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POETRY.

THE STAR IN THE WEST.

This fine poem is by Eliza Cook, one of the best song writers of England of the present day. There's a star in the west that shall never go down, Till the records of valor decay; We must worship its light, though it is not our own, For liberty burst in its ray.

Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard By a freeman, and thrill not his breast? Is there one out of bondage that hails not the word As the Bethlehem star of the west?

"War, war to the knife! be enthralled or ye die," Was the echo that woke in his land; But it was not his voice that prompted the cry, Nor his madness that kindled the brand.

He raised not his arm; he defied not his foes, While a leaf of the olive remained; Till goaded with insult, his spirit arose Like a long-baited lion unchained.

He struck with firm courage the blow of the brave, And signed o'er the carnage that spread; He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave, But wept for the thousands that bled.

Tho' he drew back the fetters, and headed the strife, Till man's charter was fully restored, Yet he prayed for the moment when freedom and life Would no longer be pressed by the sword.

Oh! his laurels were pure, and his patriot name In the page of the future shall dwell, And be seen in all annals, the foremost in fame, By the side of a Horvath and Tell.

Reverie not my song, for the wise and the good Among Britons have nobly confessed That his was the glory, and ours was the blood, Of the deeply stained field of the west.

[The following was written by a Præsidian who resides in this village, who has been in the country but two or three years, and therefore has but an imperfect knowledge of our language. That fact will account for any imperfections that may be noticed.]

For the Chicago Journal. There is now a-day a great noise About negroes and worse things still, For abolishing the Missouri compromise, Which they call "Kansas and Nebraska bill."

But men of the north are wise, Dark lanterns hold your night's communion; Remember the south has raised its own eyes, Therefore can dissolve the Union.

Yes, diss live the Union is easily said, But is not so easy to fulfill; The threats are made as long as \$3.00 are paid To the farmers of the Kansas and Nebraska bill.

It has raised great excitement and hot heads Thro' the country and in the political camp; They ought to hang Frank Pierce and Steve Douglas And all the dough-faces of the same stamp.

Oh Washington, if he lived still, I know what he would say: "Remember the battle of Bunker Hill, Your struggles and independence day."

Look at the brave men in battle so fierce: As statesmen how they put their counsel north— See the difference between them and Frank Pierce, The hero and conqueror of San Juan del Norte.

The comparison is that of the lion and fly; The fly swore the lion to kill, And before he knew, the little scamp very spry, Provided a lodging in the monster's nostril.

And there she sat, her threats to fulfill, Indifferent against his demonstration, Until for rage he himself did kill, Because the fly did not give up her station.

Although Frank Pierce, you big fool, To have your office filled By being used by others as a tool, And thereby have yourself killed.

Therefore retire from public life and give up the place, To be filled with a man more able; It is for you an honor and for the country a grace To tie you with oxen in a stable.

And now I am perplexed to find a man Who suits every party in the land— A man who thinks a man can be an American, Although a foreigner born of no descent;

A man who is indifferent of color, shape; A man who does not think the negro descends from an ape; A man who is a man, marrow and bone, A man—like the immortal George Washington.

From the Widow Bedott Papers.

THE SEWING SOCIETY.

I wish to gracious you could attend one of our sewin' society meetin's. You never see nothin' to beat 'em, I'll be bound for't. We've had 'em now. 'At the first one, at squire Birsley's, there was twenty-five present. Miss Birsley had got some shirts cut out of 'er Cappen Smalley's cloth, and as fast as they come in she sot 'em to work—at least she gin 'em some work, but ther was so much talkin' to dew ther was precious little sewin' done. Ther tongues went a good deal faster'n ther fingers did, and the worst on't was, they was all a runnin' at once. Ther was an everlastin' sight o' talkin', but it did seem as if they wouldnt never come to no decision in creation. 'Twant expected we should dew much at the first meetin' more'n to elect the managers, and make up our minds how often we should meet—and I began to think we shouldnt dew even that much, there was such a sight o' discussion' and disputin' about everything.

Some was for meetin' once a week, and some thought 'twas altogether too often. Some was for stayin' to tea, and some was opposed to't. Some thought 'twould be a good plan to stay and work evenin's, and some was of opinion 'twouldnt pay,

bein' as we'd have to burn so many candles and lamps. Ther want nothing said about what object we'd work for at the first meetin'—thought we'd leave that till next time.

Well, we talked and talked and talked, and the upshot on't was, Miss Birsley was appointed president—Miss Ben Stillman, Miss Dr. Lippincott and Miss Deacon Fastick, managers—Polly Mariar Stillman, secretary—and Liddy Ann Buill, treasurer. Moreover, we agreed to meet once a fortnight, at tew o'clock in the afternoon, stay to tea and work till dark. When we'd got through with our business, we had tea—quite a plain tea. Miss Birsley don't approve o' makin' much fuss for sewin' society—because if ye dew, ther'll be some that'll feel as if they couldnt afford to have it to their houses. She didnt give us but one kind o' cake, but 'twas light and good, and so was the bread; and we had sliced meat and cheese. Miss Birsley didnt say nothing about it, but she hoped the rest would foller her example. I made up mind I would anyhow, whether the rest did or not.

Well, the ladies all eat as if they liked it, and they praised up everything at a wonderful rate. They never laid tooth to such bread in all their lives; the butter was superfine; the cold meat was delicious; and for the cake, it was a mystery to them how Miss Birsley managed to always have such first rate cake. Miss Deacon Peabody declared she'd eat such a hearty supper she was afraid she should be sick. After tea, Miss Jo Gipson invited us to meet at their house next time, and then we went hum. While we was in the bedroom a puttin' on our things, I heard Miss Peabody whisper to Miss Stillman and say, 'Did you ever see anything beat that tea in all your born days? No preservatives at all!' 'I never did,' says Miss Stillman. 'If I can't give 'em better tea, when they meet at our house, I'll give up.'

Well, at the next meetin' ther was about the same number present, and we talked up what we'd dew with the money. Ther difficulty was, the members couldnt agree upon nothin'—some wanted to work for this object, and some wanted to work for that. Miss Skinner and some of the rest thought we'd ought to sew for the missionaries, but most on 'em opposed it, 'cause they wanted to see what become o' the money. Miss Stubbles thought 'twould be a good plan to establish a school for the colored sect—I s'pose the professor put her up to't—but nobody else didnt seem to be in favor on't; and sister Bedott (she attended,) she said she never'd agree to that, 'twould be money throw'd away, for niggers would be niggers, d w what ye would to elevate 'em. Miss Fastick (she come in and sot a spell with her things on—said she couldnt stay long, jest dropped in on her way to the maternal society meetin') she thought we couldnt dew better'n to give the avails of our labor to the 'sons o' temperance.'

'Sons o' yer granny,' says Liddy Ann Buill, says she, (you know she and Miss Fastick's a quarrelin.) When she spoke up so, Miss Fastick looked awful mad, and got up to go; when she reached the door, she turned round and says she, 'Perhaps Miss Buill would rather work for the old maids' consolation society that they talk o' formin'. Good afternoon, ladies!' and off she cut afore Liddy Ann had time to answer. The gals all uttered, and Liddy Ann lookt wonderful wumble-scrip. I don't know but she'd a cleared out if Miss Birsley hadnt a smoothed it over in her cummin' way; she laughed, and says she, 'What, Miss Buill, you gals don't mean to help the old maids, I hope? I say let 'em take care o' themselves.' Liddy Ann grined and looked quite satisfied.

Well, they talked and talked and talked, jest as they did at the first meetin', to no more purpose neither, only to get more-ryled up than they did then. It seemed as if every one had got a partikler pint to carry and was determined the rest should yield to't. I tried a number o' times to make a proposition I'd thought on, but ther was so many that talked louder and faster'n what I could, that I couldnt for the life o' me git nobody to listen tew me. At last I went to Miss Birsley and told her my idee, and axed her what she tho't on't. She said she liked the notion—'Well, then, you propose it,' says I, 'for I can't git 'em to listen to me if I try till

doomsday.' So she spoke out, and says she, 'Ladies!' but ther was such a racket nobody didnt hear her. So she tried agin: 'Ladies, I say!' but still they didnt pay no attention. Then she took the tongs and knockt on the stove as loud as ever she could. 'Order!' says she: 'They stoppt talkin' then, and lookt round to see what she wanted. 'Ladies,' says she, 'Miss Magwire has proposed an object to work for, that strikes me as an excellent one. She thinks we'd better raise enough to repair the meetin'-house, and for my part, I think we couldnt do better; the meetin'-house is in a miserable condition; the plaster's in a commin' off in ever so many places, and the pulpit's a forlorn old thing, away up in the air; it's enough to break a body's neck to look at the minister, and shakes like an old egg-shell. Mr. Tuttle says he's a'most afraid to go into it. Don't you think 'twould be a good plan to tear it down and build another? Now don't all speak at once. We never shall dew nothing in creation if we don't have some sort o' order. Miss Skinner, want's your opinion?'

Well, Miss Skinner was delighted with the idee, and so was the Grimeses, and the Posters, and the Peabodys. Miss Peabody said the Baptists and the Episcopalists were all a pintin' at us for lettin' our house of worship be in such a condition. Miss John Brewster said she'd long thought our meetin'-house was a disgrace to the village; she'd no doubt but what 'twould be an advantage to the cause of religion to repair it, for the widdier Pettibone told her how't if we'd had a decent meetin'-house she wouldnt a went off and joined the Episcopalists, but she got so disgusted with the old nasty house, and sot a stretchin' her neck to see the minister, that she couldnt stan' it any longer.

