

# The Weekly Journal.

Volume 2.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1855.

Number 45.

## Original Poetry.

For the Weekly Journal.

### Address to the Chicopee Kansas Company

Huzza for Kansas! one and all!

To the patriot heart,

Arouse and list the freemen's call,

And get a freeman's part!

A voice from heaven doth call,

To guard our liberty, dear bought;

A tyrant power shall ne'er enthral

The boon our fathers sought.

The pilgrim fathers speak e'er now

To every free man's breast—

"America! no longer bow!

With chains be not oppressed!"

Awake! and in your fathers' strength,

Secure your birthright dear!

For He shall bless the strife at length,

And give the victory clear.

God bless the noble band!

Forsaking homes of ease,

For Kansas' glorious land,

The frightened foe to seize!

A blessing rests on ye forever!

And when the snows of age shall frost,

Your children's children, far and near,

Shall tell what freedom cost.

A blessing, Father, on that band—

We crave, who linger here;

Oh! help them firm to stand,

Begirt with holy fear.

L. F. B.

## Select Tales.

### HOW TO PAY THE RENT.

A STORY OF VENTRILOQUISM.

In the summer of 1847, Macmillan, the ventriloquist, had occasion to visit Manchester, for the purpose of giving his ventriloquial lectures at its institutions. His attention was attracted by one shop of rather humble appearance, from the circumstance of seeing the owner of it always sitting at a table, and a group of pretty children playing about their door. From the melancholy bits of black about their dress, they were evidently motherless. Mr. Macmillan learnt, from the inscription over the door, that the poor tradesman was named John Penny, and that he exercised the craft and mystery of boot and shoe making. He was tall and thin, with a pale visage, and long hair, combed straight down his cheeks. His brow was thoughtful, not to say care-worn; but there was an air of meek resignation about him that was very touching.

The ventriloquist being a good-hearted man, and having a wife and family of his own, as he gazed on the unconscious children, could not help thinking of his 'ain Mary, and the wee bit bairns he had left at home.' He could not resist giving poor Penny a turn, and improving his own understanding at the same time, by ordering a pair of boots.

The humble tradesman, who was, as usual, at his work, gratefully acknowledged the order; but, in answer to Macmillan's very natural question—of when he would have the boots, replied with a deep sigh, that he did not exactly know; the order would be executed as soon as possible; but that he could not fix any precise time.

Macmillan, from his knowledge of the world, and being a considerate man, thought that, perhaps, the poor fellow had not got the means to purchase the materials; there was a sad, blank air of poverty about the shop.

"I will leave you half a sovereign as a deposit," said he; "get them done as soon as possible."

To his surprise, John Penny refused to take any advance.

"It will be time enough to pay for the boots when you get them," said he significantly.

Macmillan was perplexed. He looked earnestly at the son of St. Crispin, whose brow was more thoughtful, and his look more care-worn than ordinarily.

"Don't think me impertinent," said he, "but is anything the matter?—you seem unhappy."

"No, nothing very particular."

"Nay, nay, I'm convinced there is," returned Macmillan, whose sympathy began to be much awakened.

"Come, come, what is it?"

"Well, since you are pressing," said Penny, sighing deeply, "I will confess there is—my rent. I have gone back in my rent. I was one of the congregation of the Rev. Mr. Tramp, the minister of our local chapel."

"You don't mean you were one of the

Jumpers?" inquired Macmillan, scarcely able to conceal a smile.

"I will confess that I was," replied Penny, devoutly. "I stood high in favor with that singularly pious man. All his congregation dealt with me for boots and shoes. I thought I had received a special call to furnish the Jumpers with approved soles; but, alas! one fine morning the holy man was translated, I think his followers called it, for he was nowhere to be found?—This sad defalcation caused me to go back; I could not meet my rent, and—"

"Why, how much do you owe?" said the kind-hearted ventriloquist.

"I am now nearly three quarters in arrears; it will soon be upwards of £20."

"Who is your landlord?"

"Squire Summer."

"What! of the Legion-mills, Ancoats?"

"Yes."

"Why, he is one of the great cotton lords, rich as a Jew. If I were to become surety, now, don't you think he'd give you time?"

"He has been very patient; I can not complain of him. But he is a man of business—a man of money. Never having known what himself he can, not conceive it to spring from any other cause than improvidence, or worse, and has little sympathy with it; the last time he was here he said he should call once more, and then, if the money was not forthcoming, the law must take its course. I expected him yesterday, and—"

"Eh, mercy, man! what's the matter with you?" said Macmillan, "you tremble."

"Yes, I see he's coming; he has that fellow Boardman, the broker, with him."

Macmillan looked out, and saw, indeed, the Squire, his footman, and a very shabby, suspicious looking fellow, apparently an employee of the broker. He had scarce time to cast a rapid glance around the deserted shop, ere the party were at the door, and had entered.

"Let them come," cried Penny, with an air of despairing resignation, "I have struggled, Heaven knows! as long as I was able, and can do no more."

"Well, Mr. Penny," said the Squire, blandly, advancing to the counter, you know, of course, the cause of my visit?"

Here a huge staring Poll Parrot, who, with its cage, formed one of the few articles of furniture in the shop, began to whistle.

"Call again to-morrow," to the astonishment of all present except Macmillan.—She followed this by

"I know a bank."

The Squire and broker stared. Penny, however, resumed,

"You are, of course, provided, Mr. Penny?"

"Alas! no sir," said the poor tradesman, "it's useless to deceive you any further—I can not pay you at this moment, nor either do I know when I can; take my little property, sir, let it pay as far as it will, I will do the best that I can; Providence will not forsake me."

"What's o'clock?" interrupted the parrot; "Polly wants her breakfast."

The children, who had by this time stolen covertly in, curious to know what was going forward, were as much surprised as their father at Polly's sudden loquacity.—Their little round eyes dilated with wonder and twinkled with delight; but the awful presence of the great man from which they fell in instinctive awe, somewhat repressed them.

"Well, well," continued the prudent man of cotton, after a pause, "if that's the case I may as well have the things as anybody else. John Broadman, you will do what is necessary."

"Polly, Polly, Polly, Polly," here exclaimed Poll.

"That's a fine bird," observed the Squire, his attention attracted.

"I must leave a man in possession," said the broker, "but before I go I may as well make out the inventory, for I suppose there's no chance of matters being settled without a sale, Mr. Penny."

"None," replied the shoe-maker.

"Then I'll proceed to my work at once. Item, one Dutch clock."

"What's o'clock, what's o'clock," exclaimed Poll.

Poor Penny looked stupefied. The children, who had been regarding the scene, as we have said, half with curiosity and half with fear, now could not help clapping

their little hands at Poll's apropos speech; but a look from their father restrained them.—Broadman continued,

"One high desk and counter, one slate, one shoemaker's bench and tools, three chairs, two tin candlesticks, six boot-trees."

"Woodman, spare that tree," sung out Polly.

"Clever bird that," said the Squire, his attention being now greatly attracted.

"You'll put the parrot down, I suppose, Mr. Broadman."

"Oh, no, we never mention her," sung the parrot.

"I should like to have that bird; what's your name, Poll?"

"Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins," sung Polly, cocking her head knowingly.

"Answers quite like a christian," replied the Squire; "seems to answer everything, I declare."

"What's o'clock," cried Poll.

"Amazing, upon my honor," ejaculated the Squire. "Now I think of it," said he, "my daughter Cecilia has been worrying my life out for the last six months, to buy her such a bird as this one that can talk, and sing, and whistle. I'll tell you what I'll do, Penny, I don't want to be hard upon you; let me have the parrot, give me a note of hand for £5 balance, and I'll withdraw the distress, and give you a receipt for the £15 due."

"Don't you wish you may get it!" saucily replied Poll, as if she understood what the landlord was talking about.

"Such a bird as that is worth more money," observed Macmillan; "I wouldn't mind giving that much for it myself."

"Oh, whistle and I'll come to thee, my lad," whistled Poll.

"Wonderful!" said the ventriloquist; "I think the fairest way would be to let Poll come to the hammer, and bring whatever she is knocked down for."

"The woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree," sung out Polly.

The Squire was electrified.

"One lapstone—anything more?" said Broadman.

"Oh, yes; ten lasts, sundry wax-ends, &c. &c."

"Stop! stop!" interrupted the Squire.—"I must have that bird; I'll take it as payment of the rent in full. Penny, will that suit you?"

Poor Penny seemed thunderstruck. He hesitated as if he had some compunctions. The Squire observed it.

"That's not enough! well, then, I'll make it £20. Here's a receipt for the rent, and there's five sovereigns. Will that do for you? Broadman, withdraw your man."

"You don't lodge here Mr. Fergusson, with your nipence," said Polly.

The Squire was delighted. Macmillan thought the arrangement honorable to all parties, and poor Penny apparently unwillingly resigned possession of the bird.

"I shall take my prize home at once," said he.

"Good-by, Poll," cried all the children.

