

# The Weekly Journal.

Volume 3.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1855.

Number 38.

## Original Poetry

For the Weekly Journal.  
**To Hon. CASSIUS M. CLAY.**  
When first upon the nation's ear  
Thy trumpet tones for freedom fell,  
The north sent back the shout of cheer,  
In echoes to each southern dell;  
What thousands blessed thee, when the yoke  
Fell from thy bondmen's necks away!  
Their hearts beat stronger as they spoke  
The noble deeds and name of Clay.  
When round thy pale and prostrate form,  
The tempest in its fury beat,  
We heard thy voice above the storm  
Ring like a clarion loud and sweet;  
We saw oppression's minions quail  
Before the lightning of thine eye,  
And felt, whatever might assail,  
The just God would not let thee die!  
A welcome to our northern land,  
A bold champion of the poor man's right;  
Thy soul will rouse the flagging band,  
That prays in the thickening night;  
We joy to hear thy voice of cheer,  
No craven words from thy free mouth,  
But thunder-tones they dread to hear,  
The oligarchy of the south,  
O, Artie, trodden to the dust,  
Beneath oppression's iron heel,  
Look up! the Great, the Good, the Just,  
We know must see, and hear and feel;  
He rolls the winged year away,  
He melts the frozen heart of earth,  
And love and truth ere long shall sway  
The nations quaking into birth.  
Time is the minister of God,  
Each hour works out its destined end,  
Life, beauty, all things from the cloud  
Spring up, and struggling heavenward tend;  
And shall this land, the very first,  
That tyranny to dust hath hurled,  
Forever be with slavery cursed.  
The by-word of a taunting world,  
O lofty soul! its north winds free,  
Who sows in faith and hope shall see  
A rich and glorious harvest smile;  
Not all forgotten, when shall sound  
"Like silver bells the clanking chain,"  
And per this freedom hallowed ground,  
No fetter-clank be heard again.  
Chicopee, Feb. 12, 1855. W. G. B.

## Original Story

For the Weekly Journal.  
**MARIE MERCEUR.**  
A Page from Life's Volume.  
BY CORA CLINTON.  
Night in the great metropolis. Wrapped in the mantle of forgetfulness, the crowd of mammon's worshippers, the throng of pleasure's votaries, the miser and the prodigal, the earth-tainted worldling, and the pure heart of childhood, rest peacefully together. The noisy hum of business is hushed; sleep, with her magic power, has breathed over the city, and save the occasional distant roll of a carriage, bearing home its occupant from a midnight scene of debauchery, or the staggering footsteps of some poor wretch who has sought Lethe in the poison-cup, the little world within those brick walls is silent.  
Bending from a window in one of the princely mansions of the place, is a fair young creature, on whom the suns of scarce twenty summers have fallen. The pale moon-beams rest upon a neck and arm of alabaster purity, and impart new luster to the soft, dark eye. Like a halo beam the rays on curls of jet, pushed back from a pure white brow, and falling unconfined over her shoulders. One tiny jeweled hand, supports her exquisite rounded cheek; the other holds back the rich window drapery.  
An expression of anguish passes over the lovely face as the bright lips part, and a low, musical voice murmurs—"When will he come?" And is it then that, at so late an hour, this fairy being awaits the return of some transient wanderer? What means that anxious, tearful look, in the beautiful eye? She, so young and lovely, surrounded by luxury and taste, can she be unhappy? Alas! let that deep sigh be thy answer.  
But hush!—a sound at the street door; a night key in the lock; it turns, and the door opens. Quick as light the lady springs to her feet, and flies down the stairs, to meet the new comer.  
There he stands, by the still open door; she hastens towards him; the moon's rays fall upon his face, and as she approaches, she sees it all—it is he; but on those lips, that had so often uttered vows of constancy, plays an unmeaning smile; that dark eye betrays all too plainly that the mind is clouded; the noble, manly figure, reels to and fro; he is intoxicated! The young wife clasped her hands in agony that none may know save those who, like her, have felt it—those whose life-hopes have been thus quenched—forever; those whose bit-

ter tears, of anguish have gone up to a righteous God, and whose prayers for justice will yet be answered, and the phials of his wrath poured out on the persecutors of the innocent and helpless.  
Graven in characters of fire, passed before the shrinking spirit of the young wife, visions of the terrible future—of a life, saddened, joyless, hopeless; unloved, uncared for, even by him who had vowed to love, protect and honor; of bitter words and cruel blows, returned for acts of love and faithfulness.  
With lightning speed flashed these fearful thoughts across her mind, and, for a moment she seemed fainting.  
But her's was woman's heart, that kneweth not despair or weakness; her's was woman's love, that trusteth and hopeth all things. She had a work to perform; a task had been set her, before which any but a true faithful spirit would have faltered. He, for whose sake she had resigned everything, had cast away her affection, and on the altar of self-indulgence sacrificed all the noble sensibilities of his nature, and her's it must be to reclaim him.  
Stepping forward, she closed the door, and, taking her husband's hand, led him, powerless to resist, even if he would, to their own apartment; He threw himself upon the couch, muttering incoherently, and soon slept the deep sleep of inebriation.  
The young wife sank into a luxurious arm-chair, and for the first time her grief found an utterance in tears. Oh, what tears they were! Hot, bitter, they seemed wrung from the heart's deep fountain, the last burning drops of agony. It was the first time she had seen him thus. Could it be that he had fallen so low—he, so noble, so gifted? Was she a drunkard's wife? But six times had the full moon looked upon the wedded pair, and so soon had the sun of happiness departed? Oh, it was too terrible!  
Marie Eldon was an only child; her father had wealth and pride, but he loved his daughter too well to sacrifice her happiness to either. In her infancy her mother died, and the babe was left much to the care of hirelings. She was a child of sweet temperment and winning manners, and early gave evidence of extraordinary mental endowments.  
Years fled, and the lovely Marie entered society. Her beauty and her father's wealth surrounded her with suitors, but she turned listlessly from them all, until, at last, young Mercer knelt at the shrine.  
Ah, Marie, 'twas a sad hour for thee, though thy young spirit wist it not then, in which the impassioned eloquence of that rich, manly voice, first fell upon thy ear, when the dangerous brilliancy of those dark eyes, and the fascinating smile of lips that dared be treacherous, lured thy trusting heart on to wild idolatry!  
Philip Mercer was talented, possessed of a fine person and a superior education; but, like too many of the youth of our populous cities, was addicted to the fashionable vices of taking wine and indulging in games of chance. It was rumored that this was not all, and a few sagely whispered that not all the world knew how far the young man had gone in his downward course.  
Whatever the case might be, he knew well how to conceal beneath the veil of conventional society his vices; and even had he not been thus guarded, there were but few among the countless heiresses of the vast metropolis who would refuse the handsome and talented son of the millionaire because he took wine.  
It was at a soiree, a year previous to the commencement of our sketch, that Mercer first met Marie Eldon.  
"Who is that fairy creature, conversing with Madam B—?" he whispered to a friend with whom he was making the tour of the apartments; "I have been watching her half the evening. Faith! she is by half the prettiest girl here."  
"Oh! that is Miss Eldon; don't you know her? Come and I'll introduce you, having myself the honor of an acquaintance. Fine girl she is, surely; heiress too, to her father's immense fortune, which, you know, doesn't hurt her any." Saying this, the young men crossed the salon, and a few minutes found Mercer at the side of Marie.  
They met again and again; Mercer exercising his almost irresistible power to please, until Marie found her heart all his.  
As may be supposed, Mr. Eldon was not blind to the growing intimacy between

