

The Weekly Journal.

Volume 2.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1854.

Number 20.

Poetry.

POET TRY!

Oh, to be a poet!
Writing at his will,
Could one only know it,
And be a poet still!

'T would be very pleasant,
Very—I declare,
Just to bring my spirit
Easel anywhere.

And to fill it brightly,
Just when I should choose,
Of its visions sprightly
I so often lose.

Day's last clouds that glisten
In an evening sky,
While the hills all listen
For its dying sigh.

Finest waters calling
All the forest through
To the red leaves falling
With the falling dew.

Airy, gorgeous castles,
Rainbow arches, where
I could send my spirit,
Just to get the air.

And to try its pinions
Upward as it flies,
For a higher mansion—
Mansion in the skies.

How, were I a poet,
All the world would be;
Brighter, yes, I know it,
Better unto me.

And the mourning raiment
Which we wear through time
Would be far less gloomy,
Fringed with a rhyme.

Lo, my sad soul lingers,
Daring to aspire
But to warm its fingers
At a "poet's fire."

Select Tales.

THE RED CROSS.

Beautifully fell the soft sunlight over the broad bosom of the mighty Thames, making it one bright band of gold, and gilding the broad turrets of the splendid mansion of the Duke of Suffolk; for to such a high station had Henry Gray, the late Marquis of Dorset, been raised.

The long summer had waned, and the last blush of sunset fell full upon that lovely scene, and over the huge, rambling building, giving a brighter green to the tender leaves of the shrubbery, and lighting up the old porch,—making it all the more bright for pale subeum.

Far back into the deep Erics, and chasing the dim shadows from the overhanging gables, and as the night deepened it faded, mingling with the purple twilight, as it came darkly over the murmuring waters.

It was indeed a beautiful scene; yet the lover of the beautiful would turn from the forest landscape, to gaze upon that tall, slender form upon the broad terrace—there was something so heaven-like in that young face, half buried in hair—for more of heaven than of earth was England's illustrious Queen—Lady Jane Grey.

She was young then; the clouds and sunshine of scarcely sixteen summers had fallen upon that young, fair white brow, and yet her features were stamped with a deep, intelligent expression—a kind of beautiful expression, that seemed to light up that young face with a spirit that far outgrew her years.

Beautiful beyond thought was that young face: The thin ruby lips were firmly compressed, and a sweet smile seemed to break from them. Her eyes beamed with a clear, indescribable light, so tender, holy and starlike; and when she spoke, it was in so sweet a voice that the beholder forgot it was an earthly being—he thought of her only as an angel visitant from a brighter land, lent but to light up his dark path, and bid him hope of God and heaven.

How beautiful, and yet how emblematical of life's close; she turned to a youth beside her as she spoke, and with that sweet smile that was ever wont to linger upon her fair face.

He stood, half leaning upon a powerful gray charger, richly caparisoned, holding his soft velvet cap in one hand, and leaving his bright brown curls to fall loosely over his shoulders, while in his other hand he held in check his restive steed. And soft rich sunlight playing over her white forehead, it was no easy task, but for him it was but child's play, for his frame was a closely knit, and his arm that held the bridle rein seemed thoroughly knotted with cords of iron.

The young lord, for such his dress bespoke him, glanced up into that girlish

countenance for a moment, then he turned his gaze off upon the dark flashing waters of the Thames; yet he could not hide the tear that filled his dark eye.

"Truly, lady Jane, it doth remind one of life's winter time; albeit, it is strange you ever think of this."

"I trust it is a fitting theme to dwell upon Henry, for to that great end we must all shape our course; yet why that tear? I thought none ever wept save me."

"Ah lady, it would be death to have you taken from me, and I feared lest you dwell too much upon this dread finale."

"Henry, if it be the will of God, you should not murmur, for 'He doeth all things well.' Trust in Him, and in the dark hour of danger, He will be thy consistent friend."

"Ah, lady Jane, you are so good, and I am so fond-like."

"Nay, Henry, nay, you have ever been the friend of the poor and oppressed; and for that alone he will be thy God and thy friend: 'for inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'"

"For thy sake, lady Jane, I will trust in Him; yet that dream, that fearful dream; Hal yes, I see it all, even now: that fair being, the wife of Dudley; and then, oh God! that ax red with blood—the blood of Suffolk's fairest flower."

The youth pressed his hands wildly upon his forehead, and he seemed unconscious of any one's presence except his own; and more than once he clutched his dagger hilt as though he would even then gladly meet his foe.

The young girl spoke not; yet her cheek grew paler, and her small white hand was raised to the starred border of her head dress, as though to press back the burning thoughts that came crowding upon her mind.

"It was but a dream, Henry," she at length said, and the same sweet smile lighted up her countenance.

"May the future prove but a dream," murmured the youth in a bitter tone, "yet beware of Dudley; he has a black heart. Lady Jane," he added, and his voice grew soft and low, "if you are never mine, may I never think of thee, save as my best and dearest friend."

"Henry—"

She paused, for at that moment a man stepped out upon the broad terrace: it was the aspiring secretary, Cecil.

"Back, fiend!" cried the youth, drawing a dagger from beneath his vest; yet he could not use it, for a small white hand was laid upon his arm, and a tear-drop fell upon the rich sleeve of his tunic. He could not resist that silent appeal, and so he turned to hide his emotion.

"Henry Wardour, this shall prove a bitter hour for thee: and you, lady Jane, the Duke of Northumberland awaits in your father's study, and he bids thee haste quickly."

The hot blood mounted to the youth's brow at these rude words, and he turned quickly around; but Cecil had gone. He was just passing under an archway, yet from beneath the heavy folds of his dress flashed that red cross.

Henry Wardour spoke not, but stood there leaning against a column, more like a corpse than a living being, so ghastly were his features; and his iron frame shook with a fearful tremor.

"Henry! Henry! what means this fearful change?" cried the young girl in great alarm.

"It was nothing but a faintness—I feel better now," and he staggered to where stood his horse.

She saw him mount, and watched him until the thick wood hid from her view, and then she went into the house; yet she was more sad than was her wont.

In an old wainscotted room of Suffolk place sat the lady Jane, now the wedded wife of the haughty Dudley. Wildly beautiful looked that child wife, as she lay half reclining on a rich velvet couch on one of the deep oriel; her light form was nearly buried in a large pile of cushions, and she held in check his restive steed. And soft rich sunlight playing over her white forehead, it was no easy task, but for him it was but child's play, for his frame was a closely knit, and his arm that held the bridle rein seemed thoroughly knotted with cords of iron.

Dudley sat beside his young wife with a smile of pride playing over his handsome countenance, as his proud glance rested on her.

"Lady, have you no welcome for me after so long an absence?" and as he spoke

dark shade of anger rested on his peerless brow.

"Ah, Dudley, is it thou? I was so wrapped up in these old, dear pages, that I dreamed not of your presence; albeit I fancied I saw a dark form steal to my side."

A sweet smile played over her young face as she turned to greet him, yet it turned to a deep shade of anxiety as she asked after the king's health.

"Bring you news from our good king, dear Dudley?"

"Yes; but it is sad news, lady," he replied; for it was his wont to address her in cold terms. His proud heart never warmed with those finer feelings of the inner man.

"Poor Edward! Alas! I feared it was thus—albeit you spoke not of this when you first came."

"I wished not to pain you with the sad news," he returned, a smile lighting up his pale features.

Even then he laid his plans to gain that dizzy light to which his ambition soared; and his young wife was to be laid as a sacrifice on the altar of his soaring ambition.

"Then he is falling so fast, Dudley?" said she, bending her soft, star-lit eyes upon his face, and laying her small hand upon his arm.

"All the doctors have given him up;—they say that his star of hope has set in this world."

"Yet he will live again, Dudley; he is but going home."

Dudley shuddered at the thought, for him, there was no home there.

He would have told her, even then, of the king's promise, but he dared not; there was too much of innocent purity in that young face, and proud man as he was, he could not bear to have her eyes turned reproachfully upon him.

"Ha! my memory ne'er turns master of me, and I had nearly forgotten our good friend Cecil; he sent this by me to thee, lady."

As Dudley spoke, he drew a small coral cross from beneath his doublet, and threw the chain which held it around her neck.

The blood flew from her royal cheeks, and her lips grew as pale as marble when her eyes rested on that coral cross.

Once it rested in the small white hand, and then her eyes fell upon the device, MFA REGINA, engraved upon the center. Perchance, even then, that dark truth flashed upon her mind.

