

The Weekly Journal.

Volume 3.

CHICOPEE, MASS., SATURDAY NOVEMBER 10, 1855.

Number 24.

POETRY.

To a Dear Friend, passing to the Spirit Land.

Always around thy pillow,
Made soft by watchful love,
Angels fair, are hovering,
Sent from their home above.
Sent to sustain thy spirit,
To soothe thee, and to bless;
Sent by thy Father's mercy,
Proof of His tenderness.
One we call holy Patience,
With brow so calm and pure,
Thy sorrows and thy weakness
She helps thee to endure.
Then, too, 'is Faith, the star-eyed;
Close by thee doth she stand,
Pointing to thy blissful shore,
With kindly beckoning hand.
And Pity bends above thee,
Thy every sigh she hears,
And bathes thy brow when fevered
With her own gushing tears.
And Love and Hope are singing
A sweet, but mournful strain,
To lull thee into slumber,
And charm away thy pain.
And is there not another,
The kindest and most dear,
Thou can't not yet behold her,
But feel that she is near.
It is a mystic presence,
Yet not of fear or dread;
And thro' the lone night watches,
Thou listened for her tread.
The step that never enters
A household, and departs,
But a dark cloud of sorrow
Falls upon kindred hearts.
Yet, 'tis in human frailty,
We shrink from this fair guest;
Which of God's gifts to mortals,
Love Jesus, is the best.
It is the pale death-angel,
That name she whispers now,
And shed around the perfumes,
From roses on her brow.
Pure, sunny blossoms are they,
Culled in the Eden-land;
And twined into a garland
By the angelic hand.
God grant that when the murrain
Of Time's cold stream grows dull,
Aid round thy spirit gather,
Dreams of the beautiful.
And when Death's loving angel
Her wings round thee hath twined,
Thou setlest hand in yonder
To cheer those left behind.
KATE CAMERON.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

It is by the promulgation of sound morals in the community, and more especially by the training and instruction of the young, that woman performs her part toward the preservation of a free government. It is generally admitted that public liberty, the perpetuity of a free constitution, rests on the virtue and intelligence of the community which enjoys it. How is that virtue to be inspired, and how is that intelligence to be communicated? Bonaparte once asked Madame de Stael in what manner he could most promote the happiness of France? Her reply is full of political wisdom: "She said, 'Instruct the mothers of the French people.'" Mothers are, indeed, the affectionate and effective teachers of the human race. The mother begins her process of training with the infant in her arms. It is she who directs, so to speak, its first mental and spiritual pulsations. She conducts it along the impassible years of childhood and youth, and hopes to deliver it to the rough contests and tumultuous scenes of life, armed by those good principles her child has received from maternal care and love.

If we draw within the circle of our contemplation the mothers of a civilized nation, what do we see? We behold so many artificers working, not on frail and perishable matter, but immortal mind, mold and fashioning beings who are to exist forever. We applaud the artist whose skill and genius present the mimic man upon the canvas; we admire and respect the sculptor who works out that same image in enduring marble; but how insignificant are these achievements, though the highest and the fairest in all the departments of art, in comparison with the great vocation of human mothers! They work, not upon canvas that shall fall, or the marble that shall crumble into dust, but upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last forever, and which is to bear, for good or evil, throughout duration, the impress of a mother's plastic hand.

I have already expressed the opinion, which all allow to be correct, that our security for the duration of the free institutions which bless our country, depends upon the habits of virtue, and the prevalence of knowledge and of education. Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the larger term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined; the passions are to be restrained; the true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education. Mothers who are faithful to this grand duty, will tell their children that neither in political nor in any other concerns of life can man ever withdraw himself from the perpetual obligations of conscience and of duty; that in every act, whether public or private, he incurs a just responsibility, and that in no condition is he warranted in trifling with important rights and obligations. They will impress upon their children the truth, that the exercise of the elective franchise is a social duty, of as solemn a nature as man can be called to perform; that a man may not innocently trifle with his vote; that every free elector is a trustee, as well for others as himself; and that every man and every measure he supports, has an important bearing on the interests of others as well as his own. It is in the inculcation of high and pure morals, such as these, that in a free republic, woman performs her sacred duty, and fulfills her destiny.

Napoleon's Revenge--The Humiliation of England.

The Corsican vendetta is nearly accomplished for the humiliation of England approached its consummation when queen Victoria stood reverentially before the tomb of her country's mortal enemy in the wondrous light which flickered along the walls of the Invalides. She stood there as the dependent of his nephew—a suppliant to the mercy of the Napoleonic race, which knows no mercy for its foe—a queen in name beside an emperor in fact. Did the spirit of Sir Hudson Lowe hover around the scene? Did the laugh of the "old guard," which, according to the German legend, attends the nightly reviews of *le petit corporal* on the dreary shore of St. Helena, ring scornfully through the somber walls? No; it was but fancy, but the vengeance of the Napoleons was a reality.

The visit of queen Victoria to Paris was little more than a conqueror's pageant, in which she acted the part of a distinguished captive, which could not be endured by her for a moment, if a single drop of Bonaparte's blood remained in the veins of modern royalty. She was received with magnificence which threw her efforts at display on the occasion of Napoleon's visit to London deeply into the shade, and, showed, as Sterne says, that "they do these things better in France;" but the cheers with which the emperor was greeted in London were not bestowed upon the queen in Paris, and she passed onward to St. Cloud, a spectacle to be gazed at, and not a guest to be honored.

Some years ago, this same Victoria refused to permit a distinguished English actress to appear at a private theatrical in Windsor palace, because her character was not without reproach, and yet she was compelled to accept the companionship, during her ten days' sojourn in Paris, of the emperor's cousin—the notorious Mathilde, who is the Ninon d'Enclos, the most brilliant and brazen courtesan of the present day. Mathilde is divorced from her husband on account of her innumerable infidelities, and is living in open adultery with a "fast" attack of the court. In the same carriage with her, the prudish Victoria rode to the grand opera, and beheld Albert—somewhat noted for his susceptibility, exposed to all her witchery and fascination, while beside her sat her superior and her master—"the madman of Boulogne," who was one of her special constables in '48! Who says that truth is not stranger than fiction? Who hints after this, that history is not a greater romance maker than Walter Scott or Alexander Dumas?

"I noticed," says a correspondent of the London Press, "that while the emperor conversed with the queen in the royal box at the opera, a sinister smile, half of triumph, and half of sarcasm, parted his lips occasionally, and flickered over his inscri-

table countenance." What did that smile mean? It was a faint revelation of the proud thoughts that were swelling within his heart. It said, St. Helena is avenged, the parvenue is the master of the hereditary sovereign. The triumph of France is almost complete. The houseless wanderer—the madman of former years—the prisoner of Ham—the dependent of Mrs. Howard—the special constable of London, is the ruler of France to-day, and France is the ruler of England. Craft has done the work of the sword—but the final retribution, the grand denouement of the drama has not yet arrived—not yet, oh destiny!—not yet. It advances, however, darkly and steadily "as the shadow of the guinea." Gaze on, poor gilded puppet, at the pantomime on the stage, and dream not of the tragedy which awaits your country and yourself. So said that smile. Such was the meaning of the faint revelation of the secrets of that hitherto inscrutable countenance.

