

The Weekly Journal.

Volume 3.

CHICOPEE, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1855.

Number 22.

POETRY.

WEEP FOR THE EARLY DEAD.

For the Weekly Journal.
BY MISS E. E. LANCOTON.
Tears for the young who fall,
Life's armor all unorned;
Tears for the noble forms which bow
Ere mid day cometh on;
We blush not when we weep for those
Who early find death's long repose.
Weep! mother weep! nor hide
The burning, bitter flood;
At Bethany the master wept,
The peerless son of God.
He hears thy deep heart-throbbings now—
He sees the grief-drops on thy brow
Mourn; comrades mourn; and bend
In silence o'er the clay—
'Tis fitting that ye weep
The mourning badge to-day;
Tread softly—slowly, for ye bear
A precious treasure sleeping there.
Sigh, ye who feel within
The fire of passion glow;
Ye may not shake your thirst
Where earthly fountains flow;
For yonder, o'er the dark wave's crest
The immortal only findeth rest.
And we may weep, who feel
That cherished ties are riven;
While angel voices cry—
"They die no more in heaven."
What blessed words to weary man;
To pilgrims on these scorching sands.
Sad autumn winds are sighing
Above a grass grown mound;
And withered leaves are lying
A turfy bed around—
Where sleeps a gentle fair-haired one,
Who perished ere June blossoms come
Lay down this manly form beside
The loved, but early lost;
Commit it to the care of him
Who guards the moldering dust—
But deem not that these narrow bounds
Shall hold him in his rest profound.
Oft when the sun is setting
We'll seek the quiet spot—
Our tears shall fall unbidden—
Heart-sorrow comes unthought.
We'll kneel beside his lowly bed—
And weep for these—the early dead.
Chicopee, Sabbath eve, Oct. 21.

THE KENNEBEC CAPTIVE.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

Some of the most beautiful scenery to be found in this or any land, is to be found in the state of Maine. Her rivers are numerous and great, her mountains lofty and imposing, her sea-coast iron-bound and rough, boldly looking out upon old ocean, as he sweeps along with tides and storms, and saying, "Come on, sir, and I'll give you a hearty welcome;" her inland lakes still sleeping in the wilderness, are large and magnificent, her valleys are warm and fertile, and her forests have yielded to none in the world for the abundance and goodness of their timber. Even now, her rivers send out salmon and lumber for the use of every part of the nation.

At a very early period in the history of our country, settlers began to push up her beautiful rivers, and drop down singly, or in small groups, as they liked. She was a wild province of Massachusetts then; and her population, grappling with all the hardships of the wilderness, and of her severe climate, was very sparse. Far up the enchanting Kennebec, at a very early day, were two families who had emigrated from the same neighborhood, and who had long been faithful friends. Old Mr. Redfield lived in a comfortable, but in no way imposing log house, on the banks of the river. He was a kind-hearted, benevolent man, never believing the world to be wicked enough to cheat him, though almost every week taught him the opposite doctrine. He labored hard, was a good husband and father, a warm hearted and humble Christian, and loving all men much but his God more.

He honestly earned property, but could never make it stick to his fingers. His wife was a noble hearted woman, who had relinquished brighter prospects, that she might be happy with the man of her choice. And she had been happy. One by one their children had sickened in the wilderness, and they had carried them to the little opening in the forest which they had cleared for a burying place. It was the first clearing he had made after reaching their new home; the brier and wild weeds were not allowed to grow there. At the time my story commences, Mr. Redfield had reached the age of sixty or more—His wife was ten years younger. Only one child remained to them, a staid, sober, quiet, yet courageous boy, of about ten years of age, and he went by the plain name of Daniel Redfield.

Somewhat further up the river was a house of greater pretensions. It was built

of brick, gambled roofed, and was surrounded by fruit trees and gardens, spacious barns, and out-houses. It stood in a pleasant valley, under the shadows of a lofty mountain. The vale had been cleared up; and the fields of wheat and corn, and the rich meadows of grass, caused the passer-by to stop and gaze, and say, "Squire Ordway is well to do in the world."

They had both come into the wilderness poor; but one was rich, and the other still dwelt under the shadow of the hill of wealth without being able to climb it. Its golden sands never seemed to roll down near him. But the "Squire" was up early and late; and the man who sold him a poor article, or a bad lot of lumber, and salmon not of the first quality, must rise very early in the morning to do it. Mr. Ordway had a large family of boys. They were not so polished, for they had to rough it from their infancy.

Mutual dependence and common privations, teach the pioneers of the forest to be ready for an act of kindness which a neighbor needs; and no kinder neighbors than the Ordways could be found on the Kennebec. The parents were proud of their boys; for none could prostrate the forest, get out timber-logs for the mills, hunt the moose, or catch the salmon with more skill than they. But the pet of the flock was an only daughter, about four years old—She was the youngest and last child, wild as the forest blossoms about them, and as beautiful too. Little Susan was the idol of the family.

The father and mother early discovered that she was "a remarkable child," and the boys received it as a fact not to be questioned. Hence they gathered flowers in the spring, berries and fruit in the summer, nuts in the autumn, and planned slides and sled drawing on the ice in the winter, for "little Susan." Hence it is not to be wondered at, that as she grew up, she found a will of her own, and that her little foot sometimes came down with a decision that was unbending.

As the two families advanced, it was plain that the Ordways were to increase and spread, and grow wealthy. It was as clear that the Redfields never would—Daniel "took to books." Not that he disliked work, but he yearned for knowledge; so that there was not a book in the whole region of whose contents he was not a perfect master. Happening to light upon a stray Euclid, the parents wondered much over the beautiful figures which he drew on the white birch bark gathered from the forest.

Every pitch pine root which he found was carefully saved to give him light for study after the labors of the day. At the age of seventeen, the father of Daniel began to droop. It was evident that he must die. Like a wise man, he set his house in order; and the only regrets which he had on the conviction that he must die, were that he left his widow and child so poorly endowed. But he knew the promises of God to be faithful, and his eye of faith did not grow dim.

