

The Weekly Journal.

Volume 3.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1855.

Number 3.

Choice Poetry.

Do not Censure without Knowing.

Do not censure without knowing,
Oh! is hid a noble mind,
Worthy of our love bestowing,
Where we least expect to find;
Many a heart in kindness beating,
Making solitude its own,
With no kinder spirit meeting,
Lives unloved, because unknown.
Should you feel inclined to censure,
Faulds you may in others view,
Ask your own heart, ere you venture,
If that has not failings, too;
Let not friendly vows be broken,
Rather strive a friend to gain;
Many a word in anger spoken,
Finds its passage home again.
Do not, then, in idle pleasure,
Trite with a brother's fame;
Guard it as a gilded treasure—
Sacred as your own good name.
Do not form opinions kindly,
Hastiness to trouble tends;
Of those whom we've thought unkindly,
Oft become our warmest friends.

For the Weekly Journal,
SUNDERED TIES.

As the branches of ivy that twine around the oak cluster and mingle their tendrils in their upward course, so around the heart strings of those who love, and are loved again, weave silken, tender fibers, that combine the elasticity of the sapling with the strength of the full grown "monarch of the wood," and bind together the hearts they twine around with tender, yet indissoluble ties.

In the common walks of life these ties are formed; in the ordinary, daily intercourse of friends, they are strengthened; they are cultivated and developed by an amiable action, a kind word, and a sunny smile.—At first, they may indeed be weak, faint, imperceptible; but, as the flowers of spring more fully develop in every balmy breeze and every smile of the sun, so these ties, being fostered and cherished, increase till they become the fondest light and the dearest solace of the heart, amid the cares and perplexities of a busy life.

But a destroyer comes: disease prostrates the form of the loved and loving one, and as we bend over the couch, and minister to the wants of the dear one who is laid low, when hope has almost ceased to animate our hearts, and a fearful picture, that we dare not gaze upon, is forced to our view—ah! to what a fearful tension, then, these ties are drawn!

The death angel is near; his white wings are spread over the cherished one, and with some faint token—perhaps a pressure of the hand, a parting kiss, or a tender and confiding smile, to show that love is strong even in death, the loved is taken from us, the last link is broken. Then these ties are sundered.

Rudely they are torn apart, and a bleeding, a well nigh broken spirit, only remains. Who, that has learned this by sad experience, that has felt his heart wrung with the anguish of an hour, would have otherwise believed that so glorious and yet so fragile a thing as the human soul could suffer so much, and yet not be wrecked forever.

There are few, very few, who know, by their own experience, the strength of such ties: Who has not, at some time, seen one dear to his heart by the ties of nature or affection, stretched cold and low in the tyrant's embrace? Who can not recall the time when he saw the cheek, whose flush of health and animation was once cheering to the heart, marble and icy, weary and worn with grief, so as almost ready to exclaim, "I will go and die with thee?"

This, indeed, is a dark picture, but not over colored: There is a hue of sunlight that comes upon it, and its cheering beams fall on the darkened spirit like oil on the troubled waters. Had we no cause to believe that these ties are broken only to be renewed, what a dark and fearful thought it would be!

But this is not so. We have the full, the glorious assurance, that the bitterness of parting shall be assuaged, that the full fountain of joy shall be found, and those tender ties shall be rennited in a holier and happier sphere.

What a consolation for the mourner!—what a hope for the departing!

LILLIE.
Maple Avenue, Chicopee, June, 1855.

HOUSES FOR WENT.—Hundreds of frame houses are now being made in our city and shipped west, to Illinois, Iowa and Kansas. These houses consist of two rooms, and are made, sent out and put up for \$150 each.—*Cincinnati Columbian.*

THE BULL DOG.

The bull dog is the most brutal and the least intelligent of its species; its depressed forehead; its underhanging jaws and blood-shot eyes, unite in forming the very personification of the savage. Although capable of some attachment, it can not be relied upon as a friend. So utterly without intellect is the courage of the bull dog, that it will attack anything that gives offense. This dog has never been a pet in the United States; but in England, among a large class of citizens, it is carefully raised, and employed in bull-baits. In these bull-baits, the dog, while fastened to the nose of some unfortunate bull, has had one leg after another cut off with a knife, to test its courage; and this display has been hailed by the plaudits of the "rural population," and the encouragement of the scions of the nobility! History relates that Alexander once witnessed a bull dog attack a famed lion, and being willing to save the lion's life, ordered the dog to be taken off, "but labor of men and all their strength could not loosen the ireful and deep-biting teeth." The dog was then mutilated by its keeper, and not only its limbs, but its body were severed from its head; "whereat the king was wonderfully moved, and sorrowfully repented his rashness, in destroying a beast of so noble a spirit"—a very natural feeling, one would suppose, to every generous mind.

Many years ago an English ship was at one of our docks, on board of which was a bull dog. The animal was so ferocious that he gained an extensive reputation.—Chained at the gangway of the ship, he spent all the livelong day in the hopeless task of springing at every person who passed along, either on pleasure or business. The owner, first mate of the vessel, would sit for hours and detail the wonderful deeds of this mighty dog. Crowds of idlers daily collected, and there stood the hero, or rather, raved the insane creature at the multitude, each individual indulging the vague hope that he would presently break loose and pitch into somebody, and thus show his prowess.