"Good by! my native land, good night," sang Poll, looking very grave, and twisting her head first on one side, and then on the other, placing herself in her swing, and violently rocking herself backwards and forwards. The signal seemed to be given for her departure.

"Now, John," cried Poll, "drive on gently over the stones."

"John, does your mother know you're out?"

John grinned like a Cheshire cat. The Squire looked enchanted, and the children shrieked again with surprise and delight. As for poor Penny, he seemed perfectly satisfied.

As soon as the shop was fairly clear of the party, he turned to Macmillan, and with an air of much perplexity, begged he would look in on the following morning, when he would have some skins, from which he might choose the leather for his boots, for just at that moment he felt quite bewildered.

Highly elated that John Penny had got so well through his difficulties, the good ventriloquist didn't intrude, but contentedly took his leave. He was, however, a punctual visitor at John's the following morning, and found that honest cordwainer had laid out the £5 he had received, over and above his rent, the preceding afternoon, to the very best advantage. He had stocked his shop with a good supply

of leather and other articles necessary for his trade, and now only wanted customers.

While Macmillan was selecting the materials for his boots, the Squire suddenly made his appearance, followed by his footman, bearing Polly. Penny was surprised, and so, too, seemed Macmillan.

"Well, Mr. Penny," said the great cotton lord, "we have brought back your parrot—it is very extraordinary, but it has not spoken a single word since I took it away—never sung a single song, nor whistled a single tune; it has done nothing but squeak, scream, scream, till my head has been fit to split; in fact, she is a perfect nuisance; she upset the glass globe and spilt all the gold and silver fish. Return the £5 I paid you, and I'll forfeit the rent."

"I am sorry to say," said the very conscientious John Penny, "that I have laid out the money; but, however, if you'll take my note of hand for it—"

"Why, stay!" said Macmillan, "parrots very seldom talk in a strange place at first; put Poll in her usual place, and then see."

The cage was accordingly restored to its former position, when, to the utter astonishment of all present, Poll immediately began to sing,

"Home, sweet home; be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

"Well," said the Squire, lifting up his hands, "this is incredible, but I have heard of such things before. What a sensible intelligent creature she is; I must give her another trial; take her back, John."

"I'll gang nae mair to yon town," whistled Poll, but, however, to no effect.

"What's o'clock?" &c.

"You appear to be surprised at my amazement, Mr. Macmillan," said honest Penny, when the party were out of sight, "but will not be when I tell you that until yesterday I never heard that bird utter a single syllable. As Mr. Summer had said, she had never done anything but squeak and scream, disturbing the whole neighborhood; but they got used to it at last, they pretended to break my windows and twist her neck off at first. It was a long time before I could get to like it myself; but now reconciles us to anything; and I think now that I shall miss her, disagreeable as she was."

Macmillan had no doubt of it.

"But I must leave you," said he, so work away, my boy. I shall look in to-morrow as I pass, to see how you are getting along."

He called the next morning, and found the leather for his boots cut out, the lasts prepared, and honest John commenced operations. While giving his final directions, 'squire Summer again unexpectedly made his appearance, accompanied, as on the previous day, by John and Poll.

"Bless me, sir," said Penny, "is it you?"

"Yes, Mr. Penny, I've come again, returned the 'squire, "with this diabolical bird; not a single moment's peace have we had—"

"What! do you find her talk too much, sir?" inquired the shoemaker, with great simplicity.

"Talk too much!" said the 'squire, "the obstinate brute, confound her, she has not talked at all. Put her in her old place, John."

"Don't I look spruce on my niddy," whistled Poll.

"Oh hang you! you have found your tongue," said the 'squire, "have you! but I'm not to be done a third time; keep your bird, Penny; I wish you much joy from her."

"But I've spent the money you gave me for her," said honest John, "and I don't exactly know when I shall be able to pay it back again."

"Oh never mind the money; only release me from such a torment as this, and I'll put up with the loss the best way that I can."

Poor John was somewhat reluctantly prevailed upon to take back the bird, and pocket the affront of its return, as well as he might. Poll was, therefore, again restored to her former situation, looking very wise; and as the disappointed landlord with his man John, much chagrined at the result of his purchase, being himself a character by no means accustomed to buying things at a loss, Poll could not help giving him a fling as he went, as if to quicken his movements, by singing out in extravagant glee—

"Go to the devil and shake yourself, following the polite exhortation with a

loud laugh.

"Well," said John, as soon as they were fairly out of hearing, "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good; had I not been seized for rent, my parrot might never have spoken."

"Pretty, pretty Poll—pretty Poll!"

"What's o'clock, what's o'clock?" said he coaxingly.

"What's o'clock, what's o'clock?" was echoed by all the children, who had crept in on the departure of the 'squire. Poll was, however, deaf to the call of the charms.

"Bless me," cried John, "has the bird grown sulky all in a hurry?—why, it won't talk now."

"It will talk as much as ever," said Macmillan, laughing. "The fact is, as the farce is finished, and there is no money returned, I may as well, to prevent you puzzling your brains any farther, let you behold the curtains, friend Penny—reveal the secrets of the prison-house. You are indebted to your Poll, and your partner, Joe, for the payment of your rent, and you being once set up in business; there is your Poll, and here is your partner Joe. To prevent her speaking by rote, or rather not speaking at all, I spoke for her, and, as it appears, to good purpose."

"I see it all," replied John, upon whose mind the truth now flashed like lightning.

### THE HOMESTEAD.

In an old fashioned gambled-roofed house, far back from the road little Phebe Green stood with her face pressed to the window-pane, gazing out upon the dazzling snow, which was drifted by the road side, glittered over the meadow, and even hung upon the old walnut tree down in the pasture. She was wondering how long it would be before school would be out, so that her sisters could return home, and beside, cousin Ned had promised her a slide on the pond. Her mother sat by the little table near the fire-place, busily engaged at knitting. Phebe broke the silence by exclaiming—"Oh mother! uncle Jared has come in his beautiful sleigh." His step was soon heard at the door, and Mrs. Green arose to welcome him. Phebe placed a chair for him near the fire-place, and returned to her station by the window, for his gravity repelled her, and there was an anxious look upon his mother's face. He at length drew a letter from his pocket and read it. Phebe caught the words "dead and buried!" What could it mean? What made mother wring her hands and look so? What made uncle Jared wipe his eyes upon the back of his broad hand? He sat a long time talking earnestly with Mrs. Green, and then rose to depart. His hand was on the door-latch, when he felt a slight touch upon his arm, and turning, he saw Phebe standing by his side. "What is it, uncle Jared? what is it?" she whispered; "is father dead?" "Yes," said he hoarsely, "there, don't cry, don't cry; keep still for your mother's sake," and he hurried from the house. She went back to the window, but this time the little head was bowed upon the sill, and the long fair curls swept over it.

Uncle Jared's sleigh was again at the gate, and he lifted out tenderly the three sisters, Charlotte, Susan and Bell. They walked slowly up the path, the two youngest ones grasping Charlotte's cloak. They passed round to the back of the house, and entered through the porch into the kitchen.

Charlotte nervously untied their bonnet strings, laid aside their cloaks, and clinging together, they entered the sitting-room, and clustered round the fire place. Phebe sprang towards them with outstretched arms—"Oh Lotty!" she cried, "father is dead!" and uncle Jared says I mustn't cry."

She hid her face in the folds of Charlotte's dress, and the little form quivered with suppressed sobs.

Mrs. Green sat with her head bowed upon the little table before her, and the children were awed by her stillness. Charlotte at length approached, and winding her arms tenderly around her, said in a sobbing voice, "mother, dearest mother, we are all left to you!" She lifted her wan tearful face to Charlotte's, and said, "I have not forgotten you, oh no! but we must pray!" They knelt around her, and the pleadings of that mother's heart went up to Divine Love, until peace swept softly over it.

Charlotte nervously untied their bonnet strings, laid aside their cloaks, and clinging together, they entered the sitting-room, and clustered round the fire place. Phebe sprang towards them with outstretched arms—"Oh Lotty!" she cried, "father is dead!" and uncle Jared says I mustn't cry."

She hid her face in the folds of Charlotte's dress, and the little form quivered with suppressed sobs.

Mrs. Green sat with her head bowed upon the little table before her, and the children were awed by her stillness. Charlotte at length approached, and winding her arms tenderly around her, said in a sobbing voice, "mother, dearest mother, we are all left to you!" She lifted her wan tearful face to Charlotte's, and said, "I have not forgotten you, oh no! but we must pray!" They knelt around her, and the pleadings of that mother's heart went up to Divine Love, until peace swept softly over it.

Charlotte nervously untied their bonnet strings, laid aside their cloaks, and clinging together, they entered the sitting-room, and clustered round the fire place. Phebe sprang towards them with outstretched arms—"Oh Lotty!" she cried, "father is dead!" and uncle Jared says I mustn't cry."

She hid her face in the folds of Charlotte's dress, and the little form quivered with suppressed sobs.