'The dear me!' says Charity Grimes, 'I want to know if she gives that as a reason? Why, everybody knows she went there 'cause Caruel Dykemans an Episcopal pol.'

'Yes,' says Polly Mariar Stillman, 'I guess it's generally known what took her there.'

'She's a wonderful oneasy critter,' says Miss Peabody; 'she's ben a Baptist and a Presbyterian, and now she's an Episcopal, I wonder what she'll be next.'

'Well, it's cause she's a widdier,' says Glory Ann Aillins. 'I never know'd a widdier yet but what was uneasy as a fish out o' water. I raly believe it's nat'ral tew 'em.'

'Jest so,' says Liddy Ann Buill; 'widdiers will be widdiers.'

'Not if they can help it,' says I. I was sorry as soon as I said it, sister Bedott lookt so mad. I tell ye she gin me an awful blowin' up when we got hum—said everybody in the room thought I meant her, and she didnt mean to go to the meetin' no more. I don't know whether she will or not.

Well, they'd got hold o' the widdier Pettibone, and they didnt let her drop right off; if her ears didnt burn that afternoon, I'm mistaken. Some on 'em got so engaged talking about her they stoppt sewin' intirely. Byneby Miss Birsley got out o' patience, and knockt on the stove. 'Order!' says she. When they got still, says she—'When the ladies have got the widdier Pettibone sufficiently done up, I'd like to have 'em take hold and dew up their shirts.' 'Law me,' says old Aunt Be'sy Crocker, 'they ain't a dewin' her up; they're a pickin' on her tew pieces.' Aunt Betsey ain't no great talker, but when she does speak she always says somethin' to the pint. She's a real clever old soul, good to everybody, dumb critters and all. She was disappointed when she was young, so she hain't never got married; lives all alone; nobody in the house but her and Gruff, her old dog. She thinks the world o' Gruff. I went in to see her one evenin' last winter. Gruff was asleep on a rug behind the stove, and ther' was a great pan o' vittals settin' by him. I such 'twouldnt have been near so there to warn, so I says, says I, 'Ain't you afraid Gruff'll be pokin' his nose into yer meat?' 'Law me,' says she, 'that's ther a purpose for him. I always set somethin' by him when he goes to bed, so he'll find it handy if he happens to wake up hungry in the night. 'My sakes,' says I, 'I wouldnt take all that pains for a dog.' 'Law me!' says she, 'Gruff don't know he's a dog—

he thinks he's folks.' 'Well, ladies,' says Miss Birsley, 'if it's a possible thing, I'd like to have it decided whether we shall repair the meetin'-house or not. I think we'd better put it to vote. Them that's in favor on't will please to signify it by holdin' up their right hand.' Well, all o' the members held up their right hand exceptin' Miss Ben Stillman and Polly Mariar. 'Miss Stillman,' says Miss Birsley, 'I see that you and Polly Mariar don't hold up yer hands. Don't you approve of appropriatin' the money for that purpose?'

'Well, I can't say as I disapprove on't,' says Miss Stillman, 'but I should think we'd better not be in a hurry about making up our minds what we'll dew with the money.'

'What's the use of waitin'?' says Miss Birsley. For my part, I think we should go ahead with more spirit if we had an object fixed on to work for. 'I think so tew,' says Miss Stillman; 'but you know we'd ought to be unanimous.' 'Then why don't you agree with us?' says Miss Birsley; 'that's the way to be unanimous.'

'I mean,' says Miss Stillman, says she, 'that we'd ought to wait till there's a full meetin' afore we vote.'

'The land alive!' says Miss Birsley, 'I don't know what you call meetin' if this ain't one.'

'The fact is,' says Polly Mariar, stretchin' her great mouth from ear to ear, and displayin' her big teeth—(Jeff says her mouth looks like an open sepulcher full of dead men's bones)—'the fact is,' says she, 'mar and me's of opinion that we hadnt ought to vote till Miss Samson Savage is consulted.'

'Miss Samson Savage ain't a member of the society,' says Miss Birsley, and she don't go to meetin' once in six months. I don't know what we should consult her for, I'm sure.'

'But, you know,' says Miss Stillman, 'her means is such that she's able to contribute a great deal to any object she approves of.'

'And we'd ought to be careful about offendin' her,' says Polly Mariar, for, you know, she withdrewd herself from the Baptists because their sewin' society didnt dew as she wanted to have 'em.'

'Did the Baptists break down after it?' said Miss Birsley. Jest then the door opened, and in marched Miss Samson Savage. But afore I go on, I'd ought to tell you somethin' about her. She's one of the big bugs here—that is, she's got more money than almost any body else in town. She was a tailoress when she was a gal, and they say she used to make a dretful sight o' mischief among the folks where she sewed. But that was when she lived in Varmount. When Mr. Savage married her, he was one o' these er speculators.—Wonderful fellers to make money, them Varmounters. Husband says they come over the Green mountains with a spellin' book in one hand and a halter in t'other, and if they can't git a school to teach, they can steal a hoss. When they first come to our place, he was a follerin' the tin-peddlin' business; he used to go rumblin' round in his cart from house to house, and the rich folks rather turned up their noses at him, or he constated they did, and it made him awful wrath; so he determined he'd be richer than any on 'em, and pay 'em off in their own coin. Old Smith says he's heard him time and agin make his boast that he'd ride over all their heads some day—didnt seem to have no higher eend in view than to be the richest man in Scrabble Hill. He sot his heart and soul and body on't, and knowin' how to turn every cent to the best advantage, and bein' wonderfully sharp at a bargain, he succeeded; everything he took hold o' prospered, and without actin' bein' what you could call dishonest, afore many years every body allowed he was the richest man in the place. So he built a great stun house and furnished it wonderful grand; his wife wouldnt have a bit o' furniture made, here—nothin' would dew but she must send away to Philadelphia for't. And such 'twouldnt have been never seen in the town afore! Such elegant sofs and cheers and curtains, and ever so many curus concerns that I don't know the name of, and I guess she don't neither. So she sot up for a lady. She was always a coarse, boisterous, high-tempered critter, and when her husband grow'd rich, she grow'd pompous and overbearin'. She made up her mind she'd rule the roost, no

matter what it cost—she'd be the first in Scrabble Hill. She knbw'd she wan't a lady by nature or by eddication, but she thought nably o' her folks would be fools enough to think she was if she made a great parade. So she begitt by dressin' more, and givin' bigger parties than any body else. Of course, them that thinks money's the main thing (and ther's plenty such here and everywhere,) is ready to flatter her and make a fuss over her, and approve of everything that she does. If ther's anybody that wont knuckle tew her, I tell ye that they have to take it about east. She abuses 'em to their faces, and slanders 'em to their backs. Such conduct wouldnt be put up with in a poor woman; but them that would be for drummin' me out of town, is ready to uphold Miss Samson Savage, and call it independence and frankness in her. She says she ain't afeared to tell folks what she thinks of 'em. Husband says she wouldnt think it no harm to set her neighbor's house a fire if she done it in the day-time. She shows her independence in another way some times, by riggin' out in old duds that would disgrace a washerwoman, and trainin' round town, makin' calls and so forth, some times in an old wagin and some times afoot. It tickles her wonderfully to hear folks whisper as she goes along—'Jest see Miss Savage! that'll dew for her, but 'twouldnt do for everybody.'

When she goes out in company, she 'nopolizes the hull o' the conversation. She's determined that everybody in the room shall have the benefit of all she has to say. So she talks up so awful loud that she drownds everybody else's voice, and they have to listen tew her whether or no. I was to a party a spell ago where she was, and from the minnit she come in—(thank fortin' the tea never comes arly—al ways keeps the tea a waitin' for her)—I say, from the minnit she come till it broke up, she talked without cessation. It did seem to me as if I should go distracted.—In the course of the evenin', somebody axed Pardon Pettibone's wife (she 'twas Katy Carey) to play on the pianer and sing; she's a beautiful player, and I'm very fond o' hearin' her. When she sot down to the music, thinks me, Miss Savage will hold her tongue now, I'm sure—but I was mistaken. She wan't a gwin to be put down by a pianer, not she, so she jest pitched her voice a peg higher; and went on with her stuff—all about her hired help—what Bets, the cook, done; how Suke, the chambermaid, managed; and how Nab, the washerwoman, carried sail. I couldn't take no sense of the music at all. Miss Stillman and Polly Mariar, and a few more, draw'd up round her and swallered all she said, but some o' the young folks that wanted to hear the music, lookt as if they wished Miss Samson Savage was fuder off.

But it's plain to be seen with all pretensions she feels oneasy and uncomfortable the hull time. I've noticed that yer codfish gentility always dew. She knows she ain't the ginniwine article, and so she tries to make up for't in brass and bluster. If anything goes on without her bein' head man, she always tries to put it down.—She was gone a journey when the sewin' society was started, and I s'pose she was awful mad to think we darst to get up such a thing without consultin' her.—Miss Birsley called on her when she got hum, and axed her to jine. 'But she said she ject. I despise Tuttle, and I'll tell him he wouldnt—she despised sewin' societies, so tew his face when I git a chance. 'Ye didnt want nothin' to dew with 'em.—Miss Birsley didnt tell nobody what she said but me; she know'd 'twould make her look at Miss Stillman and Polly Mariar, rest—but we both know'd 'twouldnt be long afore she'd be pokin' her nose in among us.

