

rooms; and so—while the maid was at church, and the street and the house quite still, and the darkness of a winter afternoon coming on—she was musing over the Bible—and that mark you is a sin, and one that God will avenge sooner or later; and a step came in the dusk up the stair, and that person I told you of, stood in the room. At first he—no! At first, it is supposed—for, you understand all this is mere guess work, it is supposed that he asked her civilly enough to give him her money, or tell him where it was; but the old miser defied him, and would not ask for mercy and give up her keys, even when he threatened her, but looked him in the face as if he had been a baby—Oh, Mr. Davis, I once dreamt when I was a little innocent boy that I should commit a crime like this, and I wakened up crying; and my mother comforted me—that is the reason I tremble so now, that and the cold, for it is very, very cold!"

"But did he murder the old lady?" asked Mr. Davis. "I beg your pardon, sir, but I am interested by your story."

"Yes! he cut her throat; and there she lies yet in her quiet little parlor, with her face upturned and all ghastly white, in the middle of a pool of blood."

Mr. Davis was horror-struck by the story, which seemed to have fascinated him as much as it had done his companion.

"Have you got any clue to the murderer?" said he. Mr. Higgins drank down half a tumbler of raw brandy before he answered.

"No! no clue whatever. They will never be able to discover him, and I should not wonder—Mr. Davis—should not wonder if he repeated after all, and did bitter penance for his crime; and if so—will there be mercy for him at the last day?"

"God knows," said Mr. Davis, with solemnity. "It is an awful story," continued he, rousing himself; "I hardly like to leave this warm light room and go out into the darkness after hearing it. But it must be done," buttoning on his great coat—"I can only say I hope and trust they will find out the murderer, and hang him. If you'll take my advice, you'll have a bed warmed, and drink a tumbler-posses just the last thing; and, if you'll allow me, I'll send you my answer to Philologus before it goes up to old Urban."

The next morning Mr. Davis went to call on Miss Pratt, who was not very well; and by way of being agreeable and entertaining, he related to her all he had heard the night before about the murder in Bath, and really he made a very pretty connected story out of it, and interested Miss Pratt very much in the fate of the old lady—partly because of a similarity in their situations; for she also hoarded money, and had but one servant, and stopped at home alone on Sunday afternoons to allow her servant to go to church.

"And when did all this happen?" she asked.

"I don't know if Mr. Higgins named the day; and yet I think it must have been this very last Sunday."

"And to-day is Wednesday. All news travels fast."

"Yes, Mr. Higgins thought it might have been in the London newspaper."

"That it could never be. Where did Mr. Higgins learn all about it?"

"I don't know, I did not ask; I think he only came home yesterday; he had been sent to collect his rents, somebody said."

Miss Pratt grunted. She used to vent her dislike and suspicions of Mr. Higgins in a grant whenever his name was mentioned.

"Well, I shan't see you for some days. Godfrey Merton has asked me to go and stay with him and his sister; and I think it will do me good. Besides," added she, "these winter evenings; and these murders at large in the country; I don't quite like living with only old Peggy to call to in case of need."

Miss Pratt went to stay with her cousin, Mr. Merton. He was an active magistrate, and enjoyed his reputation as such. One day he came in, having just received his letters.

"Bad account of the morals of your little town here, Jessy," said he, touching one of his letters. "You've either a murderer among you, or some friend of a murderer. Here's a poor old lady at Bath had her throat cut last Sunday week; and I've a letter from the Home Office, asking to lend them 'my very efficient aid,' as they are pleased to call it, towards finding out the culprit. It seems he must have been thirsty, and of a comfortable jolly turn; for before going to his horrid work he tapped a barrel of ginger wine the old lady had set by to work; and he wrapped the spigot round with a piece of a letter taken out of his pocket, as may be supposed; and this piece of a letter was found afterwards; there are only these letters on the outside, 'Mrs. Esq., Bedford, Warwickshire, which some one has ingeniously made out to mean Barford near Kegworth. On the other side there is some allusion to a horse-race, I conjecture, though the name is singular enough, 'Church-and-King-and-down-with-the-Kump.'"

Miss Pratt caught at this name immediately; it had hurt her feelings as a dissenter only a few months ago, and she remembered it well.

"Mr. Nat Hearn has—or had—as I am speaking in the witness-box, as it were, I must take care of my tenses) a horse with that ridiculous name."

