

The Weekly Journal.

Volume 2.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1854.

Number 21.

Poetry.

THE COLLEGE "SWELL."

By Geo. W. Curtis.

He comes to college; 'tis the destined path.
"Arms and the man," he sings, and "Juno's wrath."
"Cleanliness, godliness," cries he, and lingers,
Reluctant with Greek roots to soil his fingers.
Through the hard roads of learning travels he,
By coach or pony, as the case may be.
And with the faith of the old Hebrew nation,
Escapes all agony by smooth translation,
At exhibitions, when admiring girls
Survey entranced his hyacinthine curls;
When he is summoned, and before our view
Walks in a tight as well as a vain shoe,
Oft have I marked those girls in luscious deep—
It might have been delight, it looked like sleep—
Nor did they move until the sudden clap
Rubbed from their blooming cheeks a little nap.
Callow collegian! oil your pigeon breast
I mark the gorgeous plumage of the vest;
Admiring glances at the chain I steal,
Where every jeweler has set his seal,
And Shup and Crispin each had labored well
To give the world assurance of a swell.
Upon your head the little hat that sank,
Like a black cloud upon "bald, awful Blanc,"
Vicarious kinds that saved your hands from dirt,
The shapely studs you stole off your shirt,
The veils of cashmere round your breast that lie,
Your Alpine collar peaks that prick the sky;
Reflective boots, too polished to laugh,
That changed to leather, still they cover calf;
Unsmiled pants, each fold without a flock,
Each separate leg holding its mate in check.
These things I see—Nature and Art combine,
Great is the fruit of their conjoint design;
What classic impartiality it shows,
Greece in your locks,—but Roman in your nose.

Select Tales.

BURNING OF MOSCOW.

By J. T. Headley.

At length Moscow, with its domes and towers and palaces, appeared in sight; and Napoleon, who had joined the advance, gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes. Murat went forward and entered the gates with his splendid cavalry; but as he passed through the streets, he was struck by the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the heavy tramp of his squadrons as he passed along, for a deserted and abandoned city was the meager prize for which such unparalleled efforts had been made. As night drew its curtain over the splendid capital, Napoleon entered the gates, and immediately appointed Mortier governor. In his directions, he commanded him to abstain from all pillage. "For this," said he, "you shall be answerable with your life. Defend Moscow against all, no matter whether friend or foe."

The bright moon rose over the mighty city, tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches; and pouring a flood of light over a thousand palaces, and the dwellings of three hundred thousand inhabitants. The weary army sunk to rest; but there was no sleep for Mortier's eyes. Not the gorgeous and variegated palaces and their rich ornaments, nor the parks and gardens and oriental magnificence that everywhere surrounded him, kept him wakeful, but the ominous foreboding that some dire calamity was hanging over the silent capital. When he entered it, scarcely a living soul met his gaze as he looked down the long streets; and when he broke open the buildings, he found parlors and bedrooms and chambers all furnished and in order, but no occupants. This sudden abandonment of their homes betokened some secret purpose yet to be fulfilled. The midnight moon was sailing over the city, when the cry of "fire!" reached the ears of Mortier; and the first light over Napoleon's falling empire was kindled, and the most wondrous scene of modern times commenced.

Mortier, as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders, and was putting forth every exertion, when at daylight Napoleon hastened to him. Affecting to disbelieve the reports that the inhabitants were firing their own city, he put more rigid commands on Mortier to keep the soldiers from the work of destruction. The Marshal simply pointed to some iron-covered houses that had not yet been opened, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing like steam from the sides of a pent-up volcano. Sad and thoughtful, Napoleon turned towards the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czar, whose huge structure rose very high above the surrounding edifices.

