



Poetry.

LIFE'S PROGRESS.

How gaily is at first begun
Our life's uncertain race!
Which yet that sprightly morning sun,
Whilst yet that early season move,

Select Tales.

GABRIEL'S MARRIAGE.

This was the substance of what Gabriel now heard from Pere Bonan:—
Not very long before the persecutions broke out in Brittany, a priest, known generally by the name of Father Paul,

a refuge on the sea. Henceforth, their children could still be baptized, their sons and daughters could still be married, the burial of the dead could still be solemnized, under the sanction of the old religion for which, not vainly, they had suffered so patiently and so long.

be imagined nobler in itself, or sublimer in the circumstances surrounding it, than that which was now offered up? Here was no artificial pomp, no gaudy profusion of ornament, no attendant grandeur of man's creation.

in the cottage on the night of the storm. Once, and once only, did Father Paul interrupt the narrative which in whispers was addressed to him. Gabriel had hardly repeated the first two or three sentences of his grandfather's confession, when the priest, in quick altered tones, abruptly asked him his name and place of abode.

to the events which followed my entrance under your father's roof. I remember nothing that happened from the time when I laid down to sleep before the fire, until the time when I recovered my senses at the place which you call The Merchant's Table.

straightway to your father's cottage, and reclaim him after he had believed me to be dead—that I kept the secret and entreated of my superiors that I might be sent to Brittany. But this, as I have said, was not to be at first; and when my desire was granted, my place was assigned me in a far district.

eyes glared, but without moving in their orbits. The lovely moonlight itself looked ghastly and horrible, shining on the supernatural panic-deformity of that face! Gabriel turned away his head in terror. He heard the voice of Father Paul saying to him, "Wait here till I come back,"—then, there was an instant of silence again—then a low groaning sound that seemed to articulate the name of God; a sound unlike his father's voice, unlike any human voice he had ever heard—and then the noise of a closing door. He looked up and saw that he was standing alone before the cottage.

ed in Brittany. Among other propo-  
sitions which were then submitted to the  
parliament, was one advocating the res-  
toration of the roadside crosses throughout  
the province. It was found, however, on  
inquiry, that these crosses were to be  
counted by thousands, and that the mere  
cost of the wood required to erect them  
necessitated an expenditure of money  
which the bankrupt nation could ill afford  
to spare.



While this project was under discussion,  
and before it was finally rejected, one man  
had undertaken the task which the gov-  
ernment shrank from attempting. When  
Gabriel left the cottage, taking his brother  
and sisters to live with his wife and  
himself at the farm-house, Francois Sarzeau  
left it also, to perform in highway  
and byway his promise to Father Paul.  
For months and months he labored with  
out intermission at his task; still, always  
doing good, and rendering help and kind-  
ness and true charity to all whom he could  
serve. He walked many a weary mile,  
toiled through many a hard day's work,  
humbled himself even to beg of others, to  
get wood enough to restore a single cross.  
No one ever heard him complain, ever  
saw him impatient, ever detected him in  
flinching at his task. The shelter in an  
out-house, the crust of bread and drink  
of water, which he could always get from  
the peasantry, seemed to suffice him. Among  
the people who watched his perseverance,  
a belief began to gain ground that his life  
would be miraculously prolonged until he  
had completed his undertaking from one  
end of Brittany to the other. But this  
was not to be. He was seen one cold au-  
tumn evening, silently and steadily at  
work as usual, setting up a new cross on  
the site of one which had been shattered  
to splinters in the troubled times. In the  
morning he was found lying dead beneath  
the sacred symbol which his own hands had  
completed and erected in its place during  
the night. They buried him where he lay,  
and the priest who consecrated the ground  
allowed Gabriel to engrave his father's  
epitaph in the wood of the cross. It was  
simply the initials of the dead man's  
name, followed by this inscription:—"*Pray  
for the repose of his soul; he died penitent,  
and in the vigor of good works.*"

**AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.**  
V. B. PALMER is the Agent for this paper in the  
cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and is  
duly empowered to take advertisements and sub-  
scriptions at the same rates as required by us.  
Their offices are at 122 Nassau street, New-  
York, and North-West corner Third and Chest-  
nut Streets, Philadelphia.

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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 pay-  
ments. Their offices are at 122 Nassau street, New-  
York, and 19 State Street, Boston.

**FOURTH OF JULY**  
The eve of another of those anniver-  
saries, so full of interest to every true Amer-  
ican heart, is at hand. Before we shall be  
permitted to speak with our readers again,  
the day, with all its associations, its les-  
sons, its noise and excitement, will have  
passed forever; will have added one more  
to the list, now numbering nearly four  
score, which are as mile stones in the jour-  
ney of a mighty army, moving on to an un-  
imagined destiny.