Well, as I said afore, she came a marchin' into the room where we all sot. She's a great, tall, raw-boned woman, and steps off like a trainer. She had on a dirty well, pink sunbunnet, and an old ragged blue calicier open-gownd (what Jeff calls a she-want on and blazed away about Miss Tut-taly) over her dress. She didnt so much as say 'How-de-dew' to nobody, but Polly Mariar, and a number, more o' the strammed right across the room and sot wimmin, sot tew and helped her whenever down; then she liv her old sun-bunnet; they could git a word in edgewise; and onto the floor, and draw'd a long breath, such a hanlin' over as Miss Tuttle and says she—'Well, I vow I'm tired—the parson got, I never heard afore in all been round a shoppin', and shoppin's no small business with me. I don't go into a shop and stan' an hour, and make the clerks haul down all ther goods, and then walk out to tea—she'd ben out all the buy tew-cents' worth, as some folks dew—here she lookt round at Miss Grimes

and Charity—when I trade, I trade, to some amount, and no mistake.—I was rather tired afore I left hum—had company to dinner—didnt think o' comin' here when I come out.—Caroline Gipson thought she was a gwine to apologize for her dress, so she says, says she 'Oh no apologies necessary—'twas jest as well to come in as you was. 'What!' says she, 'I hope ye don't think I'd a dressed up if I had a know'd I was a comin' here?—not I. I don't believe in riggin' up to come to a sewin' meetin', as some folks dew—here she squinted at the Skinners—they had on new plaid dresses 'but 'tain't every body that can afford to wear an old double gownd. I says to Poll, my waitin'-maid, 'Poll,' says I, 'go to the lumber-room and git my sun-bunnet and my blue calicier double gownd; I'm gwine out. Massy sakes!' says Poll says she, 'does Miss Savage know't the blue double gownd has got one sleeve a'most ripped out, and the linnin's all tore so it hangs all down below the outside round the bottom?'

'Poll,' says I, 'if 'twant that you've jest come out o' Pennsylvania woods and don't know nothin' about manners yet, I'd discharge ye on the spot for darin' to question me, or make any remarks about what I order. I'll forgive ye this time on account o' yer ignorance, but if ever you dew it agin you'll git your walkin'-ticket on short order, as sure as my name is Miss Samson Savage. Now start yer stumps, and fetch them things quick meter. So she fetcht 'em, and I went and done my shoppin'. On my way hum, it struck me that you was to meet here to-day, so thinks me, I'll jest step in and see what they're up tew. 'Will you take some sewin'?' says Miss Birsley; 'Not I,' says she, 'I'll know what I'm a sewin' for.—What do ye calculate to dew with the money ye raise?'

'We thought,' says Miss Birsley, 'that is, the majority of us thought 'twould be a good idee to arn enough to repair the meetin'-house and build a new pulpit.—'Murther!' says Miss Savage; 'well I vow if that wouldnt be a worthy object.—'So you don't approve on't, hey?' says Miss Birsley. 'Approve on't?' says she; 'not I.'

'No more don't me and Polly Mariar,' says Miss Stillman. Miss Savage went on: 'I'd look purty, wouldnt I a workin' workin' to fix up that meetin'-house for Mr. Tuttle to preach in?—'So you dont like Mr. Tuttle, hey?' says Miss Birsley. 'Like him?' says she; not I. He don't know nothin'—cant preach no more'n that stove pipe.' (she hates Parson Tuttle 'cause he hain't never paid no more attention to her than he has to rest o' the congregation,) 'he's as green as grass and as flat as a pan cake. 'That's jest what mar and me thinks,' says Polly Mariar Stillman. Miss Savage went on: 'He don't know B from a broomstick, nor bran when the bag's open. 'That's jest what I think,' says Miss Stillman. 'I says to Mr. Stillman last sabbath, as we was a comin' from meetin', 'Mr. Stillman,' says I—'But what it 'twas she said to Mr. Stillman, dear knows, for Miss Savage didnt let her go on. 'I say,' says she, 'I'd look beautiful a comin' to sewin' society and workin' the ends o' my fingers off to build a pulpit for Tuttle to be poked up in Sabath after Sabath, and preach off jest what he's a mind tew. No—ye dont ketch me a takin' a stitch for such an ob-

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tea handed round at our meetin's as a general thing; we have the things set on a long table; the woman of the house pours tea at one end, and we all stand round and help ourselves. It's very convenient, especially where they don't keep no help. Well, we all took hold, and for a while parson Tattle and his wife and everybody else had a restful spell, for even Miss Samson Savage had other use for her tongue. She believed in drinkin' one thing at once. When she eats she eats—and when she talks she talks.

And we had a real nice tea, I tell re-biscuit and butter, and crackers and cheese, and cold meat and pickles, and custard and whipped cream, and three kinds of preserves, and four kinds of cake, and what not. I couldn't help of thinkin' that the money laid out on that tea would a went a good way toward the new pulpit.

"What delightful biscuit," says Miss Grimes, "they are so," says Miss Skinner; "but Miss Gipson never has poor biscuit." "O shaw!" says Miss Gipson, "you ain't in earnest; biscuits is miserable—not nigh so good as common." "I don't think the flour's first rate," says Miss Gipson, "now you make crackers?" says Miss Stillman; "I never tasted none so good." "Now you don't mean so," says Miss Gipson. "I can make good crackers, but them's very poor; the oven wait's just right when I put 'em in." "I must have another piece of this cheese, it's so good," says Miss Lippincott. "Where did you get it?" "Well, I got it of old Daddy Sharp; he generally makes excellent cheese, but I tell Mr. Gipson old Sharp's failed for once—that's what I call poor cheese."

"Dew taste of this plum sass, Miss Peabody," says Miss Brewster; "I never see the heat out." "I'd rather have these peaches," says Miss Peabody; they're delicious. It is a mystery to me how Miss Gipson always has such luck with her preserves. I never dew, and I always take pound for pound tea. "This applies the clearest I ever see," says old Miss Parker. "How did you make it, Miss Gipson?" "Did you dew it in the sun?" "I'm sure it don't look as if it ever was nigh the fire." "Now don't speak o' that, I'm ashamed of my self," said Caroline. "I was ashamed of my self for seein' Miss Parker, and I was almost sorry I'd made any preserves since I'd eat some of Miss Skinner's, here was so much nicer." So they went on. The whipped cream and custard had to be gone over; Miss Gipson had to tell just how 'twas made—what davorin' she used, and all that—though she declared she was ashamed o' it. The cake was praised; they must know how much better that was in this, how many eggs it took for that, and so forth. Miss Gipson, of course, ran it down—she could make good cake, but somehow she failed that time. A person that didn't know how to winn in always go on at such a place, would a thought that Miss Gipson had tried to have everything the miseribest she possibly could, and the rest on 'em had never had anything to hum with what was miseribest.

Well, everything arthly comes to an end, and so did that tea after a spell, and party soon after we went home. Miss Stillman invited us to meet at their house next time. She urged Miss Samson Savage to come, and I don't doubt but what she will if she thinks there's any chance for kickin' up a muss. I was in to Miss Bissley's the next day, and she and I talked it over. She says we haven't accomplished much yet, for some of the work's done so miseribly, 'twould never sell in creation without it's picked out and done over better. The rest is put together wrong, and has got to be put together, whether or no. For my part, I feel cenny most discouraged about the sewin' society.

THE EIGHTH WONDER!

How many have been its eager and rapturous claimants! How many for ages have yearned, and yearned in vain, to crown the deep, and ardent researches of toilsome years, with this imperishable title! Alas! How futile have been their attempts!

In the darker ages of the fifteenth century we find the alchemist wasting a weary life, and at last sinking into the grave, after the vain attempt to frame that "lapie philosophorum," which should turn all base metal to gold.

In the more enlightened days in which civilization and science have asserted their sway, the mighty geniuses of the earth have sought by mammoth inventions and almost superhuman discoveries to outstrip their predecessors, and place the result of their labors before the nations of the globe as did our ancestors, when they unfurled the flag of independence.

But who may be said of all earth's sages to have attained incontrovertibly that pinnacle of fame?

We would answer—from Greenland's icy mountains to the far off sands of Africa, from the remote regions of ocean washed Japan, to the western setting sun, but one voice proclaims that Holloway deserves the palm!

With nature as his guide, he has culled from nature's bed, such selections as now form the healing medicines which bear his name; as sole inventor, he gives them to the world as well tried, and efficacious remedies for almost every ill that flesh is heir to!

Who can be put in the scale of comparative greatness with him who lifts the sufferer from the couch of pain? We answer none!

Who could for a moment claim a footing with him who heals the wounds, and administers relief to the internal diseases of countless thousands? We answer none!

Almost every language heralds to its myriads the almost miraculous virtues of Professor Holloway's life giving remedies! The revelation by "eleven tongues" in the early christian era did not more diversify the errand, than has this enterprising man the invaluable properties of his discoveries to the sickly and suffering portion of the human family!

