

The Weekly Journal.

Volume 3.

CHICOPEE MASS., SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1856.

Number 44.

POETRY.

THE PRINTERS.

Horns for nature's noblemen,
The artists of the mind!
Hail! wielders of the mighty pen,
With every glory twined,
Whose thought soars freely to its God,
Unshackled, as he gave it,
The freeman's rule of freedom's sod,
As freemen long will have it,
Roll back the veil of many years,
The iron age just broken,
The spirit of a Faust appears,
To find out freedom's token,
A German, still unknown to fame,
Made Europe's wise men wonder,
As he who holds a dearer name,
Drew down the living thunder.
"Thy yours the mighty past to weave;
The record of all ages,
And still like brilliant suns revolve
Around the 'sphere's pages."
You whispered to Genoa's sun,
A deed that seemed gigantic,
And he a world of glory won,
Across the broad Atlantic.
"Thy yours to wake the Russian slave,
To rouse the noble German;
To tell Hibernia she is brave,
Downtrodden by priestly frown—
To breathe the records of the past
To men of heart and daring,
When Bormers threw to the blast
A banner worth the bearing.
Pale Europe still must paler grow;
Her heartstrings now are breaking;
And her blood drops freely flow,
Oppression's snail is creeping,
They flow to water our fair tree,
And from it n'er to sever—
A health to Franklin, Liberty,
And freedom's press forever.

THE FROZEN WATCH.

[BY EDGAR S. FARNSWORTH.]

"A dreadful cold night, captain!" I remarked, a few evenings since, as I called in on my friend captain Fordham: "I think it a little colder than anything I ever experienced before in these latitudes."
"It is indeed a cold night," replied he, "but I have seen colder, within two days' sail of Boston; in fact, I think I may safely say that the coldest time I ever knew was one night on the Yankee coast. Seven times I've been around Cape Horn, and three times I've circumnavigated the globe, and I've seen a great deal of severely cold weather, but it appears to me, that the night I have spoken of was colder than any time I ever knew of in foreign parts, at sea or on land. Perhaps, had I experienced the same degree of cold under different circumstances, I should not have felt justified in making the statement; but the recollection of that night chills my blood even now when I think of it."
"How long since was that?" I asked.
"I can not tell the exact date; although I think it must have been a matter of some thirty years ago—but draw up higher the stove, and you shall hear the particulars, although I am but an indifferent sailor, as far as regards telling one's adventures."
"I was master of a fine brig called the 'Flyaway.' It was my first voyage as commander. I had a crew of twelve good Yankee seamen, besides my two officers. We went to the Indies, and taking in a cargo, started for home.
"As we neared the Yankee coast, the weather grew dreadfully cold. Our men were all poorly clad. In fact, with the exception of my mate and myself, not a man on board had a single suit of anything but summer clothing; consequently, they soon were all more or less frost-bitten. We gave them what spare clothing we had, but it did not go far when divided among so many.
"The reason of my men being so poorly off for clothing, was because, when we left home on the outward passage, we did not think of reaching the Yankee coast on our return home—until late in the spring; and in that case, we should see no cold weather; but having an uncommon fine passage out, and not being detained in port nearly as long as we had expected, we found ourselves on the Yankee coast in mid-winter.
"We had no stove on board, excepting the one in the galley; but when we were within a week's sail of home, it grew so intensely cold, I ordered a fire kept there night and day.
"I suspended all work, except such as was positively necessary to sail the brig—gave my men 'watch and watch,' and bade them make themselves as comfortable as possible. Two days afterwards, in a gale—or rather a hurricane—we shipped a heavy sea which made kindling wood of

our bulwarks, and swept the galley overboard. The night following, my second mate froze his feet so badly as to be unable to stand his watch upon deck the next day; the charge of the starboard watch, therefore, devolved on me.
"The weather, in the mean time, did not moderate in the least; but if possible, increased in severity. On the second night after the loss of our galley, the mate had the first watch upon deck. When I was relieved, at eight bells, I went immediately below; and after inquiring of the second mate if I could do anything for him, and receiving an answer in the negative, I turned in.
"The last thing I heard, before going to sleep was the man at the wheel stamping his feet upon deck to keep them warm. I was awakened by the second mate calling to me from his stateroom. 'Captain!' said he, 'the binnacle light has been gone out this five minutes; and no one comes below to trim it. I fear there is something wrong upon deck.' I sprang from my berth, and opening my state-room door, found the cabin in total darkness. I lighted a lantern, and going to the binnacle, found there was not a drop of oil in the lamp. It was a small one, and always needed trimming some time during the night. I asked the second mate why he had not called me before. He said he had but just awakened when the light went out, and supposed that as the mate did not come immediately below to trim it, that he must have been gone forward; but as several minutes had elapsed, and he had not come below, he concluded there must be trouble upon deck, and as he was unable to leave his berth, he thought best to call me.
"As soon as I could trim the lamp, I stepped into my state-room and looked at my watch. It wanted but five minutes of three o'clock. I should have been called to relieve the mate at twelve o'clock. The fearful thought rushed through my mind that the whole watch had been washed overboard; if not, why had I not been called to relieve the watch, at twelve o'clock?"
"I went upon deck. The sky was beautifully clear and starlight, and the sea comparatively smooth. The brig was moving steadily along before a light breeze, with both 'royals' set. I looked forward, but not seeing any of the watch, I went on to the quarter deck. At first glance, I saw nothing unusual there, but in a moment, my eyes rested upon the mate. He was sitting upon deck, with his back leaning against the taffrail, and apparently asleep. 'Mr. Williams?' said I, 'what means all this?' He neither answered me, or changed his position. I spoke a second time, but not receiving an answer, I went up to him and gave him a smart slap on his shoulder, but even this did not arouse him; he was sleeping his last sleep—he was frozen to death."
I turned to the man at the wheel. I now saw what I had not noticed before;—that he was not standing erect, but in a leaning posture against the wheel. I took hold of his arm and shook him violently, but he too was frozen to death, altho' he still had a firm hold of the spokes of the wheel. I looked at the compass. The brig was heading nearly her course. The leaning posture of the frozen man had kept the wheel steady, and the sea being smooth and the wind light, she had deviated but little from her course. I rung the ship's bell violently, but no one came aft. I again looked at the compass, and seeing that the brig still kept her course I went away forward. I stopped at the fore-tigging, and looked on to the 'top-gallant forecastle.' There was no one there excepting the man on the lookout. I called to him, but received no answer. He was sitting on the 'top-gallant sail,' near the 'knight-heads.' I went up to him and put my hand upon his head. He dropped overboard like a stone. I went to the scuttle, and alarmed the other watch; then we began a search for the remainder of the missing men. We found them all under the 'top-gallant forecastle,' stiff and cold.
We carried the frozen men into the cabin, and did all that we could do under the circumstances to restore them, but our efforts were useless.
At daylight the weather moderated a little; but for the remainder of the voyage I would allow but two men upon deck at a time—one at the wheel, and another