In the morning, Mortier, by great exertions, was enabled to subdue the fire. But the next night, September 15, at midnight,

(the sentinels on watch upon the lofty Kremlin saw below them in flames bursting through the houses and palaces, and the cry of "fire! fire!" passed through the city. The dread scene was now fairly opened.—Fiery balloons were seen dropping from the air and lighting up the houses; dull explosions were heard on every side from the shut-up dwellings, and the next moment a bright light burst forth, and the flames were raging through the apartments. All was uproar and confusion. The serene air and moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds, and a wild tempest, that swept with the roar of the sea over the city. Flames arose on every side, blazing and crackling in the breeze, while clouds of smoke and sparks in an incessant shower were driven towards the Kremlin. The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling in wrath over devoted Moscow. Mortier, crushed with the responsibility thus thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid this desolation, blowing up the houses, and facing the tempest and the flames—struggling nobly to arrest the tremendous conflagration.

He hastened from place to place amid the blazing ruins, his face blackened with smoke, and his hair and eye-brows singed with the fierce heat. At length the day dawned—a day of tempest and of flame; and Mortier, who had strained every nerve for thirty-six hours, entered a palace and dropped down from fatigue. The manly form and stalwart arm, that had so often carried death into the ranks of the enemy, at length gave way, and the gloomy Marshal lay and panted in utter exhaustion.—But the night of tempest had been succeeded by a day of tempest; and when night again enveloped the city, it was one broad flame, waving to and fro in the blast. The wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and shifted from quarter to quarter, as if on purpose to swell the sea of fire, and extinguish the last hope. The fire was approaching the Kremlin, and already the roar of the flames, and the crackling of burning timbers, were borne to the ears of the emperor. He arose, walked to and fro, stopping convulsively and gazing on the terrific scene. Murat, Eugene and Berthier rushed into his presence, and on their knees besought him to flee, but he still clung to that haughty palace, as if it were his empire.

But at length the shout, "The Kremlin is on fire!" was heard above the roar of the conflagration, and Napoleon reluctantly commenced to leave. He descended into the streets with his staff, and looked about for a way of egress, but the flames blocked every passage. At length they discovered a postern gate, leading to the Moskwa, and entered it, but they had entered still farther into the danger. As Napoleon cast his eye around the open space, girdled and arched with fire, smoke and cinders, he saw one single street yet open, but all on fire into this he rushed, and amid the crash of falling houses, and raging of the flames—over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire, he pressed on; at length, half suffocated, he emerged in safety from the blazing city, and took up his quarters in the imperial palace of Petrowsky, nearly three miles distant. Mortier, relieved from his anxiety for the emperor, redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. His men cheerfully rushed into every danger. Breathing nothing but smoke and ashes—canopied by flame, smoke and cinders—surrounded by walls of fire that rocked to and fro, and fell with a crash amid the blazing ruins, carrying down with them red-hot hoofs of iron—he struggled against an enemy that no boldness could awe, or courage overcome. Those brave soldiers had heard the tramp of thousands of cavalry sweeping to battle without fear; but now they stood in still terror before the march of the conflagration, under whose burning footsteps was heard the incessant crash of falling houses, and palaces and churches. The continuous roar of the raging hurricane, mingled with that of the flames, was more terrible than the thunder of artillery; and before this new foe, in the midst of the battle of the elements, the awe-struck army stood powerless and affrightened.

When night again descended on the city, it presented a spectacle the like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire, the heavens a canopy of fire,

and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by a hurricane that whirled the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions, from the blowing up of stores of oil, tar and spirits, shook the very foundations of the city, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously towards the sky. Huge sheets of canvas on fire came floating like messengers of death through the flames—the towers and domes of the churches and palaces glowing with a red-hot heat over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment on their basis, were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin. Thousands of wretches, before unseen, were driven by the heat from the cellars and hovels, and streamed in an incessant throng through the streets. Children were seen carrying their parents—the strong, the weak; while thousands more were staggering under the loads of plunder they snatched from the flames.—Oh, it was a scene of woe and fear inconceivable and indescribable. A mighty and close packed city of houses, churches and palaces, wrapped from limit to limit in flames, is a sight this world will very seldom see.