Mrs. Green sat with her head bowed upon the little table before her, and the children were awed by her stillness. Charlotte at length approached, and winding her arms tenderly around her, said in a sobbing voice, "mother, dearest mother, we are all left to you!" She lifted her wan tearful face to Charlotte's, and said, "I have not forgotten you, oh no! but we must pray!" They knelt around her, and the pleadings of that mother's heart went up to Divine Love, until peace swept softly over it.

Charlotte nervously untied their bonnet strings, laid aside their cloaks, and clinging together, they entered the sitting-room, and clustered round the fire place. Phebe sprang towards them with outstretched arms—"Oh Lotty!" she cried, "father is dead!" and uncle Jared says I mustn't cry."

She hid her face in the folds of Charlotte's dress, and the little form quivered with suppressed sobs.

Mrs. Green sat with her head bowed upon the little table before her, and the children were awed by her stillness. Charlotte at length approached, and winding her arms tenderly around her, said in a sobbing voice, "mother, dearest mother, we are all left to you!" She lifted her wan tearful face to Charlotte's, and said, "I have not forgotten you, oh no! but we must pray!" They knelt around her, and the pleadings of that mother's heart went up to Divine Love, until peace swept softly over it.

Charlotte nervously untied their bonnet strings, laid aside their cloaks, and clinging together, they entered the sitting-room, and clustered round the fire place. Phebe sprang towards them with outstretched arms—"Oh Lotty!" she cried, "father is dead!" and uncle Jared says I mustn't cry."

She hid her face in the folds of Charlotte's dress, and the little form quivered with suppressed sobs.

Mrs. Green sat with her head bowed upon the little table before her, and the children were awed by her stillness. Charlotte at length approached, and winding her arms tenderly around her, said in a sobbing voice, "mother, dearest mother, we are all left to you!" She lifted her wan tearful face to Charlotte's, and said, "I have not forgotten you, oh no! but we must pray!" They knelt around her, and the pleadings of that mother's heart went up to Divine Love, until peace swept softly over it.

Charlotte nervously untied their bonnet strings, laid aside their cloaks, and clinging together, they entered the sitting-room, and clustered round the fire place. Phebe sprang towards them with outstretched arms—"Oh Lotty!" she cried, "father is dead!" and uncle Jared says I mustn't cry."

She hid her face in the folds of Charlotte's dress, and the little form quivered with suppressed sobs.

Mrs. Green sat with her head bowed upon the little table before her, and the children were awed by her stillness. Charlotte at length approached, and winding her arms tenderly around her, said in a sobbing voice, "mother, dearest mother, we are all left to you!" She lifted her wan tearful face to Charlotte's, and said, "I have not forgotten you, oh no! but we must pray!" They knelt around her, and the pleadings of that mother's heart went up to Divine Love, until peace swept softly over it.

Charlotte nervously untied their bonnet strings, laid aside their cloaks, and clinging together, they entered the sitting-room, and clustered round the fire place. Phebe sprang towards them with outstretched arms—"Oh Lotty!" she cried, "father is dead!" and uncle Jared says I mustn't cry."

She hid her face in the folds of Charlotte's dress, and the little form quivered with suppressed sobs.

The winter passed slowly to Mrs. Green and her family. Spring came at last, unchaining the mill stream, and decking the ivy that grew upon its steep sides. The orchard was thick with blossoms, and the robins chirped at the door-stone. But all this brought no joy to the bereaved family.

It was their last day at the old house. The children wandered about with tearful faces, and their mother, oh! how she loved it!—its low roof and sunny porch, its queer nooks and corners. It was here she came on her marriage day, her heart crowded with hope and happiness; it was here her children were born; here her dear baby boy was cradled—and more than all, it was here she felt that last kiss, so sacred to her memory. The morning of their departure dawned, clear and beautiful. Uncle Jared's cart was at the gate, with the goods piled upon it; the last look was taken, and they went forth from the dear old house, with all its hallowed associations crushed into memory. JENNY.

Chicopee, April, 1855.

[From the Christian Inquirer.]

CHURCH MUSIC.

Is there no remedy, can there be nothing effected in the reformation of that portion of divine service which the choirs in our churches occupy? Much has been said and written on the subject, still, where is the movement made to effect a reform?

I do believe that a great portion of devotional minds in our churches desire a change. Is it not considered a part of divine worship in which the congregation ought to join? With what propriety can a minister in giving out a hymn, say, "Let us unite in the worship of God by singing to his praise, when the organ and a few professional singers, men and women, perhaps not more than four, hired on purpose, perform the whole, and while such tunes are selected, except on a very rare occasion, in which none but professional singers can unite. Is it not a desecration of that portion of worship to call it singing to the praise of God? Is it not rather that the choir may be praised for their scientific skill in mastering a piece of difficult music? I have often thought that it would be much better if the congregation could unite in nothing else than the old hundred, with several such kindred and devotional tunes, familiar to all who can sing, than with the most perfect music which the most skillful choir could produce. These have their place, but ought not to be a substitute for the praise of God in our churches. In the church which I attend, at the celebration of the Lord's-Supper, the organ leads, and the communicants unite in this part of the service, practically saying that during this solemn service it is no place for the choir to exhibit their skill; something more devotional is required; and if for this, why not for all? The writer trusts that something more than mere talking, and writing on this subject will be done; dispense at once with the choirs of hired singers, and let the societies be thrown upon their own resources, and in a much shorter time than many anticipate, the congregation will be found to unite in this portion of divine worship, much to the gratification, as I should hope, of every devotional mind. A list of tunes might be selected for the government of the organist. R

Died at Marshpee, Isaac Simon, aged 95, the last male Indian claiming to be a full blooded Indian proprietor of Marshpee. About one-fourth part of his skin had become of the color of a white man, without any known disease.

JENNY LIND.—Jenny Lind will hereafter sing only sacred music. She ignores everything which can be constructed into giving her sanction to theatrical or operatic performances. Jenny is now the mother of two children.

A RICH AND LIBERAL BISHOP.—It is stated that the Rev. L. L.

# The Weekly Journal.

CHICOOPEE, SATURDAY, April 7, 1855.

B. M. PETERSON & Co. are the Agents for the Journal, and are authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payment. Their offices are at 110 Nassau street, New York, and 10 State Street, Boston.

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

## TOWN MEETING.

Town meeting passed off quietly. The vote was very small, and a feeling of indifference seemed to prevail. There were only two regular tickets in the field—the "know nothing" and "Citizens' Union." Silas Mosman was chosen moderator, by a unanimous vote.

Town Clerk and Treasurer.—Jonathan R. Childs 462, Loman A. Moody 1, William Briggs 9.

Selectmen.—Titus Chapin 329, Caleb S. Chapin 312, Rufus Mosher 358, William H. West 358, John E. Marsh 280. This ticket was elected. Benning Leavitt had 240, Austin Chapin 226, Timothy W. Carter 229, John H. Smith 138, Alfred L. McKinstry 227, Sylvanus Adams 55, Orrin Dudley 1 R. play Swift 1, William P. Winkley 2, W. V. Johnson 1, L. Lane 1, Jona. C. Bowker 1.

Assessors.—Whole number of votes, 628. Amasa Bull had 336, Jeduthan Gleason 325, Marshall Pease 354. This ticket was elected. Moses W. Chapin had 167, Pliny Cadwell 206, E. S. Albro 217, R. C. Tuttle 1, P. Stedman 1, H. H. Phetyplice 1, George Sheldon 1.

School Committee.—Whole number of votes, 628. Eli B. Clark had 604, Rufus K. Bellamy 392, Charles R. Ludd 366. The above ticket was elected. Mortimer D. Whittaker had 228, George M. Stearns 215, Charles H. Webster 17, M. J. Severance 5, J. R. Childs 1, Wm. Briggs 1, T. A. Denison 1, John Wells 1.

Constables.—Whole number of votes, 628. Ripley Swift had 385, B. W. Steele 392, Mason D. Whittaker 378, Jeduthan Gleason 390, William G. Porter 366. The above ticket was elected. Lucas B. Chapin had 211, Orange C. Towne 190, Louis A. Leppens 211, William Wheeler 221, Henry Churchill 220, Alonzo Wait 110, William R. Kentfield 189, Samuel A. Shackford 110, Peter S. Holden 123, John C. Lund 1, Francis Cogan 1, R. C. Tuttle 1, Wm. P. Winkley 1, M. Mosman 1, J. S. Robbins 1.

County Treasurer.—William Rice had 227, A. Doolittle 1.

Surveyors of Lumber.—Francis Moore, Veranus Chapin, R. E. Robertson, John E. Marsh, Calvin H. Cooley, Sylvester Allen, Josephus Chapin.

Sealers of Leather.—A. G. Parker, J. W. Hitchcock, Andrew Hubbard.

Sealer of Weights and Measures.—Amory Doolittle.

Pound Keeper.—Seth Stebbins.

Fence Viewers.—Edward Johnson, Caleb S. Chapin, Moses W. Chapin, Seth Stebbins, Alfred L. McKinstry, Orren Fuller, Pliny Ch. pin.