Victoria has returned to England amid the congratulations of the London press. But what has she learned during the visit?—That France has a magnificent army on her own soil, while England has scarcely a single soldier; that the French people are aroused and invigorated by the eastern war, while the English are crushed and depressed; that the birthright of genius is more potent than the birthright of blood; that she is a mere pawn though wearing a royal crown, on the chess-board of European politics, in the hands of one of the most skillful and masterly players of his time. Such is the bitter lesson she must have learned, unless the imbecility of George III. be inherited with his crown.

THE END OF ALL MONEY.

The man who has in charge the commercial and financial department of the New York Independent, has some curious speculations in a recent number of that paper respecting the destiny of the surplus capital of the nations. His remarks are as follows:

It is now generally admitted that the financial resources of the Russian empire have been largely under-estimated. That the late czar had long been preparing for the present crisis, can scarcely be doubted. If such preparations have been making for many years, how happens it that such a vast army and navy are now equipped and sustained, in active service, without extraordinary calls on people for money, without hardly the mention of new loans and increased taxation? It is plain, therefore, that Russia is prepared for an unprecedented struggle, a mighty and long protracted conflict. Already have her allied enemies expended \$300,000,000 in this bloody warfare, and the cry is heard again for more money. France alone wants \$150,000,000. England is equally needy, while both countries are inventing every new form of taxation to replenish a wasting treasury. Russia does not appear to be diverted or perplexed in the least, with any financial question. Her energy and skill are devoted to one great purpose of overthrowing her enemies. It is said that the czar, conscious of his own strength, "smiles when a loan is spoken of in England or France."

The world, he intends, shall know that in the present struggle at least one party has counted the cost. If money is wanted, full well he is aware that it can not be had from abroad. The question then is, has the emperor the means to carry on the war? We believe he has—to an extent not ever dreamed of. May not the answer to this question help the solution of the great financial problem of the age, viz: what has become of the hundreds of millions of gold and silver which the earth in all past time has produced? We believe it has been hoarded by despotic nations, and that Russia has got the lion's share. It is a fact, that for many years capital has been flowing east in a steady stream from all parts of Europe. Doubtless a large amount has found its way to China and other contiguous nations, but neither trade nor emigration there has required the amount of gold and silver which other parts of the world have produced and lost. It is plain, therefore, that the majority has remained in continental Europe, and as we said before, that Russia, the only despotic nation par excellence on earth has it safely stored away by hundreds of millions.

The amount of precious metals in the world, existing in various forms of coin,

plate, jewelry, &c., would almost defy computation. At least \$200,000,000 in value are now being added yearly to the stock of the past ages. For fifty years past the annual production has averaged \$100,000,000 or a total of \$5,000,000,000. Admit that not more than an equal amount had previously been dug from the earth, and we have an aggregate of \$10,000,000,000. What has become of all the wealth, if it has not been hoarded, or buried in the earth? Whatever may be done with other property, gold and silver are seldom destroyed—indeed, they can not be lost, unless lost in the sea. The ablest writers and financiers are, and always have been in a puzzle about the whereabouts of so much money. We shall soon see if the great political changes and revolutions going on the world, do not unlock a vast amount of treasure to develop and bless the nations in future days of peace.

What a Newspaper does without Reward.

The result of my observation enables me to state as a fact, the publishers of newspapers are more poorly rewarded than any other class of men in the United States, who invest an equal amount of labor, capital and thought. They are expected to do more service for less pay, to stand more "dead heading," to puff and defend more people, and sorts of people, without fee or hope of reward, than any other class. They credit wider and longer; get oftener cheated, suffer more pecuniary loss; and are oftener the victims of misplaced confidence, than any other calling in the community. People pay a printer's bill more reluctantly than any other. It goes harder with them to expend a dollar on a valuable newspaper than ten on a useless gewgaw; yet every body avails himself of the editor's and printer's ink. How many professional and political reputations and fortunes have thus been erected and sustained by the friendly, though unrequited pen of the editor? How many embryo towns and cities have been brought into notice, and pulled into prosperity by the press? How many railroads, now in successful operation, would have foundered but for the assistance of the "lever that moves the world," in short, what branch of American industry or activity has not been promoted, stimulated and defended by the press? And who has tendered it more than a miserable pittance for its mighty services? The bazars of fashion and folly, the haunts of appetite and dissipation, are thronged with an eager crowd bearing gold in their palms, and the commodities there vendible are sold at enormous profits, though intrinsically worthless and paid for with scrupulous punctuality; while the counting room of the newspaper is the seat of jangling, cheapening, trade, and orders and pennies. It is made a point of honor to liquidate a grog bill, but not of dishonor to repudiate a printer's bill.—Cleveland Leader.

We have no doubt that ill-temper, moroseness and forebodings of evil are often caused by indigestion, either occasioned by improper food, or internal weakness. Sydney Smith, speaking on this subject, says: "The longer I live the more I am convinced that the apothecary is of more importance than Seneca, and that half the unhappiness in the world proceeds from little stoppages, from a duct choked up from food pressing in the wrong place, from a vexed duodenum, or an agitated pylorus. The deception as practised on human creatures is curious and entertaining. My friend sups late; he eats some strong soup; then a lobster; then some tart, and he dilutes these excellent varieties with wine. The next day I call upon him. He is going to sell his house in London, and retire into the country. He is alarmed: for his eldest daughter's health. His expenses are hourly increasing, and nothing but a timely retreat can save him from ruin. All this is the lobster; and when over excited nature has had time to manage this testaceous encumbrance, the daughter recovers, the finances are in good order, and every rural idea effectually excluded from the mind. In the same manner, old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese, and hard salted meat has led to suicide. Unpleasant feelings, the body produce corresponding sensations in the mind, and a great sense of wretchedness is sketched out of a morsel

PASSMORE WILLIAMSON IS FREE.

Judge Kane has at length yielded to the pressure of popular indignation, and has found a technical means of escape from his bad position. Williamson was brought before him on Saturday morning, and required to make affirmation that he had not intended contempt of court in his return to the Wheeler habeas corpus, and was willing to make true answers to the questions of the court on the subject. Questions were then proposed by the district attorney, to which Mr. Williamson replied, that he did not produce Wheeler's slaves because it was impossible to do so, and that he had so answered, and truly answered before. "Since the service of the writ, I have not had the custody, possession or power over them; nor have I known where they were, except from common rumor or the newspaper reports in regard to their public appearance in the city or elsewhere."

