

The Weekly Journal.

Volume 3.

CHICOPEE, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1855.

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POETRY.

HOPE ON.

When the day of life is dreary,
And when gloom our course enshrouds—
When thy steps are faint and weary,
And thy spirit dark with clouds—
Steadfast still in thy well doing,
Let thy soul forget the past;
Steadfast still the right pursuing,
Doubt not, joy shall come at last.
Striving still and onward pressing,
Seek not future years to know,
But deserve the wished for blessing,
It shall come, though it be slow;
Never tiring—upward gazing—
Let thy fears aside be cast,
And the trials tempting, leaving,
Doubt not, joy shall come at last.
His fond eyes watching o'er thee—
His strong arm shall be thy guard—
Duty's path is straight before thee;
It shall lead to thy reward,
By thine ill thy faith made stronger,
Mold the future by the past—
Hope on then a little longer,
Doubt not, joy will come at last.

THE SOLDIER'S INFANT.

I overtook on the road a regiment of Highlanders, on their march for Cork, where they were to embark for the Netherlands. It was a beautiful morning, in the spring of 1815. The sun was shining bright, and their arms and accoutrements were glittering in his rays. The waving plumes, martial dress, military music, soon dissipated the clouds of despondency from an imagination young and ardent, and opened a long vista of glory. In a few moments, fancy had glided over the whole career, and restored me, high in rank, and covered with honor, to my native village, to my mother, and to my friends. The first step in the hill of promotion was easily obtained. In a few minutes I had the honor of being enrolled a private in the 76th Highlanders.

I need not detain you with an account of my duty and interesting life, after our arrival in Belgium, previous to the memorable battle of Waterloo. The night before the battle, I was pacing backward and forward, a solitary sentinel at one of our posts. There was a weight in the atmosphere that spread an unwonted gloom over my soul. There was a silence throughout the whole of our army, which formed a striking contrast to the loud shouts of the enemy as they passed the night in carousing around the watch fires. I should not, perhaps, call it silence, and yet it was something like it; but not the silence of sleep. The stern and gullen sound with which the word and countersign were exchanged, the low tone in which the necessary orders for the following day were given; the sign of contending feelings in the soul, which almost resemble the groans extorted by bodily pain from the wounded, were all still more audible than the distant clang of the armor, and the snorting and prancing of the steed, and showed that all around was waking watchfulness and anxiety.

About the middle of the night, I received a visit from a young man with whom I had formed an intimate acquaintance. He was the son of a gentleman of large property in the south of Ireland; but having formed an attachment to a beautiful girl in humble life, and married her against the will of his father, he had been disinherited and turned out of doors. The youth had soon reason to repent of his rashness. His wife was beautiful, virtuous and affectionate; but her want of education, an entire unacquaintance with those polished manners and little elegancies of life to which he had been accustomed, soon dissolved much of the charm which her beauty and artlessness had at first thrown around him. After struggling for some time with poverty and discontent, he enlisted in a regiment of heavy dragoons; and, being ordered to the continent, left his wife, with an infant daughter, in a wretched lodging in London. Chance brought us together in Belgium; and a similarity of tastes soon produced a friendship.

Depressed as I was in spirits myself, I was struck with the melancholy tone in which he at first accosted me. He felt a presentiment, he said, that he would not survive the battle of the ensuing day. He wished to bid me farewell, and to intrust to my care his portrait, which, with his farewell blessing, was all he had to bequeath to his wife and child. Absence had renewed; or rather doubled all his fondness for the orner, and portrayed her in all the witching loveliness that had won his boyish affection. He talked of her, while tears ran down his cheeks, and conjured

me, if ever I reached England, to find her out, and make known her case to his father. In vain, while I pledged my word to the fulfillment of his wishes. I endeavored to cheer him with better hopes. He listened in mournful silence to all I could suggest, flung his arms around my neck, wrung my hand and grieved, I saw him but once again: It was during the hottest part of the next and terrible day, when, with a noise that drowned even the roar of the artillery, Sir Wm. Ponsonby's brigade of cavalry dashed past our hollow square, bearing before them, in that tremendous charge, the flower of Napoleon's chivalry. Far ahead even of his national regiment, I saw the manly figure of my friend. It was but for a moment. The next instant, he was fighting in the center of the enemy's squadron, and the crowd of smoke that closed in masses round friend and foe hid him from my view. When the battle was over, and all was hushed but the groans of the wounded and the triumphant shouts and rolling drums of the victorious Prussians, who continued the pursuit during the entire night, I quitted the shattered remains of the gallant regiment in whose ranks I had that day the honor of standing. The moon was wading through the scattered masses of dark and heavy clouds, when I commenced my search for my friend. The light was doubtful and uncertain; yet it was easy to keep along the track that marked the last career of Ponsonby. Shuddering lest in every face I should recognize my friend, I passed by and trod upon the cold and motionless heaps, which once looked so warlike, the "fiery masses of living labor" that, a few hours before, had commingled with a concussion more dreadful than the earthquake shock. Although I at first felt a certain conviction of his fate, I afterward began to hope that the object of my search had, contrary to his prediction, survived the terrible encounter. I was about to retire when a heap of slain, in a plowed field, on which the moon was now shining, clearly attracted my notice. Literally piled on each other were five courses—and lying beneath his horse was the dead body of my friend. You may form some idea of my astonishment, on finding, by a nearer inspection, that his head was supported and his neck entwined by the arms of a female, from whom also the spirit had taken its departure; but you can form no conception of the horror I felt in beholding, in this scene of carnage and desolation, in the very arms of death, and on the bosom of a corpse, a living infant, sleeping calmly, with the moon beam resting on its lovely features, and a smile playing on its lips, as if angels were guarding its slumbers, and inspiring its dreams. And who knows but they were? The conviction now flashed on my mind that these were the wife and child of my unfortunate friend; and the letters afterward found on the person of the former proved that I was right in my conjectures. Driven aside by the gale of pleasure or ambition, or by the storms of life, the affections of man may veer; but unchangeable and unchanging is a true heart in woman. This faithful wife had followed her husband through a land of strangers and over a pathless sea, through the city, and this bustling camp, till she found him stretched on the battle field. Perhaps she came in time to receive his parting sigh, and her spirit, quitting its worn-out tenement of clay, winged away with his to Him who gave them being. With the assistance of some of my comrades, I consigned the hapless pair to the earth, wrapped in the same military cloak; and enveloping the infant, this dear child of my adoption, in my plaid, I returned to the spot where our regiment lay.