Among the idlers was an Indian who occasionally visited the city, and made a few pence by shooting an arrow at pennies stuck in the end of a stick. Upon the very appearance of the Indian, the bull dog was particularly violent, greatly to the amusement of the fellow, who took a malicious pleasure in irritating the animal. The mate finally interfered, and told the Indian to go away, lest the dog might break loose and eat him up. The Indian, not the least alarmed, in broken English announced to the crowd that if the dog was brought down to the ground, and chained to a post, he would, for five dollars, fight the dog with nothing but his hands and teeth. The money was raised, and the mate, after expressing much reluctance at the idea of having the Indian killed, brought the dog down from the ship, and fastened him to a post.—The Indian put away his bow and arrow, his knife, laid his neck bare, and rolled up his shirt sleeves. A ring was formed, and the battle commenced.

The Indian approached the dog, crawling upon all fours, barking and growling, as if he was one himself. The bull dog mean while jumped, and foamed at the mouth, while his eyes beamed living fire with irritation. The Indian, however, kept up his pantomime, and gradually his face was in fearful proximity to the dog's teeth. The mate now interfered, for he felt confident the Indian would get killed; but the crowd had become excited, and insisted upon "seeing the thing out." A mutual silence ensued between the combatants, the dog straining his chin in his anxiety to reach the Indian, until it was as straight and solid as a bar of iron. Suddenly the Indian seized the bull dog's under-lip between his teeth, and in an instant whirled himself with the dog over on his back. So unexpected was the attack, and so perfectly helpless was the dog, with his feet in the air, and his jaw imprisoned, that he recovered his astonishment only to give forth yells of pain; whereupon the Indian shook him a moment as a cat does a mouse, and then let go his hold. The dog, once so savage, putting his tail between his legs, retreated from his enemy, and screamed with terror to get beyond the reach of the chain.

"Hope on, hope ever."

From Sketches of Western Adventures.

THE TWO JOHNSONS

Early in the fall of '93, two boys, by the name of Johnson, the one twelve and the other nine years of age, were playing on the banks of Short creek, near the mouth of the Muskingum, and occasionally skipping stones into the water. At a distance they saw two men, dressed like ordinary settlers, in hats and coats, who gradually approached them, and from time to time threw stones into the water in imitation of the children.

At length when within one hundred yards of the boys, they suddenly threw off their masks, and rushing rapidly upon them, took them prisoners. They proved to be Indians of the Delaware tribe. Taking the children in their arms, they ran hastily into the woods, and after a rapid march of about six miles, they encamped for the night. Having kindled a fire, and laying their rifles and tomahawks against a tree, they lay down to rest, each with a boy in his arms. The children, as may be supposed, were too much agitated to sleep. The eldest at length began to move his limbs cautiously, and finding that the Indian who held him remained fast asleep, he gradually disengaged himself from his arms, and walked to the fire, which had burned low; he remained several minutes in suspense of what was to be done. Having stirred the fire, and ascertained the exact position of the enemy's arms, he whispered softly to his brother to imitate his example, and, if possible, extricate himself from his keeper. The little boy did as his brother directed, and both stood irresolute around the fire. At length the eldest, who was of a very resolute disposition, proposed they should kill the sleeping Indians and return home. The eldest pointed at one of the guns, and assured his brother if he would only pull the trigger of that gun, after he had placed it at rest, he would answer for the other Indian. The plan was agreed upon.—The rifle was leveled, with the muzzle resting on a log which lay near, and having stationed his brother at the breech, with positive orders not to touch the trigger until he gave the word, he seized the tomahawk and advanced cautiously to the sleeper.—Such was the agitation of the younger, however, that he touched the trigger too soon, and the report of his gun awakened the other Indian before his brother was quite prepared. He struck the blow, however, with firmness, although, in the hurry of the act, it was done with the blunt part of the hatchet, and only stunned his antagonist. Quickly repeating the blow, however, with the edge, he inflicted a deep wound upon the Indian's head, and, by often repeated strokes, left him lifeless upon the spot.

The other, frightened at the explosion of his own gun, had already taken to his scrapers, and with much difficulty was overtaken by his brother. Having regained the road by which they had advanced, the elder fixed his hat upon a bush to mark the spot, and by daylight they regained their homes. They found their mother in an agony of grief for their loss, and ignorant whether they had been drowned or taken by the Indians. Their tale was heard with astonishment, not unmingled with incredulity, and a few of the neighbors insisted upon accompanying them to the spot where so extraordinary a reconter had occurred. The place was soon found, and the truth of the boys' story placed beyond doubt.

The tomahawked Indian lay in his blood where he fell, but the one who had been shot was not to be found. A broad trail of blood, however, enabled them to trail his footsteps, and he was at length overtaken. His under jaw had been entirely shot away, and his hands and breast were covered with clotted blood; though very much exhausted, he still kept his pursuers at bay, and faced them from time to time with an air of determined resolution.—Either his gory appearance, or the apprehension that more were in the neighborhood, had such an effect upon his pursuers, that notwithstanding their numbers, yet he was permitted to escape. Whether he survived or perished in the wilderness could not be ascertained, but from the severity of the wound, the latter supposition is most probable.

It is stated that 300 Moravian Christians in the Crimea have been put to death because they refused to bear arms in the Russian army.

A CHANCERY PRISONER.