upon the lookout, excepting when it was necessary to brace the yards, or some similar duty. They were relieved every half hour, and in a little more than two days we dropped anchor in Boston bay.
Hunted by an Anecdote.
Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, in the New York Independent, gives the following experience:—"More than six months ago a friend asked us if we had ever arisen in the pulpit and begun a sermon by the exclamation, 'It is damned hot.' Of course we denied the ridiculous story. In a few weeks another friend, with no small anxiety, asked us to deny it in our name, as she had heard it several times asserted in large companies. Not long after this, another person, on hearing it, denied the fact, but was assured by a lady that she herself heard it! This must have been the lady that brought David Copperfield to church instead of her Bible, and left it in her seat. It is quite possible that there was some swearing going on, in her case, but she mistook the direction. Again and again we have heard the same story, with various modifications. It got into the newspapers as a curious and characteristic anecdote. Two weeks ago it came to us in a country paper as an extract from the New York Evening Post. This version declares that the evening being sultry, the clerical wit, (for no names were mentioned,) arose, and repeated the expression three times, and then fanned himself awhile with a hymn-book, while surveying the surprised audience! Somebody sent us the paper, with significant marks drawn around the story, as if the sender desired us to understand that he at least had found us out! Last week we received an affectionate epistle, dated Brentwood, N. H., Sept. 1, 1851, in which the writer, though he professes not to believe the story, adds so many excellent remarks upon the guilt of such a folly, as to remind us of the verdict of an English jury in the case of a man charged with sheep-stealing. Not guilty, but the jury would advise him not to do so again." Mr. Beecher says, that so far as he is concerned, "the whole story, in every particular, root, trunk, branch and leaf, is absolutely and ridiculously false." We remember, almost in our boyhood, a story of Rev. Rowland Hill, London, which was not unlike this—but in much better taste. This is doubtless a revival of that—adulterated grossly in the process.
A Dog's Affection for his Master.
Mr. O. M. Hopkins, late of Scottsburg, who died in January last, had a small and sprightly terrier, named "Nig," of which he was very fond. After the death of his master, Nig grew melancholy. Nothing the family could do seemed to amuse him. He could not be enticed from the side of his mistress, but would follow her about everywhere, grave and sedate, as though actually thinking of his dead master. One day a closet containing his master's clothing was opened. No sooner did Nig discover the garments than he frisked about almost frantically with delight, evidently expecting his master to appear. When the poor animal discovered his error, he testified his disappointment by piteous and mournful howlings. In May last, poor Nig grew more melancholy than ever. All attempts to induce him to leave the house were unavailing, until one day his mistress went to visit the grave of her husband. Then he followed, and on arriving at the mound, commenced digging and moaning, testifying his grief in the most affecting manner. From that time he could not be enticed to leave the grave, but stayed day and night till he starved to death. He was found there stretched on the earth, cold and stiff.—*Danville Herald.*
At a church where there was a call for a minister, two candidates appeared whose names were Adam and Low. The latter preached an elegant discourse from the text—"Adam, where art thou?" In the afternoon, Adam preached from these words,—"Lo, here am I."
Alexander the great, seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a parcel of human bones asked the philosopher what he was looking for. "That which I can not find—the difference between your father's bones and those of his slaves."

