

The Weekly Journal.

Volume 2.

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Poetry.

A TRUE KNIGHT.

Though he lived and died among us,
Yet his name may be enrolled
With the knights whose deeds of daring
Ancient chronicles have told.
Still a stripling, he encountered
Poverty, and struggled long,
Gathering force from every effort,
Till he knew his arm was strong.
Then his heart and life he offered
To his radiant mistress, Truth;
Never thought, or dream, or faltering,
Married the promise of his youth.
And he rode forth to defend her,
And her peerless worth proclaim;
Challenging each recreant doubter
Who assailed her spotless name.
First upon his path stood Ignorance,
Hideous in his brutal might,
Hard the blows and long the battle
Ere the monster took to flight.
Then, with light and fearless spirit,
Prejudice he dared to brave,
Hunting back the lying craven
To her black, sulphurous cave.
Followed by his servile minions,
That old giant Custom rose,
Yet he too at last was conquered
By the good knight's weighty blows.
Then he turned, and, flushed with victory,
Struck upon the brazen shield
Of the world's great king, Opinion,
And defied him to the field.
Once again he rose a conqueror,
And, though wounded in the fight,
With a dying smile of triumph,
Saw that Truth had gained her right.
On his falling car-rechoing
Came the shouting round the throne;
Little cared he that no future
With her name would link his own.
Fought with many a hard fought battle,
Slowly ebbed his life away,
And the crowd that flocked to greet her
Trampled on him where he lay.
Gathering all his strength, he saw her
Crowned, and reigning in her pride;
Looked his last upon her beauty,
Raised his eyes to God, and died.

Select Tales.

EXTREMES MEET.

FACT AND FICTION.

CHAPTER I.
What are you reading, sis?
Bleak House.
A novel?
Yes, why not—Dickens' last new novel,
and a capital thing it is, too.
The two ladies between whom this conversation passed were sisters, and nieces of one of the better classes of New England farmers with whom they resided. Squire Fairbank, without being a very brilliant man, acquired considerable distinction in the village where he had lived, probably because, besides being worth money, he was a straight-forward, conservative, reliable man, and had frequently served the town, in an acceptable manner, both in his legislative, and as a moderator in town meetings. He was the most notable man in town, and won the title of squire, which was universally accorded to him, simply by being a very respectable person, and a man of influence.
Susan and Mary Fairbank were orphans, inheriting from their father the very pretty sum of five thousand dollars each. Both had attained their maturity, and consequently, were in full possession of their fortunes—untrammelled even by the authority of an indigent guardian as Squire Fairbank had proved to be.
They had been well educated at a celebrated female seminary in the vicinity of Boston, and, as a matter of course, had brought home to the quiet village of Poptown some very strange notions and remarkable peculiarities. But they were sensible girls in the main, and, though their habits and education elevated them above the people of the place, it was generally conceded that they 'knew what was what,' and were not a might more 'stuck up' than would naturally be expected.
Mary and Susan were essentially different in temperament and disposition. The former was exceedingly free and open-hearted, while the latter was rather disposed to truckle to the formality of the world, or to the circumstance in which she happened to be placed. Mary never asked what the world would say or think, and while her notions of duty were very clearly defined, she chose to be independent and straight forward. People said that she took after her father.
Susan, on the contrary, was nicely sensitive to the good opinions of others. She

had not the energy to do anything in opposition to popular sentiment. Indeed, she was very much like some of the distinguished public servants at Washington, who do everything with an eye to re-election, or to government patronage.
A short time before our story opens, a young minister had settled in Poptown, and, being a single man, Squire Fairbank had consented, as a special favor, to receive him into his house. The Rev. Mr. Carlisle was universally allowed to be a very promising young man. He was talented, had a very graceful elocution, and what pleased the young ladies better still, was a decidedly handsome person. Those who were not much influenced by talent, elocution and personal beauty, thought he was rather bigoted for one so young, and hoped that time would wear off the rough corners of his repulsive theology.
Susan Fairbank was deeply interested in the young clergyman, and as a natural consequence to one of her vacillating temperaments, became deeply interested in spiritual things. We do not believe she had any intention of playing the hypocrite; but her devotion to the young minister involuntarily led her to assume an interest which, if Mr. Carlisle had been old, ugly, or unmarried, she would not have felt.
'A novel, sis! only think of it!' exclaimed Susan, holding up both hands with pious horror.
'Pray, Susan, how long since you have possessed this holy repugnance to novels? It was only last winter that I saw you reading 'The Children of the Abbey,' returned Mary, laughing heartily.
'I have not read one since, and never mean to again!'
'Fudge!'
'What do you think Mr. Carlisle would say if he saw you reading a novel?'
'Don't care what he says.'
'Why Mary?'
'I don't. If he does not like it, he may whistle, for all me. Why will you make a fool of yourself, Susan? Mr. Carlisle cares no more for you than he does for the fifth wheel of a coach; I would not stand in such fear of him for the world.'
'Fear of him! I do not fear him; I only respect him as a very good man.'
'You have set your cap for him! but let me tell you to be more independent, or you will never catch him,' said Mary, laughing.
'How absurd you talk.'
'Do I?'
Susan fell to biting her finger nails—a very vulgar habit by the way—and to thinking of something else, which her sister had no difficulty in discerning.
'Do you really love him, Susan?' asked Mary.
'Love him! no, I have never thought of such a thing.' Perhaps she never did.
'What makes you go to all the prayer meetings, and mope around the house like a sick owl then?'
'I am under conviction,' replied Susan, demurely.
'Conviction of what?'
'Conviction of sin.'
'Conviction that Mr. Carlisle is a very handsome fellow, more like.'
'How absurd you are!'
'And I have heard around town that you are going to join the church.'
'I have spoken to Mr. Carlisle upon the subject.'
Mary looked serious for a moment.
'If you really feel so, I commend your conduct, but I advise you not to be too hasty. Examine your heart attentively, and do not bring scandal upon the church by having side motives. But here comes Mr. Carlisle,' said Mary, as she again turned her attention to the fascinating pages of the Bleak House.
CHAPTER II.
The young minister entered the room.— Susan had taken up 'Saint's Rest,' which lay by her, and commenced catechising her in regard to the impression the contents of the book produced on her mind—whether it afforded her consolation in her troubled mind, and finally, whether she really thought she had hope. To all these queries, Susan replied in a satisfactory manner, assuring the handsome young shepherd that she had been much edified by her reading.
There was a smile of mischief playing upon the pretty face of Mary, as she peeped over the top of Bleak House to observe them. She could see that Mr. Carlisle engaged in conversation with her sister mere-