the two; he knew Mercer to be accomplished and wealthy; but he knew him also to have vices, which, he felt, would endanger his daughter's happiness, and he resolved that no pecuniary advantages should cause him to forget the welfare of his child. The young man's visits were discouraged, then prohibited; but Marie, though gentle and tractable on every other subject, on this was resolute. She considered all reports derogatory to her lover's name as base, scandalous falsehoods, the invention of malice and envy. He was all pure and noble—she was sure of it, and, with tears, she begged her father to allow his attentions. Mr. Eldon was inexorable; he was assured that, united to such a man as Philip Mercer, his daughter's life must be one of misery. But in vain he represented the sorrows that would attend her pathway; she refused to listen to his admonitions, and, unable to obtain his assent to their union, at last eloped with the object of her choice. This was a sad step downward; and not a little did it add to the bitterness of the cup she was afterwards compelled to drain, that herself had mingled its contents.  
Mr. Eldon did not disinherit his daughter; he did not refuse her his house; he only said she had chosen her fate, and must abide by it.  
For a short time after their marriage, Mercer was to his young wife all that her fond heart desired; her every wish was law. He furnished an elegant mansion, with every luxury wealth could procure, and free from all trace of sadness seemed life's hours before them. But who can read the future? what eye pierce the veil that hides from us our destiny? In mercy hath our Father concealed it from our view; for who could look thereon and live?  
All too soon was the true character of her husband revealed to the shrinking eye of poor Marie. Not even for the society of his pure and affectionate wife could Mercer give up the band of "choice spirits" whose leader he had ever been. He loved Marie, but he loved her as well as one of his nature could love; that is, he was fascinated by her beauty and grace, and not a little proud to bear away the gem so many had in vain sought to obtain. But, with the novelty, his affection fled, and the bride of but few months found herself neglected for the wine-cup and gaming table. Had she herself been of a selfish, wealth-worshipping temperment, she might have found in the luxury which everywhere surrounded her, and the adulation poured at her feet by the votaries of mammon, an oblivion to her sorrows.  
But nature had bestowed on the young wife a heart gushingly full of affection and sympathy; love was her very life, and when he, for whose sake she had given up all that made existence joyous, proved false, her overburdened spirit sank beneath the fearful pressure.  
Alas, poor sensitive heart! Bitter is the cup earth holds out to thee. Thou, whose affection goes forth unto all God's creatures, terrible to thy loving spirit will be the rude repulses thou must often meet;—for though the Maker set his seal on all the beings He has formed, alas! too frequently has sin almost obliterated the divine teachings, and left but a poor scarred wreck, in place of the perfect symmetry of His hand who can not err.  
From the time at which our narrative commences, Mercer's downfall became more and more rapid. Then, for the first time, his wife saw him intoxicated; but ah! how many midnight vigils did she afterward perform! and, after watching the stars asleep, how often was she greeted only by curses on the return of her drunken husband.  
Mr. Eldon did not long survive his daughter's marriage. The unhappiness of one who was dearer to him than life, soon brought his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. His wealth served to retrieve the sinking fortunes of Mercer, and sustain him for a time in the style of princely elegance which he had ever maintained; but the fall, though for a time averted, came at length, and the wife of scarce three years found herself in a small cottage, in the suburbs of the city, forsaken by the friends who in the days of prosperity had been so lavish of unneeded kindnesses, with no arm to support, no strong heart to lean upon, no hope of deliverance—save in death. But death comes not to those who long for it; when all that made life joyous departs, we

may not push aside the cup of existence; not though every drop be burning gall, it must be drained—ay, to the dregs.  
Marie was not one to lament her sad fate in inaction; she felt that she must find employment—something that should support herself and her beautiful babe; for her husband's scanty purse scarce served to supply himself with intoxicating drinks, and he utterly refused to give her money. She had ever possessed much skill with her needle, and now she applied it in embroidery; every midnight beheld her weaving the light gossamer threads into almost fairy tracery; and, after a few hours rest, the early dawn saw her recommence her toil.  
It was an afternoon in early autumn. In an apartment which contained scarce the necessities of life, sat Marie, as usual engaged with her needle. The soft west wind fanned her cheek, but it brought not back the rosy hue which suffering had stolen from it.  
The beautiful dark eye, that, in her father's halls, had been the light of so many hearts, was sorrowful, and tear-dimmed, as its glance fell on her boy, who was playing in all the joyousness of infancy at her feet. And the smile which rose to her lips while she watched his gambols was a sad one, and mingled with a sigh, as she thought of the future.  
At that moment, she heard the footstep of her husband; that step which she once listened to, with rapture, but which, for many weary months, had broken on her very heart-strings. With a nervous apprehension she gazed in his face as he entered.  
He was not intoxicated then, but there was a wild look in the eye she had once loved to look into, and a stern compression of the lip, that made her shudder; his face was pale and haggard, but there was more of sorrow than fear expressed in it.  
"Philip, what is it?" she exclaimed;—"what has happened to you?"  
"Marie, and his voice had more tenderness in it than it had known to her for years—nothing has happened; something will soon." Under the influence of wine, I insulted a man; he challenged me; I got to meet him immediately, and have come, to say good-by."  
"Oh, Philip, Philip! you must not go! You will not, and leave me here all alone, my husband. If you should be killed, what would become of me and our boy? Look at him, Philip; can you make him an orphan? Oh, if you have ever loved me; if all those holy vows, so often repeated, were not idle breath; if, as you told me when I fled from my father's house by your side, you would live for me, die for me; then, oh my husband, go not forth to meet my enemy; if not for my sake, for his, for our boy's, our beautiful babe's! Stay with me! Promise me, Philip, that you will!" she exclaimed, wringing his hand while the hot tears coursed down her cheeks.  
"Marie, my poor wife, I have wronged you bitterly; and his voice grew husky. "You are an angel, and should have had a better husband than I have been; it were better for you that I should die. No, do not speak; have you not lost everything for me? and I—oh, wretch that I have been! Rum has been my ruin; I see it now; all your misery, and my shame, and our poverty and degradation, all, all, has been the work of the accursed bottle. I see it now, when it is too late. Alas! that I have not only ruined myself, but dragged you down so deeply into the depths of sorrow! Forgive me, sweet wife; I do not deserve it, but I know your heart is too kind to remember my cruelty. Good-by, and God in heaven bless you for your love and forbearance, toward one so unworthy you;" and pressing her to his heart, he departed.  
Almost stupefied, Marie sank into a chair. Those were the first kind words that had gladdened her heart for many, many, weary months; but those were tones of affection, and she dwelt on every word with the eagerness that the spirit which loves ever feels for the voice of the beloved one. For, fallen though he was, she still loved Mercer; he was her husband—the father of her boy, and all his unkindness could not quench her affection.  
Poor Marie! Bitter were her fears as she thought of him now. Her heart dared not hope his return alive; imagination already beheld him brought, all—bleeding—head, to her door, and she, a widow, alone in the