LIFE IN A POWDER MILL.
Dickens thus describes life in the powder mill at Hounslow, near London:
"In this silent region, amid whose ninety-seven work places no human voice ever breaks upon the ear, and where indeed no human form is seen, except in the isolated house in which his allotted task is performed, there are upward of 250 men employed. They are a peculiar race, not of course by nature in most cases, but by the habit of years. The liability of momentary destruction in which they live, added to the most stringent and necessary regulations, have subdued their minds and feelings to the condition of their hire. There is seldom any need to enforce these regulations. Some terrific explosion here, or in works of a similar kind elsewhere, leaves a fixed mark in their memories, and act as a constant warning.
"Here no shadow of a practical joke, or caper of animal spirits, ever transpires; no witicism or slang. A laugh is never heard, a smile seldom seen. Even the work is carried on by the men with as few words as possible, and these uttered in a low tone. Not that any body fancies that mere sound will awaken the spirit of combustion or cause an explosion to take place, but that their feelings are always kept subdued. If one man wishes to communicate anything to another, or ask anything from somebody at a short distance, he must go there—he is never permitted to shout or call out. There is a particular reason for this last regulation. Amid all this silence whenever a shout does occur, everybody knows that some imminent danger is expected the next moment, and all rush away headlong from the direction of the shout. As to running toward it to offer any assistance, as common in all other cases, it is thoroughly understood that none can be afforded.
"An accident here is immediate and beyond remedy. If the shouting be continued for some time, (for a man might be drowning in the river,) that might cause one of the boldest to return, but this would be a very rare occurrence." It is by no means to be inferred that the men are selfish and insensible to the perils of each other; on the contrary, they have the greatest consideration for each other and their employers, and think of the danger to the lives of others, and of property at stake at all times, and the still more dangerous houses. The proprietors of the gunpowder mills all display the same consideration for each other, and whenever any improvement tending to lessen danger is made by one, it is immediately communicated to all others. The wages of the men are good, and the hours very short; no artificial lights are ever used in the work—They leave the mills at half past three in the afternoon, winter and summer."
THE STONE BREAKER.—On Thursday last, Monsieur Gregoire, the Hercules of the Franklin Museum, called at our office, to give us ocular proof of his enormous strength. We had provided half-a-dozen of the largest and toughest kind of paving stones—quartz, granite and flint—for him to spar with. One or two of them we thought would bother him; but they did not. He wrapt a coarse Osnaburg towel around his right hand, so as to leave a wad of it resting upon the lower part of the palm, and then raising his immense arm, the upper part of which is as thick as an ordinary man's thigh, he smote the solid granite stone we had given him to experiment upon, with a downright blow that made the whole office quiver. At the third stroke, the solid mass was riven in twain. Some of the stones he shivered into many fragments. It was indeed a wonderful exhibition of muscular power. Gregoire is a native of Corsica, the birth-place of Napoleon. That island, we think, may now claim to have produced the strongest man as well as the greatest man of modern times. We understand that the force of Gregoire's perpendicular blow is equal to 1200 pounds; and he can give a man a punch on the side of the head, horizontal ly, equal to 600 pounds. No guard could stop the lunge of that arm; and a full blow from it would be sudden death. We believe the force of Tom Hyer's horizontal blow is about 200 pounds. Fancy one of his straight lunges multiplied by three, and you will have some idea of the kick of a horse, or one of Gregoire's blows. There is very little difference between the two.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

Punctuality of Gen. Washington.
When Gen. Washington assigned to meet congress at noon, he never failed to be passing the door of the hall while the clock was striking twelve. Whether his guests were present or not, he always dined at four. Not unfrequently, new members of congress, who were invited to dine with him, delayed until dinner was half over; and he would then remark, "Gentlemen, we are punctual here; my cook never asks whether the company has arrived, but whether the hour has." When he visited Boston, in 1789, he appointed 8 o'clock a. m., as the hour when he should set out for Salem; and while the Old South clock was striking eight, he was mounting his horse. The company of cavalry which volunteered to escort him, were parading in Tremont street after his departure, and it was not until the general reached Charles river bridge that they overtook him. On the arrival of the corps, the general, with perfect good nature, said, "Major, I thought you had been too long in my family not to know when it was eight o'clock."
Capt. Pease, the father of the stage establishment in the United States, had a beautiful pair of horses, which he wished to dispose of to the general, whom he knew to be an excellent judge of horses. The general appointed five o'clock in the morning to examine them. But the captain did not arrive with the horses until a quarter past five, when he was told by the groom that the general was there at five, and was then fulfilling other engagements. Pease, much mortified, was obliged to wait a week for another opportunity, merely for delaying the first quarter of an hour.
A BLACKSMITH'S STUDY.
What would the reader say to an invitation to visit the study of a journeyman blacksmith? Ladies and gentlemen, walk in; don't be frightened; blacksmiths were in fashion before dancing masters, and steel was used for many purposes of utility previous to the invention of corsets. In one of our editorial peregrinations we took some pains to call on a subscriber and correspondent, whose zeal in the cause had procured us a number of subscribers, and whose pithy productions in our columns had drawn the attention of the conductors of some of the first literary periodicals. On arriving at the village inn, we inquired for A. B., and was directed to a blacksmith's shop, where we found our friend busily engaged at his usual occupation. Without useless apologies or ceremonies, he politely introduced us to his residence and to his study. It was a comfortable and snug upper chamber, neatly plastered, and provided with a fire stove, a bed, a writing desk, a book case and shelves, with other corresponding conveniences. His library consisted of upwards of a hundred well selected volumes, comprising some standard works on history, civil government, science, law, theology, and general literature. It must have been in such retirements that the Benjamin Franklins and Roger Shermans of a former age conceived and planned the movements which resulted in the establishment of our free institutions.—*Cadiz Gazette.*
DOMESTIC NOTES.—"I can not endure tears. Some think they are lovely in woman, and compare her to a flower dew-besprent; but, I confess, I never could see the charm. Give me smiles—wreathed smiles; the only tear I like to see in a woman's eye, is the single pearl of charity that hangs on a ringed lid at the sight of misery. That would I kiss away; but the tearful fount of passion may be closed for me for me forever. A woman cries for grief, spite, or anger. I confess that to me a dry pocket-handkerchief is preferable to a wet one. Anger and spite annoy me, and grief irritates me, even when I would console. Give me the woman who smiles when one is sad—a human sunbeam, glancing into and irradiating the darker corners of the breast. As for even tears of joy, not to speak of the vagaries of hysterics, they are my abomination. In fact, a woman does not melt me with her tears, although she may fascinate with her smiles. I hate a crying woman."
A country fellow came to the city to see his intended wife, and for a long time could think of nothing to say. At last, a great snow falling, he took occasion to tell her that his father's sheep would be all undone. "Well," said she, taking him by the hand, "I'll keep one of them."

