

# The Weekly Journal.

Volume 3.

CHICOPEE MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1855.

Number 29.

## POETRY.

### THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

The gloomy night is breaking;  
E'en now the sunbeams rest,  
With a faint, yet cheering radiance  
On the hill-tops of the west.  
The mists are slowly rising  
From the valley and the plain,  
And a spirit is awakening  
That shall never sleep again.  
And ye may hear, that listen,  
The spirit's stirring song,  
That surges like the ocean,  
With its solemn bass along.  
Ho! can ye stay the rivers,  
Or bind the wings of light,  
Or bring back to the morning  
The old departed night?  
Nor shall ye check its impulse,  
Until earth's groaning millions  
Have felt its healing power!  
That spirit is progression,  
In the vigor of its youth;  
The foe of oppression;  
And its armor is the truth.  
Old error with its legions  
Must fall beneath its wrath;  
Nor blood, nor tears, nor anguish,  
Will mark its brilliant path.  
But onward, upward, heavenward,  
The spirit still will soar,  
Till peace and love shall triumph,  
And falsehood reign no more.

### THE BROTHERS; Or, the False Name.

It was now more than twenty years ago, that a man named Abraham, the son of Abraham, made his appearance one day in November at the office of Captain Ispravnik, the head of the police in the province of Kiev. This Abraham, the son of Abraham, was a tavern-keeper, and, in fact, had the post-house at the little village of Semenov-Loy under his management. He was strongly averse to any regular agricultural pursuits, and consequently, in a country agricultural par excellence, was driven to the alternative of eking out his pittance in life by retailing spirits, jobbing horses, and making as much as he could of whomsoever the ill destiny of thirst, or hunger, or fatigue, might lead to his wayside house.

When, therefore, Abraham, the son of Abraham, deposed before the head of police that Francis Salezy Krynszloff, lord-proprietor of the village of Semenov-Loy, a rich and respectable man, was an imposter who bore a false name, and had acquired his wealth and station by the most complicated system of roguery, the head of the police gave evident signs of incredulity. He observed at the same time, that an accusation of so serious a nature required the most irrefragable proof; and that the peril was great which he, Abraham, the son of Abraham, incurred in thus attacking a powerful and wealthy individual, who enjoyed the reputation of civic virtue and Christian charity. But Abraham, the son of Abraham, persisted, and gave substance to his accusation by the following recital:—

"In the year 1800, they lived at Mozir a poor gentleman, who was a widower, and had two sons—Francis Salezy Krynszloff, and Joachim Krynszloff. Being without any means of existence, the three took service under Major Fogel, receiver of the taxes at Mozir. The father died at that town on the 26th of May, 1802, as can be proved from the public register of deaths. The elder son, Francis, entered the military service of Russia, became captain in the regiment of dragoons of the Zver, and was killed at the battle of Borodino in 1812. An official communication of this glorious death was made to the authorities of Mozir. As to the younger son, Joachim—accused in 1814 of having poisoned the Countess Sero-Komoleska, and moreover, of having drowned the young Count Edmund Sero-Komoleska, grand nephew of that lady—he was thrown into the prison fortress, and arraigned before the criminal court. But in the course of his trial he died suddenly at Mozir, on the 12th of November, 1819.

Struck with the logic of this argument, and with the warmth with which Abraham, the son of Abraham, concluded his deposition, and half persuaded by the appearance of sincerity which pervaded the general tone and language of his informant, Captain Ispravnik bethought him that the affair might be worth investigating, and dispatched an officer to Semenov-Loy to commence the research.

To this officer, the lord proprietor showed his family documents, and among others,

the register of his birth, with the name of Francis Salezy Krynszloff: upon it, born at Mozir, the 22d of September, 1777. This date exactly tallied with the age which the captain of dragoons, who was killed at Borodino, would, if still living, have attained. But in spite of the coincidence, the officer thought it his duty to conduct the lord proprietor to Radomysset, where he was thrown into prison, and made the subject of an indictment.

The fact of a wealthy land owner being suddenly torn from his home, incarcerated in the public jail, and threatened with an inquisition which should prove an imposter both in rank and title, was sufficient to arouse the attention of the public. No one could imagine what possible cause the feigned Francis Salezy Krynszloff could have had for assuming an extinct name, that had even no connection with the property. With the most minute precision were the facts of the case entered into by the authorities. More than three hundred witnesses were heard, and more than two hundred registers, civil and military, examined. Officers and soldiers who had served with the real Francis Salezy Krynszloff were brought from the army of the Caucasus, and even from the distant garrison of Siberia, to prove his death at the battle of Borodino.

On all sides, the proofs of the death of the two brother Krynszloff seemed established beyond a doubt. The lord-proprietor was therefore an imposter, and, as such, must be exposed before the public tribunal of justice, and punished according to his deserts.

Pressed on all sides, by the evidence of these facts, the pretended Simon Pure at last made a full confession. He admitted that he was not entitled to the name he bore; but that he was entitled to that of Joachim Krynszloff, who was supposed to have died in prison in the year 1819, he firmly asserted; and this view of the question he confirmed by the following recital:—

After the death of my father, I was in service of Major Fogel. The major took kindly to me, and I soon became his secretary, his confidant. I fulfilled to the letter all the orders he gave me; but I knew nothing of his projects and designs.

At that time there lived at Mozir a very rich widow, the Countess Sero-Komoleska. She had no children; and every one supposed she had left all her property to the Father Capuchins of Mozir. It was even added that a will to that effect had been executed by her; and people went so far as to name some of the most distinguished persons in the town as witnesses of her last dispositions. Rumor said that the will was contained in a little box which the countess always kept under her pillow.

