



Poetry.

For the Journal. I HAVE NO HOME. I have no home—no parent's smile...

Select Tales.

Neighbor Gray's Bound Girl.

There she was—right across the road. I could see her as I peeped through the crevices of the blind, and somehow my heart ached for her...

He loves neighbor Gray's bound girl, and sees her dragging, Johnny from morning till night, and knows just as well as I do, she's tired almost to death...

"Thank you," she said, just as grandma told me always to say it. Then came an awkward pause; but my first success had inspired me with unusual confidence...

and they talked a long time, and I heard one of them say, "Every dollar of the property was spent; and that I must be bound out, and Willy must go to a trade."

he was in great haste, and they entered the carriage again, and I watched it through blinding tears as it rolled away, and far as I watched, the sweet face of Emma Lee looked out of the carriage window after me...

But grandma's words, wrung from her lips by pain and hunger, when she was partially awakened, had undermined all my resolution, and I laid down the folds of silver lace, and covered my face with my hands...

"Oh, Annie, darling, if I only could have a cup of tea. It would taste so good; but there's no use wishing," and with a heavy sigh, my grandmother lay back on her pillow...

one, and, though I continually teased Uncle Charlie to tell me where it would terminate, he only replied by a shake of his head, and a comical blinking of those dark, handsome eyes. At last I thought objects began to assume a familiar appearance, and while I was vainly striving to identify them, we turned a sharp angle of the road, and drew suddenly up before our cottage-gate. It never looked half so pleasant as it did that afternoon, nestled among its fair spring shrubbery. But it was no longer our own. I covered my eyes with my hands. I could not look on it, when I thought of this. Uncle Charlie insisted upon our alighting, although grandma and I pleaded strongly against it; but he would hear of no refusal. We walked up the front path, and grandma trembled almost as much as I did; but we did not see any strange faces at the windows; and Uncle Charlie led us into the little parlor, which new furniture had completely regenerated, and then he said—

"Mrs. Dale, I have discovered that you were unjustly deprived of your property. I have also succeeded in proving it and now restore your cottage, and the adjoining land, back to you."

I wish I could paint for you, reader, the rest of the scene in that little parlor; but I cannot, the tears fill my heart, and blind my eyes whenever I think of it; but that night, as I laid down in my little chamber to sleep, and nestled up close to Emma, I wondered if the angels could be happier than I.

After this, Emma and I attended school at M——, for two years; but Uncle Charlie and she passed their summers at the cottage; and I used to tell Emma how I watched for the green "go-cart" through the chinks of the blind; but Mrs. Gray and the old house are all gone now.

And now, reader, before we part, there is a word I would whisper in your ear; I have seen Emma's brother—William Lee. How slowly my pen writes that word, as though it lingered lovingly over every letter. He has Emma's blue eyes, but his hair is darker, and the contour of his features more strongly defined. Last summer most of his college vacation was passed at our cottage; and one evening Uncle Charlie and Emma went to walk, and William and I went down to the peach tree, (it is a large tree, and its broad arms are loaded with fruit now,) and under the tree, William Lee whispered in my ear three little words, which sent the blood to my cheeks, and a quicker throbb to my heart. I must have behaved very foolishly, for I leaped against the tree, and burst into tears; but somehow William seemed to understand all I wanted to say, only I couldn't, and— but I cannot tell you what he said, reader, suffice it, that Emma draws her arm around me almost every day, and looking into my face with her blue, roguish eyes, says—

"Next autumn, Annie, you will, in truth, be my sister," and that comical look, which is always the precursor of some pleasant saying, comes back to dear Uncle Charlie's face as he says: "But she will not be William's sister any longer," and then I always cry very singular, but I never can hear William Lee's name spoken without my foolish little heart bounding just as it did one mid-summer night under the peach-tree.

OUR GRANDFATHERS.—We once heard a vain, conceited chap, standing, with some fifteen or twenty other fellows, round the almost red-hot stove of a country store, one winter night, say that we were much wiser now, in the present generation, than in generations gone by, in everything; and that all of us were wiser than those who had gone before us.

"Not all, I guess," said one of 'em, "for there's a good deal of difference in folks."