To the serious and reflective mind this  
is a day of no common interest, it com-  
memorates the birthday of freedom, and  
recalls the mind to a renewed consideration  
of that great problem, the capability of  
man for self government. For seventy-  
seven years we have existed as a nation,  
and for sixty-five have lived under a gen-  
eral constitution. During that period we  
have increased in population from three,  
to twenty-five millions, and are to-day the  
most intelligent, best governed and hap-  
piest people on the earth. We would not  
speak this boastfully but as a matter of  
fact. Although possessing that as a nation,  
over which we might well be proud; still we  
believe as an intelligent and sober people  
it becomes us far better to examine our-  
selves critically, to see what elements we  
are cherishing which may yet prove a fes-  
tering sore, near the heart of the body  
politic. There has never been a time  
since the American Government had an  
existence, when the nations of the earth  
were more troublesome and warlike front,  
than the present. War, a calamity beyond  
all others to be dreaded and guarded  
against, under every form of government,  
is peculiarly detrimental to a government  
founded and sustained like our own. Far  
too much of the patriotism which will be  
likely to make itself heard and seen on the  
approaching anniversary, through speech,  
and song, and powder and flags, will be  
of a nature to make the universal Yankee  
Nation think itself the smartest, likeliest,  
and best behaved young giant ever brought  
out for exhibition. This kind of glorifica-  
tion has distinguished the recurrence of  
this day, from the beginning; the Bonfire  
and Gunpowder prediction of John Adams  
has been fulfilled to the letter. God  
grant that a higher view of a nation's true  
glory may yet take possession of the heads  
and hearts of the people, and that the  
result may be the peaceful triumph of the  
arts of industry through wise legislation,  
and a wide spread and general intelligence.

Once, and once only, did Gabriel hear  
anything of Father Paul. The good  
priest showed, by writing to the farm  
house, that he had not forgotten the fam-  
ily so largely indebted to him for their hap-  
piness. The letter was dated "Rome."  
Father Paul said, that such services as he  
had been permitted to render to the church  
in Brittany, had obtained for him a new  
and far more glorious trust than any he  
had yet held. He had been recalled from  
his curacy, and appointed to be at the  
head of a mission which was shortly  
to be dispatched to convert the inhabitants  
of a savage and a far distant land to the  
Christian faith. He now wrote, as his  
brethren with him were writing, to take  
leave of all friends forever in this world,  
before setting out—for it was well known  
to the chosen persons entrusted with the  
new mission, that they could only hope to  
advance its objects by cheerfully risking  
their own lives for the sake of their reli-  
gion. He gave his blessing to Francois  
Sarzeau, to Gabriel, and to his family;  
and bade them affectionately farewell for  
the last time. There was a postscript in  
the letter, which was addressed to Rose,  
and which she often read afterwards with  
tearful eyes. The writer begged that, if  
she should have any children, she would  
show her friends and Christian remem-  
brance of him by teaching them to pray  
(as he hoped she herself would pray) that  
a blessing might attend Father Paul's  
labors in the distant land. The priest's  
loving petition was never forgotten. When  
Rose taught its first prayer to her first  
child, the little creature was instructed to  
end the few simple words pronounced at  
his mother's knee, with, "God bless Father  
Paul!"

**A HIDEOUS MONSTER.**  
There exists in society a hideous mon-  
ster, known to all, though no one disturbs  
it. Its ravages are great, almost incalcu-  
lable; it slays reputations, poisons dis-  
honors, and defiles the splendor of the  
most estimable form. It has no name,  
being a mere figure of speech, a very word  
it is composed of but one phrase, and is  
called—*They say*.

"Do you know such a one?" is often  
asked, and the person pointed out.  
"NO; but they say he has had strange  
adventures, and his family is very un-  
happy."

"Are you sure?"  
"NO; I know nothing about it. But  
they say—"

"This young woman, so beautiful, so  
brilliant, so much admired—do you know  
her?"  
"NO. They say it is not difficult  
to please her, and that more than one has  
done so?"  
"NO; but she appears so decent, so re-  
served."  
"Clearly; but they say—"  
"Doesn't trust that gentleman. Be on  
your guard—"  
"Bah! his fortune is immense; see  
what an establishment he has."  
"YES! But they say he is very much  
involved."  
"Do you know the fact?"  
"NOT I. They say though—"  
This "*they say*" is heard in every  
relation of life. It is deadly, mortal, and  
not to be grasped. It goes higher and thither,  
strikes and kills many honor, female vir-  
tue, without either sex being ever con-  
scious of the injury done.