Major Fogel contracted a very lively friendship with the countess, and visited her house daily. This friendship grew into absolute confidence on the part of the lady; and to the great annoyance of the Capuchins, she finally abandoned to the Major the management of all her affairs and property. With the countess lived a young orphan of great beauty; her name was Julia Krynszloff. At first sight, I fell desperately in love with her, and was happy in meeting with an equal return of tenderness; but the countess was opposed to a marriage, and said that Julia was too young to think of settling in life.

One day the major brought the countess some bottles of Tokay, which he represented as more than a hundred years old. The countess tasted it and found it excellent. "Then don't give any away," said Major Fogel; "but keep it all for yourself." Each of these bottles is a treasure; and I hope you will not give a drop to anybody—not even to Julia," added he smiling.

The countess followed his advice only too strictly. She got into the habit of taking every day, after dinner, one glass of this exquisite wine; but from that moment she became an invalid, and her health habitually so excellent, declined day by day, till at last she was forced to keep her bed. The Major passed whole nights by her side, in rivalry with the Capuchins. Julia, who is now my wife, has told me that one night when the sick lady had dozed off, and the attendant monk had also subsided into a profound sleep, Major Fogel gently raised the countess's pillow, took the little box which was under it, and abstracting a large paper, put in its place

one of equal size; then replaced all things in their former state. In less than half an hour after, the countess awoke, and the major hastened to give her the medicine which the surgeon Isailoff had prescribed the evening before. But scarcely had the countess taken the draught, ere she was seized with convulsions, and gave up the ghost in horrible agony.

I do not know whether Major Fogel suspected Julia of having witnessed, from the little side chamber in which she slept, the evil action which he had committed, but he said, as though to pacify the grief with which the orphan gazed on the dead body of her benefactress: "I take upon me to marry you to Joachim, and to give you a marriage portion."

When the decease of the Countess Sero-Komoleska had been legally verified, the little box containing her will was opened. But to the great astonishment of every one, and particularly of the monks, the will—signed by the countess, and witnessed by four Russian functionaries of Mozir—a general bequest of all the property of the deceased to Major Fogel, on condition that if within three years, any heir of the countess should be found, all the subject-matter of her will should go to that heir, with the exception of one-fourth part, which should belong to Major Fogel. The property of the countess was valued at two million rubles.

Five months had scarcely elapsed since the death of the countess, when there arrived at Mozir the young Count Edmund Sero-Komoleska, grand-nephew of the deceased. The right of this young man to the succession was a secret to no one, and Major Fogel knew it as well as we. He received the last and only heir of the countess with a great demonstration of friendship; nay, his kindness was all but paternal. He welcomed him to his own house, surrounded him with the most delicate and continuous solicitude, and provided with affectionate attention everything his guest desired.

Unfortunately, the young Count Edmund in quitting Cracow, where he usually lived, had forgotten the certificate of the death of his father and mother, thinking that the title and other documents he had brought with him would more than suffice to prove his identity. Major Fogel pointed out to him this deficiency in the family papers, but added at the same time: "As to myself, my dear friend, I am convinced that you are really and truly the legitimate heir of the Countess Sero-Komoleska, but law requires great formalities, and it is necessary for us to submit to them." The count at once admitted the justice of this remark; and a confidential servant was sent to Cracow to find the documents, without which the affair could not be brought to a termination.

During the time which was absolutely necessary for the accomplishment of the messenger's journey, the major sought all possible means of amusing Count Edmund. I was his daily companion. Once, we were going out shooting; the major gave me a fowling piece, and said: "Load it well, for Count Edmund will use it." I loaded it as you usually do a fowling piece, and yet the barrel burst at the first fire, and the count received a contusion on his cheek and his arm. Fortunately, the wounds were not serious, and the cure was speedy.

On another occasion the major bought a horse for the count—a horse which appeared very docile. The major had it saddled with his own saddle, and he showed me himself that every part of the horse-gear was in perfect order. He then bade me accompany the count, who wished to take a ride into the country. But scarcely had we got beyond the walls of the town when the horse which had appeared so docile, began to kick and rear; the saddle-girths broke, and the count, although a good horseman, fell and dislocated his arm. He might have been killed, for the road was scattered over with pieces of rock and pointed stones. Again, however, the count escaped with a few bleedings and a little forced repose. Still, I thought there was nothing but fatality in all this. Said I to myself: There are persons who can not change countries without exposing themselves to perils and tribulations of all kinds. Count Edmund is one of that sort.

[Let me here interrupt the narrative of my deponent by remarking that there

is a general belief in Russia, to the effect that certain persons can not change their country, nor even their dwelling-place, without incurring death. And this belief attaches the Russian peasantry more strongly to locality than any other agricultural population in Europe.]

But suddenly a circumstance occurred which tore the veil from my eyes. One day the major, taking me aside, informed me in a mysterious manner that the count was making love to Julia, and intended to seduce her. This deceitful communication did not give me the slightest uneasiness. I knew the honor and delicacy which distinguished Count Edmund, and I felt sure of the virtue of Julia. But the conduct of the major turned my suspicions upon him, and I sought to clear up certain doubts. I commenced by examining the gun which had burst in firing. It was still in the house, and I became convinced that holes had been designedly made in the barrel in several places. I also succeeded in ascertaining that the horse that had all but killed the young count had been bought with the perfect knowledge that in town it was docile, while in the open country it became fierce and uncontrollable, even in the hands of the most experienced groom.

I would gladly have spoken out, but my servile condition prevented me from venturing. No one would have believed me: are men who have no social position ever believed? I was silent then, I told to the young count and the rest of my acquaintances.