"Lady—"

The word died away upon his lips; for at that moment a young girl sprang into the room and knelt at his feet.

"My father! oh! my father! save him!" she gasped—a shade of deep anxiety overspreading her face.

"Your father, who is he?" demanded Dudley in a sharp tone.

"Roland Aubrey," replied the fair suppliant, drooping her eyes upon the marble pavement, as she met the half angry look of Northumberland.

"And his crime?"

"He is to be tried as a poacher," was the reply.

"Then let him die; I have had trouble enough with these knaves."

"Yet he is innocent; the father of Alice Aubrey could not find it in his heart to become a poacher. Oh, believe me! he is innocent."

"Yet why came you here, Alice?" asked lady Jane.

"I have often heard of your goodness, and I earnestly hoped you would intercede for him."

"Return home, child; you will fare all the better for his loss," spoke in Dudley.

"Oh, then, you will not save my dear father?"

"Alice," said lady Jane, "you father shall be pardoned."

The young girl did not speak, but fell on the marble floor.

"Oh, Dudley, I fear I spoke much too hastily; it was too much joy for her young heart."

Northumberland raised the child in his arms, and gazed down into the pale face; yet his cheek paled. It was a corpse he held!

That sudden transition from grief to joy had broken her young heart, and left Roland Aubrey childless.

* * * * *

It was a wild dark night on which North-

umberland set out for London. Huge storm clouds lay closely piled upon each other, and not a single star shone forth from the darkened sky.

It was a fearful night, and far above the maddened wailings of the storm came the deep toned thunder, shaking the old castle from turret to foundation; while the red lightning played along the blackened vault above.

Few, I ween, were there who durst venture out on such a night as this; yet, to the haughty Duke there came no thought of fear. It was a wild, deep game he was playing, and so he steeled his heart against all danger—for he had staked his life against a crown.

True, his bold heart sunk within him as he thought of the dark future—yet it was only for a moment.

Nothing could be seen along the road save the red glare of the lightning as it played across the forest road. Once the faint light of a large battle lantern, that hung in front of the steward's lodge, flashed across his path—the next moment he entered the dark and dreary wood.

The horse dashed madly on; now up a steep hill, and then through a deep ravine. On, still on, Northumberland urged his foaming steed, with the red lightning playing across his path, and the deep thunder following:

"By St. George! that was well done."

Northumberland caught at the reins as he heard that voice, and as his horse fell, he grasped a pistol.

"Ha! by St. Paul, knave, this is daring," he cried as a blinding flash brightened up the surrounding place, revealing a man in the act of throwing the steed upon the launch.

"Dudley, your life was at stake."

As the red lightning again played along the blackened sky, Dudley gazed around, and as his eye fell upon the frightful chasm in front, he shuddered—the death would have been.

"Dudley, your cheek pales," said the unknown; "yet it were better that you never enter London again, than place the crown upon the head of Lady Jane Grey."

"Ha! knave! do you pretend to read my thoughts?"

"I read your heart, it is black with crime—it will not bear the light of day; yet, for that angel's sake, I, Henry Wardour, would save the murderer of the good Somerset."

"Henry Wardour, then by St. Paul you have seen your last night on earth."

Dudley drew a pistol as he spoke, and fired.

It was a random shot, yet Dudley knew it had marked its victim; for, by the flash, he saw that pale face in the very range of the muzzle, and then he heard a low, half-smothered groan.

It was but one quick, hurried glance he cast on that pale face, yet it sent the color from his lips. Turning his horse into the road again, he dashed onward, as if some phantom form was in pursuit.

* * * * *

It is night, night at Windsor,—a beautiful star-lit night—and the soft moon beams fell upon a scene of rare beauty—yet there was no soul-inspiring music that rose and fell upon the air: the light girlish laugh was hushed, and all seemed strangely still.

True, the light from a thousand pendant lamps set the room aglow, and the scene seemed like one of Oriental glow; yet there was no life there—the scene was wrapt in a tomb-like silence.

In a dark hall lay England's young queen, partly sitting, and partly reclining on a rich velvet couch, before a large fireplace.

The heavy logs burned merrily on the ample hearth, lighting up the foreground; while, far back in the room, the shadows fell and played on the heavy coats of mail, and portraits of dark knights and fair ladies.

"Then you have always loved me, Lady Jane?" said Sir Henry Wardour, moving his large arm-chair to the Queen's side.

"Always, Henry. And you love me?"

"As a Christian loves his God," was the fervid response.

She smiled brightly at this, and laid in his outstretched palm her delicate hand, glittering with jewels.

"It is no sin to love now, Henry," she added with a sad smile. "My pilgrimage is near ended."

"Hope, Lady Jane; Mary may yet be subdued."

"I wish her no harm, Henry. If England's crown belongs to her, let her wear it."

"She is a Catholic."

"Yet she may make a good Queen."

"Few, I ween, will partake of her goodness."

"I wot not of that, Sir Henry; yet if she prove a cruel queen, may God soften her heart."

"You are an angel! hark! but what sound is that?"

"It is father. He bears my death-doom."

The sounds draw nearer, and soon the heavy tread of riding boots, and the sharp clank of spurs was heard along the corridor.

"My father! Welcome back to Windsor. And she threw her arms around the new comer.

"Well, fair one, whom have you here to keep you company?"

"Sir Henry came forth from the deep embrasure of a window."

"Sir Henry Wardour, father, an old friend."

A kindly greeting passed between them, and then Henry sunk into a chair, and buried his hands in his face.

"Bring you any news of the battle, father?"

"Sad news, daughter,—Northumberland a prisoner!"

"And Mary," gasped Wardour, leaning towards the speaker, so that his corsetlet dented the oaken arms of his chair.

"Is on her way to London."

There was an unbroken silence for a few moments.

"My lord, your daughter may yet be saved."

"How," gasped the father, raising his face till his fierce glance fell upon the features of the speaker?

"By fight."

"Nay, Sir Henry," said Lady Jane, "we will return to London, and Mary shall be Queen."

"Ha! yes, we will return to London, and the fiend-like Mary may yet bite the dust." And Grey brought his mailed hand, with a ring sound, down upon the oaken table.

In an hour the Lady Jane was on her way to London.

* * * * *

Morning dawned again, the morning of the memorable 12th of March, yet the night had been long, dark and dreary, and even the day was dark and dreary. The ground was covered with snow, and the wind blew cold and chilly, though the dark waters of the Thames rolled on the same, and nothing in nature spoke of decay or death.

Lady Jane Grey had been tried, found guilty, and condemned to death, and on that dark winter day, she was to yield up her young life as an atonement for the deep wrong done the Catholic Queen. And on that day was acted as foul a tragedy as ever stained the name of Mary!

Her young heart remained the same, and in her last letter, her words were,— "Grieve not for me."

She bound the handkerchief over her eyes with her own hands, and spoke kindly to the headsman. She felt not sad, for loved ones had gone,—Wardour and Northumberland had passed on before, and she knew that she would meet them in a better land.

Her head dropped upon the block, the axe fell, and England's fairest flower had perished.

"All is over now!" murmured the priest, as he turned away.

None there present thought of his words; for the red cross was hidden beneath the sleeve of his doublet, and they heeded him not; for they wot it was a priest, not Roland Aubrey, the bitter enemy of Cecil.

* * * * *

Tradition tells us that Cecil, upon his death bed, confessed to the wearer of that red cross,—one who, like a ghost, had followed upon his track, and poisoned his happiness; and, when exulting in his power, that name, "Lady Jane Grey," fell like a death-knell to all his hopes and by his side stood that spectre form, holding before him that Red Cross.

A Jeweler of Paris intends to exhibit at the grand exhibition next year, a silver statue of the Empress of France as large as life.

For the Weekly Journal.

"And Never was Heard of More!"

O Ocean! in thy vasty depths how much of joy and hope lies buried! Deep in thy coral groves, pillowed upon the gems that pave the sea-nymphs' palaces, rest those upon whose heads fell blessings of the loved and loving. Hearts whose very pulse was joyous, eyes within whose soul-speaking depths the love-light had known no fading; lips whose every accent breathed affection; cheeks unmoistened by the drops of sorrow. Such, oh Ocean, hast thou sleeping in thy bosom.

"Farewell!" murmured the young bride, as, leaning on the arm of her chosen, she bade adieu to the long loved home of infancy; to cross, by his side, the billowy deep; and her eye was bright and her smile hopeful, as she gazed in the loved one's face, and saw her heart reflected there.