From the London Times, Sept. 11.

THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

On Saturday, the 8th of September, within a few days of the anniversary of the landing of the allied forces in the Crimea, and 316 days after the opening of the besieging batteries against Sebastopol, on the 17th of October, 1854, a final and victorious assault was made upon the southern part of the town. Before night the French flag waved in triumph upon the Malakoff tower, which had fallen before the indomitable courage and perseverance of the assailants, and within a few hours more the Russian garrison had evacuated the portion of the fortress, after blowing up the magazines and principal works, setting

fire to the town in many places, and then endeavoring to withdraw across the harbor from this terrific scene of devastation and defeat. So fell Sebastopol. The catastrophe surpasses in horrible interest all the preceding scenes of this gigantic contest. The columns of the allied armies, combined in a fourfold attack, struggled all day with equal valor, though with unequal success, against the principal points marked out for assault. The extreme right of the French attack was directed against the work called the Little Redan, which was at first carried by the impetuosity of our allies, though they were subsequently driven back by the fierce resistance of the Russians. The second and principal assault of the French army was against the Malakoff, which carried by storm, and determined by its fall the fate, not only of the day, but of the siege. A third attack was made by the British forces on the Great Redan, and, although we learn that the salient angle of this formidable work was at one moment carried and occupied by our troops, it must be added that they were subsequently driven out of it by the fire of the Russian batteries which commanded it, and this check in some degree diminishes the exultation which will be felt in this country at the triumphant termination of the siege. The French columns on the left also assailed, in the fourth place, the central battery, but failed to establish themselves in the work. We have no doubt that every man who attacked the defenses of Sebastopol on that eventful day fought with the same undaunted gallantry and the same determination to carry the place or to perish in the attempt; and, although the results of these several attacks were unequal, all were animated by the same spirit and contributed to the great result. The first prize of this glorious victory belongs of right to our gallant allies, the French, since the Malakoff tower, the key of the main position, fell before the vigor of their assault; but, with that chivalrous feeling which is the noblest bond of men who have fought and conquered together, the names of all those who carried the rugged defences of Sebastopol deserve to stand side by side on one page, and no invidious distinctions shall sully or lessen their common renown.

The Russians on their side unquestionably defended the place with the utmost determination, and on more than one point they had the advantage over the besiegers. But it was the courage of desperation, for this effort was their last. No sooner were the outer works taken, which laid the town and the port at the mercy of the allied forces, than the men of war and steamers in the harbor were all set on fire, blown up, sunk, or destroyed, either by the fire of the allied batteries or by the orders of the Russian authorities. Such was the fate of the Russian Black Sea fleet, on which the imperial government had expended incalculable sums of money and incessant labor—that fleet which two years ago threatened the very existence of the Turkish empire, but whose solitary naval achievement was the notorious outrage upon a far inferior force at Sinope. Of the authors of that nefarious attack, what remains? The emperor Nicholas sleeps in the vaults of St. Peter and St. Paul, no longer conscious of the chastisement his wicked ambition has brought down on his empire and his heirs. The admirals who commanded and the crews who fought on that occasion have most of them fallen in the batteries of Sebastopol. The very ships for which Russia contended at the conferences of Vienna as essential to her dignity and power are torn plank from plank and scattered upon the waves. The dock yard and arsenal, were ready, on Sunday, in possession of the allied troops; Prince Gortschakoff had, it seems, solicited an armistice, though we know not whether it was granted; but his troops were hurrying away with the utmost precipitation; and, considering the moral and physical results of such a defeat upon the remnant of his army, it may be doubted whether the Russian General can attempt to make any further stand on the north side of the harbor.

These great events terminate the siege of Sebastopol, properly so called, for the allied armies have achieved within the last three days the grand objects of their enterprise. They have wrested from the whole military power of Russia, a fortress which she had converted into a place of