We now went—the major, the count, and myself—to the country retirement of the deceased countess, at Pynsk, situated on the border of some huge marshes. Encouraged by the major, who never ceased telling us that we were young, and that pleasure ought to be our principal occupation, the count and myself often boated over the marshes in pursuit of ducks, which were very abundant there. I rowed, and the count shot. Nothing ever crossed the even tenor of our success, and I began to think that the fatality which hovered over the count's head was entirely gone. Even the result of my examination with regard to the burst barrel and vicious horse was gradually effaced from my memory, and I no longer harbored a shadow of suspicion.

One day, the major invited Count Edmund to pay a visit to a nobleman whose chateau was on the other side of the marshes. "You will see there," said he, "one of the most magnificent monuments of the middle ages. Besides this attraction, and the beauty of its situation, the manor house, which I am sure you will admire, possesses one of the most complete libraries in Russia." This was enough to fix the determination of the young count, and he acceded to the major's proposition. Unlike most men of his years, the count loved study nearly as much as pleasure; and his knowledge of art and literature rendered interesting to him everything that bore the aspect of grandeur or antiquity.

In our passage over the marshes, it was agreed that we should have some sport among the wild ducks; but the major not caring for this amusement, said he would join us on the other side of the water.

The count and I took the same little boat we always used on our aquatic excursions. When in the middle of the marsh, our frail bark began filling with water. I saw the danger, and rowed hard for the shore. The count grew nervous; he could not swim. "Do not stir, my lord," I said "there is hope!" He did not heed my counsel, threw himself about, and caused the boat to fill so quickly, that in a few minutes we were under water. "Cling to the boat!" I cried; "I am coming to you." I tried to catch hold of him by the hair, but his terror prevented him from bearing me, and he struggled for the land. I soon saw him twenty or thirty strokes from me, battling with the waters; he appeared, and disappeared again; then finally sank to rise no more. With an effort, I gained the shore, and called for aid. Some fishermen arrived, swept the waters, and at the end of an hour brought me the corpse of the unfortunate young count.

I was stupefied; I scarcely comprehended the nature of the misfortune I had witnessed. The fishermen, less excited than myself, examined the boat, and to their great surprise, found that its keel was pierced in several places with a borer, and that the holes had been cleverly con-

cealed by crumbs of black sarrazin bread. A gardener who lived on the border of the marshes added, that he had seen the major at dawn of day inspect the fatal boat with the most minute attention.

Some one had gone in great haste for the major. He arrived. I then at length gave utterance, though in measured terms of indignation, to the suspicions, which formerly beset me, and which had now revived in consequence of the last and irreparable misfortune; but the major, unrestrained by the moderation of my language, assumed the appearance of despair assailed me with a thousand curses and maledictions, and had me manacled like a criminal, and sent to Pindiz; thence I was removed to Mozir, incarcerated, and treated in all respects as the murderer of the young Count Edmund Sero-Komoleska.

The inquirer proceeded. I was amazed at such audacity and wickedness—at such perversity of human nature. I declared my innocence, I invoked every means for my defence; but a deaf ear was turned to all my cries. I learned that I was to be condemned to the utmost severity of the knout. The thought that I, a gentleman's son, should perish in such a manner; it made me shudder. I beseeched, and at last the jailer gave me some paper, and pen and ink. I addressed a petition to the "Marshal of Nobility" at Mozir. In this petition I exposed the whole affair in its hideous fidelity. The sympathizing jailer, who began even himself to think me innocent, undertook to place my supplication in the proper hands. He succeeded, and three days after I learned that a fresh inquiry was to be set on foot.

One night when, with eyes dilated and brain heated with feverish excitement, I was grasping mentally at the hope of acquittal, the door of my dungeon opened, and my accuser appeared.

"Led by the attachment which I formerly felt for you," said he in a muffled voice "I came to save you."

"Save me!" I exclaimed; it "is very late."

"There is still time," rejoined the major; "but the moments are precious—you must not lose them in vain words. Again, I wish to spare you an infamous punishment and the tortures of the knout. Are you willing?"

"Am I willing! O say, say!" cried I, forgetting, in the invincible love of life which attaches to human nature, that I had before me the author of all my misfortunes, and that I was about to owe life, honor, liberty, to—a murderer!

The major then told me I must feign sickness, and afterwards doath. "On your resurrection," added he, "you must take the name of your elder brother—he who was killed at the battle of Borodino."

"That will be an imposture," said I.

"No, no!" answered the major. "Will it not after all be the name of your father and your family? The play enacted—and it only depends on you whether you enact it well or not—your brother's name assumed, I will provide for your fortune and, believe me, it will not be a bad one."

There is an old proverb which says: A drowning man will catch at the edge of a razor!" I was that man. I consented to everything. I complained, I feigned sickness. A doctor was called in, who, smiling, ordered me some potions. I asked for a priest; he came to confess me, and declared, as also did the doctor, that I was in great danger. The doctor, the priest, the jailer, were all in the secret. In short, they did not long leave me to counterfeit death before they put me in my coffin, and carried me to a chapel, whence the major delivered me in the night time.

Next day, I had the pleasure of beholding, from Major Fogel's window, my own burial performed with the usual ceremonies.

"There you are, free at last," said the major, embracing me; "but I have still my promise to fulfill." Singular mystery of the human heart! that man, whose cupidity had twice led him to commit murder, wept as he pressed me to his bosom.