FASHIONABLE WOMEN.
Fashion kills many more women than labor and suffering. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature, a much greater injury to her physical and mental constitution than the many hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave woman at her task will live and grow old, and see two or three generations of her delicate mistresses fade and pass away. The washerwoman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters all die around her. The kitchen-maid is hearty and strong, when her mistress has to be nursed like a sick baby. It is a gloomy truth that fashion-pampered women are almost worthless for all the important ends of human life. They have but very little force of character; they also have still less power of moral will, and quite as little physical energy. They live for no great purpose in life; they accomplish no worthy ends. They are only doll-forms in hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. They dress nobody; they feed nobody; they instruct nobody; they bless nobody, and save nobody. They write no books; they set no rich examples of virtue and womanly life. If they rear children, servants and nurses do it all, save to conceive and give them birth. And when reared what are they? What do they even amount to, but weaker scions of the old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue of power of mind for which it became eminent? Read the biography of our great and good men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprung from plain, strong minded women, who had about as little to do with fashion as with the changing clouds.
DR. FRANKLIN'S MORAL CODE.
The following list of moral virtues was drawn up by Dr. Franklin, for the regulation of his life:
Temperance.—Eat not to fullness; drink not to elevation.
Silence.—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.
Order.—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.
Resolution.—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.
Frugality.—Make no expense, but to do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.
Industry.—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.
Sincerity.—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently, and, if you speak, speak accordingly.
Justice.—Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.
Moderation.—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries.
Cleanliness.—Suffer no uncleanness in body, clothes or habitation.
Tranquility.—Be not disturbed about trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.
Humility.—Imitate Jesus Christ.
A NECESSARY.—In reasoning with a Sabbath breaker, a poor but pious old man said, "Suppose now I had been at work hard all the week, and earned seven shillings, and suppose I met a man and gave him six shillings freely out of the seven; what would you say?" "Why, I should say you were very kind, and the man ought to be thankful." "Well, suppose he was to knock me down, and rob me of the other shilling; what then?" "Why, then he'd deserve hanging."—Well, now this is your case; thou art the man; God has freely given you six days to work in and earn your bread, and the seventh he has for himself, and commands us to keep it holy; but you, not satisfied with the six days God has given, rob him of the seventh; what then do you deserve?" The man was silent.
"Pa, I planted some potatoes in our garden," said one of the smart youths of this generation to his father, and what do you think came up? "Why, potatoes, of course." "No, sir, there came up a drove of hogs and eat them all."
The sum of all things is to serve God well, and do no ill thing.

The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, April 5, 1856.

S. M. PATTERSON & Co. are the Agents for the Journal, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions for us at the same rates as required at this office. Their offices are at 113 Nassau street, New York, and 10 State Street, Boston.

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

EMIGRATION.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way," wrote bishop Berkeley; and the living stream now wending its way to all parts of the great west, exceeds in volume anything of the kind hitherto known. Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas and Minnesota are being rapidly settled with sturdy emigrants, who leave behind them the luxuries, conventionalisms and cast-iron forms of the Atlantic states, to construct a new civilization, or rather to improve upon the present system. Every true American who settles in the west, carries with him his love of country, and devotion to those great principles "inscribed upon the pillars of the constitution" and in the hearts of the people, which will, some day, control the world, and before which civil tyrants and papal oligarchs must finally bow. Every day that dawn upon America witnesses the increase of the free-thinking element, and the comparative decrease of those elements which would enslave either mind or body. At the present time, every ship from Europe brings in it more haters than lovers of ecclesiastical despotism. The immigrants are not now from priest-ridden Ireland, but from protestant England, Scotland and Wales, and from the liberal portions of the German confederation. And, moreover, nineteen-twentieths of those men who are constantly taking possession of western soil are anti-Catholics; and the land-owners of the west must be its controllers—yes, and the future controllers of the country. T. D. McGee, the gifted Catholic editor of the American Celt, sees this, and therefore loudly advocates an Irish exodus to the west, and the formation of an Ireland there, so that the Celts can preserve their Irishism and Catholicity, and not be contaminated with the society of "bloody heretics." It would be much better for those among them who have sufficient means to become western farmers, but the idea of McGee will, we believe, be found impracticable. If the Americans are such barbarians as these Irish leaders represent, we should think they would encourage their followers to go back to Ireland, because they can find no spot in the United States where they will be free from American influences. The Yankee is everywhere; he can influence and control, but will not be controlled. The protestant Germans, English, Scotch, Norwegians and Welsh are with the Americans in principle and feeling; and they are helping to fill up the great west. We have nothing to fear, boys. Catholicity never can take deep root in any part of the west; and nowhere in the country can the sect successfully combat with the republican, free thinking elements around it. The very air we breathe seems charged and surcharged with rational freedom; and freedom is as destructive to Catholicity as water to fire.

Another consideration: This great emigration from the free states will weaken the slave power—because the new territories will thereby be filled with free state men.

