

The Weekly Journal.

Volume 3.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1855.

Number 4.

Original Poetry.

For the Weekly Journal.
THE DYING HUSBAND.
Come nearer to me, darling, let my weary head recline
On that fondheart that hath so oft been nestled close to mine
I feel I soon shall pass from earth fore'er away,
To dwell with holy angels in the light of heaven's day
And when I'm gone, and hushed my voice, you'll not forget me, love—
You'll think of me as one not lost, but safe at home above
You'll not forget how well I loved thee when on earth below
And how at death, to part with thee was my most bitter woe!
"At twilight, dearest—that sweet hour when we were wont to sit—
Your head upon my shoulder, love—and watch the glow-worms flit
Amid the hazel bushes and among the meadow-bowers,
You'll come to me at this calm hour and strew my grave with flowers,
And gentle zephyrs floating by shall waft their dark brown hair,
Fan thy wan cheek, and linger long around thy forehead fair;
And, dearest, thou wilt fancy then my warm and tender kiss,
And feel thy soul grow young again with deep, undying bliss.
I've watched with deepest agony thy face, once bright and gay,
Grow still more sad, and pale, and wan, each rosy closing day;
I know 'tis grief for me, dear one, that stains with tears thine eyes,
Droops thy young head and swells thy heart with bitter, sorrowing sighs,
But do not grieve, my own beloved, God's ways are good and just,
And his merriment is, "Return, frail dust, to dust!"
Then bow thyself submissively to His far-seeing will,
And He will comfort thy poor heart—its anguished throbbings still.
"But do not weep so bitterly—it pains me to the heart
From thee, my own beloved wife, 't is for a time to part;
But cheer thee up, my own sweet one, for in a few short days
Thou'll join thy voice with mine, to sing the great Jehovah's praise:
The sun has sunk beneath the hills, and ere he rise again,
My soul, dear love, will be at rest, relieved from every pain,
And thou wilt be alone, beloved—no heart on which to rest,
No feeble arms to fold thee close to a poor, loving breast."
But in my spirit form, sweet one, I'll ever hover near,
To soothe thee when oppressed with woe, thy uneasy soul to cheer;
And thou wilt think of me full oft, and yearn for those bright hours
When we shall wander, hand in hand, 'mid heaven's celestial bowers.
Oh do not weep so hopelessly—my heart o'erflows with bliss!
I'd not accept ten thousand worlds for happiness like this!
One last embrace before I go—kiss me, my love, my life!
Angels have come, to hear me none—farewell, my darling wife!
Chicopee, June, 1855.

For the Weekly Journal.

"GOD IS LOVE."

BY MISS E. R. LANCKTON.
Wanderer on the fearful mountains,
Where the mourners ever roam,
Seek thou not the Father's home?
Hearest thou not that gentle whisper
Wafted from the throne above,
Echoed by the written covenant,
"Sweetly breathing, 'God is love!'"
Mourner! has the light departed
Which once made thee dwelling glad?
Have the best-beloved been taken,
"Till earth seems in sable clad?"
God beheld thy bitter future,
"O, He saw thy footsteps rove,
So he took thy precious jewels,
While He murmured, 'God is love!'"
Christian! art thou faint and weary
With the burden and the toil?
Findest thou no cooling fountain
In this thirsty, arid soil?
Cast thine eye along the life-path,
"Ere thy feet more swiftly move,
For another hand is written,
"Sweetly breathing, 'God is love!'"
Sorrowful! is focal with its music
"On the blessed, happy morn;
"Sky, and bird, and flower, and forest,
All their winning grace put on;
Ransomed man alone is silent—
"Wait! oh wait! thee from thy dream;
"Take thine harp from off the willows—
"Sit not weeping by the stream."
Mortal, where'er thou dwellest,
On the sea, or on the land,
"Mid the wintry northern regions,
"Or the tropics' burning sands,
"God, our God, is there beside thee,
With his arms extended wide,
"Where the life-tree waves above thee,
"And the healing waters glide."
Ye who long have groined in darkness,
"Sad! pleading for your sight,
"Mercy's messengers are coming,
"Bearing revelation's light;
"Cease your unavailing worship
"While the mighty Antheims rise,
"From the christian and the pagan,
"Toward the temple in the skies.
Chicopee, June, 1855.

HEROISM.—AN INCIDENT IN NAPOLEON'S WAR WITH SPAIN.

BY MARY STUART.

