

# The Weekly Journal.

Volume 1.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1855.

Number 41.

## Original Poetry.

For the Weekly Journal.  
**IDOL WORSHIP.**  
Oft weary of life, its sin and its strife,  
Of its idol worship so false;  
I'm weary of toil on a heartless soil,  
Yielding forever to dross.  
All this world is a play, acted over each day,  
And the scenes, they elude and chill;  
The tender, and loving in sorrow are sinking  
Beneath the green turf, so green and so still.  
The siren of fashion, that antient passion,  
As weaving her chain about us each day,  
As in infancy, waking, so in age's sun-setting,  
We bow to her mandates, our standard forsaking.  
She winds round her trappings, envelopes in wrap-  
pings—  
This beautiful body created by Heaven!  
By flattering nuns, makes right all her sins,  
And would fain have us think she's not craven.  
Oh! vainly we're trying to think we're not lying,  
And we blush as we worship at vanity's shrine;  
An unfeeling bonnet brings curses upon us—  
And, we sigh for the wealth of Golconda's bright  
and shining mine.  
The wealth of the mind we boast we would find,  
And we eagerly seek for the last publications—  
But the bright morning dawns but to strengthen  
our yawns.  
And be followed by ever dissipations,  
There's fashion and famine, all about, to examine,  
No printer's ink needful to find it!  
But our fair one, who sighs over books I despise,  
Has nerves far too weak to endure it.  
Philanthropy's charming—the crisis's a'arming!  
The people must rouse to the country's distress!  
But our lady of fashion would fly in a passion,  
Crave you but the money she spends for a dress!  
There are gems far more rare than fashion may spare,  
But they bear not the tarnish of earth;  
There are jewels so bright they mock the stars' light,  
For they own but a heavenly birth!  
There are laurels outlasting, ne'er paltry, degrading,  
As the honor of earth that we covet;  
They're the bliss of doing right—Heaven's smiles ev-  
er bright—  
Such glorious meed, oh! who would not strive for it!  
There's a crown for us sparkling, by sin ne'er dark-  
ning,  
Where glitters pure virtue's bright gem;  
We're a garden of flowers, from heaven's green bow-  
ers,  
As arranged by the angels, for men.  
There are minions of earth, of dastardly birth,  
Enslaving a glorious world;  
With the arrows of truth we'll pierce them forsooth,  
And each idol to earth shall be hurled.  
Individually weak, with courage we'll speak—  
In union is strength to conquer at length;  
No flattery-fawning, for interest-pawning,  
In letters delusive our spirits shall keep.  
We, banded together, one and each loving brother,  
Our pledges of truth will renew.  
That with faith for our breastplate, and right for our  
shield,  
Alone to the truth, allegiance will yield.  
With strength from above, e'er guided by love,  
We'll faint not though fierce be the strife—  
Till principle vanquish and tyranny languish,  
We yield not our sword, though we lay down our  
life.  
Till freedom of mind acknowledged, we find,  
And the voice of truth worth glad be heard—  
Till custom's dominion we judiciously pinion,  
Our spirits with zeal shall be stirred.  
Between the right and the wrong let the contest go  
Till the God of battles shall say,  
My kingdom is come! the victory's won!  
My precepts, my children obey!  
Sunny Side, March, 1855.

## Original Story.

For the Weekly Journal.  
**ALICE DORIAN.**  
BY CORA CLINTON.  
"Mother is sick, sir, and has no one but  
me to depend upon; I have been looking  
for work a long time without success. I  
assure you, you will find me faithful."  
"Oh yes, of course; we hear such sto-  
ries every day; and most of our hands  
run off of pity run away with the work or  
only half do it. It seems as if honest folks  
are mighty scarce now-a-days." And Mr.  
Barrows leaned back in his arm-chair and  
looked frowningly over his gold spectacles  
at the young girl who stood before him—  
"A blash mantled her cheek at the implied  
suspicion of her honesty as she replied:  
"Indeed sir, I have told you only the  
truth; and you certainly wrong me in sup-  
posing that I wish to defraud you."  
"Oh, no doubt, I had no reference to  
that; I presume you are honest enough, but  
Mr. Barrows fidgetted in his  
chair, and at last turning to his desk, com-  
menced looking over his accounts, without  
further notice of his visitor; for Mr. Bar-  
rows was a man of business; and of course  
couldn't afford the inconvenience of a  
heart. Oh no! Mr. Barrows was an aris-  
tocrat, and believed such an appendage to