Surveyors of Wood and Bark.—N. Cutler, W. E. Wintworth, Thomas A. Denison, Rufus Mosher, Harvey Hitchcock, Phineas Stedman, Sylvester Allen, Pliny Cadwell, Merrick Cowan, Henry L. Shaw, J. M. Osgood, Charles A. Taylor, George Arms.

Thythingmen.—N. Cutler, E. K. Brown, James G. Childley, George M. Fittz, Albert W. Howe, Wm. Barnes, Mason D. Whittaker, John H. Stevens, Charles E. Damon, Daniel Knapp, Josiah Whitney, J. C. Bowker, Robert Roach, Patrick Hall, Phineas Stedman, Sylvester Allen, Marshall Pease, Lewis Calkins, Andrew Hubbard, Wm. Blake, Wm. Thayer, Hiram Mungler, Lester Dickinson, R. S. Furney.

Highway Surveyors.—Sylvester Allen, A. M. Carleton, Allen Johnson.

Field Drivers.—Moses W. Chapin, Seth Stebbins, Wm. H. West, A. L. McKinstry, Wm. D. Chapin, Sylvester Allen, Almon Spoor, Lemuel Keyes, Seymour Bagg, Heman Cooley, George Mosman, Comfort C. Bailey, Benj. Powers, Eli Ferry, Geo. Thayer, James Lyman, Tertius Norton, George M. Stearns, John B. Wood.

Weights and Measures of Wood.—Harvey Hitchcock, Robert C. McKinnon, J. R. Whitemore.

Committee on the Highways.—Austin Chapin, Pliny Cadwell, J. B. McCune, P. Stedman, Timothy W. Carter.

Tax Collector.—Phineas Stedman; salary, \$300.

Appropriations.—For schools, \$1,058; highways and bridges, \$2,500; paupers, \$500; contingent department, \$5,441.

God's HAND IN THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.—Rev. Mr. Oviatt will deliver a discourse upon this subject next Sabbath evening, April 8, in his church in this village, at 7 o'clock.

DEBATING CLUB.—The capital punishment question will again be discussed next Monday evening; discussion to commence at 7 1/2 o'clock.

**Kansas.**  
The Lawrence Herald of Freedom of March 3d, says that a hundred persons accustomed to building concrete houses could find constant employment and large wages in Lawrence. There is the best material all around that city.

The city of Douglas, ten miles from Lawrence, has been abandoned, and a new site selected, which is called Delaware.

Emigrants are cautioned against pickpockets and gamblers, who visit the boats on the Missouri river; and also runners for the hotels and drummers for the stores in St. Louis. These "drummers" come on board of boats loaded with pioneers, invite them to their stores, fill them with wine, and anything calculated to throw the unwary traveler off his guard; then, with croakings about the suffering in Kansas, and the great want of provisions experienced along the border, they induce him to make heavy purchases of flour, groceries, and other heavy freight, which he is compelled to get up the river at great cost, when on arriving in Kansas, he learns he could have bought a similar article at the same, and often at a lower rate, at his very door, in his new home.

A company from Hampden county, numbering fifty, left Springfield on Tuesday. Many more from this county are to follow.

The Missouri cut-throats have controlled the Kansas election. As many as ten thousand went into the territory on election day and voted, electing all the pro-slavery candidates. If Gov. Reeder is the man we take him to be, this mock election will be nullified by him, and a new one ordered. Such deeds will recoil on the perpetrators. Kansas must be free, Aitchison and Stringfellow to the contrary notwithstanding.

Rev. Mr. Nute has received a present of one of Colt's revolvers—a necessary article in some cases.

**REV. E. NUTE, JR.**  
Rev. Mr. Nute preached his farewell sermon last Sunday; the main subject touched upon in it was "the gospel and its application to every-day life," and was attentively listened to by many sympathizing friends. He alluded to his connection with the church in this village for the past three years—and a half in a plain-hearted and appropriate manner.

On Tuesday evening, his installation as missionary to Kansas took place. Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Huntington of Boston; ordaining prayer, by Rev. Mr. Coolege of Boston; charge, by Rev. Dr. Miles of Boston; hand of fellowship, by Rev. Mr. T. May of Springfield; concluding prayer, by Rev. Mr. Moors of Deerfield. The services were exceedingly interesting. Like a well constructed machine, every part was excellent.

Mr. Nute will soon leave Chicopee for the great battle-ground—not to repose in luxury, or discharge effeminate duties, but to work. Freedom, whose influence he has ever inhaled, will find in him an earnest and efficient advocate; the rough, but noble hearted pioneers, will find in him a true friend, and one who has a real comprehension of the true worth and dignity of man, no matter whether or no he has attached to him the gew-gaws of conventional respectability. A feeling of sadness has certainly come over many at the idea of parting, with such a friend, but they should remember that Kansas is a wider field to work in than Chicopee; and that the former needs men of the right stamp more than the latter.

**DEATHS.**  
William S. Archer, formerly U. S. senator from Virginia, died Wednesday.

Thomas M. Woodruff, ex-member of congress from N. York, and lately a prominent know nothing, died Wednesday evening.

John Roger, an eminent lawyer, died at Syracuse, N. Y., Thursday, of congestion of the brain.

Chief Justice Booth, of Delaware, died at Newcastle, on Tuesday, of inflammation of the lungs.

General Cohamdorro, chief of the revolutionary forces in San Juan Nicaragua, is dead, and the revolution is considered at an end.

Mrs. Cass, wife of the U. S. minister to Rome, died in that city on the 3d of March, of congestion of the brain.

Aaron Rogers, the last of the guard on duty at the execution of Andre, died at Newbury, Mass., last Saturday evening.

**PUBLIC HEALTH.**—At town meeting Mr. J. Priestly, house and sign painter, of this village, introduced a resolution, recommending the selectmen to use their influence in favor of having every house in town painted and papered, as a guard against sickness. The voters present being in good humor, passed the resolution by a unanimous vote, and considerable sport was created in consequence. Mr. Priestly seems to "have an eye for No. 1."

**RHODE ISLAND.**—The know nothings have made a clean sweep.

**BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.**—The following beautiful paragraph we extract from the address delivered before the graduating class of Rutgers' college, by the Hon. Theodore Freelinghuysen, and commend it to the perusal of the young:

"Resolve to do something useful, honorable, dutiful, and do it heartily. Repel the thought that you can, and therefore you may live above work, and without it. Among the most pitiable objects in society is the man whose mind has not been trained by the discipline of education; who has learned how to think of the value of his immortal powers, and with all these noble faculties cultivated and prepared for an honorable activity, ignobly sits down to do nothing; with no influence over the public mind; with no interest in the concerns of his country, or even his neighborhood; to be regarded as a drone, without object or character, with no hand to lift and no effort to put forth to help the right or defeat the wrong. Who can think with any calmness of such a miserable enterprise? Never permit your influence to go into hostility to the cause of truth and virtue. So live that, with the Christian poet, you may truthfully say that

"If your country stand not by your skill,  
At least your follies have not wrought her fall."

**REGING THE WEST.**—The Louisville Journal says, the introduction of the Osage orange hedges, as a substitute for fences on the western prairies, where the ordinary materials are procured with difficulty, is becoming very general, and will cause thousands of acres of the most fertile lands to be brought under cultivation, which otherwise would lay waste for want of suitable material for fencing it. Four years only, is required to render it impenetrable. It is stated that over 3000 bushels of Osage orange seed was brought into the western market last year, from Texas.

**OIL FROM THE BOWELS OF A MOUNTAIN.**—A statement has been made that a large number of springs have been discovered in western Pennsylvania, which, by a process of evaporation and distillation, yielded an oil equal in purity to the best sperm oil. It is represented as furnishing a brilliant light, and as not being affected by the cold with the thermometer 14 degrees below zero. It is said 1,000 gallons of this oil has already been produced.

**CHEAP SERMONS.**—Lithographed discourses are offered for sale by the dozen, in England, which are warranted to be "original, orthodox, and twenty minutes." These sermons are prepared with erasures and interlineations; so that, even from the side gallery, they could not be distinguished from manuscript.

**AN ANTELOPEIAN EGG.**—A few days ago quite a curiosity was brought up from the bottom of the artesian well, in Livingston Alabama. At a distance of 335 feet below the surface, and over 300 feet in the rock, an egg was found, completely petrified, and perfect in shape, save where the auger had defaced it a little.

**DIFFERENCE BETWEEN NAPIER AND DUNDAS.**—Punch says the following appears to be the distinction between two admirals who have not achieved much distinction of any other kind.—Napier was expected to do something, and didn't do it. Dundas was expected to do nothing and did it.

**CONNECTICUT ELECTION.**—The administration men are defeated; no choice for governor by the people, but both branches of the legislature have strong anti-administration majorities. The anti-slavery element has secured the election of congressmen of the right stamp.

Those who wish to buy ready-made clothing adapted to the present season, and at reasonable prices, will do well to call at the "Boston one-price Store." Our friend Hall has just returned from Boston, with a large stock of goods. His advertisement will appear next week.