"Mr. Nat Hearn," repeated Mr. Merton, making a note of the intelligence. "Then he recurred to his letter from the Home Office again."

"There is also a piece of a small key, broken in the futile attempt to open a desk—well, well. Nothing more of consequence. The letter is what we must rely upon."

"Mr. Davis said that Mr. Higgins told him—"

"Miss Pratt began."

"Higgins!" exclaimed Mr. Merton, "Is it Higgins, the blistering fellow that ran away with Nat Hearn's sister?"

"Yes," said Miss Pratt. "But though he has never been a favorite of mine—"

"-no," repeated Mr. Merton. "It is too horrid to think of; a member of the hunt—kind old Squire Hearn's son-in-law—? Who else have you in Barford with names that end in 's'?"

"There's Jackson, and Higginson, and Blackinsop, and Davis, and Jones. Conscience strikes me—how did Mr. Higgins know all about it to tell Mr. Davis on Tuesday what had happened on Sunday afternoon?"

There is no need to add much more.—Those curious in lives of the highwaymen, may find the name of Higgins as complete

uous among those annals as that of Claude Duval. Kate Hearn's husband collected his rents on the highway, like many other 'gentlemen' of the day; but having been unlucky in one or two of his adventures, and hearing exaggerated accounts of the hoarded wealth of the old lady at Bath, he was led on from robbery to murder, and was hung from his crime at Derby, in seventeen hundred and seventy-five.

He had not been an unkind husband; and his poor wife took lodgings in Derby to be near him in his last moments; his awful last moments! Her old father went with her everywhere but into her husband's cell; and wrung her heart by constantly accusing himself of having pronounced her marriage with a man of whom he knew so little. He abdicated his squireship in favor of his son Nathan. Nat was prosperous, and the helpless silly father could be of no use to him; but to his widowed daughter the foolish old man was all in all; her knight, her protector, her companion; her most faithful loving companion. Only he ever declined assuming the office of her counsellor.—Making his head sadly and saying—

"Ah! Kate, Kate, if I had had more wisdom to have advised thee better, thou need'st not have been an exile here in Brussels, shrinking from the sight of every English person as if they knew thy story."

I saw the White House not a month ago; it was to let perhaps for the twentieth time since Mr. Higgins occupied it; but still the tradition goes in Barford that once upon a time a highwayman lived there, and amassed untold treasures; and that the ill-gotten wealth yet remains walled up in some unknown concealed chamber; but in what part of the house no one knows.

Will any of you become tenants, and try to find out this mysterious closet? I can furnish the exact address to any applicant who wishes for it.

The Young Musician and His Sick Mother.

The following beautiful extract from the Olive Branch, is copied from the life of an eminent English musical composer.

"Little Pierre sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still at times he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes, for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny in the world. The little song he was singing was his own—one he composed with air and words; for the child was a genius, and a fervent worshipper at the shrine of music.—As the tears would roll down his cheeks, and his voice would falter at the sad, sad thoughts, he did not dare to let his mother see, but hastily rising, hurried to the window, and there watched a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madam M—, then a favorite cantatrice, would sing that night at the Temple. "Oh if I could only go, thought little Pierre; and then passing a moment, he clasped his eyes lighted with unwonted fire; and running to the little stand he smoothed down his yellow curls, and taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept; and ran speedily from the house. "Who did you see waiting for me?" said Madame M—, to her servant. "I am already worn out with company." "It is only a very pretty little boy with yellow curls, who says if he can only see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he won't keep you a moment." "Oh, well, let him come," said the beautiful singer, with a smile. "I can never refuse children." Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a little roll of paper. With a manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to Madame M—, and bowing, said, "I came to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that perhaps if you would sing only my little song at some of your grand concerts, my little song publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother." The beautiful woman rose from her seat—very tall and stately she was; she took the little roll from his hand, and lightly lapped the air. "Did you compose it?" she asked; "you, a child? And the words? Wonderful little genius? Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, and the boy's blue eyes grew liquid with happiness; "but I couldn't leave my mother." "I will send some body to take care of your mother for the evening, and here is a crown, with which do you go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets; come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me; my good little fellow, you mother has a treasure in you."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