"Well," said he, "all that I know is, that my father knew more than my grandfather, and I know that I know more than my father did, for I've had a chance to see a great deal more than he did."

"Ha! ha! ha!" went all round the store.

"What are you laughing at?" says he.

"Nothing," said a red-haired, louny, gaited young man; "I never know'd your father, but your grandfather must have been a natural fool according to your argument."

They laughed heartily at first, but he looked so sheepish that they felt sorry for him, and he slipped out pretty soon.

SMART.—A gentleman having a remarkably long visage, was one day riding by a school, at the gate of which he overheard young Sheridan say to another lad—

"That gentleman's face is longer than his life."

Struck by the strangeness of this rude observation, the man turned his horse's head, and requested an explanation.

"Sir," said the boy, "I meant no offence in the world; but I have read in the Bible that a man's face is but a span, and I am sure your face is double that length."

The gentleman could not help laughing, and he threw the lad a sixpence for his wit.

"What are you doing there, Jane?"

"Why, pa, I'm going to dye my doll's pinafore red." "But what have you to dye it with?" "Beer, pa." "Beer? Who on earth told you that beer would dye red?"

"Why, ma, said yesterday that it was beer that made your nose so red, and I thought—"

"Here, Susan, take this child to bed."

An adopted citizen wrote home that he was employed by the State. On coming over they found it just as he had stated. He was up at Sing-Sing "serving out a sentence for life."

"Julius," why didn't you prolong your stay at the Springs?" "Kase, Mr. Snow, dey charge too much." "How so, Julius?" "Why, de landlord charged dis colored individual with stealin' spoons."

A cheerful manner commonly denotes a gentle nature; whereas a sour countenance is a manifest sign of a forward disposition.



WHIG NOMINATIONS.
FOR GOVERNOR,
EMORY WASHBURN,
OF WORCESTER.
FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,
WILLIAM C. PLUNKETT,
OF ADAMS.
FOR SENATORS,
Hampden County—JOSEPH L. REYNOLDS
OF MONSON; **EDWARD SOUTHWORTH** OF WEST SPRINGFIELD.

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 us. His receipts will be regarded as payments. His offices are in Scollay's Building, Boston, Tribune Building, New York, and North-West corner Third and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

J. M. PETERSGILL & Co., are the Agents for the S. and A. 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.

TEMPERANCE.
Do you wish the repeal of the "Maine Law," and the substitution in its place of the old "License Law"? Or do you contend that the whole subject of the traffic in, and the use of intoxicating drinks, should be untouched by any legislation whatever?

Do you believe the "Maine Law" cannot be enforced because you believe the public conscience is against it? Who will say that it comes in between any man's conscience and his God?

Do you believe the "Maine Law" cannot be enforced, because you believe that intrinsically, it is wrong in principle?

The above questions, which appeared in an article of a correspondent, in our last, we failed to answer at the time, in consequence of the lateness of the hour when the communication was received; and in consideration of the fact, that we published an article in the same paper, wherein the same subject was considered. Agreeable to an implied purpose, we now however, will attempt to answer the questions in their order.

1st. We do not wish the repeal of the Maine Law; and the substitution of the old License Law. Neither do we contend that the whole subject of the traffic in, and use of intoxicating drinks should be untouched by any legislation whatever.

But we ask for material modifications in the present liquor law of Massachusetts; believing it will thereby better answer the end contemplated by any enactment touching the subject.

We believe the traffic in intoxicating liquors to be of that character, which renders legislation looking to the control of such traffic, absolutely indispensable.

2d. Our belief that the Maine Law will not be enforced, does not arise from supposing that it in any way conflicts with the consciences of men; but rather with their wills; and upon this and kindred subjects, the will, governed in a measure by appetite, is, oftentimes, stronger than conscience; even in pretty good men, as the world goes.

3d. An answer to this question is not so readily given, in consequence of making the ability to enforce the law, and the fundamental principle upon which it is based, in a sense, identical.

