



Poetry.

[For the Chicopee Weekly Journal.]

OUR ELDER.
And hast thou fallen, lofty Elm?
Thou old familiar friend,
Though storms and tempests spared thee long,
Thou to man's power didst bend.

Select Tales.

THE SICKNESS AND HEALTH OF THE PEOPLE OF BLEABURN. CHAPTER VII.

It was a regular business now for three or four of the boys of Bleaburn to go up to the brow every morning to bring down the stores from O—, which were daily left there under the care of the watch.—Mr. Kirby had great influence already with the boys of Bleaburn. He found plenty for them to do, and, when they were very hungry with running about, he gave them wholesome food to satisfy their healthy appetite.

"I am really quite surprised," said Mr. Kirby. "This is all news to me. I should have said you were a remarkably staid, quiet, persevering man; and I am sure, very kind hearted."
"You have seen us all at such a time, you know, Sir! It is not only the misfortunes of the time that sober us, but when there is so much to do for one's neighbors, one's mind does not want to be in a passion—so to speak."
"Very true. The best part of us is roused, and puts down the worse. I quite agree with you, Warrender."

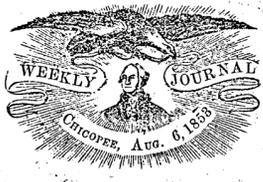
for the season—the lads who went up to the brow saw the same sight that had been visible in the same place one evening in the preceding August. There was a chaise, and an anxious post-boy, and a lady talking with one of the cordon. Mr. Kirby had learned what friends Mary Pickard had in England, and which of them lived nearest, and he had taken the liberty of writing to declare the condition of the Good Lady. His letter brought the friend, Mrs. Henderson, who came charged with affectionate messages to Mary from her young daughters, and a fixed determination not to return without the invalid.
"To think," as she said to Mary when she appeared by the side of her mattress, "that you should be in England, suffering in this way, and we not have any idea what you were going through!"

"How kind every body is!" said Mary, with swimming eyes. Mrs. Henderson cleared her throat, and looked out of the window on her side.
CHAPTER VIII.
The spectacle of carrying the Good Lady up to the brow was more terrifying to the people of Bleaburn than any one of the funerals they had seen creeping along by the same path,—more even than the passage of the laden cart, with the pall over it, on the morning of the opening of the new burying-grounds. The people of Bleaburn, extremely ignorant, were naturally extremely superstitious. It was not only the very ignorant who were superstitious; the fever itself was never supposed to be more catching than a mood of superstition; and so it now appeared in Bleaburn. For many weeks past the Good Lady had been regarded as a sort of talisman in the people's possession. She breathed out such cheerfulness wherever she turned her face, that it seemed as if the place could not go quite to destruction while she was in it. Some who would not have admitted to themselves that they held such an impression were yet infected with the common dismay, as well as with the sorrow of parting with her. If Mary had had the least idea of the probable effect of her departure, she would have been less admired by the Kirbys for her docility,—for she would certainly have insisted on staying where she was.

"I declare I don't know what to do," the doctor confessed in confidence, to the clergyman. "Every patient I have is drooping, and the people in the street look like creatures under doom. The comet was bad enough; and, before we have well done with it, here is a panic which is ten times worse."
"Let me see a name to help you against the comet," replied Mr. Kirby. "I think I may be of some use again now. Shall I tell them it is a clear case of idolatry?"
"Why, it is in fact so, Mr. Kirby; but yet I shrink from appearing to cast the slightest disrespect on her."
"Of course; of course. The thing I want to show to them is what she would think,—how shocked she would be if she knew the state of mind she left behind."
"Ah! if you can do that!"
"I will see about it. Now tell me how we are going on."
The Doctor replied by a look, which made Mr. Kirby shake his head. Neither of them liked to say in words how awful was the state of things.

In the corner of the little porch was a man sitting, crouching and covering as if in bodily pain. Mr. Kirby went up to him, stooped down to see his face (but it was covered with his hands,) and at last ventured to remove his hat. The man looked up. It was a square, hard face, which from its make would have seemed immovable; but it was anything but that now. It is a strange sight, the working of emotion in a countenance usually as hard as marble!
"Neale!" exclaimed Mr. Kirby. "somebody ill at the farm, I am afraid."
"Not yet, Sir; not yet, Mr. Kirby, but Lord save us! we know nothing of how soon it may be so."
"Exactly so: that has been the case of every man, woman, and child, hour by hour since Adam fell."
"Ye, Sir; but the present time is something different from that. I came, Sir, to say * * I came, Mr. Kirby, because I can get no peace or rest day or night; for thoughts, Sir; for thoughts."
Mr. Kirby glanced round him. "Come in," said he, "come into my study."
Neale followed him in; but instead of sitting down, he walked straight to the window, and seemed to be looking into the garden. Mr. Kirby, who had been on foot all the morning, sat down and waited, shaving away at a pen meanwhile.
"On Sunday, Sir," said Neale at last, in a whispering kind of voice, "you read that I have kept back the hire of the laborer that reaped down my fields, and that their cry has entered into the ears of the Lord."
"Thou kept back the hire of the laborer?" exclaimed Mr. Kirby, quickly turning in his seat, so as to face his visitor. He laid his hand on the pocket-bible on the table, and with his finger on the line, walked to the window with it.

