

# The Weekly Journal.

Volume 2.

CHICOPEE, Mass., SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1854.

Number 8.

## Poetry.

### THE SPIRIT-HOME.

In islands of the far off sea,  
Which mortals call eternity,  
Abide the pure, and bright, and free,  
E'er floating there,  
And swiftly fly the golden hours  
Beneath the shade of sylvan bowers,  
While fragrance from immortal flowers  
Fills all the air.

It is the soul's celestial home,  
Where gifted spirits freely roam  
Within the wide, majestic dome  
Of radiant skies.

All peacefully they float and sing!  
Unshadowed by earth's sorrows;  
To earth a holy joy they bring,  
That never dies.

Borne on a sea that hath no shore,  
On high the shining angels soar,  
Where vail of mortal night no more  
Shall cast its shade.

There Hope and Love shall find no tomb,  
And joy shall wear no shroud of gloom,  
But flowers of beauty ever bloom,  
No more to fade.

From far the living radiance flows,  
And through the deep of ether gloves,  
To make a couch of sweet repose,  
For angel's rest;

And tides of life, in one bright wave,  
Roll o'er the shadows of the grave,  
Whose flowing waters yet shall lave  
Each human breast.

## Select Tales.

### THE CAPTIVES.

#### A Tale of the American Revolution.

No portion of the infant colonies suffered more from the rude and unsparring hand of war than did the south, and especially the Carolinas. The storm of desolation fell with double fury on those sections of our country, not only from foreign countries, seeking to strike down the germ of our liberties, but also from the intestine foes with which she was cursed. This latter kind of warfare was the most to be dreaded, as it fell alike on the old and the young—the blooming youth and the blushing maiden. No condition was permitted to escape. Gray hairs were nothing in the estimation of those fiends in human shape, called Tories. Children were taken from a weeping mother, and consigned to a lingering death; beauty was torn from the bridal altar, and innocence from the house of prayer; all the kind and holy feelings of the human heart were given to the winds, and the family hearth, and even the household circle, were often made the scene of a brutal death. Such were some of the dangers and difficulties our fathers had to encounter in the struggle for Independence.

"A beautiful day, in the spring of 1781, was drawing to a close. The day had been warm, but now the genial breeze of night, so peculiarly pleasing in southern climates, had sprung up. Dim twilight had taken the place of day, the song of the night-bird was beginning to be heard in the wood, the deep-green foliage of the pines looked still deeper in the fast increasing shadows of night, and one by one the stars took their places in the sky. Silence still and deep rested on all around; and naught was heard save the occasional hoot of the solitary owl far in the somber depths of the forest that shaded both sides of the road, (if such the dimly marked path might be called,) which led through this section of the wood. The ground was covered with a dense growth of pines and small trees, interlaced with wild vines and smaller shrubbery, so that their shade, even in daylight, excluded from the eye everything that was removed a few paces from the road-side, but now, as the darkness came down, all was a blank. Suddenly the stillness of the scene was broken by a slight noise, and a solitary horseman emerged from the cover of the wood into the opening. When he had gained the road, he checked his horse, and carefully examined the vicinity, as if to satisfy himself of the safety of his position, as well as to mark the locality of the spot. This caution seemed to proceed as much from a settled habit of watchfulness, common in days of peril, as from a sense of personal danger. In appearance, the stranger seemed not to have arrived at the full age of manhood. He was clad in a hunting frock of domestic blue, common in those days among the inhabitants of the southern states. The style and finish of the dress, however, bespoke more than usual attention to the fitness of the articles. Around his waist was girdled a broad leather belt, embellished in

front with a massive buckle, and underneath this might have been seen, almost concealed by the folds of his coat, a pair of pistols, such as were used by the horseman of that day. His pantaloons were of the same materials as his coat, and on his head he wore a hat that differed from that of a common citizen of the times, only in the additional ornament of a small cockade, worn on the left side, near the top. This, with a pair of boots made of untanned leather, and armed with rude spurs, made up the costume of the new comer. In stature, he was rather over the usual standard, but not so much so as to take from his figure its appearance of grace and activity. His features were large and manly, and his complexion, though darkened by exposure to the burning rays of the southern sun, still showed the tinge of blood upon the cheek. His eyes were dark and piercing, and a profusion of black and curling hair covered a finely shaped head. In the whole appearance and bearing of the individual could be read the love of the daring and adventurous.

After he seemed to have been satisfied of the absence of any intruder, he advanced a short distance up the path we have mentioned, until he gained a place where the underwood was still more dense and impenetrable. It was a small ravine, made by a rivulet in the wet season, but at this time was dry. There the branches of the trees interlaced, and formed a natural retreat, so dense as to preclude its being reached with any chance of success. When immediately in front of this, he raised his hand to his mouth, and produced a sound so nearly resembling the cry of the wood-owl, that a person who was not very familiar with the singular note of this bird must have been mistaken. It was immediately repeated from the ravine, and in a short time a second person made his egress from the leafy ambush. The appearance of the new comer differed in all respects from that of the first. He was a modern Hercules in frame and figure, and bore the marks of long and severe service in sun and storm. But he was dressed much after the fashion of his companion, though the materials were of a coarser kind, and boasted no ornaments. He wore on his head a cap made of the skin of a fox. His weapons were the usual brace of pistols; he bore in his hand a short rifle, and slung from his broad shoulder was the powder-horn and bullet-pouch of the forest ranger. In his face could be seen the marks of the frontier life—good nature and courage—a man to trust in danger—a friend when most needed. He advanced with slow and cautious steps until he gained the edge of the wood, and then raising his rifle into a position for immediate use, he breathed in a faint but distinct voice, "Hawks!" He waited a moment, and then the voice of the stranger repeated, "They fly!" "All's right!" was the glad answer from the forester, and, breaking from the thicket, he seized the hand of the horseman with a nerve and energy that made the blood tingle to the ends of the fingers.

"Well, Harry, what of the cavalcade?" asked the younger of the men, in a voice that bespoke the excitement under which he was laboring. "Have they passed? How many of them were there?"