We have no doubt that the framers of this law, acted up to their own sense of a right, not for a moment supposing that any of its provisions conflicted with any man's "inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

On the contrary, we believe they thought that it would prolong the first, multiply his chances for the second, and in many instances result in the certain security of happiness to thousands who had known little or nothing of such a thing, for many years. Its principle, undoubtedly, is to put a stop to the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage; so far, well; but its ability to do this is quite another question; and the effect of an attempt to do it by such means, may well be a subject where there will be honest differences of opinion.

In closing our present remarks upon this question, we must reiterate, that we have but one hope in this matter; and that is, the universal reign of temperance in all things.

ANOTHER BOQUET.—If we did receive a beautiful bouquet from a young lady friend, containing "the last rose of summer," we are reminded by another, that Autumn too clothes herself in beauty, yielding flowers equally splendid; among which may be found the rose of delicate tint, and unsurpassed freshness and fragrance. Our thanks are cordially given for this unusually beautiful collection of flowers, seemingly so out of season. Notwithstanding they were plucked from the garden last Monday morning, no sign of frost is visible upon them. Asters, Verbenas, Roses, and a number of unrecognized beauties, nestle lovingly together, giving their sweetest smile as they pass away forever. Surely, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which appears but for a season, and then vanishes away; He not grant newness of life, and far greater beauty to the children of his love?

SAD ACCIDENT.—During the Storm of Monday evening, when the wind was blowing almost a hurricane, a little son of Mr. Edward Ryan, of this village, was passing down Dwight street, when a long ladder, standing outside the sidewalk, and reaching over the walk, to the top of one of the boarding-house blocks, was blown down; striking him as it fell, it knocked him down and fell across his body, crushing him in a frightful manner, and it is feared, inflicting fatal injuries.

THE MAILS.—The females have always been called the most fickle and capricious of anything in nature, but we believe they have been abused. For two months past there has been no dependence to be put upon the Mails arriving at the Chicopee Post Office. By some new arrangement in the running of the trains on the Western Road, we get but one mail a day from Boston, and that's "the mighty onsartin." We hope that somebody who can be of service to us in correcting this evil, will not forget to do it soon.

GRACE CHURCH.—We are requested to state that Grace Church, (Episcopal) in this village, which has been for a long time closed, will be opened for Divine Service on the first Sunday in November. The services of the Rev. Mr. Jessup have been secured, and the circumstances under which the Church is now re-opened, are such as to excite strong hopes in the bosoms of its friends, that they are in the future to enjoy stated ministrations at this altar of their cherished faith. We congratulate them on the cheering prospect before them, hoping that their wishes will be fulfilled.

ELEVEN HOUR BALL.—We learn that the advent of the eleven hour system, in the cotton mills of this town, will be celebrated by a grand Ball, in Cabot Hall, on Tuesday evening next. The mills commence running on the new time table, on Tuesday the 1st prox. We learn that the services of the Germania Band have been engaged for the occasion.

DON'T LIKE THE CHANGE.—We are informed that the cotton mills at Biddeford, Maine, adopted the eleven hour system at the same time that the Lowell mills did. The mills at Saco, on the opposite side of the river, adhered to the old time. The result has been that sixty girls have left Biddeford and its eleven hours, and gone over to Saco with its twelve and one half hours; and these are said to have been the best girls employed by the company.

THE TRUE FLAG.—This enterprising and justly popular newspaper, appears in a new dress the present week; and speaks volumes in self praise, by its truly handsome face. We believe it is liberally patronized in this vicinity, through Drown; and we are sure that every subscriber gets his money's worth.

We have before spoken of the new Boiler works of Mr. Ashton, recently established in the western part of this village. The following, from the Lowell Journal, we give place in our columns very cheerfully.

CHICOPPEE STEAM BOILER WORKS, CHICOPPEE, MASS.—The proprietor is now prepared to furnish, Steam Boilers of every description. Tanks, Iron Doors and Blinds, Foundry Laddes, and general Plate work. James T. Ames, of Chicopee, and Stephen Ashton, of Lowell, Contracting Agents. J. D. ASHTON, Proprietor.