Adieu, sweet sister! I must leave you now; for my sake, dear one, dry those tears: 'tis my Savior calls, and you would not hold me from my duty. Nay, rather be joyful, my sister, that I am counted worthy to preach his name unto those who know him not; to bring glad tidings of good things to those sitting in the region and shadow of death. Then sorrow not, my darling, at this parting; for though on earth we are separated, there is another land, a home for the earth-weary, where we shall meet again.

"Do not forget me, love; I know that will not!" whispered a manly voice, as the lover left the side of his true-hearted. "A few brief weeks, and we shall meet again, and then thou wilt be all mine, and ought but death shall part thee and me. Heaven speed the hour when the cloud-winged vessel shall bear me once more to thy side; and though for a time old Ocean rolls between us, its waves can not sever hearts, as even in my absence we shall be united, and 'tis but a little time ere I shall again clasp thee to my heart." And the young lover presented his lips to the white brow of his betrothed.

"God bless my son, as he goeth forth upon the deep," in solemn tones said an aged one; "the arm of the Mighty be about him, to support and succor from the dangers which surround his pathway; the Father of the fatherless and the widow's God watch over my only child, and bring him once more in safety to his mother's heart." "Amen, my mother," responded the young man, as he kissed reverently the hand extended to him.

"Good-by, my Mary; I must say it. I wish I need not leave you here; but 'tis only for a little while, beloved one, and this shall be my last voyage. Think of me often when I'm on the deep blue sea, and don't let little Charley forget his father; no! I know you will not. But I must tear myself away from you, my young wife; one kiss more. Bless you, Mary! bless you and our boy!" And the sailor departed.

"My father, do not go! do not leave us here! we shall be so lonely without you now that poor mother is gone. Oh, father, do not leave your children for the sea! If you should be taken from us, if the treacherous ocean should destroy you, what would become of us?" "My poor darling, you are very sad to-day; I know there is danger on the sea, but we have a noble vessel, and I little fear a storm she could not weather. I am sorry, my Alice, to leave you alone; I would gladly stay, but, dearest, we must live. Next voyage you shall go to, if you like; so smile on me, my daughter, before I go." The maiden smiled, but it was a sad smile, and with kisses on her lip, cheek and brow, the father left his child.

The day was glorious; the sun's rays lanced on the waters, and the dimpling waves laughed in the gladness of his glory. Brave hearts beat happily on the deck of that noble ship, and bright eyes and rosy lips looked joyous then. A prosperous breeze filled the white sails, and the huge bird sailed far away laden with its precious freight; it took its way o'er the blue ocean, and not one of the happy hearts it contained dreamed but they should reach their haven, like thousands who had gone before them. But not the storm-king rose in his fury, and the devoted vessel, and the trusting ones within it, were "never heard of more."

They went down, down in the billowy depths, to sleep forever. The blue waves closed, sighing, over the fond hearts, and dimmed the eyes that had never before been dimmed. Sea-nymphs sadly gostered

pearls upon the sleepers, sorrowing that the billow had chosen so fair and so noble victims. And the sister was left to mourn her mission brother, drawn home in the bloom of his early manhood; the trusting maiden wandered, a madcap, on the shore of the mighty destroyer, calling ever on the name of her lost lover; but Ocean gave her no answer—so she cast herself into its treacherous bosom; the aged mother went down in sorrow to her grave, and the widow, and the orphans, broken hearted, toiled on, looking for death as a relief unto their saddened spirits.

Such, oh Ocean, hast thou sleeping in thy bosom.
CORA CLINTON.

The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, OCT. 14, 1854.

S. M. PARSONS & 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.

A BUNDLE OF INCONSISTENCIES.

It is generally in accordance with the rules of good taste to "tread lightly over the ashes of the dead." The present national administration is now our theme. It would be quite an unpleasant task to go into an elaborate article upon this subject, for it is always disagreeable to dwell upon the dark side of things, and the present regime is not only dark, but thoroughly painted with the strongest Egyptian blackness.

On the 4th of March, 1851, Franklin Pierce, formerly known only as a shrewd political wire-puller and third rate lawyer in New Hampshire, delivered his inaugural address from the steps of the Capitol Elected by the almost unanimous vote of the electoral college, and the leader of an immense political force, almost every one predicted that he would make a popular President. Some went so far in their enthusiastic admiration as to pronounce him a second Jackson. But now, how changed! The so-called colossal giant has proved, after all, to be a mere dwarf. The power of the counterfeiter Hercules is broken.

And none so poor as to do him reverence. The very first steps that the President took were inconsistent ones. In his inaugural address he proclaimed himself as the everlasting friend of the compromise measures of 1850—while the selection of his cabinet showed that he took especial pains to have in it men who had fiercely battled those measures. The cabinet was made up of men as widely different as the poles. In a word, it was a complete bundle of inconsistencies. And just so with the other officers appointed by the general government.

In the first annual message of the President, he declared himself strongly opposed to the agitation of the slavery question, and assured the American people that this subject should not be revived, if in his power to prevent it. Well, how has our gallant "knight of the wind-mill and post" kept his pledge? Why, he has only proved himself and his cabinet to be a bundle of contradictions.

It will be remembered that the President vetoed Miss Dix's bill, so called, to give ten million acres of land for the benefit of the indigent insane on the assumed ground of unconstitutionality; but when another bill passed giving away land in New Mexico to every man who should go and settle there, he signed it. Now if the former was unconstitutional, why was not the latter? We believe neither of them was unconstitutional—certainly not one more than the other.

The administration is not only a bundle of inconsistencies, but also a bundle of infernalisms. It has stifled almost every good bill originated in Congress, and aided nothing but diabolical scheming. The river and harbor bill, Miss Dix's measure and the homestead bill have all been "laid out cold" by executive interference—the two former by direct vetoes, and the latter by a threatened one. Nebraska, the Gadsden treaty and Graytown stand out, in bold proportions, as the positive acts of our proslavery administration. It is not necessary for us to discuss the first of this immortal trio; the people know well enough its frightful enormity, and are rising, in their giant strength, to do complete justice to its originators and supporters. It is also well known that the only object of the President and his cabinet in concocting the Gadsden treaty was to secure the southern route for the Pacific railroad, and thereby give more assistance to the pampered south. And then Graytown—our pen almost blushes in being obliged to write that word. Alexander of Macedon is known as the conqueror of the world—Napoleon as the disturber of old dynasties, and Frank Pierce as the hero of—Graytown! To be sure, he was not there; perhaps he was afraid of again mounting a horse; but then, he told Capt. Hollins what to do—and so "it was all the same."

People will remember the defeat of the river and harbor, homestead and indigent

insane bills; they will not forget Nebraska, the Gadsden treaty and Graytown. And also, executive interference with state elections, and taxing custom houses to influence them, will not soon fade away. The power which has been so intent on "crushing out," will finally find itself crushed out.

Things are working. The administration has been overthrown in New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Iowa, Vermont, Maine, Pennsylvania and Ohio. Soon we shall be startled by the thunder from other states. Stuff up your ears with putty, ye administration men, or you will be deafened by the heavy clap and the lurid blaze!

LOOK HERE!

We earnestly invite attention to the following communication:

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I must write just a line; what a funny man you are, to be sure! So you really and positively think it is very disrespectful to old Lady Nature to shave! Oh! Now I, of everybody, would never say a word against any proper mark of respect to the aged; but, absolutely, I do reconstitute against practice which shall conceal the face beneath a mask of hair. I do not object in the least to whiskers, prettily worn; to some they are really very becoming; but making half a man's face like that of a wild animal does not accord with my notions of beauty.

You say, "Then why not shave the eye-brows?" The design of the eye-brows is evidently to prevent the drops of perspiration from entering the eyes; in this they are assisted by the lashes, and were they removed, very unpleasant consequences might ensue to the unprotected organs.

But "it is the opinion of learned physicians that the beard is intended as a protection for the throat and lungs."

All I can say is, that Nature is a pretty piece, if she furnishes man with an armor (not of brass exactly,) against consumption, and leaves poor woman in her weakness to do battle to it unaided.

Now, Mr. Editor, I don't believe you are married; if you were, you wouldn't wear your mouth hidden in hair, for no sensible woman will submit to the horrible prickly sensation that always accompanies kisses from a moustache!—there! I have said it. Oh yes! you would cut them off if there was only "a darling" to ask you, wouldn't you? Now really, you would be a very kissable young man (how I would love to be looking unperceived over your shoulders when you read this)—would be, I say, if there was any chance of kissing you; but who ever had a love fit strong enough to encounter a double row of bayonets?