And though now but treading lightly the vacillating sand of public opinion, the present world spread generation welcome, and posterity will hereafter hail him as the man who has smoothed the ruffled pillow of the young and the old, and led the aged gently to the grave.—N. Y. Daily News.

The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPPEE, SATURDAY, March 19, 1856.

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

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

INVESTIGATION.

Speaker Banks has appointed William A. Howard of Michigan, Mordecai Oliver of Missouri, and John Sherman of Ohio, as the Kansas investigating committee. They are to start immediately for the territory, clothed with extraordinary power, and, we trust, will give matters a thorough sifting. The passage of the bill to send a committee there is one of the most substantial victories ever gained by the north. It will lay bare to congress and the country Missouri's rascality, and place the matter beyond dispute, and have a wholesome effect upon the Missourians. Reeder may not be admitted as delegate, but we are confident that Mr. Whitfield will have leave to go home.

Things begin to brighten. From the commencement of the Kansas struggle, we have been impressed with the feeling that freedom would finally triumph; but much more work remains to be done in order to secure the end desired. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and success never comes to the inactive.

We find the following in the Boston Journal, in relation to the intercepted rifles:

THE INTERCEPTED RIFLES.—A Topeka correspondent of a New York paper confirms the report that the Sharps' rifles which were intercepted were rendered valueless to the captors. For fear the arms might be taken, Dr. Cutter, who originally had them in charge, took all the gates or slides from the rifles, and also from the cannon. These slides were packed in trunks, and are now in safe hands in Topeka. The rifles can never be used until they are put together, unless the Missourians invent some method by which a smooth barrel can shoot both ways at once. Mr. Hoyt, the principal agent in charge of them, was going to Lexington to demand an order from Governor Shannon for the guns.

It is now ascertained that a part of the company on the boat who were active in the capture had been through New England and other states, had followed Pomeroy around the country, and listened to all the plans about sending on rifles, &c.

BIBLES AMONG THE ARMENIANS.—With in two years upward of one million copies of bibles, tracts, and similar publications, have been circulated among the Armenians. Near nine millions of pages were issued during last year from the printing-press at Constantinople. Bible schools have also been established in a hundred different places in Turkey, and the mission staff comprises in all 115.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.—A letter from Rome says: "Vesuvius is in labor. The signs which precede a violent eruption are apparent. There is an exhalation upon the summit, which usually can be reached without danger, but at present, one would be stifled with the sulphureous odor, and the noise is anything but reassuring."

SATAN.—The Catholic paper of Tarin declares that "Satan has never, during his whole life, had greater consolation than during 1855, in Piedmont," alluding to the acts of justice and toleration extended to the Vaudois protestants.

MAPLE SUGAR.—The crop of maple sugar this year is estimated at \$3,000,000. The Mormons are making great preparations for manufacturing sugar from the beet.

IRON PRODUCE IN OHIO.—There are said to be fifty-five iron furnaces in the vicinity of Portsmouth, Scioto county, Ohio, fifty-three of which average annually two thousand tons, of 2268 lbs.

The boot and shoe trade is at present very brisk. It is believed that the supply will not meet the demand of the season.

Scientific writers assert that the number of persons who have existed since the beginning of time, amount to 36,627,275, 075,946.

PURCHASERS OF CARPETS will find advertised in our paper of to-day, the scale of prices by the New England Carpet Company, of Boston.

The Detroit Advertiser says the forests of Michigan yield an income of \$3,500,000 per annum, and this year it is likely to reach \$5,000,000. Vast forests still remain untouched.

The story that the Cuban sugar crop will be short, is supposed to be a device of speculators.

CHICOPPEE NEWS.

It was the remark of Goethe that "We should aim to encourage the beautiful, for the useful will encourage itself." The lovers of female grace in this village have had a fine opportunity to be pleased, during the week. Even old bachelors and young bachelors seem to be in ecstasy; the girls have triumphed, and are gracefully bearing off the palm of victory; every body is praising their exhibition; and we crusty unmarried chaps must praise them also, for if we do not, the jaws of public opinion will crush us in piece-meal, and even the face of laughing Cupid would be eclipsed with a frown. Good judges pronounce it a brilliant affair. Miss Edna Green was the goddess of beauty, while Miss Hattie Wait had the honor of being styled "goddess of liberty." Spring, summer and autumn were well represented by Misses Albina S. Ball, Victoria Van Horn and Ellen Dudley. We were not aware that so much musical talent exists in Chicopee.

Among the pieces sung which reflect credit upon the singers, were "The Widow," by Miss Olive Leavitt, which carried the house by storm; and was encored; "The Rose Girl," by "little Bell Bowdoin," was much admired; and every body "fell in love" with Miss Clara Sawelle, a little girl five or six years old. "Kitty Clyde," by Miss Isabel Southworth, caused great applause; and "Billy Grimes," by Misses Edna Green and Hattie Wait, kept the audience in a roar of laughter, and was encored. The following young ladies also did themselves much credit:—Lottie Wait, Lizzie A. Bridgman, Hattie Kent, Fanny Mitchell, Orvia Hand, Mary S. Bridgman, Mary Collins, Harriet Morgan and Emma Kendall.

We may have omitted some names in the above list which should be inserted. If so, it is unintentional on our part. P. S.—We should have stated in the above that Miss Lizzie A. Bridgman acted the part of "queen of beauty," and also neglected to allude to the piano forte playing of Misses Hattie and Lottie Wait, which was universally admired.

Three weeks ago, we published the death of William Peach, formerly of this village, at Panama, and brother of Charles S. Peach, one of the overseers in the Dwight mills. As we have just seen the supposed deceased, and had a conversation with him, it may be well to state that he "still lives," notwithstanding all previous reports to the contrary. The facts are as follows:—While at Panama, on his way to California, Mr. Peach was taken severely ill with fever, and finally, to all appearances, died. He was laid out in an open box, and remained in it for sixteen hours, at the expiration of which time, coming to his senses, and not liking his accommodations, he left the box, which act caused the by-standers to leave the room in a greater hurry than they had entered it. In the meantime, a letter was sent to some of his friends, stating that he had died in Panama fever.—Mr. Peach is now in this village, and does not much resemble a dead man.

A Jamieson, of this village, and employed in the Western R. R. repair shop, at Springfield, had his hand caught in a locomotive machine, Saturday morning, which caused it to be badly crushed. It will probably be five or six weeks before he will be able to use it.

George H. Knapp will give the next lecture to the debating society, in Cabot Hall, on Monday evening, upon "The life and character of Lord Byron."

J. C. Stoeve is now making this town a visit, and looks as hardy as a Greenland-er. Living in Minnesota has much improved his health. Chicopee people will always give him a cordial welcome.

Mr. Belden, who has been connected with the Chicopee House for a number of months, has commenced hotel duties in the Holyoke House.

We refer our readers to the panorama advertisement, in another column. Judging from what the papers say, we think it is worth seeing.

At a meeting of the mechanics of Perkins mills repair shop, held in the office of said shop, on Saturday evening, March 1, the following articles were presented to Mr. W. M. D. Rogers, (who leaves in consequence of the union of the Dwight and Perkins mills) by Mr. M. Fisk, viz.:—two salt cellars and spoons, and a cake basket, from the Ames Co. shop, and a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, accompanied with the following remarks:

Mr. Rogers:—It has been the custom in all ages, and among all nations, both to give and receive reward for well doing.—It is a thing of almost daily occurrence in this country. The principle is seen in the presents we give and receive on the anniversaries of Christmas, New Year's and our birth-days. It is seen in the reward bestowed upon such as jeopardise their lives to rescue persons from the perils of the mighty deep—upon military heroes, statesmen, navigators, artists, railroad conductors, manufacturers, mechanics, and last, but by no means least, Florence Nightingales. In fact, we have from the high-

est authority, the promise of eternal life as a reward for well doing.

With these things in view, I present to you, in behalf of the mechanics of Perkins mills repair-shop, a few articles—not for their intrinsic value, but as tokens of regard for the distinguished ability with which you have discharged your duties as master mechanic of said shop, and also for your gentlemanly bearing toward us while overseer of the same.

Please accept these salt cellars and spoons, this cake basket, and Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

This book contains the language of a people destined, in the Providence of God, to revolutionize the world. Whatever may be said of other nations, either in praise or otherwise, there are some things that can not be successfully denied, among which are the following:—Those nations that speak the English language are far in advance of all others (I mean the masses) in general intelligence, have more of the comforts and conveniences of life, enjoy to a much greater extent the blessings of political, civil and religious liberty—are decidedly ahead in works of utility, as the exhibitions of London and Paris abundantly prove; and are the only nations (ours before all and above all,) where individual effort has a fair field and a sure reward.

And now, dear sir, in conclusion, allow me, in behalf of the mechanics here assembled, to give you this right hand, as a token of brotherly kindness, and also our respect for you, both as a citizen and a master mechanic, hoping that wherever you may take up your future abode, your reward may be not only *excellent*, but *excellent*.

