

# The Weekly Journal.

Volume 3.

CHICOPEE, MASS., SATURDAY NOVEMBER 24, 1855.

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## POETRY.

### JUDGE NOT.

Judge not; the workings of his brain  
And of his heart thou canst not see;  
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,  
In God's pure light may only be  
A scar brought from some well won field,  
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.  
The look, the air, that frets thy sight,  
May be a token that below  
The soul has closed in deadly fight  
With some internal fiery foe,  
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,  
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!  
The full thou dar'st despise,  
May be the slackened angel's hand  
Has suffered it, that lie may rise,  
And take a firmer, surer stand;  
Or, trusting less to earthly things,  
May henceforth learn to use his wings.  
And judge none lost, but wait and see  
With hopeful pity, not disdain;  
The depth of the abyss may rise,  
The measure of the height of pain,  
And love and glory that may raise  
The soul to God in after days!

### TWO NEPHEWS.

At the parlor window of a pretty village near Walton on Thames, sat one evening at dusk, an old man and a young woman. The age of the man might be some seventy; while his companion had certainly not reached nineteen. Her beautiful, blooming face, and active, light and upright figure, were in strong contrast with the worn countenance and bent frame of the old man; but his eye, and in the corners of his mouth were indications of a gay self-confidence, which age and suffering had damped, but not extinguished.  
"No use looking any more, Mary," said he, "neither John Meade nor Peter Finch will be here before dark. Very hard that, when a sick uncle asks his two nephews to come and see him, they can't come at once. The duty is simple in the extreme—only to help me to die, and take what I choose to leave them in my will. Pooh! when I was a young man, I'd have done it for my uncle with the utmost cheerfulness. But the world is getting quite heartless!"  
"Oh, sir!" said Mary, "mean?"  
"And what does 'oh, sir!' mean?" said he. "Dye think I shan't die? I know better. A little more, and there'll be an end to old Billy Collett. He will have left this dirty world for a cleaner one to the great sorrow (and advantage) of his affectionate relatives! Ugh. Give me a glass of the doctor's stuff!"  
The girl poured some medicine into a glass, and Collett, after having contemplated it for a moment, with infinite disgust, managed to get it down.  
"I tell you what, Miss Mary Sutton," said he, "I don't by any means approve of your 'oh, sir,' and 'dear sir,' and the rest of it, when I've told you how I hate to be called 'sir' at all. Why, you couldn't be more respectful if you were a charity girl and I a bundle in a gold laced hat. None of your nonsense, Mary Sutton, if you please. I've been your lawful guardian now for six months, and you ought to know my likings and dislikes."  
"My poor father often told me how much you disliked ceremony," said Mary.  
"Your poor father told you quite right," said Mr. Collett. "Fred Sutton was a man of talent—a capital fellow! His only fault was a natural inability to keep a farthing in his pocket. Poor Fred! He loved me—I'm sure he did. He bequeathed me his only child—and it isn't every friend who would do all that."  
"A kind and generous protector you have been."  
"Well, I don't know; I've tried not to be a brute, but I dare say I have been. Don't I speak roughly to you sometimes. Haven't I given you good, prudent, worldly advice about John Meade, and made myself quite disagreeable, and like a guard-dog. Come, confess you love this peevish nephew of mine."  
"Penniless, indeed!" said Mary.  
"Ah, there it is!" said Mr. Collett. "And what business has a poor devil of an artist to fall in love with my ward. And what business has my ward to fall in love with a poor devil of an artist? But that's Fred Sutton's daughter all over. Haven't I two nephews? Why couldn't you fall in love with the discreet one—the thriving one? Peter Finch, considering he's an attorney—is a worthy young man. He is industrious in the extreme, and attends to other people's business only when

he's paid for it. He despises sentiment, and always looks to the main chance. But John Meade, my dear Mary, may spoil canvas forever and not grow rich. He is all for art, and truth, and social reform, and spiritual elevation, and the Lord knows what. Peter Finch will ride in his carriage and splash poor John Meade as he trudges along on foot."

The harangue was here interrupted by a ring at the door, and Mr. Peter Finch was announced. He had scarcely taken his seat when another pull at the bell was heard, and Mr. John Meade was announced.

Mr. Collett eyed his two nephews with a queer sort of a smile, while they made speeches expressive of sorrow at their visit.

At last, stopping them,  
Enough, boys, enough," said he. "Let us find some better subject to discuss than the state of an old man's health. I want to know a little more about you both. I haven't seen much of you up to the present time; and, for any thing I know, you may be rogues or fools."

John Meade, rather wincing under this address, but Peter Finch sat calm and confident.

"To put a case now," said Mr. Collett, "this morning a poor wretch of a gardener came begging here. He could get no work it seems, and said he was starving. Well, I knew something about the fellow, and I believe he only told the truth, and I gave him a shilling to get rid of him. Now, I am afraid I did wrong. What reason had I for giving him a shilling? What claim had he on me? The value of his labor in the market is all that a laboring man has a right to, and when his labor is of no value, why, then he must go to the devil or wherever else he can. Eh, Peter? That's my philosophy—what do you think?"

"I quite agree with you, sir," said Mr. Finch, "perfectly agree with you. The value of his labor in the market is all that a working man has a right to pretend to—all that they should have. Nothing extra more pernicious than the absurd extraneous support, called charity."

"Hear, hear," said Mr. Collett. "You are a clever fellow, Peter. Go on, my dear boy, go on."

"What results from charitable aid?" continued Peter. "The value of labor is kept at an unnatural level. State charity is state robbery; private charity is public wrong."

"That's it, Peter!" said Mr. Collett. "What do you think of our philosophy, John?"

"I don't like it! I don't believe it!" said John. "You were quite right to give the man a shilling; I'd have given it to him, myself."

