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POETRY.

For the Journal.

The Inebriate.

BY EDWARD IRVING.

Why comes he not? The evening shades
Steal slowly o'er the stream and wood,
While one by one each tall tree fades,
Their strong arms linked in brotherhood:
Why comes he not? I've watched too late,
The umbers on the hearth burn low—
Hark! open he now the dooryard gate?
O winds, why mock my woe!
Fades, memory, from my burning brain,
Youth's blissful visions bring no more;
In vain I roam with him again
Those pleasant haunts we trod of yore,
I hear again the songs we sung
Beneath the elm's overarching limb,
And as the vine around it clung,
Clings this poor heart to him.
Sweep wilder, cold and cruel air,
Sweep wilder through this creaking shed;
Your tones may lull the slumberers here,
Or drown their piercing cries for bread:
They have no father! once his eye
Would brighten at a smile of theirs,
But now he leaves them there to die,
And neither knows nor cares!
My heart is there, and I will go
E'en to his haunt of sin and shame;
But list! I hear a voice of woe—
O God, my husband calls my name!
How thrilled that voice upon her ear—
She raised him from his chilly bed,
Her sweet love-tones and words of cheer
Revived his spirit dead.
That night upon his cottage floor,
He knelt and vowed with burning tears,
The poisonous chalice never more
To taste again for life's long years—
The rose blooms on her cheek again,
The sun shines with its wonted light,
Glad children haste along the plain
To meet their sire at night.
Fruits, fields and flowers are round them now,
Birds sing without to birds within,
Love sits on woman's placid brow,
And reason rules that man of sin;
And blithely nestle their sheltering dome,
Trip feet that tread o'er frozen ground;
A Guide unseen, in that sweet home
Moves silently around!
Chicopee, 1856.

For the Journal.

Spring Thoughts.

BY MINNIE MAY.

Sweet spring hath come with sun and shower,
The sleeping earth to waken,
To bear her back the mantle green,
The robber, time hath taken,
She brings the same old song of birds
Our childhood heard at even;
But not the song of her who made
One happy home a heaven!
A form as May-day morning fair,
The wintry earth has shaded,
The lily of my heart is gone,
Its leaves and petals faded;
A year ago her silver tresses
Filled all our home with gladness,
How can I bear those pleasant days
With such a spot of sadness?
Yet why this grief? my spirit e'er
Sees flowers immortal blossom,
Sees the young forms that friends have laid
Cold on earth's icy bosom;
Their voices sweet are sounding still
Beside some golden river,
Their sinless hearts beat high with hope
To meet us there forever!
Then cheerful journey on through time,
Each holy feeling cherish;
For not one good and loving thought
In all the world shall perish;
Each passer passion trample down,
Perform each daily duty,
And spring eternal shall be ours
On heaven's bright hills of beauty.
Chicopee, 1856.

Miscellany.

Mrs. Reed's Economy.

"What is that, my dear?" asked Mr. Reed, mildly looking up from his morning paper.
"I was exclaiming at the extravagance of my gown," replied the pretty looking woman whose blue eyes had not yet recovered their natural dimensions.
"Heartily, my dear, for hear this:—There are in New York and Brooklyn not less than five thousand ladies, whose dress bill could not average, annually, less than two thousand dollars each, or ten millions for all!"
"Prodigious!" muttered the merchant, "but doubtless true."
"There are five thousand more," continued his wife, resuming her reading, "whose dress expenses will average one thousand each, or five millions of dollars for the whole number; and five millions of dollars more would not cover the dress expenses of those whose bills average every year from two hundred to five hundred dollars. Thus, at a low estimate, the annual cost of dressing our fashionable ladies is twenty millions of dollars. Perhaps we should not exceed the truth, if we estimate the

