

# The Weekly Journal.

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## Original Poetry.

**WILD-WOOD WHISPERS.**  
BY KATE CAMERON.  
Through pine boughs and through oak leaves  
The chequered sun-light falls,  
As plays the flickering fire-light  
Upon the parlor walls.  
It is the hour of morning,  
And dew is on the grass,  
The trees all decked in diamonds;  
Bend o'er us as we pass.  
And for our feet, a carpet  
Of soft green moss is spread,  
While like a dome the blue sky  
Is arching overhead.  
All things are fresh and lovely,  
All nature seems to smile,  
And with a joy half solemn,  
We tread the forest aisle.  
Upon the breeze, the perfume  
Of flowers is borne along,  
And for our matin anthem  
We have the wild bird's song.  
It is like youth's bright morning  
Before care's sultry noon—  
Wild, though we strive to shun it,  
Will always come too soon.  
The heart's dewy freshness,  
It will not always stay—  
The bird that sings the sweetest,  
Will quickly fly away.  
But though love's forest stay within,  
And our bright hopes depart,  
And we may lose in shadows  
The sunshine of the heart—  
Yet still the sky is bending  
In beauty o'er our head,  
And faith can cheer our pathway,  
When earthly joys have fled.  
August, 1855.

## TROUTING.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Where shall we go? Here is the Moore brook, the upper part running thro' bushes and wet meadows, but the lower part flowing transparently over the gravel, through the pasture grounds near the edge of the village. With great ingenuity, it curves and winds and ties itself into bow-knots. It sets out with an intention of flowing toward the south. But it lingers on its errand to coquette with each point of the compass, and changes its mind, at length, just in time to rush eastward into the Housatonic. It is a charming brook to catch trout in, when you can catch them; but they are mostly caught. Nevertheless, there are here in Salisbury, as in every village, those mysterious men who are in league with fish, and can catch them by scores when no one else can get a nibble. It is peculiarly satisfactory to one's feelings to have waded, watched, and fished with worm, grasshopper, and fly for half a day, for one poor, feeble little trout, and four *doz.* and at evening to fall in with a merry negro, who informs you, with a concealed mirth in his eye, and a most patronizing kindness, that he has been to the same brook, and has caught three dozen trout, several of them weighing half a pound. We will not try that stream to-day.  
Well, there is the Candy brook. We will look at that. A man might walk through the meadows and not suspect its existence, unless through the grass he first stepped into it! The grass meets over the top of it, and quite hides it through the first meadow; and below, through that iron-tinctured marsh land, it expands only a little, growing open-hearted by degrees across a narrow field; and then it runs for the thickets—and he that takes fish among those alders, will certainly earn them. Yet, for its length, it is not a bad brook. The trout are not numerous, nor large, nor especially fine; but every one you catch renews your surprise; that you should catch any in such a ribbon of a brook.  
It is the upper part of the brook that is most remarkable, where it flows through mowing meadows, a mere slit, scarcely a foot wide, and so shut in by grass, that at two steps' distance you can not tell where it flows, though your ear hears the low sweet gurgle of its waters down some pet waterfall. Who ever dreamed of fishing in the grass? Yet, as you cautiously spy out an opening through the red-top and foxtail, to let your hook through, you seem to yourself very much like a man fishing in an orchard. One would almost as soon think of casting his line into a hay-mow, or of trying for a fish behind winnows, or haycocks in a meadow! Yet, if the wind is still, so that the line shall hang plumb down, we can, by some dexterity,

drop the bait between grass-leaves, and spikes of aquatic flowers. No sooner does it touch the invisible water than the line cuts open the grass and rushes through weeds, borne off by your speckled victim.  
Still farther north is another stream, something larger, and much better or worse, according to your luck. It is easy of access, and quite unpretending. There is a bit of a pond, some twenty feet in diameter, from which it flows; and in that there is five or six half-pound trout who seem to have retired from active life—and given themselves to meditation in this liquid content. They were very tempting, but quite untemptable. Standing afar off, we selected an irresistible fly, and with long line we sent it pat into the very place. It fell like a snow flake. No trout should have hesitated a moment. The morsel was delicious. The nimblest of them should have flashed through the water, broke the surface, and with a graceful but decisive curve, plunged downward, carrying the insect with him. Then we should, in our turn, very cheerfully, lend him a hand, relieve him of his prey, and, admiring his beauty, but pitying his untimely fate, bury him in the basket. But he wished no translation. We cast our fly again and again; we drew it hither and thither; we made it skip and wriggle; we let it fall plash like a blundering bug or fluttering moth; and our placid spectators calmly beheld our feats, as if all this skill was a mere exercise for their amusement, and their whole duty consisted in looking on and preserving order.  
Next, we tried ground-bait, and sent our vermicular hook down to their very sides. With judicious gravity they parted, and slowly sailed toward the root of an old tree on the side of the pool. Again, changing place, we will make an ambassador of a grasshopper. Laying down our rod, and we prepare to catch the grasshopper. That is in itself no slight feat. At the first step you take, at least forty bolt out and tumble headlong into the grass; some cling to the stems, some are creeping under the leaves, and not one seems to be within reach. You step again; another flight takes place, and you eye them with fierce penetration, as if thereby you catch some one of them with your eye. You can not, though. You brush the grass with your foot again. Another hundred snap out, and tumble about in every direction. There are large ones and small ones, and middling-sized ones; there are gray and hard old fellows; yellow and red ones; green and striped ones. At length it is wonderful to see how populous the grass is. If you did not want them, they would jump into your very hand. But they know by your looks that you are out a fishing. You see a very nice young fellow climbing up a steep stem, to get a good look-out and see where you are. You take good aim and grab at him. The stem you catch, but he has jumped a safe rod. Yonder is another creeping among some delicate ferns. With broad palm you clutch him and all the neighboring herbage too. Steadily opening your little finger, you see his leg; the next finger reveals more of him; and opening the next you are just beginning to take him out with the other hand, when, out he bounds and leaves you to renew your etymological pursuits! Twice you snatch handfuls of grass and cautiously open your palm to find that you have only grass. It is quite vexatious. There are thousands of them here and there, climbing and wriggling on that blade, leaping off from that stalk, twisting and kicking, on that vertical spider's web, jumping and bouncing about under your very nose, hitting you in your face, creeping on your shoes, or turning summersets and tracing every figure of parabola or ellipse in the air, and yet not one do you get. And there is such a heartiness and merriment in their sallies! They are pert and gay, and do not take your intrusion in the least dread. If any tender-hearted person ever wondered how a humane man could bring himself to such a cruelty as the impaling of an insect, let him hunt for a grasshopper in a hot day among tall grass; and when at length he secures one the affixing him upon the hook will be done without a single scruple, with judicial solemnity, and as a mere matter of penal justice.  
Now, then, the trout are yonder. We swing our line to the air, and give it a gentle cast toward the desired spot, and a puff of south wind dexterously lodges it in the branch of the tree. You plainly see it