"Never in his life had Pierre been in such a grand place. The music clashing and rolling, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks, bewildered his eyes and brain. At last she came—and the child sat with his eyes riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his song? Breathless he waited; the band, the whole band struck up a little plaintive melody; he knew it, and clasped his hands for joy. And oh, how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing—many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and might could be heard but the touching words of that little song—oh, so touching! Pierre walked home as the were moving on the air. What cared he for money now?—the greatest prima donna in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief. The next day he was frightened at a visit from Madame M—. She laid her hand on his yellow curls and turning to the sick woman said, "Your little boy, madame, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning, by the best publishers in London, three hundred pounds for this little song; and she has had realized a certain amount; for the sale, Little Pierre, here is to share the profits.—Madame, thank God that your son has a gift from Heaven." The noble-hearted singer and

the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of him who watches over the tried and tempted, he melted down by his mother's bedside, and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction. And the memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she, who was the idol of England's nobility, like the world's great Master, went about doing good. And in her early happy death, when the grave-diggers gathered over her brow, and her eyes grew dim, he who stood by her bed, his bright face clothed in the mourning of sighs and tear, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days—now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day. All honor to those great hearts who, from their high stations, send down bounty unto the widow and the fatherless child!"

ANGLING.
BY DAVID M. STONE.

The angler is not a fisherman any more than the sportsman is a butcher. Angling, the art of taking fish with a baited hook, has found more enthusiastic votaries among literary and clerical celebrities, than any other pastime known to history. The popularity of this amusement in England, about the close of the fifteenth century, was owing less to the fact that ordinary field sports were prohibited to all classes of the clergy, than to the nature of the exercise itself, so congenial to the tastes and habits of a stultious mind. The idea of cruelty, ordinarily connected with the destruction of animal life, is not necessarily associated with the taking of fish, whose cold red blood contrasts so strongly with the sanguinary current in human veins; and the most tender-hearted and gentle of earth's philanthropists have felt no shrinking of nerves while engaged in this sport. It also affords sufficient variety to suit the changing humor or circumstances of its votaries. The recluso, who has wasted his physical energies in the close study, may sit quietly on the smooth bank of the placid stream, while the friendly sunshine colors his careworn brow and pallid cheek with the symbol of returning health. Or in some sequestered spot, he may recline indolently in the shade, his hook and line linking him with the present material, while his thoughts are far away communing with other times. If of a more active temperament, he may throw the fly in the mountain torrent, welcoming the storm which increases his success, and the fatigue which brings back the calm rest he has lost in previous mental struggles. The contributions to English literature, which owe their origin to this pastime, and have in turn fostered a love for the gentle art, are voluminous, and form a catalogue quite sufficient to fill the shelves of an ordinary library. Many persons who have barely glanced at the titles of these volumes, have supposed that they were only sporting books, whereas a large number of them are not only gems of literature, but full of excitement to a religious and holy life. The "Complete Angler" of Isaac Walton, is a work of rare merit. The best edition of it extant was published by Wiley & Putnam, of New-York, in 1847, with copious original notes, a bibliographical preface, giving an account of fishing, and fishing books from the earliest antiquity to the time of Walton, a notice of Cotton and his writings, and an appendix filled with the most quaint and interesting scraps, papers and ballads, illustrative of the art and the inspiration it has furnished by Rev. Dr. Bathune, one of the ripest scholars this side of the Atlantic.—For profound research, philosophical arrangement, and nicety of criticism, the labors of the American editor—well appreciated by the student, although given to the public anonymously—will bear a comparison with any similar work taking in the whole range of literature. It is pleasant to read his testimony to the merits of his theme: "Written by a simple but strong minded man eminent for his meek piety and unaffected love of God and His works, a companion learned and good, in the leisure of a life devoted to the record and practice of Christian virtues, it is full of persuasions to contemplative enjoyment, pious trust, and benevolent action, expressed with such natural eloquence, that it has found a most hearty welcome to the table of the scholar, the moralist, and the divine."