extraordinary strength and defended with innumerable hosts of her best troops.—They have annihilated the naval power on which she relied to secure her supremacy in the Euxine, and to establish her authority from the shores of the Caucasus to the mouths of the Danube. But above all, they have shown the servile and credulous nations of the east that the powers now paramount in the world are not those of fanaticism and barbaric absolutism, but those of liberty and of civilization. In this struggle Sebastopol became at once the test of strength and the reward of victory. To reduce it by force of arms, was to overthrow that colossal fabric of Russian influence which a century and a half of rapine and intrigue had called into being, until it overawed the surrounding nations and threatened the independence of Europe. While the expedition to the Crimea offered the incalculable advantage of circumscribing within a few square miles of the enemy's territory all the horrors of war and of staking the strength of four empires on a single point; the result of our victory is as boundless as the globe.—It tells the world that the alliance of England and of France has stood the test of warfare by the sufferings of the camp and the perils of the field. It assures mankind that their united policy can impose its will and execute its resolutions, even though the timid stand aloof, and though men of baser minds may abandon the cause of their country in her hour of need. We owe our success in no slight degree to the unwavering firmness with which the emperor of the French has pursued this enterprise and adhered to policy that dictated it. But we owe it no less to the clear and unanimous resolution of the people of England, whose mind was made up that this thing was to be done. In the course of these events, which broke in so suddenly on our wonted avocations, we have made much to learn and much to bear. At times theedium of suspended excitement became almost intolerable, and we then lost the full hearted or factious loss confidence in the result. Yet what is the fact? What is it we have done? A year has not elapsed since the allied armies set foot in the Crimea.—Within that time they have won three pitched battles, and twice assaulted a fortress of extraordinary magnitude. They have encompassed the works of the enemy with trenches extending over more than thirty miles of ground; they have armed these trenches with the heaviest ordnance, and kept up so incessant a fire that not only an incalculable amount of projectiles has been consumed, but five or six siege trains have been worn out. They have created at Kamiesch, Eupatoria, and Yenkale three military stations which the Russians have not dared to assail, and Balaklava has become a populous mart.—A railroad connects the harbor and the camp; an electric chain binds the Crimea to Europe, and conveys to us in a few hours the tidings of these triumphant success. Upwards of 200,000 men encamped within the lines of the Tohernaya have been conveyed thither and are daily fed, clothed, and housed from the resources of western Europe.—All this has been effected in spite of the rigor of winter, the heat of summer, and the distance of 3,000 miles from our shores, and within one little year from the sailing of the expedition the leading objects of the campaign are accomplished and Sebastopol is in our power. The military and political results of this event open a new chapter in the history of these transactions to which we shall shortly take occasion to revert, but, be they what they may, the grand fact now before us justifies the confidence we have never ceased to feel and rewards our hopes, for within 12 months from the commencement of this enterprise Sebastopol has fallen, and the power of Russia in the waters of the Euxine, is at an end.

"Ma," said an inquisitive little girl, "will rich and poor people live together when they go up to heaven?"
"Yes, my dear, they will all be alike there."
"Then, ma, why don't rich and poor Christians associate together here?"
The mother did not answer.

The city wharves of New Orleans were raised for three years, by public auction, on the 17th ult., for the sum of \$533,000.

For the Weekly Journal.

HEALTH.

DEAR JOURNAL.—The question is often asked—"Do you believe in the spirits?" We suspect all persons do, more or less.—At any rate, the spirits move us to write you on the subject of health. Whether they move you to print our letter, remains to be seen.

A gentleman recently wrote to his daughter:—"If you would be good, attend to your health; if you would be happy, attend to your health; if you would be beautiful, attend to your health." How many are there who thus think of the value of health? Here is one who is beset by difficulties. A dark cloud overhangs his path. Is there any real trouble in his outward lot, or can not he digest his dinner? A child is very fretful. If the mother looked wisely, might she not see that the peevishness was caused by a sour stomach rather than a depraved will? We have no disposition to meddle with the work of the ministers; but verily we believe they would have less trouble to keep the heart and soul right, if the stomach was in better condition.

A recent writer in the Westminster Review contends for the use of alcoholic drinks, and yet he admits that if the digestive organs are in health, these drinks are useless. Would it not be well for the temperance people to seek to bring the digestive organs into tone? Perhaps they could not do it by statute; but they might do it by common sense.

Many of our people, especially females, suffer for want of outdoor exercise. It is not fashionable to walk; so people had rather die than do it. Well, perhaps they know the worth of their own lives. There are some people who, if they should die in a fashionable manner, would probably accomplish all they ever will do. But the mothers might take pity on the children.

Dr. Humphrey, late president of Amherst college, tells us that when he was in England, a party of ladies invited him to take a walk. The stroll extended ten or twelve miles. "There, it was an ordinary occurrence. But how many men, or women, would take such a walk here?"

A clergyman of the purest character, once expressed his regret to us that in this country billiards were so closely associated with gambling. From what he had seen at private houses in Europe, he thought them to be the best possible exercise for students, invalids and sedentary men. But the devil had taken possession, and so we must give them up. Can not we get them back?—We have long thought the devil has more than his share in this world.

In our shoe manufacturing towns, at the close of the day, we have often seen the workmen go forth, with bat and ball, for a game; and why not, if it would favor health and strength?

But diet is more important even than exercise; and here our people seek the solid—meat, morning, noon and night, alike for the laborer and the lady. Others take the opposite extreme, and believe that Nebuchadnezzar, crazy as he was, selected the important points are the state and preparation of the food. It is leaden cake, or weighty pastry, or unripe or decayed fruit, that does the mischief. Lucky is that wife, or mother, or daughter, who can make a loaf of good bread. We do hope all those heavy loaves and unbaked biscuit will not rise up in judgment against some people. But we tremble as we think what may be. Bah! What trash people put down their throats! These men forget that the stomach is not a pock-house. You may overload it, even with bread and water.

If you are sick, what shall you do? Often rest; little food is all that the stomach needs. We fancy the best thing that can be said for homeopathy is, that it does nothing, leaves nature to do its own work.

Beware of all patent medicines; do not touch them under any guise whatever. If they are harmless, they are useless; if they are powerful, do not play with edge tools. If you wished to build a house, you would employ a carpenter. If you had a suit in court, you would employ a lawyer. If you are really sick, send for a regularly educated physician—a man of clear head and good judgment, and then do as he tells you.

But, as we feel this breeze at our window, we are reminded that one should guard against changes of temperature.—The glass some times falls thirty degrees in a few hours. We pass in a day from sum-

mer to winter. Does our dress correspond? If not, then do not be surprised at that shocking cold, that cough, that hectic cheek. A man can kill himself by inches just as well as with a halter or a razor. But enough for to day.
Chicopee, September 27, 1855.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

MISSOURI AND IOWA.