It was in the spring of 1808. Napoleon was prosecuting his vigorous victories in Spain, and adding fresh leaves to his already overgrown laurel crown.
Murat was in Madrid at the head of his troops. It was well known that Russia was at that period a friend of France. Baron Strogonoff, the Russian ambassador of Spain, was, therefore, on excellent terms with Murat, and was in the habit of listening to his schemes of war, with a coolness of attention, the natural result of his neutral position, which made him, on more than one occasion, an excellent and valuable counselor. The following example of success of a plan of his proposing—fords also a case of as rare youthful heroism as ever fell to the lot of historians to describe.
Observing, as they sat together one evening, that Murat appeared perplexed, he inquired the reason.
"A shadow passed over the fine countenance of Murat as he replied, 'I am indeed perplexed, and this time the evil is beyond our reach.'
"You are not sure of that" replied the lively Russian, taking his cigar out of his mouth, "tell me what is the matter."
The "feathered king," as Murat was called in Italy, from his extreme love of dress, moved uneasily in his round backed arm chair.
"I am indeed perplexed," replied he.—The fact is, that I have important dispatches to send to Gen. Junot, at Lisbon, and the difficulties which lie in the way, are, I fear, insurmountable. All the roads, great and small, and even the woods, are filled with Spanish troops, or, what is worse, with marauding guerrillas. I see no possible means of transmitting papers; and yet, my not doing so, may insure consequences fatal in France."
The Russian ambassador put his cigar in his mouth again, and fell into a fit of musing. Murat gazed in silence upon the ugly profile pictured on the wall by the light of a pair of tallow candles. Suddenly he saw the mouth wide open.
"I have it! I have it; the easiest thing in the world. Admiral Sinavin, our admiral is in the port of Lisbon. Send me one of the bravest and sharpest, do you hear, of your Polish lancers. He shall put on a Russian uniform; I will give him dispatches for Sinavin; you can give him your instructions for the French general, verbally, and I will answer for it, all will be right, even though he should be taken prisoner twenty times between this and Lisbon. The Spanish army is too anxious to preserve the Russian neutrality, to make a messenger of mine a source of disagreement with my country."
Murat, though somewhat doubtful, liked the scheme. Seizing a pen and ink, he wrote as follows to Brasinski, the commander-in-chief of the Polish troops, who had joined the French army:
"Dispatches of moment are to be immediately forwarded to General Junot at Lisbon. Select for that purpose an intelligent and courageous young man from your troops, the best you have and send him to me."
Two days after, a youth presented himself before Murat, for whom the Polish commander declared he would answer with his life. He was but eighteen years old, and named Leckinski. Murat was not a little astonished to find the youth manifest the utmost eagerness to undertake his expedition, one of no common peril, for if discovered by the Spaniards, his fate would be certain death. He listened with a smile to all anticipations of danger and difficulty, and said with a bow:
"If your imperial highness will give me my orders, I pledge myself to execute the mission. I am deeply grateful to my commander for having chosen me from among my comrades. There was not one who was not enulous of the distinction."
Murat argued favorably of the young Pole's courage and intelligence. He gave him his verbal instructions. Baron Strogonoff instructed him with a bundle of unimportant messages to Admiral Sinavin. The young man was equipped in a Russian uniform, and set out for Portugal on horse back.
During the first two days he pursued his course, without molestation; but, on the

morning of the third day, he was surrounded by a party of Spanish troops, who disarmed him and conducted him before the general in command of the military force of the district. His name was Castanos. Leckinski knew perfectly well that he was lost if suspected to be an adherent of the French. Consequently, he immediately resolved within himself not to utter a syllable of French, but to confine himself entirely to Russian and German, which languages he spoke with facility. The angry imprecations of the troops who conducted him to Castanos, sufficiently convinced him of the fate that awaited him if his real character and destination should be made known. The horrible death of Gen. Rence, who only a few weeks previous had perished in tortures, for no other offense than that of attempting to join Junot, might well have shaken his fortitude.
"What are you?" asked the Spanish general, in French.
Leckinski looked at his interrogator, and replied in German, "I do not understand, sir."
Gen. Castanos understood German; but not wishing to occupy his own time with this business, he called on one of the officers of the staff and gave the matter over to him. The examination was continued. The young Pole gave his answers alternately in Russian and German, keeping himself most cautiously on his guard against dropping a single word of French. He had no easy part to play, for he was narrowly watched by a crowd of fierce Spaniards, thirsting for his blood, and betraying a savage eagerness that he might be found guilty; that was, declared to be in the employment of the French.
The furious excitement was increased, and his safety much endangered by the circumstance which now occurred. An aide-camp of Castanos, who had been one of the most eager to declare him a French spy in disguise, rushed into the room, after whose entrance, nothing by the crown-ant, in a brown jacket, and a high crown-hat, surmounted by a high feather—Having forced his way through the crowd, he confronted his companion with Leckinski.
"Look at that man!" said he, "and then inform us if he is a German or a Russian. He is a spy, I would swear by my salvation," continued he, stamping his foot angrily to the ground.
The peasant for a few moments gazed steadfastly at the young Pole. Then his dark eye kindled, and with a bitter expression of fury and hatred, he loudly exclaimed:
"He is a Frenchman! he is a Frenchman!"
He then turned to the aide-camp and said:
"Some weeks ago I went to Madrid with a load of hay for the barracks. This man is the one to whom I delivered the forage; he gave me a receipt for it. I stood behind him for a long time by the broken gate under the trees. When I saw him brought in to-day, I said to Antonio, yonder—'There is the Frenchman to whom I delivered the forage.'
"Let him be shot, let him be shot!" exclaimed a dozen unruly voices.
"Shoot him! shoot him!" echoed from the crowd assembled to look in at the windows upon the "French spy."
"But," said an officer, "is it prudent to expose ourselves to the risk of difficulties with Russia, thus hastily?"
"Certainly not," replied another officer, "but let it be proved that the man is really a Russian."
Leckinski heard all this, for he understood Spanish. He was led out, and locked up in a dungeon.
At the time of his arrest, he had not tasted food since the afternoon of the preceding day, and when the prison door was locked upon him, eighteen hours had elapsed since he had partaken of any nourishment. Add to this the fatigue and anxiety he had suffered and it will not be a matter of much surprise that he threw himself in a state of utter exhaustion on a mattress which lay on the ground and was soon asleep.
This being ascertained through a loop-hole in the wall, one of the officers returned to his own house.
His young and handsome wife was sitting on a yellow cushion, playing the guitar.
"Benita," said he, "we have, we think,