do; not because she carries luck about with her, but because there is nothing we so much want as her example of courage, and sense and cheerfulness."
"To be sure," said Neale, in a meditative way, "she could not keep the people from dying."
"No indeed," observed Mr. Kirby; "you and some others took care that she should not."
In reply to the man's stare of amazement, Mr. Kirby asked:—
"Are not you the proprietor of several of the cottages in Bleaburn?"
"Ye, I have seven altogether."
"I know them well,—too well. Neale, your conscience accuses you about the hire of your laborers: but you have done worse things than oppress them about wages. Part of the mischief you may be unaware of; but I know you are not of all. I know that Widow Slany speaks to you, year by year, about repairing that wretched place she lives in. Have you done it yet? Not you! I need not have asked; and yet you screw that poor woman for her rent till she cannot sleep at night for thinking of it. You know in your heart that what she says is true,—that if her son was alive,—(and it was partly your hardness that sent him to the wars, and to his terrible fate)—"
"Stop sir! I cannot bear it!" exclaimed Neale. "Sir, you should not bear so hard on me. I have a Son that met another hard fate at the wars; and you know it, Mr. Kirby."
"to be sure I do. And how do you treat him? You drove him away by harshness; and now you say he shall not come back because you cannot be troubled with a cripple at home."
"Not now, sir. I say no such thing now. When I said that, I was in a bad mood. I mean to be kind to him now; and I have told him so:—that is, I have said so to the girl he is attached to."
"You have? You have really seen her, and shown respect to the young people?"
"I have, Sir."
"Well: that is so far good. That is some foundation laid for a better future."
"I should be thankful, Sir, to make up for the past."
"Ah!" said Mr. Kirby, shaking his head; "that is what can never be done. The people, as you say, are dead; the misery is suffered: the mischief is done, and cannot be undone. It is a lie, and a very fatal one, to say that past sins may be atoned for."
"O, Mr. Kirby!—don't say that!"
"I must say it, because it is true. You said yourself that you cannot make it up to those you have injured, because the men are dead. What is that you are saying? that you wished the fever had taken you; and you could go now and shoot yourself? Before you dare to do such things, you should look at the other half of the case. Is not the future greater than the past, because we have power over it? And is there not a good text somewhere about forgetting the things that are behind, and pressing forward to those that are before?"
"O, Sir, if I could forget the past!"
"Well: you see you have scripture warrant for trying. But then the pressing forward to better things must go with it. If you forget the past, and go on the same as ever, you might as well be in hell at once. Then, I don't know that your shooting yourself would do much harm to anybody."
"But, Sir, I am willing to do all I can. I am willing to spend all I have. I am, indeed."
"Well, spend away,—money, time, thought, kindness,—till you can fairly say that you have done by everybody as you would be done by! It will be time enough then to think what next. And, first, about these cottages of yours. If no more people are to die in them, murdered by filth and damp, you have no time to lose. You must not sit here, talking remorse, and planning fine deeds, but you must set the work going this very day. Come! let us go and see."
Farmer Neale walked rather feebly through the hall: so Mr. Kirby called him into the parlor, and gave him a glass of wine. Still, as they went down the street, one man observed to another, that Neale looked ten years older in a day. He looked round him, however, with some signs of returning spirits, when he saw the boys at their street-cleaning, and observed, that hereabouts things looked very wholesome



AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.
V. B. PALMER is the Agent for this paper in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and is duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His receipts will be regarded as payments. His office is in Scollay's Building, Boston, Tribune Building, New York, and North-West corner Third and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

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AGRICULTURAL CONSERVATION.

In no pursuit is the most unyielding conservatism so manifest as in that of agriculture. Hence, we are accustomed to call the tillers of the soil "staid old farmers." This condition of things may be called almost a natural condition. The pursuit leads to success and experiences which impress the mind with stability—immovable firmness. The farmer goes to his work from day to day, from month to month, and from year to year, beholding the same landscape—the same unvarying fulfillment of the law of seed-time and harvest. He plants, sows, and mows the same fields from year to year—and remarks little change in the order of things about him; hence, he becomes like the objects in the midst of which his time is spent.

The advance of science during the past quarter of a century however, has not neglected entirely, in its march, the staid old farmers. Altho' the work of eye-opening has been slow, yet a change can clearly be perceived. The various improvements in agricultural implements, which have from time to time impressed themselves upon the public mind by some new invention, can hardly be realized by comparing to-day with yesterday, or this year with the last; but by looking back for a period of 10, 20, or even a larger number of years, one is struck with the change that has been wrought.

There are farms, however, where the footstep of progression is not yet visible.—The old winnowing mill of the grandfather, from whom the broad acres have come down, stands unmoved upon the barn floor; no sacrilegious hand is allowed to change its position. "What! move that mill, which has stood there for so many generations? Not in my day; when I am gone, I suppose you will have things as you want them; but pray, let my bones be placed beneath the sod before you touch what has remained so long unobscured." We have been at the scene of this holy reverence for the ancient position of the old fanning-mill—'tis no "fancy sketch," and the words of the then guiding spirit were uttered with a solemnity almost becoming the house of God.

On the other hand, there are farms that are conducted more in accordance with the spirit of the age; and if we are not mistaken, these farms are readily distinguished, by the greater thrift which mark their locality.

There are undoubtedly many things offered to the farmer as improvements, which are not really so; the inventor has been mistaken; his machine does not possess the value which he claims for it, and which, in his vision, he clearly saw it must have.—But such failures should not lead to a general opposition to all kinds of improvement—to the stereotyped declaration: "None of your book farming for me!" The growing scarcity of good field labor, and the constant advance in its price, must eventually force the farmers into the employment of labor saving machinery. A few have seen this already, and have anticipated a worse state of things in the future, by bringing to their aid, and becoming familiar with the use and operation of various instruments, which will do the same work, and for the same price, "yesterday, to-day, and forever"—or as long as they last.

We are, of course, not competent to judge of the merits of any of the various machines which are intended for agricultural use—but having recently seen in operation one of KIRCHMANN'S PATENT MOVING MACHINES, and conversed with the gentleman on whose farm it was in use, we give his opinion of its merits, which, so far as we are able to judge, is correct.

Mr. Marshall Pease, a young and promising farmer in Chicopee street, has used one of these machines the present season; and it was upon his farm that we witnessed its operation. In the circular of Howard & Co., Buffalo, N. Y., the builders and proprietors of the machine, it is stated that it is "warranted to cut and spread, with a pair of horses and driver, from 10 to 15 acres per day of any kind of grass, heavy or light, wet or dry—and to do it as well as done with a scythe, by the best of mowers." Mr. Pease's land lies upon the Connecticut, and perhaps is as well situated as any other to test the machine. He is of the opinion that twelve acres per day is about the average power of the machine on his land; and is satisfied that the work is better done than it could be by the scythe. As we were riding around the field, upon the machine, with Mr. Pease, we noticed

that in every spot of stout grass, the cutting was much more handsomely done than where the grass was light. It seemed to us further, that the work was too much for one pair of horses, and that the horse upon the off side had the hardest work to do.—We think Mr. Pease confirmed these opinions.

On lands like these in the Connecticut valley, we are of the opinion that such machines can be introduced to great advantage, and in this belief we are sustained by many excellent farmers of our acquaintance.

SAVED FROM DROWNING.—In the early part of the season we were called upon to chronicle the fact, that Mr. Samuel H. Atherton, who is employed by Mr. Erastus Stebbins in his shop near the upper dam, saved the life of a little girl 8 years, daughter of Mr. Wm. L. Hitchcock, who having fallen into the river at that place. During the present week a son of Mr. William Torry, the man who has charge of the gates, at the head of the canal, was in bathing at the same place, and going beyond his depth, came near being drowned. An alarm was given however, and Mr. Atherton performed the same service for him as he had previously done for the little girl. The boy was about 13 years old, and when taken from the water, life was nearly extinct.