A few days before he died, Squire Ordway came to pay his friend a visit. He had never quarreled, and had no malice to overcome. They had lived and loved like brothers, and the tears which they now shed were of the true currency of the heart.

"I do not doubt it," said the dying man; "I do not doubt that you will advise and encourage the poor woman as a brother would; and she'll need it. I have my little farm paid for, and the cow and the pony; but that's all, neighbor. And then, my boy, Daniel! I've tried hard, perhaps not so faithfully as I ought, to wean him from his books; but it's in him, and fire could not burn it out of him. What can be done for him and with him?"

"It's no use trying, my old friend. It's just as natural for him to study as for a trout to bite at a fly. Study he will, and study he must, and I'll promise to aid him all I can."
"God bless you for that, James Ordway. And if he don't feel grateful, and thank you, sure you are, that you have the thanks of a dying father before-hand."

"Who can tell but that, like one of our own rough logs which we send down the river, and which is worked into a beautiful house at Boston, he may yet become something that will honor us all."

So said the friend and neighbor, and

the eye of the dying man kindled with joy, and hope was there to cheer him, and faith to strengthen him; and so his last interview with his old friend was one of deep consolation.

The good old man was buried in the little graveyard; and the deep snows soon laid their white sheet over him, and the winds that sighed through the lofty forest, tolled his requiem. In a short time, Mr. Ordway went to see the nearest educated mind in the region—a humble minister of the gospel—who lived in a poor shanty about six miles off through the woods, and who had followed his sheep there to keep them from the wolves. The good man was a finished scholar, and with a smiling face, told Mr. Ordway, to send the young man without fee or reward.

He promised to do so; but the Squire had occasion to go that way often, and it was noticed that he always stopped, ostensibly to inquire about his protegee, but in reality to drop a bag of potatoes, a quarter of beef, a few yards of flannel, or something to add to the real comfort of the minister's family. Daniel was a good and profitable pupil. Twice a week on his pony, Shag, did he go to recite, and never without stopping at Mr. Ordway's a moment—since he must needs go past his door. It was soon found that Daniel could in a measure compensate Mr. Ordway, for he now gave lessons regularly to "little Susan," as she was still called, though she was now fairly in her teens. She had never manifested any very great love for books, but under Daniel's supervision, she actually studied and made rapid advances. It is impossible to tell why, but young misses do so sometimes. They become apt scholars.

Time moved on, or else our story could not be told. The revolutionary war had broken out, and raged. The call of the infant nation invoking the spirit of freedom, had penetrated even the wilderness; and the young Ordways had every one dropped the ax, left their clearing, and gone to join the army of Washington. Young Redfield had completed his college course within a few months, by the great efforts and economy of his widowed mother, and the kindness of her husband's old friend, when the college was broken up by the war, and the students scattered. Daniel had returned home to consult his mother and his friend Ordway whether or not he should join the army also. It was a doubtful question; for although he was a good hunter, and a dead shot with the rifle, yet ten to one, but if he got hold of a book the enemy might charge and ride over him ere he knew it. The widow felt that she could not have him go; he was her all. Mr. Ordway hesitated what to advise, and "little Susan," now eighteen, and as pretty and as authoritative as ever, declared it was a shame; that he ought not to go and leave his aged mother; that it was lonesome to have everybody go off; and that she was almost ready to enlist and become a soldier herself, rather than stay there in the woods so lonely!

While this grave question was undecided, young Redfield one morning took his rifle and went up the Kennebec, to hunt for moose. A moose is a large species of deer. If my readers never saw one, they have to imagine a round fat horse, cut his tail off short, and leave him no tail, put an ass's head on him with immense horns—sometimes weighing ninety pounds—give him long deer's legs and hoofs, and you have a pretty good moose. They weigh as much and often more than a horse, and stand up much higher from the ground. Daniel went up the river, but night came and he did not return. This gave no uneasiness.

But after he had been gone two, three and four days, the mother's heart began to grow alarmed. There had been a great rain, and if alive and well, why had he not come back? She caught old Shag, and went down to consult Mr. Ordway. He at first thought the young man had been unsuccessful, and had determined to hunt till he had got a moose. Susan affected to laugh, and said "he undoubtedly had found moose enough, but probably had thrown a book at them instead of shooting; for her part she had no doubt he was looking up the books which he had thus thrown away!" At the same time the poor girl stopped her sewing, her fingers trembled so! Mr. Ordway procured an old hunter, and they scoured the forest in

search. They found his trail and followed it up to Moosehead Lake, where the Kennebec breaks out wildly and so unexpectedly from that majestic lake. There he had shot a moose, which was lying in the edge of the water where it fell. There they found his hunting knife, as it dropped carelessly; but no farther could they trace him. The shore of the wild lake was stony, and no marks of the feet could be seen. In vain they shouted, kindled fires and fired their rifles; the echoes came down from far up the lake, but no other response. Had he fallen into the rapid river?—they could find no traces of him.

After lingering and searching a couple of days, they returned towards home, occasionally firing their rifles, each in quick succession—the hunter's signal—hoping, though faintly, that he had reached home. But no, he was not there. It was a profound mystery. The widowed mother was almost crushed by the misfortune. Mr. Ordway sent all the way to the army, to see if by any possibility his sons had been seen or heard from young Redfield; but they had not. They had expected he would have joined them before this. So it continued to be a profound mystery. The mother made up her mind that he had fallen into the river somewhere, and was drowned.

Ordway nearly coincided with her in opinion. As for Susan, she didn't and she wouldn't believe, weak as he was, but that he knew enough to keep out of the water, or at least to rise up after he was dead, and float! What her theory was she never told; but though she felt bad enough, it was not that choking grief which the certain death of our friends always brings.