be not only a useless, but a very expensive  
institution  
Alice stood silent a few moments, and  
then ventured to say:  
"Then you think you want me?"  
"I guess not to-day, ma'am; you see  
times are hard, and I have help enough for  
the present; should be glad to accommo-  
date you, but don't see how I can possi-  
bly."  
The girl bowed and left the room, leav-  
ing the wealthy shirt-maker to his own re-  
flections. Slowly she passed down the  
street, and her soft eyes filled with tears  
as she entered the narrow alley that led to  
her lonely home. Poor Alice Dorian! it  
was a thick cloud that hung over thy  
young life, and turned its dark side toward  
thee! She was but a child when her father  
died, and she remembered him but dimly;  
yet like the recollection of a former life  
were the occasional glances memory threw  
behind the thick veil of the past.  
Visions of a beautiful happy home once  
hers—of a time when her mother smiled  
often, and looked so happy; of a tall, dark-  
eyed gentleman, who used to kiss her and  
call her darling—and that was papa; and  
then of a terrible day, when the house was  
so still, and mamma cried, and when she  
tried to comfort her—took her little hand  
and placed it on her father's forehead as  
he lay there so still, and what a chill it  
gave her, for his forehead was cold, like  
the marble statue in her own little room,  
and when she kissed him he did not speak  
to his Allie whom he had loved so much;  
and then they carried him away, and he  
never came back again; and after that she  
and mamma left the beautiful home, and  
ever since mamma's cheek had grown pale,  
and she looked so sad, though she often  
told Allie that papa was in a brighter home  
than even that had been, and that some-  
time she and mamma would go there too.  
Such were the memories of her childhood;  
and as she grew older, and realized more  
perfectly what death had done, and how  
her mother had toiled for their support,  
she earnestly endeavored to lighten her  
labors and repay her watchfulness.  
Years fled; Alice had entered her eight-  
eenth summer when Mrs. Dorian's health  
began to fail. She strove to evade the  
blow which she felt was aimed at her; for  
her child—how could she leave her friend-  
less? For a few months the disease seem-  
ed checked, but with the cold of the de-  
parting year it returned, and she was soon  
prostrated on a bed of pain, and as she was  
too confident of death, Alice had sought in  
vain for employment, and as a last re-  
source, endeavored to obtain plain sewing  
of Mr. Barrows; with what result we have  
already seen.  
As she ascended the narrow stair-case  
that led to their humble home, she strove  
to cast aside the gloom which oppressed  
her, and meet her mother with a cheerful  
smile. Her hand was already on the latch  
when she heard the sound of voices with-  
in.  
Hastily pushing back the door, she be-  
held a gentleman of perhaps forty years,  
with a frank, noble countenance, and ap-  
parently belonging to the higher classes of  
society standing by her mother's side—  
Both turned as Alice entered, and Mrs.  
Dorian exclaimed:—"Here she is, sir—  
here is my daughter of whom I have been  
speaking, Alice dear, this is a gentleman  
who has heard of our destitution, and  
kindly come to visit us." The stranger  
bowed, and Alice crimsoned to the temples  
beneath the admiring yet respectful glance  
of his dark eyes. Previous to his depar-  
ture, "Miss Dorian," he said, "your moth-  
er needs the care of a skillful physician,  
and I trust you will pardon me if I take  
the liberty of sending one."  
"Oh, sir, you are very kind; but I am  
entirely without the means of repaying  
one," replied Alice.  
"That is nothing; I shall claim the  
privilege of attending to that," and with a  
polite bow he departed, leaving Alice and  
her mother overwhelmed with grateful as-  
tonishment.  
Hastily passing through the crowded  
thoroughfare, he sought the house of an  
eminent physician, whom he dispatched  
immediately to the residence of Mrs. Do-  
rian.  
But medical skill was unavailing, and  
all the kind-hearted physician could do was  
to smooth her path to that last long rest-  
ing place.  
Weeks rolled away; the glory of winter

was fast departing before the glowing  
footsteps of his lovely successor. The sun  
was fast sinking to his golden rest as Alice  
Dorian bent over the couch of her dying  
mother. The kindness of her new friends,  
though they relieved her suffering, could  
not remove the deep-seated malady; and  
now had come one at whose presence the  
stoutest heart quails, and to whose power  
the mightiest can offer no resistance.  
Alice felt that it was death whose touch  
was chilling the hand she held, and she  
knew that a relentless finger was hushing  
the pulses of the only heart that loved her.  
Poor Alice! she had poured the rich treas-  
ures of her love into an urn that was now  
being broken; her one heart-flower was  
drooping; her spirit's gem passing away  
forever.  
A faint struggle, a low, deep sigh, and  
as the sun hid his broad shield behind the  
western mountains, the orphan knelt—  
alone with the dead.  
God help thee now, poor child! Thy  
last earthly relative hath gone, and thou  
art all alone! Oh! it is a fearful thing to  
be friendless, with not one soft hand to  
smooth the troubled brow, not one kind  
voice to whisper gentle words, not one kin-  
dered spirit all over God's green earth to  
love and cherish thee. Poor Alice, poor  
orphan! no wonder thou weep'st such bitter  
tears as thou thinkest of all this, for  
earth's charities are too often but a form,  
earth's love but very mockery, and such  
henceforth is all thou mayest hope. No  
wonder that as thou rainest hot kisses on  
that cold, still hand, thy heart seems burst-  
ing as thou criest—"Take me with thee,  
my mother, oh, my mother!" We chide  
not thy tears. He who loved us wept—  
but oh! mourn not as hopeless. Look up  
to the Almighty Friend whom thou hast  
chosen; trust in His faithfulness on whom  
thy mother leaned—thus shall thy sorrow  
be best unto thee—drawing thee nearer  
Heaven—thy mother—and thy God.  
Day came, and night, and day again;  
and then the funeral carriages, and the  
dirges, and the prayers, and the words,  
and fervent prayer, and forever from the  
orphan's sight was shut out the form of  
her lost mother.  
Poor Alice! As she turned weeping  
from the open grave, she murmured—  
"Friendless now!" No, stricken one, not  
friendless, not quite alone; the day-star of  
thy soul hath not gone down; its light  
beams still—from Heaven.  
Mr. Armour, the friend who had discov-  
ered the widow and her daughter in their  
desolation, and relieved their necessities,  
now proved himself a true friend to the  
lone orphan. He offered her a home in his  
own princely mansion; but Alice could not  
endure the thought of dependence, and she  
resolved to earn her own livelihood. When  
her benefactor found her determined to  
persevere in her project of becoming a  
governess, he lent his aid in securing her a  
situation; and through his influence she  
soon found herself pleasantly established in  
a distant part of the city. The family of  
Mr. Ellerton, her employer, consisted of  
himself, his daughter Louise (a young lad-  
y of about Alice's age), and two smaller  
children, Grace and Edgar, who were to  
be the objects of the orphan's care.  
Louise Ellerton was an heiress and a  
beauty. Alice Dorian was neither; and yet  
there was a sweetness of manner, an ir-  
resistible charm about her that attracted to  
her many hearts. Louise knew this; she  
saw that her haughty spirit possessed not  
the spell that dwelt with the lowly Alice,  
and in her heart she hated the friendless one.  
Louise was the affianced bride of Edgar  
Arnold. Alice often met the tall, pale,  
noble looking young man, and as gems of  
deep thought fell from his lips, and intel-  
lect beamed from his deep, dark eyes, she  
often wondered he had chosen one so un-  
like himself as the gay, volatile Louise.  
And sometimes she saw, or thought she  
saw, a shade cross his white brow as he  
looked upon his peerless one; but she cast  
away such imaginings, and chided herself  
for dreaming him unhappy. And then  
again, when Louise jested about her lov-  
er's seriousness, Alice mused sadly on the  
future. There was a charm to her in his  
sequence, and she had often surprised her-  
self in tears as he spoke so earnestly on  
some soul-absorbing theme. Ah, Alice!  
there is a sorrow before thee which shall  
never have an equal in thy sojourn on  
earth—a misery before whose terrors sink  
every other. It was a terrible truth; Al-