Angling is less followed as a pastime in this country than in England, not for want of facilities, for we have a much greater number of rivers, rich in fish, but for want of leisure, both old and young America (as the two extremes of the present generation of men are called) agreeing in driving through life at the highest possible speed. There are some who fancy that nothing is fit for a recreation, except it calls for violent bodily exercise, forgetful of the fact that any thing which diverts the thoughts from their well-worn current, more surely lifts from the burdened heart its weight of care, than the most violent struggles aimed directly at the overthrow of this oppressor. We are, as a nation, living too fast, and the recreations most encouraged should have a countering tendency.—The play-house but increases the feverishness of our pulse, and gives a doubtful direction to our increased energy. The ball-room were far better, but for its unholy license, and improper hours. The social circle has too often degenerated into a hot-bed of scandal, or a scene of fashionable display. The bowling saloon has been deserted by blacklegs and gamblers. The gymnasium is filled by the athlete, who strains and overtax their muscles in competition for a useless prominence. Oh, for a spirit of Isaac Walton to take a portion of this hurrying, jostling throng, into the quiet country, where the narrow-chested dyspeptic, care-worn chaser of phantoms, may swell his lungs with a full breath, and acquire a wider lodging for his soul, with a more gentle spirit. Crowded together in cities, our men, like trees in a thick wood, have no generous expansion; or if humanity must have a vent, the better life within them breaks out only like the growth of the forest tree, to a little umbrella top. Let them betake themselves during the opening spring to the country brook, where they may commune with a nature which will make them ashamed of their sordid views, and glided follies; and where their more generous instincts, like the branches of the tree upon the river-side, may have room to stretch forth their protecting arms far and wide.

According to the testimony of Sir Henry Wotton, once Provost of Eton College, angling was an employment of his idle time, and a noblely spent; for it was, after tedious study, a rest to his mind—a cheerer of his spirits—a divertor of sadness—a calmer of fugacious thoughts—a moderator of passions—a procurer of contentment, begetting habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practiced it; and like the virtue of humility, attended by a calmness of spirit, and a world of other blessings.

Ladies Weath.

WEEKLY JOURNAL
CHICOPEE, Feb. 18 53

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 subscriptions at the same rates as required by his receipts will be regarded as payments. His offices are in Seely's Building, Boston, Tribune Building, New-York, and North-West corner Third and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

S. M. FERRIS & Co., are the Agents for the Journal, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for us at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments. Their offices are at 122 Nassau street, New-York, and 10 State Street, Boston.

CONGRESS.

There is no subject at present before Congress, in which our readers can feel any great degree of interest, except that of the Nebraska Bill. This overshadowed all other subjects, and is calling out some high-toned talk. The speech of Mr. Everett, our own Senator, upon this bill, is a clear, candid and convincing argument against its passage. Senators Chase of Ohio and Smith of Connecticut, have each made excellent speeches in opposition. The Senator from California, Mr. Wells, made a most abusive attack upon Mr. Smith during the delivery of his speech; and used language better fitted for a bar-room or a street quarrel than the Senate Chamber of the United States. We are glad to notice that the proper sentiment of the North upon this question is being awakened and manifested; something may yet occur to prevent the consummation of this most wicked plot.

WHO'S THE MAN? The long vexed question, "have we a Bourbon among us?" is clipped! The question now is, "who stole the wood?" Last Monday night, when deep sleep had fallen upon the inhabitants of our quiet village, the stealthy step of the pilferer was abroad. Straightway to the barn of our worthy friend Streeter, the Tinman, he hied, and from his comfortable quarters took the little "French Nigger," and fastened him to the lumber-sleigh standing near. A way he drove to yonder plain, where his neighbor's wood was piled; and filling up the vehicle, essayed to return to his own home with his stolen fuel. On, on he drove with slackened rein, trusting to the tried virtue of the gentle brute, and reposing in confidence upon the strength of wood and iron to place his treasures upon the domestic hearth. But alas!

"The best laid schemes of mice and men Gang aft a-gley."

The village square was reached, the corner only to be turned; when lo! the treacherous wood and iron in service quite too long had been, to longer serve the need of wicked men. So down the leading "bolsled" broke, leaving our dishonest friend in a decidedly bad fix. Back to his lodgings the pony was quietly led, and our friend may be supposed to have turned his steps homeward in a no heavenly state of mind. The returning light of day revealed to the gaze of the astounded villagers, a load of wood lying in the middle of the road with every appearance of there having been a "break-down." All day long the load occupied its prominent position. As night drew near, the "authorities" assembled for solemn inquest. The body was decided to be that of Streeter, the tinman, and his spirit was forthwith summoned to the spot, to explain why thus the highway was blocked. 'Twas there the story of the stolen horse came out, and the whereabouts of his missing sleigh revealed. The authorities aforesaid, Selectmen and Surveyor, in convention assembled; decided that Mr. Streeter should remove the wood to his own yard, subject to the order of the owner; and in the event of his not calling, to "prove property, pay charges, and take it away" he, Mr. S. was to consider himself paid for the use of his team in fuel. Wouldn't he like to see that chap making that call? until he does, the great undecided question will be, "who stole the wood?"