• Mr. Rogers responded as follows:

GENTLEMEN:—I accept with pleasure your beautiful and appropriate presents, and can but regard them, considering the circumstances, as the just expression of your kindness and regard for me. I know that when a person who has occupied the position that I have for the two and a half years past, leaves it, is no uncommon thing for him to be presented with some token of regard by those with whom he has become associated, and it is often the case that other motives than the ostensible ones, prompt the act. I do feel, gentlemen, that in the present case there are no motives that influence you than those expressed in these beautiful presents. I have no patronage to bestow, no places to give. There is nothing in my case that should induce you to continue in my favor but sentiments of good will. I have endeavored, in the discharge of my duty, as foreman of this shop, to deal justly both with the employer and the employed. I do not recognize, nor have I ever acted upon the principle, that there is but one party, and that the company, in our dealings together. I have ever looked upon it as good policy as well as good principle, to treat men who are employed under me with kindness and consideration—"to ask nothing but what is just, to submit to nothing that is wrong." These, gentlemen, are the principles by which I have endeavored to regulate my conduct during my connection with you, and if any one has seen any act of mine that would lead to a different conclusion, I ask of you to consider it an error of judgment, and not of intent.

Gentlemen, I thank you for your uniform kindness, and gentlemanly conduct toward me since I have been with you.—You have ever obeyed my orders with promptness, and in all things seconded my endeavors to promote the interests of the shop. When I leave you, gentlemen, which will be in a very few weeks, I shall carry with me, as far as you are concerned, no recollections but what are pleasant, and shall not fear to meet you, and shall feel assured that the hand of friendship will ever be extended.

It gives me pleasure to mention one circumstance connected with you. It is this:—It has never been my good fortune to find thirty men, working in the same shop, for two and a half years, who have had less unkindness and ungentlemanly conduct exhibited toward each other than you have, for which you have my sincere thanks.

I wish to say a few words in reference to the person who is to succeed me. You will find him a gentleman, who will treat you all as gentlemen, and will expect to receive gentlemanly treatment in return. His system of management may be different from mine, but I do assure you, from an intimate and long acquaintance with him, his aim will be no do right by you all.

A few days ago, a jolly Irishman, with several bricks in his hat, might have been seen promenading our streets in Virginia fence fashion, with a large jug in his hand. But, before Patrick had proceeded far in his wholesome exercise, his lower limbs gave out, and he fell on to the side walk, breaking the jug into more than a dozen pieces, and spilling the contents thereof. A short time after, he was taken to the lock-up, and the next morning was tried

by Judge Whitaker, and fined three dollars and costs.

Last Saturday eve, P. D. Randolph entertained the people of Chicopee with a lecture upon spiritualism, and claimed to speak under spiritual influence. Whether the theory is correct or not, it is at least worthy of investigation. The following article upon the subject, from an exchange, we invite attention to:

"It was said, some three or four years since, that the modern spiritual manifestations were a seven days wonder, and would soon die out, and were consequently looked upon by clergymen and the press as a delusion of but little account. Notwithstanding all this, the delusion, if it is one, still exists, and what is more, the converts to this belief are being made by thousands. Circles are held in almost all of our cities, and in nearly all the towns and villages throughout the length and breadth of our land, and even in Europe the delusion is making rapid strides, and many of the strongest minds and most scientific men in England, France and Germany, are enlisted in the promulgation of this theory. It is estimated that in the United States alone, there are at present nearly or quite three millions of believers. To diffuse their spiritual principles, there are quite a number of papers and magazines devoted entirely to the subject, many of which are well sustained. Besides this, Sunday meetings are regularly held, and in many places are filled to overflowing.

"In fact, the subject is getting to be one of vast importance in the public mind, and the question naturally arises, ought these things to be so?

"It may be answered, that if the principles of spiritualism are true, and our departed friends do communicate, and make themselves known to those they have left on earth, and if the great doctrines they inculcate are true, it should have the support of all good men; but if these manifestations and the new spiritual philosophy which has grown out of them are a delusion, and lead men astray from the path of truth, they should meet with the unqualified condemnation of every man, woman and child in the land."

We have received the following anonymous note, and do not know whether it was intended for the Journal or as private advice; but, being anxious to have people know what a reprobate we are, have concluded to publish it:

MR. EDITOR PRATT:—Duly impressed with the delicacy of the task I undertake, and also hope with my duty, as a fellow man, acquaintance, friend and Christian brother to you, I desire frankly, fairly, openly and unreservedly, to ask your attention to a moment's consideration of your life, prejudices, individual and public character. What sort of a life do you lead? Are you as great a benefit to society as you should be? You lead a life of mingled hard labor and hard ideas of man and life's purposes. You, in your leisure, seek not the society of the pious and devout, but that of the godless and reckless. You are regardless of the Sabbath, an absentee from church, a non-observer of the forms of Christianity, through which its spirit breathes. You are a latitudinarian upon all subjects of morals, and an extreme one at that. You are careless of the proprieties of life and the decorum and courtesies which make companionship and society profitable and pleasant. You, as an editor, set no example of individual piety to the public, who regard you a public character. You seek not to make your paper a vehicle of moral teachings and wholesome Christian instruction, but desire the world to understand it as the willing recipient of all tolerably expressed opinions, whether tending to the uplifting of man, kind and the broad-casting of virtuous sentiments, or to retrograde doctrine and dangerous theorizing.

You are a young man of fine natural endowments, of originality of thought, and of apt and felicitous use of language in which to clothe your thoughts—of generous impulses and manly feelings. But you, unassisted, have trained all these to a wrong and downward course. I tell you what you are, and your own good sense and intelligence will prompt you to the way of correction. Excuse this plain talk, and believe me

Your anonymous friend,
AN OLD MAN.
Chicopee, March, 1855.

Our rule is never to reply to a personal attack, but as the foregoing can not exactly be placed under that head, but rather seems to be friendly advice, which we are always glad to receive, our readers will excuse us for indulging in a few words of comment.

"What kind of a life do you lead?" asks our correspondent. A life of the hardest kind of toil—from morn till night laboring at setting type, and devoting the remainder of waking hours to editorial duties—thus fulfilling the command of scripture—

"Whatsoever thy hands find to do, the same do with all thy might." Is not such a course preferable to "spinning street yarn and weaving scandal," and retailing petty gossip?

But we are a "non-observer of the Sabbath." It is very true that we have not been a constant attendant upon divine worship. But, in our opinion, a man who

is obliged to work night and day, is, at least, partially excusable if he has a day of quiet rest when the opportunity presents itself.

Circumstances should, in all cases, be taken into consideration. Yes, man is, in a great measure, from earliest infancy to decrepit old age, the creature of circumstance. And besides, we have yet to learn that genuine Christianity consists alone in a mere observance of outward forms. The Great Teacher, in his sublime system, taught far different rules, which will finally destroy all slavery, oppression and social inequality—which will remove the monster causes of crime, ignorance and the degradation of the masses, and make "earth beautiful with the glories of primal Eden." Universal democracy is no idle dream never to be realized, for when the principles of the Savior are fully carried out, the world will become cognizant of the great fact that

"A man's man for a that" even if he does not bow to all the conventional rules established by that humbug, tyrant, public opinion. As far as creeds are concerned, we never wish to argue in relation to them, either verbally, or in the Journal, and never would seek, under any circumstances, to change the faith of any Protestant church member—honestly believing, as we do, that America owes her liberties and prosperity to Protestantism. At the same time, we are so constituted, that it is impossible for us to sail on our own to any written sectarian creed. We may feel differently upon the subject some time; time alone can decide that point. In our opinion, religion should be founded upon the law of love, as preached by Christ. He spoke kind words to the woman accused of adultery, and forgave the thief on the cross. Kindness to the erring is like soothing medicine to the sick.

But we "do not seek the society of the pious and devout." Why, we have not sought any society—do not have time to seek any. A ninety-nine-one-hundredth part of our time is spent in the sanctum.—But up matter, the point is not worth discussing. When our correspondent will point out any article in the Journal, since our connection with it, which would be likely to have an immoral effect, he will confer upon us a great favor. If the paper is not sufficiently religious to suit his taste, he or any one else, can have a column of it weekly for religious communications, provided disputed points of doctrine are not touched upon.

Taken as a whole, our connection with the Journal has been of a pleasant character. We have had scores of advisers, (and no two have advised alike,) but it gives us exquisite satisfaction to think that no one has had a particle of control over this paper but its editor, and that its subscription list is larger than it was when we commenced editorial labors.

A CARD.—To those pupils who have been entrusted to my care, to their kind parents and friends, I would express the deep gratitude I feel for the beautiful gifts which they have presented me, as tokens of their esteem and affection. May the path of these children be onward and upward, until the goal is reached, and, in them, may their parents realize their brightest anticipations for the future.

Again I ask you to accept the sincere thanks of your friend and teacher,

LIZZIE A. BRIGMAN.
March 21, 1856.

For the Chicopee Journal.
ARE WE READY?
We hear much said at the present time about American institutions, principles and habits. But is there not a wrong mode of thought here? Are there not many who regard our American institutions and customs as perfect? We may spread them over a wider surface, but our journey is ended. We are not to seek to go upward or onward. Are our institutions and customs then castings, or are they living forms? We say that the public school is an institution, a fixed fact with us. We trust that the free school is a fixed fact, is a permanent institution with us. But must the school itself therefore be fixed? Suppose that our schools are better than they were twenty-five or fifty years ago, does any one suppose that we have attained all that we can reach? When we remember that the child spends six hours a day in the school-room, month after month, year after year, are we prepared to admit that we can obtain no greater product? There are some who fear all experiments, all new things. But do not the young seek variety? Is it any reason why a teacher should hear a recitation in a certain manner to-day because he did so yesterday? We would not speak slightly of any school or any teacher; we would only ask, can we not have better things?