**THE INDIANS.**—Active preparations are going on for exterminating the Seminole Indians in Florida. A large amount of stores have been transported to that state. The Indians will undoubtedly soon be exterminated or driven from their concealments in the forests.

**A GENEROUS FARMER.**—The Cleveland (Ohio) Express says, a friend just returned from Medina county informs us that hundreds of cattle are dying from want of food. Mr. Hiram Bronson, of Medina, who had a large surplus of hay, had given half a ton each of the farmers in his vicinity whose cattle were suffering.

**INTERESTING TO LADIES.**—The Illinois house of representatives has resolved that a fine of \$500 be hereafter imposed on any lady who shall lecture in public, in any part of the state, without first putting on gentleman's apparel.

**NOTHING TO CARRY.**—A Yankee describing an opponent, said—"I tell you what, sir, that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic; add him up, and there's nothing to carry."

**KANSAS.**—It is a fact in the geology of Kansas that a stratum of magnesian rock resembling chalk, underlies the whole country at a depth of from twenty to fifty feet. So say the Kansas papers.

**NEW YORK MARKET.**  
Mr. Editor.—Since our last report we have some changes to notice in our produce market. Below we give you a correct report of the present market, hoping it may be of service to you.

**Flour and Grain.**—We are obliged to advance our quotations on flour with an active home demand, and light receipts. We quote an advance of \$1 1/2 to 2 1/2 per bbl. on most grades within the week: We quote common state from \$9 to 9 1/8; Eastern from 9 3/4 to 10; common brands—western, \$9 1/2 to 9 3/4; extra, \$10 to 11.50; Genesee, 9 3/4 to \$10 for common, and \$11 to 12 3/4 for extra; Canadian, 9.50 to 10.50. Rye Flour, \$6.25 to 7; corn meal, firm, \$4.31 to 4 3/8; Buckwheat Flour, \$3.50 to 4.50 per 100 lbs.; Wheat, \$2.60 to 2.70 for white, and 2.10 to 2.25 for red; corn, 98 cents to \$1; Rye, \$1.31 to 1.34; Barley, \$1.30 to 1.35; Oats, 54 to 56 cents for Jersey, 64 to 68 cents for state and western.

**Peas.**—13 shillings to 15 for marrowfat; Canada, 12 shillings to 13 per bushel; white beans, 18 to 20 shillings; a per bushel.

**Provisions.**—Mess Pork, \$16 3/8 to 16.50; prime, \$14.25 to 14 3/8; beef, country mess, \$9.50 to 11.50; do. prime, 6.50 to 7.75; re-packed Chicago, \$14.50 to 15.25; for mess; beef hams, \$16 to 18.50; hams in pickle, 8 1/2 to 9 cents per lb.; shoulders, 6 1/2 to 6 3/4; lard, 9 1/2 to 10 cents per lb.; butter, prime Orange county, 30 to 32 cents; prime state, 28 to 31 for mess and old, and in good demand; western and Penna. 16 to 20 cents for good; common do., 14 to 16; Cheese, 11 1/2 to 13 1/2 cents per lb.

**Fruit.**—Green apples, \$3.50 to 4 per bbl.; dried do. \$6.50 to 6.75; dried Peaches, 13 1/2 to 14 cents per lb.; do. Plums, 13 to 15; Cherries, 20 to 22 cts. per lb.

Potatoes in good demand at 2.50 to 2.62 per bbl. for common, and \$3 to 3.75 per bbl. for extra Merces and Casters.

**Ashes.**—Pots and pearls, both 1.25.

Seeds.—Clover 10 to 10 1/2 cts. per lb.—Timothy, \$3 to 3.50 per bushel; flax do. 1.85 to 1.90 per bushel.

Eggs in good demand at 25 cents to 21 cts. per dozen.

Hops dull at 20 to 22c for prime.

**INDUSTRY AND HAPPINESS.**—Labor is a necessary condition of human prosperity, and no person, who has given his attention to the influence of remunerated labor on the happiness of individuals and the community, can hesitate in giving preference to the benevolence which employs, over the charity that simply feeds the hungry and clothes the naked. And inasmuch as bread is sweeter by the earning, and more abounding in nutriment to the healthful conditions of the whole being; while bread bestowed sustains life, leaving the energies of mind and body to languish in inaction—We congratulate the age, less than it has produced men who in their munificence and ambition of a name, bestow alms, found asylums and houses of refuge, than that it has produced men who, like Fulton, Morse and Palmer, have employed their energies in bringing human interests vis-a-vis, and establishing telegraphic communications between mind and muscle, that they may, together, run the race, and win the rewards of remunerative industry and accumulative happiness.—Ex.

**BE ALWAYS BUSY.**—The more a man accomplishes, the more he may. An active tool never grows rusty. You always find those men who are forward to do good, or to improve the times and manners, always busy. Who start our railroads, our steamboats, our machine-shops, and our manufactories? Men of industry and enterprise. As long as they live they work—doing something to benefit themselves and others. It is just so with a man who is benevolent—the more he gives, the more he feels like giving. We go for activity—in body, in mind, in everything. Let the gold grow not dim, nor the thoughts become stale. Keep all things in motion. It is better that death should find us sailing a mountain than sinking in a mire.—Puritan Recorder.

**No SUPERSTITION HERE.**—A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, dating at Bayrout, Syria, Feb. 11, 1855, states that at Sidon, thirty miles south of Bayrout, while digging for buried treasures in an old graveyard, three copper pots, each containing eight hundred pieces of gold, met the delighted, but not surprised, eyes of the adventurous diggers. Each piece was of the value of five dollars, and all bore the name and head of Philip or Alexander (460 to 359 B. C.)

The velvet moss grows on a sterile rock, the mistletoe flourishes on the naked branches, the ivy clings to the molding ruins, the pine and cedar remain fresh and undecayed amid the devastation of the receding year; and something green, something beautiful to see, and grateful to the soul will, in the dark hour of fate, still twine its tendrils around the crumbling altars of a broken arches of the desolate temples of the human heart.—Ex.

**LUXURIES IN SAN FRANCISCO.**—The Chinese at San Francisco are "somewhat" on luxuries. Among other bits advertised by a long queued restaurateur in the muddy city, we notice the following:—"Smoked rats, preserved bird's nests, and pickled bull-dogs served daily at the ordinary, at 3 P. M. Tickets \$1 each.

"N. B.—Queues twisted and teeth pickled without additional charge."

Among the patents issued the last week is one to A. E. Bigelow, of Chicopee, for improvement in preparing woolen roving; and one to A. E. Bigelow of Chicopee, for improvement in spinning wool.

**THE BIBLE.**  
(Many sparkling passages occur in "Gillfillan's Gems of the Bible." The following are illustrative.)

Its words and its thoughts are alike poetical; it has gathered around its central truths all natural beauty and interest; it is a temple with one altar and one God, but illumined by a thousand different lights, and studded with a thousand ornaments. It has substantially but one declaration to make, but it utters it in the voices of the creation. Shining forth from the excellent glory, its light has been reflected to a myriad of intervening objects, till it has become attuned for our earthly vision. It now beams upon us at once from the heart of man, and from the countenance of nature. It has arrayed itself in the charms of fiction. It has gathered new beauties from the work of creation, and new warmth and new power from the very passions of clay. It has pressed into its service the very animals of the forest, the flowers of the field, the stars of heaven—all the elements of nature. The lion spurning the sand of the desert, the wild-roe leaping over the mountains, the lamb led in silence to the slaughter, the goat speeding to the wilderness, the rose blossoming in Sharon, the lily drooping in the valley, the apple-tree bowing under its fruit, the great rock shadowing a weary land, the river gladdening a dry place, the moon and the morning star, Carmel by the sea and Tabor in the mountains, the dew from the womb of the morning, the rain upon the meadow grass, the rainbow encompassing a dark place, the light of God's shadow, the thunder of His voice, the wind and the earthquake His footsteps—all such varied objects are made as if naturally designed from their reaction to represent Him to whom the book and all its elements point. Thus the spirit of the book has ransacked creation to lay its treasures on Jehovah's altar, united the innumerable rays of fast-streaming glory on the hill of Calvary, and woven a garland for the bleeding brow of Emmanuel, the flowers of which have been culled from the garden of the universe.

The power of the Bible over man has been long and obstinately resisted; but resisted in vain. For ages has this artless, loosely-pled little Book been exposing to the fire of the keenest investigations—a fire, meanwhile, which has consumed contemptuously the mythology of the Hind, the husbandry of the Georgies, the historical truth of Livy, the fables of Shaster, the Talmud and the Koran, the artistic merit of many a popular poem, the authority of many a work of philosophy and science. And yet there the Bible lies unharmed, untouched, with not one of its pages singed, and not even the smell of fire having passed upon it. Many an attempt has been made to scare away the fiery pillar of our wanderings, to prove it a menial natural product of the wilderness; but still night after night it rises like one of the ever-shining stars of the vanguard of the great march of man, the old column of guidance slow, but guiding certainly to future days of promise, both in the life that is and that which cometh hereafter.