The following day, the major gave me fifty thousand rubles, and married me to Julia, the ward of the deceased countess. A week after I set out with my wife for Bessarabia, where I lived for several years. Having learned the death of Maj. Fogel, I could not resist the desire of re-visiting the home of my childhood. I returned to

the district of Radomysset, and bought some domains, where I intended to pass my days.

Such was the deposition of the accused. It was duly signed by the deponent, who swore, with the usual ceremonies, that he had therein told the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Julia, the wife, confirmed the statements of her husband. By a piece of good luck, the gardener who had seen Major Fogel at the boat on the morning of the day which Count Edmund was drowned, still survived, and was met with at Pindiz; and the retired officer who had sold the vicious horse to the major, also lived to give his share of evidence.

The four functionaries who had witnessed the substituted will of the countess, had been transported to Siberia for robbing the imperial treasury. It was unknown whether they were dead, or still living at Tobolsk, the capital of Siberia; but from the nature of their characters, it was not supposed that the testimony would be of much value.

The lord-proprietor of Semenov-Loy was acquitted, with an injunction that he should resume his old name of Joachim, and was completely re-established in his goods, honors, and dignities.

The tribunal of the government of Kiev confirmed the judgment of the inferior court; but in scarcely three weeks from his acquittal, Joachim Krynszloff breathed his last. Three daughters were the fruits of his marriage with Julia, and these are still living with their husbands in Bessarabia.

Of one thing we may be certain, from the perusal of this narrative, that in a country where wills may be so easily forged, and murders committed by the powerful with such impunity; where doctors, priests, and jailers may be so easily blinded—that in a country where, in one word, such circumstances as I have above described could take place in the manner they did, there can be little authority in the law to inspire confidence or to command respect—there can be little force in the threats of justice to deter the rich from committing crimes; when, if detected, they can so easily transfer them to the shoulders of the poor.

### ANDREW JACKSON.

George Lippard, in his new work, called "The Nazarine," thus speaks of president Jackson: "He was a man? Well I remember the day I waited upon him. He sat there in his arm chair—I can see that old warrior face, with its snow white hair even now. We told him of the public distresses—the manufacturers ruined, the eagles shredded in crops, which were borne at the head of twenty thousand men into Independence Square. He heard us all. We begged him to leave the depositions where they were; to uphold the great bank in Philadelphia. Still he did not say a word. At last one of our members, more fiery than the rest, intimated, that if the bank were crushed, a rebellion might follow. Then the old man rose. I can see him yet.

"Come!" he shouted in a voice of thunder, and his clenched hand was raised above his white hairs—"Come with bayonets your hands instead of petitions—surround the White House with your legions—I am ready for you all! With the people at my back, whom your gold can neither buy nor awe, I will swing you up around the capital, each rebel of you—on a gibbet—high as Hamar's."

"When I think," says the author, "of that one man standing there at Washington, battling with all the powers of bank and panic combined, betrayed by those in whom he trusted, assailed by all that the snake of malice hiss or the fiend of falsehood howl—when I think of that one man placing his back against the rock and folding his arms for the blow while he uttered his vow: 'I will not swerve one inch from the course I have chosen!'—I must confess that the records of Greece and Rome—nay, the proudest days of Cromwell or Napoleon can not furnish an instance of a will like that of Andrew Jackson, when he placed life and soul and fame on the hazard of a die, for the people's welfare."—*Providence Sentinel*.

The common council of Milwaukee have expelled alderman Kennedy "for being twice taken to the watch house in a state of beastly intoxication."



# The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, Dec. 22, 1855

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

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

## THE MISSOURI INVADERS

Have finally gone home, after having accomplished nothing. They went to Kansas with the avowed purpose of driving the free state men from the territory, and of destroying Lawrence. But Sharpe's rifles, those glorious peace-makers, have prevented bloodshed. The people of Kansas are well supplied with those splendid weapons—thousands of them having been sent from Boston during the past three months; they will kill at the distance of a thousand yards, and each one will discharge ten balls in a minute. Hurrah for Sharpe's rifles! They are of more value than all the peace orations that have ever been delivered. Gov. Shannon had the coolness to demand that those guns should be given up! The Kansas men replied, through Dr. Robinson, that they would compromise the matter, by giving the Missourians the contents of the weapons, and retain the rifles themselves!

We do not think the Missourians will invade Kansas again: they have doubtless found out by this time that it "does not pay." The last accounts from the territory come from the invaders themselves. They say the Kansas men have agreed to obey the enactments of the sham legislature; but we shall soon find that statement to be false.

Northern men should pour into the territory next spring by thousands. The soil and climate are excellent, and beside, it is the great battle-ground between despotism and republican principles. Why can not a company of twenty or thirty go from Chicago?

SEBASTOPOL.—A letter from the Crimea, dated the 14th instant, says: "The destruction of Sebastopol having been resolved, each corps has received its position to work upon. The city presents, consequently, the most animated aspect. It is demolition *en règle*, in which the four armies take part. The houses and public buildings are attacked at the base, and on all sides are heard the blows of the hammer and the crash of the rafters and timbers of the houses, which fall down amid clouds of dust. The soldiers at once proceed to the selection of all materials capable of being employed advantageously for their use during the winter. Each man loads himself with objects the most wanted. Some carry off planks, windows, doors, presses, fire-irons, kitchen utensils, even two old chairs and old pots. Indeed, it may be said that soon, not a nail, nor a piece of wood, nor a tile, will remain in Sebastopol."

The Ames Manufacturing Co. of this place have recently completed, by contract, the machinery for a large saw mill for the U. S. Navy Yard, at Brooklyn. Our fellow townsman, Harvey Kent, was sent to put the machinery in operation; he executed his work to the entire satisfaction of those in charge of the Yard, and he has now been appointed as master mechanic, with the oversight of the saw mill. We are sorry to lose Mr. Kent from our village, but we rejoice that he has received so good an appointment.