FIRE.—A fire broke out in mill No. 4 Perkins corporation on Thursday afternoon the 4th inst. It was supposed to have been caused in some way by the Boiler, but in what way does not clearly appear; as it was first discovered in the Box enclosing the steam pipe, and leading from the boiler through all the rooms to the Dressing Room. The fire was extinguished speedily, doing little damage, and that little caused more by water than by fire.

We felt called upon two weeks since to express what we believed to be the general feeling in this community respecting a house known as the Franklin House. The results of the arrest then made, are detailed through a communication which will be found in another place.

RAIN.—The rains of the last few days have so replenished the waters of the Chicopee, that the Mills are enabled to discontinue the use of Steam power, which has been necessary for some weeks past.

THE PRACTICAL DRAUGHTSMAN'S BOOK OF INDUSTRIAL DESIGN.—We are happy to acknowledge the receipt of the first No. of this work, which seems to promise so much from first appearances. It should be in the hands of every mechanic. Published by Stringer & Townsend—New York—Price 37 1/2 cents a number.

FIRE COMPANIES.—As we are going to press we notice a communication from the *Westerner*, from the Foreman of the Niagara Co., respecting an article which appeared in our last. We will endeavor to attend to the same next week.

Correspondence of the Journal.

MR. EDITOR.—Much dissatisfaction is felt by many in this community on account of the sudden and unexpected termination of the legal prosecution instituted against Daniel Greene and others keepers of the Franklin House, in the east part of this town, referred to in your paper two weeks since.

A brief recital of some facts connected with this affair, will serve to answer the inquiries of many respecting it, and show on whom rests the responsibility for quashing the prosecution. At the February term of the Criminal Court, Greene and Robinson were indicted for keeping an house of ill-fame at said Franklin House; they absconded temporarily from the State, after the session of the court closed, they returned, were arrested, and brought before two magistrates in Springfield, who ordered them to furnish sureties in the sum of 100 dollars each for their appearance at the next term of the Criminal Court, which they at once complied with, and then returned to their business, and conducted the house as formerly. Indeed there seemed to be a great increase of patronage at their establishment, not unfrequently fifteen or twenty carriages could be seen there at a time. Drunkenness, horse-racing and rowdiness abounded. It was a place where the dissolute and the vile of both sexes congregated.

Greene openly avowed his determination to keep the house as he had done, in defiance of law and the public sentiment in this community. The case was represented to J. H. Morton Esq. Police Judge of Springfield, who readily consented to issue warrants, and perform the duties of magistrate. Several warrants were issued, Greene and others including some females were arrested, brought before his honor Judge Morton, and at the request of the Defts. the examination was postponed several weeks, and they were ordered by the court, to furnish recognizance in the sum of \$500, or more for their appearance to answer to the complaints at the time of adjournment; they complied with the order of the court and returned to their business as usual, being determined to pursue it in opposition to the known sentiment of the community, and in bold defiance of the law of the State, other warrants were obtained, several arrests were made, but Greene eluded all plans and efforts of the officers to apprehend him, and subsequently he absconded. Mr. Rowley the owner of the noted house, called together a number of the citizens who had interested themselves in suppressing it, and endeavored to effect a compromise by the payment on the part of the Defts. of the legal costs, on condition that the prosecution should be dismissed. This proposal on the part of the Defts. was not entertained by the community—a week or ten days before the day of trial, the prosecuting officer was waited upon by a stranger, who after some conversation relating to the case, indicated to him that a sum of money would be paid him if he would stay further proceedings, this proposal was very properly spurned at once.

Soon after, the Justice came out and conferred with the counsel for the prosecution, and some citizens of the place urging them to an acceptance of the proposition made by Mr. Rowley in behalf of the absent Defts. Neither the citizens nor the counsel acceded to it, the Justice gave direction to the officers not to summon the witnesses,—the subpoenas having been previously issued this order was not regarded, the witnesses, some 40 in number, were summoned to appear at the appointed day of trial. Things remained still, till on the afternoon of the day previous to the time of trial, the Justice again visited the prosecuting attorney, and insisted that the case must and should be stopped! He likewise called on the officer, and ordered him to notify all the witnesses not to appear, stating that there would be no trial.

The hour to which the case was adjourned arrived, and the Justice was present: the Defts. were not called, and defaulted; the sureties were not called, and defaulted, as the laws of right and justice manifestly required, and as the Statute plainly demands.

The Court stated that there had been put in to his hands funds to pay all legal costs that had been incurred, *peremptorily refusing to proceed with the case, and obstinately insisting upon a settlement on the terms proposed.* The officers and attorneys were paid their fees, and thus the case was ended—quashed.

Very justly, in my apprehension, is the indignation of this community excited against the magistrate who could pursue a course so decidedly in conflict with law, and the usage and practice of Courts in all past time. The crimes alleged vs. the Defts. were certainly of no trivial character, the testimony in the case was abundant and conclusive; not a mitigating circumstance existed which called for the leniency of the Court toward the criminal, Greene; and it would seem that if in any case of a criminal nature, most certainly in this, the law should have its course, and a just retribution come upon the transgressor.

I submit, whether the ends of law and justice relied, have not in this case been defeated, by a most surprising and unwarrantable interference of the magistrate having cognizance of the case.

If the brief history I have given of this case serves to convince the public (which I trust it will), that the responsibilities connected with the failure of the prosecutions commenced, rest not upon the citizens of the town who actively engaged in the work, I shall have accomplished my purpose.

Chicopee Falls, August 4, 1855.

SILVER NAILS.
An incident is connected with the history of the North Church, in this city, the facts of which are not generally known, and it may prove interesting to our readers. It appears that towards the close of the Revolution, the good people of the North Church found it necessary to make some repairs. They sent on to Boston, and purchased some nails, which in due course of time arrived, and upon opening the keg, lo and behold, one of them was found to contain Spanish dollars. "This was a go!" The Deacons assembled, held a consultation, and the result was, they wrote on to Boston, and informed the merchant who made the sale, that there was an error in shipping the goods. The merchant, present day, wrote back that he could rectify no mistakes—that the nails were bought and sold as they were. He bought them of a private dealer, and must let it stand as it was.—The silver was melted up, and made into a service of plate for the Church, and it is in existence and use at the present day. The above was related to me by a gentleman, in whose family is a large goblet, made from the same silver, and you may rest assured that what I have stated is a fact.—*New Haven Register.*

DON'T BE IN A HURRY.—The philosopher of the *Williamsburg Daily Times* moralizes for the consolation of young ladies who want to get married and can't, as follows:—
She stood beside the altar when she was sixteen. She was in love; her destiny rested on a creature in fashionable clothes, with an empty pocket. He "came of a good family," however, and blood, you know, is something. She looked lovingly as she pronounced the vow. Think of a vow from auburn hair, dark eyes and pouting lips, only sixteen years old! She stood beside the wash-tub when her twenty-fifth birthday arrived. The hair's the eyes and the lips were not calculated to excite the heart. Five cross young ones were about the room, some crying, some breaking things, and one urging the immediate supply of the lacteal secretion. She stopped in despair, and sat down, and tears trickled down her once plump and rosy cheeks. Alas! Nancy, early marriages are not the dodge. Better enjoy youth at home, and hold lovers at a distance, until you have limb, muscle and heart, to face the frowning world and a family. If a chap really cares for you, he can wait two or three years, make presents, take you to concerts, and so on, until the time comes. Early marriages and early cabbages are tender productions.