NEW MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENT.—In to-day's paper will be found the card of Mr. J. D. Ashton, announcing his new works, just going into operation in Chicopee, in this State, for the manufacture of steam-boilers, and a variety of other heavy iron articles. Mr. Ashton has long held a leading position in his peculiar branch, at the big machine shop in this village, and is an experienced, capable and thorough master of his business. There are specimens of his skill in almost all parts of the country; and he cannot fail to win, what he so justly deserves, a high position and successful business in his new enterprise. We commend his call to the notice of all interested in procuring the right sort of work from the right hands and at reasonable charges.

For the Chicopee Journal.
MR. EDITOR.—The fact that in the very places where liquor is seized and destroyed and the vendors of the poison find according to law; the sale of the forbidden article is immediately recommenced, is adduced by some as an argument to prove that the anti-liquor law, cannot be enforced. I would instead of presenting such an argument to dispiret the friends of temperance; hold up to view these law violaters as immoral and disorderly citizens, and summon the law abiding, and the law enforcing among us to double their diligence, and be the more courageous still.

By the way in your last week's paper you speak rather rexdely of a certain letter that was read to you, from an individual residing at the Falls. You speak as if that individual said he should do what he could to induce his friends to cease taking the Journal. He said no such thing, he only stated what he had heard one and another utter, in commenting on your article; in which you aver, that you do not believe the anti-liquor-law can be enforced.

We don't care to discuss this matter; the general tone of the letter from Chicopee Falls, was more than any particular expression therein; and we think we understood that fully; and have conveyed no false impression in relation thereto.—Ed.

For the Journal.
"Thick as Autumn leaves that strew the brook in Valombrosa."
The fall of the year as it is generally called, is calculated to avail in the human heart, emotions of a sombre character. As we witness the changing hues of the foliage, from the bright green of summer, to the hectic and golden tints of autumn; and as these are succeeded by the fading brown, causing the leaf to lose its hold and innumerable numbers to be wafted through the air, falling fast and thick upon the earth, to "mix forever with the elements," as the winds are sighing mournfully a requiem, "yea the year is growing old;" as it whistles around our dwellings, saying "set thy house in order;" as the autumn sun shimmers through our trees, lighting up at intervals our dwellings, and as quickly disappearing; as these scenes of decaying nature are presented to our vision, it reminds us of the frail tenement which our spirit inhabiteth; that youth, manhood and strength will as surely change; that the hectic flush of disease, or the *senar* and *yellow leaf* of age will as surely follow, as the changing scenes of nature we are witnessing. Like these too, those we love will as certainly fall and pass away from our sight. But if viewed and felt aright, this season preaches to us a most silent, impressive sermon; and though it should not cause us sadness, yet it should make us, "Walk silent, thoughtfully along the broad ocean. We must sail so soon."

To the good man this will not be the "saddest of the year," for in the passing away of the bright and beautiful foliage; in the bare and shorn appearance of the forest, he will say that just so sure as my Heavenly Father will cause the tender plant to grow, and the green leaf to clothe the trees again, so sure will be his promise that for this earthly home of my tabernacle I shall have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. There is to be nothing *transitory* about this. The word says it shall be eternal. Then will the good man in the words of one of our own Poets, "So live, that when his summons comes to join The innumerable caravan, that moves To that mysterious realm, where each shall take His chamber in the silent halls of death, He'll go not, like the quarry-slave at night Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed By an unfaltering trust, approach his grave, Like one who draws the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

The letter of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, informing Judge Washburn of his nomination as candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, together with the replies of both the candidates for Gov. and Lieut. Gov. we give below.

Boston, Oct. 14th, 1853.
THE HON. EMORY WASHBURN, WORCESTER.
My Dear Sir.—In behalf of one thousand and forty-three delegates, from more than three hundred of the towns and cities of Massachusetts assembled in Convention at Fitchburg, on the 28th of September last, I have the honor to inform you of your unanimous nomination as the whig candidate for Governor of the Commonwealth.

I should have been proud to be the organ of such a body of my fellow-citizens on any occasion; but it affords me peculiar gratification to be charged with announcing this distinguished compliment to one, for whose public and private character, I have long cherished the most cordial respect and regard.

The nomination has been made in your absence from the State, and from the country, and not without the fear that it might prove to be an undesired, as it certainly will have been unexpected, by yourself. But it has been made in the full confidence that you would return home with an undiminished readiness to lend your aid to our beloved Commonwealth, at this hour of our need, in whatever capacity your friends might call upon you to serve her.