taken a French spy, but he pretends to be in the Russian service; that may be but a pretext, nevertheless we have not been able to make him betray himself. Woman's art will sometimes avail where man's sagacity has failed; come with me to the guard-house."
In that country of faithless wives, denunciations and intrigues; Benita loved her husband. Her guitar was quickly laid aside, her yellow cushion rolled away, her mantilla thrown over her black hair.
Arrived there, the Spanish officer bade her look through the loop-hole, at the sleeping youth.
"I will wait here," said he, "do you go in with a lamp, and throwing the light suddenly upon his face, awaken him.—When thus thrown off his guard listen to what he says, and watch his gestures."
Benita bowed her head, in token of obedience. The jailer opened the door noiselessly, and she entered.
Leckinski had been asleep about two hours, when some one softly approached his couch. It was Benita. A hand was held before the flames of the lamp, to shade the glare from his eyes, and when the hand was withdrawn, he felt a gentle tap on his shoulder, and a sweet toned female voice uttered the words, in French
"Will you have some supper?"
Benita had a true woman's heart. She dreaded the idea of being accessory to the evil planned for this young man. His unprotected situation, his early years, filled her heart with pity. Still she dared not disobey. As she spoke, she grasped his wrist with firmness, which recalled his scattered senses as he awoke.
The young Pole, thus suddenly aroused from his slumbers by the glare of light and the words of the young woman, accompanied by the tap on his shoulder, was about to forget himself, when the pressure of his wrist, by exciting his wonder, brought the circumstance of his situation clearly before him.
He raised himself quickly and without opening his eyes, asked, in German—
"What do you say?"
"Send him some supper," exclaimed Castanos, upon hearing the result of his trial.
"Saddle his horse, and let him continue his journey. He is no Frenchman. How could he have kept on his mask, when thus taken by surprise? The thing is impossible."
But Castanos did not exercise undivided authority. Leckinski's supper was sent to him, but he was not permitted to leave the dungeon until morning. He was then led to a place whence he could behold the mutilated bodies of ten French who had been caught and massacred by the Spanish peasantry. Here, for the space of several hours, he was watched by eyes and ears eager to catch at any unguarded word or gesture.
"Gentleman," said Gen. Castanos to his brother officers; "I am fully aware as you of the importance of preventing any communication between the different French commanders at present in Spain; but we cannot with justice, convict this young man upon the mere assertion of a peasant, who may be mistaken through resemblance, or misled by his fanatical patriotism."
It was a cheering relief to Leckinski to be led back to prison; although his mind was haunted by horrid images and melancholy forebodings, he, nevertheless, fell a second time into a profound sleep.
Another snare was now laid for him.—Amid the silence which prevailed in the dungeon, the door was again softly opened, and the same harmonious voice which had addressed him the night before, said, in a low tone:
"Rise and follow me—you are saved—your horse is waiting."
But whilst Benita repeated by rote, in French, the words she dared not refuse to utter, the same warning pressure of the wrist aroused his watchfulness.
Four cruel black eyes were watching the dungeon scene through a loop-hole in the wall.
They saw Benita—they heard the words—these blood thirsty Spanish officers—but Benita's adroitness prevented their seeing anything more.
At the words "you are saved," Leckinski started up; but the grasp of Benita's slender fingers recalled his presence of mind, he replied as before, in German:
"What do you say?"
On being informed of the result of this