There is no better agricultural state than Missouri. The land is quite as fertile as that of Iowa, and the climate is milder, and the wood is plentier, and yet, while tens of thousands of freemen are emigrating every month into Iowa, scarcely one locates in Missouri. I was informed that large quantities of the public lands in these counties bordering on Iowa, are now in market under the sliding sale bill of congress, and that they can not be sold at any price.—What is the cause? Surely not a scarcity of money, for in a single land office in Iowa (Fort Des Moines,) in the month of May, 1855, \$300,000 worth of land was sold. And most of the purchasers went right past the Missouri lands. Yea, this is not the worst: much of the land that has been entered for years, can now be purchased for less than half congress price.

I learned, too, that improved farms could be purchased in this section for \$2 and \$3 per acre, while just over an imaginary line in Iowa, the same soil, the same improvements, will readily command \$18 and \$20. I said an imaginary line, but it is more—

it is the broad line between freedom and slavery. On the one side of that line labor is honored, and the laborer respected; he is what God made him—a free man; the eternal mind is unchained; but, on the other side, humanity lies bleeding in the dust; the flesh, the bones, the sinews, the muscles, are in the power of the slaveholders. If the citizens of Missouri have no regard to the moral duties they owe to their Maker and their fellow creatures, ought they not to look at their own interests? Suppose the good citizens of that state would rise up and proclaim liberty to the captive to-morrow, and the news should go forth that Missouri is free, think you that the thousands of freemen who are now crowding into the far west of Iowa, away from civilization and far away from market, would prefer Missouri? and would not the course be removed? But so it is that slavery has blinded the eyes of the people.—These are the people who are moving heaven and earth to carry slavery into Kansas. Is it not enough that they have ruined the prospects of one state? Why should they plant an institution in Kansas which has been a curse to every land where it ever had or has now an existence? In asserting that slavery is a curse to any land, we do not wish to be understood that we associate anything like superstition with this curse, but the curse flows naturally from the system itself; though at the same time we are fully satisfied, from the justice of God, that his frowns must also rest upon such a land. I take it that slavery is a sin against God, against humanity and against reason. That which in the eternal nature of things is wrong, no legislation can make right. VIATOR.

THE QUEEN AND HER LAP DOG.—Nothing could exceed the attention of Louis Napoleon to his royal guest. On leaving Colougue, the queen suddenly perceived she had left behind a favorite little lap-dog, and expressed her very great regret thereat. No notice was taken apparently beyond sympathy, but electricity and steam were made to perform their most impossible feats; and when the Queen entered her boudoir at St. Cloud, the first thing she saw was her lap-dog, that jumped forward to meet her!

HAY.—The market price of hay in A-roostock county, Me., is said to be \$5 per ton, and large tracts of grass are left uncut, as the farmers believe it will not pay for the cutting.

FAITH STRONGER THAN MUSTARD SEED.—The Boston Courier says, "We do not believe the whigs can be beaten upon a plurality trial in Massachusetts, no matter who rises against them!"

A mill for the manufacture of thread is soon to be erected in Plymouth, Mass.—The capital stock, \$25,000, has all been taken up.

The yellow fever is decreasing in Norfolk and Portsmouth.

The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, Oct. 6, 1855.

J. M. PERRY & Co., are the Agents for the Journal, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for it at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments. Their offices are at 119 Nassau street, New York, and 10 State Street, Boston.

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

Republican Nominations.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JULIUS ROCKWELL,
OF PITTSFIELD.

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,
SIMON BROWN,
OF CONCORD.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
E. ROCKWOOD HOAR,
OF CONCORD.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
GEORGE F. WILLIAMS,
OF BOSTON.

FOR AUDITOR,
STEPHEN N. GIFFORD,
OF DUXBURY.

FOR TREASURER,
THOMAS J. MARSH,
OF WALTHAM.

WHIG CANDIDATES.

The whig state convention at Worcester, on Tuesday, nominated the following ticket:

For governor—Samuel H. Walley, of Roxbury.

For lieutenant governor—Moses Davenport, of Newburyport.

For attorney general—Reuben A. Chapman, of Springfield.

For secretary of state—Wendell T. Davis, of Greenfield.

For treasurer—John Sargeant, of Cambridge.

For auditor—Joseph Mitchell, of Boston.

Of course, the convention was a very "respectable" body—made up of dressing gowns and embroidered slippers—of men too pure to stain their patrician fingers by grasping the paws of vulgar free soilers and outside barbarians. "Stand thou off! I am holier than thou!"—such has always been the real feeling of Boston hunker whig aristocracy. Who ever expected that a body of men so immaculate, so well drilled in Latin and Greek, so eminently respectable, would consent to a fusion with plebeian mercenaries, and especially when so small a question as the rights of man is at stake? Cavaliers Hillard, Everett and Stevenson would not belong to a party of which the "Natick cobbler" was a member if their so doing should prevent the destruction of the universe. They would consider that such a course would be "at the expense of good taste."

But let us see what the resolutions have to say:

Resolved, That at no period in the history of the white party, has it been so important as at the present time, to maintain the integrity of the constitution and the Union, and to maintain their organization and hold them aloof from all entangling alliances with other parties, under whatever name or whatever pretext.

Resolved, That the whig party of Massachusetts stands now, as ever upon the constitution, and has no new doctrines to declare and no steps to retrace that it still lives to uphold the standard so long defended by a long line of illustrious and patriotic men, whose glory has been as national as were the principles of which they were the representatives and exponents.

Resolved, That the ensuing election in our commonwealth is pre-eminently a matter of state interest, and has no immediate connection with national affairs, inasmuch as no officers of the general government are to be chosen; and the reckless spirit of legislation shown by the last general court, and their wasteful expenditure of the resources of the state, make it the imperative duty of every tax payer and citizen, to give his hand to a thorough state reform, and to re-organize our commonwealth to the highest standard of legislation and purity which is always maintained under a free government.