This emigration also brings an immense amount of land under cultivation—increases the agricultural power of the country, and thereby creates a substantial substratum for the nation to rest upon—and be prosperous. In a few years, we can feed the whole of Europe, and have plenty of provisions left, to be had for reasonable prices.

If we can only keep slavery where it is, we have nothing to fear for the country. Aside from that evil, it is the noblest product of human wisdom.

Europe.—Eugenia has given birth to a boy; and France is in raptures. We think his chance to ascend the French throne is about as good as that of the Rev. Eleazer Williams, who claims to be the "lost dauphin." Peace prospects seem to be increasing.

Monster gnns are now being manufactured in England, which will weigh fifty tons each, and will carry a shot half a ton in weight a distance of four miles. It will take two and a quarter barrels of powder for a charge.

The following sentiment was given at a public dinner in Lawrence, Kansas: The ladies of Kansas—Their past deeds give the assurance that they will prove strong breast-works for the protection of the infancy of this state.

John D. Murrell, of Lynchburg, died recently in New Orleans. He was, perhaps, the wealthiest man in Virginia, being worth, it is supposed, fully \$2,000,000.

CHICOPEE NEWS.

Last Saturday night, at a little after ten, Mr. Joseph W. Hitchcock was attacked in the following manner:—He and his brother William were walking to their places of abode—the latter being several rods behind the former. Just as Mr. H. reached the corner of Center and Exchange sts., he was knocked down with a club, and the man who committed the fiendish outrage sprang upon him. William L. Hitchcock immediately came to the rescue, seized the villain, and in the scuffle which ensued, got possession of his shawl, which he still retains, in the hope that it will be a clue to the perpetrator of the attack.

As soon as Mr. H. had succeeded in liberating his brother, the man who made the assault fled, followed by two of his comrades, who stood near during the transaction. The night was dark, and the purpose of the attacking party was probably robbery. The club was found upon the spot the next morning, broken in two pieces by the blow.

Mr. H. has been in a critical condition ever since. At times he is rational, but that state does not last for more than five minutes. The selectmen have offered a reward of \$200 for the detection of the would-be assassin; and much excitement and indignation prevails in this community in consequence of the outrage.

We are indebted to the politeness of the town clerk for a copy of the Town Report for the past year. We notice by it that the whole amount paid to the liquor department during the year has been \$3,406 45; stock on hand at the commencement of the year, \$2,027 97—making \$5,434 42. Cash received for sales during the year, \$3,131 81; stock on hand at this date, \$2,459 83—making \$5,591 64—leaving a profit of \$157 22. The expenses of the school department have been \$11,171 53; highways and bridges, \$2,721 43; pauper department, \$1,166 04; contingent department, \$12,835 78; indebtedness of the town, \$3,200.

The annual meeting of School District No. 4, in this town, was held on Monday evening last. Sylvanus Adams was chosen moderator, and James Lyman clerk for the ensuing year; and Charles Sherman, Simon G. Southworth and Emelius S. Albro, prudential committee; and Nathaniel Cutler, Jona. R. Childs and Silas Mosman, auditing committee. It was also resolved to establish a new secondary school in the school-house on Exchange street.

The Pacific Engine Co. held their annual meeting Monday evening, March 31, when the following board of officers was elected for the ensuing year:—Francis E. Drake, foreman; Charles B. Eastman, first assistant; John B. Wood, second assistant; Charles H. Tracy, foreman of hose; George Arms, clerk and treasurer; J. G. Chidley, steward; S. B. Lanckton, Wm. Bliss, Wm. Jordan, trustees.

George H. Knapp gave a better lecture on Monday evening than people had anticipated. Mr. Stearns introduced the speaker, and dwelt at some length upon his merits. Mr. K. then gave a biographical sketch of Lord Byron, and also spoke of him as a man, poet and lover of his species, in a manner which commanded the attention of the audience. The lecturer was rather severe upon Lord B. on one point—because he had not more of the religious element in his composition. But, generally, he seemed disposed to cover the great poet with the mantle of charity.

The next lecture will be on Monday evening, in Atlantic Hall, by W. H. L. Barnes of Springfield. Subject: "Good taste." A few days ago, Mr. Dillaber, of Chicopee street, lost a valuable cow by death, and gave the deceased animal to Alonzo Wait, to help in making compost manure. Mr. W. had her skinned, and the next day sent a man to remove her, but the carcass was not there; somebody had stolen it, and perhaps sausages will now be cheaper.

Next Monday is town meeting day, when the collected wisdom of the town will elect officers, appropriate money for schools, roads, and decide many other matters. Our side-walks need repairing, and we hope the subject will be attended to. As to the town officers to be elected, fitness is of infinitely more consequence than political proclivities; men of good judgment, who are fair and candid, and understand the interests of Chicopee, should be voted for.

There is something beautiful in the sight of a town meeting; every town is a little republic, and every voter a legislator. We are not obliged to apply to a central power for consent to make roads, bridges, &c., as in monarchical countries; our local officers, with a few exceptions, we choose ourselves. If the American governmental frame-work is not perfect, it is certainly the best the world has yet seen.

Amaziah Bullens is in favor of progress, improvement and expansion. He has recently annexed the store formerly occupied by Volney Winchell, by removing the partition, thus making his store just double its

former size. When finished, it will not be behind any establishment of the kind in town.

Our friend Warren Smith, Esq. has the faculty of providing excellent dinners for invited guests. A few days ago, J. C. Stoeber, M. J. Severance, Esq. and myself had the pleasure of partaking of his hospitality. Mr. S., by universal request, related several interesting anecdotes connected with his military experience, and the whole affair furnished solid comfort to all concerned.

