

The Weekly Journal.

Volume 2.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1854.

Number 23.

Poetry.

THE FREEMEN'S SONG.

Arr.—Scots who have us Wallace bled.

Men, who hear the Pilgrim's name,
Men, who love your country's fame,
Can ye brook your country's shame,
Chains and slavery?

Traitors, shap'd in southern mold,
Have our honest birth-right sold;
Wolves are set to guard our fold;
Shame, democracy!

Haunted in his native lair,
Furions fight the northern bear;
Who to those who roused his ire;
Let them turn and flee.

From our mountains in the north,
Freedom's legions rally forth,
Shouting o'er the trembling earth,
Death to slavery!

Raise the standard in the van,
Sacred to the rights of man;
Tyants I meet us if you can;
We are ready now.

Ere a score of years be past,
Slavery shall breathe her last;
Spike the colors to the mast,
Hurrah for Liberty.

Select Tales.

THE BLACKSMITH'S TRIAL.

BY AUSTIN C. BUDWICK.

In the fall of 1849, I was traveling at the west on business. I left the Mississippi steamboat at Columbia, Kentucky, having made up my mind to travel by land as far as Muhlenburg county, where I should strike the Green river far enough to the northward to take one of the small flat boats for the Ohio. Late one evening I arrived at the town of M——, intending to take the stage from there on the next morning. The bar-room of the tavern was crowded with people, and I noticed that large numbers of the citizens were collected about the street corners, appearing to be discussing some matters of more than usual interest. Of course, I became curious to know the cause of all this, and at the first favorable opportunity I asked the question of the landlord. He gazed at me a moment in silence, and then, with an ominous shake of the head, he gave me to understand that a most dreadful thing had happened; but before he had explained to me what it was, he was called away to attend to other business.

I soon found, however, that the "dreadful thing" was the subject of conversation all around me, and by simply listening, I gained an insight into the mystery. It seemed that there was to be a trial for murder there on the next day, and that the criminal was a young blacksmith, who had been born and brought up in the town, and who, until the present time, had borne a character above reproach. I endeavored to find out the particulars, but I could ascertain little upon which to depend, for different people gave different accounts, and all who knew anything of the matter, were too much excited to speak calmly. The murder had transpired only about a week before, and consequently the event was fresh in the minds of the people. The only facts that came to me upon which I could rely were, that a middle aged man named Mathew Hampton had been murdered and robbed, and that Abel Adams, the young blacksmith, had been arrested for the crime, and would be tried on the morrow. Some said that the murdered man's money, to the amount of over two thousand dollars, had been found upon the young man's person, but others denied this fact. Yet all sympathized with the prisoner. He was beloved by all his townsmen, and but a few of them could believe anything of the reports that had crept into circulation.

As I was in no particular haste, I resolved to remain in M—— until the trial had come off; so I went and crased my name from the stage book, where I had placed it, and then informed mine host of my determination.

On the following morning, at an early hour, the people began to flock toward the court house, and I saw that in order to secure a place I must join the crowd. I did so; and at length found myself within the building, and, as good fortune would have it, I made a stand near the prisoner's box. Ten o'clock was the hour fixed for opening the court, and before that time every conceivable standing place outside of the dock

was filled. Stagings were erected upon the outside under the windows, and these too were crowded.

At the appointed time the court came in, and the prisoner was conducted to the bar. Said prisoner was not more than 25 years of age; he possessed one of the most pleasant countenances I ever saw—it was one of those bold, frank faces, full of courage and good nature—just such an one as is unhesitatingly taken as the index to a pure and generous soul. He was a stout, athletic man, and carried the palm at every wrestling match in the country. I thought within myself this man is no murderer. And yet, we know not to what extremities a man may sometimes be driven. Young Adams was quite pale, and his lip quivered as he found the gaze of the multitude fixed upon him; but his eye was bright and quick, but not defiant, yet bold and hopeful in its deep blue light.

The trial commenced. The complaint was clear and distinct, setting forth the fact that the prisoner, Abel Adams, "did with malice aforethought," kill, &c., on such a day, one Mathew Hampton—in the first place, by striking him on the head with some heavy blunt weapon; and in the second place, by stabbing him in the breast, &c. To all this the prisoner pleaded not guilty. From the first testimony called up I learned the following facts:

Near sundown, one afternoon, about a week previous, Mathew Hampton stopped at the shop of the prisoner to get his horse shod. This Hampton was a wealthy farmer, and his estate lay to the southward, near the Tennessee line, and only about 15 miles distant from M——. He was known to have had some two thousand dollars with him at the time—money which he had received at Columbia for corn. It was nearly dusk when he started from the prisoner's shop. He took out his pocket-book to pay for the job of shoeing his horse.—This he did within the shop, and two persons were present who now testified to the fact, and also that when the pocket-book was opened, a large bunch of bank notes was exposed. About an hour after Hampton left, the prisoner came out of his shop and went to his stable, and having saddled his fleetest horse, he mounted and started off in full gallop in the direction Hampton had taken.

Next came two witnesses—Mr. Simple and Mr. Jordan—both of them respectable citizens of M——, who testified as follows:

They had been in the edge of Tennessee on business, and were returning home. At about 9 o'clock, on the evening in question, they came to a point in the road where a high bluff overlooked the way, and while passing this they were startled by seeing something in the moonlight which looked like a man. They at once dismounted, and found that what they had seen was the body of Mathew Hampton, all covered with blood. They had not been there more than a minute, when they were joined by a third man, who said that he saw the murder committed, and that the murderer fled towards M——. Simple and Jordan both recognized the new comer as one Henry Bigler, and though his character was by no means of the most exemplary kind, yet there was no time for discussion. The body of Hampton was still warm so that the murderer could not have been gone long. Bigler had no horse, so Mr. Simple agreed to remain by the body while Jordan and Bigler went in pursuit of the murderer. They put their horses to the top of their speed, and in half an hour they overtook the prisoner, whom Bigler at once pointed out as the man. Jordan hailed the young blacksmith, and found him nervous and excited. He then asked him if he had seen Mathew Hampton, and Adams replied in the affirmative, but he spoke in a strange manner. After some expostulation, the prisoner accompanied Jordan to M——, and there he was placed in the hands of the sheriff, and upon examining his person, Mr. Hampton's pocket-book, containing two thousand dollars, was found upon him, and his hands were also covered with blood.