Sincerely trusting that this confidence may be justified by your acceptance of the nomination, and that the nomination itself may be confirmed by the good people of the Commonwealth, at the approaching annual election, I remain, my dear Sir, Most faithfully,
Your friend and servant,
ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

WORCESTER, Oct. 18, 1853.
HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP:
Dear Sir,—On my arrival at Halifax on Thursday last, I learned with entire surprise, from a Boston paper, which I accidentally saw there, that the Convention which assembled at Fitchburg on the 28th September last, had proposed to present my name to the people of the Commonwealth, as a candidate for the office of Governor at the coming election.

Your favor of the 14th inst., has officially confirmed that statement, and propriety requires that I should reply at the earliest convenience.

I should be doing injustice to the distinguished body over whose deliberations you so ably presided, were I to forbear expressing my high sense of the honor they have conferred upon me. And if anything could add value to this, it would be the very courteous manner in which you were pleased to communicate the action of that convention.

I could not be at a loss as to my reply, if I might follow my own wishes, or what is due to those who are dependent upon me, as freely as I now do my own feelings in gratefully acknowledging the manner in which the nomination was made.

But I beg leave to say, in the first place, that elevated as is the office, and worthy of the ambition of any man, it is one to which I have never aspired, nor had I the slightest expectation or wish to be regarded as a candidate for it. And if I now felt at liberty to act in reference to myself alone, I could not hesitate to decline the honor which has been tendered me by the Convention.

I cannot, however, be unconscious that there may be times when the individual is bound to sacrifice his own inclination or interest to the public good. I have too often, and in too public a manner, expressed my sincere conviction that upon the maintenance of the great principles advocated by the whigs of Massachusetts, depends the prosperity, to be at liberty now with any regard to consistency, to decline to act in accordance with that sentiment.

It cannot be concealed that the lateness of the hour at which, in consequence of my absence from the country, a refusal to allow my name to

be used must be made, might endanger a full and efficient organization of the whig party in the present struggle.

Nor can it be overlooked that the importance of this struggle is immensely enhanced by the consideration that to the whigs of Massachusetts in a great measure, is now entrusted the sacred duty of guarding that venerated Constitution under which she has so long and so signally prospered, and of preserving some of its best guarantees from the dangers which threaten to subvert them.

In view of these and kindred considerations which press upon my mind, I have consented that my name may be used as desired by the Convention, and accept the nomination with which they have honored me. And should the people of the Commonwealth see fit to ratify this nomination at the ballot box, I can do no more than assure them that no honest endeavor shall be wanting on my part, to discharge its high trusts with fidelity to all.

Permit me to add, that in selecting me as a candidate I am bound to suppose that reference was had to acts done and opinions expressed or reasonably presumed, from what was already known to the public, before the nomination was made.

Nothing that I can say now, in the way of professions, for the purpose of winning favor, can be entitled to sufficient consideration to determine the question of fitness for office. The very making of such professions could hardly fail to create a just suspicion of dishonesty or disingenuous motives.

If, therefore, I am to be regarded as a candidate for the office for which I have been nominated, I must stand upon whatever of character for honesty or independence, or fitness, I may have acquired, and not upon any new professions of moral or political faith which may be sought for from any quarter, on the eve of an election.

I must go into that office, if at all, free to act, in all things, as my sense of duty shall dictate when the emergency may arise.

I cannot consent to give up my independence as a citizen, by being placed in an official station, if the right and power to follow whatever line of duty may open before me, must be limited, or trammelled by even the open expression of an immature opinion, formed upon a partial knowledge or consideration of the grounds upon which it ought to rest.

With these explanations, and an assurance of an undiminished desire to advance the great leading doctrine which the whigs of Massachusetts have hitherto maintained, I subscribe myself, with sentiments of high respect and esteem your obliged friend and obedient servant,
EMORY WASHBURN,
ADAMS, Oct. 17th, 1853.

Dear Sir.—I received in due time your favor officially informing me, that the whigs, through their delegates assembled at Fitchburg, on the 28th Sept., had nominated me as a candidate for the office of Lieutenant Governor of this Commonwealth. For this unexpected and unsought honor, I tender my most grateful acknowledgments.