There will be religious services at the Unitarian church on the evening of Fast day, to commence at 7 o'clock precisely.

Five yoke of cattle, belonging to Deacon Giles S. Chapin, were weighed on Wednesday; and their respective weight was as follows:—3,582, 3,624, 3,585, 3,462, 3,035.

Our friend J. C. Bowker intends soon to leave Chicopee. He deserves success, if any one does; and we hope Dame Fortune will ever meet him with a smiling face. As will be seen by an advertisement in another column, his house and lot are offered for sale.

The members of the Pacific company are to give a ball to their officers, fast day evening, in Cabot Hall. This is to be the last dance of the season, and a good time is expected.

Those who wish to hear good singing, should attend the concert in Cabot Hall, on Monday evening. E. F. Brown has consented to play upon the *modeon*.

For the Chicopee Journal.

A GOOD CHANCE.

"I want a good chance"; these, and words like them, are very common. Our people early learn that freedom gives great opportunities, and each one would secure a pleasant spot at the world's table. But let us look again. Here is a man who would give his son a liberal education; he surrounds him with books; he supports him at college; he allows him to visit Europe; but the young man has no taste for study; so he becomes a drone in the social hive. There was a good chance, but what was gained from it?

We have seen a young man who might have a good farm, rent free, and with it all the comforts of a New England farmer's home, within six miles of a large city. But he chose to be a loafer, and a curse to the community. What was that chance worth? A young man determines to move to the west, because there is a chance; but would not the same toil and sacrifice give him a happy home here? When Franklin went to Philadelphia, it might have been thought he had a poor chance. But did it prove so? Do we not see how much thought is necessary to success in this world? A story in the life of Perkins, the Boston merchant, will show our meaning:

Years ago, the price of coffee had been very high, and suddenly fell. It was thought it must rise again, and so it would be a good time to speculate. Some one named it to Col P, but he declined. He showed from his own research that the harvest was too large for the demand, that the stock of coffee was so great that the price must fall lower. In a word, it was a time to get *bitten* rather than to *bite*. Time proved his words to be true.

A man is chosen president of the United States; it is a fine chance for a Washington; but what good will it do a small man? A man is chosen a member of congress; if he is a wise man, he has an opportunity to show it; and if he is a fool, he will find it hard work to conceal it.

It is said there is no chance now to gain the wealth of Amos Lawrence. But whatever his opportunity might be, it was careful thought and hard labor that made the most of it. We do not intend to dispute the worth of an opportunity. While the diamond is in the mine, it is of no value; but if the supposed diamond is only a bit of glass when you bring it to the light, what then?

Perhaps the following hints may be worth as much as the weather comments in the almanac:

1. A chance is a good thing, if you have the strength to seize it, and the skill to guide it. Dr. Kane has won laurels for his Arctic expedition. If he had been a man of less ability and energy, he would only have found a grave among the icebergs.

2. Remember a chance is only an instrument that you must use if you would get any profit.

3. Remember that by the task of today you gain strength for the labor of tomorrow. Whatever your hope of the future may be, do not be idle now. Hope is like the sunshine; it only causes the fruit to grow where the seed has been sown. It was the optician worked among the old spectacles that the telescope was discovered.

An effort is being made in the provincial parliament to introduce the decimal currency more generally into Canada.

For the Chicopee Journal.

LIFE.

When Socrates was taking the cup of poison, one of his disciples asked him if he had any desire unfulfilled. He told him to offer a rooster to Esculapius, because, he said, "life is a disease, and the only remedy for it is death." Life a disease? Verily these are strange words—words which have come from one of the world's wisest men, in a time of darkness and superstition. But he had hope—hope in a future life—and therefore exhibited this calmness when his scholars surrounded him, weeping—when his wife clung to his neck, entreating him to flee and live. To one of his scholars, who said "If you was not so innocent, we could content with the thought of parting with you, he replied:—"And had you rather have me die a criminal?" This was centuries before Christ, in a time when barbarism and darkness prevailed on earth. How is it now, in a time of intelligence?—in a time when the human mind, not satisfied with its destiny on earth, ventures even to unclose the glories of heaven and the miseries of hell? But rash men, remember the words "so far and no farther." If satisfied with you: earthly mission, do not assume a position too high for your reason to grasp. Earthly mission, what is it? Indeed, it can not be to live only for ourselves, to grasp every thing in our reach, to fill our coffers, and die. Neither can it be our destiny to be born, to take a wife, and go to oblivion. Such a life would be too monotonous. Is there no other principle to live for? Only let us glance around us, gaze into the chambers of our own hearts, and we find enough to live for—Who is yonder child, trembling with cold, and having haggard looks? Go and ask him and you probably find a history of misery, where your helping hand is needed.—Who is yonder man, staggering along from one side of the street to the other, as if to find out the breadth of it? Oh, he is a mere drunkard. A drunkard is not he a human being?—a fellow creature, as we are? Go to him to reform him; talk with him; reason with him; tear him from the grasp of destruction, and restore him to society and to his friends. The happy, the good and the rich do not need our compassion and help, but do not withdraw it from the habitation of the wretched and suffering. If we live such a life, we may, like Socrates, look fearlessly into the future, without regarding our stay here on earth as a sickness.

Rhode Island all Right.