cold, drear world. Then she thought of his words at parting. He saw his error now, and, just as he was prepared to become a blessing to society, to cheer the heart he had so long crushed, to be a father to the child he had hitherto cruelly neglected, even as his foot was placed in the path of virtue, he was to be torn forever from her! Oh! it was dreadful—and she covered her face in agony.  
One hour, two hours passed, and suspense became intolerable. She paced the little room, gazed from the window, and wept over her boy, alternately. At last, to her anxious view appeared a form—yes, it was him—he was safe! and swifter than light she flew to meet him.  
"Marie, my Marie, I have killed him—I am a murderer—I must fly!" Oh, heavens! Have I done it? "Can it be these hands are blood-stained? Oh, God forgive me! And the wretched man covered his face with his hands: Poor Marie! she had never thought of this—her husband a murderer! Her cheek paled, and she shrank involuntarily from him.  
"Ah, you hate me, I see! I know; you would—you ought to—but I could not go without seeing you once; farewell, my wife—no, the law releases you from that now, but farewell, forever."  
"No, Philip; you have committed a terrible crime, but you are my husband and I love you; where you go will I go; so, only promise me, Philip, promise me that you will, henceforth and forever, abstain from the use of intoxicating spirit."  
"Bless you, bless you Marie; I had not dared hope this; yes, I swear before High Heaven, that never again while I live shall another drop of the accursed liquor pass my lips, so help me God."  
Marie sank on his bosom and wept as she had never wept before; but they were tears of joy; her husband was freed from the thralldom that had so long bound him, he was emancipated from a slavery more fearful than the black man's bondage, he was himself once more, and they should again be happy. Another hour, and the faithful wife with her husband and child were on their way for the far, far west.  
Many were Mercer's vows of repentance and return to the ways of rectitude, and brightly were hope's golden rays cast over the future pathway of his trusting wife. For a little time his reformation lasted; and health came to the pale cheek of Marie, and happiness brightened her eyes; but old habits are iron masters, and it was not long before Mercer returned to his cups again. He forgot his vows, forgot his loving, confiding wife, forgot his manhood, and sank deeper, if possible, than before!  
Oh! Is it not terrible, this servitude to a beastly appetite, which swallows up in its fearful vortex all the hopes and joys of life, which destroys all affection, all sense of honor, all love of justice and virtue, all reverence for the laws either of God or man, which debase the intellect, dethrone the reason, destroys the soul? And yet, how many are there who offer themselves votaries to this awful slavery! The jaws of this worse than Lernaean Hydra, are reeking with the blood of his many victims, and his path is over the broken hearts of the widowed and orphaned, and the prostrate forms of those created in God's own image! Alas, poor fallen human nature! when will it learn that the wine cup is the monster's lurking-place?  
Wearily after her husband's fall, dragged the slow weeks along to the suffering wife; remonstrances, entreaties, prayers, were of no avail; he was no longer a man—rum had made a fiend of him. Only abuse and blows were her portion from the hands that had vowed to cherish her; but she uttered no complaint. Her heart was sick with sorrow, but she confined it there, and for her boy's sake bore it all. He was now her only remaining source of happiness. His gentle caresses, and sweet childish prattle, soothed her spirit as she thought of her sad, almost joyless life.  
It was a fierce winter's day; the wind blew the snow in masses through the street, and forced it into the small apartment occupied by the family of Mercer. Shivering with the bitter cold, Mrs. Mercer and her little son sat in that lowly room, for she could obtain no work, and they were without bread or fuel.  
It was the eighth anniversary of her wedding day. What a tide of memories rush through that delicate heart as she reviewed those years so fraught with ag-

ony! Bright hopes crushed forever;—vows, so solemnly spoken, so faithfully kept by her; so utterly forgotten by her husband; the dreams of her girlhood; the happiness, to great for expression, of the first brief month of her wedded life; the terrible agony of the hour which showed that her loved one was false; the bitter, bitter realities of her after life; those realities that every drunkard's wife knows so fearfully well; and which none but her can conceive, all, all these came rushing up until it seemed she could endure no more.  
But look! What sent such a tremor through her frame? Why did the pale, sad, intellectual looking child spring so suddenly to his mother's side, and why does she clasp him so closely to her heart, and bedew his high, white brow with her tears? Hearest thou the unsteady footstep which approaches? It was that! The tread of a husband and a father, that filled those hearts with terror! The door opened and Mercer entered; yet who would recognize in that bent form, and blood-shot eyes, and those features, bearing so legibly the impress of the wine-fiend, the man who, eight short years ago, was the courted, and flattered, and elegant son of a millionaire?  
But something has excited his drunken fury, and his anger falls on the helpless woman whom he has so solemnly pledged himself to love and honor! See, cruel blows fall thick and fast on the defenseless head, and prayers for mercy are drowned in terrible oaths. Little Arthur springs to his side, and, his blue eyes filling with tears, exclaims, "please, papa, do not beat poor mama." Enraged at the innocent child, Mercer turned, and with a curse, struck him to the floor.  
"Oh, God! you have killed him!" exclaimed Marie, and with a wild shriek she sank senseless at his feet. It was even so. The harsh blow had released the delicate spirit from its prison-house, and the child was an angel!  
Mercer was sobered in an instant; he gazed a moment at the forms of his wife and child lying before him, then, rushing from the house, entered an adjacent dwelling.  
"I have killed them, I have murdered them both," he exclaimed; "they are dead, my wife and boy! Oh! take me, hang me, I am a murderer, they were innocent, and I killed them!" and in a frenzy of despair, the wretched man sank to the earth.  
All efforts were made for the recovery of the victims of impenitent rage; Mrs. Mercer was resuscitated; but every endeavor to rekindle the spark of life in little Arthur, proved unavailing.  
Mercer was seized, and thrown into prison to await his trial for murder; it came, he was found guilty by his own confession, and sentenced to execution. This was another terrible blow to Marie. He had killed her boy, her beautiful boy; but oh! she could not bear that he should die—and such a death!  
Sanctimonious all her woman's fortune, she visited the Governor and sued for his pardon. For a long time he refused to grant it, but at last, yielding to her prayers, he gave Mercer his life on condition that he immediately left the country.  
The wretched man was completely overcome, when the intelligence of his release was communicated to him, and he was informed that his wife had obtained his pardon. He fell at her feet, embraced her as his guardian angel, and vowed never, never again to touch the poison. "Marie," said he, "I have promised you often and solemnly to abstain from its use, and then broken my word; but now it shall not be so; I have cast aside the fetters that have so long bound my soul, and I swear never again to assume them; pray for me, my own true wife, for I dare not pray for myself, that the God in whom you trust, will hear my vow, and enable me to keep it." And Marie did pray; and He whose ear is ever open to the petitions of the sorrowing, heard her prayer. Her husband kept his oath.  
In a pleasant cottage, in the Western land, they still dwell; though their sorrow for the lost one has not passed away, they are happy in each other's love; and often, as Marie gazes on the sweet and noble form of her husband, raised from the lowest depths through her instrumentality, she murmurs from a heart overflowing with thankfulness—  
"And how knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt not save thy husband?"