Permit me, also, to say that I regard the honor or the greater, coming as it does from a party whose republican principles have always commanded my admiration, and whose wisdom in the direction of public affairs has given to our Commonwealth a position so respectable, a prosperity so stable, and a character so exalted that it stands in the foremost ranks, and is justly entitled to the praise of all the States of this Union, while they may well vie with each other in emulating so noble an example. In the resolutions adopted by the Convention, I am happy to see these principles maintained, and a determination clearly indicated to adhere to them. Excluding, as they do, all inequalities either moral or political, the benign influences and tendencies are denied to no one, however humble may be his condition, and the sure practical results may be enjoyed by all.

Entertaining these views, I accept, Sir, the nomination, and be assured that the whig party, whether in veal or in woe, while they maintain the high principles to which I have adverted, shall ever receive my feeble, but untiring support.

For your kind wishes, my dear Sir, I feel truly grateful, and receive my assurances that they never will be forgotten.

Most respectfully yours,
WM. C. PLUNKETT.
HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

RAPHAEL'S PICTURES.—In Raphael's hands art performs its highest, and indeed its only legitimate function, because it helps to make us better men. There are many pictures extant—some by eminent artists in their disgrace by it spoken—which degrade and sensualize the mind, filling it with impure suggestions, and giving strength to down-dragging impulses, already too strong in most natures. There are others that are morally speaking, neither good nor bad, that please for the time, and then leave us as they found us. These entertain us like a brilliant spectacle or clever pantomime, but do not haunt the mind with images of remembered beauty. They do not float before us in our twilight walks, or paint themselves upon the wall, in visionary colors before our eyes, as we look up from our work. But the pictures of Raphael, and of every artist who combines genius with purity of feeling, are positively elevating and purifying influences. Nor is it necessary for the securing of these influences that the artist should have a distinct moral purpose in view; or should appeal directly to the sentiment of religion, as the early Italian painters do so exclusively. It is enough that the tone of his mind should be pure and elevated. Take for instance, the Beatrice of Allston—that admirable artist, in whose soul the highest graces of painting, so long wandering and homeless, found a congenial abode. Here is merely the head of a beautiful young woman, but how full it is of the most persuasive moral power! The purity of soul expressed in those gently drooping lids and softly closed lips, derives fresh attractions from so perfect a representation of its moulding influence upon the clay in which it is enshrined. The mere sight of such a face is an argument in favor of a spotless life.—*Hillard's Six Months in Italy.*

Rev. Mr. Rice of this village will deliver a discourse in his church next Sabbath evening, at 7 o'clock, in support of temperance and the present anti-liquor-law of this state. Rev. Messrs. Lincoln, and Oviatt will lecture on the same subject in their churches respectively, the first and second Sabbath evenings in next month.

A POCKET-BOOK FOUND.—The unsophisticated country reader will say, "Then somebody must have lost it." He is very much mistaken. Nobody lost. It was found—not lost; or rather, it was lost on purpose to be found. That is one of the "city trades." If you come from the country to the city, as everybody is coming now-a-days, to see the World's Fair at the Crystal Palace, you may lose your pocket-book; but that will not be found, not that you will ever know of; but you may know of some other one being found, and have a chance to possess yourself of it upon very reasonable terms, for the finder will be just going to leave town, and very anxious that the unfortunate individual who lost the pocket-book full of bank bills, should have it restored to him, and as you look like a very honest gentleman, he will entrust you with it, knowing from your looks—you will look green, or else you will not be thus accosted—that you will advertise and return it to the owner. What a happy thing that lost pocket-book falls into such honest hands, and are transferred to others equally honest—that is, your own.

Perhaps before you have a pocket-book transaction on private account, you would like to read a little incident in that line:

One of our compositors happens to have just that sort of look that pocket book finders judge susceptible of receiving all assertions for truth, in short one they take for green, though sadly mistaking in the color.