The old hunter averred that there was a mighty spirit by the name of Kinnio, who owned that lake, and who sometimes destroyed people who came to his lake alone. His home was on a mountain in the middle of the lake, (now called Mount Kinnio,) where he carried his victims, and ate them half roasted! Had he consoling the mourners with the assurance that he had no doubt but they could find some of the young man's bones the next season, thrown down the mountain!

Young Redfield had been lost, not forgotten, about two years, when a suitor, every way prepossessing, presented himself at the "brick house," and in the most proper way possible, offered his hand and heart to Susan. To the surprise of all, she civilly declined both. The young man besought her parents to intercede for him. They did so, and to no purpose. He then sought the aid of the widow Redfield, and she had a talk with Miss Susan. To her surprise, the girl would talk of nothing but her son Daniel, his habits, his ability to swim, his power to take care of himself. To her own amazement, positive Susan didn't and wouldn't believe that he was dead, or ever had been. The widow almost forgot her errand, and went home blaming herself for indulging hopes on the whim of a spoiled child. But she went to work in right good earnest to find Capeeno, an Indian who came in those parts. After great search, Capeeno was found, and told that Miss Susan wanted to see him very much.

Capeeno was a Canadian Indian of the Lorette tribe, and though his people were in the service of the British, and were fighting against the Americans, yet he had remained in the forests of Maine, and had not taken up the hatchet on either side. He had received many kindnesses at the "brick house," and little "Suse" was a great favorite with him. He went to her, and long was their secret talk. Every day, for three days, did he come and sit and smoke and listen to the persuasions of the "eagle squaw." At last he seemed to come to her views, for on receiving the best blanket from her own bed, a pillow case full of flour, a new knife, a huge pouch of tobacco, a flask of powder, and a strip of lead, which the naughty girl pulled from the roof of the house with her own hands, he left, struck into the woods, and was seen no more. The next storm that came told that the lead was gone, but where gone, none knew. Who could steal it?

Just at the close of a sultry summer's day, two officers were walking arm-in-arm on the heights of Quebec, discussing the news of a late victory which Washington had obtained in New Jersey. They were amusing themselves at the whipping he was to receive, evidently greatly mortified that the boot had been on the wrong foot

of late.
"What would you give for his neck," said one, "should Lord Howe catch him?"
"Just as much as I would for the necks of all congress, when we have once subdued them," said the other.

"Howe thought he had the ragged army of Washington once so hemmed in, that he could not escape, but in the morning he was not there; the theater had spectators, but no actors."

"Fuit non ignobilis Argis
Qui credebatur magnos audire tragados,
as Virgil says, though I've forgotten the whole quotation," replied the other.

"With your honor's leave," said a voice near by,

"Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui se credebatur miros audire tragados,
In vacuo latens sessor plausorque theatro,
as Horace, not Virgil says."

"Who are you?"

"I am your honor's humble servant."

"Oh! my young friend, the prisoner whom I begged out of the hospital, and gave him unusual privileges, even when he won't give us his word that he won't run away, if he can! Well, I stand corrected as to my quotation and my author, though I should never expect a backwoodsman to be able to quote the classics. But why have you so long refused to give your word, and be treated as a prisoner of war?"

"Because, I am not a prisoner of war. I was captured far from the seat of war, a peaceful citizen, by your hired Indians, at Moosehead lake."

"We shall not dispute about it. While I feel sorry for you, I shall take care that you do not get away."

"You have just acknowledged, sir, that we do some times escape when you least expect it."

The officers looked at each other, and passed on. The young man was left alone. He was pale, sad, and evidently in poor health. From the lofty heights of Quebec, at sun-down beat of the drum, he cast his eyes down on the glorious St. Lawrence, and then turned eastward, and sent his thoughts thick and fast through the almost interminable forests that lay in that direction. He had left the parade ground, and was making his way to the prison yard, when a hand beckoned him behind the angle of the wall.

"We want see you."

"Who are you? It is so hot I can not see you."

"Me know you—know your mother—know Shag—know brick house, know Susan. How long 'fore door shut up?"

"Perhaps twenty minutes—perhaps fifteen."

"Good. Me walk this side street, you 'tother. Keep hees eyes on me, and go where me go."

The Indian shuffled off, saying aloud,—
"Yankee man mad, say he whip me, catch me." So he had the appearance of following him in hot resentment. Down the hill he went, faster and faster, till he reached the St. Lawrence, where lay a canoe. In it stepped the Indian, barely pointing, to another, which lay near it, and pushed off. The young man leaped in the other, and pushed after him, as if in a race. Down the river they went a little way, and landed beyond Point Levy.

They leaped ashore just as they heard the alarm sounded from the lights across the river, signifying the escape of a prisoner or a soldier. The Indian passed a moment, and listened and said, "White men too much noise—too much parade—lose trail while he drum." He led the way among the bushes as fast as the young man could follow. How far they went that night, the prisoner knew not. When morning came, they were by the side of a river, just below some beautiful falls. For more than a mile they had waddled in the water's edge, so as to conceal their footsteps. Here, just under the falls, was an opening from the water, which led into the cave. They crawled up, and were soon on a platform, high and dry, with a sufficiency of light. The young man was greatly exhausted, and lay down, leaning upon his elbow.

The Indian sat down before him, his feet curled up under him, (pedibus intortis,) bolt upright. His head was shaggy, with hair long, coarse, and turning gray, like the mane of a moose. His only clothing was a dingy red shirt, and trousers of untanned deer skin. His moccasins were the skin of a moose's hind leg, cut off a little below the joint, sewed up at one end, and drawn on and fitted to the foot while green.

His teeth were mostly gone, and he looked, as he was, a tough, short, powerful creature, afraid of nothing, having nothing to make or lose. They gazed at each other in silence awhile; at length the young man said: "I have followed you all night. I have put my life into your hands; now who are you, and what do you want of me?"

"You 'fraid of me?"

"No. If I had been, I should not have followed you. And now, if you ain't the evil spirit, who are you?"

"Spouse we meet Lorette Indians; they no hurt you. Me run, then you can no say who Indian be?"