"Oh, you would—would you?" said Mr. Collett. "You are very generous with your shillings. Would you fly in the face of all orthodox political economy, you vandal?"

"Yes," said John, "as the vandals flew into Rome and destroyed what had become a falsehood and a nuisance!"

"Poor John!" said Mr. Collett. "We shall never make anything of him, Peter. Really, we'd better talk of something else. John, tell us about the last new novel."

They conversed on various topics until the arrival of the invalid's early bed-time parted uncle and nephews for the night.

Mary Sutton seized an opportunity the next morning after breakfast, to speak with John Meade alone.

"John," said she, "do think more of your own interest—of our interest. What occasion for you to be so violent last night, and contradict Mr. Collett so shockingly? I saw Peter Finch laughing to himself—John, you must be more careful, or we shall never be married."

"Well, my dear Mary, I'll do my best," said John. "It was that confounded Peter, with his chain of iron maxims that made me fly out. I am not an ice-berg, Mary."

"But an ice-berg floats—think of that, John. Remember—every time you offend Mr. Collett, you please Mr. Finch."

"So do I," said John. "Yes, I'll remember that."

"If you would only try to be a little wiser and hard hearted," said Mary, "just a little to begin with. You would only stoop to conquer, John—and you deserve to conquer."

"May I gain my deserts, then," said John. "And are you not to be my loving wife, Mary? Are you not to sit at needle work in my studio, while I paint my great historical picture? How can this come to pass if Mr. Collett will do nothing for us?"

"Ah, how indeed!" said Mary. "But here's our friend, Peter Finch, coming through the gate from his walk. I leave you together."

"What, Meade!" said Peter Finch, as he entered, "skulking in doors on a fine morning like this. I've been through all the village. Not an ugly place, but wants looking after sadly—Roads shamefully muddy. Pigs allowed to walk on the foot-path."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed John.

"I say—you come out pretty strong last night," said Peter. "Quite defied the old man. But I like your spirit."

"I have no doubt you do," thought John.

"Oh, when I was a youth, I was a little that way myself," said Peter. But, the world, the world, my dear sir, soon cures us of all romantic notions. I regret, of course, to see poor people miserable, but what is the use of regretting? It's no part of the business of superior classes to interfere with the laws of supply and demand; poor people must be miserable. What can't be cured must be endured."

"That is to say," returned John, "what we can't cure they must endure."

"Exactly so," said Peter.

Mr. Collett this day was too ill to leave his bed. About noon he requested to see his nephews in his bedroom. They found him propped up by pillows, looking very weak, but in good spirits as usual.

"Well, boys," said he, "here I am, you see, brought to an anchor at last. The doctor will be here soon, I suppose, to shake his head and write receipts. Humbug, my boys! Patients can do as much for themselves, I believe, as doctors can do for them; they're all in the dark together—the only difference is that the patients grope in English, and the doctors grope in Latin."

"You are too skeptical, sir," said John Meade.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Collett. "Let us change the subject. I want your advice, Peter and John, on a matter that concerns your interests—I'm going to make my will to-day—and I don't know how to act about your cousin, Emma Briggs. Emma disgraced us by marrying an oil-man."

"An oil-man," exclaimed John.

"A vulgar, shocking oil-man!" said Mr. Collett. "A wretch who not only sold oil, but soap, candles, turpentine, blacklead, and birch brooms. It was a dreadful blow to our family. Her poor grandmother never got over it, and a maiden aunt turned Methodist in despair. Well, Briggs, the oil-man, died last week, it seems, and his widow has written to me for assistance. Now, I have thought of leaving her a hundred a year in my will. What do you think of it? I'm afraid she doesn't deserve it. What right had she to marry against the advice of her friends? What have I to do with her misfortunes?"

"My mind is quite made up," said Peter Finch, "no notice ought to be taken of her. She made an obstinate and unworthy match—and let her abide the consequences."

"Now for your opinion, John," said Mr. Collett.

"Upon my word, I think I must say the same," said John Meade, bracing himself up boldly for the part of the worldly man.

"What right had she to marry—as you observed with great justice, sir? Let her abide the consequences—as you very properly remark, Finch? Don't she carry on the oil-man's business? I dare say it will support her very well."

"Why, no," said Mr. Collett, "Briggs died a bankrupt, and his widow and children are left destitute."

"That does not alter the question," said Peter Finch. "Let Briggs' family do something for her."

"To be sure," said Mr. Collett. "Briggs' family are the people to do something for her. She must not expect anything from us, must she, John?"

"Destitute, is she?" said John. "Why this is another case, sir. You surely ought to notice her—to assist her. Consider something was coming for her had a pernickler way of looking round when he was

hundred a year."

"Oh, John, what a break down," said Mr. Collett. "So you were trying to follow Peter Finch through stony Arabia, and turned back at the second step. Here's a brave traveler for you, Peter—John keep to your Arabia Felix and leave sterner ways to very different men. I've no voice to talk any more. I'll think over all you have said."

He pressed their hands, and they left the room. The old man was too weak to speak the next day, and in three days after that he calmly breathed his last.

As soon as the funeral was over, the will was read by the confidential man of business, who had always attended to Mr. Collett's affairs. The group that sat around him preserved a decorous appearance of disinterestedness, and the usual preamble to the will having been listened to with breathless attention, the man of business read the following in a clear voice:

"I bequeath to my niece, Emma Briggs, notwithstanding she shocked her family by marrying an oil-man, the sum of four thousand pounds, being fully persuaded that her lost dignity, if she could even find it again, would do nothing to provide her with food or shelter."

John Meade smiled, and Peter Finch ground his teeth—but in a quiet, respectable manner.

