

# The Weekly Journal.

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## Poetry.

### SONG FOR THINKERS.

BY CHAS. SWAIN.

Take the Spade of Perseverance,  
Dig the field of Progress wide;  
Every rotten root of faction  
Hurry cut and cast aside;  
Every stubborn weed of Error,  
Every seed that hurts the soil,  
Tears whose very growth is terror—  
Dig them out, whate'er the toil!

Give the stream of Education  
Broader channel, bolder force;  
Hurl the stones of persecution  
Out, where'er they block its course;  
Seek for strength in self-exertion;  
Work, and still have faith to wait;  
Close the crook to fortune—  
Make the road to honor straight.

Men are agents for the future!  
As they work, so ages win  
Either harvest of advancement,  
Or the product of their sin!  
Follow out true Cultivation,  
Widen Education's plan;  
From the Majesty of Nature  
Teach the Majesty of Man!

Take the Spade of Perseverance;  
Dig the field of Progress wide,  
Ever hat to true Instruction  
Carry out and cast aside;  
Feed the Plant whose Fruit is Wisdom;  
Cleanse from crime the common sod;  
So that from the Throne of Heaven  
It may bear the glance of God.

### THE OATH AT VALLEY FORGE.

It was at Valley Forge that Washington by order of Congress, administered the oath of allegiance to the general officers. The Major Generals stood around the Commander-in-Chief, and took hold of a Bible together, according to the usual custom; but as Washington began to administer the oath, Lee deliberately withdrew his hand. This singular movement was repeated, and in so odd a manner that all the officers smiled; and Washington inquiring into the meaning of his hesitancy, Lee replied—"As to King George, I am willing to absolve myself from all allegiance to him, but I have some scruples about the Prince of Wales." The strangeness of this reply was such that the officers burst into a broad laugh, in which Washington himself was obliged to join. The ceremony was of course interrupted. It was renewed as soon as a composure was restored proper for the solemnity of the occasion, and Lee took the oath with the other officers.

Charles Lee received a commission in the British army when but eleven years of age. When turned of twenty he made four campaigns in America and in the French war, and was wounded in the assault on Ticonderoga. He displayed great skill and bravery in the service, and received the rank of colonel. Leaving America, he served with distinction under Burgoyne in Portugal, against the Spaniards.

When peace came, he returned to England; and projected two new British colonies—one on the Ohio, below the Wabash, and the other on the Illinois; and though he was baffled in his scheme by the ministers rejecting his proposition, yet he continued to take a lively interest in the concerns of the colonies. His vigorous style both in speech and writing was distinguished by pointed satire and scorching invective, and evaded of high republican principles. He evidently foresaw the American contest.

In 1764 Lee went to Poland, and was appointed a Major General in its army—he presented a sword which had belonged to Oliver Cromwell to Poniatowski; who, he observes, "though a king, is a great admirer of that extraordinary man." He performed a campaign against the Turks, traveled extensively, and returned to England in 1770. His known sentiments, and his ability as a writer, led to the authorship of the letters of Junius being ascribed to him. In 1773 he came to America, traveled much, made the acquaintance of the leading men, and embraced with ardor the patriotic cause. Fixing his affections on the new world, he purchased an estate in Virginia.

When the Revolutionary war broke out, Lee was appointed Major General. His valuable services in the cause are too well known to require any sketch of them; but with his merits were faults not less striking, which are to be ascribed to an ill-regulated mind, for his patriotism is not to be doubted.

After the affair at Monmouth, for which he was by a court-martial suspended from any command for a twelve-month, he retired to his estate in Berkeley county, Virginia, which he called *Prato Rio*. Here

he lived more like a hermit than a citizen of the world, or a member of a civilized community. His house was little more than a shell, without partitions, and contained scarcely the necessary articles of furniture for the most common use. To a gentleman who visited him in this forlorn retreat, where he found a kitchen in one corner, a bed in another, books in a third, and saddle and harness in a fourth, Lee said, "Sif, it is the most convenient and economical establishment in the world. The lines of chalk which you see on the floor mark the divisions of the apartments, and I can sit in any corner and give orders without moving from my chair."

He died on the 2d of October, 1782.—His last words were, "Stand by me, my brave grenadiers!"

### Cod-Fishing.

A young fellow who is enjoying himself cod-fishing on the banks of the Newfoundland, furnishes to the *Batavia Spirit of the Times* the following sketch of the *modus operandi*: "Fish here are all caught with hooks, and are taken from the bottom.—Each fisherman has a strong line, of from sixty to seventy fathoms in length, to which is attached a lead, of a cylindrical shape, weighing about five pounds. This, of course, is the sinker. From this proceeds the "pennant," which is a cord, about twice the size of the line, and about three feet in length. To the lower end of the pennant, and attached to it by a small copper swivel, is the "craft," which is a small stout cord about two and a half feet in length, having three strips of whale-bone laid around it at the middle, where it is attached to the swivel of the pennant. The whole is then served or wound with tarred twine. On each end of the craft is a smaller swivel, to which the gauging of the hooks is attached. The whalebone serves to keep the hooks about a foot apart, so there is little danger of their becoming entangled with each other.

"The men arrange themselves on the windward side of the vessel, throw over their leads, and unreel their lines, till the lead rests on the bottom. It is then drawn up so that the hook will be on the bottom with the down pitch of the vessel, and with nippers drawn on their fingers to keep the line from cutting them, they lean over the bulwark, patiently awaiting a bite, which is known by a slight jerk on the line. They then give a sudden pull, in order to hook him, stand back and haul in the long line, hand over hand, until the fish is hauled to the surface, when he is taken in on deck, unhooked, and thrown into a square box, which each man has fastened at his side, called a "kid." The hooks are then baited and hove over again, and the fisherman, while the line is running, picks up the fish caught and cuts out his tongue.