Resolved, That the statute known as the "personal liberty law," passed by the last legislature, in such an extraordinary manner by fraud and reckless majorities, without the executive assent, and in defiance of the highest judicial authority, is an enactment disgraceful to a body of men who profess to be the friends of the constitution, and should be erased from the statute book before collision with the federal authorities and bloodshed shall follow any attempt to carry its provisions into effect.

Resolved, That the "Maine liquor law," so called, was passed in the hopes by the friends of temperance, that it would suppress the deadly vice of drunkenness—that in this hope they have been bitterly disappointed, and after fully trying that measure, they have found that it increases the evil; it was meant to obviate, lessens the attachment which all good citizens should have to law as a rule of conduct, and in its operation is harsh, vindictive and opposed to the spirit of the constitution; therefore, we call upon all good citizens and friends of temperance to rescue the great cause from the machinations of self-seeking demagogues, and to unite for the enactment of a law upon this important subject which shall at the same time promote temperance and respect the natural and constitutional rights of the citizen, and which the public sentiment shall co-operate in supporting.

Resolved, That the success in a national election of a no man party, based upon the single issue of opposition to slavery, must be the existence of the Union in peril; and the defeat of such a party must paralyze the anti-slavery sentiment of the north; and that if a union of parties shall ever become necessary, it will be a union of national patriots, in all parts of the land, to rescue the great interests of the country from the assaults of sectional fanatics.

Not a word concerning freedom in the territories and anarchy in Kansas! but, on the contrary, the last resolution is thoroughly saturated with the mournful strains of the "boobooos." But no matter! the ticket will not have more than 10,000 votes.

KNOW-NOTHING TICKET.

The know-nothings, at their convention in Boston on Wednesday, nominated the following candidates:—For governor, Henry J. Gardner, of Boston; for lieutenant governor, Henry W. Benchley, of Worcester;

for secretary of state, Francis De Witt, of Ware; for attorney general, A. H. Nelson, of Woburn; for treasurer, H. B. Fernald, of Newburyport; for auditor, John E. Dawley, of Fall River.

The above ticket has not even the shadow of a chance of securing a plurality of Massachusetts votes. Thousands and tens of thousands who voted for Gardner last fall have left the know nothing organization in disgust. The question before the people is:—"Shall freedom or slavery rule America?" The south never has known but one issue, and, for that reason, she has been always victorious. Why can not the north profit by her example? Will the time ever come when the north will be free from isms which only divide and distract? If the know nothings wish to see Beach elected and the friends of freedom disheartened throughout the free states,—if they wish to see the Washington Union, Richmond Enquirer, Charleston Mercury, &c., &c., gloating over the fact that Massachusetts has endorsed the Pierce platform, then we advise them, by all means, to try to galvanize the know nothing corpse, and scream to their heart's content for Henry J. Gardner.

The republican party, standing upon principles which were cherished by the noble fathers of the republic, has a work to do during the present campaign. We are confident that the calm, sober sense of the people will elect Julius Rockwell, by a handsome plurality. But we must all work. The democrats and know nothings are making the air vocal with their boasts, but, after we have soundly thrashed them both, the remembrance of those boasts will sweeten our victory.

CHICOPEE NEWS.

The population of Chicopee, according to the census just taken, is 7,581; families, 1,339; males, 3,262; females, 4,319; natives, 4,796; foreigners, 2,785. The population of the different districts in town is as follows:—Williamsett, 219; Chicopee Street, 321; Paper Mill, 253; Cabotville, 4,955; Skimack, 110; Chicopee Falls, 1,531; district No. 7 (near Ludlow) 74; district No. 8 (near Granby) 18.

The English in Chicopee fired 50 guns, last Saturday evening, over the taking of Sebastopol, and then proceeded to the Cabot House, and partook of an A. No. 1 supper. About 40 sat down to the table.—Mr. Thomas Price presiding. Speeches and sentiments were given, and some of the best of English national songs sung, with an enthusiasm which indicated a deep love for "merrie England." Beside the English, one Frenchman, two Scotchmen, one Irishman, and ourselves, were present—quite a "fusion of races"—and we here take occasion to express our thanks for the invitation. We did not attend for the purpose of rejoicing over the down-fall of Sebastopol, but to have a comfortable sit-down and chit-chat with intelligent, easy-sociable "Johnny Bull"—an old gentleman who controls 200,000,000 subjects—who has contributed in no small degree to the world's advancement in literature, in science and mechanic art—who has possessions in every quarter of the globe—who knows how to eat good beef-steak, and also how to fight.

Chicopee was honored last Saturday afternoon with a visit from Dr. George Washington Frost Mellen, the "people's candidate for the presidency." He made a forcible speech in front of the Cabot House, dwelling at some length upon his favorite theme, the "h. bee corpus"; and then proceeded to tell what dark results would flow from the election of his rival, Daniel Pratt, Jr.—stating that the partisans of the latter were busy in importing thousands of lions, tigers, bear-women and elephants, which were to be used in the service of destroying protestants; and that 500,000 monkeys had been sent for, and were to be drilled in the use of the bowie-knife, for the same purpose. After he had concluded his speech, he visited friend Johnson, of the post-office. Their deliberations have not yet been made public.

The members of the lyceum committee have written letters of invitation to some of the best lecturers in the country, and if all of them con-clude to lecture in Chicopee, we shall probably have a course superior to that of last winter.

Last spring, P. Driscoll, of this village, planted a bushel of Jenny Lind potatoes; and the result is over fifty bushels, which he dug a few days since. They were cut previous to planting.

P. Stedman, Esq. has favored us with a copy of the "American Short-Horn Herd Book," a work which should be owned by every one interested in stock-raising. In it is a cut of the celebrated bull, Red Jacket, owned by Mr. S., who is also owner of the widely known heifers, Atlanta, Lilac Six and Cathalena.