Judge Kane then pronounced the contempt of Mr. Williamson purged, and ordered his release. The purgation, it will be seen, was only a repetition of the original statement, upon which Judge Kane had imprisoned him for contempt, and Williamson has therefore been released without one word of concession or apology. This is as it should be. But there is no purgation known to law or morals that can remove from an unjust and tyrannous judge the contempt of a free people.

Mr. Williamson was looking better, but had grown a little thinner and paler by his three months' imprisonment. He received the congratulations of his friends, and returned again to his family, from whom he had been so long separated. The history of his imprisonment constitutes one of the darkest pages in the history of the arrogance of the slave power and the servility of its northern tools.—Republican.

GEO. SUMNER AND THE RUSSIAN BRIBE.

The London Times gives the following anecdote, which will not fail to attract attention and interest in the United States:—"Some time back, when Russian prospects appeared far brighter than they now are,

of indigestible and misguided food. Of such infinite consequence to happiness is it to study the body.

How Much Longer are You Going to School?

This question was asked me a few days since, on my way to the academy. The interrogator seemed to think, so much time spent in going to school, might be spent in doing something more profitable; and appeared quite astonished when I answered, that if health would permit, I should not think of leaving for three or four years. It seems to be a very general opinion, that if a young lady attends school after she is eighteen, she is wasting her time. Young gentlemen can attend school as long as they please—enter college, and graduate at twenty-five, if they choose;—and it is well, very well, indeed. But young ladies, after they are of age, are thought to look better anywhere else.

I think we can not do too much toward filling our minds with the right material—something which we can draw upon in future.

We can not, must not, be contented with a few crumbs from the well filled table of knowledge—with stepping a few paces up that formidable bill. We must strive.

La Fontaine says:—"Aucun chemin de fleurs ne conduit a la gloire."

"No flowery path leads to glory," and it is very true when applied to the student's ease.

No one who wishes for a life of ease and idling comfortable life should try it.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art, to dust thou'rt rest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

No, indeed. To eat, drink and sleep does not seem to be the great end for which we were made.

The race must be now, or the crown we shall never obtain; and it will be all the more valuable for having been with difficulty obtained.

When we read the writings of those very racy and racy writers, Ike Marvel and Fanny Fern, (I suppose I am treading on dangerous ground in speaking of the latter, since Ruth Hall's publication,) how we long for the pen of a racy writer, and how utterly insipid and wearisome does everything that we have written, appear.—Ez.

PANTALOONS WITHOUT SUSPENDERS.

Professor La Borde, of South Carolina college, in his recent work on physiology, says: "As the women have concluded to dispense with shoulder straps, some men, especially in the city, have thought they would prove pantaloons can be worn without suspenders. The men now strut the streets, with their pantaloons tightly buttoned, side by side with the women, whose skirts or petticoats are firmly bound around their persons. Upon a fair view, the evil is the same in both cases,—pressure upon the vital organs, want of development, deformity, disease, and premature death.

In time of much religious excitement and consequent discussion, an honest Dutch farmer on the Mohawk was asked his opinion as to which denomination of Christians were on the right road to heaven. "Val, den," said he, "ven we ride our wheat to Albany, some say dis road is the pest; but it don't make much difference which road we take, for when we get dere, dey never ask us vich vay we come—and it is none of their pishness—if our wheat is good."

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than the false. The one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to the rules of right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the humors of the company. True modesty avoids everything that is criminal, false modesty everything that is unfashionable.

Pope's CHARITY.—"I am rich enough," said Pope to Swift, "and can afford to give away a hundred pounds a year. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good. I will enjoy the pleasure of giving what I give, by giving it alive and seeing another enjoy it.—When I die, I shall be ashamed to leave enough for a monument, if there was a wanting friend above ground."

HOT AND COLD.—An Irishman discovered a part of the wood-work of a chimney piece on fire, that endangered the whole house. He rushed up stairs to his master and announced the alarming intelligence. Lowry he rushed with him. A large kettle of boiling water was on the fire.

"Well, why don't you put out the fire?" "I can't snrr." "Well, you fool, pour the water upon it." "Sure, it's hot water, snrr."

a proposition was made to an American gentleman recently in Paris, to enter the Russian service, with a high title, and position near the person of the emperor. The reply was that "too high an estimate" was placed upon his talents, but that such as they were, they were due exclusively to his own country, and to republican principles." This anecdote has been current latterly in diplomatic circles in Paris. A title of nobility and the position of aide-camp to the emperor of Russia were offered to George Sumner, who made the foregoing reply. Whatever sympathies may exist either for the allies or for the Russians, all must admire his truly American sentiment. None, however, who are familiar with the character of George Sumner, and with the constant patriotism with which, during his long residence in Europe, he has always and everywhere labored to defend American institutions, will be surprised at this rejoinder.—[Paris letter to New-York Tribune.

George Sumner is a brother to the Hon. Charles Sumner.

RIGID NOTIONS OF DUTY.—A soldier on duty at the palace of the emperor, at Petersburg, which was burnt a few years ago, was stationed, and had been forgotten in one suit of apartments that was in flames.

A Greek priest was the last person to rush through the burning rooms, at the imminent risk of his life, to save a crucifix in a chapel, and returning, he was hailed by the sentry, who must in a few instants more have been suffocated. "What do you want?" cried the priest, "save yourself or you will be lost." "I can't leave," replied the sentry, "because I am married, but I called you to give me your blessing before I die." The priest blessed him, and the soldier died at his post. The late emperor, on one occasion, attempted to pass a sentinel in the corridors of the palace at Petersburg, who had orders to let no person pass; but the man resisted him, and when the emperor tried to disarm him, wrestled with, and flung him back against the wall.—Seymour's Russia.

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CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, Nov. 10, 1855

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

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

THE RESULT.