MILITARY.—It has been decided to have the grand Encampment and Review of the Third Division of Massachusetts militia, ordered this fall by Gov. Clifford, take place in Springfield. The Third Division includes about 90 volunteer companies of military embracing all or nearly all those of the five western counties of the state—Worcester, Hampden, Hampshire, Franklin and Berkshire—in all some 1500 to 1700 soldiers. The Encampment will commence on the 7th of September, and continue three days, on the last of which Gov. Clifford is expected to be present with his staff, and review the troops. The occasion will bring out the largest and most attractive military display that has been witnessed in this part of the state for many years.

The New Military Company recently raised in Greenfield, organized and chose officers on Thursday the 4th. It will be present at the annual muster in Springfield.

The Montague Light Infantry are providing themselves a new uniform. They have adopted the state regulations.

Elijah Porter fell dead, at his residence in this city on Monday evening after going through with the labors of the day. His age was 75, and he is supposed to have died from a disease of the heart.—*Springfield Post.*

PREACHING A PRACTICAL SERMON.—A number of years ago, Parson B—preached in a town in the interior of this state. A sound theologian was Parson B—, as a published volume of his Sermons evinces; but, like many clergymen of the past generation, he was too much given to preaching "doctrinal sermons," to the exclusion of "practical" themes—at least so thought one of his parishioners, Mr. C—.

"Mr. B—," said he, one day, to the clergyman, "we know all about the doctrines of this time. Why don't you sometimes preach us a real practical discourse?"

"Oh, very well. If you wish it, I will do so. Next Sunday I will preach a practical sermon." Sunday morning came; and an unusually large audience, attracted by the report of the promised novelty, were in attendance. The preliminary services were performed, and the parson announced his text. After "opening his subject," he said he should make a practical application to his hearers. He then commenced at the head of the aisle, calling each member of the congregation by name, and pointing out his special faults. One was a little inclined to indulge in creature comforts; another was a terrible man at a bargain, and so on.

While in mid valley, the door of the church opened, and Doctor S—entered.

"There," went on the parson, "there is Doctor S—, coming in the middle of the service, just as usual, and disturbing the whole congregation. He does it just to make people believe that he has so large a practice that he can't get time to come to church in season, but it isn't so—he hasn't been called to visit a patient on Sunday morning for three months."

Thus went on the worthy clergyman. At last he came to Mr. C—, who had requested a practical sermon.

"And now," said he, "there's Mr. C—; he's a merchant,—and what does he do? Why, he stays at home on Sunday afternoon, and writes business letters. If he gets a lot of goods up from New York on Saturday night, he goes to his store, and marks them on Sunday, so as to have them all ready for sale on Monday morning. That's how he keeps the Sabbath; and he isn't satisfied with doctrinal sermons; he wants practical ones."

At the conclusion of the service, the parson walked up to Mr. C—, and asked him how he liked the "practical sermon."

"Mr. B—," was the reply, "preach just what you please after this. I'll never attempt to direct you again."

FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.—On Tuesday, the 26th inst., John Kiffin, the Yonkers fisherman par excellence, who has long been noted for catching all sorts of queer fish, took in his seine a large white shark measuring nine feet in length.

After it was landed on the beach it attracted a large number of curious spectators, many of whom not being content with looking at it, "monster of the deep," must needs feel of it. One young man, who thought that the shark had not breath enough left for a final gasp, commenced a close examination of his "dental formations," when the shark "opened on him," and gave him an opportunity to judge of their masticating properties by inserting them into one of his hands, from which the blood flowed profusely for a long time. On the next day, the shark was taken. Bathers must hereafter be a little cautious how far they venture from the shore; it would materially affect their enjoyment to meet one of these "man-eaters" in deep water.—*Yonkers Herald, 30th.*

NEW MILITARY COMPANY.—A military association has been formed in this town, for the purpose of organizing a company, agreeably to the laws of the commonwealth, and measures have been taken to obtain a charter, which, if it is believed will be complied with. Strong hopes are entertained that Berkshire County will not much longer be without a military company that will compare favorably with any other in this part of the State. All things operating favorably the company will go into camp this fall.—*Pittsfield Eagle.*

FIRE WORKS.—The employees of the Greenfield Tool Works, treated our citizens to a display of fireworks on Thursday evening. The display was excellent and what adds to its merit, is the fact that they were all manufactured by J. B. Bragger, employed in the marble works at the Tool Factory. At the close of the display, a respectable sized balloon was sent up with a light inside, which continued to ascend until it was lost sight of in the direction of Gill.—The Greenfield Brass Band furnished some of their best music for the occasion.

Gazette.
Tuesday last, was a great day for Greenfield. Probably there were more people here than on almost any other occasion. Some persons were determined on having a "good time," and for the purpose of destroying some of the bad liquor in this village "put down" generous quantities of it. In consequence of getting a little excited, Michael Portell, Wm. Pervere, Jr., Morris Scanlan and J. Lucius were locked up and given a short time for reflection. Subsequently they were introduced to his honor, Justice Newcomb, who fined them from one to two dollars and costs. Allen Stewart and Aspaacia Graves were also brought before Justice Newcomb charged with assaulting Patrick Shelly on Tuesday night with bricks and breaking his jaw-bone. Stewart was put under \$50 bonds for further examination, but is said to have left for parts unknown. Graves is under \$100 bonds to appear again before Justice Newcomb to-day.—*Democrat.*

Preparations are making for a Firemen's Festival in Providence, R. I., similar to the one recently held in New Haven, but designed to be more extended. A board of five judges is to be selected, one each from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston and Providence, so that all contestants for prizes can be assured that the awards will be impartial.