Lastly, finally, and in conclusion, I beg you to consider the fearful loss to the barbers if nobody shaved! Imagine yourself one of the fraternity, and "Do unto others," &c.

I pray you to forgive me, Mr. Editor, for trespassing so much upon your valuable time. I have written half because I wanted to answer you, half in fun, and the Irish other half in earnest.

Now adieu; shave immediately! and the next time I meet you afterward I will give you a lock of my hair! SOMEBODY.
Chicopee, October 11, 1854.

It is true, dear lady, that we were never in love—for the reason that we never had time to waste any thoughts upon the subject. Cupid's arrows have not pierced our hard, incorrigible heart; it may be a mournful fact, but there is such a thing as "manifest destiny."

As to kissing, why, so help us "the lion of England," we never kissed a woman in our life, and never expect to; so your argument as far as that matter is concerned falls to the ground.

As to that "lock of hair," it can just as well be presented without our conforming to your requirements; if given, we will take good care of it, and kindly remember the donor. If perchance it touches a tender spot in our so-called calloused heart, we will freely acknowledge the important fact in the Journal.

And now, dear lady, good-by for the present. We find that we have been taking a short sail upon an unknown sea, and are anxious to get to land, for fear of being shipwrecked.

REV. MR. WEBSTER'S ADDRESS.

Last Sunday evening, Rev. Mr. Webster preached a very able discourse at the Universalist church in this town, upon the subject of capital punishment. He first alluded to the executions of Washington Goode, Daniel H. Pierson, Prof. Webster and Thomas Casey—taking each case up separately, and showing the influences which caused them to commit the crime of murder, and exhorting his hearers to beware of letting loose their passions, &c.—He then went on to show the demoralizing effects of legalized hanging, and fully demonstrated, by quoting the highest authority, that almost every execution makes murderers. The argument drawn from the passage in the Old Testament requiring blood for blood, he completely annihilated. The address was both eloquent and argumentative, and must have produced a healthy effect upon his audience.

TEMPERANCE.

We have been requested to state that Rev. Mr. Webster will deliver an address upon the subject of temperance at the Universalist church in this town Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock.

POLICE COURT.

October 8, Thomas Sheehan was arrested by officer Barnes, and brought before Justice Pelton of Springfield, charged with the crime of larceny from the cars of the Western railroad last April. He was arraigned, and pleaded not guilty. Examination to-day.

Tuesday, October 10, Timothy Meyhan was arrested by officer Barnes, and brought before Amory Doolittle, Esq., charged with committing an assault and battery upon Michael Roach, to which he pleaded guilty, and was fined \$3 and costs—amounting in all to \$9.90—which he paid.

October 10, officer Barnes arrested Patrick Tully, and brought him before J. M. Stebbins, Esq. of Springfield, charged with selling liquor contrary to law; he pleaded guilty, and was fined \$10 and costs, and ordered to give bonds in the sum of one thousand dollars. He paid the fine and costs, gave the required bonds, and was discharged.

Hiram A. Jenkins was arrested by officer Swift on the 12th inst., and brought before George M. Stearns, Esq. for examination, on complaint of one Maurice Brown, charging him with committing the crime of assault and battery upon him, the said Brown. After a fair trial, and after hearing divers good and worthy citizens, it was decided by the magistrate that the defendant was guilty, and he was ordered to pay a fine of one dollar and costs. Appealed.

William Kellogg was arrested by officer Wheeler, and brought before George M. Stearns, Esq. for examination, on the 12th inst., on complaint of Joshua L. Briggs, charging him with the crime of larceny by breaking into and entering the railway station of the C. R. R., with intent to steal therefrom. After being arraigned, defendant pleaded guilty, and was ordered to furnish sureties in the sum of \$500 for his appearance at the next criminal court to answer for the same. Kellogg belongs in Ohio.

Andrew Jenks, of Ludlow, was arrested by officer Morton on the 3d inst., and brought before Warren Smith, Esq. for examination. The defendant was charged with the crime of larceny. Found guilty, and ordered to find sureties in the sum of \$200 for his appearance at the next criminal court, which he did, and was discharged. Severance for commonwealth; Hubbard for defendant.

LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.

The steamer Arctic is lost, with several hundred passengers. The catastrophe occurred about 40 miles from Cape Race. On the 27th, during a dense fog, she came in contact with an English propeller bound for Europe, supposed to be the Cleopatra, with 700 troops on board. A few of the Arctic's passengers were saved by means of a raft and boats; they were rescued by the ship Huron the next day.

Among those supposed to be lost are Mrs. John Childs and daughter, of Springfield. She was a sister of George Dwight of that city.

CLOTHING STORES.

We learn that our enterprising friends, Lane & Co., of the "Bay State," are doing a large fall business in the clothing and merchant tailoring line. We suppose this is owing to their being good fellows, keeping a large stock of goods, and liberally patronizing the printer.

W. Murray's clothing store is also in a flourishing condition. He too knows how to keep it so. Mr. Hall, his agent, is a perfect gentleman.

Success to all such firms.

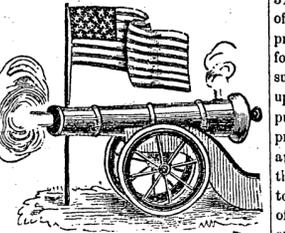
The late drouth was so severe in the western states that the horse-dealers were, in some cases, hardly able to buy water for their droves. A man who took a drove of mules to Cincinnati, was obliged to take a wagon loaded with hogheads of water along, and replenish at the few streams he met with which were not dried up.

It is said that not less than one hundred thousand persons visited the late Agricultural Fair at Philadelphia, during its three days continuance. No disturbance of any kind occurred among this immense concourse of people, and the whole affair was attended with extraordinary success.

An elephant at Holyhead, England, broke from a stable in the night, walked up one long flight of steps and down another into a wine cellar, broke several bottles of wine and drank their contents, and then lay down to sleep. He was found the next day, looking the picture of contentment.

Mrs. Partington advises all young people afflicted with preparation of the heart, to apply the cataract of mustard, to draw out the information, and she says she has never known a failure where this device was followed.

THE ELECTIONS.



Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana ALL HAIL!

FREEDOM TRIUMPHANT!

The freedom fires are burning brightly, boys! Young America is buoyant with capital health, and determined to fight old monster slavery, and pummel him to the finest powder.

First comes the majestic thunder from the Keystone state. Judge Pollock, the far on candidate, is elected by about 30,000 majority; the legislature is all right, by a large majority. Only three administration men are elected to Congress out of twenty-four.

Ohio, too, comes looming up like the proud Corinthian column. As far as heard from, not a single administration man has been elected to Congress. The republican candidate for governor is thought to be elected by 50,000 majority.

In Indiana, the administration party is crushed at every point. The administration reels and staggers over the yawning grave prepared to receive it. Politicians will sometime learn to "bow to the majesty of the people."

A KNOW-NOTHING OATH.

The oaths of the know-nothings recently appeared in the Richmond Enquirer, from which paper they have been copied by the Boston Pilot and numerous other journals. The Enquirer now comes out and says the whole exposure was a burlesque; but a correspondent of a Maryland paper seems to have hit upon the bona fide oath that is administered to members of this mysterious order when they are admitted to the third degree. Here it is:

"I, Solomon Swipes, (or Snakes, as the case may be,) hereby solemnly swear (hold up your right hand) this, my oath, to endure forever, and a day after; (raise your right leg) that if I catch a Roman Catholic (shut your right eye), alone in the woods, (shut your left eye) or some out-of-the-way place, (open your mouth) that I will pound him into a jelly, or chop him into spangues, (swallow this meat ax!) I will cut him without pepper or salt, (Music—King of the Cannibal Islands), and in this way endeavor to annihilate the whole tribe of worthless rascals—so help me tea-pot."

CURIOS POTATOES.

There is, hanging up in the bar-room of the Cabot House, a large potato, shaped precisely like a cross; it was raised on the farm of Madison Kendall, Esq., the proprietor of that establishment. It is very evident, from its shape, that that potato is not a know nothing.

We have also, within a few days, seen a potato raised by Julius Bodfish, of this town, which looks like the devil in miniature.

BOOK NOTICES.

We have received the October number of Arthur's Home Magazine. It contains a number of handsome engravings, besides a large amount of interesting reading matter. This magazine improves every month. Published by T. S. Arthur; terms, \$2 per year.

The October number of Forrester's Boys' and Girls' Magazine has been received.—Every man who has children should take this work.

THE PEAK FAMILY.