ly as a professional interest—sincerely, it is true, but with no unusual interest in the penitent. He regarded her as a wandering sheep, whom it was his duty to bring into the fold.
But she compassionated her sister, who had deluded herself into the belief that she could win the heart of the shepherd by becoming one of his sheep, and she was provoking enough to tell her that instead of making a sheep, she had made a calf of herself.
When the minister had finished his talk with Susan, he turned to Mary. As he did so, an involuntary smile came upon his lips. It was not a smile of a ghostly father, but of a young man who had flesh in his heart and blood in his veins.
Mary laid down her book, as she noticed his intention to address her.
'What are you reading, Miss Fairbank?' asked he.
'Bleak House,' promptly replied Mary.
'A novel?'
'Yes, sir.'
The jaw of the young minister dropped down two inches.
'Do you like it?'
'O, very much indeed,' replied Mary, with wicked enthusiasm; 'I admire Dickens of all the novels I ever read.'
'Do you make a practice of reading novels?'
'I seldom read anything else. I did read 'Reveries of a Bachelor,' and a 'Dream of Life.'
The minister shook his head.
'Will you allow me to suggest some reading for you, and I shall take the greatest pleasure in lending you the books.'
'Thank you.'
'Baxter's Call to the Unconverted' is an excellent book.'
'It is so stupid!'
Mr. Carlisle was horrified.
'I would not be hired to read it.'
'Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, perhaps, would suit your taste better.'
'I have read it, but don't you call that a novel?'
'An allegory.'
'If I mistake not, I saw you reading Uncle Tom's Cabin. I am sure that is a novel—and no better than any of Dickens.'
'It is a moral and philanthropic work.'
'So are Dickens' works. Indeed, I have never read a novel from which a great deal of good might not be obtained, though I know there are such.'
'Mere fictions generally have a debasing tendency.'
'I judge novels as I do anything else—by their own merits. If I understand you, Mr. Carlisle, you object to works of fiction, as such, not on account of any evil they may contain.'
'Certainly.'
'You insist that the book must be true in its narrative in order to be good.'
'I do.'
'Then you despise the teaching of Him whom you profess to serve. He spoke in parables. I do not understand the Prodigal Son to be a narrative of facts.'
'Perhaps not.'
'Then why may not Scott, Dickens, Irving, Miss Bremer, and Miss Leslie, teach us love and charity through the same medium?'
'Such works vitiate the taste.'
'O, it is taste, and not the heart, that is damaged.'
'Both—the latter through the former. Let me induce you to read Baxter's Call, and you will then allow that you have obtained more real good from it than from all the works of fiction you have ever read in your life.'
'It is too dull and insipid for me. I must draw my inspirations from more sparkling fountains.'
'You misjudge the book.'
'Perhaps I do; I am not a saint, I am willing to acknowledge; therefore it does not suit me. And I fancy it is so with half the world, who, rejecting the counsels of the church, get their wisdom and goodness from works of fiction. They are readable to those whose taste, like mine, has not become sanctified; without them, they would read nothing, and thus the world is better for novels.'
Mr. Carlisle could not but grant that there was some truth in what Mary said, and though he did not, in so many words, yield the point, an impression was produced

upon his mind, which could not fail to soften down the bigotry of his views.
But the merry, fearless, independent tones of the eloquent advocate, went deeper down than the mind, and touched a weak spot in his theological heart. Her pretty sparkling eye, roused and animated by her earnest thought, were irresistible, and he, musing the carnal nature of the fair debater, fell in love with the contemner of Baxter's immortal works.
Mary was undoubtedly a great sinner, but she was a beautiful and spirited girl, for all that. We will not trouble the reader with the ingenious plans that the enamored minister laid that night to reclaim the erring beauty; it is only necessary to say that, within a week, he proposed marriage to her; and that she, out of consideration for her sister, refused to consider the proposal.
CHAPTER III.
Susan was a docile lamb, and her conversation progressed to the entire satisfaction of her spiritual adviser. It was rumored that she was to be propounded on the following Sabbath.
Mary had quite as strong a veneration for spiritual things as her sister; but she was too straight-forward to be led into imaginary raptures by an extraneous influence. She knew Susan too well to believe her holy aspirations were real; she knew that the poor girl had involuntarily deluded herself. She was not surprised to hear that she had concluded to unite herself with the church.
'Susan, you are deceiving yourself. You love the fold for the sake of the shepherd,' said she.
'Nay, sister, you wrong me. Can you think me a hypocrite?'
'Not a hypocrite; you have misled yourself.'
'I have carefully examined my heart, and I am confident that I am not deluded.'
'What would you say if I should tell you that Mr. Carlisle could never love you?'
'I should say that you knew nothing about it,' replied Susan, unthinkingly; but in an instant she corrected herself. 'But that has nothing to do with it.'
'I fear it has. Tell me honestly, Susan, do you love Mr. Carlisle? I will not laugh at you.'
Susan hesitated.
'Be candid, sister.'
'I do not love him, but I feel that if he loved me, I could return his affection.'
'He does not love you, Susan.'
The ambitious girl looked earnestly into the face of her sister.
'How do you know?'
'I do know.'
Susan looked pensive and sad.
'What do you know?'
'That he has offered his hand and heart to another.'
'The hypocrite!' exclaimed Susan, with a flushed face.
'Why, sis?' and Mary was filled with astonishment, for it appeared from Susan's violent ebullition of feeling, that the matter had progressed much farther than she had suspected. 'Why do you use that pointed word? Did he ever speak to you of love?'
'Never; but he has led me to believe, by his constant attentions, that he was interested in me.'
'That was professional, sis; you have mistaken his zeal to bring you to the fold for love. I warned of this important fact.'
'You did; I am a fool. But to whom has he offered himself?'
'It is a secret.'
'Tell me.'
'Will you be discreet?'
'I will.'
'To me.'
'To you! you, who despised Baxter's Call and Saint's Rest!'
'Even so. Extremes meet sometimes.'
'I wish you joy, Mary.'
'But I declined the offer.'
'Why?'
'For your sake; I knew that you loved him.'
Susan was deeply affected at the generosity of her sister.
'I do not love him, sister. Do not let me be an obstacle in the way of your happiness.'
'I have not said that I loved him.'