"So you want to run if we are in danger, and leave me to my fate, and that, too, so that you can't be known!"

The Indian looked fierce for a moment, and drew out his hunting knife. The young man kept his eye carefully on him. From the bottom of the sheath there rolled out a small piece of paper, which he handed to the young man. He unrolled it and read: "Should this ever meet the eyes of D. R., let him know that the bearer is trustworthy. Follow him implicitly.—Susan O."

Young Redfield sprang up, and caught the Indian by the hand, and almost shouted question upon question. He was ready to go, felt strong, could travel all day, and then fell back exhausted. The Indian gave him some water, and then some dried venison from his wallet, and bade him lie down and sleep till night, if he would. Redfield did so, but his brain whirled. In a troubled sleep, he now dreamed of home, and then of his prison, then of Susan Ordway, then he heard the alarm bell, and the voice of men pursuing, and the baying of bloodhounds hard after him, and then he would awake and find it was the roar of the falls near him. So he spent the day. At night, they came out of their cave, followed the course of the beautiful Chaudiere river, up toward its head waters. This charming valley was already occupied by the French population, and they were compelled to travel by night, and lie by during the day. Their progress was necessarily slow. On the fourth day, the Indians crept out of their covert, and saw several horsemen coming toward them. He knew instantly that they were British soldiers in pursuit. They were on a hill about half a mile distant, and had to descend into a valley, and rise another hill before they reached him.

He gazed at them earnestly till they descended the hill, and then he sprang up like a cat. He made the prisoner run to the road-side, and climb up into a thick evergreen, far up out of sight. He then took off his moccasins and hid them; then he turned his red shirt, and it was yellow; he turned his skin trousers, and they were a kind of dirty green. He drew a cap so close over his head, that it almost made the head ache to look at it. Then he sat down under the tree, and very composedly began to smoke. The horsemen came up to him at a brisk pace, and surrounded him, with pistols in hand.

"Move a foot, you dog of an Indian, and your are a dead man. Shoot him if he moves."

The Indian smoked on, evidently not able to understand a word, and as unmoved as a rock.

"Who are you?"

"Lorette Indian."

"What are you here for?"

"Me run, catch prisoner; have much blanket when catch him."

"Men," said the officer, "were any Lorettes sent out? This fellow don't look as if he could run much."

"Yes, sir, half a dozen were sent out, but this fellow—"

"You say you are after a prisoner. Now speak the truth, or our pistols will make day-light shine through you. What was the prisoner's name?"

"Redfield, captain say."

"And who do you suppose went off with him? I wish I could meet him!"

"Indians say, strange Indian—Capeeno—short man—no bigger as I. He had Indian—steal away prisoner."

"Where are the rest of you runners?"

The Indian pointed to a smoke that was rising up among the trees. The soldiers put up their pistols, came into a line, and went away. Poor Redfield, in the tree, breathed easier, but Capeeno kept on smoking, as unmoved as if he had been in no danger. Whether the smoke which he saw really did rise from the camp of the Lo-

rette runners, he did not say. But he left the Chaudiere, and struck through the woods in a direct line, till they reached the De Loup, (Wolf river) whose channel they followed all night, only stopping to listen as they heard the howl of the wolf or the crashing tread of a moose. Then they went to the head lakes, from which the Chaudiere rises. Here they paused and built a bark canoe. The cedar for boughs and lining, the birch for the bark, and the spruce roots for thread, were all to be found here in abundance.

They went through the mighty forest, and lakes which give rise to the great Penobscot, killing moose and catching trout for food. The Indian was surprised to find that the young man would stop every seventh day, and read all day from a little book, and no persuasions could move him. He wondered, too, what made him read that little scroll of paper so often, which he had brought in the sheath of his knife. They then struck the Penobscot, carrying their canoe from lake to lake, till they came down that river to a great island, opposite which there came in a little brook. Up this they turned, and after one more carrying place, they struck the upper end of Moosehead lake. How beautiful, how beautiful! In three days more, early in the morning, the widow Redfield looked out of her door, and saw Capeau approaching, with a stranger behind him. She shaded her eyes from the morning sun a moment, and then, with a scream of agonized joy, fell to the ground.

When she awoke, she and her son were weeping in each other's arms. That very day the Indian took Daniel—nothing loth—to the brick house. Susan was glad, and was ashamed to be glad. She laughed to appear indifferent, and wept because her emotions must have some vent. She appeared to know very little about his deliverance; but Capeau went away in a new suit of clothes, a new rifle, and I know not what besides.

"Pshaw! Susan! You need not blush—you redeemed a noble fellow from captivity, and you found that he not only made a great and a good man, but a good husband, as you did a devoted and noble wife."

THE GARDNER STRENGTH.

Gov. Gardner's strength is in streaks, and not in numerous streaks either. Here and there, in Essex, Norfolk, and Bristol—Hampshire, Hampden, and Berkshire—counties, there will be found towns which will doubtless give him many votes, but there are whole neighborhoods, regions, counties, where his support will be merely nominal. "Take the 81,000 votes of last year, and subtract the 20,000 outsiders, and the 25,000 free soles, who have no idea of again voting for him, and who will go for Rockwell, and the 5000 to 10,000 who go for Beach, and where can their places be supplied in numbers sufficient to give the governor a plurality. It is simply impossible and out of the question. To persist in voting for Gardner is to aid in the election of Beach, who is the only real competitor Rockwell has.

The contest, after all, will be between elements and not men. The people of Massachusetts are too intelligent to be drawn away by their attachment to men, from the great questions of government which are involved. The only parties which are in the field are the republican and the Nebraska democrats or administration party. The American party is a temporary affair, held together mainly by the desire of the state office holders to hold their places.—The real antagonists are the republicans and the Nebraska democrats, represented by Rockwell and Beach, and the people will see this more and more clearly every day from now until election. Mr. Rockwell represents freedom, order, opposition to a pro-slavery administration, and good government in the state of Massachusetts. Mr. Beach represents slavery, outrage in Kansas, support of the administration, submission of Massachusetts to the slave power, and unlimited license to the mischievous and ruinous traffic in rum. Let the people decide between the two elements represented by these two men, and the tickets of which they are respectively the head.—Boston Telegraph.