Will sing at Cabot Hall Saturday evening; doors open at 7 1/2 o'clock. The Germania Bell Ringers are connected with the above-named family. There is no necessity of our saying one word in praise of this well known company. Its fame will doubtless draw a large audience.

Dissolving Views.

Mr. J. Merrill exhibited his dissolving views at Cabot Hall Monday and Tuesday evenings. They were of a historical, Biblical and humorous character. We were not present, but heard the exhibition highly spoken of.

ROBERT BURNS.

The Scotch in this section are to have a ball and supper at Holyoke on the 31st inst., to commemorate the birth-day of Robert Burns. We shall publish their circular in relation to the subject next week.

DR. GRAHAM.

Dr. Graham has been convicted of manslaughter in the second degree. If that was not a case of murder, we would like to inquire if there is such a thing as murder.

THE ARCTIC.

Rev. Mr. Webster will preach a discourse Sunday afternoon, at the Universalist church, upon the loss of the Arctic.—Services will commence at the usual hour.

The San Antonio Ledger of the 31st ult., in noticing the frequent escape of slaves from Texas to Mexico, states the proposition of a Slaveholders Convention for the purpose of organizing a mutual insurance co., each one paying a per cent, upon each negro he may own, for the purpose of raising a fund to be appropriated to rewards for the recovery of runaway slaves. The Ledger says that one thing is certain, unless something be done to arrest the escape of slaves, this class of property will become valueless in Western Texas.

The Glasgow Herald, speaking of a deceased gentleman, says: "He was not more respected in public than revered in private." A contemporary, quoting the paragraph, has completely reversed its signification by dropping a single letter, and writing: "He was no more respected in public than revered in private." One letter does sometimes make a great difference.

It is extraordinary how dreadfully unromantic a little dose of matrimony makes people. When the girls get married they are obliged incontinently to substitute nut-ton for moonlight, shirt buttons for stars and bows, dumplings and darning for drooping lashes and dewy smiles, potatoes and pickling for polkas and plays, beef and brooms for bushes and bird-cages, feather-brushes and wash-tubs for flirting and waltzing, and mops for music.—Ez.

There is to be an architectural exhibition at Glasgow. The object is by plans, pictures, drawings, casts, sections, models of houses, furniture and decorations, to elevate the public architectural taste. For this purpose a commodious building has been prepared and fitted up, to receive the works that may be offered for exhibition.

The Montgomery Advertiser says of Harper's and Putnam's monthlies:

"Our people would not for a moment scruple to hang an Abolitionist who should come among us and preach such doctrines as these magazines are disseminating in our midst, and for which we pay a large sum of money."

The Egyptian Railway, from Alexandria to Cairo, in all about sixty-five miles, is expected to be opened early in the spring. Its retardation appears to have been principally caused by the necessity of raising its embankments in the vicinity of the Nile some two feet above what was originally designed.

A secret Paris society has just been discovered, which has caused the revelation of some sad extravagances; the head of a dead body, exhumed for the purpose of giving solemnity to the initiation of members who were sworn upon it, was found.

The supply of paper is so inadequate to the demand in England, that old newspapers are used over again, the ink being first extracted by a chemical process and the paper reduced to a clean substance.

Professor Morse is said to have discovered the body of a mastodon near Poughkeepsie, and is now at work excavating it. It is spoken of as the most perfect specimen ever yet found. The bones are reported to be perfect.

M. Bedini, who recently visited the United States, now at Rome, has been appointed nuncio to Portugal, in place of M. di Pietro, who is recalled to receive a cardinal's hat.

Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper, now edited by Douglas Jerrold, announces that it will soon be printed with silver faced type. Electroplating the type with silver seems a novelty.

It is positively denied, we learn, that the Know Nothings intend, should they come into power, to set apart one day in every week to go a gunning after Irish men.

Miss Jennie Beard, a beautiful and highly respectable young lady, of Bristol, Wayne county, Ohio, hung herself to a cherry tree, with a chain, on Saturday week. She was disappointed in a love affair.

The editor of a Cadiz (Ohio) paper, publishes the names of his subscribers who pay up their subscriptions, under the head of "Legion of Honor."

Some malicious persons assert that the letters M. D., which are placed after physicians names means "Money Down."

It is estimated that the southern rice planters have lost three millions of dollars by the late storms in that region.

In Naples, Italy, 10,000 deaths of cholera have occurred since the disease first made its appearance there.

Tom Hood defines public sentiment to be the "average prejudice of mankind." Tom had seen a thing or two.

"MORE COPY."

A Buffalo editor, hard pressed for "copy" during the late drouth, as well as of news and ideas as of rait; thus gave expression to his feelings:

"The poorest blind horse, in the most unpromising bark mill, has his moments of relaxation. To him the sound of the tannery bell announcing noon, is a tonic of joy, and he looks forward with grateful anticipation to the præsial oats and mill feed. The wearisome round is stopped; the un lubricated gudgeons quiver out a last squeak and cease their complainings; the trace chains rattle over the animal's back and he even attempts a youthful canter as he moves off, a happy horse. With him there are no anticipatory woes; he works in a circle, but a certain number of turns are sure to bring a respite. But with the editor it is otherwise; his life is, as Mr. Mantelini feelingly remarks, 'one to grind;' his machine never stops.—Hot weather, head aches, sickness at home, are no relief to his perpetual round, for the paper must come out and "copy" must be furnished."

An Extinct American Race.

The following passage from the travels of Humboldt, possesses more than ordinary interest at the present time.

"Amid the plains of North America, some powerful nation, which has disappeared, constructed circles, square, and octagonal fortifications; walls, 6000 toises in length; tumuli, from 700 to 800 feet in diameter, and 140 feet in height, sometimes round, sometimes with several stories, and containing thousands of skeletons. These skeletons are the remains of men less slender and more square than the present inhabitants of those countries. On a vast space of ground at the Lower Orinoco, as well as on the banks of the Casiquiare, and between the sources of the Essequibo and the Rio Branco, there are rocks of granite covered with symbolic figures. These sculptures denote that the extinct generations belonged to nations different from those which now inhabit the same region."

An Emperor and His Master.

The St. Louis Democrat of the 17th inst., says: Some years ago, Faustine I., who now wields the imperial scepter over the Island of San Domingo, worked in the coffee fields for his owner under the unpretending name of Souloque. It may not be uninteresting to know that the former master of the present emperor is an old and highly respected citizen of this place, and that from time to time he receives friendly messages from his old slave. A week or two since, he was pleasantly surprised with the receipt of several bags of coffee and a package of sugar, accompanied by quite an affectionate letter from his imperial majesty.—It would appear that the parvenus of San Domingo differ from the parvenus of America.—Souloque's good fortune has neither obliterated the remembrance of his former condition, nor checked, nor diminished his old affections.

Habit.

"I trust everything, under God," says Lord Brougham, "to habit, upon which, in all ages, the law-giver as well as the school master has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from the wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful and hard; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of the child grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of your lordships. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth—of carefully respecting the property of others—of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into the element in which he can not breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or stealing."

Conversion and Destruction.

Bartholomew Casa affirms that the Spaniards in America destroyed, in about forty-five years, ten millions of people!—And this with a view of converting those unfortunate men to Christianity! There is a story recorded of an Indian, who, being tied to a stake, a Franciscan friar persuaded him to turn Christian, and then he would go to Heaven. The Indian asked him if there were any Spaniards there. "Certainly," answered the friar, "it is full of them." "Then I had rather go to hell, than have any more of their company," were the last words of the dying Indian.

In England, large orders have been given for cloaks, mits, caps, and so forth, as winter provisions for the crews in the Baltic and Black Sea. And the French have ordered sheep-skin caps to be made for their men in the same places.

Twenty-four United States senators are to be chosen before December 1855, including those to supply existing vacancies in several of the States. The changes may not modify the actual complexion of the Senate.

A block of about twenty buildings was destroyed by fire at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 7th inst. Loss not ascertained.

Papers all over the country are reducing their size and increasing their prices. They are compelled to do this from the great advance in the cost of labor and stock.

A French novelist describes his hero as one of the prettiest young men, "whose beard is growing under the fragrant breath of maidens."



Agriculture.

AGRICULTURE AND THE PROFESSIONS.