'But you do.'
'I have refused him.'
'Nay, he is a noble and a good man, besides being handsome and talented. Do not be a fool because I have been. I assure you I am completely cured; I think he is a flirt.'
Mary did not think so, and the young minister was too deeply enamored of her, too devotedly admired her wit and beauty, to be content with the refusal.— When he renewed his suit, the spirited girl was more tractable, and, in process of time, they were married.
Whether Mr. Carlisle ever succeeded in removing those pernicious notions about novels from the mind of his wife, we are unable to say; but we do know that Scott, Dickens and Irving, have found a place on the shelves of his library, beside the books on theology and history; and we infer that a mutual influence has brought each to adopt more reasonable views of both Baxter and the novelists.
UNIVERSAL EDUCATION.
BY HORACE GREELLY.
Universal education! Grand, inspiring ideal! And shall there come a time when the delver in the mine and the rice-swamp, and the orphan of the prodigal and the felon, the very offspring of shame, shall be truly, systematically educated? Glorious consummation! twilight of the millennium! Who will not labor, and court sacrifices, and suffer reproach, if he may hasten, by even so much as a day, its blessed coming? Who will not take courage from the contemplation of what the last century has seen accomplished, if not in absolute results, yet in preparing the approaches, in removing impediments, in correcting and expanding the public comprehension of the work to be done, and of the feasibility of doing it? Whatever of evil and of suffering the future may have in store for us, though the earth be destined yet to be plowed by the sword, and fertilized by human gore, until rank growths of the deadliest weed shall overshadow it, stifling into premature decay every plant most conducive to health or fragrance—the time shall surely come when true and universal education shall dispel the dense night of ignorance and perverseness that now enshrouds the vast majority of the human race; shall banish evil and wretchedness almost wholly from earth, by removing, or unmasking, the multifarious temptations to wrong doings; shall put an end to robbery, hatred, oppression, and war, by diffusing widely and thoroughly a living consciousness of the brotherhood of mankind, and the sure blessedness, as well as righteousness, of doing ever as we would have others do to us.— 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' Such is the promise which enables us to see to the end of the dizzy world-whirl of wrong and misery in which our race has long sinned and suffered. On wise and systematic training, based on the widest knowledge, the truest morality, and tending ever to universal good, as the only assurance of special or personal well being, rests the great hope of the terrestrial reformation of man.
Not the warrior, then, or the statesman; nor yet the master worker, as such, in our day, leads the van-guard of humanity.— Whether in the seminary or by the wayside, by uttered word or printed page, our true king is not he who best directs the siege, or sets his squadrons in the field, or heads the charge—but he who can and will instruct and enlighten his fellow men, so that at least some few of the generation of whom he is shall be purer, nobler, for his living among them, and prepared to carry forward the work, of which he was a humble instrument, to its far grander and loftier consummation. O, far above the conqueror of kingdoms, the destroyer of hosts by the sword and the bayonet, is he whose tearless victories redden no river and whiten no plain; but he who leads the understanding a willing captive, and builds his empires not of the wretched and bleeding fragments of subjugated nations, but on the realms of intellect which he has discovered, and planted, and peopled, with beneficent activity and enduring joy! The mathematician who, in his humble study, undisturbed as yet by the footsteps of monarchs or their ministers, demonstrates the existence of a planet, before unsuspected

by astronomy and unobserved by the telescope; the author, who, from his humble garret, sends forth the scroll which shall constrain thousands upon thousands to laugh or weep at his will; who topples down a venerable fraud by an allegory or crushes a dynasty by an epigram, he shall live and reign over a still increasing dominion, when the pasteboard kings, whose steps are counted in court circulars, and timed by stupid buzzes, shall have long since moldered and been forgotten. To build out into chaos and drear vacuity; to render some corner of the primal darkness radiant with the presence of an idea; to supplant ignorance by knowledge, and sin by virtue; such is the mission of the age, worthy to enkindle the ambition of the loftiest, yet proffering opportunity and reward to the most lowly.
To the work of universal enlightenment be our lives henceforth consecrated, until the dark clouds of impending evil are irradiated and dispersed by the full effulgence of the divinely predicted day when "All shall know the Lord, from the least unto the greatest"—and when wrong and woe shall vanish forever from the presence of universal knowledge, purity and bliss!
A WISE MAN.
A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move or breathe, he will be doing something for himself, or his neighbor, or for posterity. Almost to the last hour of his life, Washington was at work. So were Franklin, Adams, Young, Howard, Newton. The vigor of their lives never decayed. No rust marred their spirits. It is a foolish idea, to suppose we must lie down and die because we are old. Who is old? Not the man of energy; not the laborer in science, art, or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the strings of life to become motionless; on whose hand the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom. There are scores of gray-headed men we should prefer in any important enterprise, to those young gentlemen who fear and tremble at approaching shadows, and turn pale at a lion in their path, a harsh word or a frown.
PRINTERS:
Who was William Caxton, one of the fathers of literature? "Nobody but a printer!"
Who was Earl Stanhope? "Nobody but a printer!"
Who was Samuel Woodworth, the poet? "A printer."
Who was Benjamin Franklin, the great American statesman and philosopher? "A printer!"
Who was Gov. Armstrong of Massachusetts? "A printer!"
And who were Geo. P. Morris, James Harper, Horace Greeley, George D. Prentice, Governor Bigler, N. P. Willis, Robert Sears, Joseph Gales, and Senators Cameron, Hill, Dix and Niles, and a host of no less conspicuous names—who are they? "Nobody but printers, any how!"
INTERESTING TO WOOLEN MANUFACTURERS.—The Washington (Pa.) Reporter states that the clip of wool in that county, this season, is large, and that full one third of last year's clip is still on hand. Some very good clips have sold at 40 cts., and none over 45 cents per lb. The Reporter is opinion that the bulk of the wool in that county will be sold at from 40 to 50 cents per lb. The market, however, is dull, with no prospect of last year's prices being realized.
The Dublin Freeman says: "Owen" Duffy, of Monaghan county, is 122 years old. When 116 he lost his second wife, and subsequently married a third, by whom he had a son and a daughter. His youngest son is two years old, his eldest ninety. He still retains, in much vigor, his mental and corporeal faculties, and frequently walks to the county town, a distance of eight miles.
From a return just published, it appears that in Great Britain there are 136 newspapers, a portion of which is published without stamps—106 in England, 23 in Scotland, and 7 in Ireland. Of the English papers mentioned, 34 are published monthly in London, and not liable to duty; and 25 in the country, and exempted for the same reason.
"Time's noblest offering is the last."