"Towards night, the fish are counted out from the kids, each one separately, and thrown into a large kil, near the main hatch, called the "dressing-kid." They are counted aloud as they are thrown along and each man is required to keep his own account and report to the skipper at night, who keeps a separate account for each man on the log book. The dressing-gang, consisting of a "throater," a "header," a "splitter," and a "salter," now commence dressing down. After passing through the hands of the first three, they assume somewhat the shape seen in market. They are then passed down between decks to the salter, who puts them up in kenchers or layers, laying the first tier on the bottom of the hold, and building up with alternate layers of salt and fish till the kench reaches the desired height. The decks are then washed down, sails taken in, and the vessel anchored for the night.

MUNIFICENT.—We learn by The *Salisbury* (N. C.) Banner, of the 16th inst. that Mr. Maxwell Chambers, of that place, lately deceased, has willed to Davidson College the munificent sum of \$300,000. Mr. C. has always been a warm friend of the above institution, and has heretofore done much for it, having endowed a professorship to be designated by his name.

He also left \$30,000 to the Presbyterian church at Salisbury.

SALMON.—The waters of the Upper Sacramento are teeming with the finest salmon, which are caught and carried to San Francisco, where they are sold at three cents per pound. So plenty are they that many spoil and are thrown away before being sold.

From the Spring Wreath.  
*Compendium of the World's History, from the flood down to the present time, compiled from the most authentic accounts, with the utmost accuracy of date and circumstance.*

BY BEL HEATHER.

After Eden was destroyed by a flood, our first parents sold their goods at auction, and moved out West. After burning their bricks to build them a loghouse, they were comfortably settled during the rainy weather, in which season the crops came on so abundantly that they soon found themselves in the center of a vast forest of potatoes and pumpkin-vines, towering up far above the height of the tallest star, and even so high as to shut out the view of the dwelling of Pope Leo the Ninth, who lived in a valley about a mile distant. Mr. and Mrs. Adam here dwelt very pleasantly, (although the heat was often oppressive, there being no shade about the house,) until one day a quarrel arose between Eve and Pope Leo, because he had pinched the ears of her son Nebuchadnezzar, for stealing dandelions, and afterward pitched him over the fence into the aforesaid potato patch, thereby causing great detriment to the bed of sage and roses growing there, and also bruising the heels of young Nebuchadnezzar. Eve, being greatly enraged, informed Pope Leo "through the post-office," that he should be "put in the public," if he did not make restitution, and that forthwith. Whereupon, Pope Leo declared in the Senate, by the beard of his fathers, that sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, he would do no such thing, and putting on an extra starched dicky, went forth to the combat. Eve having made her will, and finished sonny's new jacket, in case anything should happen, took an affecting farewell of her family, and went forth resolved to die a martyr for the right. Strong in all the dignity of outraged womanhood, she stood, and shaking her scissors at the dicky, informed the Pope that the time had come when man's proud neck must bow. Terrible was the sight—let it remain untold. The shade of the mighty Fingal came forth to look upon the scene, and the spirit of Loda shrieked through the potato-patch.

At length, just as Eve was carried fainting from the field, having lost her rigolette in the contest, she was rescued by the hero of the hour, Pegasus, having just returned from the Crusades, with the scalps of five hundred Indians.

Cain having taken his dinner, and placed the picture of his lady love, Helen of Troy, in his bosom, entered the field against the Pope. "Thrice terrible was the onset of the heroes.—The hand to hand combat was commenced by the discharge of a single cracker on each side, followed by the explosion of rockets and five pounders. At length the quarrel waxed so warm that it being feared that arms would be resorted to, Daniel Webster was sent for from the Pejee Islands to come over and settle the dispute. After much delay, caused by the breaking of the telegraph wires over the Indian Ocean, whereby Mr. Webster was so injured that he barely survived by the use of Skinner's Liniment, he arrived at the scene of contest, and by means of the Missouri Compromise, he soon effected a reconciliation perfectly satisfactory to all parties.

Soon after Adam and Eve died from the bite of a large snake, and Nebuchadnezzar and Cain emigrated to Nebraska and built from the trees found there in the forest of Lebanon, a mighty palace.

About this time, in the history of events, according to the most authentic accounts, Noah came over in the May-flower, and from his descendants arose the empire of America which soon extended itself over the known world, and under the jurisdiction of Napoleon Bonaparte, achieved great and lasting renown. Not many years after the whole province was thrown into convulsions by a large humbug, called Barnum, that kept constantly flying over the earth, seeking what it might devour, having a particular fancy for all kinds of giants and dwarfs; in short for any thing out of the common order. Said humbug in search of something wherewith to gratify its dainty palate, one day fell into the infernal regions.

And there on the banks of the Stygian river was Commissioner Loring, holding a violent altercation with Charon.

Although the commissioner had been hanged and afterward burned alive, so that his body had been denied a burial, he had advanced boldly to the river side, trusting with perfect security to a ten dollar bill which he flourished very conspicuously in his hand to pay his fare over the river. What then, was his surprise and rage, when even the infernal boatman refused to take the aforesaid ten dollar bill, declaring it was perjured money, that would not pass in Tartarus.

To escape the miserable doom of wandering for a hundred years on the banks of the Styx, the Commissioner endeavored to make his escape, but was caught by the teeth of the three-headed dog Cerberus, the guard of the infernal regions; whereupon the Commissioner made such a terrible outcry that the whole Senate, quietly seated in the Parliament house above, came rushing down, with Senator Douglass at their head to see what was threatening the Union.

As soon as Cerberus spied the Senator, he seized him by another mouth, whereupon such an uproar ensued that Pluto came forth to see who had invaded his dominions.

As soon, however, as he beheld the Senator, he commanded Cerberus to let go his hold, as he was his own particular friend. Pluto and the Senator then held a long council together, after which, bidding the infernal king an affectionate farewell, and promising to do all in his power to establish his kingdom in this upper world, the Senator departed.

The last great era in the world's history, is that one day terrified by the appearance of a fearfully large comet in the sky, a "crisis" of uncommon size, two long established armies, known as the Whigs and Democrats, rushed violently down a steep place into the sea, and were never heard of more. In their place arose a vast and mighty race of men called "Know Nothings"—whose exploits remain to be told by the pages of future times.