While other books are planets shining with reflected radiance, this book, like the sun, shines with kindred and unborrowed light.

Other books after shining their little season may perish in flames fiercer than those which destroyed the Alexandria library; this must in essence remain fine as gold, but inconsumable as asbestos in the general conflagration.

**Nature's Lessons of Religion.**  
The following, by J. G. Whittier, is instinct with such lessons of religion as are patent to every eye in nature's scenery and audible to every reader.

There is a religion in everything around us; a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing, as it were, unawares upon the heart. It comes—it has no terror, no gloom in its approaches. It has nothing to rouse up the passions; it is unshadowed by the superstitions of man. It is fresh from the hands of the Author, and glowing from the immediate presence of the great spirit which pervades and quickens it. It is written on the arched sky. It looks out from every star. It is among the hills and valleys of the earths where the shrubless mountain-top pierce; the thin atmosphere of eternal winter; or where the mighty forest fluctuates before the strong winds with its dark waves of green foliage.—It is spread out like a legible language upon the broad face of the unsleeping ocean. It is the poetry of heaven. It is this that uplifts the spirit within us, until it is tall enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation; which breaks link after link the chain that binds us to mortality; and which opens to imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness.

**THE CHARLESTON ARTESIAN WELL.**—This well, the deepest in our country, which continued for some time to pour out its water at the rate of 30 gallons per minute, has ceased flowing. Whether the underground supply has fallen short, or something has choked up the bore, we have not yet heard.

**MEXICAN STATISTICS.**—The Mexican papers have recently been publishing a census of that country. From it we gather that there are in that country 85 cities, 193 towns or large villages, 119 missions, &c., 170 haciendas, and 6,092 farms, &c. Population, 7,853,395.

**WHERE DOES ALL THE PORK GO?**—During the first fifteen days in March, the Central railroad brought to Albany between twelve and thirteen thousand dressed hogs, all from the western states, and principally from Chicago.

A Frenchman, translating an English book into his own language, on coming to the words "chestnut horse," translated it a "horse made of chestnuts."

**CORROS.**—It is estimated, from what appears to be reliable data, that every pound of cotton raised in the south costs the planter eight cents.

**SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.**—There were 1,250 more marriages in this state during the past year than there were in the year previous.

**IRON ORE.**—Beautiful iron ore, in abundance, has been found upon the valley of the Platte river, in Nebraska. It has been judged that it will yield 30 per cent.

**RELIGIOUS.**—Thirty students of Amherst college have been converted since the fast for colleges, of whom nine are members of the senior class.

The applications of the "old soldiers" for lands under the late act of congress, already amount to 25,000 in number.

The most valuable Aromatic Medicine in the world! DUNN'S CELEBRATED CATARRH REMEDY. Works in ten times the speed to all those afflicted with Catarrh, or cold in the Head or Throat, Sore Eyes, Deafness and Nervous Headache. A simple box, with directions for use, will be sent free of postage, by mail, any distance not exceeding 3000 miles, from the office of J. Dunn, Albany, N. Y., on the receipt of thirty-one cts. in stamps or specie. N. B. No sold on commission anywhere, it being a cash article. A liberal discount to wholesale dealers. For sale in Chicopee by J. S. Bagg and C. F. Kent, Jan 20-25m

Use the old "village Doctors Infallible Cathartic Remedy, Dr. CLOUGH'S COLUMBIAN PILLS;" their use does not help, but cures diseases such as Headache, Liver Complaint, Constipation, &c. They do not sicken or grip. Try the Columbian Pills. See advertisement.

**BORN.**  
In this village, April 5, a daughter to Justin P. Woodworth.

In this village, March 31, a son to E. H. Winchell, weighing 9 pounds.

**MARRIED.**  
April 4, by Rev. George A. Oviatt of Chicopee, at the Massicot House, Springfield, Mr. Wm. B. Taylor of Southbury, (late of Chicopee) to Miss Susan A. Vining of Roxbury.

In Chicopee, March 30, by A. Doolittle, Esq., Pierre A. Corbin to Sarah Pendult, both of Chicopee.

**DIED.**  
At St. Peter, Minnesota, March 18, Lucilla Harriet, wife of J. C. Strowser, formerly proprietor of the Chicopee Telegraph, and daughter of the late Augustin Luddington, formerly of Chicopee.

The deceased was a person of good education, modest in her deportment, affable in her manners, and strongly attached to her domestic circle. She was a kind and affectionate wife, an indulgent mother, and a good neighbor. She died in the full belief that her peace was made with God, and that her soul would ascend to her God in heaven, and urged her husband to be prepared to meet her there, and train her little daughter to fear and love her Savior. The death of such a woman will be sensibly felt by any community where she may have resided, but especially must the husband be wounded to the very soul by this dispensation of divine providence.

**New Advertisements.**

**NOTICE.**  
THE Board of Selectmen of Chicopee, elected at the annual town meeting, April 2d, 1855, consisting of Titus Chapin, Rufus Mosher, Caleb S. Chapin, William H. West, and John E. Marsh, met in a public room, on Wednesday, 4th inst., and organized by the choice of Titus Chapin, Chairman, and J. R. Childs, Clerk.

Resolved—That the regular meetings of the Board through the year, be held on the first Monday of each month, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Resolved—That the office hours of the Town Clerk and Treasurer be as follows:

From 8 o'clock, A. M., to 12 M., and from 2 to 6 o'clock, P. M.

Copy of the Record.

Attest, J. R. CHILDS, Clerk.

**SCHOOL MEETING.**  
THE legal voters in School District No. 4, in the Town of Chicopee, are hereby notified to meet in the ATLANTIC HALL, in said district, on SUNDAY, 7th day of April, inst., at 7 o'clock, P. M., to transact the following business, viz:

Art. 1. To choose a Moderator to preside in said meeting.

Art. 2. To choose a Clerk for the ensuing year.

Art. 3. To hear the report of the Prudential Committee and act thereon.

Art. 4. To choose a Prudential Committee for the ensuing year.

Art. 5. To choose all necessary and usual officers not before enumerated.

Art. 6. To see if the district will unite with the First District in erecting a suitable brick building to accommodate the School and Pacific Engine Company, near the corner of Springfield and South St., and if so, to take the necessary steps to accomplish this object.

Art. 7. To raise money by tax to defray the expenses of the district for the ensuing year, and appropriate the same.

Art. 8. To transact any other business that may be legally brought before said meeting.

Given at Chicopee, this 24th day of March, 1855.

JAMES LYMAN,  
Clerk of School District No. 4.

April 7-11

**HAMPDEN, SS.**  
A Court of Probate, holden at Springfield, within and for said county, on the third day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, on the petition of Horatio Colton, Guardian of Festus Parsons, Ely Parsons and William H. Parsons, minor, and heirs of Naomi E. Parsons, late of West Springfield, in said county, deceased, representing that it would be for the benefit of said ward that their rights or shares in certain real estate situated in Westfield and Holyoke, being respectively one undivided seventh part of the real estate aforesaid, should be sold, and the proceeds thereof paid in interest, according to the provisions of law in that behalf.

Ordered, that the consideration of said petition be referred to a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, within and for said county, on the first Tuesday of June next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., then and there to be heard and decided upon, and that said guardian give notice to all persons interested therein, by three several copies of this order to be published in the Weekly Journal, printed in Chicopee, three weeks successively, previous to said day; at which time and place they may be heard concerning the same.

OLIVER B. MORRIS, Judge of Probate.  
Copy—attest,  
CHAS. A. WINCHESTER, Reg. Probate.  
April 7-11

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Subscribers

Have received a full stock of SPRING GOODS, BEING full Sixty Thousand Dollars, making the largest variety to be found in Springfield.

Millinery and Dress Making In all its branches, in the charge of the best in the country.

J. PRIESTLEY, House and Sign Painter, Grainer and Paper-hanger.

SHOP on Center street, next door to Robertson's Carriage shop, Chicopee, Mass.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post-Office at Chicopee, April 1st, 1855.

LADIES' LIST. Burt Olmeca Mrs, Lane Lizzie, Dickford T J, Leonard H H Mrs, Beebe Selina, Langford Mary A, Butler Daniel Mrs, Leonard Julia M, Brown Rebecca.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post-Office at Chicopee, April 1st, 1855. Persons calling for any of these letters will please say "Advertised"; otherwise they may not get them.

Large and Rich STOCK OF GOODS SPRING SALES, AT WILSON & CO'S Great Dry Goods Warehouse, SPRINGFIELD.

WILSON & CO., Springfield, can now offer the largest stock of CARPETS Ever offered in this part of the State, new goods direct from auction, manufacturers, and importers.

Paper Hangings, GREAT STOCK AT WILSON & CO'S PAPER HANGING ROOMS, the largest in Springfield or the county, suitable for every description of interior.

TO NEW-ENGLAND; AND TO ALL HER Sons and Daughters in every Land. We appeal for aid for the famine-stricken widows and orphans of New York.