The turnkey led the way in silence, and gently raising the latch of the room door, motioned Mr. Pickwick to enter. It was a large, bare, desolate room, with a number of stumpy bedsteads made of iron, on one of which lay stretched the shadow of a man, wan, pale, and ghastly. His breathing was hard and thick, and he moaned painfully as it came and went.—At the bedside sat a short old man in a cobbler's apron, who by the aid of a pair of horn spectacles, was reading from the bible aloud. It was the fortunate legatee. The sick man laid his hand upon his attendant's arm, and motioned him to stop. He closed the book and laid it on the bed. "Open the window," said the sick man.—He did so. The noise of carriages and carts, the rattle of wheels, the cries of men and boys; all the busy sounds of a mighty multitude instinct with life and occupation, blended into one deep murmur, floated into the room. Above the hoarse loud hum arose from time to time a boisterous laugh; or a scrap of some gingham song, shouted forth by one of the giddy crowd, would strike upon the ear for an instant, and then be lost amidst the roar of voices and the tramp of footsteps; the breaking of the billows of the restless sea of life that rolled heavily on without.—These are melancholy sounds to a quiet listener at any time, but how melancholy to the watcher by the bed of death!—"There is no air here," said the sick man faintly. "The place pollutes it; it was fresh round about when I walked there years ago; but it grows hot and heavy in passing these walls. I can not breathe it."—"We have breathed it together a long time," said the old man, "come, come." There was a short silence, during which the two spectators approached the bed.—The sick man drew a hand of his old fellow prisoner towards him, and pressing it affectionately between both his own, retained it in his grasp. "I hope," he gasped after a while, so faintly that they bent their ears close over the bed to catch the half formed sounds his cold blue lips gave vent to, "I hope my merciful Judge will bear in mind my heavy punishment on earth. Twenty years, my friend, twenty years in this hideous grave.—My heart broke when my child died, and I could not even kiss him in his little coffin. My loneliness since then, and all this noise and riot, has been very dreadful. May God forgive me!—He has seen my solitary, lingering death." He folded his hands and murmuring something more that they could not hear, fell into a sleep; only a sleep at first, for they saw him smile. They whispered together for a little time, and the turnkey stooping over pillow drew hastily back. "He has got his discharge," said the man. He had. But he had grown so like death in life, that they knew not when he died.—*Pickwick papers.*

ALEXANDER 11.

The London correspondent of the New York Sunday Times, in alluding to Alexander 11, adds the following statement:—

The habits of Alexander are not consistent with a warlike nature. He is remarkable for two things—an inveterate habit of smoking throughout the day, and a passionate fondness for card playing at night. He is one of the most indolent of men. It is almost impossible to rouse him to action, or to evoke from him any manifestation of energy, whether mental or physical. He is dull, depressed, and inanimate. In person he is tall and attenuated, with a demure expression of countenance, and a sickly looking complexion. He has the appearance of one who is half starved, and yet it is well known in St. Petersburg that there is not a greater glutton in Europe. I am assured he does not think that he has had anything like an adequate meal if he does not eat what would be tantamount to about three pounds of butcher's meat.—In fact, his life is spent in eating, smoking and card playing.

"The mare is said to be the better horse" in his case. His consort, Maria Alexandrovna, daughter of the deceased Grand Duke Lewis 11, of Hesse Darmstadt, is a woman of sense and character, of amiable qualities, and possesses much influence over him.

Cool.—Greenfield vote: at a late town meeting to have the school report printed, provided it could be done without expense.

A REVOLUTIONARY HERO.

The 4th of July, 1835, was celebrated in the usual manner, with civil and military rejoicings, in one of the most considerable towns in eastern Pennsylvania. In the evening of the day a public festival was held within a beautiful grove at the suburbs of the town. The committee of arrangements, by request of the orator, appointed for the occasion, Mr. —, collected all the revolutionary veterans they could find within the compass of several miles, and arranged them with fine effect on either side of the chair of the president. Everything went off charmingly—the dinner was excellent—the wine was delicious—the music was soul-cheering—and the toasts patriotic. After the Declaration of Independence was read, Mr. — rose and addressed the meeting in a strain of eloquence which called forth heart-felt and rapturous bursts of applause. He dwelt pathetically on the hardships and privations of that little band of heroes who fought beside our beloved Washington, through that memorable struggle which ended in the glorious achievement of our liberties. In the midst of his discourse, he turned round to the old veterans, whose moistened eyes showed how the cord that awoke in their recollections was touched, he suddenly questioned a silver-headed septuagenarian:—"What battle have you fought in, my old friend—won't you tell us?"

"I crossed the Brandywine with Washington;—fought at Yorktown, and saw the surrender of Lord Cornwallis."

"And you?" continued the orator. "I was at Saratoga; and I tell you it done our hearts good to see the red coats march by us with furled banners and reversed arms—fine looking fellows they were too."

"And you?" "I was with General Greene through all his southern campaign, and I fought with him in every battle."

"And you, where were your laurels won?" "On the sea," answered the old weather-beaten tar. "I was with Barry when he taught the proud Britons that we were invincible on the ocean as on the land."

The cheering was tremendous. The orator went on. "And you, tell us where your honored garlands were earned? speak, old father, upon what field of blood did you behold victory perched upon our flag?"

"V, Joe, I vash at Trenton." "Under Washington, gallant soldier, under Washington?"

"Oh, yo, I vash onder Washington, also ven ve soorendered." "Surrendered! what do you mean my old hero? surrendered?"

"V, ya, myuheel! to be sure ve soorendered onder Shendler Washington; I vas one ob de Hessians!"

Imagine, reader, the surprise of the audience, the momentary suspense, and the deafening roar of laughter, and plaudits that followed.

OPIMUM INTOXICATION.

The confessions of Coleridge furnish us occasion for bringing out what has long lain in our convictions in regard to the retailing of opiates. There can be found in every community, persons, mostly females, who have taken to the habitual use of morphia, laudanum or opium. Some have resorted to these narcotics as a substitute for the intoxicating cup. Others have formed the taste while taking them to combat disease. When a craving for these drugs is once established, it becomes as imperious and engrossing as the appetite for a strong drink. The wretched woman who becomes its victim goes to it under the same plea that the drunkard does to his bottle. She must take it to work on, to sleep on, to keep awake with, to deaden pain, to quiet excitement, to screw her up for company, to make her herself. She can't live without it.