From the Spring Wreath.

### AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY LILLIAN LINWOOD.

Quietly and gently sank the sun to rest—day-light had faded, and the stars looked down from their far away home in the deep blue sky. Softly whispered the breeze through the forest trees—calmly rested the moonbeams on a lakelet's bosom, while far out on its placid waters might have been seen an Indian maiden with flashing eye, and raven tresses gracefully floating in the breeze, guiding her light canoe.—Clear and wild rang out her silvery voice, as she sweetly sang a song of her forest home.—But the clouds, the storm arose, and as it neared the shore, the canoe, with its precious burden, was plunged 'neath the surging waves. A rustling sound was heard—a splash—and the maiden was saved. A strong arm bore her to the shore, and thence to her father's wigwam. Ne'er before, had the beautiful Winona looked upon the white man's face. The chieftain gazed in wonder and amazement, that he on whose head he had heaped curse upon curse, should have been the preserver of his child, and he bowed his head and wept; and forgetting that to the pale-face eternal vengeance he had sworn he vowed to be his friend forevermore. "And never beat a true heart than that in Indian children's breast."

Day after day, Arthur Ellington, (for such was the young man's name,) and the lovely Winona met; and she sang him songs, or told him tales of her wild-wood home, and swiftly sped the hours away, as many a fairy legend she would tell of times long ago—long before she could remember, she said. Sometimes she would talk of the Great Spirit, who made the world so lovely, and all things bright, and fair; but she dared not love Him, because He dwelt up in His Heavens so high, nor hope that He would love the lowly Winnie. Oft would she speak of the Indian Spirit land, where the forest trees grow taller, the flowers sweeter, and the rainbows have a brighter hue; and there was magic in her tones, and sweeter far, her thoughts, and simple words, than e'er he'd heard before.

He taught her of the kind and loving Father, whom he worshipped, and that although He is so great, and made his heavens and gemmed them o'er with stars, He loves the smallest creatures He has made.

Weeks flew swiftly by, and sweet was the voice of her song to him, and there was more to love in the artless child of the forest, than in the fashionable belles of his native land. And she learned to wait for his coming, to watch for his footfall. The future seemed bright before them, all glittering with sunlight, and their pathway strewn with brightest gems.

But one there was, who with envious eye beheld the pale-faced stranger, and as he heard those well-known tones echoing and re-echoing through the dim old forest, he remembered the time when long ago, in childhood's hours, he wore garlands around her brow, and they sat beneath the same old trees, and sang the same songs together, and he had ever hoped one day to win, and take to his own home, the beautiful Winona.

All the fires within him were kindled to a flame; all the red man's sufferings, and his wrongs passed in quick review before him; and this was the bitterest drop in his o'erflowing cup, and springing to his feet, "revenge or death," escaped his lips as he firmly grasped his bow; the fatal arrow was but too surely aimed and his victim fell; but ere the flickering lamp of life had ceased to burn, he raised his eyes to Heaven, and with pining lips, and faltering voice, he prayed the Father, that He would be gracious to the lonely one beside him, for dark and drear he knew the world would be when he was gone; and with failing breath he murmured his blessing and a last adieu! Then his eyes closed, and his voice was forever hushed in death. Winona still sat beside him; no cry had escaped her lips; no anguished tones had broken in upon the solemn stillness of the scene. Hour after hour passed on, and yet she moved not. No friendly tear relieved the pent-up anguish of the rent and bleeding heart.

At the hour of twilight alarmed at the long absence of his darling, the chieftain sought her in the forest, and alone with the dead he found her, with her face buried in her hands, and her long tresses waving in the breeze. For a mo-

ment he gazed in wonder at the scene before him. At the sound of approaching footsteps she raised her tearless eyes to his face in speechless agony, and the warrior wept, for he had lost a true and noble friend.

Two days,—and they laid him down to rest beneath the sod, and the maiden planted the rose and violet there, and every morning, early, she wove fresh garlands, and placed them on his grave. Days lengthened into months, and autumn with its withering blasts, and chilling breath had come; but the gleesome laugh was no longer heard in the chieftain's wigwam; for the voice of her song was forever hushed, and although she walked among the living, her heart was buried with him who was sleeping there.

Not far away, a towering cliff overhung the lakelet, where first we met them, and in wild delirium she scaled the rugged heights, where the boldest sailor had never dared to climb, and on the summit with no eye but that above, she knelt, and to the white man's God she prayed as he had taught her. She prayed the loving Father that He would take her to his own home beyond the starry blue; that she there might meet the loved and lost, and together they might walk the golden streets he'd often told her of. Then with upturned eyes, and raised hands, she plunged 'neath the placid waters; and the weary aching heart was forever at rest.

### A REVOLUTIONARY ROSE BUSH.

On Thursday last, Mr. Richard Fitzgerald, who occupies the house on Islington street, built by his grandfather 137 years ago, presented us with a handsome cluster of Damask roses, from a bush in his garden, which sixty-nine years ago he transplanted with his own hands into its present location, from the garden of them, the Benfield house, five or six rods in the rear of our office. When removed it was well grown, and probably bore roses before the revolution. The bush has had his constant care, and is now as vigorous and as handsome as in early years, bearing the present season about 200 roses. He has probably had a better opportunity for watching the nature of the bush than many professed naturalists. He says that it has regularly borne six years in succession—then it takes a season of rest, dwindles and ceases to bear for three years and on the fourth year, comes out with fresh vigor, and bears again for six years more. This is an important fact to be known by cultivators of the rose, who are apt to throw aside favorite bushes when they have ceased for a year or two to bear.

Mr. F. has made his own garden and taken care of it for sixty-six successive years. It is a pattern of neatness, and yet he says although he has always picked out all the stones he could find, he can find annually a wheel-barrow load.