Gov. Gardner.—Only a few days before the declaration was made by Gov. G. that he had not, by speech or writing, committed himself to the republican movement, he wrote a letter to the editor of an influential newspaper in western Massachusetts, which concluded in these words:—"KEEP COOL; BUT BE SURE AND VOTE FOR THE NOMINEES OF THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION!" Never a man treated his political friends quite so shabbily as he has done.—Worcester Spy.

The Destroyer.—Up to within a week, the total number of deaths at Norfolk since the commencement of the fever, is estimated at 2500, at Portsmouth, 1200. There are now no new cases except among the returned citizens, and the epidemic is evidently disappearing.

Catholicity and Protestantism.—During the last year, the Protestants of Europe and America raised for missionary purposes seven and a half millions of dollars;—the Roman Catholics of the same countries raised for the same purpose three quarters of a million.

The growers of cranberries on Cape Cod are realizing enormous prices for their produce this year. They have been receiving \$10 and \$12 per barrel, and are in hopes to get even more by and by.

Civilization in Europe.—There is neither trial by jury or oral evidence in the administration of justice in Russia, Austria, or Spain. Biliary is the rule, and judicial integrity the exception.

A Wise Man.—There is a dealer in medicine in New York who spends \$1,000 per week for advertising, and makes \$2,000.

Rockwell will be elected.

The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, Oct. 27, 1855

S. M. PETERSON & 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.

Republican Nominations.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JULIUS ROCKWELL,
OF PITTSFIELD.

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,
SIMON BROWN,
OF CONCORD.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
E. ROCKWOOD HOAR,
OF CONCORD.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
GEORGE F. WILLIAMS,
OF BOSTON.

FOR AUDITOR,
STEPHEN N. GIFFORD,
OF DUXBURY.

FOR TREASURER,
THOMAS J. MARSH,
OF WALTHAM.

FOR SENATORS.—TIMOTHY W. CARTER, of Chicopee Falls; AARON BAGG, of West Springfield.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.—NORMAN NORRIS, of Springfield.

FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS.—WILLIAM RICE, of Springfield.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—GEORGE C. GIBBS, of Blandford.

THE PROSPECT.

Every day which rolls over brightens the prospect of the republican party in Massachusetts. The know nothings, immediately after their convention, commenced their Chinese warfare by making a great hurrah, and declaring with noisy zeal that Henry J. Gardner was certain of a re-election. They expected to elect him by shouting, by swinging their hats, by exclaiming "Hurrah for Gardner!" But their rocket has spent its force. The intelligent, calm, thinking portion of Massachusetts voters are not to be bamboozled by the adjective, dashy head-lines of the Boston Bee. They say "The wagon is moving!" Yes, but the wagon is only a hearse, and is bearing to the grave a man who tried to ride two horses, and who, when thrown by the republican charger, declared "in the names of all the gods at once" that he never had any sympathy with the noble animal, and was not committed to it "by word, deed, letter or thought."

Gov Gardner will not get near as many votes as either Rockwell or Beach. Put that prediction down in your note-book, and if it does not prove correct, call us a fool at guessing. He will get most of his support from some of the cities and large towns, and is not sure of having a plurality in even one of these. In the rural districts, his vote will be next to nothing. Every anti-slavery man who votes for him will give a half-vote for Beach and the administration platform.

Some point at the Springfield platform, and say it is a good anti-slavery one. We admit it; but the present leaders in the know nothing movement—Alfred B. Ely, Jonathan Pierce, George Odiorne, Daniel Warren, senator Hawks, &c.—are pro-slavery men, and did all in their power to reject that platform in the Springfield convention. It was adopted notwithstanding the efforts of those men, but by the votes of delegates who are now members of the republican party. Supposing, merely for the sake of argument, that Gardner will be elected—why, then those know nothing leaders, who have always been pro-slavery, will reconstruct their platform by striking out the anti-slavery plank. They now use it only for the purpose of catching votes.

The contest is between Rockwell and Beach. All we fear from the Gardner movement is, that it may possibly draw votes enough from the former to elect the latter. Anti-slavery know nothings! reflect before you vote! This election, and the one in New York, will affect the action of the next congress—will encourage or discourage the republican party throughout the free states. Is this the time for old Massachusetts to render "aid and comfort" to the national administration? Do not act like babies! but learn wisdom from history. Hungary is in chains because her people could not unite—the Croat, the Slavonian and Transylvanian looking at each other through clannish, jealous spectacles. Ireland is an abject province, on account of these same narrow-minded internal feuds—the man from Limerick hating the one from Derry, and the "Corkonian" ready at any time to fight the "Fardown"—and none of them able to assign any tangible reason for the ill feeling.—Shall Massachusetts and the north be so stupidly foolish as to follow their example?

CHICOPEE NEWS.

If there is any one in the county who wishes to see a set of sanguine men, he should, by all means, come to Chicopee.

The republicans in this place are confident that Rockwell will be elected; the Beach men are equally confident of the success of their ticket; the know nothings seem to think that Gardner will have a plurality,—and, to cap the climax, we heard a whig say, a few days ago, that Wally would have 40,000 votes! It is astonishing to witness such a hopeful set of fellows as we have here in Chicopee; but it is evident that some of them will be greatly disappointed. The Wally man alluded to should "join the society for the diffusion of useless knowledge."