As it is not a social but a solitary vice, the habit may be concealed for a long time from the public; but as it gains strength it gets the mastery of self-respect and decency, and the sallow-visaged, absent-minded, maudlin, loathsome object, publishes her own shame. She grows indolent, shiftless and drowsy. She is a living mortification to her friends, and becomes remiss in almost every duty to her husband and children. She lives for opium and not for them; and to obtain that she will better eggs, yarn, butter, rags, any-

thing of domestic merchandise, and if these fail, will squander, if permitted, a large share of the earnings of her disheartened husband. Every country storekeeper and every village and city druggist knows customers to whom this description will apply. They are as truly dissipated as the drunkard, and the man who, knowing their habits, will supply them with opium, is as really doing wrong to them and their families as if he sold them rum. Public attention has not been called to this evil. The legislature has passed no enactment against it, and good men have thought very little about it, but we put it to the conscience of the merchant and the apothecary, that they are morally bound to refuse to furnish such woman the narcotic stimulants which are destroying them, and bringing misery upon their kindred.

We perceive, from articles in the English newspaper and reviews, that the practice of taking opium, in all its forms, especially that of laudanum, is alarmingly on the increase. The victims to this drug in that country are mostly females.—*[Norwich Herald.]*

[The following, from a Greenfield friend, will probably be of no interest to any but our Franklin county readers. It is intended for the next edition of the—Ed.]

GREENFIELD, June 9, 1855.

FRIEND PRATT.—The Log Plain Telegraph says that during the late whig administration, the whig party of Greenfield tried to get Mr. Carpenter removed from the post-office, and have a whig appointed in his place. Mr. Davis, who was in congress, of course had the entire control of the matter, and had no difficulty in satisfying those of his party behind the curtain that the whigs make more by keeping Carpenter in the post-office than by having any whig in his place; but the honest men of the party could not see things in this light; accordingly, Mr. Davis made a pledge to have Carpenter removed, if a majority of the whig party in town should so require.

One day, Capt. Dewey presented Mr. Dewey with a petition for the appointment of Dr. Seymour in the place of Carpenter, signed by 180 whig voters of Greenfield. On looking at the names, Mr. Davis was blank enough, and got off by saying he "meant a majority of the property doing business at the post-office." Capt. Dewey slid down the stairs without saying a word;—and last fall, Mr. Davis, while imploring the Captain to withdraw his name for representative—as Judge Parker had a majority at the whig caucuses—he was gently reminded of the post-office affair by the independent captain. The above piece of history accounts for the manner in which Mr. Davis was treated by his quondam friends when running for the constitutional convention; also for the failure which W. T. Davis made running for the senate last year, and still later, his entire break-down on the know-nothing platform. It also explains Judge Parker's defeat last fall, and the reason why Davis and Allen were blackballed in a council composed of a majority of whigs, and obliged to get up a bogus council.

Davis has used Carpenter to his heart's content, and made the Greenfield post-office as perfectly whig as anything can be. Indeed, it has been the very focus and hot-bed of whiggery—even under a democratic administration. But in doing this, he has very much impaired his own character for political honesty, and killed himself for years to come, if not forever, as well as Parker and Allen, to say nothing of others who were engaged in that unprincipled post-office intrigue. They have got Carpenter, soul and body; but he is worse to them than arsenic. Those 180 whigs will remember Mr. Davis and his friends for some time.

Moral. "Honesty is the best policy," even in politics. **BRON.**
Greenfield, June, 1855.

Leavenworth, Kansas, eight months ago was a place of wild and unimproved land; now, among the buildings and bustle of Leavenworth, can be enumerated one steam saw mill, two brick yards, one large three story hotel, four boarding houses, five dry goods houses, five groceries, two forwarding and commission houses, five saloons, two boot and shoe stores, two saddlery shops, one tin shop, two blacksmith's shops, and a population of eight hundred inhabitants.

From our New York Correspondent.
New York, June 12th, 1855.

