

The Weekly Journal.

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POETRY.

The Poor Voter on Election Day.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
To-day, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known,
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot box my throne!
Who serves to-day upon the list
Beside the served shall stand,
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloved and dainty hand!
The rich is level with the poor,
The weak is strong to-day;
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
Than homespun frock of gray.
To-day let pomp and vain pretense
My stubborn right abide;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
To-day shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land;
The wide world has no wealth to buy
The power in my right hand!
While there's a grief to seek redress,
Or balance to adjust,
Where weighs our living march-wood less
Than Mammon's vilest dust,—
While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up! clout knee and ragged coat!
A man's a man to-day!

THE MILL PRIVILEGE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

In one of the towns of Maine, some thirty years ago, lived a man, named John Tattall. He was a close-fisted, digging man, and never scrupled to make the best end of a bargain at all points within the allowance of written law. He never hesitated to make capital of other people's necessities, and any event that could put a dollar into his till was all right to him. Once a neighbor lost a fine ox just at a time when he was in the midst of fulfilling a contract for cutting down and hauling out lumber. The contract was worth one thousand dollars, and he was to forfeit one half of it if he did not have all the logs in the river before the snow melted in the spring. The loss of his best ox would ruin him if he could not make his place good. He knew that Tattall had plenty of oxen, and he went to him and stated his case. Now John Tattall had a number of odd oxen which he had bought to place in a drove which he meant to drive to market, so he could have sold one ox just as well as not. But he saw his neighbor's necessity, and he meant to profit by it. He would not sell unless he could sell a pair, and not then without an enormous price. The poor lumberman begged and entreated, but it was of no avail. There was not another ox to be bought for miles and miles around, for Mr. Tattall had bought them all up. The neighbor could not allow his work to lie still, so he paid Tattall full double what the oxen were worth, and took them away.

Then it was that he happened to think of his odd ox. He knew that it was better by far than either of those he had purchased of Tattall, and he drove it over to the cattle-dealer's to sell it, as he had no use for it—just one fifth of what he obtained for the yoke he had sold! We will not tell all the conversation and bantering that followed, but suffice it to say that Tattall got the ox, and that in the end he made a profit of just seventy-five dollars out of his poor and hard working neighbor.

That was the character of the man, and all his neighbors knew it. Yet he was respected, for he had money, and many people depended upon him for work, tho' their pittance for such work was beggarly in the extreme. Mr. Tattall's farm was situated upon quite a large river, and he owned to a great extent on both sides of it. When he bought there he had some faint idea that at some future time, there would be a mill put up there, and thus greatly enhance the value of his lot, for there was quite a fall in the river where he owned, and a most excellent mill privilege thus afforded. But he could never build the mill, for he had not the money to spare, nor had he the energy. About two years previous to the opening of our story, some men had come to examine the fall of the river, and they talked of buying and building extensive mill works. Tattall knew that if such was done the value

of all the good land about him would be advanced, and he bought up all he could, so that at the present time he owned not less than a thousand acres.

One day in early spring, just as the ice had broken up, a man called on Tattall, and wished to examine the mill privilege. His name was Lemuel Farnsworth, and he was a young man not more than thirty years of age, full of enterprise and integrity. Mr. Tattall accompanied his visitor out to the river, and after examining the premises, the latter expressed himself much pleased with them.

"O," exclaimed Tattall, "this is just about the finest privilege in the state. The water can not fail, and you see there would be power enough to drive a dozen mills."

"I see," returned Farnsworth; but he did not express all he thought. He merely acknowledged that the privilege was good. "If I buy here," he continued, "I should want some forty or fifty acres of land to go with the water lot, for I should want lumber enough to put up all my buildings, and some besides, of my own, to commence work on."

"You can have all you want," was Tattall's reply; and shortly afterwards they returned to the house.

"Now what is your price," asked Farnsworth, after he had declined to take a glass of rum which had been poured out for him.

"Well," returned Tattall, thoughtfully, "I haven't thought much of selling, for I have had some idea of putting up a mill there myself."

This was a falsehood; but then Tattall said such things as naturally as a child laughs when it is pleased.

"But you will sell, I suppose?"

"O, yes."

"Then what will be your price?"

"You mean for the mill privilege and the fifty acres of woodland?"

"Yes."

"Well—the water lot is valuable, and we all know that the land is excellent, and then the lumber on it is of the first quality."

"I have seen all this, sir. Now for your price."

"Well, I have thought that if some one would put up a mill there I would sell the privilege with land enough for a garden and necessary buildings—say, about six acres for a thousand dollars. And then if you wanted the fifty acres, I should say about seven hundred dollars more."

"But, my dear sir," uttered Farnsworth, in surprise, "do you consider how this mill will enhance the value of your other property? We mean to put up not only a saw mill, but also a good grist mill and a carriage and clothing mill; so that we can saw the lumber, grind the grain, card the wool, and dress all the cloth, for people who may come and settle here."

"Then you mean to do all this?" said Tattall, really surprised, but without showing it.

"Yes, sir."

Now Tattall knew that this would be a vast benefit to him. The nearest mill was now six miles off, and even that was a poor flimsy concern, built upon a small brook that was dry nearly half the year. From this circumstance people had not settled down upon the rich lands, by the river, and the huge trees yet stood upon the finest alluvial soil in that section of the country. Such an establishment, Mr. Tattall at once saw would draw quite a village together in a few years, and thus his land would make him independently wealthy. But he believed he had the power in his own hands, and he meant to use it.