"O, a score or more of the villains!" answered the other, in a bold, free voice, "and young Wilson and his sister in the midst. They seemed particularly choice of him, as he was lashed to one of the largest of the gang; but what is to be done—have you seen the captain?"

"No," replied the other, in an excited manner, "he has not returned from the Santee. If the captain was but here, we would soon teach these renegades better manners than to fire and kill at pleasure; and the sister, too—was not the brother enough?"

There was something in the voice and manner of the speaker when he alluded to the capture of this couple, that told a tale of the feelings, plainer, perhaps, than he would have wished, if he had been in other company than that in which he was. When he again spoke, however, he was more calm and collected. Addressing himself with confidence to his companion, he said:

"Harry, what would you advise? You have had more experience in this mode of life than I, and this is an occasion which calls for all our energies."

A look of honest pride stole over the

face of the forester at the marked display of the confidence of his superior in rank; but it was only for a moment, and then the old expression of caution and determination again resumed its place. After a pause, in which he seemed to be debating in his mind the better way of serving the wish of the other, he appeared to have hit upon the plan, and advancing still nearer to his companion to prevent the possibility of being overheard, he said, in a low whisper:

"You must go back to the camp and raise the men; I will follow in the trail of the party; they must have taken the Torie route, as the late defeat of the Tories in the north would make the other unsafe. If I fail, I will meet you at the Big Pine; you will take that road; they can not get farther than the Cypress Swamp to-night, I will be there."

This arrangement seemed to meet the views of the other, as he made no objections to it, and, after some minor matters had been disposed of, the two prepared to separate. Shaking his companion heartily by the hand, the younger of the friends struck into the forest in the same direction as that from which we saw them emerge. The other gazed after him until he became lost in the darkness of the shadows, and then, striking into the wood in the opposite direction, he proceeded for some distance with hasty steps, until he gained a spot more densely shaded than usual. Parting the branches, he entered the inclosure, and in a few moments came forth leading a horse, which he immediately mounted, and plunged more deeply into the wood. Leaving our two friends to the fulfillment of their tasks, we must give the reader some account of the circumstances that preceded their introduction to us.

William Seaton, the hero of our narrative, was the only child of one of the oldest families in the south. At the breaking out of the war of the Revolution, his father took a firm and decided stand in defense of the rights of the colonists, and sealed that defense with his blood. He fell at the siege of Charleston, bequeathing to his son the care of a mother. With the same bold and fearless love of his native land that distinguished his sire, young Seaton, on the receipt of this intelligence, hastened home from the little band of men to which he belonged, and bearing his mother to a place of safety, hurried to rejoin his comrades again. He had joined that band, by the consent of the patriot father, at the outbreaking of the war, though then but a stripling, and had acted with them in all those prominent events.

Attached to the same company as Seaton was a young man named Wilson—like him, a volunteer in the cause of liberty; and both being in the spring of youth and promise, they became mutually attached. The hours not devoted to labor were spent in the society of each other. In one of the many changes that the fate of war made in the position of this band of patriots, they encamped in the vicinity of Wilson's father, and now, when the duties of the camp did not call for the attendance of our friends, the snatches of time were spent at the paternal residence. George Wilson's father was far advanced in the vale of years, and consequently remained neutral, so far as actions went, in the excitements of the day. But still his heart was with the colonists in the unequal struggle for their rights. The chief attraction for Seaton, however, was Emma Wilson, the sister of George; and she was well worthy a soldier's admiration and love. She was a soldier's sister, full of noble daring, and untameable spirit. At each visit, Seaton lingered longer and longer. Each glance of his eye was full of meaning, and told more truly to Emma than words, the conquest she had made. Seaton feared to offer the hand of a nameless soldier to the sister of his high-souled friend, though that hand had been raised at the altar of liberty. But he was poor; his father had perished his all in the cause of his country, and it had been wrested from him; and now his son had nothing, save his sword and the consciousness of rectitude. But that could not prevent the growth of the passion in the breast of young Seaton; and how often would he think he saw in the hesitation and blushes of Emma, when she requested her to sing his favorite songs, something on which to build a lover's hopes; and this, though slight, would raise into a flame the fire of his affections.

Thus stood matters, when, one evening,

Seaton started to visit the Wilson's,—George having been absent some days, on account of the illness of his father. It was some distance from the camp, and as he was, in a dreaming mood, he suffered his horse to proceed at a slow pace, and gave full vent to his fancy. From this trance he was aroused by a slight noise, and raising his eyes, he beheld (for a turr of the path brought him within view of it,) the mansion of the Wilson's in flames. Putting spurs to his steed, he soon arrived at the spot. Here all was desolation and ruin. The truth flashed upon him. It was the work of the Tories. But what had become of the inmates? Had they fallen victims, or had they been made captives? No one was visible to solve the question. But no time was to be lost, and after a hasty survey of the vicinity, he started in the direction of the camp, to report the affair, and procure assistance for the prisoners. On the return, he fell in with one of the scouts, and making known the affair to him, it was determined to fall upon the trail of the party, if possible, to watch them until they should encamp, and then the scout, by superior knowledge of the windings of the forest, must return to the camp and insure the surprise and capture of the foe. Acting on this, and knowing that the captain was at this time on his way from the Santee with a body of recruits, Seaton chose the route most likely to fall in with him, to whom he would communicate the intelligence and obtain assistance. Giving his instructions to his companion to await him at the Crossings, he gave the rein to his horse, and dashed into the wood. With the result of this meeting the reader is already acquainted in the conversation between the two at the commencement of the story. Buried in the gloom of the ravine, Harry Burton saw the prisoners pass, guarded by a strong band of the Tories. Marking their direction, he had in quiet awaited the coming of his comrade.