annual cost of dressing and jewelery the ladies of New York and its vicinity, at from thirty to forty millions of dollars."
"What wonder?" exclaimed the goodly indignant little woman, "that poverty and suffering are so rife in that city; only think George; twenty millions of dollars, to say the least, wasted in finery and extravagance; worse than wasted."
"Yes," resumed her husband, for the bulk of the money is exchanged for foreign fabrics and goes out of the country to pamper the miserable tonies of the old world—that's what makes me angry to think of it. If the money was spent among our own producers, manufacturers and mechanics, the shame would not be so burning, but no, it must bear the stamp of imported goods or our ladies would not look at the article. I saw to-day some silk, which I'll be bound some French aristocrat had manufactured for his windows, but failing to give satisfaction it was sent over to green Yankees. They wouldn't know—of course not—nor care, so long as the obsequious shopman declared that it is of "Paris manufacture." And so we have walking curtains, with all the fixtures, like as not and best hangings too—oh! to meet in our fashionable streets dresses with figures larger than the whole pattern, so that it takes two women to show off one gown to advantage—it is laughable—but wife—
"Well—how your eyes twinkle!"
"It has never occurred to me to ask how much you spend in dress—say for a year."
"Oh! but I'm not fashionable, and you are not rich."
"No matter for that; a better dressed woman than yourself doesn't walk the streets of Boston. Now, for the very reason that I am not rich, I want to know how you do it."
"That is easy enough told on a little reflection. You praised my new hat very highly."
"Never saw you look so sweetly in my life; wanted to kiss you right on the spot. Lee, the gentleman who was with me, declared he hadn't met so handsome and well dressed a lady since he had been in Boston. There's for you; and he is a New Yorker; but come, what did you give for the hat; pinch in bread and butter, eh?" and he pinched his wife's rosy cheek.
"No, indeed," she merrily replied, "you know last week I asked you for three dollars; well, that was what the bonnet cost me."
"Ah, Minnie, I'm not so green as that—a lady's bonnet three dollars—a bonnet like that!"
"But I made it myself, for I have long been confident that a milliner's time is worth to her a dollar a minute, and that we pay more for that, than shape, materials and all. So I have made my bonnets for the past two seasons; my very frame wore velvet last winter. I was curious to get a milliner's judgment upon it, and yesterday asked Miss — to show me some ten dollar hats. She did so—and I would not have exchanged mine for any of them. Ha! ha! Why, my black silk that looks so fresh, none of my friends know but I have bought a new one. I turned and altered and trimmed it handsomely, and yet the trimmings cost only \$150. you see there's a good deal in taste," she added.
"Oh, yes, Mrs. Self-conceit; then we may put the silk dress at one dollar fifty. Ah! there's the new one—I forgot that."
"It cost twelve dollars, for I made it a point to get good and rich silk, that it may bear turning or a change of pattern. But I made it every stitch myself, with only a little help from my sister Annie."
"But the seamstress, I saw her."
"Oh she was sewing up the cotton for the family. I always make it a point to employ some of my friends for that, and pay liberally. Shall I tell you what it cost?"
"No, for we wear upon dress; now gloves, shoes, laces, &c. Come tell the secrets of your marvellous extravagance, madam," and Mr. Reed flourished his pencil pompously.
"Gloves, four dollars a year," said his wife, "put that at four dollars, for I get the very best from motives of economy; shoes, say eight dollars, though I am not quite certain that it is as much; laces, perhaps five dollars, having a good assortment and taking care of them. My dressing gowns are of French calico, and they are yet handsome after three years wear; but

to be more explicit, I have kept an account of everything in that line, which I have bought within the last ten months, and my outside dress, winter and all, has not exceeded seventy-five dollars."
"Mr. Reed looked at his wife with exulting glances.
"And yet," he exclaimed, "how well how very well, in how thoroughly pure and elegant taste you have always appeared, my admirable wife. It is owing to your economy that I escaped threatened failure during the last terrible year. And I have more to tell you: Jenkins, who had just got out by a broken back, thanked me yesterday for my kindness to him during his illness, and called down blessings on your head for the solicitude you had displayed towards his family. It was you, then, who sent them bread and wood, and warm clothes for the children; and it was you who got Billy a good place and provided a comfortable home for your poor washerwoman; it was you who fitted out the little lame girl with decent clothes and sent her to school—it was you, who, during the season of distress, went like a ministering angel to the haunts of the poor, preferring to spend my allowance in doing good to the needy, rather than display your own beautiful person in the habiliments of fashion. God's blessing on you, my noble wife—I am proud of you, I have found a treasure of which not only I, but my country should be proud. For, should calamity come, this fair cheek would never blush at the thought, 'it was my heartless extravagance that aided in the overthrow of my native land!' God's blessing on you. He does bless you daily, and when the poor butterflies, who think more of a yard of brocade than a human soul, stand before the judgment seat of the great God, how little in comparison with such as you, my wife, will such frivolous heartless beings appear. Nay, this is just praise, though you have done your good works silently in secret, and not for human approbation, and imparting a kiss upon her forehead, the happy husband returned to his counting room.
Reader, in fair circumstances, in good standing to the world and in the church, are you Mrs. Reed.
"She has outlived her Usefulness."
Not long since, a good looking man, in the middle of life, came to our door asking for "the minister." When informed that he was out of town, he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied, "I have lost my mother and as this place used to be her home, and my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside his."
Our heart rose in sympathy, and we said,—"You have met with a great loss."
"Well—yes," replied the strong man, with hesitancy, "a mother is a great loss in general; but our mother has outlived her usefulness; she was in her second childhood, and her mind was grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself, and was a burden to everybody. There were seven of us, sons and daughters; and as we could not find any body who was willing to board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I've had more than my share of her; for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out; and that was more than three months before her death. But then she was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us all up."
Without looking at the face of the heartless man, we directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor, and returned to our own nursery. We gazed on the merry little faces which smiled, or grew sad in imitation of ours—those little ones to whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet as "Mother," and we wondered if that day could ever come when they would say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness—she is no comfort to herself and a burden to everybody else!" and we hoped that before such a day would dawn, we might be taken to our rest. God forbid that we should outlive the love of our children. Rather let us die while our hearts are a part of our own, that our grave may be watered with their tears, and our love linked with their hopes of heaven.
When the bell tolled for the mother's burial we went to the sanctuary to pay our only token of respect for the aged stranger; for we felt that we could give