The know nothings are triumphant, and the republican and democratic parties badly beaten. We somewhat feared the election of Beach, but had not the remotest idea that Gardner had the shadow of a chance. That opinion was freely and honestly expressed in the Journal, during the campaign; it was an erroneous one, and only shows that the gift of prophecy is not granted to mortals. We have concluded to make no more bets; and, for this reason, the election of Gardner will not prove devoid of good results—for us, at any rate. The know nothings feel happy—and who can blame them? If our side was in luck, we should rejoice and crow over it considerably. Our party, for the present year, will be obliged to sail upon Salt river; all the republicans can do will be to take the matter with philosophical coolness, and calmly bide our time. No one can tell what will happen between now and next fall. The republican party is only the second one in the state; it will not be responsible for the state legislation of next winter; it is composed of considerate, thinking men, who intended no child's play when they formed the new party; they will all stand by their flag, no matter whether it leads them to victory or defeat. We know our principles are right—that the slave question is of far greater consequence than any other topic before the American people. No one regrets, or has regretted, the unfortunate division among Massachusetts anti-slavery men more than ourself. The past struggle has been severe and exciting, but we hope and think that the stormy elements will gradually subside—that impulse will give place to sober judgment, and, in consequence, that freedom, pure and undefiled, will eventually control the republic. If such a beneficent result fails of being accomplished, and men north of Mason's and Dixon's line continue to kiss the hand that smites them, it will be owing to misguided judgment, bad passions, and a clamorous disposition, among the different political elements at the north. Things now look squally, no mistake—i. e.—as far as concentrating the anti-slavery sentiment of the north at the next presidential election is concerned. Perhaps, in order to do it, it will be necessary for the friends of territorial freedom to have more than one plank in their platform. If such a plan would better unite the north, then it should be adopted. Anything to frustrate the schemes of the southern propagandist! We hate the slave power with such an intensity that we are ready to favor any practical and constitutional method to overcome it—ready, if need be, to stand upon a platform containing some planks beside the anti-slavery one, provided the latter shall be regarded as of primary importance. On the other hand, if the incorporation of minor issues into the anti-slavery platform would tend to injure the success of freedom at the next presidential election, then, if such shall appear to be the case, side issues had better be let alone. It is necessary, at times, to consent expediency, and especially at the present time. We find one large crumb of consolation in the recent election. Haynes H. Chilson, the administration candidate for congress, has been defeated. We should feel better if John W. Foster had been elected, but Dr. Chaffee is a reliable anti-slavery man, and will vote right after he gets to Washington. We deeply regret the election of Henry J. Gardner, for its tendency will be to make "confusion worse confounded"—to divide the anti-slavery sentiment of the north. All honest anti-slavery men who supported him will, we believe, some time see the error of their course. But we must not dot any of us be disheartened, but resolve to fight until the slave oligarchy is completely overthrown. Temporary reverses must be expected, as a matter of course. The man who looks only for sunshine, and is startled at the first little cloud, should, by all means, avoid the thorny path of politics. The republican party wants no summer soldiers, but those ready to stand by its fortunes—to cling to its principles with a tenacity which death alone can shake—our fight for it with bull-dog obstinacy.—Our party will be triumphant, notwithstanding the croakings of the timid and the jests of those who would not be disturbed to see Toombs call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill. It embraces in its brazier arms the purest, noblest, most generous spirits of the nation. If beaten at the next presidential election, it will rise, like Anteus in the fable, and prostrate all organizations that seek to render it powerless. But it will not be beaten then, if the friends of freedom are only judicious. By skillful

managing, and a desire to conciliate, instead of provoke, the anti-slavery element's outside of our party, the democratic candidate for president will be defeated, and a man elected who will be pledged to freedom for the territories. Friends! be of good cheer! "Put your faith in God, and keep your powder dry!"

CHICOPEE NEWS.

Our citizens have again become quiet; patriotic side-walk declaimers are now in a state of repose; the excitement is over, and all seem relieved. These yearly political squabbles are highly beneficial; for they tend to stir up people, and it does a man good to get excited occasionally—benefits his health. Men want something to talk and think about. If all believed alike upon all subjects, we should finally degenerate into the condition of brutes—because there would be no discussions—nothing to draw out the mental powers. Agitation is always necessary, and if that element were removed, the world would die, in a mental point of view. In the words of Wendell Phillips:—"If the Alps, piled in cold and still sublimity, be an emblem of despotism, the ever restless ocean is ours, which, girt with the eternal laws of gravitation, is pure only because never still." Now that election is over, let us talk about having a debating club. We are glad to learn that several of our leading citizens have set the ball in motion. Of course, all of us wish to have the winter pass away pleasantly, and a good club will contribute in no small degree, toward it. Nicholas Reed, a young man in the employ of the Ames Co., broke one of his legs on Wednesday. We have not learned the particulars. The democrats of Chicopee, on Wednesday evening, fired a number of guns over the election of Hon. Benning Leavitt to the senate. The Gardner men in Chicopee Falls burned some powder on Wednesday night, in consequence of the election of their candidate. The following was the state of the voting in Chicopee, on Tuesday: For Governor—Whole number of votes, 882; Julius Rockwell, 300; Erasmus D. Beach, 293; Henry J. Gardner, 271; S. H. Walley, 18. For Lieutenant Governor—Whole number, 881; Simon Brown, 300; Caleb Stetson, 285; Henry W. Benchley, 272; Moses Davenport, 24. For Secretary of State—Geo. F. Williams, 299; Jonathan E. Field, 286; Francis DeWitt, 272; Wendell T. Davis, 25. For Treasurer and Receiver General—Whole number, 882; Thomas J. Marsh, 299; Stedman Buttrick, 288; Moses Tenney, Jr., 272; John Sargent, 23. For Auditor—Whole number, 882; S. N. Gifford, 299; Giles H. Whitney, 288; Chandler R. Ransom, 272; Joseph Mitchell, 23. For Attorney General—Whole number, 883; E. Rockwood Hour, 298; Nathaniel J. Lord, 288; Albert H. Nelson, 272; R. A. Chapman, 23. For Representative to Congress—Whole number, 878; John W. Foster, 303; Calvin C. Chaffee, 271; Haynes H. Chilson, 208; Edward Dickinson, 23. For Senators—Timothy W. Carter, 313; Aaron Bagg, 300; Benning Leavitt, 289; Hiram C. Brown, 287; Gilbert Pillsbury, 271; Elizer D. Cook, 270; J. S. Reynolds, 20; Otis Holmes, 18. For Representatives—Sylvester Allen, 318; John H. Smith, 317; Jona Jones, 318; [they are elected] Otis Chapman, 298; Martin J. Severance, 285; Emeilus S. Albro, 203; John Valentine, 289; Daniel Bowdoin, 256; Abner B. Abbey, 242; Ira M. Bullens, 7; J. C. Bowker, 4; Moses W. Chapin, 1. For County Commissioners—Nelson D. Parks, 272; Henry Fuller, 281; George C. Gibbs, 277; Patrick Boice, 23. For Register of Deeds—William Rice, 551; Henry Smith, 313. For County Treasurer—Norman Norton, 550; Otis Seaman, 571; Joseph Ingraham, 25. As will be seen by an advertisement in another column, Dr. Lovejoy has lost a pair of gold spectacles. The Dr. promises his most graceful smiles, and a three dollar bill, to the person who shall return them. We give our readers this morning the new arrangements of the railroad trains. This running of the trains accommodates our citizens much better than they have ever before been accommodated, and we are glad to see that the managers of the railroad are awaking to their true interests. The more frequently trains are run, and the lower the fare, so much the more will the public patronize the railroads. Leave for Springfield.—Junction, 5.50, 10.00, 11.40, 2.35, 6.00, and 6.30. Upper Depot, 8.50, 1.10, 3.42, and 7.00. Leave Springfield to Junction, 7.00, 7.30, 11.25, 1.45, 3.30, 7.30. Leave upper depot, 8.00, 12.00, 2.20, 6.20. New York has gone know nothing. "There is no use in talking."