"I can not take a cent less," he said, after a few moments' thought. "To be sure, the establishment you speak of will be a benefit to me, but that is no reason why I should sacrifice now. It will also be a benefit to you for which you can well afford to pay. If you will take the whole for seventeen hundred dollars you can have it."

"Well," said Mr. Farnsworth, "I have a partner engaged with me in the business, and I must see him first. I will explain the case to him, and day after tomorrow I will see you again."

Mr. Farnsworth left, and when Tattall found himself alone, he began to meditate upon the plan he had thus entered upon.

"If these two men have got their minds settled upon this mill," he said to himself,

"they won't stop at trifles. Of course they have got money enough, or else they would not be going into any such extensive business. I'll feel of 'em!"

Mr. Tattall said this with a sort of chuckle, and he clasped his hard fists together just as though he had a helpless man within his grasp.

At the appointed time Mr. Farnsworth returned, and with him his partner, a man of about the same age with himself, named Ridgely. They went out and looked the place all over, and at length they concluded they would pay the seventeen hundred dollars. It was a heavy sum—much more than the property was worth, but they had set their hearts upon building the mill in that section, and they wished not to give it up.

"Ah, gentlemen," said Tattall, with a bland smile after their offer had been made, "that price was not a fixed one; that was only a sum named two days ago for acceptance or rejection then. I gave no claim or refusal. I can not sell for that now."

"Are you in earnest?" asked Mr. Farnsworth.

"I am most assuredly."

"And for what will you sell now?"

"You may have the whole for twenty-two hundred dollars."

"But, sir," uttered Ridgely, "that is monstrous. The mills may not return us a cent for years. Why, sir, for six years, at least, you will make more by the mills than we shall."

"That is looking farther ahead than is needed," replied Tattall; "the property is worth what I have asked."

"But you will take off something?"

"No, sir."

"You will say two thousand?"

"Not a cent less than twenty-two hundred."

Both the young men saw that Tattall was trying to overreach them, but they did not give vent to their feelings, for they wanted the mill privilege much. They had examined the nature of the land up and down the river, and they had found that for many miles it was rich deep intervale, and that such works as they meant to put up would surely make a large village there in a few years. And then the circumjacent upland was good, being beautifully divided into undulating tracts, and bearing a heavy growth of oak and maple. But they were not prepared to pay a sum which they knew was only forced upon them through their necessity. Many a man would have almost given them the mill privilege in consideration of the benefit that would thereby accrue to the other property. The two young men pointed out to Mr. Tattall all this; they told him they were going to embark their little all in the enterprise, and that they should have nearly all their money paid out if they gave him such a price for his property. But he cared not for that.

"But you will not rise on your price again?" added Farnsworth.

"Don't know about that," was the response; "the offer I have just made is only open to-day."

The two partners conversed together in a whisper, and for a few moments they had a mind to accept Tattall's last offer. They saw that they were completely in his power, and they had read enough of his character to be assured that he would rob them of every penny they had if he could do so under color of law. But the mill privilege would be valuable to them—very valuable—and of this Farnsworth spoke.

"I know it," returned Ridgely, "but you must remember that it is our energy and perseverance that will make it valuable—let us think awhile."

The result of the conference was, that the young men wanted a week in which to consider upon the matter, and make up their minds.

"Very well," said Tattall, "you can take as long as you like."

So they went away, and left the matter for settlement in one week. Mr. Tattall rubbed his hands when they were gone, for he felt sure they would come back, and he had made up his mind that he would have just twenty-five hundred dollars for the lot he was to sell.

On the next day the two partners took a stroll down the river, and at the distance of seven miles from Tattall's place, they came to a point where a sort of bayou, or inlet, made up into the shore. From

curiosity, they followed this up, and found it to run in only about twenty rods, and then turn and extend down some quarter of a mile, almost parallel with the river, and there it ended in a deep, wide basin. Opposite this point, in the river, was a steep fall of water, but no thoughts of building a mill there had been entertained, on account of the rocky, rugged nature of the shores. But this inlet seemed almost shut out by Providence for a mill. By expending one hundred dollars at the outside, the bayou could be cut through to the river, striking the bank about fifteen rods below the fall, and their mills could be built, and be not only free from freshets, but with enormous power. In fact, the water power could be made as extensive as was necessary. And then there were other advantages. In the first place, the building spot was far superior to that of Tattall's, and then it left a splendid growth of intervale pine above, which could be easily cut and run down.

As soon as the young men had fully realized the splendid nature of the discovery they had made, they fairly danced with joy. They set off at once to find the owner, and they found him to be a Mr. Solomon Winthrop, a poor honest man, and the very one whom Mr. Tattall had so imposed upon in the ox trade. Winthrop owned enough land on the river, and the circumjacent upland, for quite a township. It had been left him by an uncle, and he had moved on to it, cleared a small farm, and been now to make quite a comfortable living by getting off the timber, though he had not yet got off a thousandth part of it.

The two partners found him in his house that very evening, and they commenced by informing him of the trials they had had with Mr. Tattall. Winthrop smiled, as they finished their account, and for the amusement of the thing, he related the story of his ox trade. The millwrights were very soon assured that they had an honorable man to deal with, and they frankly told him of the remarkable discovery they had made, and at the same time explained to him that the mill privilege upon his land was worth more than double that of Tattall's. And then they asked him how he would sell the water power and a goodly piece of land. He first wished to know all their plans, and they freely told him, for they knew he was not the man to attempt to over-reach them. They told him of the saw mill, the grist mill, the clothing mill, and that they should probably put up a store, if people enough moved in to support one.