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JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

POLITICIANS

Are the greatest humbugs of the present time: if an infamous political measure passes, they are at the bottom of it; if there is any dirty work to be done—so very dirty that the devil himself would be ashamed of it—they are just the chaps to do it.

The great trouble is, the voters put too much confidence in their leaders—almost appearing to think them descended in direct line from the immortal gods; but did they know only a quarter of the wire-pulling and means resorted to by them for carrying out their own selfish plans, there would be one general yell of scorn that would shake the continent from center to circumference.

A book was published some time ago called the "Criminal Calendar;" and a great mistake was committed by the writer of it, which was, that he left out the most infernal and accomplished scoundrels—the politicians! Do not start, dear reader; it is even so.

But is there no remedy? Are we forever to be led by a clique of unprincipled demagogues, whose only god is self, and whose only hell is failure of success? If so, we may as well call republicanism a humbug, and use copies of the Declaration of Independence and constitution of the United States to kindle fires with.

The politicians now control everything; their power is as absolute as that of the autocrat of all the Russias, and the people, poor simpletons, quietly acquiesce. Political leaders have chained the imperial republic to the car of slavery, and are now driving it, railroad speed, over everything of good report—not excepting even the hallowed graves of its immortal founders.

There is no mistake as to the character of a majority of American politicians—they should be sent back to the old night from whence they sprung; and then let the people re-dedicate the temple of freedom, and make it the fit dwelling place for pure and lofty thought and glorious aspiration.

MRS. REUBEN BURT.

The reader will notice, in another portion of to-day's paper, the death of the wife of Mr. Reuben Burt, of this town. Mr. Burt is one of the few old revolutionary soldiers yet alive. He was at Fort Ticonderoga at the time of its abandonment by the garrison under St. Clair.

VERMONT.

Politically speaking, things look as "bright as a silver dollar" in glorious old Vermont. Her brave sons do not care about snuffing the pestilential breeze of serfdom. E. P. Walton, the candidate of the free soilers and Maine law men for governor, has declined in favor of Judge Royce, and the whigs have returned the compliment, by nominating Gen. Ryland Fletcher, a free soiler, for lieutenant governor.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

On Tuesday evening, while J. A. Perry was lecturing in Cabot Hall, in this place—denouncing foreign influence in general, and Romanism in particular—a crowd of Irishmen collected near by, and commenced exercising their screaming powers to quite an unnecessary degree.

BOOK NOTICES.

We present our very best thanks to DeWitt & Davenport, publishers, of New York, for a copy of "Off-Hand Takings and Crayon Sketches," by George W. Bungay. It is certainly one of the most readable books in existence.

FIFTEEN MINUTES AROUND NEW YORK, published by DeWitt & Davenport, will give any one a pretty correct idea of Gotham and its "elephants."

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The republican convention has been postponed until September 7, to be held at Worcester. We await its action with feelings of intense interest—hoping that the whigs, free soilers and anti-slavery democrats will be fully represented.

GOOD ADVICE.

The Catholic priest (Father Lawrence) who officiated at the funeral services of the four persons burned to death in this town last week, showed himself a man of strong common sense.

A PRIZE FIGHT.

Last Thursday week, John Morrissey and Bill Poole had a brutal prize fight in New York city, and, worse than all, the police did not interfere, but let the promising gentlemen have it out. Of course, a large crowd was collected to witness the scene.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

This noble man has been speaking for some time in Illinois and Iowa on political subjects. He is one of the first orators in the country—possessing a large and generous heart, and a head well fitted with the choicest kind of brains.

POLICE COURT.

On the 31st ult., Dennis O'Hare was arrested by officer Ballard, and tried before Amory Doolittle, Esq., charged with being a common drunkard. He was found guilty, and sentenced to the house of correction for the term of ninety days.

MURDER IN NEW YORK.

A murder was committed at the St. Nicholas Hotel, in New York city, on Wednesday morning. Col. Charles Loring of California, was stabbed by Dr. R. H. Graham of New Orleans, and mortally wounded.

They were both boarding at the hotel, with their families. Dr. Graham was drunk and very noisy; Col. Loring tried to pacify him, when Graham drew his sword-cane, and ran it through his body. He was immediately arrested.

Another Murder.

On Tuesday, in New York city, a drunken Irishman, by the name of Patrick Mc Mann, killed his wife; he was promptly arrested.

Murder in Brooklyn.