strike, and whirl over and over; so that no gentle pull will loosen it. You draw it north and south, east and west; you give it a jerk up and a pull down; you give a series of nimble twitches; in vain you coax it in this way and solicit it in that. Then you stop and look a moment, first at the trout and then at your line. Was there ever anything so vexatious? Would it be wrong to get angry? In fact you feel very much like it. The very things you wanted to catch, the grasshopper and the trout, you could not; but a tree, that you did not in the least want, you have caught fast at the first throw. You fear that the trout will be scared. You cautiously draw nigh and peep down. Yes, there they are, looking at you and laughing as sure as ever trout laughed! They understand the whole thing. With a very decisive jerk you snap your line, regain the remnant, and sit down to repair it, to put on another hook, you rise up to catch another grasshopper, and moye on down the stream to catch a trout!  
**JOHN RANDOLPH.**  
Sitting one day opposite a gentleman at a hotel dinner-table in Richmond, he observed that he was eating one of those luxurious soft crabs of that region, and that, as was the custom of the hotel, a glass of milk had been placed near his plate. Looking up from his own, he said in a thin, piping voice:  
"That's a singular dish of your's, sir, very singular; crabs and milk! Juba, bring me a bowl of milk, and crumble some crabs in it."  
At the same hotel, he said to a waiter, in the temporary absence of Juba, handing to him at the same time his cup and saucer:  
"Take that away!—change it!"  
"What do you want, Mr. Randolph?" asked the waiter respectfully. "Do you want coffee or tea?"  
"If that stuff is tea," said he, "give me coffee; if it is coffee, bring me tea. I want a change."  
Most readers have heard, perhaps, of his reply to a well known and highly respected gentleman of the south, who introduced himself to him while standing and conversing with some friends, by making the remark:  
"I should be pleased to make the acquaintance of so distinguished a public servant as Mr. Randolph. I am from the city of Baltimore; my name is Blunt."  
"Blunt, eh?" replied Mr. Randolph, "I should think so, sir;" and he deigned him no further notice.  
Equally familiar to many, it may be, will be found his reply to a gentleman who rather forced himself upon Mr. Randolph's notice, while engaged in conversation with others in a hotel in Virginia.  
"I have had the pleasure, Mr. Randolph, recently, of passing your house."  
"I am glad of it," said Mr. Randolph, "I hope you will always do it, sir!"  
On one occasion, at Washington, a brother member of congress was enlightening Mr. Randolph as to the manner of "shopping" at the capital.  
"The merchants," said he, "have two prices—an asking price, and a taking price. I used to send my wife to make all the purchases for the family, by which we made a saving of from fifteen to twenty per cent."  
"I had rather my wife," said Randolph, bitterly, "should make a living in any other way but one, than that!"  
Being a confirmed old bachelor, the remark was no less comical than severe.  
Scarcely anything more characteristic of Mr. Randolph is recorded of him in any of his biographies, than in the following incident, which occurred on the morning he was to leave for England, on his last visit to that country. The steamer is waiting to convey passengers; when his friend calls upon him.  
"Mr. Randolph," he says, "in the name of heaven, what is the matter?" "Do you know that is nearly ten o'clock, and the steamer waits for nobody? Why, you are not even dressed."  
"Can't help it, sir," replied he; "I am all confusion this morning; everything goes wrong; even my memory has gone a wool-gathering. I am just writing a farewell address to my constituents, and I've forgotten the exact words of a quotation from the Bible, which I want to use, and as I quote correctly, can not close my letter until I find the passage—but, strange to say,