A girl of some ten years, residing in Norfolk, Va., was recently taken sick, and apparently died. The body was afterwards inclosed in a shroud, and preparations for the funeral were making when she revived, on the morning of the day on which she was to have been buried.

INTERESTING TO NATURALISTS.

It is well known to most of the scientific men of this country, and also in Europe, that the late DEXTER MARSH, of Greenfield, had, during the last 10 or 12 years, at great expenditure of time, money and patience, accumulated a collection of the peculiar fossils of the Connecticut river sandstone, which is absolutely unrivaled.—These fossils are the so-called ornithichnites, or foot-prints of the gigantic birds which at some remote geological period inhabited the valley of the Connecticut.—Some of these tracks are 18 inches in length, with a stride of 3 feet 6 inches, the impressions so perfect as to show markings of the rough skin of the toes, with the claws, and other anatomical configurations of the foot. Other specimens are smaller, and of diverse characters. One slab of stone in the collection, 10 by 6 feet, is literally covered with foot-prints of birds, having at least 70 distinct impressions, arranged in definite lines, or transits. The specimens are mostly from the celebrated localities of Turner's Falls, South Hadley Falls, and the Chicopee and Cabotville quarries.

By the decease of the owner, this magnificent collection is to be sold at public auction, in separate lots, on the 21st of September next. The specimens have been appraised by President Hitchcock, Prof. Shepherd, and others, at rates varying from \$350 to \$1. The collection also embraces some rare reptilian foot-prints from the sand-stones, a series of 200 specimens of American fossil fishes, and an extensive museum of minerals, shells, Indian relics, &c., &c. This is probably the only opportunity that will occur for a long time, if ever, of acquiring these beautiful and peculiar fossils of the Connecticut valley.—They can now be obtained only by skillful prospecting, at great risk and expense.—All the localities have been exhausted for several years.

It is to be hoped that this fine collection may be preserved for the benefit of our country, but we fear that a good part of it will find its way to the British Museum, or the *Jardin des Plantes*, at Paris. Both of these institutions have agents in this country, and the value and rarity of the articles to be disposed of are well known to their managers. We understand that the Boston Society of Natural History has had its attention drawn to the subject, and an effort will undoubtedly be made to secure the whole, or a part, for the city of Boston.—*Springfield Republican.*

THE STEAM FIRE ENGINE.—A communication from the builder of the Cincinnati steam fire engine appears in the Journal of the Franklin Institute for this month. From this account, we learn that the boiler of the engine is a continuous coil of iron pipe, which is surrounded by the fire. The water injected into this receiver is almost immediately converted into steam, and five minutes only is required to put the machine in operation. Four men and four horses is all the force required.

As regards the pumping power of the engine, it is said it can throw either one or six streams, and will discharge about two thousand barrels per hour. It has two sections, six and a half inches in diameter, and twenty-four feet long, each consisting of one piece. They are always attached to the engine, cross each other in front, and lay back on either side. The greatest throw of water yet made is stated to be two hundred and forty feet from the end of the nozzle, measuring one inch and three quarters, to where the solid body of the stream fell, and two hundred and ninety-one feet to the point reached by the spray.

By way of illustration, we may notice its performance at one fire, to show the effect produced by this machine, compared with that by the hand apparatus. A fire occurred on the 20th of May, 1853, on Twelfth and Main street, at 3 o'clock, P. M.; the alarm was given, the steam engine ran eight squares, laid her hose, which was one square from the fire, and put the first water on the fire, which was all done in about five minutes; the hand apparatus, notwithstanding there were some of them stationed only two squares from the fire, were not at work until the steam engine was under way.

In eight and a half hours' work, (making due allowance for loss of water,) she poured into the fire about 15,000 barrels of water; it was a large brewery, with ale cellar; the wind was high and nothing but a cataract of water could have saved the entire square from destruction. This will show what can be done with steam in putting out fires. Arrangements are now making for four more of these machines by the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department. This will give the fire department of Cincinnati the greatest strength of any in the Union.

COLORED STATUES.
Mr. Bryant, editor of the Evening Post, gives an account of the new experiment by an artist of Italy in coloring a statue:

"The ancients, you know, colored or painted their statues' and this is supposed to have been done by persons who made it their particular profession. Gibson has a statue of Venus, a very pleasing figure, the hair of which has been colored of a very light warm brown, binding it with a fillet of the most delicate blue, stained the eyes with a dim azure, with a tint of a crimson vein or two at the corners, laid the faintest possible bloom on the cheeks, touched the lips slightly with scarlet, and suffused the skin, over the whole form, with a carnation just perceptible, through which the blue stains of the marble appear like wandering veins. The drapery of the figure is left in the original color of the marble, except the border, along which runs a double stripe of pale blue with another of pale crimson next to the edge. The effect is agreeable far beyond what I should have expected. The marble is deprived of all its appearance, of hardness, and the statue has the look of a human figure seen through soft mist—the outlines seem to blend with the atmosphere."

YELLOW FEVER IN NEW ORLEANS.—The yellow fever is on the increase in New Orleans, and the city is represented as being in a most filthy condition. The fever has proved more fatal than ever before, though it is confined mainly to the poorer classes. There were 124 deaths in the city on Thursday, of which 100 were from yellow fever. At the Charity Hospital, there were 190 deaths from the disease during the past week.

The disease is extending into the country, and the mortality on most of the railroads now building, in various parts of the state, is very great, especially in low and swampy localities.

had a hold over him. If not,—if I do you injustice in this, I should—

"You do not Sir. I am afraid what you say is very true."

"Well, just think it over, before he comes to you. This is the only confession made to me which concerns you to hear; but I assure you, I believe there is not an evil doer in Bleaburn that is not sick at heart as you are; and for the same reason. We all have our pains and troubles; and yours may turn out a great blessing to you,—or a curse, according as you persevere or give way."

Neale said to himself as he went home, that Mr. Kirby had surely been very hard. If a man hanged for murder was filled with hope and triumph, and certainty of glory, there must be some more speedy comfort for him than the pastor had held out. Yet, in his inmost heart he felt that Mr. Kirby was right; and he could not for the life of him, keep away from him. He managed to meet him every day. He could seldom get a word said about the state of his mind; for Mr. Kirby did not approve of people's talking of their feelings,—and especially of those connected with conscience: but in the deeds which issued from conscientious feelings, he found cordial assistance given. And Farmer Neale sometimes fancied that he could see the time,—far as it was ahead—when Mr. Kirby and he might be, as the pastor had himself said,—friends.