lice was a long time in learning it, but at  
last she could doubt it no longer: Arnold  
was dear to her—she loved the betrothed  
of another! The eye of the All-Seeing one  
saw her agony when she first realized the  
dreadful fact; the Heart that bleedeth  
for all our sorrows alone sympathized with  
her anguish, for none other knew it.  
Poor Alice! There are weary years be-  
fore thee—years spent in vainly striving to  
blot out that name graven too deeply in  
thy heart ever to be forgotten; years spent  
in seeking happiness for others when thy  
own heart is breaking; long years of suf-  
fering—drawing thee to God.  
In vain she sought to avoid him; he was  
certainly unconscious of her feelings, for he  
seemed to seek her society. Oh, if he should  
discover her secret! how could she endure  
the scorn of one so noble! She never  
thought that he could love her: was he not  
affianced to another?  
Weeks, months flew by; Mr. Armour's  
kindnesses were more numerous than ever;  
he called so often to inquire of her welfare,  
took her in his coach, and often had her  
at his house, Alice learned to think of him  
almost as a father. What then was her  
surprise when one day she received a note  
from him begging her to become his wife.  
He wrote:—"It is true there is a great  
difference in our ages, and it may be that  
I am asking too much in thus pleading  
for your love, but you have become un-  
speakably dear to me, and I have been hold-  
ing out to hope my affection was returned.  
But, Alice, if you love me not, I do not ask  
your hand; I would not have you influenc-  
ed by any small service I may have been  
able to render you. If you can not think  
of me as a husband, love me ever as a  
friend, for I would be the last one to ask  
that you should bind yourself to an old man  
whom you did not love above others."  
What should she do? Alice asked her-  
self many times. Would it not be best to  
accept him? Should she not be more apt  
to forget Arnold if the wife of another?  
Ah, Arnold! could she pronounce those  
sad words to any one save him?  
But how kind Mr. Armour had been! He  
was her friend when she had no other; and  
how with his whole heart he loved her—  
Was it not ingratitude that she could not  
give him her love? She could make his life  
happy; was it not her duty to wed him?  
She respected, esteemed him; he need never  
know but she loved him as he desired—  
and then these words of his letter came—  
"If you love me not, I do not ask your  
hand." Would it not be sinful to wrong  
thus his noble heart? And thus thought  
after thought chased each other through  
her mind until she was almost maddened.  
—There was no one to aid her, no heart  
whose sympathy she might seek, and  
again from her rent heart went up the  
anguished cry, "my mother, O my mother!  
Alice's own heart told her to refuse Mr.  
Armour; that it was worse than mockery  
to give her hand where her heart could  
never follow! And so she wrote him  
calmly, frankly; she told him as a friend  
he would be ever dear; that she was not  
unmindful of his many kindnesses, that the  
grateful affection of a full heart would be  
ever his; but she had loved him as a fa-  
ther, not a husband. It cost her a hard  
struggle to send such an answer, but when  
it had really gone she felt as if a fearful  
load was taken from her heart.  
Ah, suffering one, thou hast not yet  
drained thy cup of sorrow; a bitter drop  
yet waited thy trembling lips.  
It was just sunset. Louise was seated  
at a window waiting the coming of her  
lover. He should have been there before;  
he had promised to tea with her, and a  
frown mantled her white brow at his tar-  
diness. At that instant a horse attached to  
the wreck of light carriage dashed wild-  
ly down the street. Great Heaven, it  
was Arnold!  
A few moments more, and the mangled  
insensible form of the young man was  
stretched upon a couch in the mansion of  
the Ellertons. All the long hours of that  
fearful night, like an angel of mercy, bent  
Alice Dorian over the couch of him she had  
loved so wildly. How she strove as she  
knelt by his side to conquer an emotion  
which she knew was sinful; from her over-  
burdened heart went up tear-burdened pe-  
titions for strength from above; and it was  
granted her; a calm filled her heart to  
which she had long been a stranger, and  
she felt that she could be happy now to  
see him live for Louise if such was his

choice. Poor Louise! One fainting fit  
had succeeded another since the terrible  
accident, and now she lay in the semblance  
of death; how she had loved Arnold; Al-  
lice felt sure she had wronged her by  
dreaming her heart was not all his. Ar-  
nold's reason had returned, but the phy-  
sician said his injuries were internal, and  
his hours on earth numbered. Alice with  
pale lip and trembling hand was minister-  
ing to his wants, for though the struggle  
in her heart had passed, it was a fearful  
thing to know that he must die.  
"Alice," murmured Arnold, "I am dy-  
ing; for myself I do not fear it, but poor  
Louise—I had thought long, happy years  
were before us; but it is all past now; it  
is hard to leave her without one farewell  
word, but His will be done; tell her,  
Alice, to love the God I have loved, and  
meet me in Heaven." A moment—and  
another freed spirit knelt at the throne of  
God.  
Louise was not long in recovering from  
the shock of Arnold's death. She did o-  
love as Alice had done, and though her  
grief was violent at first, it soon wore  
away, and a few months later another led  
her to the altar.  
Mr. Armour's health was failing rapid-  
ly; he needed some one who could antici-  
pate his wants and minister to them lov-  
ingly, and Alice was such an one.  
For months she watched over him with  
as much love and tenderness as a child  
over a cherished parent. But no love or  
care could save him, and soon she had laid  
her last friend to his rest. Mr. Armour  
had left Alice all his wealth, and the or-  
phan found herself suddenly an heiress.  
But to her heart love was far dearer than  
wealth; her spirit had been purified in the  
furnace of affliction; there was none now  
between her and God, and for Him alone  
she lived.  
Her ample fortune was freely expended  
in relieving the destitute; her visit to the  
homes of the poor were ever frequent, and  
their blessings rested on her young head  
as if she were a saint.  
Poor Alice! thy mission was a brief  
one. On earth thy years were few, yet  
fraught with many sorrows.  
But suffering is thine no longer, for thou  
hast gone to thy loved ones, and together  
the pure in heart behold their God.  
From The London Times.