*Arthur's Home Gazette*

**NIAGARA FALLS AND LAKE ERIE.**  
Professor Silliman, the eminent geologist,  
credits the opinion advanced by some  
that the gradual wearing away of the rocks  
of Niagara Falls may possibly result in  
draining Lake Erie. In a recent lecture  
he remarked:  
"By which it will not halt at their present sta-  
tion, but retreat slowly and surely about  
two miles further, where they will stop  
again for an unknown period, and prob-  
ably for ever, since at this place the hard  
limestone will form both base and top of  
the falls, and thus stop the rapid destruc-  
tion of the rock. Some have thought that  
they would finally reach Lake Erie, and  
that then the lake would be completely  
drained. Such an event is impossible. At  
the point already mentioned the torrent  
will gradually wear away the surface of  
the limestone, forming a rapid, and thence-  
forth Niagara will be one of the lost won-  
ders of the world."

**SAD ACCIDENT.**  
James McManis, aged 14 years, was  
killed in this Village, on Tuesday last,  
by being thrown from a horse. The boy had  
been employed by Mr. James Turner, for  
several weeks previous to his death, to  
take care of, and ride a race horse, which  
he owned. The place selected by Mr. T.  
for him to exercise the horse, was on the  
common, in the western part of the village.  
The horse became unmanageable at this  
place, in consequence of the boys throwing  
Fire Crackers. Mr. Turner then directed  
the boy to ride up and down Exchange  
st. and he wandered away, over the hill,  
near the Catholic Cemetery. Mr. Turner  
becoming alarmed at his absence, followed  
on, in the direction he learned the boy  
had taken, and when he had reached a  
point a little beyond Mr. Veranus Chapin's,  
saw the horse on the other side of  
the plain, on the road leading to the Conn.  
River House; the boy was then on him,  
but the horse seemed to be running very  
fast. Mr. Turner went over to that road,  
and followed on for some distance, and found  
the boy lying by the roadside, with the  
saddle; he was taken up in an unconscious  
state and carried home, where he died in  
a few hours. His head was considerably  
cut and bruised. Mr. T. thinks, from the  
appearance of the tracks of the horse in  
the sand, and from the position of the boy  
when found, and other circumstances, that  
the saddle turned—thus throwing the boy  
off, but that his foot remained in the stir-  
rup, and that as he was dragged for some  
distance in this way, his head was hit by  
the horse's feet. We wish this accident  
could serve some good purpose, in awak-  
ening our citizens to the intolerable nu-  
isance to which we are constantly subject-  
ed by the use of all sorts of Squibs and  
Fire Crackers in the street.

The letter of our Boston Correspond-  
ent came to late for insertion this week.

Mr. Johnson, our new Postmaster, en-  
tered upon the discharge of the duties of  
his office yesterday.

SPRINGFIELD AND NORTHAMPTON, will cel-  
brate the 77th anniversary of American  
Independence in a manner becoming the  
occasion. From the programme published  
by the Chief Marshal, we should judge  
that the demonstration in Springfield would  
far surpass any similar one ever made in  
this vicinity; and that the Fire Works in  
the evening would equal the display usual-  
ly made in Boston, on that day. The  
Pacific Engine Company of this town have  
accepted an invitation to visit Northamp-  
ton on that day.

CHICOPEE will do nothing this year in  
the way of a celebration, or anything of  
the kind, for the 4th of July. We pre-  
sume our citizens will generally visit Spring-  
field, or Northampton, either as participa-  
tors in the demonstrations to be made in  
these places, or as spectators. The general  
explosion of squibs and crackers, will of  
course be indulged in by the juvenile por-  
tion of the population, and we understand  
that a salute of thirty-one guns will be fired  
in the morning, on the bank of the river  
near the Chicopee Bridge. We wish  
we could impress it upon the minds of our  
young friends, that some better place than  
the public streets could easily be found,  
where Crackers and Cannon would "speak"  
just as loud, and do no mischief.

**THEVING AMONG THE FLOWERS.**—Every  
year witnesses a great amount of garden  
pilfering in every portion of our village.  
Complaints have been made to us from  
several different quarters already, and the  
question is frequently asked, "can't some-  
thing be done to put a stop to it?" We  
think the best remedy would be to make  
an example of the first person detected in  
unlawfully picking flowers from any yard  
or garden, by prosecuting them for theft.  
Early Sunday mornings seem to be the  
time generally chosen for this work; and  
the same day is usually selected for a walk  
in the Cemetery, and we are sorry to say  
that we have those among us, who have  
so little sense of decency and propriety,  
that they will steal the flowers which have  
been planted by the hand of affection over  
the ashes of some dear departed friend,  
seemingly unaware that any peculiar inter-  
est is felt in these flowers, over those  
growing wild in the fields.

The Steamship *Northern Light*, which  
arrived at New York, on Friday, the 24th  
ult., had among her passengers, Mr. O.  
M. WARREN, who left this village for Cal-  
ifornia, sixteen months since. Mr. W.  
called at our office yesterday, looking in  
excellent health, and gave us some account  
of his experience in the land of gold. For  
the last few months he has been engaged  
in the Dairy business, which has proved  
very profitable, the price of milk in the  
milk being 50 cents per quart. He  
brought us a beautiful specimen of the yel-  
low metal, taken from quartz rock, and  
also a California Toad, which we have  
bottled, for the inspection of the curious.