new temptation, Castanos urged his immediate liberation; but he was again overruled.
In the morning the young Pole was conducted before a sort of court, composed of the officers of Castanos's staff. They addressed to him the severest threats, but firm in his resolution, he appeared not to understand one word which they were saying.—He inquired in German for an interpreter. One at last was produced.
He was asked what was the object of his journey from Madrid to Lisbon.
He replied by producing the dispatches from the Russian ambassador to Admiral Sinavin, and his passport. And, but for the unfortunate encounter with the peasant, these proofs might have been satisfactory; but he was still the object of suspicion.
"Ask him," said the president of the committee, "whether he is friendly to the Spaniards, since he says he is not a Frenchman?"
The interpreter translated the question.
"Yes, doubtless," replied Leckinski "I love and respect the noble character of the Spaniards, and I wish your nation and my own were united."
"Colonel," said the interpreter, in French, "the prisoner says he hates us, and he would like to see the whole nation united as one man, that he might annihilate it at a single blow."
Whilst these words were uttered, the eyes of the whole assembly attentively watched the prisoner's countenance, to see what effect would be produced by this new trick, or rather snare. He stood perfectly unmoved.
"Gentlemen," said General Castanos, "it appears to me there is no ground for suspicion against this young man; and therefore he must be set at liberty, and allowed to pursue his journey immediately."
Accordingly, his arms and dispatches were restored to him, and the brave young Pole, after passing through a series of trials that required almost superhuman fortitude and presence of mind, went on his way.—He arrived safely in Lisbon, fulfilled his mission, and wished to return to Madrid; but Gen. Junot, we are glad to say, refused to allow him to expose himself again to the dangers he had so miraculously escaped.
Leckinski never saw Benita again. But a feeling of gratitude to the lovely Spaniard never left him. Leckinski often told the story to his friends, after his return to Poland, when the war was over.
SYMPATHY FOR THE FALLEN.
For my part, I confess I have not the heart to take an offending man from the general crowd of sinful men and judge harshly. The little I have seen of the world, and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed—the brief pulsations of joy—the feverish inquietude of hope and fear—the tears of regret—feebleness of purpose—the scorn of the world that has but little charity—the desolation of the soul's sanctuary—and that inner voice within—health gone—happiness gone—even that hope that stayed longest with us, gone, I have little heart for ought else but thankfulness that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hands it came.
Even as a little child,
Weeping and laughing in its childish sport,
[Dr. Skarp.]
INKERMAN.—A British private, in a letter relative to the battle of Inkerman, printed in the London Times, gives the following scene:
"In the heat of the battle a young Russian officer made himself very conspicuous, and appeared indifferent to danger. He was young, tall, handsome, and indeed beautiful. Twice I had my rifle raised to shoot him, but my heart smote me and I turned it in another direction. In an hour I saw him again, but oh, how changed! His cheeks which had been flushed with the heat of the strife, were now deadly pale. He lay, or half reclined, on the edge of a hillock, and held a miniature likeness of a pretty young lady in his hand, which he had tied to his neck by a small golden chain. His eyes were fixed upon it, but they were fixed in death. I can not tell you what my feelings were; indeed, I can not venture—it would inhuman me."
Hon Edward Everett will deliver an address at Dorchester, on the 4th of July next.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The bank of England must be seen on the inside as well as out, and to get into the interior of this remarkable building, to observe the operations of an institution that exerts more moral and political power than any sovereign in Europe, you must have an order from the governor of the bank. The building occupies an irregular area of eight acres of ground, an edifice of an architectural beauty, with not one window towards the street, being lighted altogether from the roof or the inclosed area. The ordinary business apartments differ from those in our banks only in their extent, a thousand clerks being constantly on duty, and driven with business at that. But to form any adequate idea of what the bank is, we must penetrate its recesses, its vaults, and offices, where we shall see such operations as are not known in Wall street. I was led, on presenting my card of admission, into a private room, where, after the delay of a few moments, a messenger came and conducted me through the mighty and mysterious building. Down we went into a room where the notes of the bank received yesterday were now examined, compared with the entries in the books, and stored away. The bank of England never issues the same note a second time. It receives in the ordinary course of business about £200,000, or \$4,000,000 daily in notes; these are put up in parcels, according to their denomination, locked up with the date of their reception, and are kept ten years; at the expiration of which period they are taken out and ground up in the mill which I saw running, and made again into paper. If in the course of those ten years any dispute in business, or law-suit should arise concerning the payment of any note, the bank can produce the identical bill. To meet the demand for notes so constantly used up, the bank has its own paper makers, its own printers, its own engravers, all at work under the same roof, and it even makes the machinery by which most of its own work is done. A complicated but beautiful operation is a register, extending from the printing office to banking offices, which marks every sheet of paper that is struck off from the press, so that the printer can not manufacture a single sheet of blank notes that is not recorded in the bank. On the same principle of exactness, a shaft is made to pass from one apartment to another, connecting a clock in sixteen business wings of the establishment and regulating them with such precision that the whole of them are always pointing to the same second of time!
In another room was a machine, exceedingly simple for detecting light gold coins. A row of them dropped one by one upon a spring scale; if the piece of gold was of the standard weight, the scale rose to a certain height, and the coin slid off upon one side into a box; if less than the standard, it rose a little higher, and the coin slid off upon the other side. I asked the weigher what was the average number of light coins that came into his hands and strangely enough, he said it was a question he was not allowed to answer.
Henry Ward Beecher says of those clergymen who are so absolutely devoted to the preaching of a theological gospel that they cannot descend to works of Christian reform, "alas! that we should have so many rarified men among us, who are so holy that they can not quiver touch the ground, and yet are not ethereal enough to rise entirely up, and so hang in an unpleasant oscillation between earth and heaven, quite uncertain in their own minds to which their duties belong."
The "OLD SOLDIERS."—A bounty land warrant of 160 acres was forwarded to the president of the United States for military services rendered by him during the Mexican war. A similar warrant was forwarded to ex-president Tyler, for military services during the late war with England. Hon. William L. Marcy, secretary of state, received an 80 acres warrant for military services in the same war, he having already received a bounty of 80 acres under the act of 1850.
By a law enacted by the late legislature, children living remote from any public school in the town, in which they reside, may be allowed to attend the public schools in an adjoining town, under such regulations, and on such terms, as the school committee of such adjoining towns may prescribe; and the school committee are authorized to pay out of the appropriations of money raised for the support of schools in aid of such children.
NUNNERIES IN SPAIN.—The Spanish government has issued a circular to the ecclesiastical authorities, directing them to suspend the admission of novices into convents until the number and occupation of all the nuns in Spain shall have been ascertained.

S. M. FITZGERALD & Co. are the Agents for the Journal, and are authorised 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 110 Nassau street, New York, and 10 State Street, Boston.

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

The doings of the national know nothing council are completed, and it becomes us all, as the smoke has cleared away, to take a calm survey of the field—to find out the path of duty, and walk therein. The times are eventful; questions of immense importance are thickening around us; in a little over a year the time will come for the grand bayonet charge; union and harmony are the two necessary elements to secure success. We do not live in the "piping time of peace," but in one that demands action mingled with prudence—enthusiasm united with good judgment.

Know nothingism has accomplished its mission—has, in a great measure, destroyed old party lines and political prejudices. In Massachusetts, it has elected Henry Wilson to the U. S. senate, abolished separate colored schools, and passed a stringent personal liberty bill. In New Hampshire, it has clothed John P. Hale and James Bell with the senatorial mantle. In New York, it took a pro-slavery position, but the people of that state throttled the uncouth monster in embryo, and re-elected Wm. H. Seward by a large majority.—Therefore, know nothingism has not injured the cause of freedom, but done it good service. Indeed, in every free state, with the exception of New York, it has been nothing but anti-slavery in disguise. Let us, then, thank the mysterious organization for breaking up old parties and prejudices, and for electing congressmen of the right stamp.

But the know nothing organization is at an end, and let us not stop to shed any by-tears, for they are wholly uncalculated. It has caused a capital political thunder-storm,—just what was needed to prepare northern men for lofty duties. The lightning has shivered ancient land-marks and bloodless organizations, and now for another scene in the drama. The curtain has fell; God grant that it shall next rise to show a well disciplined and united host of northern men, infused with as courageous a spirit as the crusaders, and as tenacious of principle as the French Huguenots, ready to march where the genius of freedom points—not a timid, guerrilla troop, but one as invincible as the old guard of Napoleon. Now is the time for the north to rally; now, on the North American continent, is to be decided the great question which has, in every age, commanded the attention of genuine philanthropists and men who have worshipped a lofty ideal.—Now it is for the people to say whether our great territories shall be made into states like Massachusetts—healthy, vigorous and moral—or into scrofulas, rheumatic, imbecile, immoral Virginia and Alabama—where labor is degrading, the poor white men looked upon with contempt, the soil growing poorer and poorer every year, the mass of the people ignorant and abject—no progress—nothing ennobling—the planters completely engrossed in cotton and niggers, ham and hominy, and ever devising means to extend the "peculiar institution."