# The Weekly Journal.

CHICOOPEE, SATURDAY, FEB. 17, 1855.

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

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

## KANSAS.

As Kansas is now the subject of the day, we propose to devote some space to it in to-day's paper. Nearly all are interested in anything in the shape of intelligence from that territory. By about the middle of March, the emigrants will begin to pour in, and it is for the north to see to it that a sufficient number of her sons go there to prohibit slavery. No question of greater importance has arisen since the formation of the government than this—a question which will not only affect the present, but, still more, the countless generations who shall come after us.

We find in the Rhode Island Freeman the following statements concerning an address upon Kansas, delivered in Providence, by Mr. C. L. Lincoln, who has explored the territory, and knows all about it:

The speaker commenced by contrasting the emigration of the past, with emigration now reduced to a system by the "Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Company." The very term, emigration, he said, filled many people with horror and dread. It presents to their minds nothing but a solitary family wending their way, far into the interior, when, after years of hard labor, perhaps they may be able to secure a home with some of the comforts of life, even in the solitude of the forest. The emigration of to-day is in numbers carrying with them our institutions, and depriving themselves of none of the comforts of life here enjoyed.

Mr. L.—briefly alluded to his journey, which was accomplished in eight days, via Buffalo, Chicago and St. Louis, to Kansas city, which is situated in Missouri, nearly opposite the mouth of the Kansas river.

The company with whom Mr. Lincoln went out, have settled Lawrence, which they dignify with the name of city. It is situated on the Kansas river, about forty miles from Kansas city, and is favorably situated for extensive trade.

The slavery question occupied a considerable portion of the lecture, and freedom has in him an earnest and faithful advocate.

The territory, he said, could never be given up to slavery. Though a pro-slavery delegate now occupies a seat in congress, it is not in accordance with the sentiment of the people. A fair vote to-day would not sustain him. The late election was in most parts controlled by armed Missourians, who surrounded the polls and prevented any person from voting but for their candidate, they themselves voting as many times as they chose. This would have been attempted in Lawrence, but for the resolution of the New Englanders, who were well armed and determined to resist the mob should such an attempt be made. A settlement called Douglas, in honor of Judge Douglas, with but fifty legal voters, returned three hundred votes. Another settlement with one hundred inhabitants, returned seven hundred votes, plainly showing that the election was carried by fraud. But there can never be a recurrence of such a fraud.

The law requires the Governor to take a census of the actual residents, and their names will be registered, and no one allowed to vote whose name is not upon that list.

Mr. L.—also stated that Gov. Reeder was right on the slavery question. Upon a late visit to Lawrence, he proposed that the election of the legislature be deferred for the present, that the emigrants of the coming season may participate in the election, as they must be greatly interested in the result. The thousands who are going from the Free States will most certainly ensure the freedom of this garden of the world from the curse of Slavery.

The climate is splendid beyond description—too much could not be said in its favor. They are not troubled with the "uncivilized winds" of the eastern states. Mr. L. said he did not expect to live three months at the time he left Boston, but had now completely recovered his health. Many of the emigrants have increased fifty pounds upon their general weight—there was but little for physicians to do but to chop wood. The cost of emigrating to Kansas last year, was about thirty-five dollars, but it may cost a little more this season, owing to the increase of rates of travel on the Western roads, but will not probably exceed the amount of five dollars. Wages are high and labor in good demand. Lime of good quality can be burned upon the spot. The water pure and plenty. Coal of good quality and abundant, of which a specimen was exhibited. A specimen of the soil was also exhibited, which appears rich beyond description.

Mr. L. regretted that fears had been expressed as to the supply of timber being short. No man, he said, could travel many miles along the bank of the rivers and entertain fears upon that point. There is an abundant supply for the present demand, and a farther supply can be obtained with less difficulty than we obtain it here from Maine. The Indians are peaceably disposed toward the "Yankees," though agents from Missouri had endeavored to make them unfriendly. Provisions are plenty, and board can be obtained at two dollars and fifty cents a week.

The remarks of Mr. L. were attentively listened to for more than two hours, and was often greeted with enthusiastic applause. His statements were plain and straight forward, bearing upon their face the evidence of their truth.

## Plank Road to Springfield.

A substantial evidence of general prosperity, or the opposite, may always be found in the condition of public roads.—Take any section of the world where they are badly managed, and there you will be always certain to find an entire lack of the true elements of a healthy social development. France never was so well governed as during the reign of Napoleon, and he always devoted much attention to the subject we are speaking of. It is well known that not even a toll-bridge can be built there without the sanction of the central government. When we are reading of imbecile countries—such as Spain, Italy, Portugal, Mexico, or the South American nations, the following words invariably appear:—"The roads are in a bad condition."

To come nearer home, the travel, as every one knows, between Chicopee and Springfield is very great—sufficient to warrant the construction of a plank road.—We understand that the subject was talked of a few years ago, but was dropped, for some reason or other. The idea was a good one, and this is as fit a time to revive it as any.

The time will probably come, though it may be a great way distant, when the whole country will be completely covered with plank roads. As the nation progresses in intelligence and prosperity, just so fast will the condition of the public ways improve, for they are the sure indices of prosperity.

## THAYER AND BRANSCOMB.

Messrs. Eli Thayer and Charles H. Branscomb lecture this evening in Cabot Hall, at 7 o'clock, upon Kansas emigration. There will without doubt be a great number present, for people are becoming very much interested in the subject. Before the Kansas fever reaches its height, it will be equal to that which caused such a general rush to California in 1850. Well, let the glorious work go on; Kansas has a fine soil and climate—and, besides, she must be prevented from becoming a slave state. New England has attractions—but, notwithstanding that, the great west is the place for the young, the hopeful, the enthusiastic. We need no Rubicon to obstruct the onward course of the Saxon race, for the certain destiny of America is "march, march, march." Thousands and tens of thousands will have settled in Kansas before the close of the present year; mechanics now out of employ can there obtain remunerative wages; and farmers have the very best of land for a small price.

COSMOPOLITAN ART AND LITERARY ASSOCIATION.—All those who wish for one of the popular magazines of the day a year—either Harper's, Putnam's, Blackwood's, or the Knickerbocker—and also a chance to draw a statue or painting, should become a member of this society. Only three dollars is required, and a positive certainty of not losing anything.

The object of the association is to encourage a love for the fine arts, and disseminate useful reading. In a short time the opportunity of membership will be lost, as the drawing takes place the latter part of this month. Albert Walker, Esq. is agent for Chicopee.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.—Mr. Douglass lecture on Tuesday evening gave good satisfaction. It was principally devoted to a history of anti-slavery in the U. States.—He is an orator by nature; and it must send a thrill of indignation through every man who has a heart which is not piece of marble, to think that one possessing such an intellect should, for many long and weary years, have been held as a bond-man.