Our business now is with the scout. After he parted from his companion, he left the main route, and striking deeper into the forest, pursued his way for some time with as much rapidity as the nature of the ground would admit of, appearing to be guided more by instinct than reason, so well did he, amid the darkness of the dense wood, find out the different pathways and crossings of the forest. After continuing his unbroken course for some time, he turned again in the direction of the main path. Falling into the stream of a rivulet that ran in that direction, he followed it up, as if to prevent any marks of his horse's feet being seen in the coming light, if he should not succeed in the coming enterprise. Silently and steadily did he ride on, until he gained a bend in the stream, where he dismounted, and leaving his animal in the deep shade of the trees, continuously advanced to the edge of the pathway, and bent his gaze long and earnestly along the road. Satisfied of the absence of any hostile party, he emerged into the clearing, and commenced a careful survey of the path, with as much accuracy as the faint beams of a partially risen moon would permit. Long and anxious was the labor, and not till he was satisfied of the recent passing of a band of mounted men did it cease. Once confident of this, he again mounted, and pressed on with renewed vigor, still keeping hid in the shade, tho' not at so great a distance as before. Continuing his course for some time, he gained the top of a hill, and here, for the first time since the passing of the band at the Crossings, he again gained sight of the captives. Halting, that the distance between them might be increased, and thus the danger of discovery lessened, he had a full opportunity to observe them. No material change had taken place in the aspect of the party since he last saw them, save that the bands of the female had been loosened, and she was suffered to ride between two of the band. Her brother was still bound, and his horse fastened to that of one of the escort. The only circumstance that struck the quick sight and sense of the scout was the want of that caution and discipline that betokens the consciousness of danger.

Taking advantage of this want of prudence on the part of his enemies, the active mind of the scout suggested the bold expedient of pushing into the front of the party, and by secreting himself in the dense foliage that skirted both sides of

the road, gather, if possible, from the lips of the Tories, some hints of their designs. Without waiting to calculate the danger of the undertaking, he again took to the forest, and, putting his steed in a swifter pace, made a circuit of some distance, to avoid the remote possibility of being seen. Having again gained the roadside, he took a position more favorable for this purpose. He did not wait long ere the foremost of the band came in sight. When sufficiently near, Harry recognized him as one of the most active and unprincipled of the men who had long been a terror and dread to that vicinity. He had been an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Emma Wilson; and this, joined to his unrelenting hatred of the whigs, made the object of the recent attack apparent to the scout. He was attended by several others of the same character—some actuated by motives of personal malice, and others by the love of plunder. The leader appeared in earnest conversation with those who were near him; and, as they neared the place where the scout was concealed, the words of some of them reached his ear. They were directed to the captain of the band, and were spoken of as if in continuation of a question:

"But what do you intend doing with the brother? He fought well, no matter what else he has done, and deserves a better fate than I fear you intend for him."

"He shall have the same fate as his father—death! The one fell by this hand, by the sword it is true; his son shall die by the rope I'll teach them to refuse me. One more, and then my vengeance is complete. That young lover of her's, Seaton! but he can not escape me; we have tracked the band that he belongs to, and in a few days he too will be mine. But how stands my modest beauty?" he asked of one of the gang who just rode up from the rear. "She shall have a merry ride to-night, and in the morning—"

"She has fainted from fatigue, and can not ride farther," interrupted the other; "what must be done? As there is no danger from pursuit now, I think we had better halt for the night. The Cypress is high, and that will be the safest place between here and the Corners. Besides, the captain, as they call him, is in the south now. So no fear of him."

"I do not fear him," answered the leader; and then, after a pause of a few moments, he resumed:—"Well, give the command to encamp at the swamp. In the morning we will see what is to be done."

Saying this, he relapsed into silence, and the other fell back on the rear, to give the orders for the night. Harry waited until the last of the band had passed his place of concealment, and faded from sight in the direction of the proposed stopping place for the night; and then, as if satisfied with the result of his plan, he again took the backward trail, to wait at the appointed place young Seaton and his band, if he should succeed in raising them.

Morning broke upon the forest with unusual freshness and beauty. The dew sparkled on the young grass, the birds caroled sweetly from the trees, the streamlet went leaping on its way in gladness, and sending its music out into the sunny air, as if the spirit of rejoicing sat upon its tiny waves. It was yet early morning when our scene opens in the camp of the outlaws. Men could be seen gathered in groups in low conversation, as if some event of more than usual interest was about to take place. In the center of the encampment could be seen two persons we have heretofore described. They were seated some distance apart—the brother being fastened to a tree, in a sitting posture, with his hands confined to his side, while the sister was suffered to remain unbound, but subject to strict guard. He was already doomed to death, and that the shameful one of the gibbet. Bitter as was the pang at being cut off in the bloom of life, when the road to fame was open to his view, and when his sufferings and bleeding country called aloud on all her sons for aid in this desperate contest. Still this was nothing for him. But then his sister, and that sister the witness of a father's murder, was now a captive, and at the mercy of that father's murderer; this made the doom doubly bitter. And there at his side sat that sister, mute and tearless, for the dreadful scenes through which she had passed seemed to have shut up the fountain of her grief, while he who should have

been her protector was now helpless as herself. These were the thoughts that were coursing through his mind when the leader of the band approached the spot where he was confined. If ever vice and malignity had chosen a resting place, the face of that man was their home; and now, as he gazed upon the consummation of his all-cherished plans of lust and vengeance, the time for which he had hoarded up the passion of years, his look assumed the aspect of a demon. Caluly he gazed upon the captives, as preparing himself for the outbreak, and then advancing still nearer, he said:

"Do you accept my proposals, or must I compel you to that you can not now avoid? This was addressed to Emma Wilson. "Accept this hand, and your brother lives; refuse me, and he dies upon this tree before an hour!"

What answer Emma would have given is unknown, as at this moment her brother caught the question, and, turning to the ruffian, he answered:

"No, Emma, murderer as he is, he dare not do this; and if death must come, it would be nothing compared to a union with a wretch like this!"

But then, as the helpless condition of that sister, already in the power of this man, and as the desperate and lawless character of the band, all pressed upon the mind of the brother, he sunk his voice to a whisper, and said, as the tears came gushing into his eyes:

"Man! man! if you have the commonest feelings of humanity, I implore you not to harm my sister. Do with me as you like—give me to the fire—but spare a brother the agonizing thought of a sister's shame!"