W. W. JOHNSON, P. M. Splendid Family Newspaper, PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY. THE AMERICAN UNION—No continued Story.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Buy Me & I'll do You Good.

Only 25 cents for a pint, and 37 1/2 cents for a quart Bottle.

Dr. Langley's Root and Herb Bitters, COMPOUND OF DOCKROOT, Wild Cherry Bark, Prickly Ash Bark, Dandelion Root, Sarsaparilla, Thoroughwort, Mandrake and Rhuibarb ROOT and HERB JAUNDICE BITTERS.

NOTICE

PURSUANT to the 22d Section of the 38th Chapter of the Revised Statutes of Massachusetts, the HANLEY FALLS COURSE, here in the City and County of Chicopee, has been divided into four lots.

NOTICE

PURSUANT to the 22d Section of the 38th Chapter of the Revised Statutes of Massachusetts, the LANE MILLS here in the City and County of Chicopee, has been divided into four lots.

Large and Rich STOCK OF GOODS

SPRING SALES, AT WILSON & CO'S

Great Dry Goods Warehouse, SPRINGFIELD.

WILSON & CO., have now in store a stock of Goods, which for extent, variety and

LOW PRICES,

every article we have ever before offered. Every department is full of

RICH NEW GOODS,

DRESS SILKS AND DRESS GOODS, Shawls, Mantillas & Visites, Embroideries, White Goods, &c.

MILLINERY ROOMS

Can be found every variety of Millinery Goods, and Ladies can rely on the best goods, the best styles, and best workmanship.

Housekeeping Goods

of all kinds. COTTONS, BED & TABLE LINENS, QUILTS, CURTAIN MUSLINS, TICKINGS, &c.

WILSON & CO., Springfield, can now offer the largest stock of CARPETS

Ever offered in this part of the State, new goods direct from auction, manufacturers, and importers.

Paper Hangings, GREAT STOCK

AT WILSON & CO'S PAPER HANGING ROOMS, the largest in Springfield or the county, suitable for every description of interior.

TO NEW-ENGLAND; AND TO ALL HER

Sons and Daughters in every Land. We appeal for aid for the famine-stricken widows and orphans of New York.

W. W. JOHNSON, P. M.

BOSTON CARDS.

JAMES FRENCH & CO.,

18 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, DEALERS in all kinds of BOOKS & STATIONERY, of every variety.

New England Wire Railing MANUFACTORY,

No. 90 & 92 Ulica Street, Boston. Wrought and Cast Iron Fences, Patent Railings, Window Guards, Balconies, &c., of every description made to order.

BERRY & STRONG,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Cabinet Furniture, Feathers, Beds, Mattresses, Clocks, Looking Glasses, &c.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

JAMES H. PRINCE & CO., Nos. 1 & 3 Kilby Street, Boston.

CLARK BREWER & SONS,

SNUFF, TOBACCO, & CIGAR MANUFACTURERS, 14 SOUTH MARKET STREET, BOSTON.

FAIRBANKS & BEARD,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Cider, Ale, Porter and Mineral Water, Howard Atheneum Building, Howard street, Boston. Hotels supplied on reasonable terms.

PEARL MARTIN, dealer in Carpets & Window shades

163 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON. N. B.—Store or other shades made to order.

PIANO-FORTES.

REMOVAL.—The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has removed his Piano-forte Manufactory and Warehouse from the Melodeon buildings to the rooms lately occupied by the Messrs. Chelkering, No. 379 Washington Street, Boston.

JOHN D. FOWLE & Co.,

Manufacturers of FOWLE'S Improved Spring Curtain Pictures, a new, Superior and Durable Article. The trade are invited to call and examine these fixtures at 352 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

MACHINISTS TOOLS.

Dodge, Gilbert & Co., No. 106 State st., BOSTON.

CONCORD GRAPE.

HOVEY & CO., No. 7 Merchants Row, have now ready for sale the Concord Grape, a new and superior variety, which has been placed in their hands.

Penmanship, Book-Keeping, Navigation, Surveying, Engineering, &c.

ALL the English Branches, Mathematics, Classics, Modern Languages and Drawing are thoroughly and PRACTICALLY taught by able professors, at

Comer's Commercial College,

139 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Union Boot & Shoe Store

Geo. A. Mansfield, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS, LEATHER FINDINGS, &c.

Wholesale Grocers,

F. & F. Rice, 116 & 118 STATE STREET, BOSTON.

Stable and Fancy Goods,

From Auction for Cash, No. 72 Milk, cor. of Congress street, Boston.

LAMARINE STORES,

dealer in every variety of Cards, Card Board, R. R. Ticket Stock, Fancy Papers, etc., No. 54 & 56 Cornhill, Boston.

Splendid Family Newspaper,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY. THE AMERICAN UNION—No continued Story.

GREAT BAGAINS IN PIANO-FORTES.

Prices from \$50 to \$150. AS OLIVER DITSON'S 115 Washington street, Boston.

ARTISTS MATERIALS.

COMPLETE supplies of materials for Oil Painting and Crayon and Colored Painting. Winsor & Newton's Superior Oil Colors in Tubes—for sale wholesale and retail by W. J. WHIPPLE, 35 Cornhill, Boston.

BOSTON CARDS.

DR. R. GREEN, M. D.

INDIAN PHYSICIAN, No. 28 Bromfield Street, Boston.

DR. GREEN is not himself an Indian, but scientific Physician, who has thoroughly investigated the INDIAN SYSTEM of medicine by actual experience with the Indians themselves.

LAND WARRANTS SECURED FOR SOLDIERS & SEAMEN.

UNDER the act of 1855, who were in actual service 14 days under State of U. S. Officers, in the year of 1812, Florida War, or War with Mexico, and for their widows and children, now minors, unless 150 acre Warrants have already been obtained; and where warrants less than 150 acres have been obtained, new ones will be sufficient to make up to that amount, on appearance in person, or by letter to HOBART WOODMAN, 26 Railroad Exchange, Court Square, who pays cash for the warrants.

CHARLES COPELAND,

CONFECTIONER, 85 & 87 COURT STREET, BOSTON. CONSTANTLY on hand, the best Ice Creams, Plum Fanny Cakes, Pastry and Confectionery.

LANE & WHEELER,

Stationers and Account Book Manufacturers, Stationery, and Agents for Owen & Harbutt's celebrated Writing papers, and Shipley's Seal Press.

The Best Known Remedies FOR LUNG DISEASES.

DR. W. W. WARREN'S justly celebrated "Indian Root and Bark" Compound Cherry-Cornell Compound Cod Liver Oil, &c.

N. WATERMAN,

Kitchen Furniture and Tin Ware Manufacturer, Nos. 63 & 65 Cornhill, and 6 & 8 Brattle street, BOSTON.

HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA, FROM ITS DISCOVERY TO THE PRESENT TIME.

COMPRISING also a full description of its climate, soil, rivers, towns, beasts, birds, fishes, state of society, agriculture, commerce, mines, mining, &c., &c.

A JOURNAL OF THE VOYAGE FROM NEW YORK, via Nicaragua, to San Francisco, and back via Panama.

A NEW AND IMPROVED MAP OF THE COUNTRY.

By E. S. CAPHORN, Counsellor at Law. PUBLISHED BY John P. Jewett & Co., 117 Washington Street, Boston.

BURR & PERRY,

No. 1 Cornhill, Boston. Offer for sale the largest assortment of English and American Patent Medicines, Hair Dyes, Hair Restoratives, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, &c.

Spring & Dry Goods Trade at Springfield.

PLIMPTON BROTHERS [Recently H. S. Plimpton & Co.] HAVE now made arrangements to furnish the public with a full assortment of DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY, including best styles of DRESS GOODS, Silks, Shawls, Embroideries, Dress Trimmings, Mourning Goods, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Rugs, PAPER HANGINGS, &c.

FOR SALE,

THE DWELING HOUSE AND LOT, on the corner of Dwight and Park streets, near the Unitarian Church, in Chicopee, pleasantly situated, and very desirable location for any person doing business in the village.

HOUSE FOR SALE

A two-story House and Lot, convenient for two families, is offered for sale, situated on Front street, a few rods from the upper depot, in this village. For particulars inquire at this office. March 3-4td

Great Annual Sale.

UPWARDS OF \$150,000 Worth of WINTER CLOTHING,

At the following low prices: 1 to \$2. Good Pants at various prices.

2 to \$3. Custom Made Doeskin Pants, Canvas 3 to \$4. Bottoms, made of as good material as the Pants for which you usually pay \$5. Clothing sales of Winter Clothing.

3 to \$5. A nice affair for a Gentleman. Over 4 to \$6. Garments, custom made, usually sold for much more.

5 to \$10. A fine Custom Made Overcoat or Sack, made from Drab, Blue, and Black Pilot Cloth, Broadcloth, and Beaver Cloths, for this low price. Will guaranty that the same garments are sold at from \$18 to \$20.

6 to \$12. Talmes—an entirely New Style of Over Garment, combining gentility with ease and comfort.

7 to \$16. For an Office or Business Coat, to close out the stock.