DIFFERENCE OF TASTES.—It is in rather a curious contrast that a black man, envoy from Souleouque of Hayti to the court of St. James, was received with all state formalities by Queen Victoria and her ministers, while a rich coffee merchant from the same empire was, on account of his color, very lately refused any refreshment in a stylish eating house in Boston.

ENTIRE FREE TRADE WITH CANADA.—The Hon. Hamilton Merritt of Canada has come out in favor of extending the reciprocity treaty to manufactures, and abolishing the custom houses on both sides the line. This would be an important step, one which would probably lead to our supplying the Canadians with every description of manufactured goods.

BUTTER.—The New York Journal of Commerce says, that a lot of nearly two hundred firkins of butter, examined in that city on Thursday, disclosed a fraud in the tare of from three to seven pounds on each firkin. The empty firkins weighed that amount more than the tare marked on them. Similar results followed the testing of a lot of cheese casks and boxes.

"THE AMERICANS," says the London Leader, "are better acquainted with our literature than we are ourselves. They attend to every new appearance, and ferret out the names hidden behind signatures, so that we in England may really learn something of what passes here, by reading the American journals."

## CHICOPEE NEWS.

The world, in its innumerable divisions and subdivisions, is full of mysteries. There are, comparatively, few things that we know certainly—the remainder being nothing but speculation. The fool imagines himself possessed of all wisdom, while the philosophy of the wise man only teaches him his own littleness. Mystery is stamped upon almost everything—upon the magnificent universe, upon the connection of mind with matter, upon religious creeds, &c., &c. Every day, some new mystery reveals itself, which our puny comprehensions can not fathom. But we commenced with the purpose of telling an occurrence which recently transpired in this village, and which we know to be true:

A few evenings since, while a spiritual meeting was being held at the house of one of our most respectable citizens, a lady sitting in the circle complained of being cold. Almost immediately, a shawl lying in a chair some distance from her, was, by some invisible agency, borne through the air, and carefully wrapped around her! We have this from one in whom we place the most implicit confidence as a man of truth. Can our modern Solons explain the cause?

We learn that Rev. Mr. Lincoln, pastor of the Baptist church in this village, has asked for a dismission.

Rev. Mr. Orvatt preached his farewell sermon last Sabbath.

There will be no work done in the Perkins and Dwight Mills on Christmas-day.

Mr. Ephraim Lyon has left at our office a bound volume of the "Massachusetts Gazette, or Springfield and Northampton Weekly Advertiser," published in 1782. Its size is about ten by fifteen, and contains many interesting incidents connected with revolutionary times. We find in it the following "Chicopee" bridge lottery scheme: "The bridge, we learn, was in this village, and stood where the present one stands." We give the scheme in its original form:

### Chicopee Bridge Lottery.

CLASS the SECOND.

THE Managers of said Lottery hereby present to the Public the following Scheme, to consist of 2500 Tickets, at Twelve Shillings each, amounting to Five Thousand Dollars. Eight Hundred and Forty-Four of which are Prizes of the following value, viz:

One of 200	100
Two of 50	120
Six of 20	120
24 of 10	240
810 of 4	3240

844 Prizes, in all, amounting to \$4000. 1650 Blanks.

For building said bridge, 1000 Not two Blanks to one Prize.

The great advantages arising to travelers in crossing said river, the Managers apprehend will be a sufficient inducement to the public to become adventurers therein, in order to enable them to furnish a fund of money sufficient to complete the building and finishing a bridge, feasible notice will be given of the time and place of drawing, and as soon as the same is finished, a list of prizes will be published in the Massachusetts Gazette, and benefit tickets paid off in twenty days after the drawing is completed, subject to some deduction.

Prizes not demanded within six months will not be paid, but deemed a generosity, given for the purpose of building said bridge, and applied accordingly.

Tickets may be had of Mr. Wm. Pincheon, Thomas Williston, Luke Bliss, Jonathan Hurd, and Gideon Bart of Springfield, who are appointed and sworn to the faithful discharge of said trust.

N. B. Benefit tickets in the last Lottery will be reserved for tickets in this.

\* \* \* It is the intention of the Managers to begin drawing by the first day of July at farthest.

The lyceum lecture on Tuesday evening was by Hon. Charles W. Slack, of Boston; his subject was "The Enthusiast." He showed that nearly all great achievements, in religion, morality, science, and politics, have been brought about by "one idea men," and that the world is indebted to such persons for all the advances that have been made. The speaker illustrated his position by referring to Peter the Hermit, Christopher Columbus, Martin Luther, Gutenberg, William III. of England, Robert Fulton, Horace Mann, Rev. Lyman Beecher, Miss Dix and Florence Nightingale. The lecture was not, by any means, a first class one, and was rather tame; but we heartily agree with the premises of the lecturer. There are many simpletons who seem to be perfectly happy while denouncing "fanatics" and "one idea men," as they designate them. If we are to judge by their standard, we must look with contempt upon Washington, Tell, Wrinkle Reid, and all the lights of history, for they were nothing but "fanatics" and "one idea men"—but the idea they cherished and fought for is of more value than a thousand million such lilliputians as always stand ready to deride everything of a reformatory character. In the contest constantly going on between right and wrong, some are fitted for one position, and some another. Charles Sumner is one, in fighting the slave power; Horace Mann, in advancing the cause of popular educa-

tion; John P. Gough, in seeking to overthrow intemperance; Elihu Burritt, in laboring for universal peace; Miss Dix, in ameliorating the condition of the insane; and Rev. Mr. Pease, in elevating the poor outcasts of New York city, and pointing out to them the path of honor and rectitude. These persons whom we have allied to have done much to advance the world. The selfish and narrow-minded may call them "fools, fanatics and one idea men"—as the ancient reformers were called—but the great future will do them justice.