The next lecture will be by Rev. Charles H. Webster, of this village. Subject—"Egypt."

LIEUTENANT GENERAL.—Gen. Scott has finally been made Lieutenant General.—The title does not amount to anything after accepting the increase of salary.

SHERIFF CUTLER has reappointed Elin Adams jailer for this county.

For the Weekly Journal.  
**Strange Humanity and Truth.**  
FRIEND PRATT:—When I profess to be a friend of freedom and equal rights, and at the same time strive to cripple and suppress all efforts to put an end to slavery, or to free the slave from his awful degradation; when I make high pretensions to piety, and seem to pity the suffering unfortunate poor, and then profane the name of my heavenly father from day to day, and oppose all efforts to make and keep the poor inebriate decent and sober—to close my crowded pocket-book against all the cries and earnest appeals of those who are suffering for the want of bread and raiment; when I profess to be a good model citizen, and employ sooner the sweeper, the intemperate, the Sabbath-breaker, the gambler, the liar, sooner than pious, civil moral men; when I can visit the rich man's house of sickness and death without fail, and feel it to be a disgrace to visit the cottage of the poor, however much they may need my assistance; when I profess to be a friend to both rich and poor, to smile at the rich with all the loveliness and beauty of an angel, then turn upon the hard-laboring poor with all the sternness and hatred possible.—I leave you for this time. B.

**HONORABLE.**—A gentleman who was four or five years ago extensively engaged in business in Philadelphia, failed for about \$150,000. His creditors unanimously agreed to compound with him for 50 cents on a dollar, which they realized. He afterwards went to California, and got into a profitable business, and since that time has remitted to his creditors \$60,000 of the \$75,000 he owed them. He will, no doubt, soon pay the \$15,000 now due them, and then be "all right" again.

**THE NEXT CAMPAIGN** against the Indians of the Plains is looked forward to with much interest. It is generally believed that the new volunteer force, asked for by President Pierce and Secretary Davis, will be granted by Congress, and it is the intention of the administration to have it commanded by Col. Harney, and armed with a rifle which is a recent American improvement on the far famed Minnie fire arm.

Coal of good quality is said to have been recently discovered, at the Chickasaw Bluffs, in Tennessee, about seventy-five miles above Memphis, right on the bank of the Mississippi. The mines, which are described as inexhaustible, are in such a capital location that preparations are being made for immediately working them, and in about two months they are expected to be in full operation.

**PRESBYTERIAN HISTORY.**—We see it stated in one of the religious journals, that a change has lately been made in the Presbyterian Historical Society, by which it is hereafter to embrace within its scope, all the branches of the Presbyterian family, the officers being selected from the Associate, Reformed, Associate Reformed, and Old and New School Churches.

**GERMANS.**—There are upwards of 2,000,000 people of German origin and birth in this country now. They support 30 daily and from 150 to 171 semi-weekly and weekly newspapers. It is estimated that their aggregate subscription list reaches nearly 200,000 copies—about the number of German voters in the Union.

**HEAVY.** "A man said to another, "which is the heaviest, a quart of rum or a quart of water?" "Rum, most assuredly," said the other, "for I saw a man who weighed 220 pounds staggering under a quart of rum, when he could have carried a gallon of water with ease."

**A QUEER INTRUSION.**—A panther entered the dining-room of a house in Ouachita Parish, La., a few days ago, while the family were seated at their meal, and after upsetting the table and nearly killing two dogs, made good his retreat. He was followed, and finally killed.

**THE DE VAUX LEGACY** for the establishment of a college at Niagara Falls, is much larger than was at first thought. The domain of the institution is 334 acres of land, and the amount of real and personal property for its support \$175,000.

**TEA.**—M. Laysel, a French chemist, says that he discovered that by grinding tea in the same manner as coffee, before infusion, the quantity of exhilarating fluid obtained is nearly doubled. The experiment is worth trying.

**CONVICT EMIGRANTS.**—A number of convict Belgians, sent to this country by their own home government, are now in prison in New York, having been arrested immediately upon their arrival. They have petitioned the authorities to be released.

**THE EMIGRANTS ARRIVING AT NEW YORK,** from foreign ports during the month of January of the present year were 7,982, being a falling off of 90 per cent, as compared with the same month of last year.

**THE OLDEST MEETING HOUSE** in New England was erected in the year 1680, in the town of Hingham. It is still in an excellent state of preservation, and its frame of oak bears no mark of dilapidation or decay.

**NAPOLEON** is said to have remarked of physicians, whom he found to be materialists: They do not believe that man has a soul, because they can not find it with their dissecting knife.

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**EMIGRANTS.**—About four hundred emigrants for Kansas territory will leave Pittsburg at the opening of the spring, on the first of March.

NEBRASKA ITEMS.—The enumeration of inhabitants is nearly completed. At Omaha the state house and hotel are nearly done, and scores of dwellings and shops are in process of construction. A number of families from Council Bluffs have gone over. The printing office is nearly completed, and a new store is to go over in a few days, to supply the citizens with everything they want. The steam mill is turning out lumber now rapidly. At Winter Quarters a saw mill is in process of erection, and preparations are being made for a large hotel.

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THE FARMER.—It does not very heartily to see a merry, fat, and round-faced farmer, so independent, and yet so free from vanity and pride; so rich, and yet so industrious—so patient and persevering in his noble calling, and yet so kind and obliging. There are a thousand noble traits about his character which are rarely met with in city life. You may eat and drink with him; and he won't set a mark on you and swear it out of you with compound interest—he is hospitable. He will do you a kindness without expecting a return by way of compensation—he is generous; not so with every body. He is generally more honest and sincere, and gives society its best support—is the firmest pillar that supports the edifice of government; he is the lord of nature. Look at him in his "home-spun gray" buck—gentleman! Laugh at him if you will—but believe us, he can laugh back, if he pleases.—EXTRACT.

**A NEW AND CHEAP LIGHT.**—The New-York Journal of Commerce notices a new and cheap light, which is said to be both economical and safe, with a power equal to gas. It is called the "Diamond Light." The Journal says it has tried it and finds the light equal to that of the best sperm oil, and much cheaper—the oil is made from rosin. It is a real oil, and not water looking, like camphine and burning fluid. The cost at wholesale is only 50 cents a gallon, and the means of supply inexhaustible. Where gas is not procurable, as in villages and the country at large, this light will probably be found useful. It is said not to be explosive.

**CENSUS OF IOWA.**—From a tabular statement of the census of the several counties in the state of Iowa for the year 1854, presented to the Senate by the Secretary of State, it appears that the aggregate population (last summer) was 326,014—being an increase since the United States census of about 134,000. The whole number of males in the state is 170,302, and the number of females is 154,900. There are 59,984 voters, 10,378 aliens, 480 colored persons, 47 insane, 28 deaf and dumb, 29 blind, and 7 idiots in the state.