INSURANCE.—A posse of Constables and others visited the "Patch" last Monday night to quell a melee, where his majesty King Alcohol was reigning, and playing the tyrant as usual. The party aforesaid was met by a crowd, some with axes in hand, and the majority in a decidedly fighting mood. Officer Wheeler succeeded in capturing one of the most active, and bore him off. Officer Dodge laid hands on two more, and bound them together with iron bonds; but seeing one of the posse in trouble, he turned back to render assistance, when away scampered his two captured birds, bearing on their hands the constable's official badge. The man or the handcuffs have not since been visible to the eye of the law.

We understand that Constable Doolittle has this week recovered his handoffs, which he lost in a similar manner last summer. They were sent to him by a woman in West Springfield, at whose house the flying wearer left them.

Fire Annihilators.

At the recent fire in the picker-room of the Perkins Mills, the celebrated fire annihilators were brought into requisition, and proved a total failure. The man who tried to get them off, having failed with two in succession, threw them out of the window in disgust.

The Springfield Republican says that three thousand bushels of western wheat, destined for the New York market, passed over the Conn. R. R. a few days since, in the same cars in which it was deposited at Ogdensburg, N. Y. Although transported over a circuitous route, it probably reached the point of destination sooner than if it had been forwarded direct.—*Hampshire Gazette.*

—Yes, the Springfield Republican said that, 'last Monday morning. The Chicago Journal of the Saturday previous, said—

We understand that three thousand bushels of wheat passed through this place a few days since on the Connecticut River Railroad. The wheat was loaded on the cars at Ogdensburg, New York; and unloaded from the same cars in the City of New York. This may be a great way around, but is found more expeditious and convenient.

Now we have never been of the number of those publishers who have been growling, "like dogs with sore heads" because the *Daily Republican* headed us off in news items &c. Neither have we complained that the same paper took our items unacknowledged. We have endeavored to look at the thing calmly and philosophically; and as a result of such an examination of the subject, have long ago come to the conclusion that it was "human nature." We do not deny that we have sometimes felt a little vexed, when we have seen an item that was of some general worth, and which we chanced to pick up first, taken from our columns, rewritten, and published in the *Republican* as though no one else had ever heard of it; but these feelings have quickly passed away, and we have settled down into the conviction, that a Weekly had no sort of a chance to live, or any encouragement to try to be smart, when resting under the shadow of a Daily of the character of the *Republican*. If any publisher has cause for ill feeling on this score, we are sure that our right is second to no other; for our near proximity nearly destroys our identity. Many people seem to think that *Chicopee* is as much a part of Springfield now as it ever was, and so the *Republican* is the local organ. But when a paper with whom we exchange, takes our items from the *Republican* instead of from our own columns, and does it regularly, and sometimes, as in the case above, gives the *Republican* credit, we think there is reasonable ground for entering a protest. The *Gazette* may like the *Republican's* manner of saying things, better than it does ours, we wont quarrel about that; for we hold the same opinion; but our motto always is "give the devil his due."

CALIFORNIA BOUND.—Wm. P. Winkley and Thomas Vanhorn of this village, leave home to-day, to accompany Mr. Edwin Harthan, son of Lucius Harthan Esq., on a return visit to the land of gold. Mr. Harthan was one of a large number of our citizens who early tried their luck in California, having gone out in the ship Edward Everett, which sailed from Boston in January 1850. He remained there until last summer, meeting with good success; he then came home on a visit, and is now about to return to a country which he prefers to his own New England home.—The trio have our best wishes for a prosperous voyage, "a pocket full of rocks" and a safe return in due season, to their friends and families.