"Having always held the opinion that a woman should be rendered a rational and independent being—and having duly considered the fact that society practically denies her the right of earning her own living—I hereby bequeath to Mary Sutton, the only child of my only friend, Frederick Sutton, the sum of ten thousand pounds, which may enable her to marry, or not, as she may prefer."

John Meade gave a prodigious start upon hearing this, and Peter Finch ground his teeth again—but in a manner hardly respectable. Both, however, by a violent effort, kept silent.

"I have paid some attention to the character of my nephew, John Meade, and having been grieved to find him possessed with a feeling of philanthropy, and with a general preference for whatever is base and false. As these tendencies are by no means such as can advance him in the world, I bequeath him the sum of ten thousand pounds—hoping that he will thus be kept out of the workhouse, and be enabled to paint his great historical picture, which as yet, he has only talked about."

"As for my other nephew, Peter Finch, he views all things in so sagacious and selfish a way, and is so certain to get on in life, that I should only insult him by offering an aid which he does not require, yet from his affectionate uncle, and entirely as a testimony of admiration for his mental acuteness, I venture to hope that he will accept a bequest of five hundred pounds towards the completion of his extensive library of law books."

How Peter Finch stormed and called names—how John Meade broke into a delirium of joy—how Mary Sutton cried first, and then laughed, and then cried and then laughed together, all these matters I shall not attempt to describe. Mary Sutton is now Mrs. John Meade, and her husband has actually begun the great historical picture. Peter Finch has taken to discounting bills and bringing actions on them, and drives about in his brougham already.—Household Words.

### HEZEKIAH BEDOT.

[From Advanced Sheets of the Widow Bedot Papers, edited by Alice B. Neal, to be published by Derby, in a few days. 12mo.]

He was a wonderful hand to moralize, husband was, specially after he began to enjoy poor health. He made an observation once when he was in one of his poor turns, that I never shall forget the longest day I live. He says to me one winter evening, as we was a settin' by the fire—I was a knittin' (I was always a wonderful great knitter,) and he was a smokin' (he was a master hand to smoke, though the doctor used to tell he'd be better off to let tobacco alone; when he was well, he used to take his pipe and smoke a spell after he'd got the chores done up, and when he wasn't well, used to smoke the biggest part of the time.) Well, he took his pipe out of his mouth, and turned toward me, and I knowed something was comin', for he had a pernickler way of lookin' round when he was

gwine to say anything uncommon. Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly," (my name was Prissilly nat'fally, but he generally called me "Silly," 'cause 'twas handier, you know.) Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly," and he looked pretty solemn, I tell you—he had a solemn countenance nat'fally—and after he got to be deacon 'twas more so, but since he'd lost his health he looked sollower than ever, and cert'ly you wouldn't wonder at it if you knowed how much he underwent."

He was troubled with a wonderful pain in his chest, and amazin' weakness in the spine of his back, besides the pleurisy in his side, and havin' the eger a considerable part of the time, and bein' broke of his rest o' nights, 'cause he was so put to't for breath when he laid down. Why, its an unaccountable fact that when that man died, he hadn't seen a well day in fifteen year, though, when he was married, and for five or six years after, I shouldn't desire to see a ruggedder man than what he was. But the time I'm speakin' of he'd been out of health high upon ten year, and O dear sakes! how he had altered since the first time I ever see him! That was to a quill-in' to Squire Smith's a spell afore Sally was married. I'd no idee then that Sal Smith was gwine to Sam Pendergrass. She'd ben keepin' company with Mose Hewett for better'n a year, and everybody said that was a settled thing, and lo and behold! all of a sudden she up and took Sam Pendergrass."

Well, that was the first time I ever see my husband, and if any body'd a told me then that I should ever marry him, I should a said—but lawful sakes! I most forgot, I was gwine to tell you what he said to me that evenin', and when a body begins to tell a thing I believe in finishin' on't some time or other. Some folks have a way of talkin' round and round for evermore, and never comin' to the pint. Now, there's Mrs. Jenkins, she that was Poll Bingham afore she was married, she is the tejestest individual to tell a story that ever I see in my born days. But I was a gwine to tell you what husband said. Says he me, says he, "Silly," says I, "What?" I didn't say "What, Hezekiah!" for I didn't like his name. The first time I ever heard it, I near killed myself a laffin. "Hezekiah Bedot," says I, "well, I would give it up if I had such a name," but then, you know I had no more idee of 'marryin' the feller than you have this minnit of marryin' the governor."

I s'pose you think its curus we should a named our oldest son Hezekiah. Well, we done it to please father and mother Bedot—it's father Bedot's name, and he and mother Bedot both thought that names had ought to go down from generation to generation. But we always called him Kier, you know. Speakin' of Kier, he's a blessin', ain't he? and I ain't the only one that thinks so, I guess. Now, don't you never tell nobody that I said so, but between you and me, I rather guess that if Kate Kezler Winkle thinks that if she is a gwine to ketch Kier Bedot, she is a leetle out in her reckonin'. But I was gwine to tell you what husband said. He says to me, says he, "Silly," I says, says I, "What?" If I didn't say "what" when he said "Silly," he'd a kept on sayin' "Silly," from time to eternity. He always did, because, you know, he wanted me to pay pertikular attention, and I generally did; no woman was ever more attentive to her husband than what I was."

Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly," says I, "What?" though I had no idee what he was gwine to say—didn't know but what 'twas somethin' about his sufferings, though he wa'n't ap to complain, tho' he frequently used to remark that he wouldn't wish his worst enemy to suffer one minit as he did all the time, but that can't be called grumblin'—think it can?—Why, I have seen him in situations when he'd a thought no mortal could a helped grumblin', but he didn't. He and me went once in the dead of 'winter, in a one-horse sleigh, out to Boonville, to see a sister of hisen. You know the snow is amazin' deep in that section of the kentry. Well, the boss got stuck in one of them are flamber-gasted snow banks; there we sot, onable to stir, and to cap all, while we was a sittin' there, husband was took with a dretful crick in his back. Now, that was what I call a pernickler, don't you?"