### DECLINE OF THE ARISTOCRACY

From different circumstances it came to  
pass that at no period since the reform bill  
had the aristocratic families obtained so  
firm a hold on office, place, and patronage  
as in the commencement of the year 1854.  
They had conducted our business for many  
years without any extraordinary misman-  
agement or misfortune, and we were content  
to leave them the field of politics as their  
peculiar vocation and monopoly. But war  
has always been noted as an unsparing  
innovator, the destroyer of conventional  
respectabilities, and the overthrower of al-  
l manner of snug and comfortable cliques  
and coteries. The experience of the last  
few months has awakened the people of  
England from their dreams of wealth and  
prosperity, from their traditional self gra-  
tulations over the naval and military ex-  
ploits of the late war, and from the sup-  
position that men invested with high rank  
and clothed with great office are possess-  
ors of faculties equal to the direction of our  
affairs whenever there is more than an  
ordinary strain on the vessel of the state.  
Our eyes are open, and we behold that we  
are naked. We ask for talent sufficient  
to conduct great affairs to successful con-  
clusions, and instead of talent we are of-  
fered titles and pedigrees. We ask for  
merit, and we are offered in exchange high  
connections, or, at best, seniority. The  
cold shade of aristocracy is over us, all,  
and nothing can grow beneath it except  
the offshoots of the tree itself. Up to the  
middle of November this country believed  
itself to have armies, generals, statesmen,  
departments, all equal to their several du-  
ties, all of the very best the world could  
afford; and now, in the middle of February,  
in three short months, all is changed, or  
rather all is reserved. We have awoke  
from our dreams of hope, prosperity, and  
success, to disaster and dismay. Our gen-  
erals have turned out worse than useless,  
our ministers something more than incap-  
able; every public department has been  
crushed into helplessness and inactivity by  
the weight of unmeaning routine and worthless  
formalities, and on no one occasion, that  
we are aware of, has the right man been  
selected to fill the right place. Everything  
has been mismanaged to a degree which,  
if predicted, would have been deemed in-  
credible; yet, so far as the public are  
aware, no single official has yet been re-  
called, and, after a week's interregnum,  
government has been reconstituted and  
strengthened only by the omission of three  
of its leading members, and the promotion  
of one who is at least as guilty as any of  
those omitted.  
The people of England have remained  
quiet under all these things. They have  
felt—as how should they not feel?—the  
mortality which has brought mourning to  
every hearth. They have noted—as how  
should they not note?—the incredible and  
unexplainable confusion and stupidity which  
have presided over every department, giv-  
ing reality to absurdities such as the most  
extravagant imagination could never have  
invented, and occasioning miseries such as  
the gloomiest prophet could never have  
foreboded. Why the people have been so  
long silent has been most reflecting men  
a matter of wonder and astonishment.  
They feel most acutely, but they have re-  
mained hitherto passive spectators of the  
method in which their best hopes and dar-  
est interests have been squandered and  
wrayed. Perhaps they have cherished a  
hope that at the meeting of parliament all  
things would be well. Perhaps they have  
been content to read their sentiments  
faithfully reflected in the columns of the  
press. Whatever be the cause of their  
silence, that cause exists no longer, and  
we have to look for an expression of public  
opinion from one end of this country to the  
other which will convey to our governing  
classes a most clear and intelligible warning  
that the patience of the nation is exhaust-  
ed, and that the necessity of widening the  
area from which our executive is to be ta-  
ken is great and paramount. The enthu-  
siastic meeting at the town of Derby has  
set the way, and the remaining towns of  
England will not be slow to follow. The  
only is for practical state-manship, for open-  
ing a free career to talent, for placing our  
resources in hands equal to the emergency.  
The Derby pet. isers hold no extravagant  
or exaggerated language; they declare  
their confidence in the justice of the war;  
they express their humiliation and regret  
at the disasters which have occurred; they  
pray for a searching inquiry into their caus-  
es, and suggest remedies adequate to the  
emergency which we have to meet. While  
members are debating how to fill up the  
most important offices with the least com-  
petent persons, and considering the claims  
of rank, of family, and of connection—of  
everything except merit and capacity—  
while the friends of "rising young states-  
men" of the true breed are indefatigably  
soliciting their advancement from office to  
office, the people of England, who care for  
none of these things, are gravely taking  
the matter into their serious consideration,  
and coming to conclusions but little favor-  
able to the stability of the present govern-  
ment. We have been ready to allow  
place and patronage to be monopolized by  
a few great families. We have been con-  
tent to live in our own country, strangers  
to our own government excluded from the  
working of our own institutions; but it was  
only on condition that our national pride  
should be respected, and our interests and  
position in the great family of nations re-  
main inviolate. This our aristocracy have  
failed to secure to us, and therefore the  
people of England will, we hope, demand,  
in no spirit of wild and theoretical leveling,  
in no spirit of hatred or animosity to any  
portion of the community, but in the spirit  
of practical reform of an urgent and in-  
tolerable grievance, that the system which  
excludes plebeian talent from high office  
shall henceforth be discontinued, and that  
in the army, at the desk, and in the council,  
those men shall be called to the public  
service who are best able to serve the pub-  
lic. We wish all success to this movement.  
It has been our painful lot to witness more  
nearly than others, and to obtain more  
ample information as to the manner in  
which this war has been conducted, and  
we do not hesitate to express the opinion  
that without an entire change of system,  
a substitution of youth and energy for age  
and decrepitude,—unless some plan can be  
hit upon by which merit shall be the only  
criterion in the filling up of civil and mil-  
itary offices,—without, in fact, a complete  
abandonment of the claims of wealth, of  
family, and of interest, in favor of that high-  
er nobility which the hand of God has im-  
pressed on the forehead of every man of  
talent, it is vain for us to continue the pre-  
sent contest, and better to accept any con-  
ditions; no degradation and no humiliation  
suffered at the hands of the enemy can ex-  
ceed those which our own servility and  
incompetence have inflicted, and are about to  
inflict, upon ourselves.