The next lecture will be on Wednesday evening, by B. H. Bailey, Esq., of this village.

The members of the Springfield "national" democratic ball committee from Chicopee are, R. C. Tuttle, S. Vanhorn, S. M. Dart, P. Platt, M. J. Severance, E. S. Allen, Daniel Leavitt, Dennis Hubbard, George M. Stearns. We did not know before that Stearns was a member of the "national" democratic party. He supported Beach last fall, merely on account of his opposition to the present liquor law—but, (as he said,) did not intend to join the democratic party. How is it, George? Speak out! Don't be bashful!

Rev. Mr. Pettes will give a lecture at the Unitarian church on Sunday (to-morrow) evening, December 23, at 7 o'clock, precisely. Subject: Social Life.

N. B. If attorney, the lecture will be postponed.

The next meeting of the Chicopee Debating Society will be on Thursday evening, to commence at a quarter before 8. Question for debate:—Is the present Massachusetts liquor law calculated to benefit society?

The members of the Pacific Co. expect to have a first rate time at their ball, in Cabot Hall, on Monday eve.

Look at Brown's advertisement in another column.

## WANTED! WANTED!

Such were the words that headed an advertisement; and we thought them very true. Men want a thousand things; our own catalogue would not be very short.

But we read on—"active, intelligent, enterprising young men, in all parts of the state of New Hampshire." We did not read any farther. We and the advertiser might not agree for what these men were wanted, but we were certain that he had hit the point. Active, intelligent, enterprising men are wanted, not only in New Hampshire, but from Maine to Texas, from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. Here are our railroads, and in every office, for switch-tenders, firemen, engineers, presidents, directors, in every place, they want and must have such men, if they are ever to succeed. You may say it is humble business, to tend a switch; but the path upward is open, if the right spirit is in the man.

Here is a school. They do not want to take for a teacher a young man who teaches in the winter, because it is easier and more comfortable than to chop wood, or because he would like to get money to pay his college term bills. They want an active, intelligent, enterprising young man. When such men are found for the work, our schools will prosper, and teachers will make their business honorable and honored, instead of asking the community to do it for them.

In the west, these men of whom we have spoken are wanted. We believe there is no greater mistake than the thought that the west is a good place to live easy. Perhaps less work will save a man from starvation there than here. But if a man is to succeed, is to take any position, we are persuaded that he must work. The community around him travel so fast that he must have good speed not to be left entirely behind.

And we fancy the same traits of character would remedy many of the complaints here at the east. We are told that men can not live here on a farm. We should like to ask how much of activity, intelligence and enterprise there is on that farm? It is of very little use that a child is born with a silver spoon in his mouth if he has not sense enough to take it out and use it, and a wooden spoon will do very well if you only handle it right.

But let us define a little. In order that one may be active, he needs to seek as much as possible for a healthy body. We want to learn that this is not simply a matter of inheritance, or a gift from the doctors. We are too ready to think of what has come or is to come from others, rather than of what we can and should do for ourselves. Health is far more within our control than our dyspepsias, our hard workers, or our idlers imagine. And then we want quickness of thought. We allow that there is great natural difference here, but habit and training will do very much. We allow that the Websters and the Clays differ from us as porcelain differs from com-

mon ware. But the point of interest for us, is not so much to learn how we differ from other men as how much we can do with our powers.

By intelligence, we do not mean a knowledge of Latin or Greek. One may understand these, and be a fool at the same moment. Indeed, nothing has done so much to discredit book learning as the fact that it is so often severed from common sense. If one would be intelligent, he needs to have his eyes open that he may see, and his mind awake that he may understand what passes around him.

If our food is to nourish us, we must both eat and digest it. The rule is good for the mind or the body.

By enterprise, we mean the power to push forward—the consciousness that something can be done, and the determination that it shall be done. There are some difficulties in your way, but there is nothing there but what has been overcome, and can be again. Somebody has fought such a battle, and won it, and you can do it if you choose.

But in this hasty sketch, there is one thing wanting. The moral element is left out. We are slow to learn the worth of principle. For want of proper guidance, our trains are smashed up. Our active, enterprising men become swindlers and defrauders. Then good men condemn activity and enterprise. But the steam engine is very useful, if you only guide it rightly.

If you place a hungry man where there is food, he will be likely to eat. If you select a man, merely for his energy, without regard to his principle, he will be full as likely to serve himself or the devil as to serve you or the world. As another has said: "The head is the crown of the man; but if it is to be in health, it must receive its life-blood from the heart."

Some one has said, "We have men enough." We grant there are bipeds enough; but if you talk about men, we still echo the cry, "Wanted! Wanted!" Chicopee, December, 1855.

RESULTS OF SLAVERY.—The Newburyport Herald in a sensible article on this subject, remarks:

The disastrous effects of negro slavery are seen in its breaking down all the interests of the states where it is established. The slave owners constantly complain of their losses from runaway slaves, and in 1850 passed a law to have us return them; but there is not a state in the whole south that would not be better off to-morrow if all their slaves should die to-night. Instead of pursuing the negroes to carry them back, it is wonderful, when they see the evil that they do not drive them away and hunt them with hounds and guns beyond their borders. As a simple illustration of what slavery does in the Old Dominion, look at this fact: a few days ago 70,000 acres of land were sold, in separate tracts, varying from 1000 to 10,000 acres, located in six different counties, at from 1-1/2 to 1-1/8 cents per acre.