Mr. F. occupies but half of the house of his forefathers. Although under that roof more than fifty individuals have been born since that rose bush was transplanted. His six children who have been gladdened by the flowers of that bush, have all passed away—and all of the other occupants, are either far scattered, or passed from earth: yet the estimable old gentleman is as ardent in his early love, as when he first claimed the prize as his own. (When a boy of ten years old.) As if conscious of being highly prized, and in reward of constant care, the bush still brings forth its flowers in old age. How rich are these provisions of nature!—"Bless God for the flowers!"—*Portsmouth Journal*.

COL. BENTON, in acknowledging the recent complimentary testimonial of the Mercantile Library Association of New-York, informs his young correspondents that he attributes whatever of mental and bodily vigor he now has, and whatever of business application he has ever shown, to a resolution formed early in life to abstain from all intoxicating drinks.

PRESIDENT ROBERTS.—President Roberts, of Liberia, was born in Petersburg, Virginia. Before the year 1825, his mother, "Aunt Roberts," as she was called, emigrated with her sons to Liberia. In time Joseph J. Roberts, one of these sons, was chosen president of the colony, and still continues in the office.

INDOL. EXTRAVAGANCE.—It is estimated that the incense alone, which is burnt in the Chinese Empire in the worship of their idols, annually costs £9,000,000,000 sterling, or a little more than one dollar for each man, woman and child.

INJURIOUS TO HEALTH.—Saleratus is very injurious to health. Dr. Talcott estimates that 100,000 children die annually in the U. States, from the use of saleratus in bread, puddings, &c.

RUSSIAN AND AMERICAN SLAVERY.—The Congressional Globe, the official paper of Congress, in a recent article on the eastern war, gives vent to the following reflections on the Czar Nicholas and his conduct:—

"He is an able man, well instructed, sagacious, and far seeing; and a pity it is that, instead of making war upon his neighbors, to get from them all the territory he can, he does not, like his ancestor, Peter the Great, dedicate himself more to the developing of his extensive empire, in humanizing and enlightening his subjects, first delivering them from serfdom; in liberalizing the public institutions, and in promoting the great cause of human progress. Of this he does but little, notwithstanding the show that is made about his capital and the adjacent provinces. His thoughts are mostly bent on war, and conquest, and annexation. He always wants more land, and on this head he is insatiable."

On which the Boston Telegraph makes the following comments:

"This is one of the choicest instances of Satan rebuking sin, or the pot commenting on the blackness of the kettle, that we remember to have seen. Nicholas might well reply, what a pity it is, Americans, that instead of making war, as you have done, upon the Indians and Mexicans, and as you mean to do upon the Spaniards, the Haytiens, and the Central Americans, to get from them all the territory you can,—what a pity it is that you do not dedicate yourselves to the developing of your extensive empire, in humanizing and enlightening your subjects, first delivering them from serfdom or slavery, which is far worse than serfdom; in liberalizing your 'peculiar' institutions; and in promoting the great cause of human progress, in some other way than by extending the area of slavery."

From the Spring Wreath.

### A FRAGMENT.

BY BELL HEATHER.

Morning, bright rosy morning spread o'er earth his golden wings, and tears that yearning night had tenderly on the fair cheeks of trembling flowers, all tenderly the sun-beams kissed away. Amid the music and the sunlight's smile, the daisy fragrance and the song, a young soul came to earth, in the life-garden fair, opened the petals of a flower immortal. For where the star-eyed jessamine peeped in through open casement of a lovely cot, there softly cradled on its snowy couch, nestled a sleeping babe.—Oh, beautiful the little one in all its stainless purity. It seemed like some stray babe of Paradise that softly singing on its starry way had paused to list the earth birds then floating down, its tiny wing had folded, among the flowers to sleep awhile. And who that infant soul might keep in all its dervy freshness in this sinful world—who guide that little bark just launched upon life's treacherous storm tossed sea? A radiant form bent o'er the folded bud—white robed and golden winged the shining one. From his bright home away beyond the blue had he come down, had left companionship of brother angels there, and swift had sped to earth, to guard the life just opening there, to keep that jewel rare 'mid earth's polluting stains—all patiently to love, and watch, and wait, until one joyful pinion he might bear the priceless gem back to his own best, home to deck the Master's crown. Another form stood there—a shape all dark and demon like. Intensest hatred glared from those fierce eye balls as they rested on the angel bright; and as they turned upon the sleeping child, what foulest guile spoke in their scorching fire! Well knew the fiend that in that tiny form was shrouded a spirit of no common mould, a mighty power that yet would sway the world for good or evil. There in the morning still and balmy, stood those spirits twain, 'twixt whom a mighty strife was yet to be a strife for that immortal soul. These spirits stand beside us every one—the angel ever luring us to good—to God; the demon ever tempting us to sin, to death.

IMPORTING TURNIPS.—A vessel arrived at New-York, last week, from Glasgow, containing as freight, twenty-nine tons of turnips. The prices obtained will authorize further importations. Several cargoes of potatoes will also shortly arrive—the present high price here of the article fully warranting the exportation.

HORSES.—Boussignault, who probably made more experiments in feeding horses than any other man, found that his horses required, per day, 22 lbs hay, 5 1-2 straw, and 6 1-4 lbs. oats. The horses weighed about 1,000 lbs. each. Of course smaller horses would require less.

KINDNESS.—Deal gently with those who stray. Draw by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold.—Ex.

CHOKED TO DEATH.—A large Falsehood, and several smaller ones, by attempting to swallow an uncommonly large truth.

LIQUOR LAW.—Prosecutions for the violation of the liquor law are frequent in various parts of Vermont.

# The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1855.

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

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

## WALTER STEVENS.

Good morning, Monsieur Tonson; this is the first day of happy spring; there is something in nature which seems to give elasticity to the spirits, and makes man aware that this world is something more than moonshine. Soon it will be break-fast-time—so speed on, pen. But why that whining voice?—and from one who first commenced the sermonizing about consistency! A man who enters the boxing-ring with fury depicted on his countenance, and bitter words issuing from his mouth, and plants a blow at one who has not so much as even mentioned his name—curses that same man's best friends, and calls them "recrants," "traitors," addicted to "dark treason," and resting in "present shame,"—such an one, we say, has no business to complain if he gets paid in his own currency. You commenced the game—and we intend to finish it.