**TRANSPLANTING HICKORIES.**—The Prairie Farmer (Chicago) says that a Mr. Adams there, transplants the hickories from the forest with the same success as other trees. His plan is to dig down and down till he gets tired of it and then cut off the tap root. He never stops till he gets a foot and from that to six, and yet he states that he never got so low as to find the tap root as small as the tree at the surface of the ground.

**A GOOD SUTTER OF CHURCHES.**—There are about one hundred and twelve houses of worship, large and small, belonging to the several Christian denominations in Brooklyn. The Methodists have a numerical plurality; there are 19 belonging to the Episcopalians, 11 to the Reformed Dutch, 7 to the Congregational, 6 to the O. S. Presbyterian, 5 to the N. S. Presbyterian.

**SIX THINGS.**—Six things are requisite, says Hamilton, to create a happy home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterers. It must be warmed by affection, and industry the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessings of God.

**"WOULDN'T SHAVE COLORED FOLKS."**—Frederick Douglas delivered one of his lectures last week, in Biddeford, Me., and the morning afterwards stepped into a barber's shop of a Mr. Benker, an Ethiopian with a slight European alloy in his blood, who absolutely refused to shave him, as it was against the rules of the establishment to shave colored gentlemen.

**DR. SUMMERS,** who discovered the valuable properties of the gum of the mosquito tree, which grows upon the plains of northern Texas and New Mexico, states that pure white gypsum and the finest bituminous coal abound in the country west of Arkansas, to the Rocky mountains, in a district 700 miles long by 200 in breadth.

**LOONS.**—A flock of loons, nearly killed a man the other day in Pennsylvania. He had wounded and caught one, which screamed for help, and a whole flock came to the rescue, attacked and pecked him till he was glad to call for assistance, too, which fortunately arrived in time to save him.

The Christian Inquirer, a Unitarian paper, insists that in view of the low salaries allowed the clergy they must either abstain from marriage, or divide their time between their parish and secular employments.

**THE EASTERN WAR** cost Great Britain, in twelve months, no less than \$80,000,000, and it is estimated that for the second year, at least \$100,000,000 will be required.

**MOUSTACHES IN THE NAVY.**—The British Admiralty has issued an order permitting the sailors in the navy of England to wear moustaches.

For the Weekly Journal.  
**A LADY'S VIEWS.**  
Mr. PRATT:—We are having about the coldest weather, in the region of the world where I happen to be at the present time, that I ever experienced. Indeed, I believe it is cold enough for Boreas to put on fannels. God help those that can not keep a good fire! A great deal of benevolence is in active operation for the relief of the poor. Soup establishments, calico parties, and not the least worthy of notice, is Horace Greeley's bill of fare.—He has recently discovered that beans are more nutritious than almost anything that grows above ground. If Horace should have the dyspepsia one week, and have to diet on baked beans, I rather think he would come to the conclusion that he had taken an over dose of nourishment.—

Another thing that he recommends, is hominy; but, advises all to cook it in a kettle with a porcelain bottom. Query:—How many poor people do you suppose there are, that possess a kettle with a porcelain bottom? If they have one without a leak, they do well.

What is the cause of the hard times, is a question which seems to agitate the minds of all. Some say that it is the great amount of money expended in foreign silks and costly satins for ladies' wear. The saints preserve us! I should advise those who make the assertion, to take a peep into that part of the coat where they put their arms. I imagine they would find satin, and may be, a few rags and tugs; for satin is not the most durable fabric for coat-sleeve linings. The sin of extravagance is not confined to us alone. When the gentlemen will come out to church dressed in green flannel coats, and linsey-woolsey pants, the ladies will wear nine-penny prints with a good grace.

Yours, JENNIE.

Chicopee, Feb. 12th, 1855.

**NARROW ESCAPE.**—Thursday forenoon, L. H. Brigham, Charles E. Damon, Mr. Young and Jerry Abner, narrowly escaped being drowned. The ice had gathered in front of the lower fall at the end of the race-way in Dwight Yard, and the rain of the previous night had broke it up, and caused its lodgment down in the race-way, thereby damming the water back in the arch. The aforesaid persons were endeavoring to clear out the ice, when the foundation upon which they stood gave way, and down they went in the water below. Assistance was almost immediately at hand, and they were rescued.

**POLICE REPORT.**  
Feb. 16.—Alice McMahon was arrested by officer Barnes, and brought before Justice Doolittle, on the 16th inst, charged with the crime of larceny. Found guilty, and was ordered to pay a penalty of \$3.00 and cost of prosecution, amounting in all to \$11.35, which was paid, and the property stolen returned to the owner. Stealing is hard business.

**RELIGION.**—In view of the great revival of religion now progressing at Harrisburg, Pa., the Philadelphia Argus indulges a hope that it may even extend to the Pennsylvania legislature, now in session in that place, in which hope he says he is greatly encouraged, inasmuch as a revival has sprung up in the Maryland penitentiary.

**MARRIED.**  
In this village, 14th inst., by Rev. C. H. Webster, Mr. COMFORT R. BAILEY, of MARTHA SCURRY, both of this town. Also, by the same, Mr. CHARLES A. KENNING, of West Springfield, to MARTHA THOMPSON, of this village.

**DIED.**  
In New South Wales, Australia, November 8, James Ormsby, aged 25.  
The deceased was formerly in the employ of the Ames Manufacturing Co. of this village, and was well known to many among us as an enterprising and worthy young man. While entering trees near Richmond river, in company with his brother-in-law, John Hyde, also from this place, he was crushed by the fall of a large cedar, and survived but an hour. Under such sudden and painful circumstances has a widow mother been bereaved of her only son, the chief dependence of her declining years.  
The following lines have been handed us for publication, as expressive of the feelings of the mother:

Fate gave the word, the tree it fell,  
And crushed darling's heart,  
And with him all the joys are  
Fled life can to me impart.  
By cruel fate the tree it fell,  
He in the dust is laid;  
So fall the pride of all my hopes,  
My age's future shade.  
The mother linnet in the grove,  
Bewails her ravished young;  
So I, for my lost darling's sake,  
Lament the live day long.  
Oh have I feared the fatal blow,  
Now, fond I trace my breast,  
O do not kindly lay me low,  
With him I'd love to rest.

## Livery Property AT AUCTION.

THE subscribers will sell at Public Auction, if not sold at Private Sale prior to the 20th of March, the following LIV-  
ERLY PROPERTY:—Horses, Top Buggies, Open do, Hack, Back Sleigh, Sleighs, Harnesses, Buffalo Robes, and other articles connected with a livery establishment, &c. &c.  
WINKLEY & INGRAHAM  
Chicopee, Feb. 17th 20

CHICOPEE MARKET—Feb. 17.

Table with market prices for various goods like Butter, Eggs, Salt, Flour, etc.

Don't Like Work.—An advertisement in a Boston paper, lately, for a young man to work in a store...

Public Spirit.—The citizens of Toronto have raised \$40,000 as a temporary loan to a large manufacturing firm...

The most valuable Aromatic Medicine in the world! DURNO'S CELEBRATED CATARRH SNUFF...