Again, we boast of the dispatch with which every thing is done in this country. We act while others talk. But do we not want something beside haste? A child can destroy in a few moments that which it has taken days or years to prepare. We must make the quickest passage.

across the Atlantic, and so we pay for it with the wreck of our steamships and the destruction of human life. Ought not our first demand to be for safety, and then for speed? Where is the victory if you gain in speed alone? A man could leap from the roof of a building in less time than he could pass down a ladder. But would not the risk of life and limb be greater than the gain in time?

We erect a building hastily and slightly. We say it will do. It falls to the ground, and a voice from heaven says it will not do. The Almighty constantly bids us strive for perfection.

Then, we neglect our manners and defend our rudeness, on the ground that our life is fresh and rough. But are there not wild flowers on the prairie? Are not the forests beautiful before the hand of man has touched them? May not our life be fresh and yet not rough and coarse?

We pride ourselves upon our liberty, and perhaps we value individual license enough. But is our liberty complete? Did Washington and his companions struggle only that this land might become the home of 3,000,000 slaves? You say they are dead and clothed. But is that all that life demands or liberty worth bring?

We talk about Young America, and does not that very word imply imperfection, incompleteness? We pardon many things in the young to-day, in the hope that they will disappear to-morrow. Are we ready then, or are our institutions ready, to be cast in the mold, to be stereotyped?

Chicopee, March, 1856

[We last week published a communication from the Springfield American, which we guessed was written by D. F. Randall of this village. And we also guess that the following is from his pen. At any rate, it reads as he talks.]

From the Daily American!

Chicopee, March 19.

"We intend to subdue you, Sir." So says the Daily American, to the Daily American, on as to a disabled from rest-tance. "Nash Editor."

Mr. Editor:—Language like the above, addressed by the bandit or pirate chieftain to his weakened victim, writhing under his torturing hand in the last agonies of death, would be characteristic of the being who uttered it. But, when a grave senator, in his place, in the U. S. senate, utters such language addressed to one, and through him, to a free people he represents, whose only crime is loving liberty and hating oppression, we may truly feel that it is portentous of evil. When the leader of a powerful faction, whose only watchwords are slavery and oppression, pours forth such ominous threatnings from his freedom-hating lips, it is time the people should pause and consider.

"We intend to subdue you, sir." Americans of Massachusetts, of this "old commonwealth," whose soil drank the blood of our nation's earliest sacrifice to freedom—Americans of the free states, and lovers of freedom everywhere, pause and consider. It behooves us to inquire how and by whom we are to be subdued. Had that haughty senator's course, (since he occupied his seat in the senate) exhibited a single characteristic of fairness towards the free states, we undoubtedly should have had coupled to that, extraordinary sentence, a synopsis of the plan by which this subduing, this crushing out, would be done, that we might know in what form these dreadful calamities are to come upon us. But no. We are to be "subdued," farther than that, we are not to know—"Tis a mystery. But Americans, lovers of freedom are we not cognizant of this plan upon which this deed is to be done? Have we not seen some of the workings of the machinery that is to be used "to crush out, to subdue" the last ray of light that gleams from freedom's altar? Have we not heard the voice of the demon coming up from all the strongholds of Romanism in our land?

Have we not heard one of Rome's most faithful emissaries here, blasting of "barbarians" with the powers that be? Have we not seen the implements to make the work easier, pouring in upon us by shipload after shipload? Having seen and heard all these, are we at a loss to know whence we are to be subdued. Can any one mistake the source whence this debauched standard bearer of oppression expects to obtain power to "subdue" free men? Stephen Arnold Douglas, author of the Nebraska bill, also of the diabolical sentence at the head of this article, is an aspirant to the office of chief magistrate of this nation. He is the "cat's paw" of the slave oligarchy—a desperate man, playing a desperate game. He knows the potency of the lever that assisted in elevating Franklin Pierce into power, and is making every exertion to make the same means available to his own aggrandizement. He knows the Catholics are pro-slavery everywhere, that their power and influence have in all ages been opposed to freedom; to foster and encourage them, and denounce and crush out those who love liberty and hate oppression in every form, seems to be the end for which he is laboring.

Can it be wondered at then, that a man of his stamp, filled with cheering hopes of future eminence, made brighter by deep potations of very questionable spirits, should so far overstep the bounds of propriety, and make himself ridiculous before the world, by giving utterance to such language, addressed to that portion of the American people he subsequently characterized as a "miserable set of abolitionists, or know nothings, which is all the same thing?" Yet he must know that this "miserable faction" could it once be united, would sweep him and all kindred spirits from off the face of the earth. Americans! it is the slave power, led on by Douglas, and pope Pius IX, that constitutes the great "we" in this matter. The pope sends his emissaries here to plot and to bargain for the furtherance of his cause, and what material is better capable of being molded to suit their purposes, than such ambitious demagogues as senator Douglas?—Certainly they can find none; certainly they could ask for none. "We know by whom we are to be subdued." And knowing, shall we not act? Shall we not make greater exertion to preserve intact the free institutions bequeathed us by our fathers? Ought not Americans, lovers of their country and its free institutions, to lay aside all petty differences of opinion, and take firmer ground, in order to strike a deadlier blow at the root of this gigantic political hydra, whose blackened shadows is fast creeping over our fair country, poisoning out every green plant of liberty that seeks nourishment from freedom's soil? TRUE AMERICAN.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.
Sir James Clarke's CELEBRATED FEMALE PILLS.—Prepared from a prescription of Sir James Clarke, M.D., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen. This invaluable Medicine is unfailing in the cure of all those painful and dangerous diseases incident to female constitution.

It moderates all excess, removes all obstructions, and brings on the monthly period with regularity. These Pills should be used two or three weeks previous to confinement; they fortify the constitution, and lessen the suffering during labor, enabling the mother to perform her duties with safety to herself and child.

These Pills should not be taken by females during the first three months of pregnancy, as they are sure to bring on miscarriage, but at any other time they are safe.

In all cases of Nervous and Spinal Affections, pain in the Back and Limbs, Headaches, Fatigue on Slight Exertions, Palpitation of the Heart, Loss of Spirit, Hy-tetich, Sick Headache, Whites and all the painful diseases occasioned by a disordered system, these PILLS will effect a cure when all other means have failed, and although a powerful remedy, do not contain iron, calomel, antimony, or any other mineral.

Full directions accompanying each package.—Price, in the United States and Canada, One Dollar. Sole Agents for this country,

L. C. F. B. D. W. & CO.,

Rockester, N. Y.

TUTTLE & MOSES, Auburn, N. Y., General Agents.

N. B. \$1.00 and 6 postage stamps enclosed to any authorized Agent, will insure a bottle of the Pills by return mail.

For sale, Wholesale and Retail, by C. F. Kent, Chicopee and Chicopee Falls; J. E. Morrill, Holyoke, and Dealers generally.

March 29-6m

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS will cure Aithma and all disorders of the Chest.—Henry Vincent, of Selma, Alabama, was almost a martyr to asthma for nineteen years, which literally choked him to pieces, and made him as thin as a skeleton, so that he neither enjoyed rest by night or by day. He tried many things for the cure of this complaint, but it did not benefit him. About three months ago, he commenced taking Holloway's PILLS, and rubbing the Ointment into the chest night and morning. Immediately he felt these remedies a great trial, and he was able to sleep at night. By persevering with them, he only seven weeks every symptom of this distressing complaint has left him. His friends who have not seen him for some time, now hardly know him, he has so wonderfully improved.

DR. STONE'S LIQUID CATHARTIC.—Somebody says that the Americans "consume" more medicine than any other nation in the world, and the assertion is undoubtedly true; for, besides supporting an army of physicians—"regulars" and "quacks"—we swallow every kind of nostrum that is put into the market, no matter whether it comes from a wise man or a fool. There are, however, several standard medicines, which, the longer they are used, the more popular they become; and among these, we know of none that so well enjoys the confidence of the public as Dr. Stone's Liquid Cathartic. It is particularly recommended for rheumatism, neuralgia, and pain in the head, side, stomach, and the various prevalent diseases of the summer and autumn months; and especially is it used for the eradication of humors from the blood.—(American Citizen, Nov. 6)

MARRIED.
In Chicopee, March 24th, by Rev. E. B. Clark, Thomas W. Norton, of Canada, to Mrs. Sarah Jane Cavanaugh, of Chicopee.

In Chicopee, 25th, by J. R. Childs, Esq., George W. Dibble, of Granby, Ct., to Ellen Walters of East Burke, Vt.

George Wood and wife Ellen Fair, And may a prize both rich and rare Be his, May not a discord there Ever disturb their worldly care. This is our humble, earnest prayer. Thanks for cake.

SCHOOL MEETING.
The inhabitants, legal voters of School District No. 4, in the town of Chicopee, are hereby requested to meet in Atlantic Hall, in said district, on 30th MAY EVENING, March 31st, at 7 o'clock, to transact the following business, viz:

Art. 1. To choose a Moderator to preside at 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 in 1856.