But this was all within the city. To Napoleon without, the spectacle was still more sublime and terrific. When the flames had overcome all obstacles, and had wrapped every thing in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into vast billows. Huge domes and towers throwing off sparks like blazing fire-brands, now disappearing in their maddening flow, as they broke high over their tops, scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration, and the angry masses that swept it, rolled over a bosom of fire. Columns of flame would rise and sink along the surface of the sea, and huge volumes of black smoke suddenly shot into the air, as if volcanoes were working below. The black form of the Kremlin alone towered above the chaos, now wrapped in flame and smoke, again emerging into view—radiating amid this scene of desolation and terror, like virtue in the midst of a burning world, enveloped, but unscathed, by the devouring elements. Napoleon stood and gazed on the scene in silent awe. The nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them. Said he, years afterwards:

"It was a spectacle of sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame, mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh! it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!"

For the Weekly Journal.

THE ARCTIC.

When the angel of death comes quietly from the white throne above, her messengers having been sent before in the hectic flush and faltering step, it brings no terror to the heart. There is even a pleasure, sad, but holy, in standing beside the couch of a dying friend, in watching the love-light from those eyes grow dim; the lips, which have so often been pressed in tenderness to our own, move more and more slowly; the breath grows fainter and fainter, until the golden thread is broken, and the freed spirit has passed on wings of light to a brighter home. But when the morning sun rises on high hopes, and anticipations destined ere its sinking to be blighted by a fearful and unexpected coming of the messenger, then indeed does it cast gloom and terror over every spirit.

Within a few days has that gloom been cast over many a heart, by the intelligence of the sad fate of the Arctic. A thing of life and beauty, more than once had she borne over the ocean waves her precious freight of human hearts. Many a lowering tempest and threatening sky had passed her by unharmed, and, once again a crowd of the youthful and the aged had gathered within that beautiful floating palace, each pulse beating high with hope and joy at the thought of a speedy reunion with the loved ones beyond the sea. But ah! too truly has it been said that when happiness is with us, we may dream of sorrow. Even then, the dark cloud was rising which was to enshroud many of their number in the night of death—the dawning of whose next morrow would be in another world. Too

soon the voice of gaiety and mirth was hushed; a silence, not of earth, fell for a moment there, and then the wail of agonized hearts fell upon the ocean breeze—the wail of childhood and youth, in their touching tenderness; of womanhood, in its plaintive earnestness, and manhood, in its depth of agony and despair. Oh! was there no good angel near to listen to those cries of anguish, to breathe of hope, to fold the little child safely beneath its white wings, and bid the mother cease its tears, and follow after? Death was the only angel near; it spread its broad wing over the sea, and hundreds of hearts found there an ocean grave. Now their hour of agony has passed; they sleep quietly, with the sea moss for their winding sheet, and the murmuring of its waters for their funeral dirge. It is not for the peaceful slumberers that we weep, but for the stricken ones that watch and wait for those that come not back. For them each falling leaf and sighing breeze is breathing a requiem for the loved and lost—a requiem whose mournfulness may grow fainter with the fleeting years, but which shall cease not until the same sighing breezes shall shiver the autumn leaves above their last resting place.

GERALDINE.
Old Deerfield, October 18, 1854.

For the Weekly Journal.

AGE.

"The snows of age are the lightest, for they fall unperceived; and the heaviest, for they never melt."

Yes!—unperceived. The strong man rejoices yet in the full glory of his manhood; his step is still elastic, his eye bright, and his form vigorous; the silver threads creep into his raven locks, wrinkles deepen on his brow, the athletic frame is bowed, and the active limbs palsied; he gazes on the change, and a low, hollow voice murmurs, "I am growing old." Yet when came the change? Not in one fell hour was the dark hair blanched or the cheek furrowed; no fearful monster, with eyes of flame and form of fearful mold, swept suddenly away all that had made life beautiful and joyous; but slowly and stealthily the years sped on, and each in its course left a trace—a slight one, and unnoticed when it came, yet still bearing its victim irresistibly on, toward the portals of the grave. He sees it not, fears it not, until at last the lengthening shadows on life's dial are too apparent to escape observation, then, sighing over the shortness of life, departs. The coils that bind us to earth are numbered; each year their strength is weakened, and almost ere we realize our existence, the death-angel sunders them, and we are borne away. Ah, truly, truly, the snows of age fall unperceived.