A sample box, with directions for use, will be sent free of postage, by mail, any distance not exceeding 300 miles...

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS having demands against the TOWN OF CHICOPEE, are requested to deposit them in the office of the Town Treasurer...

Use the old "Village Doctors" Infallible Cathartic Remedy, Dr. Clough's Columbian Pills...

State Scholarships.

Notice to School Committees, AND OTHERS WHOSE IT MAY CONCERN RESPECTING THE STATE SCHOLARSHIPS...

BY the first Section of the Act, entitled "An Act Establishing State Scholarships," approved April 27, 1853...

BY the second Section of the Act, it is provided that one hundred dollars per annum shall be paid to each scholar...

BY the third Section of the Act, it is provided that the Board of Education, together with the several Sections...

BY the fourth Section of the Act, it is provided that the Board of Education, together with the several Sections...

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BY the twelfth Section of the Act, it is provided that the Board of Education, together with the several Sections...

BY the thirteenth Section of the Act, it is provided that the Board of Education, together with the several Sections...

BY the fourteenth Section of the Act, it is provided that the Board of Education, together with the several Sections...

The Best Medicine in Use.

Dr. Clough's Columbian Pills.

For Purifying the Blood, unloading the Liver, Freeding the Passages, Stimulating to action each Organ, &c.

HERE IS NATURE'S OWN REMEDY.—In constipation they cleanse the Intestines in an easy and natural manner...

FEVERS OF ALL KINDS.—They restore the Blood to a regular and healthy action.

SORES, ULCERS, SCURVY.—They produce healthy secretions, and purify the Blood.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.—They subdue and remove from the muscles, and ligaments of the joints...

WORMS.—They remove the slimy nests of these troublesome creatures from the Bowels, dislodging and expelling the Worms...

SALT-RHEUM AND ERETHELAS.—They purify the fluids that feed the skin, removing disagreeable eruptions, pimples, &c.

DYSPEPSIA.—They cleanse the stomach and bowels, create a healthy flow of pure Bile...

THE Columbian Pills do not scorch or grip; they are mild and innocent, but powerful to expel disease...

SOLD BY M. BESSY, and Bliss & Haven, Springfield; J. S. Bagg, Chicopee, and C. F. Kent, Chicopee Falls...

VALENTINES!

Historical Journal for St. Valentine's Day. When Lassies and Lads are happy and gay...

THE largest, cheapest, and most magnificent assortment of Valentines ever offered in this town...

For little Cupid told me so, that in the News Room, St. Valentine's court, And my Valentines with Envelopes so fine...

Valentines! Valentines!

THE largest, cheapest, and most magnificent assortment of Valentines ever offered in this town...

For little Cupid told me so, that in the News Room, St. Valentine's court, And my Valentines with Envelopes so fine...

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to me by note or book account, are requested to make payment previous to the first of April...

FOR SALE.

A VALUABLE Building Lot, on Exchange St., Chicopee. For further particulars inquire of HORACE JACOBS, Chicopee.

NOTICE.

IS hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administratrix of the estate of Albert B. Hoyt, late of Chicopee...

HAMPDEN, SS. Feb. 6, 1855. A Court of Probate holden at Springfield, within and for said county, on the 6th day of February...

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Clarissa C. Merrill, libellant, vs. Silas Merrill, libellee.

TO the honorable the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court, next to be holden at Northampton, in the county of Hampshire, and for the counties of Hampden and Berkshire...

CLARISSA C. MERRILL, of Chicopee, in the County of Hampden, wife of Silas Merrill, late of said county, do hereby certify that she is the lawful wife of the said Silas Merrill...

Wherefore, she doth libelantly pray that she may be divorced from the bonds of matrimony between her and the said Silas Merrill...

Dated this twentieth day of September, A. D. 1854. CLARISSA C. MERRILL.

Commoiwcealth of Massachusetts. HAMPDEN, SS. Supreme Judicial Court, September Term, 1854, holden at Northampton, in and for the County of Hampshire...

When the foregoing libel, it is ordered that the libellant give notice to the said Silas Merrill, to appear before this Court at the next term thereof...

By the Court. GEO. B. MORRIS, Clerk. Brogy of said libel and of the order of the court thereon. FIO-3. GEO. B. MORRIS, Clerk.

THE GREEK SLAVE!

BACCHANTE, VENUS, FLORA, HEBE, AND THE DANCING GIRL!! THE COSMOPOLITAN ART AND LITERARY ASSOCIATION...

The Committee of Management have the pleasure of announcing that the Exhibition will take place on the 25th of February...

By becoming a member of this Association, you are entitled to the purchase of Works of Art.

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Great Annual Sale.

UPWARDS OF \$150,000 Worth of WINTER CLOTHING.

At the following low prices: 1 to \$2. Good Pants at various prices.

2 to \$3. Cassimeres, Doeskins, and Broad Cloth Pants, at this low price, for a few days, to reduce stock.

3 to \$5. Custom Made Doeskin Pants, Canvas 4 Bottoms, and made of good materials as the Pants for which you usually pay \$5. Closing sales of Winter Clothing.

4 to \$8. Fancy Cass, Doeskins, and Cloth Pants, of every desirable pattern, being at least 25 per cent. less than the same are usually sold.

5 to \$12. A fine Custom Made Overcoat or Sack, made from Drab, Blue, and Black Flannel Cloth, Broadcloth, and Beaver Cloth, at this low price. Will guarantee that the same garments are sold at from \$18 to \$20.

6 to \$16. Talmas.—an entirely New Style of Over Garment, combining gentility with ease and comfort.

7 to \$21. For an Office or Business Coat, to close out the stock.

8 to \$12. Dress and Frock Coats, from Superfine Broadcloth and Doeskins, made up in good style and in a faithful manner. All will be sold at these low prices, to close out stock.

9 to \$11.2. Vests, of the latest fashion, for these low prices.

10 to \$3.1.2. For a nice Fancy Satin Vest. Also, Black or Fancy Silk do, made up in the latest styles. Gentlemen's Dressing Gowns, very low prices.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS. 37 to 150 cts. Assorted Lot of Shirts and Drawers.

50 to 200 cts. Fine Shirts, Linen Bosoms and Collars.

12 to 50 cts. Fine Linen Bosoms.

5 to 17 cts. Collars.

17 to 25 cts. Socks.

25 to 150 cts. Stocks and Cravats.

25 to 100 cts. Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs.

10 to 50 cts. Suspenders.

37 to 200 cts. Umbrellas.

6 to 17 cts. Tooth Brushes.

6 to 100 cts. Hair Brushes.

\$5. Traveling Shawls.

Together with a great variety of Fancy Goods, to be closed up cheap.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT. \$3 to \$4 Over-Suits.

\$1 to \$2 Suit Jacket and Pants.

\$1 to \$3 Cassimeres, Cloth, and Doeskin Pants.

50 cts. to \$5 Vests.

Very truly, the above are low prices! Purchasers, however, are requested to bring this advertisement with them, and they will then acknowledge the fact, as we are determined to close up all the stock of Winter Clothing.