It seems to us that it will not be a difficult matter to form a republican party, and thereby elect a freedom man for next president.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION IN VERMONT.—A call appears in the Vermont papers, for a convention of all, without distinction of party, who are opposed to the further extension of slavery, to meet at Burlington, on the 27th of this month, to nominate state officers. It is signed by L. BRAINARD, U. S. senator, and JOHN PORTER, chairman of the state committee.

The Montpelier, Vt. Farmer says that the occasion of the late dangerous illness of the widow of Hon. Samuel Prentiss, formerly U. S. senator, nine sons, eight of them lawyers, and the ninth clerk of the U. S. district court, of which his father was judge, assembled at the paternal mansion in Montpelier.

The general convention of congregational ministers and churches of Vermont will meet in the center church at Brattleboro, Tuesday 19th.

WISCONSIN.—The school fund of the state of Wisconsin is estimated at \$5,000,000. The state debt is limited by the constitution to \$100,000.

Gen. Shields was at St. Peter, Minnesota, on the 30th, where he is about to engage in raising choice farm stock.

FLORIDA.—The crops of South Florida are ten per cent. better than they have usually been at this season.

FROM EUROPE.—There has been more fighting around Sebastopol; the allies appear to be steadily gaining ground.

CHICOPEE NEWS.

On Monday, the voters of this town will be called upon to accept or reject the bill passed by the legislature establishing a police court in Chicopee. Here is a copy of the bill:

SECT. 1. A police court is hereby established in the town of Chicopee, to consist of one competent and discreet person, to be appointed and commissioned by the governor, pursuant to the constitution, as standing justice.

SECT. 2. The said court shall have original and exclusive jurisdiction over all crimes, offenses and misdemeanors committed in said town of Chicopee, whereof justices of the peace have now, or may have, jurisdiction; also, of all suits and actions which may now, or at any time hereafter, be heard, tried and determined before any justice of the peace in the county of Hampden, whenever all the parties shall reside in Chicopee, and service of the writ is had on the defendant in said county. The said court shall have original and concurrent jurisdiction, with justices of the peace in the county of Hampden, over all crimes, offenses and misdemeanors, whereof justices of the peace within the county of Hampden now have, or may have, jurisdiction; also, of all suits and actions within the jurisdiction of any justice of the peace within the county of Hampden.

SECT. 3. An appeal shall be allowed from all judgments of said police court, in like manner, and to the same extent, that appeals are now allowed by law from judgments of justices of the peace; and the justice of the said police court shall not be counsel to any party in any cause which may be pending in said court.

SECT. 4. All fines and forfeitures, and all costs in criminal prosecutions, which shall be received by, or paid into the hands of, the justice of said court, shall be by him accounted for, and paid over to the same persons, in the same manner and under the same penalties as are by law prescribed in the case of justices of the peace. All costs in such prosecutions not thus received shall be made up, taxed, certified and allowed, and shall be paid in like manner as is provided by law in cases of justices of the peace.

SECT. 5. The justice of said court shall retain to his own use all fees by him received or which now accrue to justices of the peace in civil actions and criminal prosecutions, in full compensation for all services assigned to him by the provisions of this act; provided that he shall not retain for his services in criminal prosecutions a sum exceeding three hundred dollars annually, but shall pay over to the county treasurer all fees received by him in criminal prosecutions over and above that sum.

SECT. 6. A court shall be held by said justice at some suitable places in said town of Chicopee, to be provided at the expense of said town, on two several days of each week, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, and as much oftener as may be necessary, to take cognizance of crimes, offenses and misdemeanors, and on two several days in each week, to be appointed and made known by said justice, for the trial of civil suits and actions, provided that one of each of the aforesaid courts shall be held in the village of Chicopee Falls. The justice of said court may adjourn said court as justices of the peace may now adjourn the same hearings or trials, and he shall from time to time establish all necessary rules for the orderly and uniform conducting of the business thereof.

SECT. 7. The justice of said court shall keep a fair record of all proceedings in said court, and shall make return to the several courts of all legal processes and of his doings therein, in the same manner as justices of the peace are now required to do; and he shall also, annually, in the month of January, exhibit to the selectmen of said town of Chicopee a true and faithful statement of money actually received by him as fees, and all charges and fees which are outstanding and claimed to be due to him at the date of such exhibit.

SECT. 8. There shall be appointed by the governor, by and with the advice and consent of the council, one special justice of said court, who shall have power, in case of the absence, sickness, interest, or any other disability of the standing justice, to issue the processes of said court, to hear and determine any matter or cause pending, and to exercise all the powers of the standing justice until such disability be removed.—The said special justice shall be paid for the services by him performed out of the fees received in said court such sum as the standing justice would be entitled to for the same services.

SECT. 9. All suits, actions and prosecutions which shall be pending within the said town of Chicopee before any justice of the peace when this act shall take effect, shall be heard and determined as though this act had not passed.

SECT. 10. The governor shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the council, to appoint said standing and special justice at any time after receiving notice of the adoption of this act by the town of Chicopee as hereinafter provided.

SECT. 11. This act shall be void unless the inhabitants of the town of Chicopee, at a legal meeting of said town, called for that purpose, shall, by a written vote, determine to adopt the same, within sixty days from the passage of this act; and it shall be the duty of the selectmen and town clerk of the town of Chicopee to certify that fact to his excellency the governor, if the town should so vote to accept this act.