Although "charity for God's sake," in other words, alms asking, has not among us, as in the older trans-Atlantic cities, reached the perfection of a science, it has, nevertheless, advanced to a point which renders it difficult to distinguish worthy from undeserving objects of it. The true and pretended are so blended, that the experienced donor fumbles his pockets for an almsy shilling with a perplexing uncertainty as to whether it will go to relieve a real or fictitious woe. An apparent cripple limps painfully into your office and whiningly implores a trifle to aid in the purchase of a cork leg, which shall enable him to resume his former industrious habits, when you can not tell but the minus limb is snugly tucked up in his ample breeches, shortened at the knee; and that should you follow him to his accustomed nocturnal haunt in a cellar in Cherry street, he would be tripping on two stilted legs to the sound of a cracked fiddle, and "boozing" with his "pal" on poisoned whiskey bought with your benefaction; an emaciated female leads into your presence a longer train of offspring than pertained to John Rogers of blessed memory, you wonder by what dreadful visitation such manifold deformities could have come upon one family—two of the children resemble each other. There does not seem to be a proper observance of time in the order of their birth. They are all deformed—some carries a miniature of Bunker Hill upon his shoulders, the sternum of another projects from his shirt front, curiously curved and piteously purple; a third strided in life without eyes, and so is led by a fourth with eyes, but a cancerous nose. A fifth has a withered hand, and the sixth is dropsical. But without looking farther, let us steel our yielding hearts, and learn that the patients of this peripatetic hospital have been hired at so much per head by the dame in charge, and that to-night each will return with the earnings of the day to the parents, who make a stock in trade of their children's deformities.—Cases have come to light where mothers have maimed their children to fit them for begging. I know of one in which a fiend in female form, bound a living spider for several hours each day upon one of the eyes of her little daughters, that his inflamed appearance, as she sat by Trinity Church, might more the pity of passers by. "A friend of mine, only last Sunday, had an experience which I think worth recording. He had gone to Hoboken to "snuff the invigorating breezes," where he fell in with a mutilated remnant of humanity, about whom a crowd was gathered. His compassion was excited—he drew near and heard from his own mouth—his lips were how—some years before, he went up to Catskill to be married, while there, his brother's horse took fire, and he rushed in through flame and falling timbers to secure a life dearer to him than his own, and came forth with his hands burned to mere stumps, and his face likewise consumed.—"I would not see any one burn," said he pathetically; my heart—laying one of his stumps upon that organ, "would not allow me." I brought my brother out, and he died in my arms, and loved me all the same, but I would not tie her brilliant prospects to such a cripple. I gave her up—she married another—may she be happy. My friend was touched. He knew most forms of city distress, and was expert at unmasking shams, but these real scars, this self-sacrifice, tinged with romance, appealed too powerfully to be resisted. Nor was he alone affected; a sympathizer of the job hatter sort, in a peck marked face, seedy white hat, and yellow trousers, seemed particularly wrung, and appealed to my friend to relieve such crying misfortune. "I will," exclaimed the yellow-tressed job, "give as much as much as you will, sir, to relieve the man's wants, although you seem much richer than I. The pride of my friend was touched, that noble pride of generous emulation, which prompts to face the cannon, and give munificently to public charities. Burning with this holy flame, he pressed upon the scorched hand of the mendicant a dollar bill, which found its way with a mysterious agility into his deepest pocket. But when my friend, with a face that glowed with an honest consciousness of having done a good action, challenged the yellow-tressed job to duplicate his gift, that gentleman's face took on a mirthful cast, and laying the thumb of his dexter hand against his nose, he facetiously inquired if my friend had recently "come down," and whether he should return without seeing Barnum, and offering to sell him a second hand ticket of admission to the Park, after which he walked coolly away. My friend choked down his just indignation at such duplicity, and strode away for the homeward ferry, not however, before he had the satisfaction of seeing his stubby hero, and yellow-tressed job, busy in dividing the haul. His satisfaction was further heightened by hearing a couple and widowed-urchin remark to his companion while they crossed the river, "say, Bill, that's the mister what old Stubbs got on a line." My friend has taken a solemn oath never again to "yearn" to any form of wretchedness whatsoever.

Once again is the world indebted to the persevering investigations and practical scientific observations of our American experimenter for one of the most valuable discoveries of this most prolific age. The millions of slag and clinker which yearly accumulate at our iron mines from the smelting furnaces—an unsightly and worse than useless incumbrance—is no longer to be carted away as rubbish, and dumped into gaping chasms and bottomless pools. It is now transformed, by a simple process, into the most beautiful building stone, made to imitate, according to fancy, any of the rarer and most durable rocks—cast into molds of most any size or shape, capable of receiving the highest polish, scarcely affected by weather or time, substan-

tial, ornamental and cheap. We can hardly appreciate a first glance the full value of this important discovery. Nearly all the other extraneous products of manufacture, which for years have been held as worthless, we knew were now tuned to some account in the economy of the age, but that the miserable, brittle, uncounted slag, which drops from the iron ore, should be taken in to the decoration of the magnificent palaces of upper-tendom, we never suspected. But so it is, the stone-cutter's chisel will soon be relieved of much of its labor. Already has a company with heavy capital been formed for the purpose of offering to the world the benefits of the invention.

A Business Sketch of a Business Man.
We copy the following sketch of the life of a very extraordinary man, from an editorial in N. Y. Sun:—

"As an illustration of business tact and talent, we may point to the career of Professor HOLLOWAY, the proprietor of the most popular medicines of the age. The rise and progress of this extraordinary man have had no parallel during the present century. He has visited nearly every Court in Europe, and obtained permission for the sale of his preparations from most of the crowned heads of the Old World. The queens of Spain and Portugal, the kings of Naples and Sardinia, granted him audiences; and in St. Petersburg, which city he visited a short time before the commencement of the war, he was treated with marked consideration by the late Czar and the nobility.

"Traveling in an elegant private carriage, attended by a courier, his equipage attracted attention in the towns and villages through which he passed. The hotels where he lodged were besieged by persons of the first distinction, and the best society on the continent courted his acquaintance. "The subject of these remarks is unquestionably an ambitious man, and his skill and enterprise have placed him far in advance of all his predecessors and contemporaries in the same profession. He stands alone; and the fact that he can maintain his high position, despite the interested assaults of envy and presumption, proves that the medicines have intrinsic value which the world understands and appreciates.

"The sums expended in advertising by Professor Holloway would be incredible if they were not authenticated by his books. His payments to the press range from \$150,000 to \$200,000 per annum. There is no printed language in which his advertisements do not appear. "The ramifications of his business extend from the focal point—his vast establishment in the Strand, London—over the whole face of the earth. "It is extraordinary man is now in this country—in this city. The Tribune, in a just tribute to his matchless enterprise, says, that having, like Alexander, subdued the *Old World*, he is now prepared to conquer the *New*. "Professor HOLLOWAY has not been tempted hitherto by a (false) gain—for his health is sufficient to satisfy the most exigent worshiper of mammon—but by a philanthropic desire to extend the benefit of his medicines among a people whose character he admires. Everybody is, of course, anxious to see the greatest advertiser in the world. In a very short period, the American reputation of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and HOLLOWAY'S Ointment will rival their European fame."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. Harrington's Lecture on the Intuitive Powers.
DOCT. H. will lecture at Chicopee Falls, on Monday evening, June 12th, at 8 o'clock, on the wonderful developments which he has made of the almost infinite powers of the human mind. The lecture will be given in Market Hall. Seats free. A collection will be taken to defray expenses. Doctor H. treats diseases with the most wonderful success. He may be consulted at the City Hotel in Springfield.