I forget both the chapter and the verse. I never was in fault before, sir. What shall I do?"  
"Do you remember any part of the quotation?" asked his friend, "perhaps I can assist you with the rest."  
"It begins," said he, "with how have I loved thee, O God; but for the life of me, I can't recollect the next words. Oh, my head. There, do you take the Bible, and run over that page while I am writing the remainder of my address."  
"My dear sir," was the reply, "you have no time to do this now; let us take the letter, Bible and all, on board the steamer, where you will have enough time to find the passage you want, before we reach the packet."  
After a good deal of hesitation and reluctance, and after much expostulation, the proposition was agreed to.  
**Railways West of the Mississippi.**  
Railways, west of the Mississippi are gradually but surely rising in importance. In the column of states reaching from the Gulf of Mexico to Minnesota, quite a number have been projected and put under construction, generally tending westward. Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri and Iowa each has its own scheme, looking to connections east and west; through other states and territories. Even Minnesota has its railway enterprises, but congress has interfered therewith. In Missouri one link of road has already been completed and put in use. This took place some time since; and therefore it is an error in the Boston papers, to credit an Iowa fragment of a railroad, from Davenport west, as the first railway west of the Mississippi. The latter enterprise is called the Mississippi and Missouri railroad, from the fact of its route being laid out due west from the Mississippi river, at Davenport, to the Missouri river, opposite the Council Bluffs. The work on it has been stimulated by the settlement of the territory of Nebraska, and the extraordinary rapidity with which the vacant lands in Iowa also are being occupied by immigrants. It is to connect with roads east of the Mississippi, forming a through route to the great cities of the northern Atlantic seaboard, and to complete this connection a railway bridge across the Mississippi is now in process of construction. The river at Davenport is divided by an island, on which the bridge will rest, and that portion of the structure crossing from the island to the Illinois shore is already finished, while on the other section, the work of erecting the massive piers is rapidly going on. Nearly a year ago the work of grading the road was completed from Davenport to Iowa city, but the financial difficulties which interfered with the work on so many unfinished roads, arrested operations there. Now, however, they have been resumed, and westward of Davenport the track is being laid at the rate of half a mile a day. It is said that it will be finished to Walnut by the 5th of August, to Durant by the 20th of August, to Cedar river by the 1st of December. A branch road to Muscatine will be completed at the same time. The first locomotive has already been placed on the road at Davenport. This town has about ten thousand inhabitants, and is growing wonderfully, no less than four hundred buildings having been erected there last year, and still larger number being in progress this season. In two years hence the road to Council Bluff will be completed, and its effect on the immediate development of both Iowa and Nebraska can not fail to be very important.  
**Pretty Women and Politeness.**  
A talented lady, who "writes for the papers," speaks in the following manner of city railway cars:  
The seats of the cars were all occupied—crowded, yet the conductor waited for me. Not wishing to disturb those who were seated, I was intending to stand, but a gentleman, up at the far end, arose and insisted upon my taking his seat. Being very tired, I thanked him and obeyed. Presently a lady, much younger, much prettier, and much better dressed than myself, entered the car. No less than four gentlemen arose instantly, offering her a seat. She smiled sweetly and unaffectedly, and thanked the gentleman who urged the nearest seat to her, she seated herself with a peculiar grace of manner. She had one of those faces Raphael was always painting

touchingly sweet and expressive. "A little while after this young beauty had taken her seat, a poor woman, looking very thin and pale, with that care-worn hag-like look that poverty, sorrow and hard labor always give, came in. She might have been one of those poor seamstresses who work like slaves and starve for their labor. She was thin and meagrely clad, and seemed weak and exhausted. She had evidently no sixpence to throw away, and came into the car not to stand, but to rest while she was helped on her journey. While she was weakly standing for the moment, none of the gentlemen offering to rise, Raphael's angel, with reproving eyes, looked on those who had so officiously offered her a seat, and seeing none of them move, and just as I myself was rising to give the poor old lady a seat, she rose and insisted upon the woman taking her seat. It was a grateful surprise the old woman gave her, and the glance of sweet pity the beautiful girl bestowed on the woman as she yielded her seat, and the evident consternation of the broadcloth individuals, who were manifestly put to shame—all were to me irresistibly interesting and instructive. One of the same broadcloth wearers, apparently overcome with confusion, got up and left the car, and Raphael's angel took his vacant seat."  
**ABOUT QUEBEC.**  
We make the following extract from the traveling correspondent of the N. Y. Daily News:  
"Quebec was founded by Champlain in 1608; although Jacques Cartier built a fort upon its present site as early as 1541. As the only walled town in America, this city is unusually interesting to a stranger, and you experience a singular sensation as you pass through its ponderous gates, with its armed sentinels and its frowning artillery. The citadel, on the crest of Cape Diamond, 345 feet in height, is of course the great attraction, and with its immense fortifications, and numerous guns commanding every approach on either the river and the land, would seem to be perfectly impregnable. Several British regiments are usually stationed here, but the necessities of the Crimea have left at present only one, the 16th, recently from Jamaica. Learning that a field parade would take place at six o'clock in the morning on the plains of Abraham, celebrated as the spot where Wolfe and Montcalm fell, I took a carriage, and after a delightful ride thro' the grounds of the governor-general at Foster Woods, arrived on the field as the regiment came into line. Although evidently not what would be considered a crack corps, still many of the movements, such as throwing out skirmishers and then reforming rapidly in different parts of the field in squares, to resist charges of cavalry, were to your unilitary correspondent novel and interesting. I have been struck with the superior appearance, manners, dress, and intelligence of the men, as you meet them everywhere in the streets or on the ramparts."  
**Effects of Railroads on Lands.**  
The effect of railroads upon the value of farming lands is a question much canvassed in the western states. The St. Louis Democrat says:  
The official tax statistics of Michigan show that, through those counties where railroads have been built, the taxable property has, within three years, increased 400 to 500 per cent., while in those countries where no railroads have been built, the ratio of increase in value has not been over one hundred. In drafting their schedule for the prices of lands, we find, too, that the directors of the Illinois Central railroad have come far short in estimating the value of their lands, for the road has caused the demand to be so great for them that they are now bringing a large price above the minimum at which they were rated. In some instances, lands that are rated at \$12 per acre are selling for \$20, and others rated at \$20, are selling for \$25. Railroads, especially where they course through rich sections of country, not only augment the prices of lands, but they do more—they promote social intercourse, build up cities, augment the population of the villages, and the farmer, having a cheap outlet to market for his products, plants fourfold what he did before the railroad was established, and his increased activity and industry is rewarded by large surplus gains, where before he had none.