The old residents of the town are better judges of the necessity of a police court than we. Not taking any particular interest in the matter, we have no advice to give. The following is from a friend of the bill:

because no person who will take the office of police judge is qualified for the place, and the business had better be left with the justices, who are qualified. We understand said justice of the peace proposes to practise law as an attorney in case he is deprived of his perquisites as a magistrate. In case he should do so, the following will serve as a notification to non-paying debtors of the form and orthography of the epistles they will be likely to receive:

CHICOPEE, June 7, 1855.

Sir:—I have a claim against you for collection. Your immediate attention will save cost.

Yours in haste,

[It seems that the above was written in haste; that fact may account for defects in spelling.—Ed.]

Giffin's band commenced its series of occasional entertainments in this village on last Friday evening, and "discouraged sweet music," to the satisfaction of our people for about two hours. In Lowell and Lawrence, bands are employed to play semi-weekly, and the same should be the case in all manufacturing towns, for when the confined toil of the day is finished, music must do much to cheer on the laborers in the performance of life's duties.

The new engine of the Dwight Manufacturing Co. has commenced operations. It was manufactured by Corliss & Nightingale, Providence, R. I., and reflects much credit upon them, on account of its being both complex and symmetrical, and also of excellent finish. It is of 400 horse power. We should as soon think of making a new world as attempting to give a minute description. The engine must be seen to be appreciated.

To-morrow, the catholic bishop of the Massachusetts diocese will administer the ordinance of confirmation, in this village, to a number who are to join that church. As their house of worship is not large enough to accommodate half the Catholics in Chicopee, it has been deemed advisable to sell tickets for the occasion.

The accidental omission of the little word "not" sometimes causes a serious blunder.—Last week's Journal should have stated that John Dalton was found not guilty of the crime of assault and battery upon Margaret Whalen, instead of stating "verdict guilty." The mistake alluded to reminds us of another which a newspaper once made, viz: The editor intended to say—"The Mississippi river is full of rats!" but, by an omission of the letter f, the announcement read—"The Mississippi river is full of rats!"

Last Saturday, the children of the Universalist sabbath school had a holiday; they took a ride to West Springfield, and then to Springfield, visited the arsenals,—and in the afternoon, had a picnic in the cemetery of the latter town.

On Monday afternoon, while the horse and wagon of Mr. H. H. Phetteplace was standing near his store, his son Herbert, a lad about 10 years old, who was sitting on the front end of the vehicle, accidentally fell, striking the horse's heels, which caused him to run some distance. The boy was lamed and somewhat bruised, but not seriously injured,—while the wagon was considerably injured.

The lovers of fishing are very active these days. The noble old Connecticut gives away the finny tribe with a lavish hand, and at the same time, does not seem to spend upon the capital. Tuesday morning, Rufus Mosher and Seymour Bagg caught —we should not dare state how many, for the story will seem too large to be credited; but at a single haul, they took fourteen bass, averaging two-and-a-half pounds each, and one pickerel, weighing 8 pounds. Mr. Mosher not only understands how to catch fish, but also how to cook them to suit the palate of the most fastidious epicure. Our thanks for that dinner at the Chicopee House on Tuesday noon, at which time and place huge piles of once lively bass, pickerel, &c., with all necessary appendages in the eating line, were disposed of.

J. C. Stoeber is now in town; he likes Minnesota very much, and thinks St. Peter (the town in which he resides,) is the most beautiful spot upon which is eye ever rested. Pioneer life has improved his health, and he seems perfectly contented at the idea of spending the remainder of his days in Minnesota.

The Highland Zeolians (Weston's company), sang in Cabot Hall Wednesday eve. They are superior singers. Mr. Weston was formerly a resident of this village. Dexter Howard, who has been until recently a clerk in J. S. Bagg's store, sailed for Canton a day or two ago.

We have been requested to state that Rev. Mr. Davis, of Oxford (Unitarian) will occupy the Universalist pulpit, to-morrow.

For the Weekly Journal.

MR. EDITOR.—Just a word upon the Police Court. On Monday, the citizens will be called upon to say "yea" or "nay" upon its establishment. Certain interested parties have been

busy in filling the ear of the public with falacies respecting its advantages and its expense. Of its advantages nothing would seem necessary but the simple statement that it would rid the community of the miserable, petty, "trumped-up" suits, that are now so common. Of the costs, it would seem to be enough to say, that it will not cost the town a dollar. The salary of the Magistrate is paid from the fees and the bill provides that from these, in criminal costs, he shall retain no more than three hundred dollars per annum. Last year the different justices in this town pocketed fees to the amount of six hundred and fifty dollars, thus showing that a balance of three hundred and fifty will be saved by a police court, which goes into the county treasury, and of course reduces the county tax just so much. From this we draw the conclusion that dignity, decency, and economy, all call for the establishment of a Police Court.

PEACE.

For the Weekly Journal.