A bitter smile passed over the face of the outcast as he saw the agony of the prisoner—a smile that spoke of triumph and revenge—but it was only for a moment, and when he again spoke, his voice was calm and resolute:

"And does the high spirited and haughty blood of the Wilson's deign to supplicate me? Mel! the outcast they once spurned! To what am I indebted for this favor? But no!" and sinking his voice into that of a person fearful of his own passion, he proceeded: "I offer her this hand—if she accept it, you are free; if not, you die—not the death of a man, but the death of a dog. And still she shall be mine!"

For the first time since the captain of the band made his appearance, Emma raised her eyes to those of her brother.—She heard the determination of the ruffian, and knew, from his previous acts, that to will and do was the same with him. Nerving herself, therefore, for the contest, she said:

"Do your worst—I never will be yours. Your hand struck down my gray-haired father when he knelt to you, and your hand raised the torch to the family roof-tree, and sent us, homeless orphans, out upon the world. It can but be death, and that is paradise compared to a life with you." And then, turning to her brother, she continued: "George, I would do all to save you but dishonor myself and our spotless name—that I can not do—forgive me—that is a sister's resolve."

"Bless you, Emma, for those words—now I can die." And, sinking his voice, he continued: "But there still may be hope—our men can not be far off, and if Seaton did but know of this." The paleness of his sister's cheek told George that he had touched a tender chord, and hastening to redress the wound he had inflicted, he said: "I do not entirely despair, if I could gain a few hours; the captain is in the field, and there is still hope."

The leader had now left them, and the brother and sister now talked of the past, and Emma's heart was fast telling her, as the name of Seaton was mentioned, that she had long and fondly loved him. But this reverie was interrupted by the return of the outlaw, who had been talking with some of his band. Advancing still closer to Emma, he said:

"Have you decided? The time has come, and I am in no mood for trifling—remember this is the last chance for your brother's life."

"I remember," replied Emma, "and I have decided—for death—both of us, for I survive not him." And drawing a small knife from her bosom, she said, "Now leave us!"

"This well—you will find me no sluggard

n the fulfillment of my promise," said the other, his voice hoarse with oppressed passion. "Here, guard, hang this rebel to the nearest tree; we will find out if his high-bred sister can act as well as talk."

Obedient to their leader's command, the outlaws seized upon the prisoner, and leading him to a little distance from the spot where his sister sat, commenced the horrid preparation for his death. Shading her eyes with her hands, Emma sat mute and motionless, the picture of despair. In haste the fatal noise was made and fastened around the neck of the captive, and now all was ready. Again did the heartless villain urge the sister to accept the offer of his hand, but this time in mere mockery; but the words of her brother, and she blessed her for the resolve, came to her, and she sat mute. Stung by this display of courage, the ruffian now gave the word for the completion of the execution.

The cord had been run over the limb of the tree, and two of the band waited the signal from the captain. Around had congregated the gang, to witness the proceeding. All was stillness. The spot was wild and lonely—a single open space amid the dense swamp that on every hand spread its curtain of foliage, so that the eye could not reach but a small distance into the environs of the encampment. And there stood that brother. He had taken the last view of nature—the last farewell of his sister—the last thought of his country—and now, he stood firm and collected. And near him stood the leader of the band, a glare of triumph lighting up his eyes as he saw the end of all approaching. Gazing upon his victim's face for a moment, he said:

"George Wilson, you once despised me and rejected my friendship. I loved your sister—you thwarted me in that love, now I am your captor, ask no mercy—I will grant none."

"Wretch!" replied Wilson, I despise alike your friendship and your mercy.—Talk not of love. Such a villain can not feel the passion; but think not to escape for this deed; the band to which I belong will not let my blood be spilt in vain. You tremble at the name—well you may—it will be a curse on your path, and you will pay a heavy penalty for this day's work."

"No more of this ranting," interrupted the outlaw. "Think not to fright me from my purpose. Marion himself could not do that. Ha! ha! who conquers now?"

As he finished, he raised his bugle to his lips and blew a shrill blast—the signal for the execution. The blast was repeated from the wood, and the last note had died upon the ear, when, breaking from the thickets, came the band of Marion. Had the trumpet of the Archangel sounded it could not have struck greater consternation into the gang, who stood paralyzed, mute and lifeless. A moment after came the crash of a hundred rifles, carrying death and dismay into the ranks of the Tories, followed by the sabers and pistols of the men, and the iron heels of the horses. Escape was almost impossible.—Surrounded on all sides, and struck with terror at this unthought of rescue, the ruffians made no resistance, but fled.—Dashing into the midst of the scene, the rescuers, with young Seaton at their head, soon made a clear field. Giving orders to capture the few remaining Tories, he dismounted and cut the bands that confined his friend, who until this time seemed unconscious of what was acting around. But as he saw the face of his companion, and recollected other familiar comrades, he awoke and seizing the hand of his friend, pressed it in silence.

When the first moment of surprise was over, Seaton asked the fate of Emma, in a tone and manner that told how much of his happiness was centered there. Her brother pointed to where he had left her, and there she lay upon the green sod, for she had fainted amid the noise and tumult of the last few moments. To fly to her and raise her up—to clasp the soft hands, and sprinkle the pure brow with water, was the work of a moment for Seaton, and as she recovered and rested her head upon his bosom, to tell her she was safe, and that her brother was safe, was a sweet task; and then to hear from those lips the throbs of a guileless heart, and to read in those bright eyes more than a maiden's modesty would tell, was a sweet recompense for Seaton. And now the brother and his sister were united, and Seaton left them to complete the victory. He saw the day had been won, as one by one his men returned, bringing with them the bare remnants of the gang. On the ground he discovered the scout engaged in searching for the body of the leader.—It was found, still holding in his hand the trumpet, as he had held it when the death shot had struck him. Giving his orders to the scout, Seaton made instant preparation for departure. The lover rode by the side of Wilson and his sister, and from then he heard all the occurrences of the last few hours. After a ride of some length, they reached the camp in safety, and the next day Emma Wilson was placed under the charge of some friends remote from the scene of war; but not until she heard from the lips of Seaton the confession of his love, and he received in return the assurances of her affection.