The amount of confession and remorse opened out to the pastor was indeed striking, and more affecting to him than he chose to show to anybody but his wife; and not even to her did he tell many of the facts. The mushroom resolutions spawned in the heat of panic were offensive and discouraging to him; but there were better chances than these. A man who had taken into wrath with a neighbor about a gate, and had kept so for years, and refused to go to church lest he should meet him there, to "take a glass of something" "That is discovered that life is too short for strife, and too precarious to be wasted in painful quarrels. A little girl whispered to Mr. Kirby that she had taken a turnip in his field without leave, and got payment to weed the great flower bed without pay, to make up for it. Simpson and Sally teased him to marry them; and for poor Sally's sake, he was right glad to do it. They were straightforward enough in their declaration of their reasons. Simpson thought nobody's life was worth a half penny now, and he did not wish to be taken in his sins; while Sally said it would be worse still if the innocent baby was taken for its parents' sin. They had to hear the publication of banns, at a time when other people were thinking of any thing but marriage; and when the now disused church was unlocked to admit them to the altar,—just themselves and the clerk,—it was very dreary; but they immediately after felt the safer and better for it. Sally thought the Good Lady would have gone to church with her, if she had been here; and as she wished she could let her know that Simpson had fulfilled his promise at last. Other people besides Sally wished they could let the Good Lady know how they were going on,—how frost came at last, in January, and stopped the fever;—how families who had lived crowded together now spread themselves into the empty houses; and how there was so much room that the worst cottages were left uninhabited, or were already in course of demolition, to dwellings; and how it was now certain that above two-thirds of the people of Bleaburn had perished in the fever, or by decline, after it. But they did not think of getting anybody who could write to tell all this to the Good Lady; nor did it occur to them that she might possibly know it all. The men and boys collected pretty spars for her; and the women and girls knitted gloves and comforters, and made pin cushions for her, in the faith that they should some day see her again. Meanwhile, they talked of her every day.

CHAPTER IX, AND LAST.

It was a fine spring day when the Good Lady re-appeared at Bleaburn. There she was, perfectly well, and glad to see health on so many of the faces about her. Some were absent whom she had left walking about in the strength of their prime; but others whom she had last seen lying helpless, like living skeletons, were now on their feet, with a light in their eyes, and some little tinge of color in their cheeks. There were sad spectacles to be seen of premature decrepitude, of dreadful sores, of deafness, of lameness, left by the fever. There were enough of these to have saddened the heart of any stranger entering Bleaburn for the first time, but to Mary, the impression was that of a place risen from the dead. There was much grass in the church-yard, and none in the streets; the windows of the cottages were standing wide, letting it be seen that the rooms were white-washed within. There was an indescribable air of freshness and brightness about the whole place, which made her feel and say that she hardly thought the fever could harbor there again. As she turned into the lane leading to her aunt's, the sound of the hammer, and the chipping of stone were heard; and some workmen, whom she did not know, turned from their work of planing boards, to see why a crowd should be coming round the corner. These were workmen from O, building Neale's new cottages, in capital style. And, for a moment, two young ladies, entering from the other end, were equally perplexed as to what the extraordinary bustle could mean. Their mother, however, understood it at a glance, and hastened forward to greet the Good Lady, sending a boy to fetch Mr. Kirby immediately. Mrs. Kirby's dress of manner broke down altogether when she introduced her daughters to Mary. "Let them see they have shaken hands with you," said she, as she herself kissed the hand she held.

It was not easy for Mary to spare a hand, so laden was she with pin cushions and knitted wares; but the Kirbys took them from her, and followed in her train, till the Widow Johnson appeared on her threshold, pale as marble, and grave as a monument, but well and able to hold out her arms to Mary. Poor Jem's excitement seemed to show that he was aware that some great event was happening. His habits were the same as before his illness, and he had no peace till he had shut the door when Mary entered. Everybody then went away for a time; plenty of eyes, however, being on the watch for the moment when the Good Lady should be visible again.

In a few minutes, the movements of Jem's head showed his mother that, as she said

something was coming. Jem's hearing was uncommonly acute, and what he now heard, and what other people heard directly after, was a drum and life. Neighbor after neighbor came to tell the Johnsons what their ears had told them already,—that there was a recruiting party in Bleaburn again; and Jem went out, attracted by the music.

"It is like the candle to the moth to him," said his mother. "I must go and see that nobody makes sport of him, or gives him drink."

"Sit still, Anny; I will go. And there is Warrender, I see, and Ann. We will take care of Jem."

And so they did. Ann looked so meaningly at Mary, meantime, as to make Mary look inquiringly at Ann.

"Only, Ma'am," said Ann, "that Sally Simpson is standing yonder. She does not look to me so far forward, but I know she would be pleased."

"Her name is Simpson. How glad I am he has married her!" whispered Mary, as she glanced at the ring which Sally was rather striving to show. "I hope you are happy at last, Sally."

"O, Ma'am," it is such a weight gone! And I do try to make him happy at home, that he may never repeat."

Mary thought the doubt should be all the other way,—whether the wife might not be the most likely to repent having bound herself to a man who could act towards her as Simpson had done. Widow Slaney was not to be seen. The wife and drum had sent her to the left. She came down to see Mary; but her agitation was so great that it would have been cruelly to stay. They heard her draw the bolts as they turned from the door.

"She does not like seeing Jack Neale any more than hearing the drum," observed the host of the plow and harrow, who had come forth to invite the Good Lady in, "to take a glass of something" "That is Jack Neale, Ma'am; that wooden-legged young man. He is married, though, for all his being so crippled. The young woman had led him before; and she loved him all the more now; and they married last week, and live at his father's. It must be a sad sight to his father; but he says no word about it. Better not; for Britons must be loyal."

"And why not?" said the doctor, who had hastened in from the brow, on seeing that something unusual was going forward below, and had ventured to offer the Good Lady his arm, as he thought an old comrad in the conflict with sickness and death might do.

"Why not?" said the doctor. "We make grievous complaints of the fatality of war; and it is sad to see the maiming and hear of the slaughter. But we had better spend our lamentations on a fatality that we can manage. It would take many a battle of Albuera to mow us down, and hurt us in sense and limb, as the fever has done."

"Why, that is true!" cried some, as if struck by a new conviction.

"True, yes," continued the doctor, "I don't like the sight of a recruiting party, or the sound of the drum much better than the poor woman in yonder house, who will die of heart-break after all—of horror and pining for her son. But there is something that I like still less; the first giddiness and trembling of the strong man, the sinking feebleness of the young mother, the dimming of the infant's eyes; and the creeping of old people down the stairs, and the hot weather, and the damp in the cold, that tell us that fever has lodged among us. I know then that we shall have, many times over, the slaughter of war without any comfort from thoughts of glory to ourselves or duty to our country. There is neither glory nor duty in dying like vermin in a ditch."