We commence this week, the republi-  
cation of a series of letters, descriptive of  
a campaign in East Florida, by James W.  
Simmons, U. S. A. The letters originally  
appeared in the National Atlas, during the  
year 1836. We dig them up, and present  
them anew at the request of a friend, who  
was much interested in them at the time and  
trust that our readers will consider him  
a man of taste, and approve of our making  
such use of our columns.

**DESCENT ON THE FRANKLIN HOUSE.**  
Last evening, about nine o'clock, a de-  
scent was made upon the Franklin House,  
situated near Chicopee Falls, on the road  
to Springfield. This House has long been  
notorious as a haunt for every species of de-  
pravities, and a disgrace to the town. Pre-  
parations were previously made, and last  
night Sheriff's Cutler and Morton of Chic-  
opee, Constable and Sikes of Springfield,  
and Marsh of Holyoke, assisted by Con-  
stables Hubbard, Converse, Chapin and  
Doolittle of Chicopee, with a posse of one  
hundred citizens, came down upon them,  
arresting the keeper, Green, two or three  
other men and girls. The inmates had  
evidently been warned of the approach of  
the officers, as many of the unclean birds  
that usually roost there, had fled. We  
have not learned the entire results of the  
expedition.

**POLICE REPORTS.** June 28.  
Commonwealth vs. Michael Lyons.—Michael  
Lyons was brought before Warren Smith Esq.,  
charged with stealing the horse of William  
Heath of Chicopee. The defendant was dis-  
charged.

June 27.  
Commonwealth vs. Bridget Cronin.—Bridget  
Cronin was brought before Warren Smith Esq.,  
charged with the crime of drunkenness. The  
defendant was fined one dollar and costs.

June 22.  
Patrick Erskine was brought before Warren  
Smith Esq., by officer Wheeler charged  
with the crime of drunkenness. The defendant  
urged that his unusual appearance which led  
to his arrest was caused by being sun struck.  
The magistrate after examining the evi-  
dence in the case came to the conclusion that the  
defendant was sun struck; and fined him one  
dollar and cost.

June 25.  
G. M. Bigelow, was arrested by officer Do-  
olittle and arraigned before Justice Bemis,  
upon Complaint of Julia O'Hare, for indecent  
exposure of his person. His case was contin-  
ued to June 25. When a hearing was had and  
defendant found guilty, and sentenced to  
sixty days to the House of Correction. Deft.  
appealed. Stearns for prosecution. Hinshel-  
er for Defence.

Putnam's Monthly for July, and Nos.  
475 and 6 of the Living Age, are upon  
our table. No better Magazines are pub-  
lished in this country.