We vote yea or nay upon the question of a police court, next Monday. Why should we vote yea? Because, in the first place, the police business can be done by a police judge, at a saving of from five hundred to a thousand dollars per year. In the next place, because our business will be done in a decent, respectable manner, and will bear with it the proper dignity of judicial proceedings, the fitting decorum that pertains to the administration of justice. How is it now? We have justices who were appointed only upon the ground that they never were expected to act as such, and not from any fitness for the place, whose ignorance is so obvious, that the most unsophisticated bystanders laugh at the absurdity of their decisions, and in one case in particular, a man has been appointed, whose complaints are lettered in such orthography as denotes Pata-gonian ignorance, and makes them, obnoxious to the law as not written in the English language. This justice, well known as the most sneaking, mischief making, trouble brewing constable (when he was such) that this town, or any other town ever knew, and well known as such, not only here, but a bye word and a reproach in every criminal court held in Springfield for the last seven years, despised and detested by all the government officers there, having obtained a commission, secretly, from Gov. Washburn, now openly boasts that he does two-thirds of the criminal business of the town. Often is he seen volunteering to issue warrants before complaints are laid before him, and making out a mittimus for defendant, before he has tried him for the offense. Standing on the corner of the streets at night, seeking whose back he may cover with a legal plaster in "behalf of the Commonwealth," and at the expense of the county, this mischief trouble litigation-breeding magistrate says he does two-thirds of the criminal business of the town. Who he is, I need not say, for he is so notorious, that every one knows who is referred to, and both his initials are not very far down the alphabet. *Y. M. M.* *These are not sufficient reasons why we should have a police court,—that it will save hundreds of dollars expense, and make the trials of unfortunate offenders decent, respectable and decorous, instead of making their sins and offenses subjects of speculation for greedy, ignorant, penny-catching justices, who go about like "ravening wolves seeking whom they may devour."* G.

For the Weekly Journal.

MR. PRATT.—Will you allow me to say a few words in your paper in reference to the question of having a police court in Chicopee, which is to be decided on Monday next. In my opinion, the proposed change is not called for by any alarming exigency, nor by a general desire on the part of our citizens. At the meeting in April, it was twice voted down, but a few interested ones have been determined to carry the measure; they admit that if there was a full meeting there would be no hope of succeeding, but they hope, as the people are busy, there will be but few votes cast, and therefore they hope to carry the measure, in opposition to the known wishes of the town. I, for one, have objections to the plan, and will briefly state them: In the first place, nothing will be gained by the change, unless that a few, owing to petty spite, will be gratified. In my opinion, were it not for an unchristian, envious feeling on the part of two or three justices toward another justice, because he tries a good share of our cases, such a thing as a police court would not be thought of. Has the justice spoken of ever conducted a case in an improper manner? and have not bills been found by the grand jurors against every person whom he has bound over? Why do we want a christian trait, and will the voters of the town decide to have a police court, to gratify the malice and envy of a few individuals?

There are strong reasons against the establishment of a police court. In the first place, the police judge must have a salary of three hundred dollars a year, to be paid by the town, and in the second place, the town will have to furnish him with two court-rooms, books and stationery. Why is it that those who are now the most violent in favor of a police court strongly opposed it a year ago? What blessings will flow from the proposed change? Will justice be administered any better than now? The originators of the movement claim, as an excuse for themselves, that we have too many criminal trials. In reply to this, I will defy any one to take the weekly police report, as published in your Journal, and point to a single case that should not have been looked after and brought before a magistrate, with three exceptions—ones, the case of commonwealth vs. one Eastman of Granby; one, the commonwealth vs. Jonathan Priestly—both before George M. Stearns, Esq.; and the other, the commonwealth vs. one Liddy of Ludlow, before Warren Smith Esq. This town, like all manufacturing towns, is made up of the odds and ends of everything; there is much thieving, rowdiness and drunkenness carried on in it and

it will be a sad thing for Chicopee if the time ever comes when crime shall be winked at.

In conclusion, I will say that if there is a full vote given on Monday, no police court will be had in this town, for, I repeat it, it will benefit nobody, except the one who gets the appointment, and will burden the town with a heavy and needless expense.

Govr.

For the Weekly Journal.

MR. PRATT.—Will you grant me the privilege of calling the attention of your readers to "Mitchell's New National Map of the U. S. British, Provinces, Sandwich Islands, Mexico, and Central America, and West India Islands." This map is certainly one of the best ever published. And this is true, not only from the fact of its neat and elegant appearance, but from the lateness of publication, the correctness of the work, and the ability of the author to do justice to the undertaking. It is accurate in its coast lines, definite in its boundaries, and distinct in its lettering. The vast territories of the west are precisely delineated, showing that there yet remains the seat of an empire to be possessed. The Pacific coast, with its buried treasures and magic cities, is now skillfully presented to the eye of the student. Scenes, contrasting our early history with our recent undertakings and triumphs, adorn the otherwise unoccupied spaces on the map.

There are other maps extensively circulated, but this, of all others, is the one to purchase. And whoever subscribes for a copy, will be abundantly repaid and gratified in the possession. The agent, B. D. Merrill, is now in town soliciting sales.—He will visit the citizens generally, to whom he is cheerfully recommended, by C. H. WEBSTER.

CHICOPEE SAVINGS BANK.—We clip from the Westfield Newsletter the following as applicable to this latitude. Money deposited in our bank previous to July 1, commences drawing interest at that time:

It has frequently been our intention to call the attention of our readers to the advantages to be derived from the savings bank in this town. These institutions afford the best means which have ever been contrived for laying up the provisions which all desire against a "rainy day." The deposits are by law obliged to be so invested as to make them perfectly secure against loss or risk, and while one is sleeping they are always accumulating at compound interest. Although the yearly dividend is five per cent., the accumulations are put upon interest every six months and an extra dividend is made every five years among the depositors, of all the surplus profits made in the intervals. And no officer concerned in the management of the funds is allowed to use them or derive any profit from them. So that all the earnings go in the long run to the depositors, amounting generally throughout the commonwealth to more than seven per cent.

There is also another way in which these institutions are of great advantage to a community, and for which we regard the establishment of one among us of great importance. The small sums of which the deposits are made up, if scattered around among the owners, would be wasted or lie useless in their pockets—but when collected they furnish an amount which can be invested in business, and give life to many occupations and employment to all the people. This explains in a great degree the remarkable prosperity of many of the centers of business, like Worcester, Providence and Springfield, where these establishments are located. Thus the money so deposited is of two-fold advantage to the depositors—earning them interest and furnishing them employment. It is also an excellent reason why these funds should be kept among us, instead of being carried abroad where this community will receive none of these benefits.