"Now, how much money have you got?" asked Winthrop. "That is—how much can you raise to put into this place?"

"We can raise just eight thousand dollars," replied Farnsworth.

Simon Winthrop got up and walked across the floor several times, and then he sat down again.

"Gentlemen," said he, "if you will put up a good mill, and saw my lumber well, and at fair prices, I will freely give you the mill privilege, and for what land you take, you shall pay me somewhere near what the lumber is worth on it. But I have another offer to make you. My old uncle was one of those who went into this land business a few years ago, and when he died he gave me all the land he owned here. It is very valuable land, though so far I have only gained a bare livelihood on it. I have between two and three thousand acres, all told—my lot joining Tattall's above here, and running down four miles below here. Now what do you say to making me the third man in your party? You put your energies, and knowledge, and money, with my stout hands and broad lands. We shall all share alike, whether in fields, mills or stores. What think you about it?"

"We must think of that," uttered both the young men at a breath.

"So do. But remember the mill privilege is yours, if you want it, and will put up a mill on it, without cost, provided my other offer does not suit you."

The two young men went away at about nine o'clock, but they felt sure they should take up with the last offer, though upon a thing of such extent they wanted time to reflect.

On the next morning, early, Mr. Tattall was at Winthrop's door. He wanted to buy a large lot of intervale wood land, which lay next to his own on the river.

But Mr. Winthrop would listen to nothing of the kind. Mr. Tattall hung on, for he felt sure of the mill's being built upon his land, and he wanted all the neighboring lumber. He swore at Winthrop for his "obstinacy," but the latter only laughed at it.

That afternoon, Messrs. Farnsworth and Ridgely called upon Tattall, and informed him that they had concluded not to buy of him.

"Very well," coolly returned he, for he thought they were only trying to bring him down.

"So they both turned to leave, and as they bade him 'good-by,' Mr. Tattall turned pale. He began to think they were in earnest.

"Stop, stop," he cried, "are you really in earnest? Aint you going to put up the mills?"

"Not here, sir."

"But—but—don't be in a hurry. Perhaps we can—come in, come in. Let's talk the matter over."

"There is no need," answered Farnsworth, "for we have made up our minds about it."

"But perhaps I might take up with your offer of two thousand."

"No, sir."

"But hold on a moment. I declare, rather than have the thing blow over now, I would come back to my old offer of seven hundred dollars."

"No, sir. It's no use, for we don't want your land."

"But the mill privilege?"

"Nor do we want that either."

"But," cried Tattall, in a frenzy of alarm, "let the land go and take the water privilege, and give me what you like for it; only put up a good mill there, even if you—you—take it for—nothing!"

"You are too late, sir," returned Farnsworth, with a look and tone of contempt. "Had you at first acted the part of a man, you would have not only got a good round price for your water privilege and your land, which we wanted, but all your other property would have been enhanced in value one hundred per cent. You thought we were in your power, and you could over-reach us, but you will find in the end that this time, at least, you have over-reached yourself!"

John Tattall shrunk away into his house, and he had a bitter pill to suck upon.

The two young men returned to Simon Winthrop's house, and informed him that they should accept his offer. So papers were at once made out, and Messrs. Farnsworth, Ridgely & Winthrop commenced business in good earnest. The saw mill was commenced upon immediately, and at the same time men were set at work cutting out the canal. No less than 80 men were thus employed, and the store was built at once. The greater part of these men took pay for their work in land, receiving only enough of the timber on it for their own building purposes; and by the next summer, those of them who had families moved in. The grist mill was put up in due time, and by the second autumn, quite a village of snug, warm log huts, had gone up. After this the colony flourished and grew, numbers of hands were employed during the winter in falling lumber, and when it answered, it could be rafted and run out to sea by the high tides of spring and fall. Those who came to cut lumber saw the nature of the soil when the snow was gone, and they took up lots for farms.

At the end of eight years the wilderness was changed into a village, and Messrs. Farnsworth, Ridgely & Winthrop were wealthy and respected. A flourishing village had grown up about them, all upon their own land; their three mills were in full operation; their store did good business, and their land was continually yielding them immense profits. A school-house had been put up for three years, and that fall saw the finishing touch put upon a handsome church.

And where was John Tattall all this while? He still lived upon his farm, seven miles up the river, and he had grown poor in flesh almost to a skeleton. His power of pinching his neighbors was gone, for no one now was obliged to do business with him. He saw the village grow up, and he saw poor honest Winthrop become rich and respected, and he knew that all this might have been upon his own land if he had been an honest, honorable man. But 'twas

too late now. He could look upon his own wilderness, and then upon the smiling lands of his neighbor, and the canker ate into his soul and made him miserable. In time, the settlement extended up the river, and the stont trees upon John Tattall's land began to give place to houses, and barns, and farms; but John Tattall did not live to see nor profit by it. His chagrin and envy had killed him; and in the last hour, the man who had all his life time made it a rule of practise to over-reach all with whom he had dealings, was himself over-reached by the power which no art of earth can conquer.

THE PRICE OF WHEAT.