Most men would a swore, but husband didn't. He only said, says he, "Consarn it!"

But did he get out, did you ask?—Why, he might a been sittin' there to this day fur as I know, if there hadn't a happened to come along a mess of men in a double team, and they hysted us out. But I was gwine to tell you that obsefation of hisen. Says he to me, says he, "Silly," (I could see by the light of the fire—there didn't happen to be no candle burnin', if I don't disremember, though my memory is some times rather forgetful, but I know we wa'n't apt to burn candles, exceptin' when we had company) I could see by the light of the fire that his mind was uncommon solemnized. Says he to me, says he, "Silly," I says to him, says I, "What?" He says to me, says he, "We're all poor critters!"

### A PROCLAMATION

FOR A DAY OF  
Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

As states are but aggregates in individuals, to concentrate the powers and render uniform the action of society, the impulses of human nature attach to them, and it is meet that the instincts of a people's gratitude should find expression through their instrumentality.

At this season, when the teeming earth returns an almost unparalleled reward to the wearied reapers; when Massachusetts has been preserved from that pestilence that God has permitted to decimate other portions of our land; when the horrors of war demand of its only the deepest sympathy with those who suffer them; when heaven has filled our cup as individuals and as a nation with such unnumbered blessings, it is fitting that the song of thanksgiving, notes of praise, and the words of grateful prayer, should ascend to the Giver of every good.

I do, therefore, with the advice and consent of the council, appoint THURSDAY, the TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF NOVEMBER next, as a day of public thanksgiving, praise, and prayer.

The citizens of our commonwealth are requested to then assemble in their several places of religious worship, to meditate upon the blessings and mercies of the closing year, and to unite in prayer and praise to their Gracious Author.

It is proper that the day be devoted, among other things, in the language of the constitution of Massachusetts, to "sincerity, good humor, and all the social affection and generous sentiments among the people." Let the great primary of kindred and home be strengthened; and the recollections of youth freshened, and the paternal hearth witness, in the children's return; a realization of the parents' instructions and prayers.

Let us be grateful that the great forces of air, land and sea, have been so balanced and disposed, and the vicissitudes of day and night, the rain and the sun, so tempered, that health has blessed our people, and plenty our fields;

That the skill of the artisan, the enterprise of the fisherman, and the perils of those who go down upon the great waters, have been crowned with abundant success;

That our nation has been preserved in external and internal peace, and its citizens have enjoyed, in such full measure, domestic and social happiness;

That we can point to the splendor of the memories of that nation's past, and also to the grandeur of its future hopes, whose destiny it is vouchsafed us to advance and to share;

That the Church, the Bible and the School have been blessed in their holy work of warming the hearts, quickening the affections, and enlightening the intellects of our people.

On this day let us thank God, with reverential joy, as those who believe in the predominance of good over evil, and with generous hopes, as those assured of the eternal victory of truth over error. And let us also pray

That the holy religion of our fathers may not be sapped by the infidelities and rationalism, born of this too material and philosophical age;

That the humbler virtues, the simpler elements of character—morality, sincerity, prudence, moderate desires, and the more quiet enjoyments and ambitions of life, may be cultivated and prevail among our people;

That in the hardy soil of New England, and amid the restless activity of our peo-



ple, the more generous charities and noble philanthropies may still take root, blossom, and bear fruit;

That while to us, as a nation, temporal blessings have been granted in such affluent store, spiritual riches may accompany and hallow them;

That vital christianity may more and more exhibit its power, to correct the errors and to control the passions of mankind;

That the approaching winter may be tempered to the poor and friendless;

That to those whom God hath given abundance may also be vouchsafed hearts willing and desirous of bestowing freely upon the needy and destitute;

And that our nation may become a righteous nation, our people a holy people, and our land a land of temperance, prudence, piety and peace.

Given at the council chamber, in Boston, this twenty-third day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, and of the Independence of the United States the eightieth.

By his excellency the governor, with the advice of the council.

HENRY GARDNER,  
E. M. Watson, secretary.

God save the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

## The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, Nov. 24, 1855

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

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

### THE NEXT CONGRESS.

The result of the choice of officers for the next national house of representatives, will be almost a sure indication of the manner in which the Reader question will be decided. If the northern know nothing members vote right, then all will be well. We have no fears as to the course of Trafton and Chaffee, of this state; but it is impossible to tell what the "American" members from New York, and other states, will do. We shall not be surprised if a portion of them are found voting with the southern know nothings for pro-slavery candidates. "Vous verrez."

The Tribune has the following sensible article upon the subject:

"A Washington correspondent writes us in forcible advocacy of the claims of Hon. William Cullom of Tennessee to the clerkship of the next House. The country does not forget Mr. Cullom's earnest and uncompromising hostility to the Nebraska bill, nor that he failed of a re-election solely because of that honorable and patriotic course. We shall hear of Mr. Cullom's election to the clerkship with sincere gratification, provided he is presented as a candidate on grounds which do not war with our convictions. Mr. Cullom was last run as the "American" candidate, and is doubtless a member of the 'order'; if he sees fit to be put forward as its candidate, he must look to the 'order' for his support. But if he and his friends see fit to unite in organizing the House either on the ground of hostility to the Douglas-and-Pierce repudiation of the Missouri compact, or on that of general opposition to the Pierce dynasty and its policy, the republican members, we have reason to believe, will meet them on that ground, unite in the selection of candidates for speaker, clerk, &c., and in electing those candidates when fairly nominated, without asking who are and who are not "Americans," "republicans," or "live whigs"; but whoever undertakes to get elected by working in the Whitney harness and getting nominated in a know-nothing caucus, calculating that the republicans will be obliged to support candidates whom they had no voice in nominating, will be pretty surely disappointed."