We hope to see a large amount of money collected in our own savings bank which will, as in other places, diffuse a general prosperity around it.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR AN APPRENTICE.—The Culpepper (Va.) Observer advertises for an apprentice as follows: "Boys that are in the habit of smoking cigars, or carrying a watch, will not be taken. We want good boys, who will attend church, Sunday school, and are not apt to be spoiled when they get a genteel suit of clothes upon their backs."

PAPER FROM BROOM CORN STALKS.—The Hadley paper manufacturing company have just succeeded in making a nice article of paper from this material. A patent has been secured.

Speaking of a deceased lawyer, a man remarked in company that he left behind him very few effects! "The reason," replied a listener "is because he had few causes!"

Dainora Salvaiti, who lived in Florence some 300 years ago, was the mother of 52 children, of whom never less than three were produced at a birth.

"Bryant's Messenger," a weekly paper which has been issued from the office of the Barre Gazette for a year or two past, is to be discontinued.

A down-east paper says that the man who was behind the age took two bottles of ketchup, and has since—caught up. Longfellow calls Sunday the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week.

From our New York Correspondent.

New York, June 19th, 1855.

Last Sunday I attended the religious exercises conducted by Rev. L. M. Pease, at the notorious "Five Points." This spot, until about five years ago, was foul and infamous with every form of loathsome vice and squalid wretchedness. Ricketty old wooden houses, unpainted and windowless, bound together over streets rarely visited by the scavenger, reeking with heaps of garbage green with the vegetable mold of their stagnant gutters.—Dark and narrow alleys led into subterranean rooms, whose dungeon-like walls, always almy with moisture, worked a slow but sure death to their inmates, or to break-neck stairways, mounting to dreary dens, where honest poverty shivered in rags, or more frequently, where the criminal skulked from justice, or the bloated prostitute lured such degraded humanity as wandered after nightfall into their "wife neighborhood." Pale, sickly and deformed children, the offspring of disease and shame, infested the sidewalk, and wolfish eyes glistened on the passer by from doorway and casement, with a light which betrayed an equal readiness to slich a purse or cut a throat. Very much of this has been cured by remedies of the good Samaritan, Pease. The site of the old brewery, one of the worst of the buildings I have attempted to describe, is now occupied by a substantial building of brick, used by the ladies of the Methodist Episcopal church, acting in concert with Mr. Pease, as an industrial school for the benefit of the poor outcast children in the vicinity. Opposite, is the building used by Mr. Pease on week days for secular, and on Sundays for religious instruction. On the occasion of my visit, about one hundred, of both sexes, were seated in a sort of school-room, hither to some good practical advice, which Mr. Pease was giving them, in a plain, familiar style, which showed him admirably fitted to teach children. These were of all ages, from 3 to 18 years, and such a collection of juvenile curiosities! Old heads, prematurely marked with the traces which care and experience write upon the man of 40 years, were to be seen upon boys of ten. There was nothing childish among these children.—As much experience goes into one year of their stormy life, as occurs to a lad in prosperity in the first dozen years of his dreamy boyhood. It was a painful thing to look upon those strange old faces, and read the full volume there of depraved instincts, low cunning, base passions, mental anxiety and physical suffering, without one line telling of what we most love in children, pure thoughts, artless simplicity and serene trust, not yet shaken by the fraud and faithlessness which the untried nature must needs meet in the after time. But it was pleasant too, to meet these children, gathered about their good teacher, clean, orderly, and attentive. Mr. Pease had a herculean labor to perform in establishing his school, small as the task may seem. So utterly wild and gonastray were these arches, that it was months before he could succeed in keeping them in the school-room for any length of time.—The decorum of the school room was continually broken by slang ejaculations, explosions of awful oaths, sudden yells, and now and then, when the teacher was fervently praying with closed eyes, a regular stamp occurred, and he opened his eyes to see only empty benches, and been obliged to go out and hunt up the deserters, who would be found begging with a counterfeit face and story, or driving their legitimate trade of prying upon society in some other equally respectable manner. It required much patience and endurance of all sorts of insults, before he succeeded in gaining the confidence of the degraded parents of these children, so that they would intrust them to his care, and nothing but noble qualities of heart, tempered by christian love, could have given him the success he has achieved. Occasional glimpses may be got in his school, well subdued as it is, of the sort of stuff he had to work into respectability. Last Sunday he was lecturing his pupils upon the propriety of "keeping their hands always where they ought to be." I noticed near me a black eyed scamp, with what Capt. Cattle calls "wisdom bumps" on the back of his head, who seemed to take a deep interest in the discourse. He examined his dexter hand with much attention, shut and duly considered the little bony fist it made, and then, as if instigated by some lurking devil, drove it into the lean ribs of the lank, white-haired boy next him with such force, as to quite double him up, and a sensation was made which attracted special attention to Jimmy, who heard, with a very demure face, that he must have a very bad heart to smite his neighbor with such pungency.

The filluster, Col. Kinney, has eluded the government watch, and is steering his saucy little craft to the shores of Nicaragua, where, by the manifesto which he left behind, he intends to plant churches and schools on his own legally acquired property, which means in plain English, that if he revolutionize that state and enrich himself and his partizans by the job, he intends to do so.

RETURNED.—Harris Stratton of Northfield, who has been in Kansas the past 8 months, returned on Saturday. He gives glowing accounts of the territory and considers it far superior to Illinois or any of the western states for agricultural purposes or healthiness. He intends to return in a short time.—Greenfield Gazette.

INDIAN SCAVENGE.—The Quebec Chronicle, June 11, reports that the small pox-killing the Oswego Indians to an alarming extent. During the space of two weeks, nearly 200 died. When taken with the disease they immediately get into the water, and lie there until death ends their lives.