Iunt's Merchant's Magazine publishes a table of the price of wheat at Albany, on the first day of January, for sixty-one years. It is from the minutes kept at the office of the Van Rensselaer Manor at Albany, where large amounts of rent are payable in wheat or a cash equivalent, on the first of January each year; and as two parties are deeply interested in the price, it is probably the most reliable correct of any record that can be obtained.

The list commences in 1793, when the price was 75 cents a bushel—only five times in the sixty-one years wheat has been \$2 or upward, per bushel, while it was 75 cents. Only once in 37 years, that since 1817, to wit in 1837, has it reached \$2.—The average price for the whole period is \$1.38. For the last 30 years, it is \$1.25.

The following is a calculation of the wheat crop of 1855:

Different writers, of acknowledged reputation, have arrived at different estimates of the amount of the crop. The Economist puts it 140,000,000 bushels. The New York Herald estimates it at 168,000,000 bushels, which is less than the result arrived at by the N. Y. Courier and Inquirer—this last being 175,000,000. In all these estimates, however, the amount set down to the state of Ohio is underrated, as more recent returns prove; and by increasing, accordingly, the largest amount above given by 10,000,000 additional bushels, for the Buckeye state, we shall arrive as nearly as nearly as possible at the extent of the wheat crop for the U. States this year, which is 185,000,000 bushels.

This crop exceeds that of last year by 75,000,000 bushels, and is fifty-three million bushels in advance of the largest crop ever raised in this country. We accordingly have 35,000,000 barrels of flour as the result of this harvest of 1855. On the basis of the population of 1850, this would allow nearly one barrel and a half of flour to every man, woman and child in the United States. By that census, the number of families in this country was 3,598,198. Allowing that at the present time there may be 4,000,000, we shall have still, from this year's harvest alone, nearly 9 barrels of flour for each family in the U. States. But wheat is not the only article which this year has proved abundant. The oat crop alone is estimated 400,000,000 bushels, and the other grain at 100,000,000. But the yield of corn far exceeds all others. That cannot be put at less than 1,000,000,000 of bushels, and it may exceed that amount by 15 to 20 per cent. From this enormous harvest, which throws the ancient reputation of Egypt of being the granary of the world wholly in the shade, but little deduction can be anticipated on account of foreign exports. The amount of wheat exported last year was only about two million bushels, and the last advices from Europe represent the present wheat crop as being unusually large. But admitting that the exports of wheat should exceed this year what they were in 1848—the year of the Irish famine—26,312,431—or what they were in 1853—27,000,000—which is the largest amount ever exported—there would still, in any event, remain more than 150,000,000 bushels, or 30,000,000 barrels, for home consumption. This would give seven barrels and a half for each family—quite enough, we should think, to avert famine from the country for the next 12 years.

LOOKED ALIKE.—During the recent trial of McDonald, for murder, in Hampshire county, Va., it was observed that there were three witnesses between whom there was so close a resemblance as to render it difficult to distinguish one from the other. On inquiry it turned out that they were brothers, and all came into the world at the same time.

The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, Oct. 20, 1855

S. M. PATTERSON, & 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 offices are at 119 Nassau street, New York, and 10 State Street, Boston.

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

Republican Nominations.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JULIUS ROCKWELL,
OF PITTSFIELD.

FOR LIET. GOVERNOR,
SIMON BROWN,
OF CONCORD.

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

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

FOR AUDITOR,
STEPHEN N. GIFFORD,
OF DEXBURY.

FOR TREASURER,
THOMAS J. MARSH,
OF WALTHAM.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

A convention of the republicans of Hampden county will be held at the Police Court Room in Springfield, on Tuesday, the 23rd day of October inst., at one o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of nominating candidates for senators, county treasurer and register of deeds, and the transaction of such business as may be deemed necessary to perfect the organization of the republican party.

The several towns of said county are requested to elect a number of delegates to the convention equal to three times the number of representatives to which they are entitled in valuation year.

The chairman of the several town committees are invited to be present at the convention.

CHA'S R. LADD,
G. C. HOMER
E. D. COOK,
County Committee.

GOV. GARDNER.

We do not take up our pen for the purpose of showering invective upon the head of Gov. Gardner. He, like everything human, is composed of two elements—good and evil. On the other hand, we entirely dislike the course of those who are lauding him to the skies as the great embodiment of all the graces, as almost the only man in the state fit to be governor, and all that mess of tom-foolery. There are hundreds in the commonwealth as well qualified for the office as is Henry J. Gardner. A man of sound common sense is just the one for that post, and we believe Julius Rockwell has as much of that ingredient in his composition as Gov. G.—and so have a great many other men, unknown to fame. Because Gov. G. can write a readable inaugural, and talk sharply about "hypothetical monsters" and "Spanish Infantas," the "b'hoys" are swinging their hats, and screaming to their utmost capacity for him. Did these same "b'hoys" know that the object of their fond admiration is a thorough-going State street aristocrat, that patriotism would sink below the freezing point, instead of being at blood heat, as it now is with some enthusiastic fellows

Gov. Gardner occupies a bad position, and an ocean of words can not make the case any different. If he was not committed to the republican movement, it was dishonorable in him to seek a nomination from the Worcester convention—to have, as he did have, his most intimate political friends in that convention, working for him with all their might. He says he was not committed to the movement by "deed, letter, word or thought." Again we ask, why did he try to obtain a nomination from a party with which he had no sympathy?—On the other hand, if he was in favor of the movement, he has told a deliberate falsehood.