But you say we have been inconsistent—once a whig, next a free soiler, then a know-nothing. Mr. Stevens, does it not look rather silly for you to go back to the days of our childhood—yes, as far back as the Taylor campaign, when we were only fifteen years old, to prove us politically inconsistent? It is like a drowning man catching at a very small straw. What if our boyish impulses did not allow us to shout for the brave old hero of Monterey and Buena Vista? At that early age, it could not be said that selfishness had anything to do with the matter. There could have been no chance of editing a Pennsylvania newspaper by taking such a course, when only fifteen years old. A man who is compelled to resort to such a foolish move as you have here made in hunting up antecedents, thereby only only shows the weakness of his own position. And then as to know-nothingism—We do like know-nothingism, when it helps freedom—but, when it strengthens slavery, hate it as cordially. Massachusetts know-nothingism has done good service, indirectly, for the former, and therefore there is cause for rejoicing. A legislature is now in session at Boston which will enact a strong personal liberty bill, and teach Mr. Edward Greeley Loring a healthy lesson; and old party ties have been destroyed—a great point gained—a Sebastopol carried by storm. An anti-slavery fusion, similar to those in Maine, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Indiana would have been better—but still, three-quarters "of a loaf is better than no bread." The heart of freedom in the Old Bay State never beat stronger than at the present time. Our voters know what they are about, and need no sermons about consistency from one who was a Seward whig—until he got a chance to edit a democratic newspaper. We are willing to submit the question to reflecting minds as to who is the "drunken Philip."

You ask us to withdraw our charge of your editing a pro-slavery newspaper. We will do it when you withdraw from the democratic party, and also recall the declaration in the Ledger that "We protest against the agitation of the slavery question"—and not till then. Gen. Houston does not pretend to be a democrat, while Benton says if Kansas and Nebraska become slave states, they should be admitted. Do the political anti-slavery men say so? [And by that expression, we mean those who refuse to vote for any but anti-slavery men when the question is at stake.] No, sir! their theory is unyielding resistance to such a course on the part of congress, at all hazards.

What does anti-slavery talk amount to, unless some course is specified? Political anti-slavery men are in favor of congress passing an act prohibiting the extension of slavery over another rod of territory.—They are also in favor of a modification of the fugitive slave law, establishing the habeas corpus and trial by jury; in favor of the abolition of serfdom in the District of Columbia; and in favor of the prohibition of the inter-state and coastwise slave-trade. Opposition to these measures is as much a part of the democratic platform as transubstantiation is of Catholicity. Now it would be just as sensible for Orestes A. Brownson to pretend to be a Universalist, and at the same time a Catholic, as for you to claim to be a political anti-slavery man, and still be a member of the democratic party. And beside, the Warren Ledger has protested against agitation for freedom. Of course, you dislike the institution of slavery—and what northern man who is not a beast does not? But, remember that your private hatred for the foresaid system does not make you a political anti-slavery man, but, on the contrary, you and your

paper are the reverse, as we first stated, because you belong to a pro-slavery party, and support its candidates for state and national offices. There is no use in trying to creep out by saying that the freedom question was not an issue in the late Pennsylvania election. It was an issue. Do you pretend to say that the election of members of congress at that time in the said state had nothing to do with freedom and slavery? And, if Bigler had been chosen governor, the slave power would have shouted for joy. To sum the matter up in a few words—Do you not stand upon the democratic platform?—and is not the principal, and almost the only plank in that platform, a repudiation of the issue which freedom presents? Have you not supported its candidates with fiery zeal?—And have you not protested against anti-slavery agitation?

We have never, as you say, anathematized slaveholders—but only northern recreants—those who "betray their master with a kiss"—who profess great love for freedom, and give it a stab at every convenient opportunity. But you have made the immense discovery that neither of us are perfect! Very true! But who commenced the preaching about consistency?—that's the question.—Who first talked about "dark treason," "present shame," "recrants," "traitors?" We replied to those expressions by saying that you didn't know what you were talking about, and if there had been inconsistency, you were not a fit person to make use of such words, for "people who live in glass houses should not throw stones."—And now, lo and behold! comes the declaration that neither of us are perfect! Why didn't you think of that when you wrote that first article? We did not go back to the time when you were a sucking infant to prove inconsistency—and not one word would have been said upon the subject in the Journal if you had not fired the first gun, and used copper bullets.

## THE GERMANS.

A few days ago, we saw an account of the number of Germans in western Texas, their peculiarities, &c. It seems that the number of this race in that section reaches about twenty thousand; they are, to a man, opposed to slavery, and their own work. The number of slaveholders west of the Brazos is only about two hundred. It seems that several thousand more from the German states are going to settle there, under the lead of the gifted Victor Considerat. Every true friend of man must rejoice over this fact, for the effect of it will finally be a division of Texas, with the Brazos for the eastern boundary of the new state—and it will be free. There is one thing very commendable in the German immigrants: They do not swarm round our cities, but go to the great west, buy farms, and settle down, quiet, industrious citizens.

THAYER AND ROBINSON.—Our citizens were favored last Monday evening with addresses from the above-named gentlemen, upon emigration to Kansas. Dr. Robinson spoke for about twenty minutes, describing the soil, climate, water and prospects of Kansas. He was followed by Eli Thayer, who gave a plain, common sense statement of the aims of the New England Aid Company.

"HISTORY OF WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS."—Our best thanks to Dr. Holland, of the Republican, for a copy of this work.—There is no reason why it should not have an extensive sale, as it will be an excellent book for reference. It must have cost the Doctor much hard labor to have collected so many facts, and he deserves good pay.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Again there is no choice for U. S. Senator in Pennsylvania, and further balloting has been indefinitely postponed. It is hoped that either David Wilmot or William F. Johnston will finally be chosen. And there is cause for rejoicing over the defeat of Simon Cameron, for he is a doughface.