# The Weekly Journal.

CHICOOPEE, SATURDAY, M'CH. 10, 1855

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JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

## KANSAS LEAGUE IN CHICOOPEE.

The meeting last Saturday evening in "Lane's Hall" was well attended; quite a number were unable to procure seats. J. R. Childs, Esq. was chosen chairman, and James C. Pratt secretary.

Remarks were then made, in relation to the objects of the meeting, by the chairman, Rev. Mr. Nute and John D. Butts.

Various matters concerning Kansas—such as timber, climate, soil, fever-and-ague, &c. in the territory—were fully discussed by Messrs. Nute, Butts, Jamison and Pierce.

It was then voted (on motion of Rev. Mr. Nute) that a society be formed with the name of "The Chicopee Kansas League."

A committee of five was appointed to report officers and a constitution for the government of the society. The following names were reported and accepted:

President—Rev. Charles H. Webster.  
Vice-President—Charles R. Ladd, Esq.  
Secretary and Treasurer—J. R. Childs, Esq.

Directors—W. Blaisdell, W. Blaisdell, Jr., A. Harrington, James C. Pratt, Rev. E. Nute, Jr., A. G. Stevens, H. R. Burlingame, John D. Butts.

It was voted that three delegates be selected to attend the county Kansas meeting at Springfield on the following Tuesday. The following persons were appointed for that purpose—Rev. Mr. Nute, A. Harrington, W. Blaisdell.

The committee for the purpose reported the following

## CONSTITUTION.

### ARTICLE I.

The design of this society is, by co-operation with the Massachusetts company, to protect emigrants from fraud; to promote the emigration to Kansas territory of persons opposed to the institution of slavery there, and to prevent, by all legal and constitutional means, its establishment in it, as well as in other territories.

### ARTICLE II.

Any person may become a member by signing his name to this constitution, and paying for the use of the society the sum of fifty cents; and he shall continue to be a member so long as he shall pay such sum annually.

### ARTICLE III.

The officers shall be a president, vice-president, seven directors, treasurer, and secretary, to be elected first on the formation of the society, and thereafter at the annual meetings.

President, vice-president, and treasurer, shall be ex-officio members of the board of directors.

### ARTICLE IV.

It shall be the duty of the secretary to receive and keep the names and residences of all persons desirous of emigrating to Kansas; to agree upon the time and manner of their departure, and to confer with the trustees of the parent society in Boston in regard to the same. He shall be the official organ of communication, both of the society and of the trustees.

### ARTICLE V.

The funds shall be received and kept by the treasurer, until forwarded to the trustees in Boston, or otherwise appropriated by a majority of the directors; and no appropriation shall be made in contravention of the constitution of the United States, or of the existing laws of the land.

### ARTICLE VI.

By-laws shall be adopted at the first meeting of the society, and the same may be altered or amended at any annual meeting.

### ARTICLE VII.

The directors may fill any vacancies in their board, or in the other offices occurring between the annual meetings.

The above constitution was accepted. After remarks by various gentlemen, it was voted to adjourn to Saturday eve, March 10.

Those who become members of the league do not thereby obligate themselves to go to Kansas. The secretary of the league will take the names and furnish all necessary information to those who wish to go. A number will probably emigrate from Chicopee. We know of several in this village who are going with the Springfield company April 2d.

**FARM LABOR WANTED IN OHIO.**—The Toledo Blade, of Feb. 16, says there is in the interior country, on the farms, a constant demand for more laborers than can be obtained. There is a hundred times more of food actually wasted in the interior, daily, than would support the thousands now almost in a state of starvation in eastern cities. Food is abundant—laborers scarce.

**CALIFORNIA.**—Five thousand respectable marriageable girls are being collected in New England to go out to California under the care of a Miss Pellet.

## DYSPEPSIA.

There are some unpleasant things in the world, as we all know, as well as the opposite—but it seems to us that dyspeptic stomachs stand nearest to the great Moloch of misery. Burns stated the horrors of toothache in this expressive style:

"My curse upon your venomous stang,  
That aunts my tortured gums along;  
And through my lungs gives many a twang,  
Wi' gnawing vengeance:  
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,  
Like racing engines!"

But, had he suffered from dyspepsia, his power of invective would have been much sharpened—for how cross it does make a man sometimes—causing snappish words, and a sincere desire not to be approached or spoken to, by either friend or foe. We have for several years suffered severely from this complaint—owing to almost an entire lack of out-door exercise—but, thank fortune, have at last discovered a partial remedy.

A few weeks ago, a man from Pittsfield, by the name of William Renne, came into our office, to get an advertisement inserted in the Journal for "Dr. Clough's Columbian Pills." In the course of the conversation which ensued, we alluded to our sufferings from the aforesaid disease. He, in reply, urged us to "try his pills." Having always entertained a strong contempt for patent medicines, we at first declined taking a box, which he offered free of expense; but he was so earnest in recommending them, and had such an honest appearance, that we finally took a box, and since then have taken one pill immediately after every meal, with results as above stated.

It is true that medicine that will cure one kind of dyspepsia will not another—but we know that Dr. Clough's pills have helped us much, and do therefore recommend them to those who are suffering from that horrible disease.

## MAYOR WOOD.

For a number of years hardly anything has been more corrupt than the government of the city of New York. The sharpest tricksters and basest demagogues have managed, by pandering to vice in all its forms, and also by genteel wire-pulling, to keep the control of the city in their own hands. The devil has had everything after his own fashion; the police, until within a short time, has been lamentably inefficient, and, as a natural consequence, depravity has stalked "unwhipt of justice."

But Mayor Wood has inaugurated a new state of things; he has given people to understand that New York city must and shall be governed—thenceforward, while he continues in office, law and order, instead of anarchy and misrule, must be paramount.