If you are going to Howe's Gallery for your Daguerotypes, go early. A word to the wise is sufficient.

DAGUERROTYPES FOR 50 CTS.
At the rooms formerly occupied by Mr. Swift, Cabot Hall Block. All kinds of casts, frames, &c., constantly on hand. Call and examine for yourselves. C. H. HOWE, operator.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY
A young man to learn the Daguerrotype business. For further particulars, inquire of C. H. HOWE, Daguerrian artist, Chicopee.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS— Astonishing Remedies for Scrofula. Mr. Henry Judd, of Detroit, Michigan, was in a most alarming state of health, he had been a great sufferer from scrofula for a number of years, and finally all parts of his body broke out into sores, rendering him an object of horror to every one, he tried some of the most reputed remedies known, but they did not touch his complaint, and in the greatest alarm he consulted a friend as to what course he ought to adopt, when Holloway's Ointment and Pills were recommended, which he commenced using, and by persevering with these remedies for a short time, he was perfectly cured, after every other remedy had failed.

WOLF'S SCHIEDMAN'S AROMATIC SCHNAPPS.
This medicinal diet drink is manufactured by the proprietor at Schiedam, in Holland, expressly for medicinal purposes. It has been submitted to nearly all the first Chemists and Physicians in the United States, who endorse it over their own signatures as one of the great essentials of the *Materia Medica*. It is now prescribed with great success in Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism, obstructions of Bladder and Kidneys, and for Dyspepsia it has no superior in the world.

Put up in quart and pint bottles, enveloped in yellow paper, with my name on the bottle, cork and label, and for sale by all the respectable Druggists in the United States.

UDOLPHO WOLFE,
18, 20, and 22 Beaver st., New York.
25 South Front st., Philadelphia

Use the old "Village Doctor's Infallible" Catarrh Remedy, Dr. LEEBON'S COLUMBIAN PILLS; their use does not help, but cures diseases such as Headache, Liver Complaint, Constipation, &c. They do not sick or grip. Try the Columbian Pills. See advertisement.

SUDDEN DEATH.—David Bowker of Longmeadow, a man some 72 years of age, was found dead in his own house, on Saturday evening, by a little girl who had the curiosity to open the door of his dwelling. He is supposed to have died of dropsy, as his body, when found, presented a frightful appearance, was swollen to nearly double its usual size, and was quite black and decomposed. He had no family and was living alone. The selectmen and a few neighbors buried the body.—*Springfield Republican*.

"ALL FOR LOVE."—A young physician, named Stone, from Vermont, who had been practising homeopathy in Medford, Mass., for some time past, was found dead in his office on Sunday afternoon week, having stabbed himself to the heart with a lancet. A letter was found on the table, explaining the cause of the rash act. It was the old story—disappointed love.

MARRIED.
In Springfield, 14th, by Rev. R. H. Seelye, Le Grand C. Sheldon, to Mary A. Hitchcock, of West Springfield.

DIED.
In Montreal, C. E., June 12, 1855, Mrs. Susan Willard Lyman, widow of Theodore Lyman, formerly of Northampton, aged 69 years.

New Advertisements.

Cabinet Furniture.
THE subscribers take this method of informing the inhabitants of Chicopee and people generally, that they have

FURNITURE ROOM
On School street, opposite the school house, and having on hand a good assortment of C. O. M. O. S. FURNITURE, which will sell as cheap for cash as can be bought in the country, and will also make to order any article in our line called for. The cost of our work is made by ourselves, which we can recommend.

Repairing done at short notice. Also, **READY MADE COFFINS** kept constantly on hand, or made to order at short notice, of Mahogany, Black Walnut, Italian Black Walnut or White wood, and to all such are under the necessity of price ring an article of this kind, we would say that we will sell at prices that can not fail to give satisfaction.

Hearse furnished if required.
MERRICK G. MARSH,
CHAS. ROBERTS,
Jan 16-31

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

HAMPDEN:
To all the Constables in the Town of Chicopee, in said County, Greeting:
In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby directed to notify the inhabitants of said Town, that they are to assemble in the Court House, in said Town, on Monday, the twenty-fifth day of June next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the transaction of the following business, viz:—

Article 1. To choose a Moderator to preside in said meeting.
Article 2. To bring in their votes, affirmatively or negatively, upon the acceptance of a Bill passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts, in General Court assembled, and approved by the Governor on the twenty-first day of May last, entitled—An Act to establish a Police Court in the Town of Chicopee."

Article 3. To see if the Town will accept the doings of the selectmen of said Town, in relation to the holding of a meeting, and publishing the same in the "Chicopee Weekly Journal," a newspaper published in said Town.

Heretofore, but of this warrant, with your doings thereon, make due return to the Clerk of said Town at the time and place for holding said meeting. Given under our hand, this thirteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five.

JOHN E. MARSH, Selectmen
CALLED S. CHAPIN, }
WM. H. WEST, }
Attest, } DEPUTY SWIFT,
Constable of Chicopee.

SEYMOUR & CO.'S
UNIQUE and interesting entertainment of the manners and customs of the uncivilized

INDIANS,
Of the far west, given under a large waterproof pavilion, accommodating 3000 persons.