The conclusion is soon told. After Seaton left the scout, he repaired to the camp, and as Marion had not arrived, he assumed the command of the band, and led them to the place agreed upon by him and the scout.—Here he fell in with Harry, who was awaiting for them, and he led them to the Tories' encampment, where they arrived just in time to thwart the designs of the outlaws.

Seaton and Wilson continued to serve with Marion until the close of the war.—Both were in most of those daring and successful enterprises which so distinguished that gallant officer. Harry also served out the war in the capacity of scout, one of the most dangerous, as well as useful posts in the army. After the close of the war, Seaton pressed his suit with Emma, and she again became a captive, though this time the chains were garland-

ed with flowers. They rebuilt the old family mansion, near which they erected a monument to the memory of Emma's father, and with her brother, who still continued a bachelor, they made their residence there. Harry had his home there, and in the long winter nights would tell to the children the story of "THE CAPTIVES."

## The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1854

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 offices are at 122 Nassau street, New York, and 10 State Street, Boston.

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

### FASHIONABLE RESPECTABILITY.

In England, a number of years ago, a man was not considered respectable unless he owned a gig; the trans-Atlantic rule, in relation to this subject, is not quite as arbitrary and foolish, but it is certainly contemptible enough, at best. To be sure, it does not ask whether a man owns a gig—but, whether he is the possessor of a well-filled purse, or conforms to certain maxims of etiquette, or never goes out of the beaten track, worn as hard as adamant by the thoughtless crowd, whose aspirations never reached higher than an aim at shadowy blanks.

Conventional respectability! thou enormous, transcendent humbug! You are able to boast myriads more votaries than ever bowed to the eternal principles of right and humanity. Half-witted men and silly women are ever burning incense upon thy altar. The car of Juggernaut is not less inexorable, and we would sooner obey its behests than thine. "Is he respectable?" How many times has that question been asked? But what is generally meant by it? We will endeavor to state the meaning:—"Has he considerable property?" [no matter as to the brains] "Does he believe precisely like every body else?" [it is not respectable to embrace new ideas] "Are his clothes made according to the latest fashions?" "Does he attend the most popular church in town, wear white kids, and refuse to recognize a man and a brother, merely because his garb happens to be humble?" And so on.

True respectability we will never cease to honor. But it is this world-standard respectability which we do most heartily abominate—which places the dolt and fashionable swindler above the possessor of a true, genuine heart, and a head well stored with capacities. The money god is the great demon of modern civilization; its frown is considered more terrible than the stated torments of the land of gloom, and its approbation far more bewitching than the choicest smiles of all the goddesses.—Genius often trembles at its nod, while perfidy and soft-headedness take especial pleasure in obeying its dictates. True reformers should strive to do all in their power to overthrow this hydra-headed monster.

During the short time we have spent in Chicopee, there is one fact we have taken especial pleasure in noting:—an absence of "eminent gravity,"—a free-and-easy manner—no "starch," no humbug etiquette—but we will stop short on this strain, lest some may accuse us of a desire to use a little "soft soap."

There are many bright rays of hope, to cheer the well-wishers of the race in their efforts. Probably the time is not far distant when brainless simpletons will cease to occupy the front seats in the social temple merely on account of the fact that they can present purses bloated with eagles.—The money power must be overthrown, sooner or later. All the noble instincts of man are arrayed in direct opposition to it. The loftiest strains of poetry emanate not from a source polluted with the clink of shining guineas.

In conclusion, we will say to every young man who may chance to read this article: Be just! be manly! be fearless! but do not bow at the shrine of modern respectability!

### MIDNIGHT ROWDYISM.

Last Saturday night, in Chicopee, was rendered particularly noisy by the rising generation. Signs, &c., were moved, and various antics occurred. It is an old saying that "boys will be boys," but we regard the idea that they must be as something of a humbug. There is no necessity for them to turn night into a pandemonium. We presume no harm was intended by those engaged—only a desire for fun; but then, innocent pleasure can be procured without interfering with the slumbers of others, and causing people to look after signs, gates, &c. There is nothing witty in such operations; hard feelings are caused, and law and order violated. We hope the Chicopee boys will learn to be more considerate.

It is said that there is not a single Jew in the United States engaged in agriculture.

### NEBRASKA WIT.

A hunker democratic friend, who is altogether too good a fellow to be found defending the Nebraska bill, wishes us to publish the following poetical effusion from the Boston Post, which we do—taking occasion to comment upon it and its author:

"This wonderful Nebraska bill has wrought A miracle that ne'er was seen or thought: Three thousand priests, of pure New England breed, Who never in one point of faith agreed, And never will again—that I'll be sworn— Till the last leaf from time's old book is torn, Have tuned their throats to one harmonious strain, And drawn together both by bit and rein. Religion ne'er could bind them in one tether, Not politics have brought these saints together, And knit them, not by Christian love of others, But Christian hatred of their southern brothers."

The foregoing effusion is worthy to be preserved as one of the most notable specimens of the satanic literature that has been presented so abundantly, of late, by the advocates of the Nebraska fraud.

In style and spirit, it savors of the grogshop from which it undoubtedly emanated—the offspring of rum and profane ribaldry.

In the depravity of the piece there is, however, nothing at all remarkable, considering the service for which it was penned; but the infatuation which it exhibits is truly surprising. Here is a man, so dead to all common sense, as well as right and decency, that he comes out to parade the very circumstance that seals his disgrace, and fancies that he is doing something very funny.

Over three thousand men, who have made it their special business to study and teach the principles of morality, and the principles of the Christian religion, have united, to express their most firm and earnest opinion concerning a measure which was about to be enacted by the nation, of which they are citizens. An advocate of that measure grows quite facetious over the fact that these men are not all agreed on every other point.