Just think of it, one, two, and three cents an acre for lands in the best located and naturally richest state in this confederacy, right in the heart of the country, surrounded with unequalled advantages. This land was negro cursed; nothing else was the matter. The negroes had eaten up all that was on its surface, and had not energy or intelligence enough to go below to the mines, or to renew it on the top; and as no freemen will settle with negroes, therefore it sells at less per acre than would the ice-cakes about Dr. Kane's vessels in the Arctic seas. What more could be said against the slave institution than that it has changed the garden of the new world—the Eden of America—to a desert that sells at two cents per acre! But this result is not peculiar to Virginia; you can follow the dividing line west to the last negro hat; and on one side is the sunlight of freedom and on the other the shadow of negroes; on the first prosperity, progress, and real value, and on the other sloth, decay, and poverty.

## THE CITY OF LYNN.

Hunt's Merchants' Magazine for November is out, with its usual variety of financial, mercantile, and commercial intelligence. E. H. Derby, Esq., has an article on the industrial statistics of Lynn. It appears by the state census just completed, the population has risen from 9367 in 1845 to 15,800 in 1855; and if allowance be made for two towns, Nahant and Swampscott, which have been set off in the last ten years, the increase is nearly 100 per cent. This ratio of increase is nearly equal to that of the most flourishing western cities. The whole number of pairs of boots manufactured from June, 1854, to June 1855, was 3,274,893; shoes 6,000,700, total 9,275,593 pairs; number of males employed 4554; females 6467; total employed 12,021. Some of the male operatives now average, through the year two and a half dollars per day, and some of the females two dollars per day, through the year; sewing machines are extensively used. The value of boots and shoes manufactured in 1854 and '55 was \$4,165,529, while in 1845 it was but \$1,468,000. Seventy per cent. of the population are engaged in the manufacture of boots and shoes. The increase in the manufacture of morocco is striking. In 1845 it amounted to \$34,000, and in 1854 to \$407,485—eleven hundred per cent. in the last ten years. There is no place in the state where the morocco manufacture is so extensive as in Lynn. The manufacture of lasts has more than doubled in the ten years. While the operatives have increased but 87 per cent, and this gain has been principally in females, the number of pairs of boots and shoes have increased 286 per cent, and their value has also risen 185 per cent.

## NEW ENGLAND RUM.

The exports of rum from Boston since the first of September last have been 450,000 gallons. The Economist says the exportations have also been very large from New York, reaching 400,000 gallons in the last three weeks. The price of New England rum, when the eastern war commenced, was thirty cents a gallon; it is now fifty-two cents, with an activity of demand greater than the ability to supply. Molasses in the meantime, has risen from twenty-two cents to forty-four cents, and difficult to be got. It is said that an eminent house in Boston took French government contract for 600,000 gallons New England rum, at a price governed by the advance in molasses. The contract is being fulfilled, but the activity in the demand for all liquors is very active, and affects in the same degree corn. Sugars are very high abroad, affecting the price of molasses. American brandy is worth 54 cents for export. Peace would doubtless greatly affect these rates. The distilleries are in full blast and making great quantities, but owing to the high rate of material, the profits are probably not so large as last year.—Providence Journal.

GOON.—An account of the first fight at Washington comes to us by way of the correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial: "This evening (Dec. 5th) Greeley was almost pitched into. A drunken editor from Richmond, Virginia, requested Mr. Hart, a correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer, to introduce him to Greeley. His request was complied with, and no sooner had he taken Horace by the hand, than he began to curse him furiously and to say, 'you call us boobies sir,' and to snatch at Horace, who looked as demure as possible. Hart then attacked the Virginian and thrashed him. Some one wished to check Hart's proceedings, but senator Wilson of Massachusetts, went in and said, 'you must not interfere, sir.' A general fight was imminent, but did not proceed. There will be war here yet. Quite a number of northerners are keen to fight, and would welcome the opportunity to meet a free-eater on the field of glory. And if Greeley writes for the Tribune as honestly and fiercely as usual, the National Hotel will become rather hot for his comfort, and if anybody hits him, lame as he is, there will be an explosion among the outsiders."

WESTERN HUNTERS.—The Red River hunters number 2000 men. Their women and children number 3000 souls. They have 1800 carts, and range with them from the Moose River valley to the Red River of the North, and each year in June and July, and again in October and November, carry off to the settlements at Pembina and in the English territory, at least 2,500,000 lbs. of buffalo meat, dried or in the form of pemican. These people are simple hearted, honest and industrious.

RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY.—O'Connell describes religious bigotry in the following nervous language.

"She has no head, and can not think, no heart and can not feel! When she moves it is in wrath; when she passes, it is in ruin; her prayers are curses; her God is a demon; her communion is death; her vengeance is eternity; her decalogue is written in the blood of her victims, and if she stops for a moment in her infernal flight, it is upon a kindled rock, to whet her vulture fang for a more sanguinary desolation."

A QUERY FOR YOUNG IRELAND.—A sentiment was given by "Young Ireland" at the convention in New York, the other day, to the effect that "Ireland is our mother, but America is our bride." Now, to say nothing of these forced nuptials—we wish to inquire of Young Ireland, "does your mother know you're out?" We trust that the convention will not adjourn without taking some definite action on this important question.—Philadelphia Times.

A LARGE FAMILY.—The Shasta Courier gives an account of a man in that county, now actively engaged in mining, who has four grown sons, besides forty-five sons and daughters back in Pennsylvania. His present wife is No. 3. The old gentleman offers to bet a small farm that he will die the father of just exactly half a hundred children.