her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.
"She was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us all up—she was no comfort to herself and a burden to everybody else." These cruel, heartless words rang in our ears as we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled loud and long, until its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toil-worn mother. One—two—three—four—five. How clearly and almost merrily each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber in her mother's bosom, and of her seat at nightfall on her weary father's knees. Six—seven—eight—nine—ten—rang out the tale of her sports upon the green sward, in the meadow and by the brook.
Eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen, spoke more gravely of school days, and little household joys and cares. Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen, sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood, and the dream of early love. Nineteen brought before us the happy bride. Twenty spoke of the young mother, whose heart was full to bursting with the new strong love which God had awakened in her bosom. And then stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood, of the love and cares, and hopes, and fears and toils through which she passed during these long years, till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From that to sixty each stroke told of the warm hearted mother and grandmother, living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of her children and children's children. Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize; but hark! the bell tolls out Seventy—seventy-one—two—three—four.
She begins to grow feeble, requires some care, is not always perfectly patient or satisfied; she goes from one child's house to another, so that no one place seems like home. She murmurs in plaintive tones, and after all her toil and weariness, it is hard she cannot be allowed a home to die in; that she must be sent rather than invited, from house to house. Eighty—eighty-one, two, three, four—ah, she is now a second child—now she has outlived her usefulness, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth-craving and money grasping children.
Now sounds out, reverberating through our lovely forest, and echoing back from our "hill of the dead." Eighty-nine—There she lies now in the coffin cold and still—she makes no trouble now, demands no love, no soft words, no tender little of fices. A look for patient endurance, we fancied also an expression of grief for unrequited love, sat on her marble features. Her children were there, clad in weeds of woe, and in an irony we remembered the strong man's words, "She was a good mother in her day."
When the bell ceased tolling, the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was very erect, and his voice strong, but his hair was silvery white. He read several passages of Scripture expressive of God's compassion to feeble man, and especially of his tenderness when gray hairs are on him, and his strength faileth. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and of dependence on God, urging all present to make their peace with their Master while in health, that they might claim their promises when heart and flesh should fail them. "Then," he said, "the eternal God shall be thy refuge and beneath thee shall be the everlasting arms." Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the coffin form before him, he then said reverently,—"From a little child, I have honored the aged; but never till gray hairs covered my own head, did I know truly how much love and sympathy this class have a right to demand of their fellow creatures. Now I feel it. Our mother," he added most tenderly, "who now lies in death before us, was a stranger to me, as are all these, her descendants. All I know of her is what her son has told me to-day—that here she has past most of her life, toiling only as mothers have strength to toil, until she had reared a large family of sons and daughters—that she left her home here, clad in the weeds of widowhood, to dwell among her children; and that till health left her, she toiled for you, her descendants. You who together have shared her love and her care, know how well you have requited her. God forbid that conscience should accuse any of you