For the Weekly Journal. **MINISTERS AND POLITICS.** Mr. Edron:—I am one of those people who, unfortunately, know nothing,—one of the real, born know nothings, who forever in the dark, are always groping for the light. The questions which now stir my sluggish brain are:—What is it to preach politics? How far may a minister act in politics? In a certain village, on a Sunday, in the autumn of 1854, there was notice given in all the churches that there would be a lecture in the evening. The lecturer claimed to be a French Catholic priest. His subject was an attack upon the Catholic church, an effort to alarm our naturally dim sighted and sleepy Yankees against popery. The next Sunday night, the same man gave another lecture. These lectures were made the basis of a political organization. Was that preaching politics? Or is it true that our people prefer to receive their politics from a foreign Roman Catholic priest to receiving a suggestion of duty from a Protestant minister? Consistency is a jewel. In the palmy days of the whig party, the Rev. Orin Fowler, of Fall River, was a popular member of congress. Did not that bring politics & the pulpit pretty near together. When the Rev. Mark Traftan consents to be a member of congress, and to talk to a few friends, does that look like a minister's acting in politics. When the Rev. Mr. Eddy, of Lowell, goes to the legislature, is chosen speaker of the house of representatives, and presides over that august body in their learned investigation into the character of Protestant nunneries, is that meddling with politics? When the Rev. J. C. Lovejoy tenders Christian sympathy and aid to the Boston distillers, and showed them, to their own satisfaction, that Jesus, as he changed water to wine, was their own first cousin, is that political? We live in a free country. Is a man free only to say that slavery and rum are great social blessings?—that bigotry and persecution are cardinal virtues of Protestantism?—that the church, at whose altars thousands have knelt, and which is hallowed by the memories of ages, is a nuisance?—that the long voyage of the May Flower, the settlement at Plymouth, the revolutionary war, and all the struggles for free thought, free speech and free worship, are a sham and a humbug? Is a man only free to say these things? A gentleman went to walk with his little daughter. At the top of a long flight of stairs she tripped and fell. She said she was not hurt, and as she was thickly clothed and cloaked, her father hoped it was true. But as he took hold of her hand, she exclaimed:—"You must not touch that, it hurts." He examined, and found the arm was broken. Are there not some other things which are broke, and must not be touched? The weather has been foggy lately. Is it day or is it night? Truly yours, ONE OF THE UNKAGGED. Chicopee, Nov., 1855. For the Weekly Journal. We've waited for the wagon Some months; as you remember; The K. N's kept on bragging They'd fill it by November:— It drove off yesterday, With Gardner for the driver, And "fusion," as they say, Was sent clean up Salt river. To-day, the know nothings shouted Loud and long and hearty, That they so bravely routed The democratic party. The whigs were sent adrift, You'll see by the muster roll; They had to make a shift To steer for the north pole. Red pepper carried the state; The democrats, old Hampden; In Chicopee, "fusion" beat— Three of their men were crammed in. Then let us all rejoice, And take of comfort a crumb; Whoever hurts his voice Can take red pepper and rum. * * Chicopee, Nov. 7, 1855. **MASSACHUSETTS.** Henry J. Gardner has 51,732 votes; Julius Rockwell, 36,702; Erasmus D. Beach, 25,006. 152 Americans, 81 republicans, 56 whigs and 30 democrats, are elected to the house of representatives. In the senate, the Americans have a majority of 18. It is the general opinion that the Maine law men who voted for Gov. Gardner will find themselves slightly bitten. JUDGE KANE SUEB BY PASSMORE WILLIAMSON.—An action has been instituted by Passmore Williamson against Judge Kane for false imprisonment. The writ was served upon him at the house of his brother-in-law, George Leiper, in Delaware county. The case will, of course, be tried in that county.

PREMATURE OLD AGE.—A letter written to St. Petersburg from Sebastopol, by Mons. Leontowski, who was taken prisoner by the allies at Kamiesch, mentions that quite young men and officers who have taken part in the nine months' defense of Sebastopol have in that space of time become so old, through continued exertion and care, that the order of the emperor to reckon every month so passed as a year of service is by no means anything more than just. **NEW HAVEN AND NORTHAMPTON RAILROAD.**—Rails have been laid to within about five miles of Northampton, and the workmen are laying nearly half a mile of track a day, so that it is fair to predict the completion of the work in a couple of weeks. The New Haven Journal says the business of the road to Westfield exceeds expectation, and is steadily increasing and building up for itself a profitable home trade. **THE COFFEE TREE IN MAINE.**—Mr. Drew of the Rural Intelligencer, says that a friend of his in the town of Mt. Vernon, has for the last three years raised the coffee plant in the open air from seeds brought from Cuba. It grows about two feet high and produces its berries in pods, something like peas. The plants, he says, have matured, even this cold season, and the berries ripened without injury from frosts. **SPECIAL AMBASSADOR FROM RUSSIA.**—The coming of a new ambassador from Russia is believed to be a fixed fact. He will bring a confidential communication from the czar, of the most important character, relative to the terms on which alone Russia will consent to a peace. He does not ask American mediation, but he will accept of it, and will at once indicate terms. **A SAD STORY.**—About three months ago a party of fifty or sixty young Gascons embarked at Bordeaux, bound to this country, for fear of being drawn in the conscription and sent to the Crimea. They landed in New Orleans, Louisiana, about four weeks ago, and on the 14th inst., the last of the number was consigned to the earth. **RUSSIA.**—There are no "war taxes" in Russia; the expenses of the war are met by free gifts from the population—that is, printed papers are sent round for each person of substance to fill with his contribution; and it is well understood how much he must contribute, if he will escape some dire penalty. **RAILROAD TRAVEL IN ILLINOIS.**—The immense business of the Chicago and Galena road is shown by a statement in the Chicago Times, that, on the 10th, two trains on the road brought in four thousand passengers. The Chicago and Burlington trains also brought in a large number—fifteen first class cars full. **A LUCKY SOLDIER.**—It is said that General Ostensaken, whose military career extends over forty-eight years, who has assisted at more than one hundred battles and combats, in which he has usually been found in the first ranks, has never received the slightest wound. **A GREAT COUNTRY.**—The shipping of the United States exceeds that of Great Britain by about 600,000 tons, or ten per cent. And it exceeds that of all Europe, besides England, about 900,000 tons. The amount of tonnage in this country is 5,661,416 tons. **RAPID INCREASE.**—In 1755, five Methodists settled in the city of New York, and formed the first society in America. In 1855, just a century later, the Methodist church in the United States numbers over four millions of worshippers. It having been stated that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives, a western editor remarked that men in Michigan have done the same by marrying only one. **GEN. CASS.**—Gen. Cass is reported to be worth four millions of dollars, a large portion of which has been derived from the rise of land since his first settlement in Michigan. **THE BREAD LEAGUE.**—The bread league movement seems to take well among the citizens of Charlestown. Over \$4,000 has been paid in; and about 600 barrels subscribed for. **WHAT WILL DO.**—The Eddyville (Iowa) Free Press states that a lady of that place, under twenty-one years of age, has been the mother of seven children. **FEMALE PEDESTRIAN.**—There is a young lady in Nashua, who makes nothing of walking 16 miles before breakfast. Of course, she is ruddy, attractive and hearty. —Boston Transcript. **ENGLAND.**—The national debt of England is increasing fast. The war tax is a monstrous incubus, and many of the wealthy are leaving the kingdom to avoid it.