The true state of the case is just here: Gov. Gardner was probably in favor of the new party, provided he should be its nominee; otherwise, he was against it. Now we will not vote for a man who thus shows such duplicity, because it proves him deficient in the "majesty of noble dealing." Others, of course, will do as they like.

We will conclude with the simple inquiry:—Who is the most honorable man—Henry J. Gardner, or Julius Rockwell?— "Don't all speak at once!"

HAMPDEN COUNTY.—The democrats of this county have nominated the immortal Brown of Tolland, and Benjamin Leavitt of Chicopee, for senators. Mr. L. is an excellent man, and if he were a member of the republican party, we could vote for him with the greatest pleasure; but can not now, "any how."

SEBASTOPOL.—Sebastopol is to be blown to—Halifax, by the allies. The best disposition they can make of it.

GOV. STEVENS.—It is reported that Gov. Stevens, of Oregon territory, has been killed by the Blackfeet Indians.

Pleasant weather just now.

CHICOPEE NEWS.

Thursday was not only an agreeable, but very agreeable day for our firemen, and citizens generally. The Pioneer Co. from Hartford, under command of Capt. Hinckley, and the Torment, from Chicopee Falls, commanded by Capt. Kentfield, were in town, as guests of the Pacific Co. They marched through the village for several hours, in a very creditable manner, preceded by the Hartford cornet and South Hadley bands; and at one o'clock, repaired to the Hampden House, kept by that thorough-going landlord, Capt. Dart. After the firemen and invited guests were fairly seated at the table, Capt. Jones, of the Pacific, gave the following order, which was fully complied with:

The foreman's office demands that when the scene of action is reached, and all is ready, the order shall be given, "Play away!" I am right glad, gentlemen, to have the honor to announce that all is ready, and I now most cheerfully and heartily give the order to "PLAY AWAY!" And the hungry fellows did "play away," lining their stomachs with a first-rate dinner, the invigorating influence of which is doubtless still felt by those who partook of it.

After the dinner was disposed of, Capt. Jones made the following remarks: The occasion seems to demand of me, gentlemen, some extended words of welcome to you, who have done us the honor to be our guests to-day. But, gentlemen, I am no talker, and shall ask of you to believe this statement on my bare assertion, and not require an attempt at something of a speech, and witness my break-down, in order to confirm the statement. At the same time, gentlemen, a man must have indeed a dry heart and a stiff tongue who could have no words of welcome to the officers and men of Pioneer and Torment, if he were a member of the Pacific. The remembrance of your wholesome hospitality, gentlemen, is too deep down in our hearts to be easily blotted out; and it is a pleasure of no ordinary kind for the members of the Pacific Co. to have an opportunity to extend to you, each and all, the right hand of fellowship, as members of a like organization; but, as I said before, gentlemen, I can not weave it into words, and will therefore close by assuring you that we are most happy to see you all, and trust that you may derive a pleasure from being here to-day equal to that which we feel in being honored with the acceptance by you of our invitation. Allow me, gentlemen, to close with the following sentiment:

May the festivities of this day prove the pioneers in the era of good feeling, which shall flow like a torrent from each and every heart, until that good time coming when we three shall meet again.

The above speech was appropriately responded to by Capt. Hinckley, of the Pioneer, and Asher Burdett, of the Torment. Speeches, sentiments, &c., followed, in profusion. Among the speakers were S. Adams, George D. Lund, J. R. Childs, Geo. Arms, George S. Taylor, J. Valentine, T. S. Morgan, and several others, whose names we do not remember. The representative of the press was called upon, but his stomach was so full of Capt. Dart's good eatables that he gave only a short squib. Several of the Pioneer boys sang the following song, which was received with great applause:

"PACIFIC BOYS."

The good PACIFIC'S jolly crew
To Hartford city came—
All noble soldiers, brave and true,
Who fight the king of fame.
Who fight the king of fame, my boys,
When he lifts his banner high,
When his pinions stream and his red lights gleam
Upon the midnight sky.

Then sing away, sing away,
And put all care aside,
For jolly is the fireman's life,
And duty is his pride!

Above the meadows, broad and green,
The old cock stood on high,
And while they tried to "wash him down,"
He only wink'd his eye!
He only wink'd his eye, my boys,
As saying, "I wont fret,
For though you try with all your might,
My feathers you can't wet!"

But see! the brave Pacific plays!
The glittering stream mounts fast!
Thrice fifty feet it rises, to
The summit of the mast!
Then give three hearty cheers, my boys—
Though every other fails,
The good PACIFIC now, my boys,
Has wet the old cock's tail!

Three cheers for the PACIFIC crew,
And may they ever be,
As they are, and have ever been,
The pride of Chicopee!
And on the "world's broad field"
May they the first prize ever take,
And ne'er to any yield.

And when their last stream's played on earth,
If they're obliged to go
With the eleven-footed gentleman,
To the regions down below,
To the regions down below, my boys,
Why then, without a doubt,
If they'll take the old machine along,
They can put the fire "All out!"

Our "Johnny Bull" friend, Thomas Price, of the Pacific, was then called upon for a song, and he gave the "English Hay-Makers," a beautiful production, and he sang it in a manner which was admired by all present. His deep, rich voice, called out thunders of applause.

Three cheers were given for Capt. Dart, which he responded to in a humorous and happy manner.