for ingratitude or murmuring on account of the care she has been to you of late. When you go back to your homes, be careful of your words, and your example before your own children, for the fruit of your own doing you will surely reap from them when you yourselves totter on the brink of the grave. I entreat you as a friend, as one who has himself entered the "evening of life," that you may never say, in the presence of your families not of heaven, "Our mother had outlived her usefulness—she was a burden to us." Never, never; a mother cannot live as long as that! No; when she can no longer labor for her children, nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their bosoms, and call forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their natures.
Adieu, then, poor, toil-worn mother; there are no more sleepless nights, no more days of pain for thee. Undying vigor and everlasting usefulness are part of the inheritance of the redeemed. Feeble as thou wert on earth, thou wilt be no burden on the bosom of infinite love, but there shalt thou find thy longed-for rest, and receive glorious sympathy from Jesus and his ransomed fold.
A Splendid Description.
One Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than usually furnished. When the people were assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised not only a good barbecue but better liquor. Where's the liquor?"
"There!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the matchless double spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet, "there is the liquor which God, the eternal, brews for all his children. Not in the simmering still, ever smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glade and glassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the hills sing, and high up in the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitter like gold in the sun, where the storm-clouds and the thunder-storm crash, and away far out on the wide wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big wave rolls the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there He brews it, that beverage of life, health giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty gleaming in the dew-drop; shining in the summer rain; shining in the ice gem, till the trets all seemed turned to living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glazier, dancing in the hail shower, folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world; and weaving the many colored iris, that the seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain drop of the earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction. Still all is beautiful—that blessed life water! no poisonous bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths. Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink alcohol?"
A shout like the roar of a tempest, answered "No."
Cars Crossing the Mississippi.
A trait of cars first crossed the Mississippi at Rock Island on the 22d ult. A passenger thus describes the scene:
"As we approached Rock Island, there were rumors afloat that we would cross to Iowa on the new bridge. 'Cross the Mississippi on a bridge!' cried an intelligent looking gentleman. 'On a bridge!' simpered a feminine voice from a young lady to her parents, bound for Council Bluffs; 'why, pa, I thought the Missis-

issippi was a great river, larger than the Hudson?"
So silently has the work progressed, that while half the world has been asleep, genius has been spanning the mightiest river on the globe, and connecting two as magnificent sections of territory as the sun ever shone on.
Swiftly we speed along the iron track—Rock Island appeared in sight—the whistle sounded, and the conductor cried out, "Passengers for Iowa keep their seats." There was a pause—a hush, as it were, preparatory to the fierceness of a tornado. The cars moved on; the bridge was reached—"we're on the bridge—see the mighty Mississippi rolling on beneath!" and all eyes were fastened on the mighty parapets of the magnificent bridge, over which we glided in solemn silence. A few minutes and the suspended breath was let loose, "we're over!" was the cry, "we have crossed the Mississippi in a railroad car. This is glory enough for one day," said a passenger, as he hustled his carpet-bag and himself out of the cars. We followed, to view the mighty structure.
The bridge was erected by Messrs. Stone & Boomer, of Chicago, and Mr. Boyington, of the firm of Stone, Boomer & Boyington, of Davenport, superintended the erection. The masonry was built by John Warner, Esq., of Rock Island, and the stone of which the piers and abutments were built was brought from Rock River, Le Claire and Hampton.
This noble structure is 1,581 feet in length, from the island to the Iowa shore; the space between the island and the Illinois shore is considerably less. Each span of the main bridge is 250 feet in the clear, and the draw is 286 feet. The piers are seven feet wide at the top, by thirty-five feet long, and are thirty-eight feet high from the bed of the river.
Why Jewesses are Beautiful.
Chateaubriand gives a fanciful, but an agreeable reason for the fact that Jewesses are so much handsomer than the men of that nation. He says Jewish women have escaped the curse which alighted upon their fathers, husbands and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God, scourged him with thorns, and subjected him to infamy and the agony of the cross. The woman of Judaea believed in the Saviour, and assisted and soothed him under affliction. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in a vase of alabaster. The sinner, spoiled his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ on his part extended mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman in adultery. The daughter of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy woman accompanied him to Calvary, brought him balm and spices; and weeping sought him in the sepulchre. "Woman, why weepest thou?" His first appearance after the resurrection was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her, "Mary." At the sound of his voice, Mary Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered, "Master." The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewesses.
Death.
The following waif afloat on the sea of reading, we clip from an exchange. We do not know its paternity, but it contains some wholesome truths, beautifully set forth:
"Men seldom think of the event of death until the shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved, ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave even with kings and princes for our bedfellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we