To this benighted driver, it is very wonderful—aye, a "miracle," that so "many men of many minds" should have all come to be of one mind upon this Nebraska bill. No! our infatuated friend, it is not a bit wonderful; the wonder is, what you and your associates have been thinking of all your days, that you have not discovered before this that it is on a quite different kind of topics that these men have differed than questions of morals. On such points, they have always been pretty well agreed. As to the wrong of lying, stealing, and of every other species of injustice and oppression, they have been of one mind to a degree that to such as you must seem quite miraculous. Their disagreement on other subjects gives more force to their unanimity on this.

These three thousand ministers of New England are very widely separated, by divisions more serious than you have named—by sectarian prejudices and associations, and rivalings, and misunderstandings. They are separated in their politics, as well as in their religion. Men of each of the political parties, and of no party, may be found in their number.

And what is the bearing of these facts on the value of their remonstrance, made without any collusion or council—the spontaneous, voluntary, independent expression, of these 3000 men—each speaking for himself?

The iniquity of that deed must have been very manifest and flagrant, to have called forth from so many men, under such circumstances, a prompt and solemn remonstrance.

### FOR KANSAS.

About thirty emigrants started from Worcester on Monday, and were joined by a number of others along the route. This first company, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Society, is composed of young men of ability and resolution, among whom is Mr. Branscomb of Holyoke, an able young lawyer, who is well known to the citizens of Chicopee.—The next company—a much larger one—will start the first of August. The society intends to send a number of thousand there in the course of a few months. We hope every man who goes will be "armed to the teeth," and ready to fight, if slaveholders attempt molestation.

### ACCIDENT.

Japhet Chapin, son of Mr. Sydney Chapin of this town, a young man about 16 years of age, met with a serious accident on Thursday afternoon. He, in company with other boys, were bathing in Chicopee river, opposite the grist-mill. During the time, they were walking across the dam at the place, when young Chapin's feet slipped, and he fell a distance of about nine feet, on to the rocks beneath; his head, one side and shoulder were badly injured. He was senseless for some time, and life considered doubtful, but we are glad to learn that he is now in a fair way to recover.

The communication from New Haven will appear next week.

### THE WORCESTER CONVENTION.

This convention was well attended.—Judge Morris of Springfield was chosen president, with a vice-president for each congressional district. A number of speeches were made. We can not give much of an account of the proceedings, as the paper is just going to press. The following are the resolutions:

Resolved—That the unquestionable existence of a settled purpose on the part of the slave power, to convert the republic, which our fathers founded on principles of justice and liberty, into a slaveholding despotism, whose vital and animating spirit shall be the preservation, propagation and perpetuation of slavery, calls for the immediate union of all true men into a party which shall make the question of freedom paramount to all other political questions.

Resolved—That in co-operation with the friends of freedom in other states, we hereby form ourselves into the REPUBLICAN PARTY of Massachusetts, pledged to the accomplishment of the following purposes:

To repeal the fugitive slave law. To restore the prohibition of slavery in Kansas and Nebraska.

To prohibit slavery in all the territories. To resist the acquisition of any more territory, unless slavery therein shall be prohibited.

To refuse the admission into the union of any more slave states. To abolish slavery in the District of Columbia.

To protect the constitutional rights of all citizens going to other states.

Resolved—That Massachusetts has the constitutional right, and it is her imperative duty, to enact laws which shall protect the personal freedom of all her citizens.

Resolved—That we recommend the assembling, at some central and convenient place, of a national convention, with a view to the adoption of effectual measures to resist the encroachments of the slave power.

Resolved—That this convention invites the republicans of every town and city in the commonwealth to send delegates to the number of three times their representatives in the legislature, to be held at—, on Thursday, the 10th of August, for the purpose of nominating candidates for state officers, and forming a platform of state policy.

It was voted to appoint a provisional state central committee to represent the republican party until the assembling of the state convention.

We regret that the call for the Worcester convention was anonymous; still, its results appear favorable.

### THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

The anti-slavery men of Michigan, at their recent state convention, to nominate candidates, adopted the name of republican. It will be remembered that the convention was made up of delegates from all of the three parties. This name has been suggested from all parts of the country—and what better one can be thought of?—A new party is needed throughout the entire north, and let it be baptized with the word which has always stiffened the backbone of every true friend of his race.

### CANADA.

A bill has passed the British parliament, called the ministerial bill, abolishing the present upper branch of the Canadian legislature, now nominated for life by the governor-general, and providing for an upper chamber to be elected by the people. The friends of reform will be gratified to learn this. It is a sorrowful fact that while the legislation of England has been improving for years past, that of the United States has been growing worse and worse.

### BOOK NOTICES.

GODEY'S MAGAZINE for August contains the usual amount of interesting reading.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for August, after a hasty examination, we should call quite readable.

THE UNITED STATES MAGAZINE are always well worth perusing. Instructive matter, of every description, generally finds a place in its columns.

### New Kind of Cannon.

Mr. William Osborne, of New York city, has invented a new kind of cannon—manufactured by the Ames Co. It has been fired considerably during the week, at the rate of twelve times a minute. The charge is inserted at the breach, and a percussion cap is used instead of a match. Mr. Osborne will probably make a handsome fortune by the discovery.

### ANNEXATION.

It is said that a treaty is about to be concluded between Mr. Gregg, the U. S. commissioner to the Sandwich Islands, and that government, for the annexation of the Islands to the United States. Probably the acquisition of pandemonium will be the crowning act of the administration.

### RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

The afternoon service at the Unitarian church will hereafter be at 6 o'clock, until the warm season is over. We understand that the Episcopal church is to adopt the same plan.

RUDE AND CRUDE OBSERVATIONS.—None of us like the crying of another person's baby.

"I won't," is a woman's ultimatum.

No man knows when he goes to bed, or gets into a cab, what he will have to pay on getting out of it.

Red tape is the legal chalk with which a lawyer riddles his sheep.