Correspondence of the Journal.  
DEERFIELD, JUNE 30, 1853.  
Mr. Editor:—I propose to employ a little  
of my present leisure, in jotting down a few  
items of traveling experience, and place them  
in your hands to be disposed of as you may see  
fit. The evening I left our village, was one of  
uncommon loveliness, as you will recollect; and  
the beauty of the scenery on every hand was  
remarked at every point on our journey. Chic-  
opee street, the first rural spot, after leaving  
behind the scene of busy moving life, which  
we every day behold, seemed something like  
home, with its fields of growing grain, and  
with its ample barns. We crossed the river at  
Williamsett. First in the list of towns we  
passed through comes Holyoke—just beginning  
to offer a fair claim to consideration, as one of  
the most promising children of the old Bay  
State. The grand fall in the Connecticut at  
this point, and the truly splendid view of the  
surrounding country which you get, with  
Mounts Tom and Holyoke to add grandeur to  
the scene, taken in connection with the works  
which have been commenced here, on so mag-  
nificent a scale, by the Hadley Falls Company,  
renders this a point of no ordinary interest  
to the stranger, or to one comparatively familiar  
with the locality, for each time it is viewed,  
it presents something new. From thence north,  
we quietly wended our way around the southern  
point of Mt. Tom, over one of the finest roads  
imaginable. As you commence the descent on  
the north-western side, a picture meets the eye  
lovely in the extreme. Beneath you stretches  
a beautiful meadow with growing crops of vari-  
ous shade, whilst silver stream winds its  
way along, to add its quota to the noble river  
we have just left. The towns of North, South  
and Easthampton and Westfield, are seen from  
this point, with their tall spires pointing heav-  
enward, indicating to the traveler that he is in  
glorious New England, where religion has a  
home, and is honored among the people. Leav-  
ing Easthampton on our left as we descend  
the mountain, we go on through the meadow to  
that quiet old town—Northampton; here we  
stopped for refreshment, for ourselves and the  
faithful animal who had brought us to this point  
on our journey so quickly and seemingly so  
willingly. We have heard Northampton called  
a dry place, but we found all we desired—per-  
haps our wants did not extend far enough to  
test its wetting capabilities. The road from  
Northampton to Westfield, at this season of the  
year is certainly verdant; the woods on either  
hand are filled with wild Laurel, which is  
now in full blossom, and a flower of rare beauty;  
its delicate pink and clear white, contrasted  
with the different shades of green foliage which  
surrounded it, give to it a truly elegant appear-  
ance. Whately is situated some half a mile  
more, to the left of the road leading from  
Northampton to Greenfield, and you only pass  
a few scattered farm houses in the border of the  
town. The pleasant village of South Deerfield  
lies next in our journey, where the general ap-  
pearance of things is noticeable on every hand;  
the monument erected here in commemoration  
of the bloody battle between Capt. Lathrop  
with 80 young men, "the Flower of Essex,"  
and a party of Indians, strikes the eye of the  
traveler as he passes, and calls up recollections  
of his early reading of the doings of the bar-  
barous savages in this vicinity; he recalls the  
story of the Deerfield massacre of 1704, and  
the thought comes to him that he is near the  
scene of that terrible conflict and he longs for  
a sight of the old "Indian House" which has  
remained so long a monument to commemorate  
that fearful night. We found, however, that  
the old house had been taken down, and a smart  
new modern house stands upon its site. We  
found, too, to our sorrow, that another house  
had been taken down, and that the public house,  
or tavern, and we were obliged to be dependent  
upon private hospitality for a night's lodging  
and entertainment; these, however, were be-  
stowed not grudgingly, so that we felt none of  
that uneasiness, incident to an apprehension that  
one room would be far better than their com-  
pany. There is soon to be an excellent Hotel  
in this place, which is now in process of erec-  
tion. One of the saddest sights we witnessed  
was the appearance of the Orchards in this vic-  
inity, from the ravages of the Canker Worm.  
They have the appearance of having been run  
over by a fire. One of the old men in the town  
whom we chanced to meet, during our morning  
walk, told us that all the fruit would be de-  
stroyed; he said that the same worm made its  
appearance in the summer of 1816 (the cold sea-  
son) and destroyed all the apples in the vicinity.  
There are many delightful drives in this neigh-  
borhood, of which I should like to write, but  
my letter has already grown quite beyond  
the space I allotted to it when I commenced;  
if you think it worth publishing, I may continue  
my "notes of travel" in another number. In  
the mean time I remain

Yours always,  
PHILIP

Correspondence of the Journal.  
FROM THE HILL-TOP.  
On what has been called the back-bone of  
the State, and near the summit of the highest  
hump, with a clear look-out over more than a  
hundred square miles of a rough but smiling  
country, I feel as though I had attained a point  
of observation, and that now I ought to be  
able to comply with your request and open a  
correspondence. From such a position it  
would seem that any man might find something  
to say of interest.

If I should give you the thoughts that passed  
through my mind on the ride hither, or at-  
tempt to express the feelings that are apper-  
ting this morning, my communication might  
seem to you too personal and prosy for a place  
in your journal. I should tell you of the re-  
miniscences awakened by the sight of old fa-  
miliar scenes; how every feature of the scenery  
that came to view as I passed along, seemed  
to offer me a friendly greeting and bring back  
the buried, long-forgotten past; how body and  
mind have been invigorated by the clear, bracing  
air of these highlands; how my soul has  
seemed to arouse itself and take strength from  
the inspiring look of grand old Monadnock, and  
gather a firmer tranquility from the dignified

repose of the more smoothly rounded Wach-  
ussett. Both of these mountains may be  
seen almost to their base from a point within  
a few feet of the spot where I am now writing—  
I should say too, how pleasant it has been  
to miss the dust and clatter of our busy village,  
to hear instead the sweet voices of nature,  
down to the gentlest whisper of drowsy insect,  
or rustling leaf which seem to hush all ruder noises  
and make silence itself audible; the pleasant  
rest of these quiet country homes; and what is  
more than all beside, the hearty welcome that  
in more than one of them has given us the home  
feeling. These experiences will be understood  
by a large proportion of your readers, and for  
many of them, I am confident, a mere hint will  
awaken pleasant thoughts of scenes where the  
same enjoyment is to be met.

Many a rural home is remembered in Chic-  
opee, and appreciated as never before it was left  
for the toil amid the looms and spindles. In  
dreams both sleeping and waking, the mind  
dwells on those distant scenes: the old house on  
the hill-side, the green fields around it, with  
river, and forest, and mountain, and a hundred  
objects of which a stranger would take no  
note, but which have grown a part of the very  
life of those who have grown up among them.  
There is refreshment in the thought of such  
things when it comes across the mind in cir-  
cumstances that make them more striking by  
contrast.