Free State Triumph in Kansas.—Speech of Governor Reeder. Our readers have already been notified of the triumphant election of governor Reeder, as delegate to congress from Kansas territory, at the election on the 9th instant. On the evening of that day, a mass fete meeting was held at Lawrence, at which the governor made an eloquent speech, fully identifying himself with the great movement for freedom in the territories, which was received with great enthusiasm by the audience. The following extracts from it show governor Reeder to be possessed of the true mettle, and of a back-bone which totally disqualified him to do the dirty work of Pierce, Atchison, and Stringfellow. What patriot in the north can read it, and fail to do his whole duty, in the present crisis?—Truly, as Mr. Sumner says, the fortunes of Kansas are interwoven with the destiny of the free states of the Union. But listen to governor Reeder: "Among all the pleasant recollections of his political life, there were none that gave him such unalloyed satisfaction and pleasure, as those of the last twelve months. He had simply done his duty, and the people, in their warm approbation, were proffering him a reward. He appreciated this confidence on the part of a people so worthy and well-fitted to sow the seeds of freedom broadcast from the Missouri to the Rocky mountains. The more he reflected upon the enterprise they had undertaken, the more he was impressed with its grandeur. They were to move the sentiment of a nation; to secure the approbation of 25,000,000 of people. Thirteen to fifteen states might be found arrayed against their Spartan band. They were organizing—a mere handful—to meet the power of the strong state on their borders; and such were the strong difficulties of the enterprise, that but for its magnificence and grandeur, he should well nigh despair. The entire sublimity of this enterprise would only be fully realized when viewed from the stand point of future ages; or the amount of effort fully appreciated requisite to its success. All grand events loom up in the distance; they are never seen in their proper light at the time they transpire. Did any one suppose that Declaration of Independence, to which all men look up with awe—to which every knee bows with respect—did any one, at the moment when lives, fortunes, and sacred honor were pledged in its support, fully appreciate its sublimity, or the extent of its future influence? After our fabric is complete and strengthened, and adorned with capital, and architecture and cornice, then shall we look with pride to the laying of the humblest stone in its foundation. There is nothing in our platform not consonant with right or reason—with divine or political truth; and on such a platform should no man turn his back. We came here to found a new republic; we are met by Missouri, and striven to be crushed by violence, and tyranny, and fraud. With loud professions on her lips of loyalty to the constitution, she seeks to tear from us the dearest rights guaranteed by that instrument. Nor is it enough that she seeks to subjugate the free emigrants from the north—following close on the heels of those who left her own soil to make their homes on ours, she actually strives to make slaves of her own free citizens. Not content with snatching the ballot from the hand of citizens born in the republic founded by Penn, and the descendants of the pilgrim fathers, this unnatural mother seek out and strives to enslave the very children of her own bosom. God forbid that we shall ever see a repetition of an act so foul; that the historian shall ever be called upon to record two such pages as this. Against these outrages, every remedy has been exhausted but one; and who, satisfied that our efforts peacefully to obtain justice, are all in vain, will be so base as to turn his back upon the cause, or hesitate to shed for it his heart's blood? This is our position, and from it we can never retire. In such a cause we can appeal to the Throne of Graco with pure hearts and clean hands. Many of us have come here to escape the curse fastened on sister states, and striving to establish a free republic, are mocked with the manacles of the slave. We come here to govern ourselves—to rear a pure state, where shall be guaranteed to us all the rights of free speech, free opinion, and free suffrage. We say to Missouri, our platform is just, right, and equitable; we ask for nothing but our rights, and desire to do you no pecuniary wrong. Our opposition does not proceed from this territory, but from Missouri. That legislature was of Missouri; its members were many of them sent from Missouri, and when the members were not sent, the constituents were sent, and finally the laws themselves were sent. Those laws proclaimed another reign of terror; they set themselves up above the Declaration of Independence, and the natural rights of man. The legislature was superior to all law; our sacred constitution was scorned; it was too small a thing for the Kansas Missouri legislature to regard, and they repealed it by wholesale. They deny us all right of suffrage and free speech. I am hardly able to conceive such moral depravity—such a fund of ignorance as that body possessed. A man must himself be a very worm to believe that we can thus be ground to the dust while we have a hand to lift or a life to lose, in resistance. They paid no attention to the provisions of the organic act. They repealed the pre-emption law, and Kansas Nebraska bill; they have repealed the Declaration of Independence, and the constitution of the United States, [laughter] and it only remains for us to repeal them. (Great laughter and applause.) This question of ours is a grave one—a