When young men are about completing their education, they very wisely ask themselves what they shall do. A few, scanning the various pursuits, luckily hit on something in harmony with their tastes, while the greater part look only to the professions as the legitimate sphere of educated men. Now this conclusion is all wrong. A college education aims at a professional life no more than any other; but only at a general discipline and culture of mind which may be applied to all pursuits. There are, no doubt, some in each class, who are adapted to and will honor any of the professions; but the greater part are not, and they enter them rather because they are honorable, than in hopes of honoring them. But we have little sympathy with those luminaries which seek to shine by a reflected light. We have been taught to believe that the man should honor his office, not the office the man; and that it is better to move at the head of even a humble calling, than follow in the rear of a dignified profession. We would rather raise potatoes which somebody will eat, than make speeches which no one will hear, or write books which no one will read.

But if these young gentlemen will carefully look around, they will perhaps find other avenues to wealth and distinction besides the professions. Take, for instance, agriculture—not simply the art of plowing the ground, but agriculture viewed in all its practical and scientific bearings, and they will possibly find scope for the display of at least moderate capacities. Indeed, if we mistake not, some enter the profession, who would not find a waste of talent in agricultural pursuits, and who are certainly quite as well suited to them. But so many young men are captivated with the idea of professional or political titles and life, that they overlook what they call the humble avocations. So away they go, talking of Robert Halls and Daniel Websters, between whom and themselves there is no more comparison than between the Alps and an ant-hill. We would not be thought to underrate the professions by any means; but we believe strongly in an adaptation, a fitness for things. If a man has not natural capacity for one pursuit, let him take up another for which he has a natural capacity. Better handle the plow with grace, than make a stupid argument.

Nor yet does this avocation preclude access to political distinction, to which so many young men aspire. We know some farmers who stand as good a chance for office as many of their professional brethren, and who are as well able to flourish as delicate a hand, or quibble as accurately, or talk as honorably; but in good sense and sound judgment—the essential elements of a man—they are no means inferior. We always like to see such men—good honest souls—who lean not on the dignity of their profession, but on themselves. Such men are at once the strength and pride of the country.

Let not young men, therefore, think a profession the "sine qua non" of human greatness, but let them cast about and see what they are fitted and have a taste for. They will then go to work thoroughly and earnestly, and be sure to succeed, while on the other hand, they will most surely fail.—American Agriculturist.

A FARMER'S WIFE I'LL BE.

I'm a wild and laughing girl, just turned of sweet sixteen, As full of mischief and of fun as ever you have seen; And when I am a woman grown, no city beaux for me— If e'er I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be. I love a country life, I love the joyous breeze, I love to hear the singing birds along the lofty trees; The lowing herds and bleating flocks make music sweet for me— If e'er I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be. I love to feed the chickens, and I love to milk the cow, I love to hear the farmer's boy whistling at his plow; And fields of corn and waving grain are pleasant sights to me— If e'er I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be. I love to see the orchards where the golden apple grows, I love to walk in meadows where the bright streamlets flow; And drowsy banks and shady woods have many charms for me— If e'er I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be. Let other girls who love it best, enjoy the gloomy town, Mid dusty walls and dusty streets, to ramble up and down; But flowery fields, and shady woods, and sunny skies for me— If e'er I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be. Toot, Hous—A well-regulated tool house is an addition of one per cent. profit on the total value of the farm, and often saves one-third labor by the facilities it affords. It should not be wanting on any farm.

Salts is really necessary to horses, cattle, sheep and swine, and they should be supplied with it at regular stated intervals throughout all seasons of the year.

Is your dwelling surrounded by shade trees and shrubbery? If not, relieve yourself from this reproach the ensuing spring.

THE NEW LAW AND ORDER PARTY.

It is amusing to see journals in this city, which threatened Mr. Sumner with mob violence for words spoken in the Senate, now clamorous for order and the freedom of speech, when their own leaders are the victims of popular indignation. The Massachusetts Senator never attempted to thrust his sentiments upon a Washington audience; he merely acted in the discharge of his public duty in the Senate Chamber, addressing himself to his colleagues of that body upon the public affairs of the country; and yet, because he dared, here in the National Capital, to utter his honest convictions in bold and manly language, as he had a right to do, he was denounced as a traitor, an incendiary, and he was told, by the organs of public opinion and of the administration, that nothing but the great forbearance of a justly incensed people could save him from personal violence. The papers of the South generally, of all parties, re-echoed these fierce and sanguinary imprecations, with almost a unanimous voice. But how changed is their tune when a pro-slavery man is prevented by the clamors of his own constituents, when he has misrepresented, from addressing them! The veriest champions of slavery and mad violence, whose arguments with abolitionists are far ad feathers, the whipping-post and the gallows, are now the most indignant vindicators of free speech. Well, we rejoice to witness this sudden conversion to the true principles of freedom, and we indulge the hope that they will show equal vigilance in their vindications of those principles, when they shall need it, on Southern soil. It is true that our hope is faint, but it is encouraging to find that they are beginning to appreciate the value of that liberty of speaking and writing which they have so long denied to all who doubt the divine authority of slavery.

The truth is, that although the people of Chicago may, in their zeal, have gone further than justice and fairness will warrant, they did not deny to Mr. Douglas the right of addressing them. They resolved that he should not have an ex parte meeting of his friends to endorse his speeches and resolutions, and then claim it as the endorsement of Chicago. They simply went to the meeting resolved to vote down the resolves of their Senator. So long as Mr. Douglas demeaned himself respectfully, he was permitted to go on; but when he ceased to argue, and denounce as abolition traitors, as he did in the Senate, all who differ from him, the patience of the audience was exhausted, and he was hissed and groaned off the stage.

It is probable that the people were not at all times so respectful and so patient as they should have been; but neither was Mr. Douglas. It became him, and it was his duty to be patient, respectful, and conciliatory. But was he so? So far from it, he used the bitterest language of political partisans. Had he been able to command his temper, had not his previous successes rendered him proud and contemptuous towards the people whom he has for years been accustomed to rule with a nod, there can be no doubt that he would have been permitted to finish his speech. He could not have convinced the people, but would have been listened to.

But such a course was next to impossible for Mr. Douglas. His long and successful career as a politician has begotten a spirit of pride akin to that which is felt by the hereditary rulers of the Old World, or by the hereditary plantation rulers in the south—a spirit which can not brook opposition or contradiction. It was this haughty contempt for the people—the masses—who presume to question his infallibility, which brought about his undoing as a politician. He must learn "the uses of adversity," and eschew his vicious political creed, before he can ever rise again in Illinois. The people are now fully aroused to a sense of their rights and of their betrayed and injured honor, and Mr. Douglas with all his talents and energy will not be able to subdue the rampart spirit of liberty which is abroad.—National Era.

Beggars Outwitted.

Many years ago an ingenious plan was adopted by the Grand Duke to rid Florence of beggars. It was proclaimed that every beggar who would appear in the grand plaza at a certain mentioned time, would be provided by the Duke with a new suit of clothes, free of cost. At the appointed time, the beggars of the city all assembled, and the Grand Duke, causing all the avenues to the square to be closed, compelled the beggars to strip off their old clothes, and gave each one, according to promise, a new suit. In the old clothes thus collected, enough money was found concealed to build a beautiful bridge over the Arno, still called "the beggars' bridge," and the city for the time being, was relieved of the beggars by which it had been previously overrun, as none would give to the well dressed individuals who implored charity, not believing their tale of distress.

STRIKE THE KNOT.—When we were boys, little fellows, our father began to teach us to work, and we were anxious to perform the allotted tasks. We were splitting wood. A rough obstinate knot, tried all the skill and strength of a weak arm, and we were about to relinquish the task, when father came along.—He saw the piece of wood had been chipped down and the knot backed around, and took the axe, saying, "Always strike the knot." The words have always remained safe in my memory. They are precious words, brethren. Never try to shun a difficulty, but look it right in the face; catch its eye, and you can subdue it as a man can a lion. It will cover before you, and speak away and hide itself. If you dread difficulties, difficulties will grow upon you till they bury you in obscurity. Cal. Ch. Adv.

The following notice lately appeared in the Limerick Chronicle, in the shape of an advertisement:—An extensive land proprietor on the banks of the Shannon, will make a wagon of £500 that has the handsomest wife, the handsomest nine children, and the handsomest dog in Ireland. Applications to be made to J. F. E. O. Eyres's Hotel, Glin, county Limerick.

CONNECTICUT RIVER RAILROAD.