We speak thus frankly to the friends of Mr. Cullom, as to those of Mr. Mace, Mr. Banks, and other members elect who have been proposed for speaker. We have no personal objection to any of them, and no decided preference for one over another.

We want to see the House organized in opposition to Pierce and Douglas, and to this end insist that all whose votes are required to elect anti-Nebraska officers of the House shall be allowed a fair and equal voice in their nomination. This is simple justice; it is demanded by every consideration of fair dealing and of self-respect on the part of the republicans. You say, Messrs. "Americans," that you are a majority of the opposition members; but you will not pretend that you can succeed without the aid of those anti-Nebraska members who are not know-nothings. You must have the aid of the republicans or fail; and you can have it on terms of equality and no other. Give us no "dark lantern" dodges, but an open and fair meeting of all sections of the opposition to nominate candidates; and then, if you are as strong as you suppose, you will be able to nominate from your own ranks, unless you find men that suit you better in ours. But if you attempt to nominate by a know-nothing caucus, from which the republicans are excluded, you will certainly fail, probably throw the organization into the Douglasites, and draw down on your own heads the execrations of a betrayed and astounded constituency, who will not fail to see that your selfishness and rapacity have gone far to ruin the cause of freedom for Kansas. Beware!

An Irishman complained of his physician that he studied him so with drugs, that he was sick after he got well.

### CHICOPEE NEWS.

We are going to rest next week, and consequently, the Journal will rest also until the week after. We are tired, want to have some time to ourselves, and will have it, if the paper goes to—Halifax! Excuse this bluntness of speech, but we have to do ten hours work at setting type every day, and edit beside, with the "devil" at one side screaming for "copy."—Mrs. Dusenbury at the other, making inquiries concerning the moral condition of the people in the moon.—Mr. Humbug in the rear, soliciting a "puff" for a new and "valuable" map of Shutesbury and Goshen.—and Mr. Bloat directly in front, swearing about a "basely slanderous editorial" which appeared some time in the Journal. But, during the whole of next week, we can say, with Holmes:

"Oh! gloomy specter of the shrouded past! Fly with the leaves that filled the autumn blast!"

The Rev. Mr. Pettes will give a lecture at the Unitarian church on Sunday (tomorrow) evening, Nov. 25, at 7 o'clock, precisely. Subject: Home Life. If stormy, the lecture will be postponed.

We have been requested to say that there will be services at the Unitarian church on thanksgiving day, to commence punctually at 11 o'clock a. m.

Titus Chapin, Jr., son of Titus Chapin, Esq. of Chicopee street, starts for Kansas next week. His father tells him not to return with a bullet in his back. Good for "Uncle Tite!"

The fall term of the schools in this town closed last Saturday. The examinations indicated that we have accomplished teachers and first rate schools.

It becomes our painful duty to announce the death of Albert Seymour, a member of Atlantic Co. No. 2. His complaint was typhoid fever—caused by standing, with his brother firemen, several hours in Chicopee river at the late fire in Chicopee Falls. He is the second victim of that morning's noble work. The funeral was at the Methodist church, Thursday forenoon, and was attended by the Atlantic and Pacific companies, in full uniform.

Miss Esmond's readings, on Thursday eve, were excellent; and besides, she is young and good looking. We noticed a bewitching smile on her countenance while she was conversing with friend Hall. Perhaps the accomplished lady thought him an unmarried man.

We are glad to learn that the Atlantic Engine Co., of this village, are to give a ball in Exchange Hall, on thanksgiving evening. From the course the company has taken heretofore, in the management of their parties, and in the selection of music, we bespeak them a happy time and a good attendance. The music will be furnished by Messrs. Grosvenor & Bond, (of the celebrated band known here, and every where, as "Giffin's Band," who have secured the services of Mr. G. C. Ross, of Providence, R. I., to play the harp for the occasion.

Edward Ryan, of this village, received a present from his wife a few days since, in the shape of a pair of twins—a boy and a girl, weighing nine pounds each, and looking as bright and handsome as new gold dollars.

Robert T. Trip informs us that between three and four dollars were stolen from him a few days since. Robert! if you do not wish to lose money, you should be more circumspect!

Mr. Shattuck, of this village, gave an amusing exhibition in Cabot Hall on Wednesday evening, consisting of scenes in ventriloquism, with automaton men, &c., concluding with a pig hunt; but, unfortunately for Mr. Shattuck's pocket, the pig would not run, and therefore was caught with ease.

Two families started from Chicopee for Iowa, on Wednesday morning—Henry Denslow and wife, and Allen Record, with his "better half."

Those who are anxious to hear the Lyceum lectures during the coming winter should provide themselves with tickets immediately, as the number is limited, and there will probably be a great rush for them. We invite attention to the following, from the Nantucket Mirror:

POPULAR LECTURES.—In a republic, where a general diffusion of knowledge among the masses is desirable, where the safety and perpetuity of the government must ever be based on intelligence and virtue, the various facilities for diffusing useful knowledge among the people, are each so many instrumentalities for the promotion of the public good. In age like the present, these facilities are rapidly increasing—an increase which is not only salutary in its results, but certain in its steady advancement. A truly progressive people, as we of New England claim to be, however, are not easily satisfied with any of these instrumentalities. We wish the combined influence of all. The school may give us elementary principles, strengthen and educate the mind, indeed furnish what the mind in its juvenile stage may need, but at a certain period its influence must cease. Though we may in a certain sense become students for

life, we can not long enjoy the benefits of a regular course in these nurseries of intelligence and good order.