He has rigidly enforced the Sunday liquor law, broken up a great many gambling saloons and other dens of infamy, and caused the policemen to attend to their duty. It is his purpose to make the police force under his charge as efficient as was that of Paris in the times of the celebrated Vidocq.

But the most amusing part of the whole affair is that Wood was supported by the New York blacklegs,—thinking that he was just the man for them; but they "caught a Tartar."

It is said that "it takes a rogue to catch a rogue." Mr. Wood is what may be called a reformed rogue; so is Marshal Tukey, the most efficient chairman of police Boston ever had; and the world-renowned Vidocq was once a consummate scoundrel.

## NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

The election in the "Granite State" will be next Tuesday. Much excitement prevails, and it is difficult to predict the result. The administration has kept its agents busily at work for several weeks, spending money, and resorting to every imaginable game to secure voters. If the democrats are defeated, Hale will probably be sent to the Senate.

Some of the New-Hampshire boys now living in Chicopee—and there are a number of them—have resolved to burn some powder if the administration party is defeated. Our excellent friend, the Chicopee postmaster, hails from New-Hampshire, and it is hoped that he will join in the demonstration.

Rev. ASA BULLARD, the secretary of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, will present the cause of Sabbath Schools to the Congregational Church at Chicopee Falls on next Sabbath morning, and to the church (Rev. Mr. Oriatt's) at Chicopee in the afternoon, and will meet the Sabbath Schools in concert at 5 p. m. at the Congregational Church in this village.

**NEW YORK, BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.**—We learn that this celebrated author has now in press a new work, called "Kate Aylesford—A Story of the Refugees." It will be issued on the 24th of this month.

He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath a place of honor and profit. A plowman on his legs, is higher than a gentleman on his knees.—Franklin.

## For the Weekly Journal.

### Side-Walks in Chicopee.

MR. PRATT:—The annual town meeting is close at hand, and amidst the conflicting political elements, some things of less importance than office, but serviceable to the town, may be lost sight of.

You, sir, in common with others, feel the want of good sidewalks in the town at this season, and in nearly all seasons of the year. Many of the sidewalks are at present, in an impassable condition, and unless the unfortunate pedestrian wishes to take an ankle deep in mud, he is obliged to wade the middle of the street, which is commonly called "the Irishman's sidewalk."

We who "live and move and have our being," in mud, contrive to wade through such annoyances, but to the eyes of strangers, such things don't look as if the inhabitants took any pride in the appearance of the town. Suppose we should make a beginning at the next meeting, and tack on an amendment to the appropriation for highways, &c. Appropriate, say \$500; \$200 for this village, and \$100 for Chicopee Falls, to be laid out annually for five years. Let the town establish the grade; and when any proprietor of real estate intends to lay down a "brick-sidewalk," and notifies the authorities of such intention, it might be made the duty of the Surveyor of highways to see the work done in a proper manner. The proprietor might then make out his bill for half the expense, have it endorsed by the Surveyor, and present it to the Treasurer for payment.

If some such plan as this is adopted, the town will have a better appearance in a few years; property will sell more readily, and increase in value, so that the amount laid out will ultimately return to the town in the shape of taxation. Who moves in the matter? CHICOOPEE.

REV. C. H. WEBSTER.—In a private letter received by us a few days ago from a friend in Oxford, Mass., is the following allusion to a lyceum address given in that place, by Rev. Charles H. Webster of this village. We take the liberty of copying that portion of the letter:

"The lyceum in Oxford had the great pleasure of hearing Rev. Charles H. Webster, pastor of the Universalist church in Chicopee. He lectured on Friday evening March 2nd, before a large audience. The address was allowed by all to be the most able effort of the course. He has that pleasing and winning way which enables him to express the sentiment and points of his subject with a distinctness of pronunciation and expression which is essential to an elaborate and profound address. Any lyceum or institution ought only to be held, to appreciate his talent.

"If we have a course of lectures another season we shall be early to engage his services. I hope also that we shall be only one among the associations to avail themselves of his valuable and efficient labor in that capacity."

**MANUFACTURE OF RUM.**—Probably the only manufacture in the northern states, which is carried on profitably at the present time is that of rum. The distillers all through the country have orders for many weeks and months ahead, at prices which yield them a hundred per cent profit.—This state of things has been occasioned by the prohibition of the distillation of grain in France and Belgium, which has caused large orders from those countries for rum, from the United States. Every packet ship from New York for France and Germany, now carries out all the rum which can be found in the market as part of her cargo. The article sells at 47 to 48 cents a gallon and the profit may easily be calculated when it is known that the molasses costs but a little more than 20 cents a gallon, and 100 gallons of molasses will make 85 gallons of rum. A large portion of the molasses in the United States has just been bought up on French account. At Portland, 3000 hds. were purchased recently for shipment to France.

**ACCIDENT.**—Charles Blaisdale, of this village, son of William Blaisdale, and employed by T. S. Morgan, jeweler, met with a serious accident Thursday evening, in the following manner:—He was trying to discharge a pistol, but only the cap would explode. After six or seven attempts, he came to the conclusion that there was no powder in it, and placed his left hand over the muzzle, and then pulled the trigger, to see if the air could escape, when the pistol went off, and tore his hand in a shocking manner.

**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.

Be quick in receiving, and bold and determined in executing.

## FAT HOGS.

During the past few weeks, the following fat hogs have been killed in Old Deerfield. Can the Chicopee swine-raisers tell us good a story?

Henry Stebbins killed four, weighing 501, 533, 548, 584 lbs. each.

James Stebbins killed one, weighing 684 lbs.

E. W. Stebbins killed two, weighing 444, 548.

F. W. Stebbins killed two, weighing 440, 450.

Ralph Williams killed two, weighing 418, 488.

Luke Wright killed two, weighing 610, 530.

Jonathan Ashley killed one, weighing 550.

Oliver Starr killed one, weighing 557.

Capt. David Hoyt killed two, weighing 558, 613 1-2.

Miss H. Wait killed one, 535.

J. Stebbins, Jr. killed two, 390, 410.

Charles Jones killed two pigs, 10 months old, weighing 324, 364.