Not long ago, one Monday afternoon, he was strolling down Courtland-st. near the ferry, about the time of the departure of the 5 o'clock Philadelphia train. Directly a couple of individuals came hurriedly along, as though they had just got up steam to overtake the cars five minutes after they had started. They stopped near our man and looked round anxiously as though to find somebody of whom they might venture to ask a question without danger of being robbed by some of the pocket picking, or pocket-book dropping gentry of this wicked city. One of the pair was a country farmer-looking honest faced man, about 45 or 50, with a valise in hand, equally contrived in its appearance with his own, both of which looked as though this might be their first appearance in the city. His companion was a young man 18 or 20, of course he called the old man "daddy." He was dressed rather on the flash order, with rings on his fingers, and a gold guard chain of many proportions. "Daddy" wore a broad brim hat and home-spun coat. The pair proceeded Typo rather diffidently, and asked him first if he belonged in the city. No; in North Carolina. He was staying here a while. Could he tell them how to get on the Philadelphia train, and how soon it would go?

Yes, there, and now directly. "Are you going there, stranger?"

"Yes, we had started to go; we live in old Virginia—we came up with some critics—and made a right smart chance of money, but living is so powerful high up to Bull's Head, that it would soon take a chunk of a nag to pay the bill; and so we thought as how we would cut sticks and put out for fall timber, but just now, my boy there had met with a streak of bad luck, and now we don't know what to do."

Typo was rather taken aback. The old man did talk as though he lived in the "Old Dominion," sure enough. They could not have had the bad luck to lose the money they had sold their horses for, for "my boy" carried a pocket book in his hand well filled with bills; he did not intend to lose that. Typo inquired what was their bad luck?

"They had found a pocket-book full of money."

"Most people do not esteem that a very serious 'streak of' bad luck; 'this honest man did, for he was very anxious to restore it to the loser, and he was very anxious to go ahead, 'for he wanted to see the old woman and the 'niggers awful.'" He looked sharp into the eyes of Typo to see how the story affected him, and was satisfied that he was green enough to answer their purposes.

"Blue blizzards! Dad, there goes the bell, we must be off, if we are going. What shall I do with this blasted thing, I don't want it?"

"Give it to this young man, he looks honest, and when the owner advertises, he can get the reward."

"Well, I will, if he will give me five dollars. What say, stranger, you stand that?"

Typo assented. He was not so green as you might think him in doing so. He had not worked a year or two in the Tribune Office, without learning the tricks upon travelers, practiced by villains in all sorts of disguises. No quicker than he had said, "Yes, he would take it if it would be any accommodation to them."

"Well, then, fork over a V. Go ahead dad, with your plunder and I will overtake you—Here take it, I am mighty glad to get clear of the truck so easy."

He told the truth, then, without doubt. Typo took the pocket-book, and while "My son" was looking after "my dad" he practiced a little of Signor Blitz's slight of hand, and slipped out a \$5 bill, which he made a mass of getting out of his own scantily furnished wallet in a minute after, and handed to the young pocket-book dropper, who started off in a hurry after dad, as though the two friends intended to reach Virginia that night. Typo followed close after the young scamp, in the crowd, and saw that neither of them were in the least anxious to go on board the ferry-boat. He crept up close enough to hear the old one say to the other: "We sold that green-horn easy. Let me see the money." Sonny handed the bill over to Daddy, who looked at it, then at the younger, then at the bill again, and then he boiled over.

"Why, you stupid son of a—, where were your blasted eyes? I have a good mind to pitch you into the dock. You are a fool. You have let that fellow take a bill out of the pocket-book to pay you your \$5, and there are \$2 gone for nothing, after all of our Virginia lingo. You deserve to have your head broke for a fool; and as for that cheat, I should like to feel his ribs with my knife."

Typo hauled off a little out of the crowd; he did not care to be seen by those he had duped while they thought they were duping him. He thought one might swear that he had picked his pocket, describe the book, call an officer and find it upon him; prove the theft by the other, who would be called upon as an entire stranger, and thus incarcerate him in the Tombs.

A few minutes afterward, as he was standing musing upon the corner of the street, what he should do with his new pocket-book, some one touched him on the shoulder. It was "Dad." He was very smiling.