I went a little out of my way once, for the  
sake of looking on the scene and drinking from  
the well commemorated in that fine tem-  
perature old, "The Old Oaken Bucket." I  
found it all that is there portrayed, and with  
the song in my mind, the scene appeared truly  
charming, well fitted to call forth the strongest  
local attachment. That, however, which seemed  
to me most striking in the view, is not men-  
tioned in the song; a range of odd looking  
rounded hills, called ducks, peculiar to that  
region, about a mile distant, through which  
a wide opening of marsh-land gives a beautiful  
view of the sea. But the more homely objects,  
are more in keeping with the sentiment of the  
song, and the choice seemed yet more natural  
on learning the occasion of its origin. This was  
related by Mr. Woodworth to the present oc-  
cupant of the place from whom I received it.  
It was suggested by the discomfort of one of  
the hottest days of midsummer. He was in  
Broadway, New York, panting with heat and  
dust, when the thought of home came over  
him, and how refreshing it would be to drink  
from that "old oaken bucket." He felt him-  
self inspired by the thought, and seizing the pen  
gave to the world that gem of true poetry  
which will be admired as long as the love of  
home and purity shall remain. If the hint  
should take effect on some of your readers, and  
some incipient poet in our own village should  
turn the home longing into as good a result, may  
you be so fortunate as to procure the first pub-  
lication for the columns of the Journal.

E. N.

**COTTON UPHOLSTERY.**  
The substitution of cotton for hair, moss  
and other substances, in the manufacture of  
beds, mattresses, cushions &c., has long  
been desired, both on account of its cheap-  
ness, and the additional demand it would  
create for our great staple. Heretofore,  
all attempts have proved unavailing, as the  
different processes invented have been  
unable to prevent the matting and knotting  
of the fibre, to destroy the peculiar odor  
of the material, or to retain the elasticity  
of the mass.

From a communication in the National  
Intelligencer, of the 11th instant, we learn  
that a Mr. Robertson claims to have dis-  
covered a process by which all these objec-  
tions are done away with. The invention  
was patented by Mr. Robertson, who soon  
after left the country; and it is said that  
those interested with him are unable to  
ascertain his present location. As they  
cannot act without him, the invention re-  
mains for the present, locked up in the  
Patent Office.

Professor Page, late Chief Examiner of  
the Patent Office, has, however, in his  
possession, a mattress, made by Mr. Rob-  
ertson, some three or four years ago, which  
has been subjected to every possible test,  
yet still retains its softness and elasticity,  
and is pronounced by all who see it, to be  
equal, if not superior, to any similar speci-  
men of hair, feather, or woolen mattress.  
Prof. Page, in his official report, says that  
this particular mattress, which is about six  
inches thick, has been repeatedly reduced,  
by a hydraulic press, to the thickness of  
three-quarters of an inch, but immediately  
returned to its original size, on being relieved  
from the pressure. This would seem to  
settle the question of its elasticity. He  
also states that it possesses all the softness  
and warmth of a feather bed, and is entirely  
free from unpleasant odor. As this article  
can be produced at prices from fifty to  
seventy-five per cent, less than those now  
in use, it is to be hoped that it may be  
speedily brought into the market.

Phila. Sat. Eve. Post.

**CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.**  
The season of Hydrophobia is at hand,  
and we shall doubtless be called upon to  
chronicle ere long the deaths of several  
fellow-beings by this most torturing, hor-  
rible malady. Half a dozen specifics for  
its cure have been given to the public  
from time to time, yet we do not remember  
that one single case of confirmed rabies has  
ever been cured within the last dozen years.  
Still, we are confident that, in the Provi-  
dence of God, there is for every bane an  
antidote, and it becomes men to "prove all  
things" until the remedy for Hydrophobia  
shall have been discovered and universally  
made known. A correspondent of *The  
National Era* writes from Millbury, Mass.,  
as follows:  
"I am now in my 80th year, and have  
obtained what information I could, both  
from observation and critical study. It  
has lately been discovered that a strong  
decoction made of the bark of the roots of  
the white ash, when drunk as a medicine,  
will cure the bite of a mad-dog. This,  
undoubtedly is owing to the fact that rattle-  
snakes can be made more easily to crawl  
over live fire coals than white ash leaves;  
and they are never found in the forests  
where the white ash grows. Would it not  
be advisable for druggists in our large  
towns and cities to keep constantly on hand  
a medicine prepared from the roots of the  
white ash? It might be the means of saving  
some valuable lives from a sudden and  
painful death."—*Tribune*, June 16.

**NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR SHOW  
CATTLE.**

One of the most interesting sights to the man  
with an agricultural improvement taste, exhib-  
ited in or about the Crystal Palace, will be the  
show of mammoth oxen and remarkable fat  
cattle, not more specimens of *lusus natura*, half  
horse, half buffalo, ugly brutes with a superflu-  
ous log or double head, but real bona fide high  
bred and high fed cattle of the most perfect  
symmetrical forms, some of which are fatted to  
the highest point of perfection capable of being  
produced by the practised skill of some of the  
most experienced of American stock breeders.