Last Saturday afternoon, the Springfield Horse Guards—the only cavalry company in the state outside of Boston—made Chicopee a visit, and practised target shooting for several hours, in front of the Hampden House. At half past four, they partook of as good a supper as we ever sat down to, prepared by Capt. Dart, who is a model landlord. After that was disposed of, speeches were made by Capt. Robinson, Mayor Trask, George Dwight, Col. Lee, Lieut. Col. Bowers, Henry Russell and James C. Pratt. The Horse Guard is a splendid company, in uniform, drill, mettle of the horses, and gentlemanly appearance and good looks of the members.—What a difference between that company and the old specimens of cavalry! Who does not remember the old fur hats, tattered uniforms and broken-down nags—looking as if they must have done service under Don Quixotte? It does one good to witness such a company as the one we have alluded to.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, Cabot Hall was thoroughly crowded Wednesday night, many being unable to obtain seats. It is unnecessary for us to eulogize the eloquent and convincing speeches of Burlingame and Johnson. Suffice it to say that the influence of them will be felt on election day. Mr. B. was laboring under a severe cold, which at times affected his power of utterance. He has been in the harness for several weeks, speaking all the time—and has engagements to speak every night between now and election. Mr. Johnson is a brother of our worthy postmaster, and now resides in Madison, Wisconsin. His name will some day occupy a "bright niche in the roll of fame." Remarks were also made by T. W. Carter and Gen. Nettleton, of Chicopee Falls.

The "Young America," No. 3 engine company have adopted the following uniform:—red shirts; black pants, with yellow stripes; black belts; and black caps, with ribbons bearing the name of the company. T. B. Kent has been chosen foreman; Henry Rice, assistant foreman, and Frank Bastides, clerk.

The funeral of J. P. Haskell, late of the Pacific company, was largely attended, at the Universalist church, last Sabbath.—The Atlantic and Pacific companies appeared in full uniform, and joined in the procession. The sickness of Mr. H. was caused by his standing, with his brother freemen, knee-deep in water, for two or three hours, at the late fire in Chicopee Falls. He was universally respected, and one who thus falls in striving to benefit others, will not soon be forgotten.

We are glad to learn that officer Porter has recovered the valuable watch he lost while arresting several riotous persons on Perkins street. A few mornings since, Mr. P. S. Holden found it on his front door-step, with a note, minus a signature, requesting him to hand it to Mr. Porter. The writer of the note stated that he placed the note in that place because he regarded Mr. H. as a gentleman and a man of honor—a statement both complimentary and correct.

M. J. Severance, Esq. addressed the democracy of Chicopee on Thursday evening. His speech was one of considerable ability, and brim-full of invective. He slashed to the right and left, pitched into the Maine law, know nothingism and fusion, with as much vigor as Marshal Macdonald manifested in his celebrated charge at Wagram. As we said before, his effort was a perfect combination of talent and blackguard. "Ser" is always very happy when he has an object before him to fire at.

Ripley Swift raises large quinces, as well as uncouth political ideas. He has a quince stem 8 inches long, and as small round as the spinal column of some of the northern dough-face congressmen, which has on it 6 quinces, weighing, in the aggregate, three pounds.

S. P. ADAMS,

Of Lowell, will address the citizens of Chicopee Falls, Wednesday evening, Oct. 31. A large delegation from this village will be on hand. Mr. Adams is one of the best speakers in the state.

MINER RAYMOND,

Of Wilbraham, will address the citizens of Chicopee, in Cabot Hall, Friday evening, Nov. 2.

HON. JAMES T. ROBINSON,

Of North Adams, will also speak, at the same time and place. Freedom's fires are burning brightly; "pile on the logs, boys!" Rockwell is gaining every day.

THE INDIANS.

H. C. Cook is agent for Hampden county for the sale of a very interesting book, entitled "A history of the Indians of North and South America." It contains 700 pages, 40 splendid engravings, is handsomely bound, and the price is only \$2.75. It gives an account of the principal aboriginal races; a description of their national customs, mythology and religious character; and of their most celebrated chiefs and warriors; their intercourse and wars with the European settlers; and a great variety of anecdote and description, illustrative of personal and national character. The work has been before the public but a few weeks, and 10,000 copies have already been sold. A chart accompanies it. From a careful perusal, we can recommend our readers to purchase it. Mr. Cook is now engaged in canvassing Chicopee and the adjoining towns.

THE CHOCOLATE TRADE.—The Boston Traveler says:—"Few are aware of the extent of the chocolate business, or the supremacy which Boston has obtained in its manufacture. Of the hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of chocolate, in its different forms, sold in America during the year, nearly all is manufactured by firms in Boston. Scarcely a vessel leaves for a foreign port but has it on board.—The business is not of sudden growth; by fifty years of labor has it been established.

REV. MR. NUTE.—In a recent letter from Lawrence, Dr. Webb writes:

"The Rev. Mr. Nute is actively and earnestly engaged here, both in his clerical capacity and as a private citizen. He holds religious services every Sabbath, toward evening, in the open air, on Mount Ordeal. He is an energetic, interesting speaker, and his discourses, which are extemporaneous, meet with much favor. Movements are now making to organize a society, and to raise funds for the erection of a church building for him."

OAK HALL, BOSTON.—We would call the attention of our readers to this splendid establishment. Its unrivaled patronage and extensive business, place it at the head of similar establishments in New England, if not in the world. From an acre planted in 1841, with the motto, "large sales and small profits," has grown a sturdy oak, affording shelter and protection to hundreds of thousands. Don't fail to see this wonder of the age—and secure some of the good bargains, when you visit the city.—One price only.

TEXAS.—A writer from western Texas says the French, German, Swiss, Hungarian, and other European settlers in that western Texas are, to a man, in favor of forming a new state out of the western portion of that state; and they are all opposed to slavery. There are many settlers from the northern states among them, too, and together, he thinks they can command ten thousand votes already.

NEBRASKA FARMING.—A farmer in Nebraska declares that the pumpkins in his field are so large as to endanger the life of his entire household. A few days since, one of his family had, by means of a rope ladder, climbed to the top of a tremendous squash, when he was seized with dizziness, and falling off, fractured both of his arms, broke his leg, and hurt himself besides.