THE SPRING WREATH.—This was the name of a keen little paper sold at the Methodist festival on Wednesday eve.—edited by "Bel Heather" and "Lillian Linwood," and printed at this office. The edition, (three hundred copies) was sold in a short time. Two or three articles from it are on our first page.

## KANSAS LEAGUE.

All those who are interested in the formation of a Kansas League are requested to meet in Lane's Hall this evening, at 7 o'clock. Let there be a full attendance. "Keep the ball rolling!"

THE HOLYOKE INDEPENDENT has revived—only the name is changed to "American Telegraph." Hereafter it will be devoted to know-nothingism. Mr. Adams (its editor) is an accomplished writer.

ROM IN THE ARMY.—Over 27,000 gallons of rum were recently shipped to the Crimea, for the British army.—The troops consume 1000 gallons per day.

For the Weekly Journal.

WARREN, PA., Feb. 23d, 1855.

FRIEND PRATT.—When I penned my last communication to your "Journal," I had not the slightest idea that I should be again called upon to address you on the subject now under discussion between us. And, indeed, I should not have been, had you treated that communication, above referred to, in a fair and reasonable manner. I will indulge in no feeling of asperity towards you; for I endeavor to hold myself as far above this contemptible practice as my naturally quick and impulsive spirit will allow. I do not claim for myself perfection, neither do I award it to you; and as we are both human, I presume we are both somewhat afflicted with those frailties that humanity is heir to.—Consequently, it behooves us to regard each other with mutual charity. Our wisest discriminating friends, must be their own judges, which of us is entitled to a medal for honesty and consistency.

In my last communication to you, I repelled your imputation of "apostasy," and adduced facts, in the shape of quotations from the Ledger, to prove that that charge was false, utterly false. You charged me, and my paper, with being "pro-slavery," friends to the "administration," &c. Now I will leave it to any fair and candid person to say whether or not, I successfully proved those charges to be unjust. I appealed to your magnanimity, of which I then supposed you to be a professor, to revoke your hasty judgment, and withdraw those charges. And how have you treated that appeal?—with unmanly indifference. Instead of seeking to retrieve the wrong which you had done me, you haste to heap additional misrepresentations and false charges upon my head. Instead of accepting those "quotations of an anti-slavery character" as evidences of my still continued hostility to oppression, you virtually deny me the use of them, and wiggle off by saying that they "must have been published in the Ledger" before it commenced an exchange with the Journal! Now is this honest?—is this fair? Happily for myself, however, some of my friends in Massachusetts have been in the habit of "reading the Ledger every week," as well as yourself, and can vouch for the truth of my statement.

You say—"But what matters it if a few such sentiments have been printed in the Ledger?" Indeed! what a pertinent question! Why, it matters this much, Mr. Pratt; it proves that the Ledger is not such a print as you would be glad to make it appear. It "matters" just what I wished to have it matter!

While you renew the charges of political inconsistencies and fluctuations upon me, you, at the same time, arrogate to yourself immaculateness and unwavering fidelity to principle. I acknowledge, that by birth, I am a whig, and in the incipient stages of my minority, rejoiced in the success of whiggery. But I am now a DEMOCRAT,—and when I use this term, I regard it in its fullest sense—and was an advocate of Jefferson's principles before I left Massachusetts. Being a Democrat, does not necessarily make me pro-slavery. I acknowledge Sam Houston and Thos. Benton, as my political brethren; and who were more eulogized by the anti-slavery men of the north, for their noble stand in defense of Human Rights, than these very men? Who were more bitter in their opposition to the administration and the Nebraska Bill, than they? And yet for belonging to their party, you call me pro-slavery and a friend to the administration! You are the drunken Philip, not me. And what are your antecedents? Were you not first a whig, then a free-soiler, and now a know-nothing? If I adopt your system of reasoning, I shall indict you three times for the moral crime of apostasy! "Physician, heal thyself," is about as applicable to your case as mine. The Ledger does not "protest against the agitation of slavery" when such agitation will do the cause of freedom any good or advance the day of universal emancipation from thralldom. I will yield to no man in point of hatred to slavery. I hold that no man, who is truly a follower of Jefferson, can do otherwise than oppose the further extension of slavery, and assist in the diffusion of liberty. The fact that you are continually prating about slavery, repeal of the Nebraska bill, &c. makes you not a whit a stronger opponent of slavery than myself. In order to be an anti-slavery man, must we daily and hourly abuse and anathematize all the slaveholders in the country? I think not.

True, the Ledger labored earnestly for the re-election of Wm. Bigler. It is true that he was defeated. And this I sincerely regret, for a better governor Pennsylvania never had. This fact is conceded by all parties. And the election of James Pollock I as sincerely deplore, for his election, by no means, to be considered as an anti-Nebraska triumph or an administrative defeat. The issue of Nebraska and anti-Nebraska gave way, in our state canvass, to know-nothingism and anti-know-nothingism. Not one particle of benefit has freedom derived from the result of that election. The most respectable anti-slavery whig papers in Pennsylvania (the Pittsburgh Gazette in particular) have expressed their regret at the triumph of know-nothingism in this state. The cause of freedom has nothing, nothing to hope from the falsely called American party. Time will inconceivably prove the truth of this declaration.

Friend Pratt, I trust it will not be necessary for me to occupy more space in the Journal in refuting these false and unjust charges against myself. I have no ambition for newspaper controversy, and am only led into it by the desire to vindicate my honor. I shall not continue this discussion further, unless compelled to.

A. W. STEVENS.

A know nothing was heard to remark yesterday, that he hoped the word "nationalism" would be discarded by the Native Americans, it having been discovered to begin with Pat.—New Bedford Mercury.

## LARD.

The Cincinnati Price Current has some interesting statistics on the lard produce of this country. The number of hogs killed the last season and packed for commerce is three millions. The average amount of lard per hog, is 32 pounds. The total amount of lard in commerce is estimated at ninety-six millions of pounds. Of this amount, twenty millions are shipped from Cincinnati. England and Cuba take more lard of us than all the rest of the world. Each of these countries buy over eight millions of pounds annually. In the West Indies lard is very generally used as a substitute for butter. Lard oil is made more extensively at Cincinnati than at any other point in the Union. Thirty thousand barrels of it are annually sent from that city. The demand for lard over the world, is on the increase, and prices will probably be sustained.

