basket and her store, with her sons reaping the sure rewards of well directed industry, it is a fit occasion to awaken serious reflection, and to turn men, for a brief period at least, from the toils and pleasures of life to a contemplation of the power and goodness of Him from whom these blessings flow.

When our fathers set apart, at the opening of the year, a day for solemn prayer and religious meditation, they manifested a becoming sense of reliance upon Divine protection, which has sustained them in the hour of their weakness and danger, and left upon record an example which their posterity should never forget. The same Providence that watched over our fathers, still guards the sons, and sheds through the instrumentality of the same means, blessings upon our whole community.

In the light then of Revelation, as well as of their own past history, let the people of Massachusetts keep a day for the solemn commemoration of the mercies of the past, and of prayer for the needed blessings for the future. Let them come together in their respective places of worship, and, laying aside for a while the cares of business and the pursuits of gain and pleasure, seek in faith and humility for Divine favor in all their lawful undertakings. Let the prayers of a whole community go up to the Father of all Goodness, that He will crown the coming year with His mercies, and pour out His blessings upon our beloved Commonwealth, in all her varied interests; that our whole country may share in the riches of His bounty; that her counsels may be guided by wisdom, and no act be done which can bring just reproach upon the nation, or weaken the bonds which unite her as one people; that war may cease in the whole earth, and the rod of the oppressor be everywhere broken. And above all, that the Gospel of His Son may have full course and be glorified; its light be made to shine upon lands that now lie in darkness, and its saving influences be known and acknowledged of all men.

The prohibitory liquor bill in the Pennsylvania legislature passed the House on Wednesday, by a vote of 50 to 44, and only awaits the signature of the governor to become a law in May.

Baker, the newly elected democratic governor of New Hampshire, is said to be opposed to the Nebraska bill.

The Maine Liquor Law has been defeated in the New Jersey Legislature by a vote of 36 to 22.

A. T. Dewey has left the firm of Porter, Buell & Co., publishers of the Westfield News Letter, and will devote himself to Job Printing.

Letters received in New Orleans, from Texas, report that there were nearly twenty-four thousand bales of cotton at the different landings on the Trinity river, Texas, on the 13th inst.

The nomination of Fletcher Webster Esq., as surveyor of the Post of Boston, was unanimously confirmed by the U. S. Senate, on Tuesday last.

Mr. Benchley of Worcester, reported to the House of Representatives on Thursday a bill prepared by the special joint committee on the subject, entitled "concerning the employment of persons by manufacturing companies." It provides that, after Oct. 1, 1854, no person shall be employed by or for any incorporated company more than ten hours in one day, except in running railroad trains, and during repairs to machinery or works of necessity and charity. The bill will be acted on hereafter.

Mr. Samuel Herman, merchant of Boston has recently presented \$1000 to the Washington Total Abstinence Society, of that city.

The Washington letter writers mention a rumor that Mr. Secretary Marcy is about to retire from the State Department, and the Cabinet.

Ex-Governor Clifford and Mr. Grinnell of New Bedford have declined to have their names used as candidates for the vacant office of Representative to Congress from the first district of this State, in place of Mr. Scudder.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS PRESERVED.—On the books at Willard's Hotel, Washington, is the following recent entry:—"Mrs. Lewis and husband, Buffalo."

**WHIG NOTICE.**—A Whig Legislative Convention will be held in the Hall of the House of Representatives, on Thursday the 30th inst., at 7 1-2 o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of electing a Whig State Central Committee for the ensuing year. Towns which are not represented in the legislature by whigs, are requested to send delegates equal in number to the representatives they are entitled to.

**BURNING OF A STEAMER AND LOSS OF LIFE.**  
The steamer Caroline, running from Memphis, was burned on Saturday the 5th inst., near the mouth of White River. The boat was totally destroyed and forty or fifty lives lost. The flames spread so rapidly that scarcely any on board escaped. As soon as she was discovered to be on fire, the pilot ran her on land. Fifteen persons seized the yawl and attempted to reach the shore, but the boat sunk and all perished. The Captain jumped into the river and was drowned, and the pilot perished as the wheel. The boat burned to the water's edge then slid off and sunk, being a total wreck together with her cargo.

**PERILOUS LEAP.**—A leap not much less perilous than that of Samuel Patch, was witnessed on Saturday, by the conductor and passengers of the Covington and Lexington train. A young farmer was walking across the bridge at Denmolville just after the train had passed over when the engine was suddenly reversed and the cars were backed at a rapid rate. There was no room on the side of the bridge to stand between the edge and the cars, the only alternative was to spring off into the creek running thirty or forty feet below. The young man gave one look at the cars and instantly sprang over the side and struck the water feet foremost. The train was stopped, but to the surprise of all, the hero of the perilous feat came out of the water, shook himself and went whistling, "Jordan is a hard road to travel, I believe."

**Portrait of Mr. Sumner.**—Mr. D. L. Glover has just issued a very handsome lithographic portrait of Mr. Charles Sumner, Senator in Congress. It is from an original crayon by W. W. Story and was lithographed by S. W. Chandler & Bro. The portrait is not only a very handsome specimen of art, but a good likeness of Mr. Sumner. It may be found at D. Williams, 234 Washington street.

**MILITARY FAVOR IN NOVA SCOTIA.**  
The Halifax British North America of March 12th, contains the following paragraph:—"What are the Government of Nova Scotia about, that our Militia are not being enrolled, in case of a sudden emergency? What is to hinder a dozen American steamers, with Russian Letters of Marque, from making a descent on the shores of Nova Scotia, and ravaging our flourishing settlements? Is nothing to be done to show our sympathy for Old England in her present struggle with the Bear of the North? The enrollment of the Militia would cost but a trifle, and if called into active service, the sons of Nova Scotia would prove themselves men. Put your fire-arms in order, boys! burnish up your swords; and hurrah for Old England, against the woman-flogging Czar."

**PHRAIM M. WRIGHT Secretary.**  
God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.