A copy of the New Book, "Oak Hall Pictorial," gratis, to every purchaser.

ONE PRICE, CASH SYSTEM. OAK HALL, 34 North St., Boston. Jan. 13th, 5m.

Another Scientific Wonder! DR. J. S. HOUGHTON'S GREAT DYSPEPSIA CURE!

THE TRUE DIGESTIVE FLUID OR GASTRIC JUICE The Great Natural Remedy FOR INDIGNATION & DYSPEPSIA

DR. J. S. HOUGHTON'S PEP-SIN, the true DIGESTIVE FLUID, or GASTRIC JUICE, will hold the first place among all the various remedies for those painful and distressing complaints. It is Nature's own specific for an unhealthy stomach.

Attention, Ladies. GOODS AT COST. THE citizens of Chicopee and vicinity, are invited to call at the store of L. JENKS, if they wish to get great bargains in...

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO'S BOSTON DIRECTORY.

KNOW NOTHING, READ!

Our 250,000 readers, whether they severally reside here or there, are informed that when they get just as good a Daguerreotype picture as skill and art can produce...

Trusses, Shoulder Braces, Elastic Stockings and Knee Caps, Spinal and Abdominal Supporters, Club Foot, Bow Leg, and instruments for every other kind of deformity in children and adults...

At the Old Stand of J. Miller & Co., 24 and 3 Broadfield St., [up stairs.] Boston. Ladies are waited on by Mrs. Miller.

L. G. CHASE. DAGUERRIAN ARTIST, 173 Washington street.

Reduction in Price of Bogle's Hyperion Fluid, For restoring, Preserving and Adorning the Hair.

WM. BOGLE, Inventor and Proprietor, 277 Washington street, Boston.

Water and Steam Cocks, Force Pumps, Water Closes, AND PLUMBER'S BRASS WORK.

WILLIAM WARD, Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in LOOKING GLASSES, PORTRAIT AND PICTURE FRAMES.

WILLIAM BOGLE, Premium Ventilating and Gossamer WIG MAKER.

INFERRED FIRE-PROOF SAFES DENIO & ROBERTS, Corner of Causeway & Friend Streets.

WEEKLY JOURNAL, A FAMILY NEWSPAPER. D. B. Potts, Publisher.

Office in the Room Under CABOT HALL.

TERMS—\$1.50 in advance. A discount made to Agents and Companies.

ADVERTISING. The space occupied by 100 words, not exceeding that occupied by 12 lines of minion type solid, shall constitute a square.

One square 1 week 75 cts.; 3 weeks \$1. Each insertion afterwards 20 cts.

One square 6 months \$5.—one year \$9.

One half square or less—1 Week 50 cts.; 3 weeks 75 cts. Each after insertion 15c.

One square 6 months \$3.—1 year \$5.

Twenty-five per cent advance for continuance in side after one week.

Produce Advertisements.—All kinds of Orders of Notice, \$2.00 each; Executor's and Administrator's Notices, \$1.25 each; Commissioners' Notices, \$1.50 each.

Assignee's Notices, \$1.50 each.

Cards of a knowledge, religious notices and the like, one insertion, 50 cts. per square.

Political notices, calls for conventions and secular meetings to be charged the same as other notices or advertisements similarly published.

Notices in news columns 10 cents per line, one insertion, but no charge made of less than 50 cents.

Births, marriages and deaths inserted without charge, but all additions to the ordinary announcements, as obituary notices, funeral appointments, are charged at 4 cents per line, no charge being less than 25 cents.

Discounts will be made to merchants advertising at the above rates to the amount of 20 per centum, if not more than 10 per cent; \$30, 15 per cent; \$40, 20 per cent; \$50, 25 per cent, and so on up to 50 per cent.

Advertisements from the cities of New York, London, and other foreign places, not to be inserted at less than these rates.

From Irish advertisements and patent medicine agents, cash will be demanded in advance, save in cases of special arrangement or where a local reference is given.

Job Printing OF EVERY VARIETY, DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH AT THE OFFICE.

ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, Now in use. Ladies waited on by Mrs. P. Foster, who has had 20 years' experience in the business.

Notice! THE subscriber intending to make a complete change in his business, hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to him, either by note or book account, to make payment before the 1st of February, in order to prevent their debts passing into other hands for collection. He would also request all persons having claims against him to present the same.

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S. M. PETTINGILL & CO'S BOSTON DIRECTORY.

BOYS' CLOTHING HOUSE!

At North Street, No. 39 and 41 North Street. GEORGE W. CARNES.

JAMES H. HALLETT & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Feathers, Mattresses, Bedding, Cooled Hair, Moss &c.

No. 16 Dock Square, Mattresses and Beds cleaned and retted in a superior manner.

HUBBARD & OSGOOD, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in THREAD STORE GOODS.

Manufacturers of Trimmings, 405 Washington street, Boston. J. C. OSGOOD.

Lithography & Engraving, Portraits, Maps, Machinery, Labels, Visiting Cards, &c., Drawn and engraved and printed in the best manner.

HORACE BARNES (Successor to Samuel Currier.) Manufacturer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Looking Glasses, PORTRAIT AND PICTURE FRAMES, CLOCKS AND TIME-PIECES.

123 WASHINGTON STREET, Opposite Water Street. BOSTON.

ENGINE, BOILER, TANK AND SHEET IRON. A great variety of dimensions constantly on hand.

By Rev. Dr. GUMPHREY, of London. AMERICANS! You read this masterly exposure OF THE MYSTERIES OF ROMER!

MASURY & SILSBEE'S DAGUERRETYPE, CHRYSTALLOTYPE and PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY, THE LARGEST IN BOSTON, 209 1/2 WASHINGTON STREET.

CHEAP LIGHT. THE SMOKE-BURNING PATENT LAMP, designed expressly for the very cheapest use and safe.

As a reading or sewing lamp, we have never seen its equal. Boston Public Press.

Light for long evenings.—The long evenings are coming on again, and a good lamp, though never or out of season, is especially wanted.

The best article for common use we have ever seen, is the patent lamp made by the Messrs. Ufford, 117 Court St.

They give a very brilliant light, emit no smoke, burn the poorest oils, and are as little as a candle.

Dr. Duponco's Golden Periodical Pills. The combinations of ingredients in these Pills is the result of a long and extensive practice; they are mild in their operation, and certain of restoring nature into its proper channel.

The Pills invariably open the bowels, and remove all obstructions to which females are liable, and bring nature into its proper channel, whereby the health is restored, and the pale and deathly countenance changed to a healthy one.

No female can enjoy good health unless she has a regular and unobstructed course taken, whether from exposure, cold, or any other cause, the general health begins to improve, and the system is restored.

They are put up in square flat boxes, and will be sent by mail to any address by remitting \$1 to any of the following agents (confidentially). Sold wholesale and retail by C. F. KENT, agent for Chicopee and Springfield, Price \$1 per box; see that each box bears the signature of J. Duponco; to counterfeiters will be forgiven. Sent 20c.

WEEKLY JOURNAL, A FAMILY NEWSPAPER. D. B. Potts, Publisher.

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