question which has made dignitaries shake in their shoes—and they shall continue to shake till they fall. We will go for the Union and demand our rights; here, over these plains, another "one star" shall rise and demand its place in the galaxy that adorns our national flag. The question is, whether we shall be admitted as a part of the Union which refuses to protect us. What will be the fate of that question? it is impossible definitely to say. It is hard to fathom the motives of men, and it is especially hard to fathom the motives of politicians. We shall be met with the cry of "disunion"—the fashionable cry of the south whenever the north demands its rights. With her, these words are spoken to scare us; they are substitutes for deeds; a cheap way of getting along, and one more largely practised in this western country than in any other. I have ever known. But this cry deserves not the least notice. It is fit to frighten only women and children. They may call us revolutionary; so long as we have a territorial government, the Union should protect us, and we will co-operate with it. If it does not, we are justified in demanding a government for ourselves. Let us press boldly on; the time must come—will come—when our efforts will be crowned by success. I feel upon myself almost the spirit of prediction, when I say that the time shall come, when the shouts of liberty shall ring from light to height, and from every prairie between the Missouri and the Pacific; shall rise songs of thanksgiving that Kansas is free. [Tremendous applause.] **From our New-York Correspondent.** New York, Nov. 6th, 1855. The weather is mixed and somber; but neither so mixed nor so somber as the politics, which to day are to be sanctioned and condemned by the power of the ballot box. Ah! such travail and inward quaking as have beset the sixty five thousand who have hopes some way contingent upon the success of some one of the three score parties who go into the strife to-day. Boarding-house keepers have made money for the last two weeks out of the diminished appetites of politics-ridden boarders. Wives have drooped in marital neglect, and babies cried at being put to bed without the wonted kiss of papa, who sat outwaching the stars in the dirty dark committee room of the soft, hard or half shell faction. The buzz of preparation is over, and the city is holding its breath till the result of the canvass shall give tongue to the victors. The many headed press has given its last solemn charges, spread its last columns and fired its last squib—the drill of free and independent voters is completed, the voting at present writing goes on quietly, with what result your readers will know by the lightning and the winged sheet before this printed page meets their eyes. The dews by the last steamer fell like a panic on the stock exchange, knocking them down from one to three per cent. Commercially we are the most excitable people on earth. If we are lending our specie to England, Europe must have our bread stuffs, all we can spare, and the gold must return. If we feed the world, we shall have our pay for it, never doubt it. The advices from Central America indicate that Yankee filibusters, by policy and by force of arms, are about to get the ascendancy there, and have already acquired a foothold, which makes their further movements full of interest. Youthful upper tendom has broke out in a new spot, some one hundred and fifty of its offshoots united into what they term "Shanghai Guards," have, for several days, met by appointment in the Crystal Palace, and exhibited their "blood" by marching in procession and insulting the female exhibitors of the American Institute. The rowdiness of these puppies operated to scare off visitors to such a degree that the managers found it politic to publish a card, advising the public that hereafter a police force would be in attendance sufficient to keep them in check. A country fellow, whose newly married wife one of them took the liberty of insulting, dealt out his dearest in an old fashion flogging, promptly given by two cavalry fists, and done in a severe style, calculated to moderate the transports of aristocratic impudence. A rich case is before one of our courts. A party having a quarrel with two others, remarked at parting, he very much wished the daguerreotypes of his two antagonists to hang upon the walls of an out building, unmentionable to ears polite, and that he would pay for taking. The parties of the second party went straightway to the best Daguerreian in town and had their respective portraits taken—pronounced excellent likenesses, and ordered them charged to the party of the first party, who refused to pay for them—hence the suit at law. The versatile talents of John Van Buren, Esq., which have been employed upon all sides of all other subjects under heaven, were brought into requisition, and the learned judge, after much spicy and learned argument pro and con, decided there was no cause of action. Since the Commissioners of emigration have blocked the game of the runners, by protecting newly arrived emigrants until they learn to take care of themselves, these harpies have turned their attention to green horns arriving from the interior, en route for California. I saw them yesterday besetting a crowd of poor fellows, whose traveling effects were tied up in cotton handkerchiefs, knocking one down and breaking his jaw because he hesitated to place himself under the charge of one of them; and before the efficient police could interfere, the whole swarm saved themselves by flight. **LYCEUM LECTURERS.**—There are 68 regular lyceum lecturers in New England. Many of these coin for \$1,000 to \$2,000 per season.

SENATOR ATCHISON
Was invited to attend a recent celebration of the battle of King's Mountain, in North Carolina, and responded as follows:

"PLATE CITY, Mo., Sept. 12, 1855.
"GENTLEMEN:—Your letter of invitation requesting my attendance at the celebration of the battle of King's Mountain has been received. It will be altogether inconvenient for me to be present on that occasion. I have certain duties, both private and public, to discharge at home. The battle of King's Mountain was fought by the Whigs, under the lead of Campbell, McDowell, Shelby, Sevier and Williams, against the Tories, under the gallant Ferguson. We have a similar foe to encounter in Kansas on the first Monday in October next. The 'border ruffians,' such as fought with McDowell, Shelby, &c.; on the one hand, and the abolitionists, such men as fought with Ferguson, on the other. We have the whole power of the northern states to contend with. * * * Thus far we have been victorious, and with the help of God, we will still continue to conquer.
"Gentlemen, I thank you for the kind expression in the concluding paragraph of your letter.—Three cheers for Atchison and Kansas! I have read this paragraph to sundry of the 'border ruffians,' and their eyes sparkle; their arms are nerve. We have been acting on the defensive altogether; the contest with us is one of life and death, and it will be so with you and your institution if we fail. Atchison, Stringfellow, and the 'border ruffians' of Missouri, fill a column of each abolition paper published in the north; abuse most foul and falsehood unblushing is poured out upon us. * * * The stake we are playing for is a mighty one. If Kansas is abolished, Missouri becomes a slave state. New Mexico becomes a free state, California remains a free state; but if we secure Kansas as a slave state, Missouri is secure; New Mexico and southern California, if not all of it, becomes a slave state; in a word, the prosperity or the ruin of the whole south depends upon the Kansas struggle."
"D. R. ATCHISON."
"On this letter, The Charleston (S. C.) Mercury comments as follows:
"It will be read with peculiar interest. It rings in every line of the fierce battle which has, for almost a year past, been waging between 'fanatical hirelings' and noble champions of the south. It speaks of trials and trials still to come, in which though every nerve be tested, there will be no yielding; for 'the cause of Kansas is the cause of the south.' What an example to the whole south have these 'border ruffians' given of the true and only spirit in aggression is to be met and mastered? And verily do they stand forth in withering contrast with that pitiful brood of meek men, who have so long cursed and dishonored the south.
"Yet we fear not for the result; and soon the question will be removed from Kansas to congress, there to stand or fall, with the representatives of the south. The house of representatives will have to decide between Reeder and Whitfield—between slavery and abolition—and upon its decision the future fate of Kansas is nearly suspended. Thus, in spite of compromises, and repeal, and party platforms, anti-slavery still invades the councils of the nation. The struggle will be fierce, and with immense odds against us.
"Nothing will avail the south, in her minority position, but concert and the most determined spirit. Let southern representatives bear this in mind. Let them remember how much of the battle is already won, and what may be lost by their unworthiness. But, above all, let them remember that the eyes of a whole people are upon them, eagerly watching how they bear themselves in the fight. Meanwhile, let the people of the south press forward in aid of the Missourians, and evince, by acts, their sympathy and interest in the cause. We are glad to be able to state that Charleston has recently sent forth two young and enterprising sons for the patriotic work."

"Trust in Providence and keep your powder dry," said an eccentric but brave old hero, of revolutionary memory; and it is sound advice. The individual ever so healthy, occasionally needs some purgative to clear the passage from the accumulation of slimy matter, and coatings, that may prove fatal upon the first exposure to even a slight epidemic, and Dr. Clough's Columbian Pills are the best and safest purgatives known. Trust in Providence and keep this means of health always in the house for use.