On Wednesday evening, J. N. T. Tucker, editor of the Daily Advertiser, cut the throat of his little boy,—almost severing the head from the body. Delirium tremens was the cause. He was immediately taken into custody.

ROBBERY.

Moore & Moody's refreshment saloon, under the post-office, was robbed Thursday night of about 50 cents in change and some eatables.

The junction depot was broken into the same night, but nothing taken. The burglar has not been discovered.

RIPLEY SWIFT

Has been appointed ticket master at the upper depot in this village. Neighbor Swift is "one of the boys," and well qualified for the post.

Clothes Line Operator Caught.

A day or two since, officer Walker received information of the theft of various articles of clothing from a line upon which they had been left out at night, in the north part of the city, among which were two or three shirts having bosoms of a peculiar style.

John Burt is not a citizen of Chicopee; Springfield has a stronger claim upon him, as he has been an inhabitant of its jail most of the time for the past few years.

Not at all Complimentary.

A Frenchman, traveling in the United States sends the following sketch of a "gentle Yankee" to a Parisian journal:—"Picture to yourself, if you please, a lean figure with bony wrists; feet with dimensions that would forever tarnish the escutcheon of a gentleman; a hat stuck upon the back of the head straight hair; mouth stretched from morning till night by a lump of tobacco; lips stained yellow by the juice of the same weed; a black coat with narrow skirts; a tumbled shirt; the gloves of gendarme; trousers in harmony with the rest of the equipment; and you will have before you the exact portrait of a thorough-bred Yankee.

The circulation of the Paris Presse has attained to the number of 36,000 copies. The sending out, distribution, and sale of these 36,000 copies is effected in two hours after the close of the Bourse, of which the Presse gives, notwithstanding, a complete report.

THE OBJECTS OF EDUCATION.—The object of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think—rather to improve our minds so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with thoughts of other men.

A letter from Kansas, of June 15, to the Lexington Reporter, states that in one year after the organization of the territory, there will be at least 50,000 persons within its borders, and that in less than three years it will be admitted into the Union.

PRODUCTS OF ONONDAGA.—The Syracuse Journal, of Friday, states that 300 cases of tobacco, raised on a farm in the town of Cato, Onondaga county, were the day before sold to a dealer in France! and that it is to be shipped forthwith.

To one who said, "I do not believe there is an honest man in the world," another replied: "It is impossible that one man should know all the world, but quite possible that one may know himself."

A HARD HIT.—The Gardner Spectator says:—"It is rumored that Prince John Van Buren has taken to drink like a fish." It is a scandal—on the fish; for John never drinks cold water.—Not. Dem.

We have been requested to copy the following communication from the Republican.

The Rival Maps of Hampden County. I desire to say a word to the public, through your columns, concerning a map of the county of Hampden. A few months ago, some gentlemen from abroad made application to the county commissioners for a recommendation of their enterprise in a projected map of the county.

The commissioners were unwilling directly to recommend the project, without a specific knowledge of all the means of making the map a reliable one. They, however, expressed a written opinion, that such a map was very desirable, and that whoever should furnish one would be entitled to, and would undoubtedly receive, the patronage of the public.

The individuals, to whom I have referred, have, it is believed, obtained subscriptions for their map extensively in the county.

It now appears that a gentleman residing within the state, and holding the appointment of superintendent of the Massachusetts state map, has been long engaged in the same enterprise of preparing county and town maps. This gentleman (H. T. WALLING,) has already maps of the counties of Norfolk, Bristol and Essex; and making accurate and detailed surveys of the various towns, with a view to the immediate preparation of a map of the county.

I do not learn that the individuals first referred to have undertaken any such surveys, or that they have the means of insuring that accuracy which is indispensable in a good map.

Under these circumstances, it is obvious that the preference should be given to the map by Mr. Walling—especially as he acts under the authority of the state, which implies the requisite qualifications for the work.

Those men who fail of success in the pursuits of life, will find some comfort in the following, from the pen of Hon. G. S. Hillard:—"I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not succeed in life, as these words are commonly used. Heaven has been said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity.

III success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good; from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I do not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men;" but there are forms of greatness, or at least of excellence, which "die and make no sign." These are martyrs that win the palm, but not the stake; heroes who the laurel, conquerors with the triumph.

I left France, after all, with regret; for I like the people—the common people, I mean; for I had relations, with no other. Careless, unreliable, cunning, extortionate, unscrupulous, ignorant and dirty, as most of them are, yet I like them; first, for their inimitable, unwearable politeness; and next, for their gaiety, their sparkling vivacity, their quick wit, their nonsense, their very ridiculousness. Truth with them is a myth, a jest, an obsolete idea; but the lies they tell you are of the most flattering kind—agreeable delusions, for which you feel rather obliged than otherwise; and they will impose upon you with such an air, that you really are ashamed to show a proper resentment.—GRACE GREENWOOD.

"I say, Bill, I seed a know nothing. Where?" "Why, on the museum steps." "What did he look like?" "Why, he looked like a man?" "But what had he on?" "Clothes."

"Don't be a fool—tell me how you found out that he was a know nothing." "Why, he said so." "Did you ever ask him to tell you?" "No, but I asked him whether he wouldn't give me a sixpence, and he said, 'No, nothing.'"

BOARD OUT WEST.—Traveler dismounts at a tavern. "Hallow, landlord—can I get lodgings here to-night?" Landlord.—No, sir; every room in the house is engaged.

Traveler.—Can't you even give me a blanket, and a bunch of shavings for a pillow, in your bar-room?" Landlord.—No, sir; there's not a square foot of space unoccupied anywhere in the house.

Traveler.—Then I'll thank you, sir, to shove a pole out of your second-floor window, and I'll roost on that.