Art. 6. To vote what step the district will take in relation to the basement room in the High School House, and if it can not be improved, determine if they will erect a new building for the primary school, and make the necessary appropriations for that purpose.

Art. 7. To see if the district will establish a new school in the upper story of the school house on Exchange street; if so, to appropriate money for that purpose.

Art. 8. To raise money by tax to defray the expenses of the district for the ensuing year, and appropriate the same.

Art. 9. To transact any other business that may be legally brought before the meeting.

JAMES LYMAN, Clerk School District No. 4. Chicopee, March 29-6m

GREAT SCRIPTURAL MOVING MIRROR

Of the Life of Christ, And opening of four of the Seven Seals, as described by St. John, the Divine, in Revelations.

This beautiful Panorama will be exhibited in Cabot Hall, on Tuesday and Wednesday Evenings of next week.

The Oriental Scenery is truthful, and the entire Exhibition, interesting and instructive. Liberal discounts to schools.

Tickets, 15 cents. Doors open at half-past 6; to commence at half-past 7 o'clock.

"Ash Drug" Store!

EDGAR T. PAIGE, Druggist and Apothecary, sign of the Good Samaritan, Front Street, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

WOULD you really invite the attention of purchasers to his large and well selected stock of PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS & DYE STUFFS, Shaker's Herbs, Botanical and Homoeopathic Medicines, German Leeches, Trusses, Supporters, and Shoulder Braces. All the popular and Patent Medicines, &c. Also, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, Cologne, Perfumery, &c. American, French and English Hair Brushes, Fancy Goods, together with a great variety of Yankee Novelties, and other goods usually kept in a well filled Drug Store, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms.

Physicians' Prescriptions dispensed with accuracy and neatness, from fresh manufactured medicines, at all times, day and night. Sole proprietor and manufacturer of

Paige's Ambrosial Hair Restorative, For restoring the natural color of the Hair, where age or sickness has turned it gray. Also,

Paige's Pectoral Balsam, For Coughs, Colds, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, &c. Orders executed with promptness, and prices as low as the purchaser was present. TERMS CASH.

Chicopee Falls, March 29-6m

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USE DR. CLOUGH'S

Columbian Pills;

The Greatest Wonder of the World!

The wonderful effects, in cases of disease and suffering, which attend the use of this medicine is truly astonishing. Dr. Clough is a regular physician, now practicing in Pittsfield, Mass., and these Pills have been tested in Pittsfield, and are always safe and innocent, but powerful to expel disease and cure suffering.

Cottitis.

Use 1 to 3 Pills daily. They cleanse the intestines in an easy and natural manner, leave the bowels regular, curing also some of the worst cases of Piles. A lady afflicted with costiveness so badly as not to have had three evacuations of the bowels in a month, was cured by simply using these Pills as directed on the box, and is now regular and healthy, and they will cure any case where used faithfully.

Dyspepsia.

Use 2 to 3 Pills daily. They create a healthy flow of pure bile, and as a natural consequence, flatulence, loss of appetite, palpitation of the heart, headache, languor, melancholy, indigestion, and other symptoms of Dyspepsia vanish, and cure is certain. Try them on, or fairly for yourself, for in every village there are those who have found relief from the disease, and they are as well as the cheapest remedy ever discovered for this distressing complaint.

Liver Complaint.

Use 2 to 4 Pills daily until cured. Your pain in the side, back and shoulders will cease—the yellow complexion, the aching sides that is changed to natural clearness and softness, and your liver and bowels will testify there is something to live for.

Mr. A. Prentice, of New Lebanon was afflicted for years with general prostration of the system, loss of vitality, chronic derangement of the bowels, indigestion, "all the strings seemed out of tune," when he commenced the use of these excellent Pills, and a few boxes had cured him. They always cure the most chronic cases of liver complaint, and loss of time more than any other medicine ever before discovered.

Erysipelas, Salt Rheum or Scrofula Eruptions, Scoury, Sores, Ulcers.

Use three to six Pills twice or three times a week. Their sensitive and perfect purity they give softness and pliability to the skin, and complete cures. Sometimes two or three Pills will prevent a sufficient irritative (it depends upon the system) at other times more are absolutely needed, and they yield if 10, 12 or 16 at a dose are taken in such cases.

Fever of all kinds.

They restore the blood to regular and healthy circulation, and purify the system, and the catarrh in use, and for ladies in child-bed none superior, as they calm the nerves, relieve the head, do not deplete.

The Pills are a mineral substance in these Pills, and the best and purest medicines only are used, and are warranted to please—try them—only 25 cents a box for \$1.

Sold by Black & Haven, Springfield; Warren Smith & Co., Chicopee, and C. F. Kent, Chicopee and Chicopee Falls; E. S. Paige, Chicopee Falls. Also, by all Druggists, Proprietors, Pittsfield, Mass. Feb. 17-56

To Farmers and Gardeners.

YOUR attention is called to the Manures manufactured by the Lodi Manufacturing Co., from the contents of the Silos and Piles of New York City, and free from offensive odor, called

Poudrette and Tafu.

Poudrette is composed of two-thirds night soil and one-third of the finest vegetable matter, and is composed of three-fourths night soil and one-fourth No. 1 Per Vin Guano.

These manures are cheaper and better adapted for Corn, Garden Vegetables and Grass, than any other in market. Can be put in contact with the seed without injury, and causes Corn and seeds to come up sooner, ripen earlier, and yield one-third more than other manures, and is a sure preservative of the Cut Worm.

Poudrette and Tafu are sold by the Lodi Manufacturing Co., at 25 cents per lb. Poudrette \$2.00 per 100 lbs., or \$1.50 for 75 lbs. Tafu \$1.00 per 100 lbs., or \$1.50 for 75 lbs. Delivered on board vessel, or railroad, free from any charge for package or cartage. A pamphlet containing every information sent post-paid on any application addressed to

THE Lodi Manufacturing Co., 60 Courtland St. New York. Feb. 9-56

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

HAMPDEN, SS.

To either of the Justices of the Town of Chicopee, in the County of Hampshire, in the State of Massachusetts, you are hereby directed to notify and warn the inhabitants of the Town of Chicopee, to assemble in said town, on Monday, the seventh day of April next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at which time and place the following articles, viz:

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

Art. 2. To determine the number of Selectmen, Assessors, Overseers of the Poor, School Committee, and Constables, the Town will choose for the ensuing year.

Art. 3. To see if the Town will choose a Board of Health.

Art. 4. To elect all necessary town officers for the year ensuing.

Art. 5. To hear and act upon the annual reports of the Selectmen, Treasurer, School Committee, Assessors, Overseers of the Poor, Surveyors of Highways, Trustees of the School Fund and the Committee appointed at the annual meeting of April 2d, 1855, to make out a statement of the subject of the management of the Highways.

Art. 6. To see if the Town will avail itself of the provisions of an act of the Legislature, Chapter 437 of the Acts of 1855, and thereby become a Mutual Fire Insurance Company, as petitioned for by Erastus Stebbins and others.

Art. 7. To make the necessary appropriations for the ensuing year, and to raise by tax such sums of money as shall be required for the same.

Art. 8. To see if the Town will authorize the Treasurer to negotiate a loan, not exceeding five thousand dollars, in anticipation of the revenue.

Art. 9. To transact any other business that may be legally brought before said meeting.

The names of the Selectmen, Town Clerk and Treasurer, Assessors, School Committee, Overseers of the Poor, Constables, who are voted by ballot, must be all upon one ballot.

And you are directed to serve this warrant by posting up attested copies thereof, in seven public places in said town, seven days at least before the time of holding said meeting, and by publishing a copy of the same in the "Weekly Journal," a newspaper published under our hands the 14th day of March, and in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six.

TITUS CHAPIN, JOHN E. MARSH, Selectmen of C. S. CHAPIN, Chicopee.

WILLIAM H. WEST, RIPLEY SWIFT, Constable of Chicopee.

NOTICE TO VOTERS.

The Selectmen of Chicopee give notice that they will be in session at their office on Saturday, the 5th day of April, from 2 until 4 o'clock, P. M., and on Monday, April 7th, the day of the meeting, from 8 o'clock in the forenoon until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of receiving and correcting the list of voters of said Town as the law requires.

A list of the voters will be posted in each of the Post Offices in the principal villages of the Town, ten days before the day of meeting.

Per Order of the Board.

JONAS R. CHILDS, Clerk.

REAL ESTATE NOTICE.

Persons that have Farms, or other Real Estate, and are desirous of selling or exchanging the same, are invited to send them to the undersigned, who will be glad to attend to the same. No fee is required, unless the property is advertised or a sale effected.

J. W. MAXWELL, 6 Congress street, Boston.

Feb. 23, 1856-64.

JOHN A. HUGHES,

Manufacturer of SHOW CASES,

Haverhill place, opposite Old South Church, Boston.

The New York Tribune--1856-6.

THE TRIBUNE is now in the middle of its fifteenth year. Vol. XV. of the weekly issue commenced on the 1st of September last. The American public need not now be made acquainted with its character or claims to consideration. With but a subordinate regard for its circulation, for truth, for humanity, for the rights of the oppressed, it has aimed to stand for righteousness, for truth, for humanity, for the rights of the oppressed, it has aimed to stand for righteousness, for truth, for humanity, for the rights of the oppressed, it has aimed to stand for righteousness,

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 words, or not exceeding that occupied by 12 lines of million type solid, shall constitute a square.