**OPPOSITION TO YOUNG MEN.**  
Everybody knows how common it is for old, and middle-aged men, to try to keep young men from rising in the world by sneers at the youthfulness of the aspirants, even in the case of Walpole, whose taunts against Pitt so signally failed, to depress the latter, and served but to damn their author, by exalting fame. No young man of talents but has had enemies such as these to encounter—men who seem to take a fiendish delight, and cherish a certain malicious pleasure in seeking to depress everything like genuine enthusiasm and the buoyant ambition of the bright boy or brilliant young man. This arises half as much from their malice, and as much from sheer ignorance of the nature and temperament of genius. When the climber upwards has gained his place, then it is that these miserable flatterers cringe and fawn as basely as they formerly sneered and ridiculed him, and you'd find him drowsed out of sight his old friends and staunch adherents. In his green age and budding season, the youth of genius craves and requires sympathy. It is with him especially, (and in a measure with all men,) an intellectual want, as evident as the coarsest necessary elements of existence.—(Ex. &c.)  
**Two Thousand Ladies at One Time.**  
The Cape May correspondent of the Baltimore American, says:  
"The beach presented a scene to-day (Monday) of the most spirited and interesting character. The number of bathers exceeded that of any preceding day. Between 11 and 1 o'clock there could not have been less than 4,000 in the surf, fully one-half, as usual, being ladies; many of whom can swim, and one lady I saw floating on the surface of the water, and riding over the swelling surf with the greatest ease imaginable. A great number of ladies were unattended, but were fully as able to take care of themselves as the sterner sex. The decorum of the surf is never violated, and any one who would dare to insult or annoy a lady whilst bathing, would find himself surrounded in a moment by a host of avengers. The American character in this respect, is displayed at Cape May to its fullest extent, and both on shore and among the breakers, the ladies feel a greater freedom from formalities of all kinds than they would at home."  
**A QUICK REPARTEE.**—Gov. Morris, of New York, had a high respect for Bishop Moore, a man noted not only for purity of his character but also for the retiring modesty of his disposition and for the general favor in which he was held. As the story runs: A dinner was given by some of Gov. Morris's friends when he was about departing for Europe. Bishop Moore and his wife were of the party. Among other things that passed in conversation, Mr. Morris said that he had made his will in prospect of going abroad; and turning to Bishop Moore, said to him: "My Rev. friend, I have bequeathed to you my whole stock of impudence."  
Bishop Moore replied:  
"Sir, you are not only very kind, but very generous; you have left by far the largest portion of your estate."  
Mrs. Moore immediately added:  
"My dear, you have come into possession of your inheritance remarkably soon."  
**The Place to go to.**  
Horace Greeley eloquently closes a recent letter as follows:  
"I bid adieu to Switzerland with a deepened appreciation of the grandeur of her scenery, the excellence of her institutions; the general nobleness of her people. Among the latter are mean-souled and knavish individuals, doubtless—as were are they not?—and wherever such exist, the traveler will surely experience their undesirable contacts, but the Swiss heart beats as true to-day as in the heroic age of Stauffacher, Tell and Arnold de Winkelried; and the American who has a year at command for foreign travel, should set apart at least its August and September for this mountain home and refuge of European liberty. Traveling with the least possible baggage, often on a mule or on foot, he may see more, gain more health and strength, and be swindled less, among the Alpine heights, than in any other portion of the old world."  
The entire Protestant population of the country, compared with that of the Catholic, is about as twelve to one.

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JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

THE DIFFERENT RACES IN AMERICA

A hundred years hence, the world will witness a splendid race, physically and intellectually, in American. At that time, the different races in this country will be completely blended into one. The process is even now gradually going on, and the fact affords us no small amount of satisfaction. According to the state registration for the past year, the number of intermarriages in Massachusetts, during 12 months, have amounted to nearly a thousand; and the number will increase every year, because foreigners are continually losing their national characteristics; time, the grand regulator of everything, is destroying the "rich Irish brogue and sweet German accent," which Gen Scott so enthusiastically worshipped. There is, in our opinion, not the slightest necessity of Americans laying awake nights, and thinking of dark conspiracies, papal bulls and "anathemas sit," nor of dreaming about "startling developments" recorded in that paragon of everything that is "startling"—the "Boston Know-Nothing and American Crusader." A person can believe in a reasonable modification of the naturalization laws and at the same time look upon foreign immigration as fraught with great blessings, both present and prospective; and we believe in the former, and also in the latter.

China is to day a very strong argument in favor of the reasonableness of our position. It is a very easy matter to ridicule an idea, but quite another thing to overcome it. Look at the Chinese—those old fogies par excellence; they think themselves too lofty in the scale of civilization to have any "outside barbarian" blood admitted into their peculiar veins—and what are they?—mere intellectual and physical dwarfs; there is no progress in the "Celestial empire," conservatism there reigns supreme. China is where she was 500 years ago.

On the other hand, let us look at England. The different races inhabiting ancient Britain amalgamated, and every one knows that it produced excellent results. Notwithstanding England is controlled by an inefficient aristocracy, still the English are a superior people. The power of 15,000,000, on a small island, to control so many colonies, and to support a government so enormously expensive, seems almost miraculous; and where can a more healthy race be found? It is true that the star of Britain is growing dim, but not owing to mental or physical degeneracy on the part of her subjects.