SPECIAL NOTICES.
"USE DR. CLOUGH'S COLUMBIAN PILLS.—Some people get the impression that because this great remedy for bilious complaints, is called PILLS, of course it must physic a person 'until they feel as though they had been drawn through a knot hole.' Friend! it is not so! It is not a drastic purge; such purges generally do more hurt than good. These Pills are very mild, gentle and innocent, but they cure disease with less cost of money and loss of time than any other known medicine. These pills can be depended on by all sick or complaining persons, for a cure, and no mistake, if used faithfully. This we honestly believe.
"Wm. REXSE, proprietor, Pittsfield, Mass.
"Read the advertisement in another column of this paper."
"EVERY READER will please notice the advertisement headed 'TO PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT,' and send for a full descriptive Catalogue of all our Illustrated Works.
"To the uninitiated in the great art of selling books, we would say that we present a scheme for money making which is far better than all the gold mines of California and Australia.
"Any person wishing to embark in the enterprise, will risk little by sending to the Publisher \$25, for which he will receive sample copies of the various works, (at wholesale prices) carefully boxed, insured, and directed, affording a very liberal per centage to the Agent for his trouble. With these he will soon be able to ascertain the most saleable, and order accordingly. Address (post paid).
"ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
151 William Street, New York."

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Astonishing cure of a bilious complaint.—Mr. Patrick McKenna, of Columbus, Ohio, suffered for upwards of three years from violent pains in the head, a foul stomach, bad digestion, disordered liver, and general nervous debility; he tried various remedies for the mitigation of this complaint, but he only became worse instead of better, although he also consulted several doctors. Finding that the medical faculty could not cure him, he had recourse to Holloway's Pills; by continuing with this remedy for a few weeks, he entirely regained his health, and ever since then he has not had the slightest return of his complaint.

MARRIED.
In North Wilbraham, 6th inst., by Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. HILLIARD NICHOLS, of Roxbury, to LOUISA HANCOCK, of Wilbraham.
In East Durham, N. Y., Oct. 27th, by Rev. Mr. CRAW, Mr. ORVILLE A. HAYNES, of Springfield, to Miss MARIA KING, of Chicopee. [That cake was excellent.]

DIED.
In Lowell, Oct. 23, Mary Deane, wife of Buel Deane, aged 19.
Three Dollars Reward.
LAST Sabbath, I lost a pair of gold spectacles, belonging to the Universalist church and my office. The person who returns them to me shall have the above reward.
J. C. LOVEJOY,
Chicopee, Nov. 9, 1855.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
HAMPDEN SS.
A Probate Court, holden at Springfield, within and for said County, on the first Tuesday in November, A. D. 1855. A certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Homer White, late of Chicopee, in said County, deceased, being now presented to me for Probate, by Andrew White, one of the Executors therein named, it is therefore ordered, that the consideration of the Probate thereof be referred to the Probate Court next to be holden at the Probate Office, in Springfield, in said County, on the first Tuesday in December next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and that notice thereof be given by the said Executor to the heirs of the said deceased, that they may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should or should not be proved and allowed, by causing an attested copy of this order to be published in the Chicopee Journal, a newspaper printed in Chicopee, three weeks successively, previous to the holding of the said Probate Court.
OLIVER B. MORRIS, Judge of Probate.
Copy—Attest,
Nov. 10, 1855. G. A. WINCHESTER, Reg. of Probate.

DON'T 'Wait for the Wagon.'
It is not necessary to "wait for the wagon" any longer, for it has arrived already, and tumbled its contents into the
Boston One Price Clothing Store.
If one may judge from the appearance of the place, that wagon has arrived a great many times, and carried larger lots of choice
Ready Made Clothing
For the winter season, to the said store. Our stock of Overcoats,
French Sacks,
Vests, Under-shirts and Drawers, Cervalls, Shirts, Bosoms, Collars, Gloves, Suspenders, Umbrellas, Trunks, HATS AND CAPS
Is full and complete, and offers to the purchaser an easy chance to make a selection.
We have a good assortment of
Boys' Clothing
Ready for sale, upon our counters.
We need not boast of what we have done for you. The public are already aware that we have a very large assortment of goods; that we sell them at very low prices, charging rich and poor alike, and sending all off satisfied that they can trade at our store as cheap as at any place in the State.
You need not wait for the wagon any longer, but come and buy.
Boston One Price Clothing Store, Chicopee.
WM. MURRAY.

J. & J. E. HOLT, Silver Platers,
And manufacturers of Harness Trimmings, Numbers and Letters,
No. 96 Union Street, Boston.
LAND WARRANTS,
Bought by JOHN E. M. GILLEY,
No. 18 Congress Street, Boston.
The highest market price paid for 40, 80 160 acres.

OUR SCHOOLS!
THE semi-annual examination of the Schools in District No. 4, will take place next week, as follows, viz:
Primary School No. 7, Miss Brigham, Tuesday, Nov. 13th, at 1 1/2 o'clock, P. M.
Primary School No. 6, Miss Harger, Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
Primary School No. 5, Miss Moore, Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 9 o'clock, A. M.
Primary School No. 4, Miss Kibbee, Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 10 1/2 o'clock, A. M.
Primary School No. 3, Miss Tupper, Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 1 1/2 o'clock, P. M.
Primary School No. 2, Miss Cooley, Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
Primary School No. 1, Miss Proctor, Thursday, Nov. 15, at 9 o'clock, A. M.
Intermediate School No. 4, Miss Brigham, Thursday, Nov. 15, at 10 1/2 o'clock, A. M.
Intermediate School No. 2, Mrs. Woolley, Thursday, Nov. 15, at 1 1/2 o'clock, P. M.
Grammar School No. 1, Mr. Longley, Friday, Nov. 16, at 9 o'clock, A. M.
High School, Mr. Bailey, Friday, Nov. 16, at 1 1/2 o'clock, P. M.
A general attendance of all who feel interested in the prosperity of our Schools, is respectfully invited.
The winter term of schools will commence Monday, Dec. 3d, and continue 14 weeks.
H. H. PHETTEPLACE, Pru. Com.

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Has discovered in the combination of four kinds of common Herbs and Plants, a powerful and sure remedy to cure Consumption in all cases, where the lungs are not mostly consumed, and where the disease is not far advanced; and every disease of whatever name, having its seat on the lungs or in the bronchial tubes.
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One to two bottles will cure the Whooping-cough.
Four to eight bottles will cure Bronchitis.
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Of best Curled Hair; also, Palm Leaf, Husk, Cotton, Moss and Straw Mattresses, Live Geese Feather, kind dressed. Also, all the different grades of Feathers, in the original bales or re-packed. Curled Hair, Moss, Palm Leaf, Husk, &c., wholesale and retail. Mattresses re-filled and Beds renovated in a superior manner. Ships' Cabins furnished at short notice, by **JAMES H. HALLETT & CO.,** 16 Dock Square, Boston.
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Mr. N. P. B. CURTIS—Dear Sir: Having had the pleasure of performing upon Geo. Hew's American Patent Action Piano, at the World's Fair in this city the present year, and other of his pianos, at your Warehouses, which afforded me much gratification, I cheerfully recommend to the public, I am very glad of the improvement in the action. These instruments likewise, are of excellent tone, owing, no doubt, to the perfection of the scale. Very Respectfully, L. M. GOTTSCHALK, **Manufactory No. 372 Washington Street, Boston.**

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