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

One square 6 months \$7—year \$9.

One half square or less—1 week 50 cts; 3 weeks 75 cts; 6 months \$4—year \$5.

Twenty-five per cent advance for continuance in side after one 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.

Incident Notices.—Messenger's Notices, \$2.00 each; Assignee's Notices, \$1.50 each; Notice of Sale, \$1.00 each.

Political notices, calls for conventions and secular meetings to be charged the same as other notices or advertisements similarly published.

Notices in news columns 10 cents per line, one insertion, but not to exceed more than 50 cents.

Births, marriages and deaths inserted free of charge, but all additions to the ordinary announcements, as obituary notices, funeral appointments, are charged at 4 cents per line, no charge being less than 25 cents.

Discounts will be made to merchants advertising at the above rates to the amount of \$20 per annum, or more than 10 per cent; \$30, 15 per cent; \$40, 20 per cent; \$50, 25 per cent, and on \$75 or over 35 per cent.

Advertisements from the city agencies, or from the medicines, not to be inserted at less than these rates.

From transient advertisers and patent medicine agents, cash will be demanded in advance, save in cases of special arrangement or where a local reference is given.

Job Printing

OF EVERY VARIETY,

DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH AT THIS OFFICE.

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 close, offers the entire stock of store No. 3 Exchange Street, for sale, consisting of Clothing, 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 liberal terms.

on the most liberal terms,

to whom he is also willing to let the store at a moderate rent. In the meantime he will sell at greatly reduced prices. The public are respectfully invited to call and examine. J. W. E. WINTWORTH.

Chicopee, Jan. 13th, 1855.

Ringlets? Ringlets! Ringlets!

Curl your Hair.

AFTER much study, toil and expense, I have discovered the secret of making the most straight, smooth, and coarse-looking hair, either to CURL or WAVE, at the option of the individual, in the most graceful manner, and in the shortest time, and in such a way as to improve their appearance. Only three applications of my preparation are necessary. The preparation, which is not only perfectly harmless to the skin and hair, but renders the latter permanently silky and glossy, does not cost more than fifty cents, and the materials of which it is composed can be bought anywhere. I will send you a sample for making it, to any person who forwards me ONE DOLLAR, by mail, pre-paid. Address

W. E. WINTWORTH,

Practical and Analytical Chemist, Philada. Pa.

The Receipt and one bottle of the PREPARATION, sent free by mail, for \$2.

Dec. 8/54

DOOLEY'S

Merchant's Exchange Hotel,

STATE STREET, BOSTON.

On the European System.

Rooms per day, 50 cts.

Lodgings per night, 75 cts.

Rooms per week, \$2.00 to \$3.00.

A first class Restaurant is attached. This is the most convenient Hotel in Boston, for the man of business, being in the great center of business.

Boston, Nov. 24th, 1855—3m

DR. LAROOKAH,

A Celebrated Indian,

Has discovered in the combination of four kinds of common Roots and Herbs, a remedy that is WARRANTED to cure Consumption in all cases where the lungs are not mostly consumed, and sufficient left to sustain life, and every disease of whatever name, having its seat on the lungs or in the bronchial tubes.

One to three bottles will cure the worst of Coughs.

One to three bottles will cure the hardest Cough.

One to two bottles will cure the WHOOPING-COUGH.

Four to eight bottles will cure BRONCHITIS.

One bottle will cure the latter permanently.

Six to eight bottles will cure CONSUMPTION.

Three to five bottles will cure CATARRH.

See directions on label. \$1 per bottle.

W. E. WINTWORTH, Sole agent for Chicopee.

Nov. 3/54

FOR SALE.

The large two story House and Lot, at the corner of School and West sts., known as the Tryon House—very cheap. Inquire of G. & J. D. H. or the subscriber, at Monson, Mass. ELIAS SMITH.

Chicopee, Dec. 2/54.

CHAS. H. MANSFIELD & CO.,

Dealers in all kinds of

Dry and Pickled Fish,

23 Long Wharf, Boston.

J. PORTER & CO.,

Dealers in Porter's

Burning Fluid, Camphene & Alcohol

BROAD STREET, BOSTON.

JOHN P. LOVELL,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

Guns and Gun Materials of every

Variety.

No. 27 Dock Square Boston.

Agent for Hitchcock, Muzzey & Co.'s Rifle Barrels.

JOHN A. HUGHES,

Manufacturer of

SHOW CASES.

Harvard place, opposite Old South Church, Boston.

JOHN J. AMES,

No. 90 Washington Street, Boston.

Brushes of Every Description.

Has always on hand a large assortment of Brushes of the best quality for sale at

low fixed prices. viz: brushes for

Painters and Builders, Factories and Machinery,

Housekeepers, Personal use,

Stables,

Hotels,

Travellers,

Ship Chandlers,

Country Merchants, and

Dealers Generally.

NOTICE!

The subscriber intending to make a complete change in his business, hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to him, either by note or book account, to make payment, before the 1st of February, in order to prevent their debts passing into other hands for collection. He would also request all persons having claims against him to present the same.

Chicopee, Jan. 13th, 1855. W. E. WINTWORTH.

Auction and General

Commission Store—No. 4, Exchange st.

THE subscriber intends to carry on the Auction and Commission business, and will receive every description of property, for which he has extensive stock room, and will, to make liberal advances on goods consigned for sale at auction, for which prompt returns will be made. In cases where parties are leaving Chicopee, or neighborhood, he will buy Furniture, or other articles, at a reasonable cash price.

In the auction room, there is at present, and now offered for sale,

Letter and Account Paper,

Envelopes, Slates, upwards of 1000 volumes of standard and other publications, by the celebrated

author, and modern and antique, Clocks, and a Looking Glasses, Chicks, Cutlery, Cabinet Furniture of all kinds, Cooking and Parlor Stoves, with many articles that usually find their way into an Auction Room.

Chicopee, Jan. 12, 1855.

DON'T

'Wait for the Wagon.'

It is not necessary to 'wait for the wagon' any longer, for it has arrived already, and tumbled its contents into the

Boston One Price Clothing Store.

If one may judge from the appearance of the place, that wagon has arrived a great many times, and carried larger loads of choice

Ready Made Clothing

For the winter season, to the said store. Our stock of Overcoats,

French Sacks,

Pants, Vests,

Under-shirts and

Drawers, Oervalls, Shirts, Bosoms, Collars,

Gloves, Suspenders,

Umbrellas, Trunks.

HATS AND CAPS

Is full and complete, and offers to the purchaser an easy chance to make a selection.

We have a good assortment of

Boys' Clothing

Ready for sale, upon our counters.

We need not boast of what we have done, or can do. The public are already aware that we have a very large assortment of goods; that we sell them at very low prices, charging rich and poor alike, and sending all off satisfied that they can trade at our store as cheap as at any place in the State.

You need not wait for the wagon any longer, but come and buy.

Boston One Price Clothing Store, Chicopee.

WM. MURRAY.

J. & J. E. HOLT,

Silver Platers,

And manufacturers of Harness Trimmings, Numbers and Letters.

No. 96 Union street, Boston.

CONGREGATIONAL

ART ASSOCIATION!

SECOND YEAR.

ARRANGEMENTS for the Second Collection of this new and popular Institution for the diffusion of Literature and Art, have been made on the most extensive scale.

Among the works already engaged, is the famous

"GENOA CRUCIFIX,"

which originally cost ten thousand dollars.

In forming the new collection, the diffusion of works of American Art, and the encouragement of American genius, have not been overlooked. American have been issued to many of the most distinguished American Artists, who will contribute some of their finest productions. Among them are three Marble Busts, executed by the greatest living Sculptor,—H. A. Powers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

The Father of his Country;

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,

The Statesman.

A special agent has visited Europe and made careful and judicious selections of foreign works of Art, both in Bronze and Marble; Statuary and choice paintings.

The whole forming a large and valuable collection of paintings and Statuary, to be distributed largely among the members of the Association for the second year.

Terms of Membership.

The payment of three dollars constitutes any one a member of this Association, and entitles him to either one of the following Magazines for one year, and also a ticket in the distribution of the Statuary and Paintings.

The Literature issued to subscribers consists of the following Monthly Magazines: Harper's, Putnam's, Knickerbocker, Blackwood's, Graham's, Godey's Lady's Book, and Household Words, who will contribute some of their finest productions. Among them are three Marble Busts, executed by the greatest living Sculptor,—H. A. Powers.

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NOTICE!

WARNING TO EVERY SENSIBLE WOMAN.

WHY FEMALES SUFFER IN HEALTH.

No woman of delicacy is willing to disclose the peculiar ailments incident to her sex, even to a most intimate family physician.

This modesty and delicacy is implanted by nature, and neither should nor need to be subjected to the rule books like a machine, in making known to the other sex the cause of her sufferings.

Keep to extreme cases, her sensibility is so acute that she feels her sufferings more keenly than the other sex.

This, what at first could have been easily relieved, or perhaps, after still not incurred, becomes a complication of disease, not only ruining the health of the mother, and protracting her days, but sickness and suffering, but entailing broken constitutions upon her children, and enervating the race.

Let every woman ascertain for herself, the cause of her sufferings, and the remedy, and she will find that the health of her children, and the future of her race, are at stake.

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