How much we see published concerning health; patent medicine inventors almost invariably get rich, and a large proportion of our Yankee women are far from being robust. Now Americans should view this subject from a common sense stand-point, discard their prejudice against foreigners, and when they get married, instead of selecting from the ranks of pale-faced, consumptive Yankee girls, they should marry women of other nations. To speak in plain English, such a course will insure you healthy children—healthy physically and intellectually; and none can deny that general health is one of the necessary elements to make a nation prosperous. Plain talks necessary at times, any if any are disposed to ridicule our position upon this subject, we advise them to study the civil code of Lycurgus, the great Lacedaemonian law-giver, and the wisest statesman of ancient days. The Spartan infants were all examined by men appointed for the purpose, and those who possessed puny constitutions were drowned. Those spared were subjected to a discipline which made them very robust. We do not approve of the Spartan practice of murdering puny infants, because it was a violation of the Divine law; but that course prevented much suffering, and caused Lacedaemonia to be a nation composed of substantial material.

To be sure, we would not recommend an intelligent Yankee to marry an ignorant foreigner, nor an intelligent foreigner to do the same with a half-witted Yankee. As far as mind is concerned, like should seek like. There are thousands of Yankees who are not so immensely intelligent as to be degraded by uniting with those of foreign birth; and there are also many of the latter of sufficient intelligence to marry even the foremost of Yankees.

People may talk as they will, but one thing is certain:—The different races in America will amalgamate, and the fusion will, in time, be a thorough one. William H. Seward, the most profound statesman in the country, is composed of three national elements—the English, Irish and

Welsh; Horace Greeley, the Napoleon of American editors, is half English and half Irish. It seems to us that there is some weight in the fact that the first statesman and first editor in the nation have both the Saxon and Celtic elements in their veins.

It should not be expected that this will ever be a nation of demi gods; but, as we said at the commencement, the future inhabitants of America will be superior to any race the world has ever witnessed.

CHICOPEE NEWS.

The new uniform of the Pacific Co. will be as follows:—red jackets, black pants, striped with silver lace, and navy caps. The members of the Atlantic Co., not relishing the idea of being outdone in dress by the firmers of the former company, are to follow their example, and have already raised \$150—half the sum necessary for the purpose.

The Congregational Church in this village having been closed for repairs, will be re-opened for public worship to-morrow; services to commence at the usual hours.

A few days since, several young men living in Springfield, came to Chicopee in a state of beastly intoxication, went to the saloon kept by Richard Collins, were very noisy and ungentlemanly in their deportment, and broke two large lights of glass. The next day, they sent an agent to Mr. C. offering to settle the matter. The latter finally concluded that if the drunken rowdies would pay him a fifty dollar bill, he would not make a complaint against them, and they accordingly did so.

Has there been anything done in Chicopee to make our clergymen members of the N. E. emigrant aid company? If not, it is time for the ball to be set in motion. In our opinion, it would be an excellent idea for the various religious societies in town to have a union picnic, and use the proceeds for that purpose. It would be a splendid sight to see the different sects collected together, to aid the cause of human freedom.

Last Saturday evening, a genuine specimen of Yankee ingenuity, by the name of H. K. Flagg, gave a lecture nearly opposite Cabot Hall building, which was a mixture of anti-slavery and know-nothingism; he also sang comic and sentimental songs, and sold what he called "Chinese printing presses," by which a person can take impressions of leaves on paper, delineating their minutest fibers, and also write names upon linen. He is brain-full of fun, and can, in a short time, cause an audience to feel extra good natured, and as a natural consequence of that good nature, his presses "sell like hot cakes," at the low price of twenty-five cents. He is a good speaker, and his lectures are always given after people have got through buying, and he might do considerable good in that line if he would confine himself to anti-slavery alone. Know nothingism: has accomplished its mission, and if the north wishes to triumph at the next presidential election, it must not present too many issues.

It is better for a young man to become a boot-black, or chimney-sweep, than a writer of flash novels or "novelettes." We have, within a few weeks past, received two of the latter, written in Chicopee, which we must decline publishing, because it might encourage the writer to keep on in his ill-selected path. These stories are well enough for the kind, but, as the Yankee said, "confound the kind!" They are of the Ned Buntline and Harry Hazel stamp—tell all about robbers, pirates, haunted castles, and "blood and thunder" in general. Our readers can form an idea of one of them by the way it commences: "It was on the morn of a beautiful day in the month of August, at the time when smuggling was so prevalent on the coast of England, when, from a promontory near the southern end of the shore of that kingdom, which overlooked a most beautiful lake-like bay, and considerable of the ocean, there might have been seen a schooner, apparently waiting for something.—She had a signal flying at her mast head, and looked rather suspicious!"

But enough; that last word is sufficient to tell what the story is. A flash novel is worse than a dose of epsom salts. Human life would be very desirable if it were as beautiful as a bouquet presented us a few days since by Mrs. Dexter Snow—embracing fifteen or twenty different varieties of the verberna, beside several other kinds of flowers, and all most tastefully arranged. Our thanks.

Giffin's Brass Band will play in this village on Tuesday evening next.

The family of Mr. J. D. Butts, of this village, has received another letter from him. The following is an extract: "My claim is very pleasantly situated, on the bend of the Necha river, between two creeks, and is about six miles from the Hampden settlement. It is said that we have a better location than those settled at Hampden. I like the country and the climate, so far, very much. I can not tell what the fall and winter will be. I think we can live as cheap here as in Mass, but

do not have as many superfluities, but the climate agrees with me, and I never was more healthy. The weather is warm, and has been so since the first of May, yet there is a gentle breeze all the time, which is refreshing. There have been several wells dug, and the water is good. There is coal in many places; also, timber sufficient for all farming purposes. This is truly the place for farming. Our corn bids fair to be considerable of a crop; it was not planted soon enough. Our cattle do finely; they have as good pastures as any Massachusetts morning lots. I have been plowing for wheat, and burned in grass as high as my waist and thick as a mat; it seems wicked to do so when I think of the value of fodder at the east during winter-time; here, the cattle winter with but little foddering. There are plenty of wild turkeys; I yesterday saw a flock of 20 young ones, about as large as partridges. Deer are plenty, and fish also. Of flowers, there is a large and beautiful variety; and you ought to see the flocks of birds, especially the parrots. I found a swarm of bees a short time since; they are considerable plenty here. This will be a good country to raise sheep and cattle. All who want now are good principled men, who understand farming, for they must prepare the way for mechanics."