Of these we make some special notes, with a  
view to induce every farmer who may visit the  
Crystal Palace this summer to see for himself  
what can be done by skillful breeding to improve  
our neat stock. Let him look upon the strange  
sight of oxen taller than the biggest horse with-  
in his knowledge, and contrast his own much  
bragged of fat heifer of 6 cwt. with one more  
than four times that size; and let him handle  
the soft skins of well formed, healthy growing  
beef cattle, already weighing more than 3,000  
lbs.—exhibitors will tell him 4,500, which he  
need not believe—and while he looks, let him  
learn that he can produce the same effect by  
simply studying the importance and value to  
the farmer of one word—IMPROVEMENT.

The first of most interesting group for you  
to visit you will find just opposite the north  
gate of the Palace, in a spacious, airy, neatly  
kept tent, attended by polite gentlemen, who  
will give you all the information desired. Don't  
forget to take your wives and daughters, for it  
is an exhibition which ladies may visit with  
propriety; and farmers wives and daughters  
should—in England it is fashionable—take an  
interest in fine stock and premium animals.

In this tent you will find eight oxen, one cow,  
two heifers and three sheep, owned by Holabird,  
Bishop & Co. Let us describe them to you  
consecutively, and somewhat particularly, for  
we are anxious that you should see if you can,  
and if not, read about these cattle, that you may  
be encouraged to make others like them.

The first, which will meet your eye as you  
enter, is a brown and white 5 year old Durham  
and Devon spayed heifer, fatted by Wm. Wor-  
rell, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., which you will at  
once declare is the largest, fattest, handsomest  
most symmetrical, well formed fat heifer you  
ever saw. She is appropriately named Jenny  
Lind, not on account of her musical talents, but  
weight and build of character. By her side  
stands De Witt Clinton, a noble name, given to  
a noble animal. He was fed by the same  
man, is 5 years old, red roan in color, of same  
blood as the first, not so fat, but very handsome.  
Both have long, handsome taper horns, both  
are a credit to their breeder, and the State,  
County and town may each be justly proud of  
their production. Pass around this pair to the  
south side of the tent and you will see a pure  
blood short horn Durham heifer, 4 years old  
as white as milk, and soft as velvet to the touch,  
out of the imported stock of Henry Clay, bred  
upon the Ashland farms, where she was named  
the Pride of Kentucky. For a fat heifer of this  
stock, she is a model animal, well worthy  
your careful study; look at her well; wonder  
how such fine taper legs can support such a  
body, look at her caudal appendage, and her  
square form, her small head and slim neck, and  
see how well she will stand, and how she  
sees a live animal as handsome as the picture  
they have so often sworn was unlike anything  
living.

Directly behind her stands Victoria the  
Fifth; not Queen of England, but of pure Eng-  
lish short-horn Durham blood, and well worthy  
to be called the queen of cows, being the moth-  
er of those celebrated Ohio bulls, Sir William,  
Prince William, and Young Prince, and long  
the queen of the fine herd owned by Wm. Neff,  
of Cincinnati, who refuses \$2,500 for her young-  
est calf; as yet unpaired, past two years old,  
which is now on Mr. Neff's Yellow Springs  
farm, unless he has lately been removed to that  
of his son in Illinois. Victoria is now at least  
15 years old, having been imported by Dr.  
Watts, of Ross County, when a calf, and having  
ceased to breed, has been fatted to that degree  
as to become misshapen, yet still showing ex-  
cellent points of a high-bred animal. This cow  
is nearly white on the body, with red roan neck  
and legs, and notwithstanding her age and fat-  
ness, cuts as hearty and as lively as her young  
friend from Kentucky.

Next to Victoria stands a pair of Twin Oxen,  
out of the joint stocks of Henry Clay and Dr.  
Watts, 7 years old, three-fourths Durham and  
one-fourth common blood; color roan, with  
white line backs, very large and handsome, not  
excessively fat, yet enough so to show what  
high feeding of a pair of work oxen for a year  
or two will accomplish, when they have the  
right kind of blood to begin with. This pair  
have long, handsome horns, but there is no  
danger of "taking the bull by the horns,"  
because they are gentle as lambs.

Next to these beautiful twins stands a pure  
red ox, a half and half Durham and Devon,  
who is a good type of the latter breed. Ap-  
proach him not as near or carelessly as you  
may wish, for he is not so gentle to  
strangers. This ox is named Ohio, is 7 years  
old and was raised by Wm. Osborn, near Spring-  
field, in that State. By his side stands his  
fourths Durham and one-fourth Devon, 8 years  
old, possessing most remarkably fine handling  
qualities, fine legs and tail, good head and neck,  
and handsome horns, and in several respects,  
particularly in the way he is filled down  
between the hind legs, one of the best models of  
a fat ox to be found in America. We beg of  
you to study well the form, size and fitness of this  
ox, and if you have any democratic affinities  
for New-York farmers, remember that he is  
named Silas Wright.