After dinner, each of the three companies tried throwing water through the Pacific machine, both perpendicularly and horizontally. It was impossible to tell which company threw the highest, owing to the lack of a pole; but our Chicopee Falls neighbors did the best at horizontal playing, their stream extending out 194 feet, while the Pacific's stream was 185 feet in length. The Pioneer boys only tried perpendicular playing.

In the evening, the Pacific company gave a ball in Cabot Hall, and the hall was crammed to its utmost capacity.

At half past 11, Friday morning, the same company escorted the Pioneer boys to Springfield, where they both paraded the streets for several hours, and then bid each other good-by.

Every thing, from beginning to end, passed off in first-rate shape. We did not see a man intoxicated during the day. The members of the Pacific company felt proud of their guests, and did all in their power to make the time pass away pleasantly.

At about half past nine, on Thursday evening, a fire broke out on the roof of the boiler-house in Perkins Mill No. 1, but it was soon extinguished.

The republicans had a good meeting in Exchange Hall, on Tuesday evening—respectable in numbers, and very enthusiastic. Charles Sherman, Esq. called the meeting to order. Mortimer D. Whitaker, Esq. was called upon to preside, and James C. Pratt was chosen secretary.

On motion, a committee of five was appointed by the chair to select a republican town committee of twelve.

During the absence of the committee, Charles R. Ladd, Esq. being called upon, addressed the meeting.

The committee reported the following town committee:—T. W. Carter, John H. Smith, Wm. Thayer, Varnum N. Taylor, Charles Sherman, George Sheldon, C. M. Kendall, Moses Fisk, Josiah Whitney, Phineas Stedman, Otis Skeele, Titus Chapin.

It was voted that the above committee be empowered to fill vacancies, should any occur.

On motion, a committee of five was appointed by the chairman, to select nine delegates to attend the republican county convention, to be holden at Springfield on the 23rd inst.

The meeting was then addressed by J. R. Childs, Esq., Dr. Stickney, Phineas Stedman and James C. Pratt.

The following delegates were reported by the committee appointed for the purpose, and accepted by the meeting:—Sylvanus Adams, Andrew Hubbard, Erastus Stebbins, Sylvester Allen, John H. Smith, Dr. Stickney, William D. Chapin, Wm. Thayer and Lucas B. Chapin.

The meeting then adjourned.

Among the cases tried by the common pleas court in Springfield, last week, was that of Roderick Tuttle, of Chicopee, vs. the town of Holyoke, to recover the value of a horse and carriage—the former killed and the latter broken—owing to a defect in highway. The jury decided that the town should pay Tuttle \$200, and also the costs of court. The case excited much interest, and was conducted with signal ability on both sides. Wells and Severance for plaintiff; Beach, Pierson and Newell for defendant.

We learn that our youthful heroes are to imitate the example set them by Chicopee Falls boys by forming a "Young America" engine company. Master Thaddeus B. Kent has been chosen foreman.

In the school of Miss Clara D. Harger—one of the teachers in District No. 4—there are 84 Irish scholars, 2 German, 2 Scotch and 2 Yankees. Several other of the schools in our village show as large a proportion of the children of foreigners in attendance. Free schools are excellent mills to grind out a good republican grist. Don't be alarmed, friends in the know nothing organization; everything will come out straight, in the end.

We stated in our remarks at the republican meeting, on Tuesday evening, that we should probably start for Kansas in two or three weeks. Such was then our intention. We had just received a letter from Rev. Mr. Nute, offering us an excellent situation in the office of the Kansas Herald of Freedom—much better than our present one in this place. But Mr. Potts—our publisher—thinks our leaving him at this time would be a serious damage to him in a pecuniary point, and we have finally, reluctantly reversed our decision, and concluded to stay in Chicopee until the completion of the present volume, and no longer. It would be for our interest to accept of the offer, proposed by Mr. Nute, and it is a very hard matter to refuse it. Bear with us a few short months longer, friends! we shall not trouble you long.

A large striped carpet bag, belonging to the Hartford cornet band, was taken from the Cabot House on Thursday evening, and has not been found.

Rev. Mr. Pettis will give a lecture at

the Unitarian church on Sunday evening, the 21st inst., at 7 o'clock precisely. Subject:—"The Duties of Young Men and Women."

N. B. If stormy, the lecture will be postponed.

Remember the concert in Cabot Hall, this evening. See advertisement.

Many of our readers are probably acquainted with W. Clark, who was recently tried in New Haven for murder, and acquitted, on the ground of insanity. Mr. C. formerly resided in Chicopee. The following is a letter from him to a friend in Chicopee, and it is evidently the production of a crazed brain:

NEW HAVEN, Oct. 9, 1855.