At the donation party given to Rev. Mr. Oviatt on the 9th, inst. the following beautiful and appropriate hymn was sung. The hymn, written by the late Rev. Dr. Peabody of Springfield, was originally sung at a gathering of his own people, for a similar purpose. We very cheerfully comply with a request to publish it. It may be found, together with an account of its original production &c., in the memoir of Dr. Peabody, published soon after his decease.

THE PEOPLE'S VISIT.
To Their Pastor

Texts—From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Bright eyes and cheerful voices
In the Pastor's home to-night
The youthful heart rejoices
The burdened one grows light;
For all with him are lending,
In sympathy of praise,
To God, whose love, descending,
Has crowned them with all his days.

Yet when we thus assemble,
And all the past review,
The firmest will may tremble
To think what Death can do.
Some loved ones of our number,
The Holiest, and the Best,
Are sunk in that calm slumber
That gives the weary rest.

But sons, their sires succeeding,
Each vacant place shall fill;
In all these changes reading,
The lessons of his will
Who spreads his banner o'er us,
With waving folds of love,
And glids the scene before us,
With mercy from above.

Now for that near communion
Which binds all hearts in one,
For Heaven's delightful union,
In this cold world begun,
For that glad faith which raises
Our dead to life again;
Let the Pastor breathe his praises,
And the people say, AMEN.

Man's Dramatic Troupe gave another representation of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* last evening. The company is a strong one, and the cast of characters good. All the parts are fairly sustained, and some of them with more than ordinary power. Uncle Tom is the very ideal of a devout nigger, and Topsy is such a droll, original, yach-yach specimen of obnoxiousness as will make you laugh whether you want to or not. Little Eva, alias "la petite Emma," is quite pretty, but seems to us rather sleepy than overcome with feeling. Gumption Cate is a genuine yankee, and Marks, the lawyer, is a favorite with all. Go and see the play; it is well worth the time and the money.—*Rep.*

The above Company is to appear in Cabot Hall as soon as their engagement in Springfield closes. Probably sometime next week.

POLICE.

Commonwealth vs. Thomas Curran.—The defendant was brought before Warren Smith Esq., by officer Wheeler on complaint of John Garvey for assault and battery. The defendant was found not guilty and discharged. Knapp for prosecution. Severance for defense.

Commonwealth vs. same.—The defendant was brought before Warren Smith Esq., by officer Wheeler on complaint of Chester D. Ingraham for assault on him with an axe. The defendant was found guilty and fined two dollars and cost. Knapp for prosecution. Severance for defense.

Commonwealth vs. John Silver.—The defendant was brought before William L. Bemis Esq., by officer Doolittle, charged with the crime of drunkenness, found guilty, and fined three dollars and cost which, was paid and defendant discharged.

Commonwealth vs. Patrick Mansfield.—The defendant was brought before William L. Bemis Esq., by officer Doolittle, charged with the crime of drunkenness, defendant was found guilty, and fined three dollars and costs, and was committed in default of payment.

Commonwealth vs. John O'Connor.—The defendant was brought before Warren Smith Esq., on complaint of John Garvey for assault and battery on him. The defendant was found not guilty and discharged. Severance for prosecution. Knapp for defense.

The criminal term Court Common Pleas adjourned, has been in session the last and present weeks, and a considerable amount of criminal business done. The following are the *Chicopee* contributions, and the list of criminal cases tried.

James Delane was tried Feb. 8th upon an indictment, containing six counts, charging defendant with six sales. The defendant was found guilty on three, and discharged on three counts. District attorney for Commonwealth. Beach and Bond for defendant.

Feb. 9th, Rufus Mosher and Seymour Bagg, were tried upon an indictment charging them with being common sellers, and found not guilty. Wells and Stearns for defendants.

On the same day, William Wheeler was found not guilty, upon trial, on charge of sale. Wells and Stearns for defendant.

Feb. 10th Clousen Pendleton convicted upon an indictment, charging him with being a common seller and discharged on the charge of sale. Wells and Stearns for defendant.

Same day, Jason Ludington was found not guilty, upon a charge of sale. Wells and Stearns for defendant.

Same day, Rufus Mosher, and Seymour Bagg were again tried upon an indictment, charging them with two sales and found not guilty. Wells and Stearns for defendants.

of your paper which you are willing to devote to "nonense."