## GEN. HOUSTON.

Did not make a very favorable impression by his lecture on slavery in Boston, last week. The Evening Telegraph gives a full report, and says, it will be read with interest, not unmingled with amusement and surprise. The worthy general was evidently not at home on the subject of slavery, having probably like most southerners rather avoided any deep consideration of it, on account of the somewhat unpleasant result to which honest and profound reflection—on it is sure to lead. His discourse was therefore rambling, inconsequential, and singularly inconsistent. Its absurdity will only amuse anti-slavery men, while pro-slavery men, north and south, can not fail to laugh at so weak an attempt to vindicate their cause.

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.—President Sautana is a white man, as well as his secretaries. Cuba is by no means preferable to the island of St. Domingo. On the contrary, the latter is much richer than the former, having silver, gold, coal, copper, and quicksilver mines; different kinds of wood, suitable for vessels, besides being the country of the mahogany and several other precious woods. If Cuba is the key of the Mexican gulf, the bay of Samana, in the Dominican republic, is no doubt the key of the Caribbean Sea.

THE WHIG PARTY.—The New York Express thinks it rather ominous of the fate of the whig party, that in the two old whig states, which were the homes of Clay and Webster, it has been virtually abandoned, the whig delegation in congress from Massachusetts having deserted the protective system, and in Kentucky a refusal having been made to call a whig state convention.

HUMILIATING.—Out of 400 young men who recently sought British government employment, only 30 could write a good business note; take down a paragraph from a standard author from dictation; write out the names of the different counties in England; or exhibit a knowledge of the first four rules in Arithmetic. The majority of the incompetents were offshoots of the aristocracy.

"TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY."—In the Hornellsville (N. Y.) Tribune a husband advertised his wife as having deserted him, to which she replied the week subsequently by an advertisement, cautioning all persons from harboring or trusting her husband, as she would pay no debt of his contracting.

A MORMON PAPER.—The Mormons have commenced, in New-York, the publication of a paper, called the Mormon, devoted to the spread of their principles. It defends polygamy as an ordinance from God, the Christian world having been laboring under a delusion on this subject for over eighteen hundred years.

JOURNALISM IN SWITZERLAND.—Two hundred and forty-three journals and periodicals are published in seventy different localities in Switzerland. Several of the newspapers have lately increased their size.

MILEAGE.—It is stated that the greatest amount of mileage received by any one Senator is \$5,482; the least \$33,50; while the difference between the actual expense incurred in traveling is but \$250.

SICKLY.—Within the past four months spirituous liquors, to the amount of nearly eleven thousand dollars, have been sold by the agent of Hartford to its citizens, for medical purposes.

SWISS EXPORTS.—Nine hundred barrels of snails were exported from Switzerland for foreign consumption, in October and November last. What were they wanted for?

BREF FOR THE ARMY.—A butcher in New York city has received an order to kill and salt down 6,000 head of cattle for the use of the allied armies.

WATER.—The daily delivery of water to London, during the last few months, has been little short of 100,000,000 gallons.

[A friend has kindly furnished us with the following account of the Methodist Festival in this village.]

For the Weekly Journal.

## Ladies' Social Levee.

The ladies connected with the Methodist Episcopal church in this village, held a Social Levee at Cabot Hall on Wednesday evening, on which occasion about one thousand persons were present and participated. Much credit is due Spaulding, King and Wright, and those more immediately connected with the society, for their exertions in perfecting and carrying through the arrangements. The hall was well arranged, the supper excellent, and the music, by Bond's Band, very fine. The principal attraction of the evening was an exhibition of tableaux, prepared by Misses Frost and Noble. This created much applause, and was probably the means of adding a hundred dollars to the money received. About \$275 was realized—expenses probably about \$70, and everything passed off well. We congratulate our Methodist friends on this, the most successful affair of the kind ever given in Cabot Hall.

We regret to state that many articles of outer apparel were lost, and also exchanges made. Among the latter were the following: Mrs. W. H. H. Conner lost a western long shawl; said shawl is one half purple, the other a greenish drab, with border of dark purple stripes. Mrs. E. F. Brown, Miss Louise Chapin, the Misses Humphreys, and Miss Wright, also lost shawls. J. F. Wood, Lyman Fairbanks, Benj. Chapin and D. M. Moore were each minus a hat, and went home without any. Mr. Fairbanks also lost his overcoat; Oscar Wright, do.; Augustus Pendleton, hat and overcoat; Theodore Chapin, overcoat.

For the Weekly Journal.

We recommend to the lovers of Church music, an examination of the new Organ, recently put up in the Catholic Church of this town. The instrument is a perfect and powerful one of its kind and size.—Had it been larger, we might have some fears for the safety of the building, if the full power of the bass was brought in play. The maker of the instrument, Mr. Albert Gemunder, of State st., Springfield, has done himself credit, and deserves success in his business. We understand Mr. Gemunder is building one of a larger size for the Methodist Society in Manchester, Ct.

AN IRISH IDEA.—A judge was once about to pronounce sentence of punishment on an Irishman for theft. "And it is upon the oaths of him two witnesses yer honor's going to condemn me?" asked Pat. "Certainly," said the Judge; "their testimony was ample to convince the jury of your guilt."

"Oh, murther!" exclaimed Pat, "to condemn me on the oaths of two spalpeens, who swear they saw me take the goods, whin I can bring forth a hundred whj will swear they didn't see me do it!"

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS & CAPS.—Spring is the time to think of the head and feet.—To discard the old protections of both extremities, and get something new. Who wants to trudge round through the mud for two months hence with old leaky boots?—and the ladies, too, should have good stout shoes, to guard against consumption.—Thinking of these things reminds us that S. W. Farshley has just returned from market, with a complete assortment of boots, shoes, hats and caps.