Leaving these, the next accessible means of acquiring information, may be found in our libraries, and in the circulation of magazines and newspapers, which are now exerting so potent an influence in molding the public mind. But there are those in every community who, from excessive employments, or from other causes, find but little time to glean out the desired information from such a mass of reading matter as may be found at the "present day," who consequently must remain in comparative ignorance, unless it is presented in a more tangible form.

The popular lectures of modern times—an encouraging feature of the rapid progress and innovation of the last few years—probably promise more for the general instruction of society than is usually supposed. These lectures are fast becoming one of the staple wants of an enlightened community. But few villages in New England, and the more progressive of the western states, are now content to pass the winter without something that may be regarded as a course of lectures. In addition to the services of such men as may be found in nearly all communities, who can lecture on subjects of interest to the popular mind, some of the very best talent of the age is now engaged in instructing, on a grand scale, after having by patient thought and extensive research, prepared themselves for this admirable system of successful teaching. These are now in unusual demand, and are at this time traveling in various sections of the Union, doing more, probably, to mold the public mind and control the public taste, than they can do in any other department of labor. In addition to the results of such lectures, considered in reference to mental culture, it might be difficult to estimate their influence in diverting the young, and indeed the more susceptible of all classes, from various injurious amusements, which are often indulged in from a kind of necessity, in the absence of anything beside, in which to spend a leisure hour.

But the most cheering feature of this entertainment for popularizing knowledge, is that designed to bring these within the reach of the poorer classes. Benevolent individuals in Boston, and elsewhere, have been recently engaged in securing, in addition to the ordinary lectures, a cheaper course, for those unable to attend under other circumstances. These courses are cheaper, not so much in regard to the character of the lectures and the position of the lecturers, as to the ease with which those in the ordinary walks of life can gain access to their advantages. The wealthy can always command advantages of this kind, but by such an arrangement, the day laborer may enjoy most of the privileges of his more fortunate neighbors.

POLICE COURT.—BEFORE JUDGE WHITAKER.—Barney McCann, for drunkenness. Plead guilty, and fined \$3 and costs, which he paid.—Wm. Fay, for false pretenses Discharged.—Thomas McCasley, for stealing sleepers belonging to the Con. R. R. Plead guilty, and was sentenced to the house of correction for 6 months.—Catharine McKear, for selling liquor—two complaints—discharged on both.—Horace Tarbox, for drunkenness. Plead guilty, and was fined \$3 and costs, which he paid, and was discharged.—Peter A. Corbin, for drunkenness; fined \$3 and costs; paid up, and was discharged.

For the Weekly Journal.

MR. EDITOR.—From a notice of the course of lectures which we are to have this winter, which appears in the *Republican* to-day, my attention has been called to this fact, viz: that the committee seem to have pursued a somewhat different plan from that of last year; and I think a very much better one. Lions were the order of the day last winter, and the curious and big names of Barnum and Cassius M. Clay, served to draw. This year, with the exception of JOHN P. HALE, I notice no persons on the list where the name seems to have been looked after, in this instance; there is something behind the name. The rest of the list are men who are sure to lecture well, and I agree with the *Republican*, that each one is "above the common average." So we shall be sure to have no failures, and I hope as a consequence, shall be sure to have a generous response to the efforts of the committee to furnish a rich intellectual treat. Yours truly,

A LECTURE-GIVER.  
Chicopee, Nov. 22d, 1855.

For the Weekly Journal.

CORRECTION.  
The testimony of Mr. L. S. Coe before the selectmen of this town, against the claim of Mr. D. S. Shaw to be a voter here, has been the cause of some talk, to say nothing of certain grave charges touching veracity, and as the matter has come to be unraveled, showing both parties free from intended wrong, it seems but just that the explanation be made somewhat public.

Mr. Coe stated, in substance, that Mr. Shaw said he was about to move out of town—wanted to sell some furniture, and that Mr. C. bought some of the furniture, &c. &c. Mr. Coe now recollects that it was Mr. William Denison with whom he had the conversation, of whom he bought the furniture. "All right."

PEACE-MAKER.  
Chicopee, Nov. 23, 1855.

### Tower's Elements of Grammar.

We are not surprised that school teachers look with suspicion upon new books; but among the sands of California there are some grains of gold. So among the school books that are manufactured, there are some of real value. Among this latter class, we would place the book before us.

Who does not remember those dreary, unmeaning lessons, called parsing, when we talked of verbs and nouns, with not one half the accuracy of parrots?—sure only of this—to call every noun a verb, and every verb a noun, and strangely mixing up the nominative case and the indicative mood? We recollect, in a high school, to have heard a scholar parse *see* as a noun in the third person singular, adjective case, and governed by *but*, and then gave as the rule:—Prepositions govern the objective case! What is the use of such study? It has never been our good luck to find a child who liked the study of grammar. It is quite possible we never shall. But if that result is ever reached, we think books like this must pave the way. We commend these Elements to the careful examination of school committees and teachers. The work is intended for beginners. We submit the question whether it might not be made the basis of exercises with our average grammar and "high school" scholars, which would be far more interesting and profitable than the usual parsing.

How it Looks to Us.

It must be evident to the people of the north, as well as south, that two great questions must come before the people, to be decided by the next presidential election. These questions are the American and anti-slavery. Now, if we can unite these in every state, the success of both is certain, but if we can not, the defeat of both, and the triumph of the administration, is sure.