The administration party has been defeated in Rhode Island, at all points. Hopkin, the American-republican candidate for governor, is re-elected, by 2835 majority, while the legislature is largely anti-administration. A U. S. senator is to be elected by it, in place of Gen. James, democrat. The democrats spent huge piles of money to carry the state, and any quantity of ignorant Catholics were naturalized, to vote their ticket; but it was all of no use.

We shall soon hear a good report from the Connecticut boys. Their election is to be on Monday.

THE UTAH COSTUME.—It is said the belles of Utah have adopted a costume consisting of a loose fitting dress resembling in cut a man's sack coat, buttoned in front and reaching a few inches below the knees, a pair of pantaloons adorned with the ankles, and a leghorn hat set jauntily upon the head, being in fact, a modification of the bloomer costume. The ladies are thus relieved of a superabundant load of petticoats, and their husbands are freed from paying for more than two-thirds the quantity of dry goods, no small item of expense in that country where each man has from five to fifty wives.

CATHOLIC CHURCH PROPERTY.—If it should unhappily prove true that the Pacific has gone down, and if it should prove true, also, that bishop O'Reilly, the bishop of this diocese, was on board, section 3d of the act passed in 1855 will come into operation. All real estate heretofore conveyed for religious worship or burial purposes to the Roman Catholic bishop in Connecticut, will vest in the religious corporation formed by the congregation or society occupying such real estate.—*Hartford Courier*.

The Fitchburg Reville expresses a fear that Rufus Choate can not stand the writing test which it is proposed to incorporate in the constitution. It knows of an instance in which a board of lyceum directors were unable to tell by the answer of that distinguished gentleman whether or not he had accepted their invitation to lecture, after a laborious and vain effort to decipher his scrawl.

A FILLMORE PAPER GONE DOWN.—The Portsmouth Daily Herald, one of the half dozen papers in Ohio which hoisted the Fillmore flag, has died out for want of support.

FRUIT TREES.—In twenty-three countries in the western part of New York, there are said to be forty millions of young fruit trees growing.

The North Adams Transcript says that operations have again been commenced on the tunnel at that place under Messrs. Ballou & Simmons, who have bought out the contract of the Messrs. Stanton.

How the Irishman Converted the Jew.

A "rude hard sinner," a native of the Emerald Isle, went to confession the other day to his parish priest, and so shocked the clergyman with a recital of his sins, that he exclaimed—"my son; did you ever do a good deed in your life?" "I did," said Pat; "I converted a Jew once."—"How was that?" inquired the confessor. "You see," said Pat, "the long-nosed, porked-aiting, murdering blaggard fell overboard, and I put atter his carcass in a bote. I sazed him by the top-not just as he was going down the second time, and pulled his head above the shurface, and says I 'If I save you, will you be a Christian?' 'I won't,' says he; and with that I deposited his head about three feet unther again. Pulled him up once more, and put the question anew, 'Will you be a Christian?' to which he again answered 'No,' gruffly. I gave him another dip and brought him up, puffing like a porpoise. 'Will you be a Christian now,' says I. 'Y-e-s,' says he, and his teeth were chattering for all the world like a monkey that had burned his toes. 'Well,' says I, 'you are now converted, and you'd better die in the faith;' and so saying I held him unther until his spirit had departed." It is about as difficult to learn what view the priest took of this story, as it is to learn "what became of the owl."—*Courier*.

THE LUMBER TRADE OF NEW YORK.

The New York Journal of Commerce estimates the receipts of lumber at that city during the past year at 500,000,000 feet, which is about 75,000,000 feet less than the year previous, but nearly equal to the average of the last three or four years.—At \$17 per M., the estimated average value, the annual sales must amount to \$8,500,000. The past winter has been quite unfavorable to the trade, but the return of spring brings with it returning activity, and the upper qualities of lumber are now said to be scarcer than for many years.

At the annual meeting, in Marblehead, on Monday last week, it was voted to destroy the liquors on hand belonging to the town,—being the balance of a stock of year before last to supply the town agencies. In accordance with the above vote, the liquors were brought on to the square, opposite the town hall, and destroyed in the presence of a large number of citizens.

POTATOES IN IRELAND.—Extensive preparations are going forward in the northern provinces of Ireland, for the cultivation of the potato. In 1855, nearly 1,000,000 acres were planted, the crop was a full one, and there were but few cases of the disease. The quantity now in the hands of the farmers, is greater than that of former years at this season, and the quality is excellent.

IRON.—The annual production of crude iron throughout the world is estimated at 6,000,000 tons. Of this, Great Britain produces 3,000,000, France 750,000, Prussia 300,000, Austria 250,000, Belgium 200,000, Russia 200,000, Sweden 150,000, the lesser German states 100,000, the United States 750,000, and other countries, 300,000.

The domestic consumption of flour in Philadelphia city, is estimated by the corn exchange board at 600,000 barrels a year, while the exports for 1855 to foreign and coast-wise ports only amounted to 309,600 barrels. The total business of the year in the city embraced about one million bushels of flour, 1,600,000 bushels of wheat, and 1,600,000 of corn.

Mr. Slocum, the newly elected mayor of Troy, in his inaugural, says the Troy university is an institution of "great promise." The Albany Knickerbocker says this is so, for it has promised to pay a thirty dollar bill eighteen times during the past month, and has not yet done it.

The Boston Bee says: "Nearly every woman we met in the streets yesterday had on a pair of boots—good honest, long-legged water-proof boots. How much better is this than paper-soled, disease-elching, ridiculous shoes! We are beginning to think the millennium is approaching."