ELIJAH PORTER, OF THE WESTFIELD NEWS-LETTER.—Brother Porter seems determined to all in his power to make Kansas a slave state, by weekly publishing articles tending to discourage people from emigrating to that territory, and they are seized with avidity by the northern pro-slavery papers. All the letters from Kansas speak in the most encouraging terms of the soil, climate and general healthfulness of the territory, but still Porter keeps up his blowing. The emigrant aid company, which has already accomplished more for good than a million Porters could in a century, has to "take it" every week in the Westfield Newsletter. Well, keep up your blowing; you are only injuring the prospect of Kansas becoming a free state, as the hundred northern newspapers seem to take especial delight in publishing your articles—but the more you blow, the more you will get blowed by the newspapers in western Mass. If you wish to have them keep still, just keep quiet yourself. When you started for Kansas, those best acquainted said you were not made of the right kind of material to endure pioneer life, and would certainly come back—and so it proved. You talk of writing an address in relation to your travels; we propose that the title of it be "Homo-sick Literature." Oh Porter! we are ashamed of you! We drop you in disgust!

REVIVAL OF THE SHOE BUSINESS.—The shoe business, says the Newburyport Herald, that was one of the first branches of trade to feel the depression of the times, is one of the first now to recover from the stagnation. Whenever the crops are short or money tight in the south and west, there is not only a falling off in the sales, but large losses in the non-payment of notes.—This has led to curtailment in this, the most extensive branch of manufacture in New England, within two years, but from the depression coming on gradually, the losses have been nothing compared with those of 1837. Recently there has been a perfect rush of purchasers into Boston and the shoe towns, and the old stock is rapidly clearing off, and orders coming that will demand the labor of the whole shoemaking fraternity this winter. Hides and leather have recently advanced; and before long the prices of labor will go up to the old marks.

THE LARGEST MILL IN THE WORLD.—The largest and most comprehensive mill in the world is the Pacific, at Lawrence, Mass. The floor surface of this immense structure is 16 acres; the largest mill in England is 11 1-2 acres. There are now in operation 40,000 cotton spindles and 10,000 worsted spindles; and these are to be increased to 80,000 and 20,000 respectively. There are 1,200 looms in operation, to be increased to 2,400. These, with 2,000 hands, produce 300,000 pieces of cloth per annum—one-half delaines. The weekly consumption of cotton is 20,000 pounds, or 1,500,000 pounds per annum, and 500,000 pounds of wool. Once a month the two thousand hands assembled at the cashier's office, where he pays out \$50,000 to them for wages, appropriating to each one the exact amount she has earned.

THE MORMONS.—It is said that the crops at Salt Lake are likely to be devoured by crickets and grasshoppers, which periodically infest that territory, and that the Mormons may be obliged to make another exodus.

SHANNON ACCEPTS.—Wilson Shannon of Ohio has accepted the post of governor of Kansas, which Mr. Dawson declined.

The census returns of Stillwater, Minnesota, show that out of a population of 1,482, seven hundred were bachelors.

FROM EUROPE.—Nothing of importance. Sebastopol will again be bombarded—some

THE BOSTON FUSION MEETING.

It seems that the meeting in Chapman Hall, on Thursday, came up to the anticipations of the most sanguine, in numbers, talent and enthusiasm.

The following officers were chosen: President—John Z. Goodrich of Stockbridge.

Vice Presidents—Samuel Hoar of Concord, George S. Boutwell of Groton, John W. Foster of Brimfield, Artemus Lee of Templeton, Gershon B. Weston of Duxbury, John Russell of Plymouth, Moses Kimball of Boston. Increase Sumner of Great Barrington, Charles Francis Adams of Quincy, James H. Duncan of Haverhill, John H. Mitchell of East Bridgewater, Simon Brown of Concord, John Brooks of Princeton, Homer Bartlett of Lowell.

Secretaries—John A. Goodwin of Lowell, C. J. J. Angersell of Greenfield, Geo. Bliss, Jr. of Springfield, Leander Wetherell of Amherst.

A committee was appointed to report a plan of action; and the following resolutions were reported, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved.—That the time has fully come for a united and earnest effort of the people of Massachusetts, in concert with the friends of freedom throughout the Union, whose object shall be to restrain the alarming encroachments of slavery.

Resolved.—That as a means to this end, there should be an early assemblage of the people of the commonwealth in mass convention.

Resolved.—That the following gentlemen constitute a committee to issue a call and make arrangement for such an assemblage; first having, if possible, a consultation with any other committees of political organizations or public meetings, having the same purpose in contemplation.

COMMITTEE.

Samuel Hoar of Concord, Chairman. Franklin Dexter, Moses Kimball and Charles W. Slack of Boston, for Suffolk county.

George S. Boutwell of Boston, Richard H. Dana, Jr. of Cambridge and Homer Bartlett of Lowell, for Middlesex county.

Stephen C. Phillips of Salem, Marcus Morton, Jr. of Andover and Dr. George Cogswell of Bradford, for Essex county.

Ivers Phillips of Fitchburg, J. Brooks of Princeton, and Charles Allen of Worcester, for Worcester county.

George Grounell and Daniel W. Alvord of Greenfield, for Franklin county.

William Clark of Northampton and Wm. S. Brakenridge of Ware, for Hampshire county.

George Bliss of Springfield, Gilbert Pillsbury of Ludlow and Samuel Bowles of Springfield, for Hampden county.