The delegates from Chicopee to the whig state convention were as follows:—C. Albro, Jona. C. Bowker, Aber B. Ab-

bey, Alonzo Wait, S. A. Shackford, Austin Chapin, Josiah W. Osgood, W. M. D. Rogers, John Herberk.

Rev. C. H. Webster preached his farewell discourse last Sabbath, and enters upon his new field of labor, in Lewistown, Me., immediately. He is a man of considerable ability, and leaves a host of friends in Chicopee.

A few days since, a gentleman in this village received a letter from Rev. Mr. Nute. His health is better than ever before, and he speaks encouragingly of Kansas, and says political prospects are brightening.

Richard Collias has a pig 4 months old which weighs 300 pounds.

The proceeds of the Episcopal festival, on Thursday evening, amounted to about \$180. Expenses about \$30. We learn from those in attendance that they had an extra nice time.

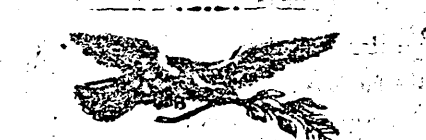
Rev. Mr. Oviatt will deliver, in his church in this village, next Sabbath evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, the first of a series of discourses in the arguments for the science for the support of revealed religion.

We have been requested to state that Rev. O. H. Tilston, of Worcester, will preach at the Universalist church to-morrow.

We find the following in the Progressive Age, published at Belfast, Maine, concerning our former townsman, Dr. Pearsons, who is now lecturing in that state upon anatomy and physiology:

Dr. Pearsons has been lecturing on these interesting and useful subjects at City Hall, before crowded audiences. The great difficulty which has been experienced, with those who have undertaken to bring those subjects in a popular form before the public, has been their inability to relieve them from that dry tediousness which the books upon them too much abound. This difficulty Dr. Pearsons at once dispels.—Possessing a large fund of wit and anecdote, he embellishes the dry parts of his subject in so happy a manner, that the merest child becomes interested and the subject loses none of its dignity. For illustration, he has the most extensive apparatus we have ever seen. The lecture of last evening was the first of the course, and the house was filled to overflowing. More knowledge can be acquired in this course of four lectures, than the reading of all books put together teaching upon these subjects. He will give three more lectures in this city, and next week will be at Backstop.

POLICE COURT.—BEFORE JUDGE WHITAKER.—Oct. 1. Commonwealth vs. Arthur Delaney, for drunkenness. Found guilty, and fined \$3.00 and costs of prosecution, which he paid, and was discharged.



REPUBLICAN MEETING.

"Up Guards! and at 'em!" The republicans of Chicopee are invited to meet in Atlantic Hall this (Saturday) evening, at 7 o'clock, to transact important business. Come one! come all! let us have a rousing meeting!

LOWELL BRASS AT WORK.—Mr. Manley's offer of \$1,000 for a machine that will show at once to the sides of a tapering stick of marble, will be handsomely commended for by our fellow citizen. Some half dozen models are now building here of new machines, expected to meet all the requirements. Horace G. Robbins is one of the inventors, and Mr. Goodwin is another. Mayor Lawrence has also applied for a patent on an invention of his for the same purpose. Several of our mechanics are "keeping up a tremendous thinking" with respect to an apparatus for feeding power presses, for which the Hoos have offered a premium. The traveler claims that John Taggart, of Boston, has succeeded in inventing the sawing machine, but Lowell will doubtless be found a little ahead in the matter. What a strange thing is that pint of medullary matter corked up in that "original package," the skull, and labeled "brains," and what curious, wonderful things, result from exerting it—in a generous way!—Lowell Courier.

BATTLE WITH THE NEBRASKA INDIANS.—A great battle is reported at Sand Hills, near the north fork of Platte river, in western Nebraska, between the Sioux Indians and the entire force of troops under Gen. Harney. The battle lasted for several hours; the Indians fought desperately, but were routed, when a running fight for ten miles followed. The Indians made another stand, but were finally completely routed, having eighty men killed and fifty women and children taken prisoners. The Indian women fought furiously. Harney lost six killed and six wounded. The Indians were the party which massacred Major Grattan's command and murdered the mail party. The way bill of the mail was found with them.

THE COTTON CROP.—The total receipts of cotton at the ports of the United States, for the year ending August 31, 1855, were 2,847,339 bales, against 2,930,027 for the previous year; and 3,262,892 for the year 1852-53. The total exports from this country to foreign ports for the same time, were 2,244,209 bales against 2,319,148 for the previous year. The total number consumed in this country the past year, was 593,584 bales, against 610,571 for the year preceding, and the stock on hand in all our ports, August 31, amounted to 143,336 bales, against 135,603 at the same time in 1854.

Of the papers in western Massachusetts, all but six support the republican nominations. These six are the Pittsfield Sun, Greenfield Democrat, Springfield Statesman, Holyoke Mirror, Palmer Journal, and Springfield American. These are divided into Beachites 3, K. N.'s 2, whig 1. The other papers are—Hampshire Gazette, Amherst Express, and Northampton Courier, in Hampshire county; Springfield Republican, Westfield Newsletter, and Chicopee Journal, in Hampden; Greenfield Gazette and American Republic, in Franklin; and Pittsfield Eagle, Great Barrington Courier, North Adams Transcript and North Adams American, in Berkshire,—total for Rockwell 12.

WHY PASSMORE WILLIAMSON OUGHT TO BE HUNG.—The Philadelphia correspondent of the Anti-Slavery Standard relates the following story, which he says is no make-up affair, but a literal fact:

"I have frequently during these discussions, heard the countess of Passmore Williamson toward Col. Wheeler's servants characterized as 'ill timed,' but I never until yesterday fully understood the import of the phrase. Two men were arguing this question, one of them was a merchant of Church alley. The discussion was brought to a close by a declaration from the latter as follows:—'Williamson ought to be hung. Any man who would be guilty of such a connat just at the opening of fall trade, deserves no pity.'"