Next to him stands Tom Corwin, a worthy  
representative of the man and his Buckeye  
home—great, strong solid, powerful, good and  
useful without being very particularly handsome  
as some of his more refined neighbors. Yet  
Tom need not be ashamed of his blood, if it is  
dark colored, for it is made up of the Patton  
importation of 1817, mixed with the more re-  
cently improved Durham. His color is roan,  
with red and white spots; has ugly bug horns,  
rather coarse hair, not very fine limbs, but they  
carry a load of fat beef.

The last of the list, numbered 10 and 11 on  
the catalogue, are two pure Durham oxen raised

by Dr. Watts out of his imported stock, and  
fatted by James Gilchrist, of Pickaway Coun-  
ty, Ohio, who also fatted most of the others.  
They are now 6 years old, have been fed 2 1-2  
years, previous to which they were broken  
to work. Though not twins they are enough alike  
to pass for such, and are now excessively fat  
without being misshapen.

Upon the whole, this is probably the best  
show of fat cattle ever seen together in Ameri-  
ca—one which we can honestly commend as  
worthy of the attention of all American farm-  
ers, stock-breeders, or beef-eaters.

For a sight of those from the West, we are  
indebted to railroad facilities of transportation.  
They came to Cleveland by cars, by steamboat  
to Buffalo, by cars to Albany, and steamboat  
thence to this city. The owners speak in high  
terms of agents and conductors, particularly  
from Rochester to Albany. All seemed equal-  
ly anxious to get them all safe onward, that  
they might form one of the grandest features  
in the agricultural department of the Fair.

In the same tent are specimens of pure  
French Merino Sheep, and a common black  
Sheep with wool 14 inches long.

We will speak of some other cattle on exhi-  
bition in another number.—*Tribune*.

**COUNTRESS OF EXETER.**

THE ARMY OF WORMS.

The mention of the Canker Worm by our correspondent...

In the summer of 1770, a large section of New England was visited by an extraordinary calamity...

They filled the houses of the inhabitants, and entered their kneading troughs...

There were fields of corn on the meadows in Haverhill and Newbury...

About the first of September, the worms suddenly disappeared...

The visitation, which destroyed the principal grains for that year...

His father drew hay on a hand-sled upon the ice from the great ox-bow...

The people of Haverhill and Newbury gave the settlers of Piermont...

Another source of support was open to them in the immense number of pigeons...

Two blocks of Vermont marble, weighing one ton each, have been ordered from Rome...

A man can find nowhere so good a savings bank, as by emptying his purse into his head...

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CAMPAIGN IN EAST FLORIDA.

BY JAMES W. SIMMONS.

And in the forest's melancholy sigh, Amid those shades that vainly spread their arms...

Having had a taste of the perils and privations of a campaign during a severe seven weeks service in the wilds of East Florida...

As a prelude, perhaps not altogether inappropriate, to this ill-starred campaign, we shall here give a short account of a scene at which we were present...

It was on a fine morning in April, now fifteen months ago, that a friend (a planter in the famous Alachua district...

It is an extremely solitary, though rather pretty, place. The site is one of the boldest on the river...

It was not until we had got fairly out from the shore, that we could appreciate the thrilling nature of our situation...

We reached the opposite shore, however, in safety; got over our travelling equipage, and at day-break the next morning commenced our journey along the Bellamy road...

It was not until we had got fairly out from the shore, that we could appreciate the thrilling nature of our situation...

We were up by times, and reached Micanopy (named after the chief of the Seminoles, whom they call "Governor") about sunset...

Two blocks of Vermont marble, weighing one ton each, have been ordered from Rome, for the purpose of making busts...

A man can find nowhere so good a savings bank, as by emptying his purse into his head...

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

J. R. Childs, Editor & Publisher.

Advertisements making not more than a Square, (or fourteen lines) will be inserted three times for the first insertion...

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CHICOPEE POST-OFFICE.

Summer Arrangement of Mails.

MALES LIST.

CAUTION.

THE ORIGIN OF "HAIL COLUMBIA."

THE ONLY AMERICAN PAUPER IN ENGLAND.

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LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING IN THE POST-OFFICE.

Persons calling for any of these letters will please say "Advertised," otherwise they may not get them.

GEN'S LIST.

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Notice.

The subscriber has opened the Store formerly occupied by Hiram Hitchcock...

CHARLES R. LADD.

J. C. HINSDALE.

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L. JENKS.

Dry Goods and Millinery.

Bonnets!

C. F. KENT.

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