Then what shall we do? Will the friends of freedom be divided, and run after a nest of political gamblers, or will they unite with their American brothers, and secure the much desired end, and thus settle these dangerous issues which begin to shake the timbers of the republic.—*Springfield American.*

Brother Dewey, the state of the case is just here:—Should the American party, at the next presidential election, nominate an anti-slavery candidate—such a man as Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, or some one equally reliable upon the great question—the members of the republican party will support him. But they will not vote for any man who is not sound upon the "goose question." By the way, we wish to ask you a question: If the American party selects a pro-slavery man, or dough-face, for its standard bearer, will you support him?

Norman S. Barnes, of the Pittsfield Medical College, has accepted an appointment as a surgeon of a regiment in the Russian army, for three years, and sails soon to enter upon it.—*Exchange.*

Yes! and he is soon to marry "Kate Cameron," who has written so many fine poems for the Journal. If "Kate" accompanies Dr. B. to Russia, we hope she will give our respects to czar Alexander, and bring back a lock of Gortchakoff's hair.

THE HOLYOKE MIRROR.—Mr. Hildreth has disposed of his interest in this establishment to Messrs. Lilley & Pratt. James K. Mills, Esq. of Holyoke succeeds Mr. H. in the chair-editorial, and, we believe, will fill it much more gracefully. "What is wealth, compared with gifts of the mind?" Do not be offended, brother Hildreth.

### INDIA.

The mortality resulting from snakes in the Scinde is said to be frightful. Deaths from this cause, taken in conjunction with the slaughter occasioned by the wolves in the Punjab, amounting to about twice as much again, and the destruction in a few months of thirteen men by tigers at Singapore, says the Bombay Times, impresses the mind more forcibly with the fact of the existence of a scanty and helpless population than a folio of statistical tables.—Here we have men still battling with the beasts for the possession of the earth—the wolf feeding his cubs and provisioning his den from the cottage cradle—the husbandman laid dead, as he goes forth to cultivate his fields, by the bite of a reptile scarcely thicker than his finger or longer than his arm. At the battle of Mance we had 62 killed and 200 wounded; at Dubba our casualties amounted to 370 killed and wounded, 40 of these having fallen. The snakes commit more slaughter in a year than was incurred by us altogether in two of the hardest fought battles that occurred in India for a century, and which "aided a province fertile as India to our dominions." That these things must have gone on in the Ameer's reign for unlimited periods, unnoticed, may be taken for granted. Now that they have become known to us, no time should be lost or efforts spared in endeavoring to mitigate a mischief obviously capable of destruction.—[Selected by the N. Y. Evening Post.

DR. ROGERS' SYRUP OF LIVERWORT, TAR AND CASCARAGUA.—This unrivaled expectorant, prepared without the use of opium, is daily effecting the most remarkable cures of bronchitis, influenza, and other forms of lung diseases. It is prompt in its action, always safe, and may be given with perfect confidence to the youngest child or the most delicate female. It is for sale by druggists everywhere.

### METHODISM IN TEXAS.

A letter in the New York Observer has the following relative to the Methodists in Texas:

No man can but be profoundly impressed with the excellence and usefulness of the Methodist church, when he sees what it has effected in this new state. It has canvassed every acre of Texas with its preachers, and has done immense good towards organizing Christian society, and repressing the immortality so common in a new state. God bless the great Methodist church! No man admires and rejoices in its labor more than I do, though dissenting from many of its doctrines and practices. It is the most numerous church in Texas. The Cumberland is probably the next in size; then the Baptist, the Presbyterian, and the Episcopal. The same writer calculates that each fall and winter adds 200,000 souls to the population of Texas, embracing now an aggregate of 600,000. Of these, 50,000 are Germans. Much is being done for education, both in founding colleges and common schools.

INTERMARRIAGES.—Block Island is so isolated from the rest of the world, that the intermarriages of those more or less nearly related by blood are more common than elsewhere. The consequences have been very unfavorable in the physical condition of the inhabitants. The last Providence Journal mentions the death, at that place, of Mrs. Nancy Dodge, wife of John F. Dodge, leaving three deaf and dumb sons. A great proportion of the inmates of the asylums for the deaf and dumb, the blind, and the idiotic, are found to be the product of the intermarriage of cousins.

One of the daughters of a wealthy planter of Telfair county, Ga., a few weeks since, eloped with a man of bad character, during the temporary absence of her father, and the runaway couple were married the same evening. Returning next day in a buggy through the woods, the bridegroom was shot and fatally wounded by some person in the bushes, and the bride appeared before a magistrate and made oath that she believed her father had shot her husband, as he had frequently threatened to do so, if she went away with him.

SPIRITUALISM.—The spiritualists of Buffalo, N. Y., have purchased the Methodist chapel on Michigan street for \$5,500. The Troy Whig estimates the number of spiritualists in that city at 1,200, embracing, it says, "many of our leading citizens—men of worth and intellect, who deduce their belief from philosophical and liberal reasoning, and are by no means to be identified with the fanatics who are always ready to embrace any new theory."

AN ECONOMIC GOVERNMENT.—The state of Vermont, with a population of over 300,000, pays about \$150,000 per annum for all the expenses of government, or less than fifty cents per head for her people. She owed at the close of her last fiscal year \$48,038, and had funds to balance this sum to the amount of \$59,352. There was in her treasury at the year's end—\$16,702, and her annual expenses had been \$153,127.

The Warsaw (Mo.) Democrat has the following:

"We strike the names of two of our subscribers from our books this week, who have recently been hung in Texas. We do this because we are not advised, as yet, of their present locality. We shall take pleasure in sending the Democrat to their address as soon as we hear from them."

THE EMIGRANT AID COMPANY.—Meetings in behalf of the objects of this company are being held in Connecticut. In Hartford, \$4000 have been contributed, and the amount will probably be increased. In New Haven, at the close of the meeting, \$500 were subscribed.