But "they never melt!" Never melt? Is there no better land? Are all our longings for immortality thus to be quenched forever?

Is death a final sleep? and when the snows of age have extinguished life's taper shall it never again be kindled?

Does the soul die with the body? or, if resurrected, will it still be old? Will the dimmed eye and the palsied lip be one portion in eternity? Shall voices trembling with age join in the anthem of praise and triumph that forever sounds in that glorious abode? No! no! there will be a glorious rejuvenescence—another, a brighter, a never ending, unfading world! The snows of age shall melt in the brightness of eternal day. CORA CLINTON.
Chicopee, October, 1854.

An Irishman had been sick a long time, and while in that state would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would come to. On one of these occasions when he had just awakened from his sleep, Patrick asked him, "An' how'll we know, Jemmy, when ye're dead? ye're after waking up every time." "Bring me a glass of grog, and say to me, 'here's till ye, Jemmy,' and if I don't rise and sink, then bury me."

The wife of Rev. Mr. Spencer, missionary to the Chippewa Indians at Red Lake, was murdered a short time since by a party of Sioux. She was sitting quietly in her apartment after dark, when she was shot dead.

Lecompte, chief justice of Kansas, who is to decide upon the legality of slavery in that territory, takes out slaves with

GREAT BATTLE IN EUROPE.

The Russians Defeated!

The steamer Baltic, leaving Liverpool October 4, and reaching New York Monday night, gives four days' later dates, and very important news from the seat of war.

On the 25th ult., Fort Constantine, at Sebastopol, was invested by sea and land, and after an obstinate defense, was carried by storm. The allies then-bombarded the city and the fleet, and ten Russian ships were burned and sunk, the remaining forts were carried one after another, 800 pieces of artillery were silenced, 22,000 prisoners taken, and the Russian loss in dead and disabled was not less than 18,000 in Sebastopol alone. Menschikoff, the Russian commander, with the shattered remains of his force, retired into a position within the inner harbor, threatening to fire the town and blow up the remaining ships, unless the victors would grant him an honorable capitulation. The allied generals demanded his unconditional surrender, and in the name of humanity gave him six hours for consideration. The latest dispatch says he had surrendered, and that the British and French flags wave over Sebastopol. The entrenched camp of the Russians on the heights of Alma contained 50,000 men and numerous artillery and cavalry, and was carried at the point of the bayonet, after hours of fighting. No general officer of the allied armies was killed. Marshal St. Arnaud (French) and Lord Raglan (English) commanded in person. The French General Thomassin was thought to be fatally wounded, and Gen. Canrobert was wounded in the shoulder. The second engagement on the plains of Kalantai lasted several hours, was very sanguinary, and ended in the total defeat of the Russians, who were pursued to their intrenchments.

There were great rejoicings in G. Britain and France at the news of the above victory.

Napoleon's hat once fell off at a review, when a young lieutenant stepped forward, picked it up, and returned it to him.

"Thank you, Captain," said the Emperor.

"In what regiment?" retorted the lieutenant, as quick as lightning.

Napoleon smiled, passed on, and forthwith had the lucky youth promoted to the step of his ambition.

"The first three men in the world," says Cowley, "were a gardener, a plowman, and a grazier."

This the Boston Post declares to be all very true, but not particularly creditable to those three occupations; for Adam, the gardener, was the first sinner; and Cain, the plowman, was the first murderer; and as for Abel, the grazier, he first set mankind the bad example of killing animals.

Beauty and wit will die, learning and wealth vanish away, all the arts of life forgotten, but virtue will remain forever. Planted on earth, in a cold, ungenial climate, it will bloom and blossom in heaven.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so good as common sense. There are forty men of wit to one of common sense; and he who will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

As the sun breaking forth in winter, so is joy in the season of affliction. As a shower in the midst of summer, so are the salutary drops of sorrow mingled in our cup of pleasure.