H. L. Dawes of North Adams and Increase Sumner of Great Barrington, for Berkshire county.

James H. Mitchell of Bridgewater and Wm. H. Wood of Middleboro, for Plymouth county.

Thomas D. Elliot of New Bedford and James Ballington of Fall River, for Bristol county.

Charles Francis Adams of Quincy and Marshall P. Wilder of Roxbury, for Norfolk county.

Geo. Marston of Barnstable, for Barnstable county.

John H. Shaw of Nantucket, for Dukes and Nantucket.

The above committee will meet at the U.S. Hotel in Boston, on Wednesday next.

Speeches were made by Richard H. Dana, Jr., Amasa Walker, John Z. Goodrich, Samuel Hoar, James H. Duncan of Haverhill, Moses Kimball, John C. Park, George Bliss, Charles Francis Adams, Elizer Wright, C. H. Branscomb, Stephen C. Phillips, Franklin Dexter, John W. Foster and others. The best of feeling prevailed.

The Harvest—An Estimate of the Yield. The New York Courier and Enquirer, a pretty good statistical guide in commercial matters, gives an estimate of the probable yield the present year throughout the United States. It says:

"From reliable data, we show that Illinois alone will produce sixteen millions of bushels of wheat, or nearly one-tenth of the whole wheat crop of the country. Ohio, twenty millions; Indiana, twelve millions; these three states producing more than one-fourth of the whole. An estimate is given of the growth of wheat in the different states and territories in 1855 as compared with 1847 and 1850, and with the following result:—Total, 1847, 114,245,500 bushels; 1850, 100,479,150 bushels; and in 1855, 175,200,000 bushels. These estimates indicate a product of 75 per cent, beyond that of 1850—or 175,000,000 in the aggregate. If we allow 3 1-2 bushels of wheat per head, or 100,000,000 bushels for home consumption, we shall then have on hand for export or for future stock, about seventy-five millions.

In certain states, the increase this year from 1850, will not be less than 120 per cent. The deficiency in New England and some of the southern states, which do not grow so much as they consume, is estimated at 12,450,000 bushels. In the other states, the excess produced over the quantity consumed is estimated at 96,600,000 bushels. For seed and stock, twenty millions is set apart, and we are then shown a surplus for export of 64,150,000 bushels. Texas and Oregon produce a much greater number of bushels to the acre than any of the other principal wheat-growing states.

The Bright Side of Kansas.

Theodore Denecke, who went from Palmer in the Hampden colony to Kansas, writes to us under date of July 18, that the description of the country as given by Mr. Porter of the Westfield News-Letter, is false in every particular. Mr. Denecke appears to be highly indignant at the report published in the News-Letter, and writes us a long history of Mr. Porter, which we must be excused from publishing.

Mr. Denecke is very much pleased with the country, has located himself on a farm, and intends taking his family there next fall. He represents the colony in good health and spirits, and all in a prosperous condition. He says flour is \$1 per bushel, corn 11 1-2 per bushel, beef from 4 to 8 cents, butter 12 1-2 cents. There are about 300 acres plowed and under cultivation, and the crops look exceedingly well. About sixty log and three frame houses are built, and a brickyard is in successful operation. A store has been opened in the colony. Mr. D. says they want men to come out there who are not afraid of articles they read in the newspapers.—Palmer Journal.

OLD TIMES.—Six of the wealthiest and most respectable citizens of Boston, seventy years ago were bakers. A writer in the Transcript says the late Col. Joseph May remembered when these bakers were in the habit of going on horseback to Philadelphia, with specie in their valises behind them, to make their purchases of flour, which were sent home by packets. This journey usually occupied from two to three weeks, and they had up notes in church asking divine protection from its perils.

A PROFITABLE BET.—An Englishman in New York, who was trying to make a bet with an American on the speedy capture of Sebastopol, took up the following proposition: the American deposited \$100 in the hands of the Englishman, for which he was to receive \$25 per month until Sebastopol was taken. This was the 1st of November last, and the American has received his \$25 per month ever since that time.

COAL MINES IN ENGLAND.—The coal mines of England are most of them of great depth. In the Pemberton pit, Sunderland, the coal is raised at one lift a distance of 560 yards. In South Wales, a shaft over 159 feet is rare. The mode of working is consequently different. In Wales, the mines are worked by means of tunnels and levels, instead of pits and deep shafts, as in England.

LABOR.—The North British Agriculturist says the value of labor has increased 50 per cent, within the last two years, in Scotland. A similar increase is taking place all over Great Britain, owing to the immense drains of the war and emigration. It accounts partially for the falling off in emigration to the United States.

VINEGAR FROM WATERMELONS.—A correspondent of the Michigan Farmer, scraped off the pulp of watermelons, strained it thro' a thick cloth, and boiled it down one half, or as old cider boilers say, two to one, put it in a cask and in three weeks "had most excellent vinegar," which "continued to improve with age."

ENGINES.—There were made in Paterson, New Jersey, last year, two hundred and eight engines and tenders, giving employment to 1650 men, and paying them for their labor about \$862,000; working up in the construction 6456 tons of iron, and 740 tons of copper and brass.

MISTAKE OF THE PRINTER.—A Halifax newspaper once announced that sundry vessels were prevented from going to sea by "frogs and clams." The next number explained that the impediments to navigation should have read "frogs and calms."

MAYOR WOOD.—The Journal of Commerce suggests as a new name for Mayor Wood, in view of his numerous and well-considered vetoes—that, instead of Fernando Wood, he should be called Fernando Wouldn't.

OHIO WOOL.—The bulk of the Ohio wool clip this season has been sold, and it is estimated that the wool growers of the state have realized \$500,000 cash from this valuable raw material.