"I don't see," said Warrender, "that the sergeant will carry off any of our youngsters now. If he had come with his drum three months since, some might have gone with him to get away from the fever, as a more terrible thing than war; but at present I think he will find that death has left us no young men to spare."

And so it proved. The sergeant and his party soon marched up to the brow and disappeared, delivering the prophecy that Bleaburn would now lose its reputation for eagerness to support king and country. And in truth, Bleaburn was little heard of from that time till the peace.

Mary could not stay now. She had been detained very long from home—in America—and somebody was waiting very impatiently there to give her a new and happy home. This is said as if we were speaking of a real person—and so we are. There was such a Mary Pickard; and what she did for a Yorkshire village in a season of fever is true.

RUINS OF THE MORMON TEMPLE AND THE ICARIANS.—A correspondent of the *Dover* (N. H.) Star, under date of June 17, gives some interesting facts in relation to the city of Nauvoo, Mormonism, &c.

Before the temple was burned, it was nearly finished. Now all that remains, is the end facing the river, and this is seen for a few miles along the country, and at some distance on the river, below and above. It was built of limestone, the outside hewn and carved, exhibiting some of the most beautiful figures that ever saw made on stone. The location for the city is considered one of the best on the river. It is on a point of land formed by a great bend in the river, overlooking quite a portion of Iowa. A considerable part of the city is below a bluff yet it is so high that it is never inundated. The present number of inhabitants is about 3,000, and there is but one evangelical meeting, and this the Methodist. The Catholics have a meeting in the place.

The ruins of the temple are not the only ruins. Many of the brick houses in the best part of the city are deserted, and the remains of many burned houses continue on the grounds. Had the Mormons, even with their hubbub, conducted a little better, this would have been a great place. Most of the villages in this country were under their control.

Joe Smith's widow has married, and lives in the city. She and her husband keep the mansion house. Her eldest son is about 30 years of age; they have no fellowship with Mormonism, with their innocent children, to leave my native town, has for 12 years been an anti-Mormon. Yet Mormonism is still flourishing. A few miles below, commands are now encamped, preparing to emigrate to the Salt Lake country. Most of the Mormon sufferers have been women and children.

The temple site is owned by a company of socialists, called Icarians, mostly French; they number about 400, publish a weekly paper, and are infidels. I visited their buildings—had an interview with their President. They are noted as being peaceable and temperate. They all dine in one room; yet every man has a separate room for his family.



Sunday Reading.

THE MINISTER HUNTING HIS SLAVE. About 15 years ago there came to Indianapolis, Indiana, a colored man named John Freeman.

Agriculture.

WHAT THE FARMER MOST DESIRES. It is not a college endowed by the State, says a cotemporary; it is primary schools, to prepare farmers' sons and daughters for the higher walks in science as applied to agriculture.

There are some facts which have come to our knowledge, which will be edifying to know. When Freeman's arrest was known, the whole community was moved. One hundred men, of all parties, and of the first standing in the place, such as Judge Blackford, Judge Wick, N. B. Palmer, Calvin Fletcher, and many other such, signed a bond for bail in the sum of \$1,600.

Under a pretense that he feared a rescue, the Marshal was about to remove Freeman to Madison jail on the Ohio river; but has consented to leave him in the jail at Indianapolis, on condition that Freeman pays three dollars a day for a guard to watch over himself!

AGRICULTURE IN FRANCE. A letter writer for The Republic says a trip of six hundred and fifty miles, from the northern to the southern extremity of France justifies me in the expression of my opinion that God's sun does not elsewhere shed its rays on so fair a land, or one so thoroughly cultivated.

Yet here is a preacher of the gospel, making a pilgrimage of more than a thousand miles, to find and arrest a member of a Christian church, in a free State, and drag him into slavery!

And so deadening has been the influence of slavery upon the public mind, that religious teachers, and religious editors, will not find a single word to say against this utter abomination—and many pious words will they utter in favor of this execrable statute.

Meanwhile, that same God who permits the existence of tantrulous scorpions, and other odious vermin, suffers also the existence of such creatures as this Rev. Mr. Ellington. It may serve a good purpose, in a glooming, timid, shuffling age, to exhibit before the sun, how utter a villain a man may be, and yet keep within the pale of the law, within the permissions of the Church, and within the requirements of the Christian Ministry.

Such a law as that which permits these scenes, will destroy the conscience and humanity of the community, or be itself destroyed by them.

As long as smooth prophets ease down the public conscience, and obsequious editors count themselves worthy to bind up the sandals of savage laws, whose every step perpetrates as many crimes as man can commit against man, so long we need not wonder that there are such monsters as this Ellington, ruffled out as a minister of the Gospel, to the shame of every honest man that wears the same cloth; and preaching the Gospel like a volcano, through whose base flame the fires of perdition.

It will not forever be thus! There is an unperverted heart! There is a Judge above corruption. There are laws neither framed in deceit, nor red-mouthed with the blood of the innocent. We turn to that great Heart, guardian of the Supreme and Universal Law, beneath which the miserable, piddling enactments of paltry politicians and mousing merchants, are as gross and withered leaves beneath the boughs of the cedars of Lebanon.

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STATE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE NO. 98 MAIN STREET, WORCESTER, MASS. Guarantee Capital, \$100,000.

Directors: JOHN GREEN, JOHN BROOKS, JOHN G. HAYWARD, CHADWICK WASHBURN, JOSEPH SARGENT, H. V. CUSHMAN, EMY WASHBURN, E. P. FEARING, JOHN M. EARLE, JOSEPH A. DENNY, CHAS. FITZPATRICK, H. N. BIGELOW, H. N. BIGELOW, P. W. GALE, FREDMAN UPHAM, F. HITCHCOCK, ALEX. ANDERSON, J. T. CHILDS, WILLIAM DICKINSON Treasurer; CLARENDON HARRIS, Secretary.

This Company was chartered in March, 1844, and commenced business on the first of June, 1845. It is under the management of a board of directors whose names and addresses are a sufficient guarantee as to its safety.

Who should insure? 1. Husbands and Fathers, whose property is exposed to the risk of loss, or is insufficient, in case of their death, to afford for the support of their families, and give a respectable education to their children.

2. Creditors, to secure sums due from debtors, should insure before the debt is paid. 3. The person who borrows money should insure his life, so that the person who lends to others, and disposes of his notes in doing business, should insure his life to secure his interest against the possibility of loss.