For Worcester and Boston, 7.15 a. m. (Accom. 9.45 a. m., and 1.45 p. m.) Express 1.50 p. m. (Accom.) 9.20 p. m. (Express). PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE ALBANY. For Springfield, Worcester and Boston, 5 a. m., 9 a. m. (Express) and 3.45 p. m. Trains connect at Albany with the Albany and Schoenectady, Troy and Greenbush and Hudson River Railroads; at Chatham Four Corners with the Harlem and Hudson and Berkshire Railroads; at State Line with the Housatonic Railroad; at Pittsfield with the Pittsfield and North Adams, and Stockbridge and Pittsfield Railroads; at Springfield, with the Hartford, New Haven and Springfield, and Connecticut River Railroads; at Palmer, with the New London, Palmer and Willimantic Railroads; at Worcester, with the Providence and Worcester, Worcester and Nashua, Norwich and Worcester Railroads. HENRY GRAY, Supt.

NEW HAVEN, HARTFORD AND SPRINGFIELD RAILROAD.

On and after Monday, May 15, 1854, Passenger Trains run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: LEAVE SPRINGFIELD FOR HARTFORD AND NEW HAVEN. At 7 a. m. Accommodation; 10.30 a. m. Accommodation; and 7.05 p. m. Express. LEAVE HARTFORD GOING SOUTH. At 8.05 a. m. Accommodation; 11.35 a. m. Middletown Junction and Way Stations. 12.45 p. m. Express Train, for New Haven, (without stopping). 3.05 p. m. Accommodation Train for New Haven, Middletown Junction and Way Stations. 7.53 p. m. Express Train for New Haven, Middletown Junction and Way Stations. LEAVE NEW HAVEN FOR HARTFORD AND SPRINGFIELD. At 7.55 a. m. Accommodation; 11.05 a. m. Express; 7.25 p. m. Accommodation; 6.05 p. m. Accommodation; and 7.05 p. m. Express. LEAVE HARTFORD GOING NORTH. At 6 a. m. Accommodation Trains for Springfield and New Haven. 12.22 p. m. Express Train, for Springfield, (without stopping). 5.05 p. m. Accommodation Train, for Springfield and Way Stations. 7.40 p. m. Accommodation Train for Springfield and Way Stations. 8.10 p. m. Express Train, for Springfield, (without stopping).

NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.

Summer Arrangement, commencing May 15th, 1854. PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE NEW HAVEN FOR NEW YORK. ACCOM.—At 5.30, 6.45 and 10.15 a. m. and 4.30 p. m. The 6.45 a. m. train receives passengers from the Naugatuck Railroad at Bridgeport, and from the Danbury Railroad at Danbury, New York. LOCAL EXPRESS.—At 9.35 a. m. and 1.10 p. m. The 9.35 a. m. train receives passengers from the Danbury Railroad at Danbury, New York, and from the Naugatuck Railroad at Bridgeport, Norwalk and Stamford. The 1.10 p. m. train receives passengers from the Danbury Railroad at Danbury, New York, and from the Naugatuck Railroad at Bridgeport, Norwalk and Stamford. The 7 a. m. train connects with the Naugatuck, Canal and New London Railroads. LOCAL EXPRESS.—At 9.35 a. m. and 1.10 p. m. The 9.35 a. m. train receives passengers from the Danbury Railroad at Danbury, New York, and from the Naugatuck Railroad at Bridgeport, Norwalk and Stamford. The 1.10 p. m. train receives passengers from the Danbury Railroad at Danbury, New York, and from the Naugatuck Railroad at Bridgeport, Norwalk and Stamford. The 7 a. m. train connects with the Naugatuck, Canal and New London Railroads. LOCAL EXPRESS.—At 9.35 a. m. and 1.10 p. m. The 9.35 a. m. train receives passengers from the Danbury Railroad at Danbury, New York, and from the Naugatuck Railroad at Bridgeport, Norwalk and Stamford. The 1.10 p. m. train receives passengers from the Danbury Railroad at Danbury, New York, and from the Naugatuck Railroad at Bridgeport, Norwalk and Stamford. The 7 a. m. train connects with the Naugatuck, Canal and New London Railroads.

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For Worcester and Boston, 7.15 a. m. (Accom. 9.45 a. m., and 1.45 p. m.) Express 1.50 p. m. (Accom.) 9.20 p. m. (Express).

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE ALBANY. For Springfield, Worcester and Boston, 5 a. m., 9 a. m. (Express) and 3.45 p. m. Trains connect at Albany with the Albany and Schoenectady, Troy and Greenbush and Hudson River Railroads; at Chatham Four Corners with the Harlem and Hudson and Berkshire Railroads; at State Line with the Housatonic Railroad; at Pittsfield with the Pittsfield and North Adams, and Stockbridge and Pittsfield Railroads; at Springfield, with the Hartford, New Haven and Springfield, and Connecticut River Railroads; at Palmer, with the New London, Palmer and Willimantic Railroads; at Worcester, with the Providence and Worcester, Worcester and Nashua, Norwich and Worcester Railroads. HENRY GRAY, Supt.

Great Cough Remedy.



FOR THE COMPLETE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Spitting Blood, Asthma, AND ALL OTHER LUNG COMPLAINTS TENDING TO CONSUMPTION!

THE above Expectorant, prepared by an expert and successful Physician and Chemist, has now become a standard Preparation, and is offered for the COMPLETE CURE of those diseases of the THROAT AND LUNGS, which, if neglected, usually terminate fatally in CONSUMPTION. It contains no Opium, Calomel, or any mineral whatever, but is composed entirely of those Roots, Herbs, and Vegetable Substances which have a specific influence upon the Lungs and their connected organs. Its immediate effect is to dilate all irritations, and gently remove the phlegm and other morbid secretions from the throat, and Air-passages, thus relieving the Cough, by subduing the inflammation and other causes which give rise to it. It is approved of and recommended by physicians of the highest standing, and may be given with perfect safety to the youngest child to the most delicate female.

Prepared by A. L. SCOVILL & CO., Gothic Hall, No. 216 Broadway, New-York. NEW ENGLAND DEPOT—BURR & PERRY, No. 1 Cornhill, Boston, Mass. Sold in Chicago Falls by C. F. Kent—Westfield, Wm. Hooker, Jr.—Moston, Timothy Packard—Worcester, J. B. French—Lowell, O. G. Goodwin—Palmer, J. M. Boxley—Brimfield, J. T. G. A. Brown;—By Druggists in Springfield. Dec. 24th.

IMPORTANT TO THE Farrier & Stage Proprietor.

GEO. W. MERCHANT'S CELEBRATED GARGLING OIL UNPARALLELED IN THE HISTORY OF MEDICINE AS THE MOST REMARKABLE AND RAPIDLY CURED.



"They can't keep House without it." Experience of more than sixteen years has established the fact that Merchant's Celebrated Gargling Oil, or Universal Family Emulsion, will cure most cases, and relieve all such as Spavins, Sweeney, Ringbone, Windfalls, Poll Evil, Calf, Croup, Hoof, Galls of all kinds, Fresh Wounds, Sprains, Bruises, Fish-bone, Sifted Sand Cracks, Strains, Lameness, Foundered Feet, Scalds, or Grease, Mange, Rheumatism, Bites of Animals, External Pimples, Itch, Scalds, Nettle, Frost Bites, Blisters, Corns, Whitlows, Burrs and Scalds, Chills, Chapped Hands, Cramps, Contractions of the Muscles, Swellings, Weakness of the Joints, Catarrhs, Brucis, &c. &c.

The unparalleled success of this Oil, in the cure of diseases in Horses and Cattle, and even in human flesh, is daily becoming more known to the farming community, and has been credited, except by those who have been in the habit of keeping it in their stables and houses, with a vast amount of pain, suffering and loss, caused by the timely application of this Oil. We are the sole proprietors, GEORGE W. MERCHANT, 107 N. W. St. Boston, Mass. All orders addressed to the proprietor will be promptly returned.

Get a Pamphlet of the Agent, and see what wonders are accomplished by this medicine. It is sold by all respectable dealers generally, in the United States and Canada. Also by J. S. HARRIS & BULLENS, Chicopee; E. BIRCH, Lowell; B. K. BROWN & HAYDEN, Springfield; L. LEONARD, West Springfield; W. F. BRUCE & CO. MONSON; FLAGG & BROTHER, Holyoke; W. P. SEELMAN, South Wilbraham; W. HOLBROOK, Palmer; G. W. GREEN, Feeding Hills; and Druggists and Merchants in almost every town. Feb 25th.

STEVEN'S ICE-CREAM & REFRESHMENT SALOON.

—AND—FANCY & VARIETY STORE. No. 9 Exchange Street, CHICOPEE, MASS. The Subscriber has opened a Saloon at No. 9 Exchange Street, where Ladies and Gentlemen can be accommodated with refreshments at all seasons excepted during the week, (Sundays excepted). EDMUND STEVENS. July 1st.