If we all had windows to our breasts, what a great demand there would be for blinds.

When a man has been "drinking like a fish," it is "the salmon" always that it is to blame for it.

The truth with "London pure milk" lies certainly at the bottom of a well.

Years are the milestones which tell us the distance we have traveled, but it is rarely that woman counts them.

Conversation was hid for a long time, until it was discovered in a bag of filberts.

Some persons are fond of "opening their minds" to you, as if it were a dirty linen bag—only to let you see the foul things that can drop out of it.

Women, when they talk of "a good figure," must mean the figure 8, for that is the figure which is the most pulled in at the middle.

The dissipations that persons resort to to drown care, are like the curtains that children in bed pull around them to keep out the dark.

The bread of repentance we eat is often made of the wild oats we sow in our youth.—PUNCH.

Within a circle of seven miles in Wayne county, Pa., are thirteen families which have an aggregate of one hundred and ninety-five children. One man, Thos. Todd, is surrounded by twenty-nine grown and growing descendants, and another, Amos Tyler, (a very distant relative of John's) by twenty-two. A man named Lockwood, who has been married but three years, has six living pledges of conjugal love, to fill his home with music, sunshine and "baby-prattle."

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—The latest and best thing of the kind that we have heard, relates to "Fred," the Prince of all ways. He was jogging home rather late, and a little happy, when, passing by a dark alley a large two-fisted fellow stepped out and seizing by the collar, demanded his money. "Money," said Fred, "money I have none, but if you will hold on a moment, I will give you my note for thirty days."—Buffalo Express.

An itemizer, at a late evening parson, reports that one lady made use of the exclamation, "I thought I should have died!" one hundred and twenty-eight times, and put the inquiry, "Did you ever?" one hundred and thirty-seven times.

The Louisville Democrat says: "A German fair one, up in Chillicothe, waited on her false lover last week, and asked him what he meant by promising that she should be his wife, and then tying himself to another. Not being quick enough in his reply, she fired a pistol in his face, and nearly spoiled his beauty."

The Boston Post says that some negroes escaped from jail at Mariposa by boring holes with an auger. Other prisoners were placed in the same room before it was properly repaired, and likewise escaped by the nigger auger route.

It is stated that the cholera at Boston this year made its first appearance in the very house which in 1839, the first fatal case occurred. The Transcript notices a singular coincidence to the above in Edinburgh.

A private letter from Madame Jenny Lind Goldsmith, says she is about giving up her home in Dresden. She is in delicate health, and will spend the summer at a watering place—Frangens-Bad, in Weissenagen.

The Louisville Democrat says it is reported that one of the Hardin county jury, which acquitted Matt. Ward, was recently bitten by a snake, and that the snake died.

Every shell fired by an army, during siege operations, costs, with the powder with which the mortar is charged, the sum of eight dollars—enough to support a poor family for a fortnight.

A chime of nine bells has been placed in the new Trinity church, Cleveland. The heaviest bell weighs 2,360 lbs.; the aggregate weight of the whole is 9,931 pounds.

Coal has been discovered in great abundance just under Evansville, Ind. It is proposed to tunnel the city in order to get at the mine.

### PENMANSHIP.

We refer our readers to the advertisement of Prof. Kelley, in another column; he is a complete master of his art.

The camp-meeting at Southampton commences August 21.

GOOD WAY TO DECIDE A LAWSUIT.—A California correspondent of a Kentucky paper, gives the following account of the manner in which a lawsuit was recently settled in the golden State:—"One neighbor sued another upon a disputed account; the parties met; a jury assembled, and all was ready for the trial. At the suggestion of the Judge, they agreed to decide it by a horse race, and actually did so; the jury acted as judges; the counsel bet their fees on their respective clients; the Judge held the stakes, and the winner, by previous agreement, treated the crowd."

Ohio is the greatest corn growing State in the Union, growing in 1850 upwards of 59,000,000 bushels. On the west side of the Scioto, just below Columbus, there is planted a field of six hundred acres of bottom. Fifteen shovel plows and three cultivators, worked by eighteen men and twenty-five horses, are kept in constant requisition; and the result is that scarcely a weed can be seen in the well plowed furrows. Twenty-five German girls follow the plows, and do the hoeing, for which they receive 62 1-2 cts. per day.

The San Francisco Chronicle says: Several of the persons who accompanied President Walker to "drive off the Apache Indians," are now in this city, walking about and enjoying themselves as well, we dare say, as they did when in the "New Republic." They say that Uncle Sam, in bringing them to this city, fed and treated them like gentlemen, and all without pay. Perhaps our government will give them a pension for the eminent services rendered. Who knows?

Rev. Dr. Hawks, it is said, was at one time elected Bishop of Rhode Island, but he declined to accept the appointment, the ground of refusal being the meager salary assigned to the office. His Rhode Island friends reminded him of the promises made in the scriptures—that "God would feed the young ravens." The doctor replied that this was true, but that he had nowhere seen a promise "to feed young Hawks."

In reference to the Southern threats, Henry Ward Beecher says:—"It only remains for Northern emigrants to be firm in their purpose; to go to Kansas in the spirit of peace, but determined to have their rights under the constitution, and to keep slavery out of the territory by voting. And, in view of such threats of blood, let them have faith in God, and keep their powder dry."

BEAUTIFUL SIMPLE.—President Edwards describes a christian as being like "such a flower as we see in the spring of the year, low and humble on the ground;—opening its blossoms to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory, rejoicing as it were in a calm of rapture, diffusing around a sweet fragrance; standing peacefully and lowly in the midst of other flowers."

From the Patent Office report, for the year 1854 we learn, says the Louisville Journal, that the quantity of clover seed sown in Ohio in that year exceeded 100,000 bushels, which, at average market price, brought a return to the farmers of that State of over half a million dollars. The estimate of the entire annual crop of clover seed for the seed growing States of the Union is set down at 1,000,000 bushels—worth over \$5,000,000.