It is a long time since I relinquished the foolish practice of writing letters, except in such particular cases that I could not decently avoid it. This seems to be an occasion of that kind, for I have been laid under such vast obligations by those depositions, that I can not resist the impulse to express my unbounded thanks to you, and through you, to all my friends—the deponents there—for stepping forward so readily and efficiently, to assist me out of this vile scrape. Misery makes strange bedfellows. Who would have ever thought that I would be ambitious to be reported a lunatic? Here I am, yet in jail, awaiting farther orders from the court—a "poor insane prisoner," as the ladies say—but, as some pompous and conceited clergymen, with more intestines than brains, or more bowels than sensibilities, say, "a wretched insane prisoner; not a man deserving sympathy, but a wild beast, who must be caged, to preserve our homes from any farther danger from his paroxysms." I told them all the while I should prove a tough customer for them to choke the life out of, but they had me, they said; they could hang me twenty times. Well, they procured perjured witnesses; they insinuated that I was addicted to intemperate habits; they made mean and pettifogging appeals to a spirit of religious intolerance and fanaticism, and they had for a judge an old presbyterian parson, who was born 600 years before the world's beard was grown as now, and he virtually charged the jury that I was an atheist, and ought to be hung any way;—that the law would not reach me for my opinions merely, but now I had got into its clutches, they had better not let me escape;—that the depositions amounted to little or nothing; the testimony of my friend was partial and exaggerated; they might assume some other hypothesis to account for my strange actions, and the story of the doctors might be a humbug. There were five men of Belial on the jury, ready to believe all this, but the other seven were good and true men, who had not bowed the knee to Baal, and were determined to see justice done. The five therefore had to cave in. I was acquitted, and am now unharmed—yes, unharmed—mocking at the wrath of my enemies.

As to the miserable wretch whom I took so much pains to teach that there was a God yet in Israel, it was true, and no delusion, that he cared nothing for his wife. He had a despicable ambition to triumph over me and her family, because they respected me, to gratify his own envy and malice and vanity. He succeeded, by the most vile and cunning practices. And if he could have got her from home, he would have kept her as long as his damnable lust would let him, then had her debauched by some worse wretch than himself, and left her on the world to beg or starve. Or he might have set her to work like a slave, to support himself in debauchery, either of which conceptions I thought much better nipped in the bud than in the blossom.

The girl, if she had been possessed of any magnanimity, would have confessed this, and told the truth at the trial. But, as Shakspeare says, "There is no way for men to be but women must be half workers; we are bastards all; and that venerable man I call my father was somewhere else when I was stamped; some base coiner with his tools," &c. But it was just as well, and perhaps better, for me, as it was. I have no reason to complain of that score. I ordered a couple of papers to be sent to you; I suppose you have received them, and imparted the news to those interested.

I shall try to send ——— a book containing a fuller report of the trial, when one is published. When I am discharged, I shall go immediately to the west, as my friends apprehend trouble if I remain here. For myself, I do not value life enough to skulk away from the face of any man, but to relieve their anxiety, I shall not stay. I shall probably go to the Hartford Insane Retreat for a time, and if possible, I shall make another visit to your people before my final departure. In the mean time, I wish you to distribute my thanks freely to all my friends, and to the female portion of them, my devoted love. I dreamed that I saw them last night, and they ran from me. I hope they will not be so foolish if I come, for I am not leprous yet. I have,

during the summer, somewhat strangely anticipated being at the lighting-up ball in Chicopee, but my trial began later and continued longer than I expected; and besides, in this world of humbug and ceremony, it would not look well to discharge an insane man too soon; so I must endure limbo a little longer. I remain

Your sincere friend,
WILLARD CLARK.

A CARD.
To the officers and members of Pacific Engine Co., No. 1, of Chicopee:—
Brother Firemen:—

Our thanks are due to you for the generous welcome and beautiful entertainment we have received from you this day, the occasion has been no less creditable to you than gratifying to us, and we trust that it may be a band of lasting union and friendship.

Please accept from us our heartfelt thanks for your hospitalities.
By vote of Torment Co.,
H. H. JEWELL, Clerk.
Chicopee Falls, Oct. 18, 1855.

HON. ANSON BURLINGAME,
"The Young Man Eloquent,"

Will address the citizens of Chicopee Wednesday evening, Oct. 24, at 7 o'clock. Mr. Burlingame is one of the best orators in the state. Ladies, in particular, are invited to attend.

HON. CHARLES SUMNER
Will address the citizens of Springfield on Friday evening, Oct. 26th. Let us get up a crowd of Chicopee boys to go and hear him.

For the Weekly Journal.
HOW IT IS DONE.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Physiologists tell us that we must not live entirely upon the most nutritive articles. The bulk would not be sufficient to promote the most healthy action of the digestive organs.—So we must mix in potatoes and turnips.—So we suppose it would not do for a newspaper to present two broadsides of wise remarks. Perhaps our articles may serve to fill up.

When we have said a word upon the manner in which health is lost, we have done:

Health may be lost at the ball, or the evening party. The question is often asked,—"Do you not approve of dancing? Is it not good exercise?" In reply, we speak of it now simply as connected with health.

We copy English manners. Let us see the contrast in position. The English man or woman of fashion goes to a ball after a day of leisure. Nine out of ten of our people must go, if they go at all, after a day of labor, when the lady needs rest, not action. The English are accustomed to late hours; our people are accustomed to very early hours. Lord Chesterfield advises his son to rise early, and says that he seldom allowed himself to be in bed after nine o'clock in the morning. Sir Walter Scott wrote before breakfast.—He breakfasted at ten o'clock. We are accustomed also to meals at early, regular hours. Thus it is that bodily fatigue and irregular hours unfit one to digest the late supper and bear the midnight exposure. So the ball room leads to the sick room.

Sickness may come from exposure, as one goes to his or her daily labor.—With a very variable climate, we are exceedingly careless about dress. One will work during the day in a room at a temperature of eighty deg., and then go out at night with the glass at zero and the dress but slightly changed.