LOVING.—The Roundout Courier tells the story of a German in that vicinity who hung himself to spite his wife. A neighbor whose house she proceeded to for help, arrived on the spot, and promptly cut the hanging man down. What is best of all, the wife wanted the man to pay for the clothes line he had spoiled in saving her husband's life.

Wm L Crandall of New York is out with a small book in favor of three hours school a day, instead of six. He regards the six hour system as a 'curse to parents, a curse to children, and a curse to teachers.' He regards our schools, as at present managed, as dyspeptic factories, from which all kinds of imbecility are manufactured, caused by overschooling.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S WRITINGS.—Louis Napoleon is collecting his uncle's letters and writings. It is said that twenty volumes will hardly contain all the MSS. of the Emperor Napoleon. Many letters, &c., written by the Emperor, are in a text hardly legible—it is only with the greatest difficulty that the exact words are made out.

BREADSTUFFS.—Our breadstuffs are now going to Russia. The ship Levanter cleared from New York for Kamschatska, recently, with a cargo of 7058 bbls. rye flour and 495 bbls. wheat flour, the whole valued at upwards of \$50,000, for the Russian government.

MAKE A NOTE OF IT.—Remember that the Human Constitution is one that can not be amended by a two-thirds vote.

## LETTER APOSTOLIC.—The Freeman's

Journal of week before last, publishes a "letter apostolic of our most holy Lord Pins IX, by Divine Providence, Pope, concerning the dogmatic definition of the Virgin Mother of God." It occupies over six columns of that paper, and concludes with the declaration, that should any presume to assail it (the dogma) let him know that he will incur the indignation of the omnipotent God; and of his blessed apostles, Peter and Paul.

AN IMMENSE TERRITORY.—Our whole territory east of the Mississippi is not quite equal to that west of the Rocky mountains—the latter being 870,269 square miles, and the difference in its favor 4,633. But the vast country, between these two natural bounds, the Mississippi river and the Rocky mountains, is nearly one-half larger than either of the other divisions named, and two-thirds of both together.

SLATE QUARRY IN VIRGINIA.—A quarry of green and purple slate has been opened in Albemarle county, Va. It is said that several Welsh quarriers give it as their decided belief, that this slate is the purest they have ever seen in America, and only equaled by the slate obtained from the old quarry in North Wales.

## FROM EUROPE.

The last news from Europe shows that Russia and the allies are making extensive warlike preparations. Nothing important from Sebastopol. It is said that Naples has joined the western alliance.

It looks as if the allies would declare war against Prussia.

If the life giving fluid, the blood, be pure, its beautiful blending of pink and white will show through the flesh and skin, producing not only lovely colors but cheerfulness, animation, freshness, beauty!—This is the effect of the use of Dr. Osgood's Columbian Pills, and cost only 25 cents a box.

## CHICOPEE MARKET.—March 3.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY.]

Butter lump per lb.	25	28
Cheese per lb.	10	14
Eggs per dozen	23	23
Salt Pork per lb.	12	12
Lard per lb.	13	13
Flour per bbl.	11	12.50
Rye per bushel	1.25	1.42
Corn per bushel	1.20	1.20
Oats per bushel	71	67
Beans per bushel	2.00	2.25

The most valuable Aromatic Medicine in the world! DURNO'S CELEBRATED CATARRH SNUFF. Worth ten times its weight in gold to all those afflicted with Catarrh, or cold in the Head or Throat, Sore Eyes, Deafness and Nervous Headache.

A sample box, with directions for use, will be sent free of postage, by mail, any distance not exceeding 3000 miles, from the office of J. Durno, Albany, N. Y., on the receipt of thirty-one cts. in stamps or specie.

N. B. No sold on commission anywhere, if being a cash article. A liberal discount to wholesale dealers.

For sale in Chicopee by J. S. Bagg and C. F. Kenz Jan 20-3m

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

## BORN

At Holland, 15th ult., a daughter to F. H. Blodgett. The little girl has a father, grandfather, great grandfather, and a great great grandfather living.

## MARRIED

In this village, Feb. 28th, by Rev. George A. Orvatt, Mr. Porter H. Eaton, of Springfield, to Miss Isabel Follansbee, of Chicopee. In Springfield, 1st, by Rev. Dr. Osgood, William C. McCallan, of this village, to Mary O., daughter of Jonathan Hunt, and granddaughter of the officiating clergyman.

## DIED

In this village, March 2d, very suddenly, Mr. Stephen Chase, aged 36, Overseer in No. 1 and 2 card rooms, Perkins Corporation. Burial at the Universalist Church, Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. The friends of the deceased are invited to attend. In this village, Feb. 28, David Wilcox, aged 52. In this village, Feb. 27, an infant son of Dexter Worthing, aged 2 years.

## To the Citizens of Chicopee.

MR. J. WILMARTH, of Springfield, now residing at Mr. Jones A. Martin's, respectfully informs the citizens of Chicopee and vicinity, that he will meet all those persons who are desirous of receiving instructions in Book-keeping, at the Atlantic Hall, on Friday evening at 7 o'clock, March 9th '55, at which time Mr. Martin will be present, with his writing class.

All who think they would like to learn the practical part of Book-keeping, are requested to meet Mr. Wilmarth at the above named place, at the appointed time.

N. B.—No postponement on account of the weather. Chicopee, March 3d, 1855.

Low! Lower!! Lowest!!!

## WISHING TO reduce our large stock of BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, and

## READY MADE CLOTHING

We will dispose of any or all of them at cost, and many articles less than cost for cash only. Those wanting any of the above articles will do well to call and examine them before purchasing elsewhere, as we shall for a few days sell at prices low enough to astonish the natives as well as the aliens.

Don't forget the place. At the sign of the "Big Boot," Exchange street, Chicopee, March 3d.

## CARD

S. P. HUBBARD, M. D., formerly of Westfield, Mass., a resident Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence on School street, Chicopee. Particular attention paid to Chronic Diseases and Surgery. March 3m