The most interesting and most eloquent Indian orator living, Grand Sachem of the Six Nations, and the young Chief O-KATE LOU-SA, from the Gallapoga tribe, with their large and powerful retinue, will give a true exhibition of the manners and customs of the untutored red men of the forest of CHICPEE, FRIDAY AFTERNOON and EVENING, June 22d.

At each entertainment, BEN JACKY, the most eloquent and interesting of our present, will give a brief description of his country, the condition of his nation at the present time, showing the great immoral influence exerted among his people by the large class of traders now residing in their midst. Also, their religious duties, &c. The following interesting dances, Ceremonies, Games, &c., will be represented by his large troupe of Indians, as conducted by the people at the present day. Their solemn and impressive burial ceremonies, chanting to the spirit of a departed chief-tain, &c. Indian Council, council of peace, smoking the war pipe, &c. The Indian merry making, or the first day of Kadamoo. Indian courtship, marriage ceremony, marriage songs, &c. Indian rain maker calling upon the Great Spirit for rain. The Indian Prophet, or medicine man, who paces great confidence in the efficacy of his medicine bag, casting out diseases from a sick Indian by enchantment. From the many Indian Dances, the following will be represented by the Chiefs and attendants—Mattaway, or sacred dance, Harvest Dance, discovery or spy dance, Buffalo dance imitating the Buffalo, courting dance, snake dance, green corn dance, war dance, death dance, bear dance, dance of a hunter in a canoe, &c. The whole will be accompanied with the best pieces of wild Indian music, songs, &c. Each ceremony as presented will be explained by the Chief BEN JACKY, to the understanding of all present.

From the large collection of curiosities, the Chief will exhibit and explain the use of the following articles of dress, warfare, &c., brought from this uncivilized tribes of the west, expressly for the great exhibition; war knives made of Shark's teeth, war clubs of every description made with nothing but the flint and shell, showing the great ingenuity of the Red Man; blankets manufactured from bark of treecreosote lattle axes, war spears, wampum belts, war pipes shaped from solid stone, calumnet of peace, tomahawks, scalping knives, &c., together with the largest variety of Red, Moss, Hair, and Porcupine quill work ever exhibited.

At the close of the evening's exhibition, will be presented the revolutionary scene of the murder of Miss JANE MURKIN.

Mr. MURKIN, accompanied by their attendants, will make a grand entrance into town mounted on their Indian ponies, dressed in full Indian costume, painted and decorated with the most brilliant colors. They will be accompanied by Tom Canham's celebrated Brass Band, which for harmony and execution of music has no equal among the traveling bands of the day. The whole combination forms the greatest attraction ever presented to the American people.

Admission 25 cents, children under 10 years of age, half price. Doors open at 4 and 7 P. M., exhibition commences at 2 and 7 P. M.

William Pearce, Plumber,
Nos. 12 & 26 City Exchange, Devonshire St., Boston, & Market Street, New-England, Mass.
FORCE PUMPS, Water Closets, Bathing Apparatus, Plumbing Work and Water Fixtures of every description, executed in the best manner in every part of the Union with dispatch.

BOSTON TYPE FOUNDRY,
The oldest in New England.
JOHN K. ROGERS & CO.,
SPRING LANE, BOSTON.

RE-REVISED AND ENLARGED
ENOCH TRAIN & CO.,
Respectfully give notice, that to ensure a central and convenient location for the transaction of their Liverpool Packet and Exchange business, they have leased the room formerly occupied by the Globe Bank, No. 20 State street, Boston, for their general business.

The new Office will be opened May 1st, and the entrance to the Passenger and Exchange Office is at the corner of State street and Wilson's Lane.

ANNA CLAYTON,
OR, THE MOTHERS' TRIAL.
A TALE OF REAL LIFE.
12mo; nearly 400 pp. Price \$1. The above is a tale of real life, founded on New England incidents of peculiar interest, but involving characters and scenes abroad as well as at home. For thrilling and extraordinary narrative, touching delineations of love and fidelity, touching delineations of love and fidelity, this story has rarely been equalled.—It will be published on the first day of May, by
GEO. P. REED & CO., 73 Washington St.—BOSTON
Dealers in Books & Stationery of every variety.

Wholesale Clothing House.
BURBANK & CO.
The subscriber under the firm of BURBANK & CO., who has the past year been with the firm of BURBANK & ROSE, 95 PEARL ST., and has now purchased their entire stock of READY MADE CLOTHING, At an enormous discount, and removed said stock to Chicopee.

No. 64 Federal Street.
Where I shall offer it for sale at 25 per cent. below its original cost. A rare opportunity is offered to purchasers of Clothing.

I shall carry on the Wholesale Clothing and Furnishing business in all its various branches.—Having had fifteen years experience in the Ready Made Clothing business, I think I can keep pace with the times and suit the most fastidious mind. Particular attention will be paid to Boys' Clothing. You are respectfully invited to call and examine this stock when in the market.

GEORGE BURBANK.
WEBSTER
Fire Insurance Company,
NEW YORK CITY.
Capital, \$150,000.

WHICH is all paid in, and invested as follows: Bonds and Mortgages upon improved City Property, \$61,811.00
Cash deposited in New York City Banks, \$8,189.00
\$70,000.00
This Company are now prepared to issue the Policies on the Stock plan, upon all kinds of Real Estate, Fire Property, and Merchandise, at the lowest equitable rates.

JAMES H. PRINCE & CO., AGENTS,
No. 3 Kilby street, Boston.

ARTISTS MATERIALS.
COMPLETE supplies of materials for Oil Painting and Crayon and Gouache Painting. Winsor & Newton's superior Oil Colors in Tubes—sold wholesale and retail by M. J. WHIPPLE, 53 Cornhill, Boston.