We say that our sickle climate tends to promote consumption. Our own miserable neglect does far more to increase the evil.

Again, many are sick because they feel they can not spare the time to be sick.—They work on when a day or two of rest would ward off a fever. At a critical moment, a mother will over-exert herself, and pay for it with her life.

We want to perceive that there is a wide difference between the actual existence of disease and a tendency toward it. Weak lungs may render one susceptible to cold and a cough. Disease and death will come, and yet we suspect the body is very much within our control. In the feats of a circus, we see what a distinct purpose, united with training and effort, will do.—Is there not a lesson of wide application?

Truly Yours,

When senator Hawks returned from the Worcester convention—where he had been to work as an outsider for his friend, governor Gardner, (he having failed in his extraordinary efforts to be chosen a delegate) he expressed his opinion that Mr. Gardner was fairly beaten. Said he, "Gardner was stabbed by Brewster, and disemboweled by sheriff Clark." Now he has changed front, and pipes to the tune, that Gardner was abused by that convention!—"How vain are all things here below!"—Northampton Courier.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—The London Illustrated News has a genealogical sketch, proving that Louis Napoleon is a cousin of Queen Victoria.

PASSMORE WILLIAMSON.

A gentleman of New York lately wrote to PASSMORE WILLIAMSON, inquiring as to the truth of certain rumors respecting new efforts for his liberation. The following is the answer, which has been furnished for publication by its recipient:

No. 78, PHILADA. CO. PRISON, Sept. 29, 1855.

"DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 27th inst. is now before me, and in reply to your inquiry, I may say that I contemplate no further legal proceedings with reference to my liberation from this jail, in which I am now confined. I have now been kept here for more than two months, and I can see no prospect of liberation. I am a native, and have always been a citizen of Pennsylvania; and believing myself atrociously wronged, I applied to the highest tribunal known to our laws, but relief has been withheld. I can expect none from the authority that placed me here, without dishonorable submission. Having been guilty neither of falsehood, dissimulation, nor contumacy, I am sure that it is no case for degrading capitulation. Such a course would bring with it a diminution of self-respect more oppressive than the power now seeking to crush out the highest attribute of state sovereignty by immuring me within these walls.

"Accept for yourself, and communicate to others who favor me with their consideration, my most grateful acknowledgments.

"Respectfully yours, &c.,
P. WILLIAMSON."

RECEIPTS OF FLOUR AND WHEAT AT TIDE WATER.—In a statement published in the Albany Journal, the receipts of flour and wheat at tide water, during the first week in October, were as follows: In 1854, of flour, 40,875 bbls.; 1855, 44,596—increase, 3,721. Of wheat, in 1854, 74,020 bushels; 1855, 321,220—increase, 247,200—

The arrivals since the opening of navigation have been—of flour, 654,019 bbls.; of wheat, 1,844,422 bushels. By reducing the wheat to flour, the quantity of the latter left at tide water this year, compared with the corresponding period of last year, shows a decrease of 890,414 barrels of flour.

The celebrity of Oak Hall, Boston, for successful competition in the prices of Clothing, is doubtless, envied by its competitors. Indeed, it is not unusual for some of them to assume the name of Oak Hall, and thereby deceive strangers. Our friends must, therefore, remember the oak front and diamond windows, and that the one price cash system, (the price being marked upon each article) is the mode of operation in the veritable Oak Hall Clothing House. While in those stores, which assume that name, they will ask you fifty per cent more they would take for the article, if you made a direct offer. Go to Oak Hall if you want a good article at the lowest rate.

THE RUSSIANS IN PARIS.—Between 300 and 400 Russian prisoners have arrived in Paris. They passed along the Boulevards. It appears that on passing through the Faubourg St. Antoine many of them were stopped and regaled by the workmen.—Their libations were so frequent and copious, the French celebrating the fall of Sebastopol, that many of them ceased to be sober. The Russians seemed to forgive the toasts for the goodness of the liquor.

Onto—Partizan newspapers in Ohio give a horrible character of the prominent candidates for governor of that state. One is said to be in favor of horse stealing and polygamy; another is a friend to negro suffrage, negro office holders and amalgamation, while a third eats every morning a Roman Catholic broiled for breakfast.

The Duke of Northumberland has been expending the enormous sum of £50,000 a year in rebuilding cottages, farm-houses, and buildings, and on draining lands on his vast estates in Northumberland, to say nothing of the splendid improvements going on in the stately castles of Alnwick and Warkworth.

SUGAR TO BE CHEAP.—A gentleman writing from Cuba, on the 8th inst., says that the sugar crop now growing on the island of Cuba, will probably be the largest ever gathered on the island. The cane was already grown, and only waiting for the concentration of the juice. Nothing but a tornado can now destroy this crop.

PETERS.—Col. Colt, having sent a pair of his revolvers to Gen. Pelesier, general in chief at the Crimea—that officer has written a personal acknowledgment of their reception, speaking highly of their excellence, and thanking the colonel for such a cordial mark of respect.

A WHOLE LITTER.—Presuming that all we read in the newspapers is true, we are bound to believe that an Irish woman in Portland, Me., gave birth to five children, on the 24th ult., all of which are alive and healthy.

It is said to be an indisputable fact, that, taking the whole of the United States together, much more money is expended for the single article of cigars, than for all the common schools in the Union.

The people of Toledo, Ohio, have voted in favor of a loan of \$25,000, for the purpose of erecting water works.