8 to \$12. Dress and Frock Coats, from Superfine Broadcloth and Doeskin, made up in good style and in a faithful manner. All will be sold at these low prices, to close out stock.

9 to \$11.2. Vests, of the latest fashion, for these low prices.

10 to \$12. For a nice Fancy Satin Vest. Also, Black or Fancy Silk do, made up in the latest styles. Gentlemen's Dressing Gowns, very low prices.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

37 1/2 to 150 cts. Assorted Lot of Shirts and Drawers. 50 to 200 cts. Fine Shirts, Linen Bosoms and Collars.

12 to 50 cts. Fine Linen Bosoms. 15 to 17 cts. Collars. 17 to 25 cts. Socks. 25 to 150 cts. Stocks and Cravats. 25 to 100 cts. Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs. 10 to 50 cts. Suspenders. 37 to 200 cts. Umbrellas. 6 to 17 cts. Tooth Brushes. 6 to 100 cts. Hair Brushes. \$5. Traveling Shawls.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT.

\$2 to \$5 Over Sacks. \$1 1/2 to \$4 Jackets. \$1 1/2 to \$2 Suit Jacket and Pants. \$1 to \$3 Cassimere, Cloth, and Doeskin Pants. 50 cts. to \$5 Vests.

Very truly, the above are low prices! Purchasers, however, are requested to bring this advertisement with them, and they will then acknowledge the fact, as we are determined to close up all the stock of Winter Clothing.

A copy of the New Book, "Oak Hall Pictorial," gratis, to every purchaser.

ONE PRICE, CASH SYSTEM. OAK HALL,

34 North St., Boston. Jan. 13th, 5m.

Another Scientific Wonder!

DR. J. S. HOUGHTON'S GREAT DYSPEPSIA CURE!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year of 1854, by J. S. HOUGHTON, M. D., in the Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

PEPSIN

THE TRUE DIGESTIVE FLUID OR GASTRIC JUICE The Great Natural Remedy FOR INDIGESTION & DYSPEPSIA

DR. J. S. HOUGHTON'S PEPsin, the true DIGESTIVE FLUID, or GASTRIC JUICE, still holds the first place among all the various remedies for those painful and destructive complaints. It is Nature's own specific for an unhealthy stomach. No art of man can equal its curative powers; and no sufferer from indigestion and Dyspepsia should fail to try it.

Sold in Chicopee, by J. S. BAGO. Feb 3-ly

FOR SALE,

THE DWELING HOUSE AND LOT, on the corner of Dwight and Park streets, near the Unitarian Church, in Chicopee, pleasantly situated, and very desirable location for any person doing business in the village.

LOOTS, SHOES, & RUBBERS.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has removed from No. 20 Broad street to No. 33 Kilby, opposite Central st., and offers for sale one assortment of Ladies' Boots at the most extensive and best assortment of Boots, of his own and other manufacturers, that can be found in Boston. Also, all kinds of Leather and Shoe Stock, all of which will be sold at the lowest prices for cash or approved paper.

Job Printing

OF EVERY VARIETY AT THE OFFICE OF W. W. JOHNSON, P. M.

Selling Off Without Reserve.

The subscriber intending to make a change in his business, and with a view of bringing part of it to an immediate sale, offers a quantity of stock to be sold at once, at a low price, to wit: a quantity of Clothing, Cloth, Cassimere, Fur Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, and Carpet Bags of every quality and description usually to be found in a Clothing Establishment, together with a great variety of other articles too numerous to mention; the goods are new, saleable and of excellent quality. He is ready and willing to treat with a purchaser for the whole or part of the stock, on the most liberal terms.

SPRING GOODS,

During the coming week the subscribers will receive a quantity of a new and fashionable supply of Cloths, Cassimere, and Trimmings, adapted for the spring trade.

We will simply add that those customers wishing for fashionable and well made Garments, can be supplied at suitable prices. We shall give particular attention to the getting up of Young Men's Garments, and department not usually desired by Merchant Tailors. Approved Spring Fashions now received. Feb 24td LANE & CO.

The Best Medicine in Use.

Dr. Clough's Columbian Pills, For Purifying the Blood, unloading the Liver, Freeing the Passages, Stimulating to action each Organ, producing Healthy Blood.

HERE IS NATURE'S OWN REMEDY.—In costliness they cleanse the Intestines in an easy and natural manner, without inflaming the mucous lining, and soothe the Irritation, removing the sharp, acrid fluid, and all the TRIMMINGS OF BILE.

FEVERS of ALL KINDS.—They restore the Blood to a regular and healthy action. DEAFNESS.—They give strength and tone to the Kidneys and Bladder.

SORES, ULCERS, SCURVY.—They produce healthy secretions, excite action, and purify the Blood. RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.—They subside and remove from the muscles, and ligaments of the joints, all inflammation.

WORMS.—They remove the slimy nests of these troublesome creatures from the Bowels, dislodging and expelling the Worms, young and old, small and great.

SALT RHEUM AND ERETHELMAS.—They purify the fluids that feed the skin, removing disagreeable eruptions, pimples, &c.

DYSPEPSIA.—They cleanse the stomach and bowels, create a healthy flow of pure Bile, and as natural consequence Laziness, Languor, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Melancholy, Nervousness, Canker, Palpitation of the Heart, Flatulency, Headache, Hysteria, Convulsions, and many other symptoms of disease all vanish, and Nature is herself again.

The Columbian Pills do not sicken or grip; they are mild and innocent, but powerful to expel disease. Price 25 cts., with full directions on each Box. Sold by M. Beesey, and Elias & Haven, Springfield; J. S. Bago, Chicopee, and C. F. Kent, Chicopee and Chicopee Falls; S. Paige, Chicopee Falls. Wm. HENNE, Proprietor, Pittsfield, Mass. Feb 17-ly

DEVINES' COMPOUND Pitch Lozange.

The Great Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, and Consumption! WARRANTED TO CURE!

Two boxes have cured a bad cold. Two to five boxes have cured Raging of Blood. Two to five boxes have cured Whooping Cough. Two to four boxes have cured Croup. Five to eight boxes have cured Asthma. Six to twelve boxes have cured Consumption. Manufactured by S. D. FULLER & CO., No. 4 Wilson Lane, Boston.

Wholesale and Retail Agents, No. 3 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Merchants generally throughout the country; also by the Manufacturers, No. 4 Wilson Lane, Boston, Mass. C. F. Kent, is the agent for Chicopee. Sept 23-6m

A Card to the Ladies.

Dr. Duponco's Golden Periodical Pills.—The combinations of ingredients in these Pills—the result of a long and extensive practice; they are mild in their operation, and certain of restoring nature into its proper channel. In every instance where the Pills proved successful. The Pills invariably open those obstructions which females are liable, and bring nature into its proper channel, whereby health is re-formed, and the pale and dry complexion changed to a healthy one. No female can enjoy good health unless she is regular; and whenever an obstruction takes place, or if, from long exposure, cold, or any other cause, the general health begins immediately to decline, and the want of such a remedy has been the cause of so many consumptions among young females. Head-ache, pain in the side, palpitation of the heart, loathing of food, and disturbed sleep do not always arise from the interruption of nature; and whenever that is the case, the Pills will invariably remedy all these evils.

N. B.—These Pills should never be taken during pregnancy, as they would be sure to cause a miscarriage. They are put up in square flat boxes, and will be sent by mail, by putting the name of the patient to any of the following agents (solicitably). Sold wholesale and retail, by C. F. KENT, sole agent for Chicopee, Springfield. Price \$1 per box; for counterfeits, see the signature of Dr. DUPONCO; to counterfeit will be forgiven. Sept 30-6m

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER. D. B. Potts, Publisher. OFFICE IN THE ROOM UNDER CABOT HALL. TERMS—\$1.50 in advance. A discount made to Agents and Companies.

ADVERTISING.

The space occupied by 100 or not exceeding that occupied by 12 lines of minion type, each insertion constitute a square.

One square 1 week 75 cts; 3 weeks \$1. Each insertion afterwards 20 c.

One square 6 months \$5.—one year \$5.

One line square or less—1 Week 50 cts; 3 weeks 75 cts. Each after insertion 10c.

One half a square 6 months \$3.—1 year \$5.

Twenty-five per cent advance for continuance inside after first week.

Probate Advertisements.—All kinds of Orders of Notice, \$2.00 each; Executor's and Administrator's Notices, \$1.25 each; Commissioners' Notices, \$1.00 each.

Insolvent Notices.—Messengers' Notices, \$2.00 each; Assignee's Notices, \$1.00 each; Notices of Acknowledgment, religious notices and the like, one insertion, 50 cts per square.

Political Notices, 25 cts for conventions and secular notices; but all additions to the ordinary announcements, are inserted, unless published, at 50 cts per line.

Notices in new columns 10 cents per line one insertion, but no charge made of less than 50 cents.

Deaths, but all additions to the ordinary announcements, are inserted, unless published, at 50 cts per line.

Advertisements, unless published, at 50 cts per line.