A SUGGESTIVE FACT.—It is estimated that every one of the soldiers who besieged Sebastopol has cost on an average, far more to France and England than a gospel missionary would have cost, according to the usual remuneration, in every part of the globe.

A COSTLY "SMOKE."—At Hannibal, Mo., recently, the tobacco establishment of Mr. D. J. Garth was destroyed by fire, which also consumed from 250,000 to 300,000 lbs. of tobacco, valued at \$14,000.

Prentice says of a cotemporary editor, that he gets up every morning a whiskey barrel, and goes to bed every night a barrel of whiskey.

CARPETS FOR SPRING SALES.—See the advertisement and scale of prices, in our paper, of the New England Carpet Company, of Boston.

The police expenses of Havana, Cuba, are said to amount so \$400,000 per annum.

MINNESOTA.

The proposals to divide the territory of Minnesota by a line running along the parallel of 45 degrees 10 minutes latitude, has excited objections based upon the supposition that the northern portion thus cut off is too inclement for cultivation and settlement. Upon this, the St. Paul Democrat remarks that; formerly Iowa and Wisconsin were deemed far less susceptible of improvement than the northern portion of Minnesota is now supposed to be, but they are now thickly settled. Wheat is grown by the Pembina settlers on the extreme northern verge of the territory, and north of it, it is also, successfully reared in the territory of the Hudson's Bay company, in as great abundance, in comparison to the amount of land cultivated, and is a much surer crop than in Wisconsin or Illinois. There are, also, extensive mineral and lumbering interests in the north, which will lead to rapid settlement, and support a very numerous population within a few years. Already, as official notice in the Washington Union lately informed us, there is a great demand upon the land office for land there. This northern section contains the important and fertile valley of Red river, the head waters of the Mississippi is thickly dotted over with lakes, and has the northern shore of Lake Superior, which is said to be in mineral treasures. From these facts, it is clear that mining, manufactures, and commerce must render northern Minnesota populous. It is in the same latitude with Washington territory, on the Pacific, with northern Maine, on the Atlantic, and with the northern peninsula of Michigan; and the populous parts of Canada; and New Brunswick, Minnesota, as it now stands, is four times as large as Iowa, and five times as large as Indiana. It is, therefore, too large for one state, the more especially as it contains no deserts, is all habitable, and is destined to become exceedingly populous.—*Exchange*.

OUR INVENTORS.

There are more labor saving machines got up in this country than in the whole of Europe combined. Our people run to cog-wheels, and appear to have a stronger passion for piston-rods and patent belting than any people that have ever existed.—This it appears, is constantly on the increase. One idea leads to another, and with such celerity, that the time will come when the whole of Washington will be used to hold the models. The number of patents granted in 1855 was 2,024.—This year they will reach nearly 3,000.—In 1841, the number issued only amounted to 495, showing an increase of 500 per cent, in fifteen years. The receipts of the patent office in 1841 were \$40,413. In 1855 the receipts were \$176,380. This year they will amount to over \$200,000. In 1841 the patent office with receipts amounting to only \$40,413, made a profit of \$17,000. Last year, with receipts amounting to \$176,000, the office fell behind \$3000. The Pen and Lever gives the residence of the parties to whom patents were issued during the year as follows:—New York, 552; Massachusetts, 304; Pennsylvania, 237; Ohio, 133; Connecticut, 108; New Jersey, 82; New Hampshire, 47; Virginia and Illinois, each 45; Indiana, 37; Maryland, 35; District of Columbia and Vermont, each 33; Michigan, 29; Rhode Island, 26; Maine, 24; Kentucky, 23; Louisiana, 17; Wisconsin, and England, each 15; France, 14; Alabama, 13; Delaware, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Missouri, each 8; Iowa, 7; South Carolina and Georgia, each 6; California and Texas, each 5; Florida, 4; North Carolina, Canada, and Prussia, each 3; Arkansas, Belgium and Germany, each 1.—*Exchange*.

Sewing Machine Manufacture.

We have just visited the establishment of Nichols, Leavett & Co., Gore block, opposite the Revere House, which is referred to in the advertising columns of this paper. Every part of Howe's improved sewing machine is manufactured in the building, except the iron castings, made at Hingham. It takes 30 men to answer the orders received at this establishment; since these machines are now used in all parts of the United States and in other countries. This manuf. office turns out 600 to 1000 annually, notwithstanding they did not go into general use until 1850. In the single city of Lynn 1,500 are in constant use, so indispensable are they found in the manufacture of boots and shoes.

They are now very generally used by tailors, saddlers, harness, carriage, bonnet, and mattress makers; and best of all, it is confidently believed, that the work is as well or better done than the average of sewing done by hand. From 300 to 600 stitches are taken in a minute, or as many as from four to ten females; can take by hand. Our readers will find it interesting to call and see the style of their work and their operations, as they can do any day.—*Boston Ploverman*.

SPIRITS.—There are 12 distilleries in Boston and vicinity, with a capital of \$2,000,000. The number of gallons manufactured in 1855 was 8,638,500, valued at \$3,465,520. A very large amount of this is exported. The importation of foreign spirits has increased, and is more than twice as large as it was ten years ago.—The imports for 1855 amount to 508,213 gallons against 890,244 in 1854, and 241,768 in 1845. The largest amount imported was in 1849, amounting to 574,630 gallons.

A HARD HIT.—The following is a specimen of the controversial powers of Kentucky editors. The Louisville Journal is responsible for it:

"The editor of the Democrat says that we need not attempt to wriggle out of our past life. The world doesn't care how soon he wriggles out of his life past or present, or how soon his life wriggles out of him."