COAL.—Accounts from the coal regions state that coal is again advancing. The demand is very great. The iron furnaces are again in blast. Cumberland coal is in growing demand for locomotives.

BEEF COMING DOWN.—Beef is said to be coming down in New York. The laugh comes in when it is understood that it is only coming down Hudson river.

LUMBER.—Accounts from Bangor, Me., state that "lumber is below cost," and that "selling is only raising money at exorbitant rates."

Two German girls, with a burdy-gurdy and tamborine, have netted £2,000 in the short space of ten months in Australia.

YELLOW FEVER is increasing at Norfolk and Portsmouth, and the people are fleeing in every direction.

From our New York Correspondent.

New York, Aug. 14, 1855. Gotham is quiet, for her sons and daughters are abroad, waltzing at Saratoga, bathing at Newport, scaling the White mountains, fishing at Mackinaw. The goodly city, usually the radiating point of influence which struts the country to extremities, melts into insignificance at this feverish season, and wanting topics of its own, becomes a theater for the discussion of mightier transpirings elsewhere, as Kansas distractions, Louisville butcheries and roastings, and southern elections.

Can philosophical statesmanship yield us no legal solvent which shall dissolve the febrile, rampant blood of hostile races into an homogeneous democracy? Our fathers thought the august and serene genius of liberty had such power, but the sanguinary feuds of Celt and Saxon on her most hallowed soil is fast disproving it. Whether are we tending?

Those of us whose attenuated purses and business regencies constrain to abide in town, cheat ourselves with the phantom of out-of-town enjoyment by little spirits of travel. Fifty thousand of us have passed the Staten Island on the two last Sabbaths, filling the shadowy aisles of "temples not made with hands," the primeval forests, to the neglect of heated sleep-disposing churches.

But Beecher is trouting in the willowy streams of Lenox, and dreaming sweet dreams, which we trust will take tangible shape, and come haunting our hearts. Chapin has withdrawn the music of his converting eloquence, for a reason that he may greet us by and by with fuller strains, and like truant on the highway of virtue, we linger to chase butterflies and cull flowers.

Talking of things ecclesiastical, leads me to tell of a thing novel in the eyes of children of the pilgrim. I speak of image worship (for it is useless) a specimen of which was afforded on Sunday last at one of our German Catholic churches, where a statue of the virgin was inaugurated with celebration of high mass. The material is blue, brilliantly painted, dressed in a blue robe, fringed and stained with gold; and on this occasion, encircled with a halo of gas burners, with tapers burning at its feet. Flowers were profusely strewn about, and along the altar-piece ran a blue band, inscribed with a prayer in Latin, of which this is a translation:—"Queen conceived without sin, pray for us." Services are now continuing for three days, in honor of the immaculate conception of the virgin Mary.

The packet ship Neptune, from Liverpool, last week, brought us a gang of right Gipsys, twenty-seven in all, consisting of three men, their wives and children. They are a swarthy, ill-favored set of vagabonds, and the sight of them will dispel the pretty notions lovers of the romantic may have formed of the race out of story books. They have pitched their rude tents in the woods north of Hoboken, much in the fashion of Indian wigwams, and the rustics of those parts who watch with wonder the blaze of their camp fires, and listen to their wild songs ringing on the night air, will soon find vacancies on the hen roost, and miss the familiar squeal of suckling pigs.

I notice in an Albany Journal the arrest for vagrancy of Mary Ann Sherman (miscalled Sherwood in the article alluded to) the mistress of the notorious Monroe Edwards. I happen to have read a chapter in the dark annals of her life, to which few, perhaps, have had access. Soon after Edwards' desertion of her, a man formerly of this city, moving in respectable society, of highly respectable connections, fell in with her, and although such a step might not have been necessary to accomplish his end, attached her to him by a mock marriage. Soon wearied of his play-thing, he persuaded her to go to England with an infant son, the fruit of their connection, promising to join her as soon as he could arrange his business. I saw a letter which she wrote him, while waiting for him in abject poverty in a foreign land, and before she knew their marriage was a cheat, canceled in terms of the strongest affection, entreating him to come to his wife and child, and narrating the circumstances of her poverty in the most touching words. What wonder, although the past of her life was daily stained, if, when she learned the baseness of her betrothed, she plunged into a mad career of sin, scoffing at repentance, incredulous of the reality of faith and purity of constant love, held sacred by hearts whose experiences are less bitter? Poor wretch, she may find forgiveness at the feet of Him who dismissed the repentant Magdalene, but what merciful place is there for the villain who, when she would fain return sorrowfully to the path of innocence, loosed her wary feet and thrust her down to death. \* \*

It is justly remarked by those who have visited and traded at Oak Hall, that they get their money's worth, besides what they purchase, in a bird's-eye view of this modern wonder of the age. The unparalleled success which has attended this greatest of enterprises in the way of trade, has astonished every one in the same line of business, and they have vainly endeavored to compete with the proprietor in style, price and the doing up of half a million business—ship shape. But Oak Hall throws all competition into the shade, and every one who has once purchased clothing at this place is sure to go a second time. The one price cash system has a powerful attraction.

The next commander-in-chief of the British forces in the Crimea, it is said, will be Sir Harry Smith, once connected with the Caffir war, in the command of which he was superseded by General Sir George Cathcart, who was killed at Inkerman. Sir Henry Smith distinguished himself in the campaigns in India against the Sikhs. Whether he has the abilities of a commander-in-chief, will soon be determined after he reaches the Crimea.

Use the old "village doctor's" Infallible Colic remedy, Dr. Clough's Columbian Pills; their use does not help, but cures diseases, such as headache, liver complaint, costiveness, &c. They do not sicken or gripe. Try the Columbian Pills.