4. Clergymen, and all others who are living upon salaries which are but little more than sufficient to pay their current expenses. This Company should insure the lives of their Pastors.

5. Any young person may by a Life Insurance, secure an assurance for the benefit of a married woman by herself, her husband, or any other person; to ensure her separate use and benefit, independent of her husband or her creditors.

6. The funds of this Company are invested in mortgages of unencumbered real estate in Massachusetts, worth three times the amount loaned, in stocks and other securities as approved by the Legislature for investments by Savings Banks.

7. Every one, whether he be rich or poor, should give this subject his earnest consideration. "Life is uncertain," and there is danger in delay. To those already insured, we say, get your policy renewed, and your kindred, to insure their lives.

8. The employment of life insurance, is only making use of the means which the progress of science has developed for securing in the event of death, a comfortable and respectable support to surviving families, and to the education of the children in this country, or nearly all, are dependent upon their own exertions for the maintenance and support of their families.

9. It may be made a great utility in securing mutual benefits in families. Fathers may make provision for their children, and children for their aged parents. What duty more demanding? What beneficence more touching than that which is to be seen in the insurance of their lives, and their kindred, to insure their lives?

10. The cost of insurance, compared with the benefits derived therefrom, is not to be compared with the cost of all other insurance, and is not to be compared with the cost of all other insurance, and is not to be compared with the cost of all other insurance.

11. The Charter of this Company protects "widows and orphans" from the covetousness of mercenary creditors, after they are deprived of their natural protector.

12. Many companies are now doing business, relying wholly upon their annual resources, unaided by fixed capital. It is manifest that if the revenues derived from premiums are inadequate to meet the liabilities, the company must fail, and the capital can not be recovered.

13. It follows that no institution can be in a sound and healthy form, unless it has a permanent fund of its capital, equal to its wants. Our study has been directed to this point, and we have endeavored to meet the wants of the community, by believing both to be erroneous and injurious to the associates. Our rule is, to keep our expenses as low as a just economy will permit, and to fix our rates of premium upon the basis of the actual cost of the insurance, and not upon the basis of the annual revenue sufficient to cover them and the losses.

14. It is in vain for a company to pretend to do with less reserve than the amount of its liabilities. No financial arrangement which human ingenuity can devise, is capable of saving any company from the necessity of drawing from its reserve, in the event of a loss, or the expense of a lawsuit, or the expense of a lawsuit, or the expense of a lawsuit.

15. As long as smooth prophets ease down the public conscience, and obsequious editors count themselves worthy to bind up the sandals of savage laws, whose every step perpetrates as many crimes as man can commit against man, so long we need not wonder that there are such monsters as this Ellington, ruffled out as a minister of the Gospel, to the shame of every honest man that wears the same cloth; and preaching the Gospel like a volcano, through whose base flame the fires of perdition.

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HEHE IS YOUR REMEDY HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

MOST MIRACULOUS CURE OF BAD LEGS, AFTER 43 YEARS. Extract of a Letter from Mr. William Galpin, of 70, St. Mary Street, Weymouth, dated May 15th, 1851.

To Professor Holloway, Sir—At the age of 18 my wife (who is now 61) caught a violent cold, which settled in her legs, and ever since she has been unable to walk, and is now in a state of great suffering. Her legs are so swollen, and so painful, that she is unable to stand, and she is now in a state of great suffering.

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RAILROAD ARRANGEMENTS.

WESTERN RAILROAD—Summer Arrangement. Trains leave Boston as follows: For Albany, New York and Way Stations, at 7:30 A. M.

For New York and Albany, (Express Train), 8 A. M. For New York, (Express Train) 4:30 P. M. For Springfield, Hartford and Northampton, 2:30 P. M.

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE WORCESTER. For New York and Albany, (Express Train), 9:25 A. M. For Albany, New York and Way Stations, 9:30 A. M.

For Springfield, Hartford and Northampton, 4:30 P. M. For Albany, 8:15 and 11:15 (Express) A. M., 12:50 and 3:50 P. M.

For Worcester and Boston, (Sec. Trains), 8:15 A. M., and 1:45 P. M. For Worcester and Boston, (Express Trains), 1:30 and 6:30 P. M.

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE ALBANY. For Springfield, Worcester and Boston, 7:15 and 8:45 A. M.

Trains connect at Albany with the Albany and Schenectady, Troy and Greenbush and Hudson River Railroads; with the Albany and Schenectady, Troy and Greenbush and Hudson River Railroads; with the Albany and Schenectady, Troy and Greenbush and Hudson River Railroads.

NEW HAVEN, HARTFORD AND SPRINGFIELD RAILROAD.—On and after MONDAY, July 14, 1853, Passenger Trains leave Springfield daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: For New Haven, 11:10 A. M., 1:25 P. M., and 7:30 P. M.

For Hartford, 11:10 A. M., 1:25 P. M., and 7:30 P. M. For New Haven, 11:10 A. M., 1:25 P. M., and 7:30 P. M.

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\$500 Challenge.

WHATSOEVER concerns the health and happiness of the people is at all times of the most valuable importance. I take it for granted that every person will be all in their power to secure the lives of their children, and that every person will endeavor to promote their own health at all seasons.

HOBBENACK'S WORM SYRUP. An article found upon Scientific Principles compared with the most celebrated Physicians, are the primary causes of a large majority of diseases to which children are subject.

THE TAPE WORM. This is the most difficult worm to destroy of all that infests the human system, it grows to an almost indefinite length, becoming so coiled and fastened in the intestines and stomach, effecting the health so much to cause St. Vitus Dance, &c.

HOBBENACK'S LIVER PILLS. No part of the system is more liable to disease than the Liver, it serving as a filter, and giving proper secretion to the bile, so that any wrong action of the Liver effects the other important parts of the system, and results variously in Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, &c.

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DOCTOR YOURSELF THE POCKET ESCULAPIUS.

THE Fortieth Edition, with One Hundred Engravings, showing Diseases and Remedies of the Human System in every shape and form. To which is added a Treatise on the Diseases of Females, being of the highest importance to married people, of those contemplating marriage, by William Young D. M. Not to be named, but to present a copy of the Esculapius to his child. It may save him from early grave. Let no young man or woman enter into the secret obligations of married life without reading the Pocket Esculapius. Let no one suffering from a back-ache, Cough, Pain in the Side, restless nights, nervous feelings, and the whole train of Dyspepsia, and given up by their physicians, be another moment without consulting the Esculapius. Have the married or those about to be married, any impediment, read this truly useful book, as it has been the means of saving thousands of unfortunate creatures from the jaws of death.

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