KENDALL ON ROYAL BEAUTY.—Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, writes home that the ladies in waiting upon Victoria at Paris, were a distressingly homely set, nor does he treat any better the princess royal of England: "She is a fat, chubby, and coarse specimen of a girl, a homely likeness of her mother, who never set up any pretensions to beauty that I am aware of."

THE FLOOD CAUSED BY ICE.—A scientific correspondent of a late London journal, in alluding to the days of Noah, says that, at what is known as "the Flood," it is probable that the poles of the earth were changed, and a sudden dissolution of the polar seas ensued, which deluged the equatorial parts of the earth, and whelmed in ruin nearly all the human race.

EXPENSIVE CHURCH MUSIC.—Several of the churches in Boston, Mass., are said to pay from \$1,500 to \$2,000 a year for their music, and many other parishes appropriate from \$1,000 to \$1,500 for the same purpose.

Immense beds of soapstone have been discovered within a few days past in Waterville, Conn., on the Naugatuck railroad. A company for the quarrying business has been formed.

LOSS BY FIRES.—The loss by fires in the United States for nine months from January 1st, amounts to \$9,863,000.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

HAMPDEN, SS.

To either of the Constables of the Town of Hampden, in said County, GREETING. In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby directed to notify and warn the inhabitants of the Town of Chicopee, qualified by the Constitution and Laws to vote for Governor and other State officers, to assemble in Cabot Hall in said Town, on Tuesday, the sixth day of November next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at which time and place the meeting will be opened for the transaction of the following business, viz:

ARTICLE 1. To determine the number of Representatives the town will elect, to represent the town in the next General Court of Massachusetts.

ART. 2. To bring in to the Selectmen of said Town, who will preside in said meeting, their votes for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary, Treasurer and Receiver General, Auditor, and Attorney General of the Commonwealth, two Senators for Hampden District, one Representative from the 10th Congressional District of Massachusetts, to represent said district in the thirty-fourth Congress of the United States, and for one or more Representatives to represent said town in the General Court of this Commonwealth, to be holden in Boston on the first Wednesday in January next, all on one ballot.

ART. 3. To bring in their votes for one Commissioner for the County of Hampden, and a Register of Deeds and Treasurer for said County.

And you are directed to serve this warrant by posting attested copies thereof in seven public places in said Town, seven days at least, before the time for holding said meeting, and by publishing the same in the "Weekly Journal," a newspaper published in said town. Hereof fail not, but of this warrant, with your doings thereon, make due return to us, at the time and place of holding said meeting.

Given under our hands, this twenty-second day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty five.

THUS CHAPIN,
JOHN E. MARSH,
C. S. CHAPIN,
RUFUS MOSHER,
WM. H. WEST,

A true copy—attest,
RIPLEY SWIFT,
Constable of Chicopee.

NOTICE TO VOTERS.

The Selectmen hereby give notice that they will be in session at the Hotel, in Chicopee Falls, from 9 until 12 o'clock, A. M., on Monday, the 31st of November, and at their office, in Chicopee, from 2 until 6 o'clock, the same day, and also on the day of election, to consider any applications for entry upon the voters' list.

A list of the voters will be placed in each of the Post-offices at Chicopee and Chicopee Falls, ten days before the election.

Per order of the Board,
JONA. R. CHILDS, Town Clerk,
Chicopee, Oct. 22, 1855.

THE FAMOUS GEORGE LAW MUSKETS.—

The Russian government has purchased the above fire-arms—100,000 old U. S. muskets, we believe—and that the same are now in process of alteration into simi-Minnie rifles at Colt's establishment, Hartford, Conn. It is a singular fact that the chief belligerent parties in the present European wars, have come to the city of Hartford, Conn., to obtain their best arms.—Messrs. Robbins and Lawrence, are turning out over 1000 rifles per month for the Sharp's Rifle Co., of that place, on an English contract, besides a large quantity of other arms.

"I don't use any medicine, and have not and have not for years," said one who felt proud even, that his system had not had the drains opened, or cleansed for years. Probably the first epidemic, or exposure, will be the end of him. Dr. Clough's Columbian Pills act on the system like oil on machinery—makes it run easy. Better keep the blood pure, with this Pill; keep the system free. This is safer, and there is nothing like these Pills—safe, mild and innocent, and only 25 cents a box.

BELLS OF CAST STEEL.—The English papers mention that Messrs. Naylor, Yickers & Co., at Sheffield, are manufacturing bells of steel. They have one at their works, which weighs about a ton. It is reported to give a powerful and good tone, but seems to have less vibration of sound than bell metal. The price of steel bells is about one-third less than if made of ordinary bell metal.

JOHN P. GORCH, the great temperance lecturer, now hard at work in New York, during the two years he was in England, made about 1,000 addresses, traveled 19,837 miles, wrote 3,500 letters, and slept in 300 different beds. After the present campaign is over, he will return to England and resume his labors. He has accumulated quite a snug sum of money by his persevering labors.

ILLINOIS.—A census of the state of Illinois has just been taken, and the returns received show that the population in the aggregate will exceed 1,300,000. In the year 1830, the population of the state was 157,445, and in 1850 it was 851,470. The large increase since the last national census is attributed to the effects of railroad building throughout the commonwealth.

WHALEBONE.—The Philadelphia Ledger says that the umbrella men in New York have been compelled to fit out a dozen whalers for the purpose of getting whalebone enough to keep up their business.—The ladies have put the whole stock on hand into their petticoats.

The richest copper ore yet discovered in south-western Virginia is said to have been recently found in the valley a few miles south of Jeffersonville, Tazewell county. The beds are said to be inexhaustible, the copper-discovery to be the greatest yet discovered in the state.

SANTA ANNA AT CARTHAGENA.

Anna and family are safely installed near Carthage. He has a beautiful residence but a few miles distant from Carthage. His hacienda was under good cultivation, two years ago, when he left it at the call of his partizans in Mexico. He now returns to private life for a third time. This stamps his late asserted presence in Washington as one 'em cut out of the whole cloth.