**THE HAPPY MAN.**—The happy man was born in the city of Resignation, in the parish of Repentance upon Life; was educated in the school of obedience, and now lives in the plain of Perseverance; he works at the trade of Diligence, notwithstanding he has a large estate, in the country of Christian Contentment, and many times does jobs of Self-denial. He wears the robe of Humanity, but has a better suit to put on when he goes to court, called Christ's Righteousness. He walks often in the valley of Self-abasement, and sometimes climbs the mountain of Spiritual-mindedness. He breakfasts every morning on Spiritual prayer, and sups every evening on the same. He has mat to eat which the world knows not of; and he drinks of the sincere milk of the word. Thus, happy he lives and happy he dies.—Ex.

**SURGE AT AN EXECUTION.**—A horrible scene took place at the execution of the murderer Lescare, in the Place de la Roquette, in Paris. When strapped upon the fatal plank, and a moment before the knife was about to fall, he got half loose, by a sudden convulsive motion, and threw himself out of the position in which he had been placed. When the executioner approached to replace him, the prisoner seized his hand with his teeth, biting it through to the bone. A deadly struggle took place, dreadful to behold, and there were many spectators. But all was over in a few seconds.

**NEW KIND OF FIRE HOSE.**—The New York Fire Department are about introducing a new kind of hose, made of hempen strings, knit and plaited together so close as to be impervious to water. It is estimated that 1,000 feet of this hose could be carried by a company more easily than they do 500 of the leather and rubber. The hemp hose, it is believed, will come 35 per cent cheaper than that now in use.—This kind of hose has been made in Philadelphia, for several years past, and has been found to answer an excellent purpose.

**NOVEL MARRIAGE CEREMONY.**—A correspondent of the Stanton Spectator, states that the Rev. M. Brown, of Bath county, Va., married a couple, a few days since, across a river—that is, the parson was on one side, and the bridegroom and his dulcinea on the other. This mode was resorted to on account of the water being impassable. The license was thrown across the stream by the bridegroom, after having wrapped it tightly around a stone.

**KANSAS.**—The Missouri Democrat has a true conception of the advantages of making Kansas a free state. It says:—"We think every man of sense must be satisfied that if it is of any importance to the state of Missouri to have the Pacific railroad extended west of her boundaries, that the object will be accomplished sooner by the formation of a free state in Kansas; and it is therefore the interest of Missouri to make Kansas free."

**COUNCIL BLUFFS.**—Council Bluffs, a few years ago, was the undisturbed habitation of bears, wolves and other wild animals, now it contains a population of between 2000 and 3000, consisting of Buckeyes, Suckers, Wolgrines, Pukes, Badgers, Hoosiers, &c., together with all the adjuncts of civilization.

**A GOOD IDEA.**—Gov. Medill, of Ohio, has made it a rule, in pardoning convicts, to publish his reasons therefor, together with the substance of the recommendations of the prosecuting attorney and judges, when those officers join in urging the pardon. We should like Gov. Gardner to follow the same system.

**BOUNTY LAND.**—The amendment to the bounty land bill passed by the Senate, refusing land to Massachusetts soldiers, was stricken out by the House and finally agreed to in that form by the Senate. So that Massachusetts troops of 1812, equally with those of other states, come in for their share of bounty land.

Do right, and fear nobody.

## From our New-York Correspondent.

Mr. Editor.—Spring has made her advent this year at the appointed calendar time. She came in smilingly, bringing warm skies, temperate air and delicious evenings. Our sidewalks are dry, our overcoats unbuttoned, and our hearts are expanding. Winter bore away with him our snow and ice, and our low spirits and a buoyant feeling pervades. The sufferings of the poor will be alleviated, now that the demands of awakened business offer labor and bread, and the sunshine warm hearths, which, during the long winter have been cold for lack of fuel. Many western merchants, with a sprinkling of southern, are in town; the dry-goods dealers are quite busy, and a heavy dealer in metals recently informed me that his orders were already large, and indicated a good business season. The high rates of interest commanded by capital during the past year, have attracted to this point a much larger amount than can find profitable investment.—From Cuba alone, where a prospective revolution threatened the security of property, more than a million of dollars have been received by agents instructed to invest it. The consequence is, money goes a begging. The usual rate is 7 per cent, but in many instances 7. Very little short paper is offered, as it does not command more than the legal rate of interest.

The veto by the President of Collins' appropriation bill, has made quite a stir in commercial circles. The general feeling is against the veto. The papers of yesterday and this morning are full of praise and censure, as they incline. The Tribune of yesterday, in an article headed "Thou shalt not steal," heartily commended the act of the President, and this morning pitches into Senator Sumner for his intended speech in favor of it. The general feeling of the city press, however, is against the veto.

The age of chivalry is passed: Edward Marshal, of Brooklyn, gent., getting excited on that sweetest of bones of contention, "lovely woman,"—who was at first, you know, only a rib—furnishes a challenge against Mr. F. Griswold, gent., wherein he plainly declares that nothing but the utter extermination of one of these valuable lives will answer his vengeance, and trusts that the said Griswold will not allow himself to be controlled by the counsel of timid women, nor seek shelter under petticoats, and avows himself ready to seek some lonely and retired spot for a combat of the most mortal nature. But the prosaic Griswold, deaf to the calls of honor, drags the fierce Edward before Justice Brennan, who holds him to bail in \$1,000 to answer the charge of sending a written challenge. These are certainly degenerate times.