THE CRIMEA.—Marshal Pelissier, telegraphing from Sebastopol on the 11th September, says:

"The enemy have now destroyed their docks, the neighboring establishments, the barracks, fort Nicholas, or fort Quarantine. A first general survey of the materials left has given the following result: 4,000 guns, 50,000 balls, a few hollow projectiles, a large quantity of powder (notwithstanding all the explosions which have taken place), 25,000 kilogrammes of copper, two steam engines of 30-horse power, and a considerable quantity of sawed timber for defensible works."

SUGAR.—The rise in sugar since January, according to the New York Post, has been 50 per cent., and this owing not so much to the diminished supply, which only applies to New Orleans descriptions, Cabas being plentiful, but to the great increase of demand throughout the country for consumption and stock. The unfavorable harvest of 1854 led to a great contraction in the grocery business, as well as in dry goods, and dealers worked down their stock to the lowest point possible.

VICTURES SHELLING THE BATTLE.—A letter from the Crimea tells the following tale:—

"Victims are to be seen and await the end of the fight to throw themselves on their victims.—After one of the recent combats, an English officer was found on the battle field who had just expired, pressing in both his arms one of those birds of prey, teal, like himself, and which he had crushed in his last effort of agony."

STATISTICS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—It is estimated that there are 10,000 daguerreotype establishments in the U. States, these taking daily twenty pictures each, at an average of \$2 50 each, giving 200,000 pictures at an expense of over half a million of dollars. The amount of money paid annually for daguerreotypes is thought to exceed one hundred and fifty millions. Still the business is increasing.

BROOM CORN.—It is a singular omission in the United States census, that it does not give any statistics of the amount of broom corn raised in the country. In our own state hundreds upon hundreds of acres are appropriated to the cultivation of this desirable commodity. Broom corn never was stouter, nor a better crop than during the present year. It will soon be out.—Albany Argus.

The exodus of agricultural laborers from the north of Scotland to the Canadas still continues. The second fleet of American traders will carry out about six hundred emigrants from Aberdeen and neighboring ports, making the total number from the north of Scotland and the Orkney Islands about three thousand persons. Agricultural labor has advanced in value.

A large number of abandoned women in Norfolk, Va., have, since the breaking out of the yellow fever in that city, been most unceasing in their attention to the sick, and have proved most valuable nurses.

THE COTTON CROP IN MISSISSIPPI.—The Mobile (Ala.) Tribune has a letter from Mississippi, which says that wet weather and the worms are destroying the cotton crop in that state.

T. F. MEAGHER'S FIRST CASE.—It is said that Mr. Meagher, recently admitted to practice at the New York bar, has been retained for the defense of the alleged murderers of Poole.

Two thousand and seven hundred new buildings have been erected, or are in progress of erection, in Chicago during the present season.

Prof. Holloway, of London, spends \$150,000 annually in advertising his pills

From our New York Correspondent, New York, October 2d, 1855.

"The melancholy days" sung by the poet, are come, not as they come to the quiet country in soft and dreamy approach, with spiritual airs and solemn sounds and dying breath of sweet flowers, and wearing the variegated robes of grand old forests, with threads of delicate blue haze, till all the landscape seems transfigured and glorified; but with darkness glooming the streets, and raw winds bearing in ocean fogs, with turmoil of business, and the near prospect of mid winter, suffering to the thousand poor. Autumn in the country is truly the loveliest of the season. But in the pent up town, where we only know it by memory and the calendar, it is the saddest and gloomiest.

The quoted words with which I begin, naturally suggest the most interesting event of the week, the "floral festival," in honor of authors and publishers, held last Thursday evening at the Crystal Palace. A banqueting hall was made by enclosing a portion of one of the rooms of the palace within temporary walls of white and red muslin in alternate breadths, showing prettily by gas light. The galleries on either side were given to spectators, of whom only a limited number were admitted on tickets. The entertainment was simple, consisting chiefly of various fruits tastefully set forth and distinguished by the entire absence of all intoxicating drinks. About the author, table were seated a great number of men famous in the world of letters, than often meet under one roof. There was Bryant, venerable with his gray hair and flowing beard, the leading star of American poetry; Gen. Irving, with his fine intellectual face, sunny as the pages of his own book. Hebach, who has only written too little, but who has a name like that of the hero of his first poem, "not born to die," and a host of other intellectual worthies whom we delight to honor.

Toasts were read, happy speeches made, and a most agreeable spirit of good fellowship pervaded the party. The authors looked and behaved much like other people, answering when addressed, and slicing watermelon in the style of ordinary humanity, and the publishers seemed an amiable tribe, and in no wise to be the aggress living upon authors' brains, which they are usually described. This is the first reunion of the American brotherhood of letters, and can not fail to exert a pleasing influence upon our literature.

We have highly interesting news from Nicaragua. The filibusters, Cols. Kinney and Walker, are getting on finely. The first has been elected governor of San Juan del Norte and its territories, and entered upon the duties of his office with great éclat, while the latter at the head of the forces of the revolution, some 200 strong, has defeated the army of the government sent against him, numbering about 500 men. The hero narrowly escaped with his life, having received in his dress half a dozen bullets. What next?

A beneficent feature in our system of common school education, are the night schools for those whose contracted course them through the day. Twenty seven of these opened for the winter last evening. Tuition is free, and in the hands of able instructors.