THE TRUNK RAILWAY.—

It is expected that the entire line of the Grand trunk railway, from Montreal to Toronto, will be ready for the cars as early as the first of next January.

LARGE LAND SALES.—At the various land offices in Minnesota, 1,178,003 acres of public lands will be sold during October and November.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Holloway's Pills may be taken with perfect safety by both sexes, and all ages, their effect being mild yet positive; their searching properties render them invaluable for the extermination of every disease, particularly liver and stomach complaints; bilious disorders, and indigestion. As a purifier of the system, they are unequalled, and their virtues in cases of determination of blood to the head, and asthmatic complaints, cannot be too highly commended on, in short, by a peruse with these admirable Pills, there are few complaints which can resist their extraordinary influence.

USE DR. CROGHAN'S COLUMBIAN PILLS.—Some people get the impression that because this great remedy for bilious complaints, is called PILLS, of course it must physic a person "until they feel as though they had been drawn through a knot hole." Friend! it is not so! It is not a drastic purge; such purges generally do more hurt than good. These Pills are very mild, gentle and innocent, but they cure disease with less cost of money and loss of time, than any other known medicine. These pills can be depended on by all sick or complaining persons, for a cure, and no mistake, if used faithfully. This we honestly believe.

Wm. RENSE, proprietor, Pittsfield, Mass.
Read the advertisement in another column of this paper.

DIED.

In this village, Oct. 21, of consumption, Miss Emily M. Duley, aged 16 years.

In this village, Oct. 20, James P. Haskell, aged 26.

In this village, Oct. 21, of typhoid fever, Henry, son of Samuel and Ann Blaisdale, aged 16. His trust was in the Lord, Springfield papers please copy.

PERUVIAN SYRUP, FOR THE CURE OF DYSPESIA,

LIVER COMPLAINT, DROPSY, NEURALGIA, INCIDENT DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND BRONCHIAL PASSAGES, AND GENERAL DEBILITY.

Sold in Boston, for the Proprietors, by WILSON, FAIRBANK & CO., Nos. 43 & 45 Hanover Street.

Boston, June 7th, 1855.

As you have kindly sent some amount of the benefit experienced in my case, from the Peruvian Syrup, I will state that for several years I have suffered from a cerebral affection consequent upon Bronchitis. I tried various remedies, including tonics and opiates, but obtained no relief. The system seemed to be failing under repeated congestive attacks, induced generally by sudden changes in the weather, and by over exertion, the attacks recurring upon an average every three weeks, the effects not passing off for several days. From testimonials and the advice of the Syrup, I made trial of it and soon experienced a decided improvement in strength and ability to resist atmospheric changes. It is now six months since I had a recurrence of the congestive attacks, and I have no doubt, adding my experience to that of others, that the Syrup produced the favorable change. Every physician is well aware that there are self-evident diseases, and where a disease is not so, that it is doubtful, which remedy (where several have been tried) effected the cure; therefore I will answer in advance a question which may be properly made:—Why speak so confidently in this case? Because, having tried various remedies, and all failing, this effected a favorable change in a short time, and the system was becoming daily more debilitated. Having the reliable assurance that no injudicious prejudicial to the system enters the composition of the Syrup, I would recommend it where a tonic and alterative effect is desired, and I trust you will be able to make some arrangements by which physicians may recommend its trial in their practice, without seeming countenance quackery. FRAS. DANA, M. D.

Dear Sir—I have been much benefited by the use of the Peruvian Syrup, and wish to make it known to similar sufferers. For some years I have been troubled and delicate—suffering at times from depression of spirits, with loss of sleep, languor and weariness. My food did not nourish or invigorate me. A slight cold would give me a cough, and for two years, I had more or less bronchitis. I have used three bottles of the Syrup, and these symptoms have given place to a state of health I never thought of obtaining. My digestion is much improved, debility gone, spirits restored, and throat quite well. I have made no change in my diet, regimen, or any other external condition, I can attribute this benefit to no other cause than the use of this excellent medicine. Cambridge, July 3, 1855.

Groveland, Mass., May 16, 1855.
Dear Sir—I hereby certify, for the benefit of those who are afflicted with the like complaint, that I was troubled for three or four days with neuralgia. I was attacked in my head, face and teeth, and afterwards in my shoulders, back and legs, and could obtain no permanent relief from any medicine which I used. When Peruvian Syrup came into this town, I procured a bottle of it of the agent here, and commenced taking it in February, 1855, and found myself cured by taking one bottle, and have had no further trouble from these complaints since, which is now about three months. JOHN A. DEXTER. (Copy of a letter from H. E. Kenney, many years resident in Lima.)

Lima, May 5, 1855.
Dear Sir—Having for the last five years made extensive use of the Peruvian Syrup in many cases of obstinate disorders of the digestive organs, general debility, especially such as is produced by juvenile indigestion, and by dropsy, I most cordially recommend its use to all such as suffer under any of the numerous affections arising from functional derangement of the alimentary canal.

Some of the component parts of this remedy which are familiar to me, as exhibited by chemical analysis, I know to be propitious, and such as are not developed by scientific scrutiny, I am also persuaded that can do no harm, and that the benefit that the cure of such a distinction have ever been surpassed, or even equaled. (Signed) H. E. KINNEY, M. D. CARD.

The undersigned having experienced the beneficial effects of the PERUVIAN SYRUP, do not hesitate to recommend it to the attention of the public. From our own experience, as well as from the testimony of others whose intelligence and integrity are altogether unquestionable, we have no doubt of its efficacy in all cases of incipient diseases of the lungs and bronchitis, passages, general debility, liver complaint, dropsy, neuralgia, general debility, and other ailments which would be incredible but for the high character of those who have witnessed them, and have volunteered their testimony, as we do ours, to its restorative powers. (Signed) THOS. C. ARMOY, GORHAM BROOKS, S. H. KENDALL, M. D., SAMUEL MAY.