The literary public have been agitated for the last week by a libel suit, brought by Edward Fletcher, Esq., a book publisher in Nassau st., against Mr. Norton, editor of the Literary Gazette. It is chiefly valuable for its illustrations of the law of libel, under which so many prosecutions are constantly going forward. The facts of the case are these—upon the death of Dr. Johnson, the great Burmah missionary, Dr. Johnson of Providence, N. H., was requested to write his memoir, the proceeds from the sale of which were given to his widow, then living and better known to the public under the non du plume of Fanny Forrester. From statements recently made, she received from this source at least \$10,000. She also owned \$5000 in Calcutta Bank Stock, besides property in Hamilton, N. S., where she resided. Mr. Fletcher thinking the work prepared by Dr. Wayland too expensive for general circulation, decided to prepare a smaller edition.—Hereupon the widow wrote him in the bitterest vein, charging him with most unworthy motives, denouncing curses upon him, and demanding he should stop the publication of the book. He replied temperately that he was not conscious of being actuated by mercenary motives, in proof of which, he offered to give the publication; to her if she would remunerate him for his actual outlay. This offer was not accepted. Now comes the bearing of the case on the law of libel. Dr. Wayland in reply to a question by Mr. Norton, stated that he thought the publication of Mr. Fletcher's book would injure Mrs. Judson. Mr. Norton published the letter in his magazine, and Mr. Fletcher deeming it a reflection upon his character sued him for libel and lost his case. The jury after being out about five minutes, bringing in a verdict for defendant.

Yankee ingenuity has hit upon a plan for circumventing our good mayor in his efforts to suppress Sunday tipping. The story is, that on a recent Sabbath a motley crowd might be seen pouring into a grocery up Bowery, which was fitted up as a temporary church. After the preliminary exercise, a pious sermon was delivered, and then the meeting went into blasphemous communion, each brother taking what liquor pleased him best. Afterwards the deacons took up a collection to defray the expenses, and the congregation made way for another, equally devout and thirsty. The Germans have an ostensible concert at the Dutch Theater, where instrumental music alternates with comic songs, and the whole is enlivened by a farce very amusing to those who can understand it.

The Crystal Palace was open d last Sunday—admission 25 cents. So you will perceive there is yet some distance between the old blue laws and ours.

The much fought about and expensive Anthony Burns, colored, and now free, has recently left us for Boston. His African brethren were jubilant over him and held congratulatory meetings, at which he made speeches much more like a man than a chattel, and probably never having heard the beautiful theories of Calhoun and Dr. Fuller, he had the bad taste to say that liberty is better than slavery. Of course this makes him unpopular, and some of the papers write him down as much of an abolitionist as Fred Douglass. If he had only taken the consistent course of John Mitchell,

and sighed for a plantation in Alabama, he might go south again and address mass meetings, and become a pill.

Ole Bull's Italian Opera has suddenly expired for want of breath, leaving the artists, ballad girls, and coal women unpaid. The company held an indignation meeting yesterday, and passed resolution to the effect that Ole Bull is little better than a swindler and a cheat.

## Rev. W. W. Hubbard.

A Barnardston correspondent of the Republican speaks very highly of a poem delivered by Rev. W. W. Hubbard, Unitarian clergyman in that place. He says the topics of the lecture were railroads, telegraphs, the daguerreotype, doctors, lawyers and ministers, slavery, intemperance, public opinion, and trust in God as our heavenly parent. Two years ago H. K. Horr, Esq. delivered a splendid poem to the lyceum in Deerfield, embracing precisely the same subjects, and also in the order given above by the Republican's correspondent. Mr. Hoyt's poem was so well liked that several of his friends copied it—we among them, and shall always retain the copy, as a production of a dear friend and a noble soul.

We wonder if the analogy between the two poems is as strong as between some of Hubbard's sermons and a published volume of discourses by Rev. E. H. Chapin.

**ANOTHER CHANGE.**—The school committee of Holyoke have just found out that it is not possible for a man to do more than one thing at a time, and accordingly have signified their desire that Mr. Adams, who performs the double duty of teacher of the high school and editor of the Telegraph, both in that place, should lay down his quill or give up his switch, and the paper hereafter will be edited by Lilley and Witherell.—[Republican.]

**MARBLE.**—The much admired marble, now used for the additions to the federal capitol, is obtained in Hawkins county, East Tennessee, where inexhaustible quantities of the material are found. It is, in fact, so plentiful, that not unfrequently pavements, fences, and chimneys are made of it in that section of the state.

**SEED POTATOES.**—A correspondent of the Michigan Farmer, prefers to dry his potatoes in wet weather, so as to have considerable dirt stick to them, and when he puts them into the cellar fills all the crevices with dirt. The potatoes came out well in the spring, and for several years he has had no trouble from the rot.

**IMPROVED STOCK.**—Breeding improved stock, as a business operation, is increasing annually in extent and in the returns received. We learn, incidentally, says the Rural New-Yorker, that Mr. Chapman, of Madison county, has sold \$2,400 worth of Short-Horns in less than six months, and still retains a herd of large value.

**THE RIOT TRIALS.**—The trial of Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and others, charged with resistance to the U. S. marshal in the case of Burns, is set down for the March term, and will, probably, commence on the 20th, in the U. S. circuit court, before Judges Curtis and Sprague.

**MR. W. 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.

**UTILITY OF THE BEARD.**—Dr. John O. Butler, lately delivered a lecture before the good citizens of Urbana, Ohio, on the utility of the beard, to the satisfaction of his auditors, and their convictions that on reasons of health, the beard should be worn.

**MUNIFICENT.**—An old school prebyterian church was lately organized in Chicago consisting of thirteen members, and one of them alone pledged two thousand dollars per annum for five years as the salary of the pastor.

**THE GREAT TEMPLE.**—The Mormon Temple, begun at Salt Lake City, will be much larger than the temple built by the Mormons at Nauvoo. It will require ten years to complete it, and will cost several millions of dollars.

**CHINESE PROVISIONS.**—The Chinese are a queer people to go to market. An American at Canton, writes that a neighbor of his had just laid in his winter's provisions—a hind quarter of horse and two barrels of bull dogs.

**FOUR** of the six members of a family of "white slaves," in Virginia, have been freed through the agency of Hon. Charles Sumner, at a cost of \$800, raised principally by John A. Andrew of Boston.

**A GOOD SUCCESSION.**—Lamartine says of Sieyès: "He thought much, he spoke little, even silence was one of his charms." To speak little in public assemblies with some men to speak effectually.

**CURE FOR LOVE.**—Hide in a closet half a dozen times, and listen to the conversation which takes place between a couple who have been married one year; while they think themselves entirely alone.