A lad in a state of mental absence gave three cheers for the stars and stripes, during school hours, and perceived his error when he got the stripes without the stars.

In spite of all their pains, the rich are frequently the fathers, or at least the grandfathers of beggars.

Why is a woman like the city of Boston?
Because she is full of notions.

Experience is the most eloquent of preachers, but he seldom finds a large congregation.

A fine coat frequently covers intolerable ignorance, but never conceals it.

HAYNE AND WEBSTER.

Our object is to give a sketch of Congress, as it is—its members and their manners; but we must be pardoned if we travel a little out of the record to a point of time removed some years back. We refer to the great South Carolina debate upon the tariff question of 1833. We were in the gallery. The nullification fever had risen almost phrenzy high. Members of all parties had deserted the lower house to witness the splintering of lances between Robert Y. Hayne, of Carolina, and Daniel Webster. When we entered the hall Gen. Hayne was speaking. He was a man of general youthful appearance with his shirt collar turned over his cravat, and his hair smoothly brushed across his forehead. He was of the middle stature, and well made.—He was speaking forcibly; his eyes were peculiarly brilliant, and his face was very pale; he moved up and down the aisles formed between desks, with rapid and agitated step; his gestures were vehement, and he appeared to be under a high state of excitement. We were peculiarly struck with his whole appearance, and the tone of feeling evident in the chamber. Mr. Calhoun, then Vice President, was in the chair. With his large, steady and vigilant eyes witnessing the first great battle of his doctrine, he seemed the very spirit of embodied interest; not a word, not a gesture escaped his lion look. The Senate was deeply interested as a matter of course. The language of Gen. Hayne was rich and vigorous; and his powerful sketch of the effect of the impost law on the south—the description of her people—his own bold and hazardous elocution and impetuous bearing—were evidently making a strong impression on the body. From time to time, attention would be directed from him to the gentleman who was expected to answer him, and whom Gen. Hayne attacked; under cover of a terrible and galling fire.

Cold, serene, dark, and melancholy, that man thus assailed, sat apart, bleak and frowning as a mountain rock, he evidently felt the gigantic influences that were at work around him, but his profound mind was strengthening itself for the contest. And how deeply solemn was that hour, that moment! how grand that scene! and what were the meditations and spirit rallings of that dark man? His countenance wavered not during the whole of that tremendous speech; assault after assault was made upon him, but yet he neither turned to the right nor left, but calmly and gallantly, like a soldier waiting the signal, he bided his hour. That time of retaliation came, swift as the thoughts of vengeance to Daniel Webster. Who will forget the exordium of that remarkable effort, the lashing sarcasm, the withering tones of that voice, and the temper of his language? Gen. Hayne (we remember distinctly) changed color and appeared to be disconcerted.) But who that heard him will permit the prerogative to be forgotten?—those closing passages of grandeur, that majestic allusion to the flag of freedom and his country. Looking, with his dark and lustrous eye through the glass dome of the chamber, over which he could see the banner floating, he delivered an apostrophe, which has never been surpassed, and seldom equaled. It composed a figure of the most thrilling interest—a burst of solemn and pathetic feeling; and coming from such a source, (a man generally esteemed phlegmatic,) it was electric. It was like the beam of sunset or the gleam of summer lightning, radiating the brow of the cliff to which we have before alluded.

But these scenes are past, and the country has the benefit of those speeches; but the memory of them, and the incidents that attended them, are forcibly impressed on our mind.—National Magazine.

The Catholic Archbishop of Genoa when the cholera made its frightful appearance in that city, published a pastoral letter, denouncing the freedom of the press and religious toleration as the true causes for which God punished those unfortunate inhabitants.

Antimachus, the poet, reading his verses, was deserted by all his hearers, save Plato, to whom he said:—"I shall proceed, nevertheless.—Plato is himself an audience!"