A Whole Life of Wild Oats. A recent Galway paper chronicles the marriage in the parish chapel of St. Nicholas, Ireland, of the parish bellman, Richard Hawkins, aged 82 years, to Margaret Leydon, aged 60 years, and says that the groom was a hale old fellow, with a voice as sound and clear as a bell. He was enrolled in the Irish militia in 1798, but deserted and joined the French after their landing in Killaloe. He was engaged in the battle of Castlebar, escaped the slaughter and military executions of Ballinacree, took refuge in the mountains of Sligo, and was eventually enlisted in a regiment of the British line and several times flogged for his humorous pranks on the officers of the regiment.

Mr. Swipes, I've just kicked your William out of doors." "Well, Mr. Swingle, it's the first bill you've footed for this many a day."

The people of Versailles have been delighted with the visit of a beautiful humming bird to the garden of one of the citizens, the first ever seen in those latitudes. It is thought that it may have escaped from some vessel newly arrived from the tropics. It appeared ravenous for food, and the flowers being dry and past their prime, seemed to afford it but little nourishment.

It is stated that the Irish military number throughout the United States, up to the present date, 50,000 armed and well disciplined troops. Captains Oliver Byrne and George Dowling have been actively engaged in organizing the Irish adopted citizens for several months past. The design is to arm and equip no less than 100,000 within a given period.

In Turkey, if a person happens to fall asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy-field, and the wind blows over towards him, he becomes gradually narcotized, and would die if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstance, did not bring him to the next well or stream, and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body.

The county of Elizabeth city, Va., appears to realize the visionary land of Utopia. Within the last twelve or fifteen years in that country, there has not been a single individual confined in jail for any criminal offense, and a very small number for any other cause. And there is not a single pauper in the county.

THE EXECUTION OF CASEY.—After a long and patient hearing in the case of Thomas Casey, the Natick murderer, the Governor and Council have unanimously determined that the law must take its course, and have fixed upon Friday, Sept. 29th, as the day of his execution, at the jail yard, at East Cambridge.

Professor McFarland, while making his ascension on the tight rope at Lawrenceville, N. Y., on the 11th ult., when about half way up, one of the guy lines broke, causing him to fall to the ground. In his descent he fell upon a bystander, whose shoulder he dislocated, but escaped himself unhurt.

SWALLOWED BY AN ALLIGATOR.—The New Orleans Delta mentions a sad accident which occurred at Bayou des Allemands, on Sunday, the 25th ult. Two young men while rowing in a skiff, were capsized, and one of them was swallowed by an alligator. The other escaped unhurt.

The Washington Sentinel learns that two of the volunteer corps of that city are on the eve of dissolution, to be reorganized, under new names and with new uniforms, the membership to be exclusively of native citizens, without the admixture of any persons of foreign birth.

It is said, in the Sandwich Islands papers, that the articles most in demand with the Japanese are drawing paper, pencils and Monongahela whiskey. If they are very fond of the latter, some charitable Christian will, no doubt, be found ready to supply them with it.

A FIGHTING EDITOR.—A southern editor says:—"To any gentleman of our acquaintance who is at all skeptical as to whether we will fight or run, we would say that the best way to prove the fact is by actual experiment. We can easily be found at any time."

The Waterbury American says that two beds of peat have recently been discovered about two miles from that city, and that two joint stock companies have been formed, with abundant capital, for the purpose of supplying it as a fuel for market.

In Venice and Rome, the Carnival is observed with great spirit, show and pomp. In the former city, it commences after Christmas; in Rome it continues eight days. Tuesday before Ash-Wednesday is everywhere the termination of the Carnival.

The day after twenty rogues had escaped from jail out west, the editor of the village paper had an eloquent article on the morals of the place—not a prisoner within the walls of her jails.—This may be called turning things to account.

Forty-one of the traveling preachers connected with the Methodist Episcopal church have died during the present year. The increase in membership for 1853 and '54 was nearly 30,000. One-fourth the increase is colored.

A surveyor out in Oregon, not liking the appearance of some of the land, breaks out as follows:—"I think the United States out to make Great Britain take it all back, or fight. Thank God, we did not get up to 54:40; 48 is bad enough."

Over two thousand dwelling-houses were built last year in Chicago. The population is nearly seventy thousand.

PUNCH ON BONNETS.—The last number of Punch contains a pictorial guess at the distance at which ladies bonnets will be worn from their heads, at the next remove. The tendency has been further and still further rearward, and the next change, Punch thinks, will carry them off the head entirely; so he represents the next fashion by two ladies in full dress and bareheaded, sailing along the street, with a footman walking some ten feet behind them, carrying the bonnet on a waiter.

Punch represents Nicholas as an ass who has allowed himself to be shut up in a pound, and all the European nations conspicuous among which is John Bull, stand looking over the fence at him, but no one dares to get inside to put the bridle on. Turkey has let down one bar, and reaching a hand through, has got hold of his tail, and implores France and England to go in and take him by the head, but they manifest a decided disinclination to take hold of the biting end.

NEW ROCKETS.—The Sentinel's Toulonnaise announces that, on the 1st inst., the new rockets now manufacturing at the School of Maritime Pyrotechny, at Toulon, were tried in the Fort St. Louis. The rockets, of 95 centimeters, are armed with a 12 pound shell. The result of the experiment was most satisfactory.—Hitherto the range of rockets had never exceeded 3300 or 3500 meters. On this occasion they reached a distance of from 4000 to 4300 meters, or more than a league.

MORMONISM AND POLYGAMY.—We understand that among the four hundred and forty Swedish passengers by the ship Levi Woodbury, recently arrived at this port from Gottenburg, were one hundred and fifty Mormons on their way to Salt Lake city. Their leader had four buxom looking wives, and will, we suppose, double or treble the number on settling down in the Mormon country. They all left a day or two ago for the west.—Atlas.

SABBATH RECREATIONS.—It is an interesting fact in religious history, that King James put forth in favor of sports on the Sabbath—declaring that after public service, the people should not be hindered from such lawful recreation as dancing, archery, leaping or vaulting, &c. This declaration was ordered to be read in all the parish churches. Many ministers refused to read it; others read it, and then argued the sinfulness of the sports.