HONDURAS RAILROAD.—Letters from London announce that Sir Charles Fox and Dator Black of that city have contracted to build the proposed Honduras railroad, to connect the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, usually known as the scheme of Mr. Squiers.

In the course of eleven weeks, the Episcopalians of Rhode Island have laid the foundation of a new church at Olneyville, a suburb of Providence, reared the building, finished it, furnished, to the tower and the bell, and consecrated it to the worship of God; cost, 3,000; seats, 500.

CALIFORNIA.—From the 1st of January to the 1st of August, 1855, there were 320 murders and lynchings in the state of California. See his card in this paper.

NEW YORK CITY.—The valuation of New York city is but a trifle less than \$500,000,000.—about four times the amount of the state of Maine.

PIETRY IN LOWELL.—There are twenty-six churches and one thousand nine hundred and sixty church members in Lowell.

The sophomore class at Williams college, have formally buried the razor, and resolved to let their beards grow.

### From our New York Correspondent.

New York, November 20, 1855.

Besides the various religious denominations who have regularly their Sabbath day observances in our city, there are a number of associations organized upon bases more or less moral, who convene upon the same day. Conspicuous among them, is a large society of spiritualists, whom I looked in upon at a recent meeting in their lecture room on Broadway. At the hour appointed for opening the meeting, about three hundred persons had assembled, of whom perhaps one fourth were women. An unusually large proportion of the latter wore spectacles; several were in Bloomer costume; and all had the self-reliant look which strong minded ladies acquire in repeated struggles with masculine tyranny. Your true spiritualist is a hairy biped, renouncing the razor and scissors when he drops mundane for celestial affairs, and long beards abounded in the congregation. There was no singing, no praying, no appointed lecture—each one being at liberty to advance any thoughts he might have relating to spiritualism, as he felt moved by the inward spirit. After a few moments of deep silence, a loose jointed, flabby individual, with watery eyes and a thorough contempt for the king's English, rose and said, when he first began to attend the meeting he did not believe the statements of those who pretended to get dispatches from the spiritual world, but he had made it a subject of prayer, and had a dream which revealed to him that what he had heard was true. He then dove into the Bible in a loose sort of way, declaring it was a good book enough, if understood spiritually—but this no one he had met outside of himself did. He closed by suggesting that "truth was one steady thing, but error was always flopping about." He was followed by a German looking sort of fellow—was very severe upon the first speaker, because of his referring to the scriptures. He had read them for twenty years, and they had done him no good. What he cared for was facts, and he could not afford the time to hear preaching, and ended with a smart allusion to Balaam's ass. Then came a deep-eyed, mystical kind of man, who spoke vaguely and learnedly of the "incipient and external" states, "the sensual plan and the affectional plan"—dissected the patriarchs—found Moses was mistaken when he thought his prophetic inspiration came direct from God, and that the "man from Nazareth" erred in stating "he and his father were one." A tall woman, with a long hand, which would do fearful execution in the spanking line, then rose and demanded, in sepulchral voice, how far a medium was obliged to conform to the established rules of society. She, when in the clairvoyant state, had evils too dreadful for tongue to utter, resulting from sight seeing. She wished her limbs might be free, so that she might "skip from hill to hill, like the lamb." Her friends had informed her if she dressed according to her notions she would be "crucified." She "should do as she chose, or smother the light of truth in her aching bosom." To this, no answer was made, but an enthusiastic man, with bright eye, and a bland voice, closed the meeting by arguing his brothers and sisters to spread the glorious truth of spiritualism among their dying friends and neighbors, so that when we meet in the spirit world, no benighted spirit should reproach them with neglect. Here we all went out—I being strangely impressed with the belief that spiritualism is not yet to supplant our good old fashioned forms of religious belief, unless defended with more wisdom and common sense than was shown in the meeting, of which I have given a fair report.

The trial of Judge Stuart, on a charge of official bribery, is progressing. The prosecution rested their case yesterday, and the testimony looks hard against the accused.

A good story is told of one of our "nice young men," which may serve as a warning to romantic gentlemen who ride through tunnels on rail cars. Our young buck had taken a seat on a train to New Haven. Before reaching the long tunnel, he had quite fallen in love with a sweet Miss who sat facing him. She had noticed his glances of admiration, and, as it seemed to him, returned them. As the train slowly entered the dark arch-way, all he had heard and read of pleasant little adventures in rail-road cars came to mind, and he determined to imprint one kiss upon the ripe pointing lips of his neighbor, or perish in the attempt. So, after a moment of very natural hesitation, he groped forward in the darkness, and softly took a hand which, with his careful idea of locality, should belong to his vis-a-vis. It was soft, and allowed itself to be retained, and, oh ecstasy! seemed to return his fervent pressure. He bent forward, drew his unknown idol near, and pressed his burning lips upon—what do you think?—upon a well developed moustache, the property of the brother of the fair lady, who had taken a seat beside his sister after entering the tunnel.—"Imagine his phelinks," as the train emerged into day-light, he just releasing the hand of a party whom he found to be an old acquaintance, and who did not tell that story much on his return to town.

THE EUROPEAN SYSTEM OF HOTELS is rapidly becoming popular in this country.—Dooley's Merchant's Exchange Hotel, was the first in Boston, and its central location makes it the general resort of business men from all parts, saving them much time and expense. See his card in this paper.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.—In France the gigantic efforts of the government to carry on the war, seem to be redoubled.—Men, stores, material, surgeons, sisters of charity, all in enhanced number and amount, are proceeding to the east. The national spirit is up, and the game will be manfully played out.

THE PEAK FAMILY ("Bell Ringers,"") gave a first rate entertainment in Cabot Hall, last evening.