"I say, young man, you have outwitted us this time. Come, give it back and I will give you a dollar. It is not worth a cent to you." Typo was quite willing to get rid of it at that rate, and told him to hand over the dollar.

"Here it is," said daddy, reaching out a dollar bill.

"No you don't," says Typo. I have done taking paper money. Nothing but silver."

—After some little trouble, Dad and Sonny both made out to raise a dollar in change, and then they found a pocket-book, but they did not find their customer green enough to pay out his own money for a dropped pocket-book.

Tribune.

NO AUTHENTIC COPY OF THE NEW CONSTITUTION.—The Norfolk County Journal, says that there is no fair and correct copy of the new constitution, even on paper, in existence. The copy on which the Convention finally acted, and from which the document has been printed, it says, was written on paper, with numerous interlineations, and "riders," or slips of paper, wadded on it; and there is nothing to show what the document really is which was adopted by the Convention, or by which, with any safety, the printed copies may be compared.

The usual custom is, to have all legislative acts and resolves carefully engrossed on parchment before they are finally acted on by the Legislature, and those parchments are signed by the presiding officer of each House, and by the Governor, and thus become the authentic copy of the act, which is preserved in the archives of the State, for purposes of verification, &c. But nothing of this kind appears to have been done with this new Constitution, which the people are to be called on to substitute for the well-considered, well tried and efficient old document which for more than thirty years has been the fundamental law of a Commonwealth which has been foremost in every good word and deed; and has prospered beyond almost any other in the whole circle of the United States.

Brigadier Gen. Childs, of the 1st regiment of U. S. Artillery, died at Tampa Bay, Fla. of yellow fever, on the 28th inst. He was a native of Pittsfield, and a brother of Lieut. Gov. Childs.

Mr. Hammond, cashier of the Franklin Co. Bank, Greenfield, has been appointed cashier of the Hartford Bank, Ct.

Thomas Lander, a workman in the Stockton Lumber at Thompsonville Ct. was literally torn to pieces by being caught in shafting which makes one hundred revolutions a minute.

Snow.—The ground in Chesterfield, Goslen, and other towns, was covered with snow Monday afternoon.

THE STORM.—During the storm on Tuesday evening, two unfinished buildings in West Roxbury, belonging to the Messrs. Brown, were blown down.

Mrs. A. C. Wheelock of Greenfield, fell down the stone steps of the cellar under Chapman's Block, on Saturday night, breaking her wrist, dislocating her shoulder and otherwise seriously injuring her.

James Bird (mulatto) of Palmer, for stealing a bag of chestnuts from Samuel Fleming, was fined \$7 and costs, but couldn't pay, and was sent to prison for 60 days.

A bed and bedstead of Rufus Smith in Palmer, standing in a chamber bed-room, were nearly consumed by fire, a few days since. The origin of the fire is unknown, as there had been none in the room for several days.

DEATH OF A MISER.—Fred J. Fuller, an Englishman, died at New York on Thursday, in an obscure lodging room, from want of proper nourishment and medical attendance. Nearly \$3000 in savings bank books were found in his place of decess.

It is said that the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry in France, has offered a prize of one thousand francs for the best treatise "on the evils attending the universal consumption of the potatoe as an article of food."

The Life Boat understands that none of the present candidates for Governor and Lieutenant Governor in this State, will answer letters addressed to them by the State Temperance Committee touching the Maine law. It is reported that the Maine law advocates intend to bring out a ticket of their own, headed by Samuel Hoar of Concord.

One hundred young men have left Richmond Me., for Kentucky, where they intend to cut timber and build vessels. This is a new enterprise, and with the bone, sinew and go-aheadiveness of Maine mechanics, it cannot but succeed. More mechanics will follow soon. The vessels built will be floated down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

Charles Dickens computes that one sixth of the English people gain their livelihood from the trade with the United States.

A WHITE FROST IN NEW ORLEANS.—The Telegraph reports that there was a white frost in New Orleans and vicinity on Monday night (24th). Also at Mobile. The thermometer at sunrise on the 25th stood at 40 degrees.

THE CHOLERA IN CUBA.—The cholera continues to rage in the estates in the vicinity of Cardenas, Cuba, and on some of the plantations half of the slaves are dead.

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