CARD. LEVI PIERCE, M. D. HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.

Residence, Dwight St. above Exchange St. Chicopee. Office hours, from 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 P. M. SPRINGFIELD.—G. W. SWANNY, M. D., A. H. COLLINS, M. D. Springfield. Wm. Gardner, M. D. Walter Wilkerson M. D. Ber. M. G. Clark, Philadelphia.

"A Splendid Remedy." DEVINE'S COMPOUND Pitch Lozenge.

The great remedy is at last discovered! CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED! AND Coughs and Colds, the parents of that fell disease that so often brings woe to the homes of our land, vanish, as if by magic, before the SOVEREIGN REMEDY! This is that which has so long been sought for and is in full faith offered to the public as a certain cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Costiveness, and Consumption, and will in any case where lungs sufficient are left to sustain and check the ulceration and raise the patient to health. Certificates of cures to be relied on, found in the columns left with the agents—and the public may be assured we shall never publish anything we do not believe entitled to the fullest confidence, as truth "AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH." When the Lozenge is soft like a paste, it is then preferable for use, and acts beneficially on every part of the system and makes strength and vigor take the place of weakness and debility, and is admitted to be the cheapest, most efficient and pleasant remedy ever offered to the afflicted. Try it faithfully. Safe for the Infant or the Invalid to use. Prepared by W. L. DEVINE, S. the original discoverer, for S. D. FULLER & CO., 3 Tremont Temple, Boston, Proprietors. The Depot for Dr. Hubbard's Wild Cherry Bitters; Dr. Hubbard's Pills and Chrysian Balm; Fowler's "Macaronik," a sure cure for any kind of Piles; Yankee Extract, for erasing tar, paint or grease; Dr. Cooper's Pain Expeller; also a large variety of Popular Medicines—sold cheap for cash or approved credit. Sold by C. F. Kent, and J. S. Bagg, Chicopee. Oct 27th.

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

THE subscriber takes this method to inform the public that he has not-old-out his business, as has been reported, but is still engaged in the above business, and ever ready to furnish Monuments, Tombstones and Headstones, and all kinds of Marble work, as cheap as any other establishment, at short notice. All orders warranted to give perfect satisfaction. June 25th. GEORGE KEEP.

Mexican Mustang Liniment.

Every land has hailed with raptures this preparation whose intrinsic merits has introduced its Curative powers to the notice of the whole American people. Rheumatism of long duration; Neuralgia, with its tortures, have yielded to its Magical influence; cancers, contorted joints, Ulcerated and swollen limbs that have Suffered for years under the weight of disease. Turn by its application to suppiness and arthritis. A remedy of such general usefulness that can restore Nervous Action to the diseased nerves, articular Glands of the human body, is worthy of high praise. Let the rheumatic, halt, lame and pained Invalid, examine its qualities, and they will not be disappointed. Years of study and investigation have enabled the proprietors of the Mexican Mustang Liniment to furnish a remedy, Extraordinary in its power over diseases. No matter of how long standing—sold at the agents in all parts of the Union. W. C. BRAGG & Co., Proprietors, 304 Broadway, N. York. D. TAYLOR, Jr., General Agent, Boston. Dec 10th.

EASTMAN'S Infallible Sick Headache REMEDY.

THIS PREPARATION, BY E. P. EASTMAN, M. D. of Lynn, Mass. HAS been used in private practice for the last four years, with the greatest success. A radical cure has been effected in every instance where the directions have been strictly followed and persevered in. It is now given to the public with full confidence that it will do ALL that is claimed for it, and cure itself, upon fair trial, an INFALLIBLE SICK HEADACHE REMEDY. It is safe and pleasant to the taste, it brings immediate relief, and all who try its curative virtues, rejoice in the removal of pain, and marvel at its power in alleviating so general and often so fatal a scourge. The following is from D. C. Baker, Esq., Mayor of Lynn, and President of the Howard Banking Company, Boston: LYNN, Nov. 23, 1853. DR. EASTMAN:—A member of my family, a daughter 10 years of age was afflicted for several months with the sick headache, and we tried several remedies without success. When, however, your administration of your "Headache Powders," was administered, she was benefited, and, in fact, restored to health. I am afflicted, and I beg to assure you that I fully appreciate your value. Respectfully yours, C. BAKER. From Matthew Hale Smith, Esq., member of the Suffolk Bar, Boston, Nov. 21, 1853. "Sick Headache Remedy" was mentioned to me, and I thought I had but little faith in it, I gave it a trial. I found great relief from its use, and often since I have been freed from headache than at any previous time for many years. It is now two months since I have had the headache and it is not too much to hope that the cure is permanent. To many such sufferers I have recommended the specific, and in no case has it failed to relieve the sick headache, and I immediately tried it. Your medicine is simple, agreeable to take, interfering with none of the duties of life, and must, I think be universally adopted. MATTHEW HALE SMITH, 43 and 45 Hanover Street, Boston. General Agents, to whom all orders should be addressed, also for sale by all the Druggists throughout the country. For sale in Chicopee by C. F. KENT. Jan 28th

WILSON, FAIRBANK & CO. General Agents, to whom all orders should be addressed, also for sale by all the Druggists throughout the country.

NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

The subscriber has just opened a Store in Mrs Stevens' Block, at the head of Dwight and Perkins Streets, on Exchange where may be found a good assortment of Boots and Shoes. Consisting in part of Ladies' Black and Fancy Gaiters, Jenny Lind, Congress, Enameled, and Polka Boots. KID BUSKINS AND KID SLIPPERS. Misses' and Children's shoes of all kinds, Men's, Boys', and Youth's, Calf, Kip and Thick Boots, Men's, Boys', and Youth's Calf, and Goat shoes. Men's Women's and Children's Rubber Boots. In fact every article usually kept in the Boot and Shoe Trade; all of which will be sold for a very small advance from cost, for Cash down. Those who are in want of Boots and Shoes will do well to call and examine the above Stock before purchasing elsewhere, as I intend to keep as good an article and sell as cheap as can be bought in any shop in this place or Springfield. N. B. Boots and Shoes Repaired at short notice. L. WHITNEY. Chicopee April 15th

BOSTON ONE PRICE AHEAD OF ALL COMPETITION CLOTHING STORE.

We have not been disappointed in our hopes of a large increase in our business when we moved into our present extensive establishment. The result has fully exceeded our anticipations. We have sold an immense quantity of goods. Our trade is prosperous our customers contented, and well pleased that they have a place where they can buy their goods at the very lowest market prices, without running the risk being imposed on either in quality or value. The proprietors of this establishment being extensively engaged in the wholesale trade in Boston, No. 16 and 48 North St. and having an experience of over twenty years in business, can confidently assure the public that, from the large purchase which he makes, buying his cloths by the bale, and his Cassimeres &c. by the case from Manufacturers and Importers, he is enabled to make up his garments at lower prices than any retailer whose limited trade obliges him to purchase his fabrics of the jobber, who has to buy of the Manufacturer and importer. Two years of successful business in this town has convinced our customers of this fact. We have just opened a large assortment of Spring and Summer Goods; and beg leave so call the attention of the public, to the variety, style, and price of our garments; feeling confident, that, as we have merited their support heretofore, we shall continue to merit it to come. Our variety of Coats Pants and Vests for Men and boys, is the most extensive in town. We keep a large assortment of Shirts, Bosoms, Collars, Neck & Pocket Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Gloves, Socks, Stock and Neck-Ties, Carpet-bags, Valises, Umbrellas, and Gaiters. We have made arrangements with some of the most extensive trunk makers, by which we are enabled to sell our trunks as cheap as they can be sold in the city of Boston. We continue the business on the same principles as heretofore viz: "No Second Price, and no article given in;" thus enabling all our customers to purchase on equal terms, and saving them time, trouble and money. Remember that, "a nimble sixpence is better than a slow shilling," and govern yourself accordingly by the Boston One Price Clothing Store. Under the Universalist Church, Chicopee. Wm. MURRAY, Chicopee, April 16th, 1854.

Commissioner Notice.

WILHELM SMITH, Esq., of Chicopee, Hampden County, Mass., has been appointed by Gov. Seymour, Commissioner of the Probate Court, and acknowledgements of Deeds, Depositions, &c., in the State of Massachusetts, to be used in the said State. Oct 17th.

BOSTON ONE PRICE AHEAD OF ALL COMPETITION CLOTHING STORE.

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NOTICE.

ALL persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the subscriber are requested to call and make payment immediately. J. P. BUCKINGHAM. Oct 11th