I think it would be well to head the report thus—"Dishwater diluted." But I cannot dwell long upon it, except to say that the report is assigned for next Tuesday. The Legislature have passed resolutions against the Nebraska inquiry. They went through the Senate without a dissenting vote, (though it is said some of the Coalition dodged). In the House some little opposition was made to them by Mr. Whitney of Conway and others, and when the vote was taken it was found that eleven Coalitionists and two Whigs voted against them.

Another proposition has come from the Committee on Constitutional amendments. It provides for the election of councilors by the people. I will have my way the Council should be abolished; but if we must have one, let the people choose it.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.—Fuller's Quadrille Band, from Springfield, will give a ball in Cabot Hall on Wednesday Evening the 22nd. inst.

Mr. W. D. Frazee, the member of the band residing in *Chicopee*, will be master of the ceremonies, and he knows how to manage a ball, as well as how to do everything in the music line, and that is just as well as the thing can be done.

It is understood at Washington, that orders came out by the Arabia, for the return home of all, or nearly all, the British ships of-war on this coast, in the West Indies and the Pacific.

Shelburne Falls Academy is to be divided into two departments—male and female—and new buildings are to be erected for that purpose. Efforts are making to secure an endowment for the institution of \$50,000.

FIRE IN WARE.—The barn of Jos. Cummings in Ware, was burnt on Friday morning, with contents consisting of 15 tons of hay and 65 sheep. Loss to \$700, besides an insurance on the barn.

James S. Church, aged 13 years, belonging in Madison, Fla., died in Amherst, on Thursday, of concussion of the brain, occasioned by a fall on the ice while at play.

Rev. Mr. Stone, pastor of the (late) Payson Church, Easthampton, preached an affecting sermon, last Sabbath, on the text "Our holy and our beautiful house is burnt up with fire." The loss is deeply felt both by pastor and people, but there is an earnest desire among all classes—ladies as well as gentlemen—to assist in rebuilding the church.

A married man by the name of Beech, was cowhided in Washington on Thursday evening, by two sisters, one of whom he had insulted the evening previous. He was terribly cut about the face.

The Rhode Island Senate have refused to pass an act abolishing capital punishment.

Hon. Edward Dickinson, and Tappan Wentworth have been admitted as attorneys and counsellors of the Supreme Court at Washington.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The following is a synopsis of the foreign news, by the Canada, which we take from the telegraphic dispatches of the *Republican*.

"The steamship Canada arrived at Halifax on Thursday evening, with Liverpool dates to the 4th inst. The news is ominous of war, but as yet nothing decisive has taken place. Count Orloff is said to be highly incensed at his reception at Vienna and Berlin. The Russian minister was to leave London on the 5th, and it was reported that the Russian minister at Paris had already left.

The British Parliament opened on the 31st. No member of the American legation was present, the Lord Chamberlain having given notice that all diplomats must appear in full court costume. The Queen delivered the address in person. On the subject of the eastern question she regretted the failure of all her endeavors, in conjunction with her allies, to preserve and to restore peace between the contending parties, and pledge her government to a continuance of those endeavors. But as the interests of her Empire and of Europe might be affected by a continuance of her naval and military forces necessary.

The British army is to be immediately increased by eleven thousand regulars, and the navy by thirteen thousand seamen. It is proposed to appoint a special minister of war to superintend the practical details of the army and navy.

The reply of France and England to the Czar's inquiry, why the allied fleets entered the Black Sea, was delivered Feb. 1st, to the Russian ministers in London and Paris. The tenor of the reply has not transpired, but it is supposed to have been of a character to cause their withdrawal from further diplomatic intercourse. It is understood that orders have been sent to St. Petersburg directing the English and French ministers to demand their passports.

France is prepared to send 80,000 men to aid the Turks in four divisions, England to send a minor force but to pay half the expense. The Continental powers are greatly excited, Prussia and Austria apparently not knowing what part to take in the event of hostilities.

Cotton was slightly firmer. In breadstuffs the market closed for the week with a decline of two pence on wheat; 1s on flour; corn stood at previous quotations. Ohio, Philadelphia and Baltimore flour is quoted at 43s.—*Extra 43s. 6d.*

We would call attention to the advertisement of Mr. Finn, which may be found under our proper advertising head. We are assured that this Exhibition is one of rare merit; and a place where parents can take their children to instruct and amuse them, without endangering their morals, or depraving their tastes.