The Russian language is said to be one of the richest and most beautiful in the world; it is soft and agreeable in sound, and has not the defect of the Italian in being too effeminate.

SLAVERY IN EGYPT has been abolished; not only the buying and selling of slaves is forbidden, but all those in possession of private individuals have been informed that they were free.

They have a joke in California that the member elect to the legislature from Yuba thinks he is elected to the U. S. Senate, and has gone to Washington to claim his seat.

ENOUGH FOR ONE MAN.—One grave digger in Portsmouth, Va., buried with his own hands some eleven hundred persons, during the late pestilence.

Three members of the Hutchinson family have selected claims near Glencoe settlement, in Minnesota, where they intend hereafter to reside.

Gold to the value of \$336,000,000 has been found in California since the year 1849.

## THE EGG TRADE OF FRANCE.

The *Moniteur* has a curious bit of statistical information touching eggs. France, it seems, sells to England on an average, 7,780,000 kilograms of eggs, or 171,160,000 eggs a year, rated at 22 eggs per kilogramme. Reckoning 100 eggs a year to each hen (the ordinary calculation in this country), this is the produce of 1,711,600 hens. The extent of exportation to other countries is not more than 66,000 kilograms. An eighth of what France furnishes to England is furnished to her by Sardinia and Belgium. The Paris consumption of eggs is about 6,000,000 or 6,000,000 kilograms yearly, or from 110 millions to 132 millions of eggs. Now, this consumption might be nearly doubled with a very little attention. A French family will nearly live on eggs, when it has once secured bread enough; but eggs are too dear, because they are so rare, and they are so rare because hens are so ill cared for. From October to April, the reason given for whoever desires a fresh egg for his being unable to obtain it is, that "the hens no longer lay"—and how should they? During May, June, July, August, and September, if the weather be fine, they do their duty good humoredly enough; but when once a shower of autumn rain comes down, what should induce the poor animals to lay? They are kept in intense dirt, wet-footed for six or eight months, with no bit of straw, clean or otherwise, to dry them; with no idea of such a thing as a stimulant being in any way necessary for them. Any one, who, in the neighborhood of Paris, should set up a barnyard after our fashion, and obtain by care, warmth, and feeding, eggs of 300 or 400 eggs, up to a late period of the year, would make his fortune. Common eggs are now at 1s. a dozen; fresh ones (when to be got) at 2d. apiece; and in three weeks hence any price would be paid for a genuine fresh egg.

BREADSTUFFS.—Speaking of the prevailing high prices of breadstuffs and the immense supplies for exportation which the country is capable of affording, the Buffalo Courier remarks:

"There is hardly any limit to our surplus of wheat and corn, and if the demand abroad should carry off 1,000,000 bushels, which is almost four times as much as we have ever exported in one year, there would still be an abundant supply for home consumption. Strange as it may seem, that with a large surplus on hand, July equal to supply the demand from abroad, prices should rule so high; it is, nevertheless, in obedience to a law of trade, which makes a sudden impulse push the market values beyond a due limit, as well as to another law of trade, which makes a derangement in the ordinary channels of supply produce, for a time, all the consequences of an actual scarcity."

A RICH ACQUISITION.—A letter in the New York Sun, from Washington, says: "The reports from the Mesilla valley are exceedingly interesting, and the private notes of the U. S. officials are worth their public reports twice over. The whole country is a vast ore field; silver, copper, iron, platinum, gypsum, and coal, in vast beds, abound in every direction, and are the richest quantities in the region along the Pecos, and up to the 33d parallel, which has been thought the poorest section of the Rio Bravo valley."

JAPAN COTTON.—Samples of Japan cotton, recently received in New York, have a fine color, and the fiber has a greater number of barbs, so that it will draw with proper handling, into a very fine thread. It is, apparently, a great many natural crooks in each fiber, which renders it easier to spin, and makes a bat of it very elastic. From this cause, and a natural harshness, owing to the number of barbs in the fiber, it feels to the touch much like wool.

THE NEW JERSEY COLONIZATION SOCIETY, which has been in existence since 1845, has recently purchased 150,000 acres of land in the interior of Africa. By this it is their intention to open intercourse from the seaboard to the center of the continent. The New Jersey legislature has appropriated \$6000 to the society, and with this they propose making roads and building houses suitable for the emigrants.

"Do you ride to town to-day?" is a question that can be answered in different ways, but two only are necessary. I do, and "No, I senn." Then the first question which a genuine Yankee would ask would be, "What for?" and the answer, of course, "for fire boxes of Dr. Cough's Columbian Pills," and this is reason enough for people; A foolish not to prize health; and these pills give health, strength, and beauty, for merely 25 cents, or five boxes for \$1.

GREAT COUGH REMEDY.—Dr. Rogers's Syrup of Liverwort, Tar and Chalcabug is a scientific remedy for consumption in all its various stages, and is especially efficacious for a common cold or cough. When taken according to the directions, it gives relief almost immediately, and in a few days effects a permanent cure. For sale by druggists everywhere.

TUNNAGE OF THE UNITED STATES.—The aggregate amount of the tunnage of the United States on the 30th of June last, was 5,212,001 tons.

SUGAR CANE CULTURE.—The editor of the New York Sunday Atlas is about entering the culture of sugar-cane in New Jersey.

The German poet, Henry Heine, now an exile in France, is so ill that his life is despaired of.



Very Respectfully, L. M. GOTTSCHALK,  
Manufactory No. 378 Washington Street, Boston.