The deplorable sufferings of Norfolk and Portsmouth from yellow fever, continues to engage the attention of the charitable. Rev. E. H. Chapin preached an elegant discourse on the pestilence, last Sunday, which was followed by a contribution of \$400. Wood & Christie's minstrels gave a benefit to same cause, on Saturday evening, which realized \$200. Raphael Felix, manager of the Rachel Dramatic Co., has placed the Metropolitan at the disposal of the Young Men's Christian association for one evening, who will shortly make some public demonstration to the same end. Although New York has given \$37,000. Will any one be stupid enough to say the north has no sympathy with the south. To be sure, we seem to stand over against each other, bristling like porcupines, and we frown on each other and speak big gaseous words, which must be taken in a political, i. e., a Pickwickian sense, but when some great calamity falls upon, no matter what section, the true American heart alone is seen to beat, and proves us all akin. Here lies the safety of our land.

As for us, the prevalent disease here now, is the Rachel mania. We are effected with the Rachel neck tie, the pudding a-la Rachel, the Rachel polka, and at Stanwix Hall the scenes of Poole's murder, they offer on the gastronomic placard, the "Rachel little neck chains," and "Felix Rachel crabs." She grows more and more popular. An immense concourse attended her to her private residence from the performance last Wednesday evening, and after daily serenading her, it was graciously announced from the balcony, that she would soon comply with the strong wish of the New York public, and sing the Marseillaise, whereat there was much bawling and lusty luzzing from French and Yankee throats.

Our English residents have enough to do with the foreign news, and take Sebastopol over and over again, mighty at their various "shades," fighting themselves dry, and drinking themselves stout again. John Bull takes his country with him wherever he goes, and despite the grievances which divert him abroad, continues its love all that belongs to her.

The court of Oyer and Terminer began its session yesterday, and will soon proceed with the cases of the aldermen and councilmen, indicted for fraud. The case of Baker and others for the murder of Poole, is postponed until the 1st Monday in November.

Capt. Wright, who was stabbed by Dean in the late affray at the St. Nicholas hotel, is rapidly convalescing, and has been held to bail in the sum of \$1000 to appear and prosecute Dean.

The consorted and immortal Dunwin, Briggs and Branch, have got the chief of police, Geo. Matzell, of delicious nativity, in a tight place. Your readers will remember that some month

since, when the investigation was going forward into the birth places of members of the police, Matzell asserted himself American born, stoutly denied any foreign taint. All seemed satisfied but the persistent Briggs, at whose instance his *frater nobilis*, Stephen Branch, name now eternized, made the voyage to England, the memorable incidents whereof, are before the world, and found the parish record of Matzell's birth. Now, Stephen has placed the keystone in his arch of triumph, by producing the application of Matzell's worthy progenitor, for naturalization papers, which it seems were never taken out, so the said Matzell, chief of police, is still an alien. Of course, the fact of his birth place in England has no intrinsic importance, but it is important so high a functionary should tell the truth.

A car of iron has been placed upon one of our city rail roads. It weighs 1500 lbs. less than the ordinary car in use, and will hold ten more persons.

How they Read the Newspapers.

It is a proof of the great variety of human development to notice persons reading newspapers.

Mr. General Intelligence first glances at the telegraph, then at the editorial, and then goes off into the correspondence.

Mr. Sharper always opens with stocks and markets, and ends with the advertisements for wants, sincerely hoping to find a victim.

Aunt Sukey first reads the stories, and then looks to see who is married.

Miss Prime looks at the marriage column, and then reads the stories.

Mr. Marvelous is curious to see the list of accidents, murders and the like.

Uncle Ned hums up the funny things, and then smokes and laughs at his will.

Madam Gossip turns to the local department for her thunder, and having obtained that, throws the paper aside.

Mrs. Friendly drops the first tear of sympathy over the death column, and the next over the marriages; for, says she, one is about as bad as the other.

Mr. Politician dashes into the telegraph, and from that into the editorial, ending with the speeches.

Our literary friend is eager for a nice composition from the editor or some kind correspondent. After analyzing the rhetoric, grammar and logic of the production, he turns a careless glance at the news department, and takes to his Greek, perfectly satisfied.

The laborer searches among the wants for a better opening in his business,—and, but enough; an extension of the list were useless. There is just as much difference in readers as in anything else.

But the world is yet to come. If each does not find a plume or more of his peculiar liking, the editor has, of course, been lazy, and is unworthy of patronage. Oh! who wouldn't be an editor?—Albany Knickerbocker.

A PRAIRIE INVESTMENT.—A year ago, a man purchased forty acres of prairie land five miles from Bloomington, McLean county, Illinois, broke it up, and put in fall wheat. The produce was 1100 bushels of first quality Tennessee wheat, which he sold for \$1,656. The expense of fencing, breaking up, seed sowing, harvesting, thrashing, &c., was \$500—leaving a net profit of \$1,156.

SALTPETER.—The eastern war has caused such a demand for "villainous saltpeter," that our powder mills are obliged to suspend operations. Russian agents in New York and Boston have bought by sample, all that will arrive this year from Calcutta.

GUNS FOR KANSAS.—There is an agent in New York procuring funds and guns for the settlers in Kansas. The wealthy abolitionists "penny-up" liberally. Already thousands of dollars have been subscribed, and stacks of muskets purchased.

It is spoken of as a remarkable circumstance connected with the epidemic at Norfolk, Va., that not a bird is to be seen within the limits of the city, an has not, since the fever became general.

Flour barrels are now manufactured with a hollow tube through the center, which prevents the heating, and consequently the souring of the flour.

The operatives in the Lowell mills work 11 1/2 hours per day, except on Saturday, when they are dismissed early in the afternoon.

Pray's Life of Bennett is a sickening attempt to glorify the squint-eyed Scotchman who publishes the New York Herald.

It is said that Pennsylvania now produces as much iron as was manufactured in all Great Britain thirty years ago.

CURE FOR HARD TIMES.—At Connersville, Indiana, potatoes are a drug in the market, at 15 cents per bushel.

Georgia Election.—Johnson, democrat candidate, is elected governor of Georgia, by a large majority.