REMOVAL.
The undersigned begs leave to inform you that he has removed from No. 7 DUNK STREET, to the commodious Warehouse, No. 19 Exchange Street, where with improved facilities for supplying the trade and consumers on the most favorable terms, he will continue the sale agency of PERKINS'S SUPERIOR WRITING AND CLERK ROLES, in all varieties, as manufactured at the New England Card Factory, Roxbury, Mass.

OLIVER HOLMAN, No. 19 Exchange St.

WILLIAM W. ALLEY,
Wholesale Dealer in
Cane and Wood Seat Chairs, and Fire Furniture.
42 Friend Street, adjoining Gerrish Market, Boston.
Box Chairs for Shipping.

WILLIAM E. RAMSDALE,
Manufacturer of the AMERICAN PATENT CURTAIN FIXTURE, No. 92 UTRIA STREET, BOSTON.
Balance Fixtures constantly on hand.

GET THE BEST!
100 TONS FRENCH ZINC PAINT, of the Vicini Montagne Company's Manufacture, for sale by SIMSON & VALENTINE, 55 Broad St., Boston.

The Chicopee Boot & Shoe Company
HAS been organized at Chicopee, in the County of Hampden, under the statute of 1851, chapter 134, as a corporation for the manufacture and sale of Boots and Shoes, with the above name.

The amount of Capital Stock is fixed at eight thousand dollars, in fifty shares, of the par value of One Hundred Dollars each.

No part of said capital stock has yet been paid in the first assessment of ten per cent being payable on the first day of June next.

The following is a list of the names and residence of the stockholders, and the number of shares owned by each:

Name	Residence	No. Shares
Charles McClellan	Chicopee	Ten
John Wells	"	Five
John Chase	"	Five
Wm. E. Ames	"	Five
Isaac Bullens	"	Five
J. A. Dennison & Co.	"	Five
Harvey H. Wood	"	Three
Nathaniel Cutler	"	Three
George H. Chapman	"	Three
Charles L. Pepper	"	Three
Wm. E. Ames	"	Two
George W. Fitz	"	Two
James Lyman	"	One
Wm. E. Ames	"	One
John B. Wood	"	One
B. Leavitt & Co.	"	One
Wm. E. Ames	"	One
William F. Barnes	"	One
Emerson Gaylard	"	One
J. Kimball	"	One
Charles Sherman	"	One
Allen Johnson	"	One
N. B. Menden	"	One
Harvey H. Wood	"	One
S. E. Cleaves	"	One
Almer B. Aubrey	"	One
Wm. E. Ames	"	One
Samuel Converse	"	One
James D. Andrews	"	One
L. P. Hall	"	One
John D. Ely	"	One
Cotton Ely	"	Three
James Ely	"	Two
Homer L. Warriner	Springfield,	One

Total Shares, eighty
Divided the lands of the President, Treasurer and Directors of said company, this 28th day of May, 1855.

JAMES LYMAN, Treasurer,
JOHN WELLS, President.
W. S. WOOD,
GEO. H. CHAPMAN,
THOS. A. DENISON, } Directors.

HAMPDEN, SS. May 28th, 1855.
Subscribed and sworn to by the said James Lyman, John Wells, Nathaniel Cutler, Thos. A. Denison, George H. Chapman, and W. S. Wood.
Before me, Geo. M. STEARNS, Justice of the Peace.
June 3-51

PRICES OF
PRINCE & CO.'S UNRIVALLED MELODEONS
For Octave, Best Case, \$45; Six " 60; Ten " 75; Fifteen " 90; Twenty " 110; Thirty " 130; Forty " 150; Fifty " 170; Sixty " 190; Seventy " 210; Eighty " 230; Ninety " 250; One Hundred " 270; One Hundred and Fifty " 350; Two Hundred " 450; Three Hundred " 550; Four Hundred " 650; Five Hundred " 750; Six Hundred " 850; Seven Hundred " 950; Eight Hundred " 1050; Nine Hundred " 1150; One Thousand " 1250.

NOTICE.
THE subscriber having been regularly licensed by the town of Chicopee, as an Auctioneer, is ready to give prompt attention to the sale of every description of property at any time or place.

MERRICK M. MARSH,
Chicopee, June 9-51

HENRY L. FAGGETT,
Wholesale Dealer in
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
Metallic Rubbers, Lastings, Gallions, French Skins, Patent Leather, and Shoe Trimmings of the latest prices for cash. Nos. 102 & 104 Congress st., Boston.
(South of Milk street.)

Important Notice.
DR. SPEAR'S WOMAN'S FRIEND is unquestionably the only remedy ever discovered for that distressing complaint, Falling of the Womb, obviating all necessity of resorting to instruments. It is sent in packages and can be sent to any part of the world. Thousands are suffering with pressing down pains, pain in the groin and across the hips and small of the back—also very low down in the back, with heat and scalding of the water, with some affection of the liver, great weakness and prostration of strength, nervous debility, &c. Much exercise, walking, standing, riding, or lifting, greatly increase the above symptoms. In advanced stages of the disease the sufferer is thus deprived of all exercise and is obliged to be confined to the house, and frequently to her bed. These are the symptoms of the complaint, all of which can be radically cured by the use of this extraordinary medicine.

For sale only by Dr. E. D. SPEAR, No. 15 Kneeland street, Boston. Persons at a distance wishing to obtain the above medicine, can enclose \$3 by mail, with full directions how they will receive it; immediate attention will be given to it.

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BURBANK & CO.
The subscriber under the firm of BURBANK & CO., who has the past year been with the firm of BURBANK & ROSE, 95 PEARL ST., and has now purchased their entire stock of READY MADE CLOTHING, At an enormous discount, and removed said stock to Chicopee.

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