The friends of Gov. Corwin, in southern Ohio, have in contemplation the erection of his statue in bronze, to be placed in some appropriate position in one of the cities of that valley. A statue of the kind contemplated is eight feet high, on a noble pedestal with panels representing striking events in his career, will cost about fifteen thousand dollars.

According to a report made last Monday night to the Young Men's Christian Association, by a member who had canvassed the city, there are nearly thirty thousand clerks in New York, and of these it was estimated that nearly six thousand had arrived in town during the past twelve months.

Jeans, my son, keep away from the gals. Ven you see one coming, dodge. Just such a critter as that young 'n clean-in' the door on the other side of the street, fooled your poor daddy, Jemmy. If it hadn't been for her, you and your dad might have been in California, huntin' diamonds, my son.

The Louisville Journal states, upon the authority of a gentleman who arrived there from Lexington on Monday evening, that the hair of Wegert, found guilty of murder in the first degree, which was formerly black, has turned white since his conviction.

The Philadelphia Register hopes that if Ned Buntline is at the head of "know-nothings," the party will decapitate itself as soon as possible.





Agriculture.

GERMAN AGRICULTURE.

Each German has his house, his orchard, his roadside trees, so laden with fruit, that if he did not carefully prop up and tie together with wooden clumps, they would be torn asunder by their own weight.

In Germany nothing is lost. The produce of the trees and the cows is carried to market; much fruit is dried for winter use. You see it lying in the sun to dry.

To pursue still further this subject of German economy; the very cuttings of the vines are dried and preserved for winter fodder. The cows and refuse of hemp serve as bedding for the tops; nay, even the rough stalks of the poppies, after the heads have been gathered for oil, are saved, and all these are converted into manure for the land.

In short, the economy and care of the German peasants are an example to all Europe. They have for years, nay, ages, been doing that, as it regards agricultural management, to which the British public is just now beginning to open its eyes.

SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

S. A. Reader, a farmer of Fitchville, Haron county, Ohio, says, on the profit of sheep raising: I rent a farm for 6 per cent. on its value, and pay taxes amounting in all to \$100 per annum.

POTTING STRAWBERRIES.

Mr. Rives, in London, raises strawberries in pots by a peculiar process, thus described: About the second week in July, he says he filled a number of six-inch pots with a compost of two-thirds loam, and one-third rotten dung, as follows:—three stout pieces of broken pots were placed in the bottom and a full handful of the compost put in; a stout wooden pestle was then used with all the force of a man's arm to pound it, and then another handful and a pound- ing, and another, till the pot was brimful, and the compressed mould as hard as a barn floor.

REMOVAL.

NEW STORE—NEW GOODS.

COMMISSIONER NOTICE.

NOTICE.

BANK STOCK.

GREAT ARRIVAL OF NEW SPRING GOODS.

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.

EUROPEAN AND YANKEE LIFE.

A striking character of the people of Europe, is the want of enterprise. Here everything contributes to progress, and every man is striving to rise. And he has a motive; for he knows that if he succeeds in accumulating, he will have more influence and a higher social position.

The mountain weight of conservatism keeps all classes as they were. We are heads, ever subjugating the elements to our uses, and saving labor. There is nothing of this abroad.—The reason is, we have much to do, and but a few to do it, while they have little to do, and many to do it.

The Pope does not allow the steamboats to come up to his wharves, but anchors them a mile off; so that his ragged boatmen make a few pennies by rowing a passengers ashore.—Thus he makes labor that the poor may live. In Rome, charcoal is principally used for fuel, and you see a string of twenty mules bringing little sacks of it upon their backs, when one mule would draw it in a cart.

Another phase of European life is to be seen in the modes of travelling. Here everybody travels, and consequently our means of traveling are the best in the world. But abroad, government does not encourage traveling. It knows that there is a mysterious connection between hurrying to and fro, and dangerous knowledge on the part of the people.

WESTERN RAILROAD.

For Worcester and Boston, 7:35 a. m. (Accommodations) and 1:45 p. m. (Express) 1:50 p. m. (Accommodations) 9:20 p. m. (Express).

NEW HAVEN, HARTFORD AND SPRINGFIELD RAILROAD.

At 7 a. m. Accommodation, 10:30 a. m. Accommodation, 2 p. m. Accommodation, 4:30 p. m. Express, 7:30 p. m. Express.

NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.

At 7 a. m. Accommodation, 10:30 a. m. Accommodation, 2 p. m. Accommodation, 4:30 p. m. Express, 7:30 p. m. Express.

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NEW STORE—NEW GOODS.

COMMISSIONER NOTICE.

NOTICE.

BANK STOCK.

GREAT ARRIVAL OF NEW SPRING GOODS.

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.

CONNECTICUT RIVER RAILROAD.

Passenger trains leave Springfield to connect with all railroads leaving at 7:30 a. m. and 1:50 p. m.

NEW HAVEN, HARTFORD AND SPRINGFIELD RAILROAD.

At 7 a. m. Accommodation, 10:30 a. m. Accommodation, 2 p. m. Accommodation, 4:30 p. m. Express, 7:30 p. m. Express.

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DEVINE'S COMPOUND Fitch Lozenge.

The great remedy is at last discovered! Coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, and all the ailments of the throat, are cured by this lozenge.

Great Cough Remedy.

FOR THE COMPLETE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Spitting Blood, Asthma, AND ALL OTHER LUNG COMPLAINTS.

IMPORTANT TO THE Farrier & Stage Proprietor.

GEO. W. MERCHANT'S CELEBRATED GARGLING OIL.

UNPARALLELED IN THE HISTORY OF MEDICINE AS THE MOST REMARKABLE External Application ever discovered.

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BARRETT'S Veto on Tooth-Ache.

Headache, Neuralgia, & Corns. That Good Times has Come. No more sleepless nights with that wretched Tooth-ache. No more loss of time. No more anguish and suffering with that worst of all troubles, the tooth-ache.

GEORGE KEEP.

Springfield Marble Works, On Main Street, South of Bridge, Street SPRINGFIELD, Mass.

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