The Paris Moniteur disclaims, on behalf of the Government, any active interference in the question of the observance of the Sabbath. "The government has never had any idea of so doing; it desires that the laws of religion may be observed; it everywhere sets the example of it, but will not and can not do more. It is for every one a question of liberty of conscience, which admits of neither restraint nor limitation."

FRIGHTENED.—A man in Lockport, New York, has a tame robin, which, until a recent incident, has been a beautiful singer. It was kept in the same room, with a parrot, which escaped from its cage a few days since, flew across the room, and alighted on the cage of the robin. The robin was very much frightened, and since that time has never sung a note; and what is still more singular, its feathers are gradually turning white.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.—The Supreme Court of Wisconsin, on appeal, have affirmed the proceedings of Judge Smith, in the case of Booth aiding in the rescue of an alleged fugitive. Judge Smith discharged Booth, on the ground of the unconstitutionality of the law. The Court also found an irregularity in the proceedings. Booth has been arrested again on a new process.

In Mr. Benton's "Thirty Years' View," is found an anecdote of Lafayette, that on approaching the harbor of New York, he made the unsophisticated inquiry whether his servant would be able to find a hack at the pier to convey his party to the hotel; so little did he anticipate the national pageant which anxiously awaited his landing.

A number of English gentlemen have associated themselves together for the encouragement of the long neglected fisheries of Ireland. Twenty thousand pounds have been subscribed, and the services of practical men secured for carrying on the operations.

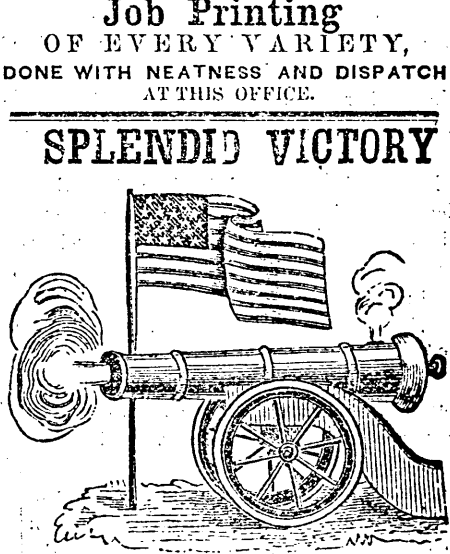
An advertisement in an English paper reads as follows:—"The person who left two of his toes and the heel of an old boot, in a steel trap in Anfield plantation, on Sunday evening last, may have the same returned, on application to the gamekeeper at the cottage."

The legislature of Alabama is endeavoring, with Massachusetts as a model, to establish free schools in that state. Alabama is the first southern state that has taken legislative action in favor of free schools.

WEEKLY JOURNAL. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER. D. B. Potts, Publisher. OFFICE IN THE ROOM UNDER CABOT HALL.

TERMS—\$1.50 in advance. A discount made to Agents and Companies. ADVERTISING. The space occupied by 100 words, or not exceeding that occupied by 12 lines of minimum type, shall constitute a square.

Job Printing OF EVERY VARIETY, DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH AT THIS OFFICE. SPLENDID VICTORY Immense Slaughter among the Russian Steamer Bay State just from the seat of War!



TURKEY ALL RIGHT!!! Narrow escape of the Steamer Bay State, with an immense stock of SUMMER CLOTHING, for Men and Boys, which owing to the splendid price offered, will be sold at unparalleled low prices.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. HAMPDEN, SS. At a Probate Court, holden at Springfield within and for said County, on the first Tuesday in June A. D. 1854.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber last been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Frank Chandler late of Chicago in the county of Hampden, deceased; and has taken upon himself that trust, by giving bonds as the law directs. And all persons indebted to the said estate are called upon to make payment to the undersigned.

STEVEN'S ICE-CREAM & REFRESHMENT SALOON. AND—FANCY & VARIETY STORES. No. 9 Exchange Street, CHICOPEE, MASS.

J. PRIESTLEY, House & Sign Painter, Paper-Hanger, &c. WISHING to inform the citizens of Chicopee and its vicinity, that all work entrusted to him will be executed with neatness and dispatch, and equal to any productions on the lowest possible terms.

\$300,000 WORTH OF GIFTS!! FOR THE PEOPLE. PROFESSOR HART'S GREAT GIFT ENTERPRISE OF THE WORLD'S FAIR. No. 377 & 379 Broadway, New York. Prof. J. WOODMAN HART, Proprietor and Manager.

- LIST OF GIFTS. Prof. Hart's Whole World, worth an immense fortune to any one, valued at... \$30,000. The Celebrated Model of the City of San Francisco, now on exhibition, valued at... 8,000.

A Valuable Gift for Every Ticket. Each \$1 Ticket entitles the holder to Four Admissions to the Exhibition, or to one year's subscription to the Great Family Literary and Commercial Journal, called "The Whole World."

"THE WHOLE WORLD." To remit the money immediately, in order to commence with the beginning of the first volume. J. WOODMAN HART, Proprietor and Editor.

DR. LANGLEY'S ROOT & HERB BITTERS. A COMPOUND of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Pink Root, Ash, Dandelion, Thoroughwort, Wild Cherry, Mandrake and Rhubarb. Just the medicine for ladies, sure to do them good.

JUST RECEIVED!! A large and well-selected lot of Boots and Shoes, suitable for LADES' WEAR. Linen, Indian Cloth, Black & Fancy Colored Silk Lasting Gaiters, with and without fociings.

FOR GENT'S. Patent Leather and French Calf Boots and Shoes, Calf, Goat and Kip Brogans, and all sorts of Children's Shoes; to be had cheap for cash, at the sign of the Big Boot, Exchange Street, Chicopee.

CRAMP AND PAIN KILLER: THE world is astonished at the wonderful cures performed by the CRAMP AND PAIN KILLER, prepared by CURTISS & PERKINS.

WILD CHERRY BITTERS. THE cure of Billous and Jaundice complaints, and general debility, by the use of Wild Cherry Bitters, is a well known fact.

Selling off at Cost. THE undersigned having determined to make different arrangements in business, offers his entire Stock of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE CLOTHING, and GREAT FURNISHING GOODS.

Great Artists' Union Enterprise!! 250,000 GIFTS FOR THE PEOPLE. STATUARY, \$10,000. OIL PAINTINGS, 10,000. ENGRAVINGS, colored in oil, 45,000.

Barley's Great Picture of Wyoming. They have determined to distribute among the purchasers of this work, PRIZE, \$100,000, 250,000 GIFTS, of the value of \$250,000.

Real Estate, \$84,000. 22 building lots in N. Y. City, \$12,000. 220 lots in N. Y. City, \$22,000. 100 Villa Sites, containing each 10,000 sq. ft. in the suburbs of New York City, and commanding a view of the Hudson River, and also to one of Long Island Sound, each \$500, \$50,000.

BOSTON ONE PRICE AHEAD OF ALL COMPETITION CLOTHING STORE. We have not been disappointed in our hopes of a large increase in our business since we moved into our present extensive establishment.

PARTICULAR NOTICE. A New Map of Hampden County. THE undersigned propose to publish a large and accurate Map of Hampden County, entirely from original surveys under the direction of H. T. Walling, superintendent of the Mass. State Map by appointment of the Mass. Legislature in 1851.

MRS. WINSLOW. An experienced Nurse and Female Physician, prescribes the following: SOOTHING SYRUP, FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

REST TO THE MOTHER And Relief and Health to the Infant. A child on Congress-Street was cured by the Soothing Syrup, of Infantile Dysentery or Diarrhoea after being given over by the attending Physician.

MOTHERS TRY IT. In every town where it has been sold, it is sold by Dr. J. C. Kent, Chicopee and Chicopee Falls, Warren Smith, Chicopee, and by Druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. HAMPDEN, SS. At a Probate Court, in said county, the undersigned will sell at Public Auction, on Thursday, the 31st inst., at the Hotel of Clifton Pavilion, in Willimsett, all the Real Estate belonging to the estate of George R. Johnson, deceased.

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY BY PROFESSOR KELLY. THE STUDY OF YEARS REDUCED TO A FEW MONTHS. A new, free, and fashionable style of Penmanship, acquired in a few lessons; requiring only one sheet of paper.

AGENTS. Persons wishing the Professors services will please address in care of any of the following ladies and gentlemen: Mrs. J. C. Kent, Chicopee, and Chicopee Falls, Warren Smith, Chicopee, and by Druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

A CARD. THE undersigned offers his services to any person, who wishes any copying done correctly, or in obtaining business or legal arrangements, for those who are entitled to the same, or any kind of outdoor business. It will be attended to with punctuality and dispatch. Please address the subscriber, at the Drug Store, in Chicopee, where he may be consulted, and the same will meet with immediate attention.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the last will and testament of Silas Mosman, late of Chicopee, in the county of Hampden, deceased; and has taken upon himself that trust, by giving bonds as the law directs. And all persons having demands upon the estate of the said deceased, are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to the said estate are called upon to make payment to the undersigned.

WILLIAMS & SPRAGUE. Filtonville, Montgomery Co., N. Y. In order that there may be no error in mailing tickets from us, we would suggest the propriety of persons who may favor us with their orders, that they send a pre-paid envelope with their address plainly written upon it.

CONVENTION OF KNOW-NOTHINGS IN THIS CITY.—A business convention of the know-nothings of Massachusetts was held in this city Tuesday, which continued throughout the day and evening.

The New Bedford Mercury, alluding to the Graytown affair, says that the administration has shown more magnanimity than could have been expected by its most ardent admirers. It felt obliged to thrash somebody, and it has taken one of its size.

BORN. In this village, July 17th, a son to Mr. Eston. At Hartland, Ct., 29th ult., three daughters to Joseph Thompson—all alive and doing well.

MARRIED. At Sullivan, Pa., GRIFFIN BAILEY, of Columbia, to MARY FORBES, formerly of Feeding Hills, (West Springfield,) Mass.

DIED. In Chicopee, July 22d, Mrs. BASHARA BURR, wife of Henry Hart, of Chicopee, aged 81 years. The deceased was born in Palmer, in the year 1763; removed when quite young to Laddow, at which place she was married, in 1786, to Mr. Reuben Burr, who is now living. Their married life has thus continued for a period of sixty-eight years.

NOTICE. Warrants for collecting the same, have been duly committed to me by the Assessors of Chicopee. All persons interested may expect an early call from the Collector, and prompt payment is particularly requested.

NOW-A-DAYS. No. 5 Merchants' Row, near the Post Office CONSTANTLY ON HAND Boots, Shoes and Rubbers. In fact, for workmanship, durability, or price, can compete with any in Chicopee.

M. S. PEASE, Mechanical & Surgical Dentist, Office Exchange Street, over Wintworth's store. Chicopee, July 8-54. WANTED! 100,000 subscribers to the leading Magazines of the day.

Read and decide for Yourself! \$70,000 WILL be presented to One Hundred thousand subscribers to Harper's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, Grant's Magazine, Putnam's Monthly, Gleason's Drawing Room Companion or the Democratic Review.

SNAKE FASCINATION. We have occasionally read accounts of persons having been fascinated, or spell-bound, by snakes, but never knew of an instance occurring in our vicinity, until a day or two since, and one that we know to be a fact.

O'Mara resides on Copperas Creek, in Franklin county, and but a short distance from the Pacific railway station. Some 9 months ago, his family noticed the little girl to be pining away, and pale, although she had been very fleshy and hearty, and apparently without any cause or complaint of sickness.

Finally, some of the neighbors, having heard of the circumstances of the child's extraordinary conduct, and also of her wasted appearance, suggested to her father to watch her movements, which he did last Friday. The child had been sitting on the bank of the creek nearly all the forenoon, until near dinner time, when she got up and went to her father's house, and asked for a piece of bread and butter, and again returned to the same place she had been.

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