At this juncture, the excitement in the court house was intense. The crowded mass swayed to and fro like wind swept grain—murmurs broke the sanctity of the place—murmurs loud and deep; and it was a few minutes before anything like order was restored. At length, Henry Bigler was called upon the stand. He was known

by most of the people of M——, and though nothing positive was known against him of a criminal character, yet he was known to be a reckless, wandering fellow, sometimes trading in slaves, and sometimes dealing in horses, and sometimes driving a flat boat down the Mississippi. He stepped upon the witness block with a complaisant bow, and he gave in his testimony clearly and distinctly.

He said he was coming down the road toward M. on foot, and when near the bluff he heard the sound of a struggle, accompanied by loud groans and entreaties. He sprang forward, and arrived in season to see the prisoner leap into his saddle and ride off. The moon was shining at the time, so he could not have been mistaken. As soon as he found Mr. Hampton was dead, as he supposed, he started to go after help. The murdered man's horse fled towards home, so he could gain no assistance in that way. He had not gone far, however, when he heard the sound of horses' feet, and on returning to the spot, he found Simple and Jordan there.

Bigler was cross questioned very severely, but his testimony was not to be flawed. He was explicit in all his statements, and at the same time he professed to feel a deep regret that he was called upon to testify against a man for whom he felt as much respect as he did for the prisoner.

At length young Adams arose to tell his story. He spoke clearly, and with the tone of a man who tells the truth. He said that about an hour after Mathew Hampton had left his shop, on the evening in question, he went to the sink to wash his hands, and while there he trod on something that attracted his attention. He stooped and picked it up, and found it to be a pocket-book, and on taking it to the light, it proved to be Mr. Hampton's. He remembered that after Mr. Hampton had paid him for shoeing the horse, he went to the sink after a drink of water, and then he must have dropped it. The young blacksmith's first idea, he said, was to keep the pocket-book until Hampton came back, but upon second thought, he resolved to saddle his horse and try to overtake him, and restore the money. Accordingly he set off, and when he reached the bluff his horse stopped, and began to rear and snort. He discovered something laying by the roadside, and upon dismounting and going to it, he found it to be the body of Mr. Hampton, still warm and bleeding. He first satisfied himself that he could do nothing alone, and then he started back towards M. for assistance. When he was overtaken by Jordan and Bigler, the idea of having Hampton's money in his pocket broke upon him with a stunning force, and hence his strange and incoherent manner.

When the prisoner sat down, there was a low murmur, which told that his story was believed. But the judge shook his head, and the lawyers did the same, and the jury looked troubled and anxious.—The prisoner's counsel did all he could to establish his client's good character, and also to impeach the character of Bigler, but he could refuse none of the testimony that had been given in.

When the judge came to charge the jury, he spoke of the testimony against the prisoner, and of the corroborative circumstances. With regard to the prisoner's story, he said that it was very simple, and sounded very much like truth; but he would have the jury remember how easily such stories could be made.

It was long after dark when the jury retired to make up their verdict. They were gone half an hour, and when they returned, the foreman showed, by the very hue of his countenance, that the verdict was to be fatal. All saw it, and I could hear the throbbing of the hundred hearts about me.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you made a verdict?"

"We have."
"Shall your foreman speak for you?"
"Yes."

"Abel Adams, stand up and look upon the foreman; foreman, look upon the prisoner. Is Abel Adams, the prisoner at the bar, guilty of murder or not?"

Hark! the first syllable of the word guilty is upon the foreman's lips, but he speaks it not. Those who yet crowd about the windows shout with all their might, and in a moment more a man crowds his way into the court room. He hurries up and whispers to the sheriff—and then he goes

to the bench and whispers to the judge.—Henry Bigler starts up and moves towards the door, but in an instant the hand of the sheriff is upon him. All is excitement the most intense. Directly the mass at the door begins to give way, and four men are seen bearing upon their shoulders a chair—and in that chair sits Mathew Hampton—not dead, but alive. True, he is pale and ghastly, but his eyes are open, and his lips move. At length the chair is set down before the bench, and the old physician of the place asks permission to speak. As soon as this fact becomes known, all is quiet once more.

The physician says that neither of the wounds which Mr. Hampton had received are mortal, though he had at first thought they were. The blow upon the head, and the stab in the breast, combined to produce a state of catalepsy which resembled death so nearly that many an experienced person might have been deceived. When he gave out that Mr. Hampton was dead, he thought it was so. But when he found that Hampton was living he kept the secret to himself, for fear that a certain man, whose presence was much needed, might be missing.

At this juncture Mr. Henry Bigler made a savage attempt to break away from the sheriff, but it did not avail him. The jury were directed to return to their box, and then Mathew Hampton was requested to speak. He was too weak to rise, but he spoke plainly, and in a manner that showed his mind to be clear.

He stated that when he reached the bluff, on the night of his disaster, he discovered that his pocket-book was gone.—He stopped his horse, and was trying to think where he could have lost it, when some one came from the road side. He had just time to see that it was Henry Bigler, when he received a blow upon the head from a club that knocked him from his horse. Then he felt a sharp, stinging, burning pain in the bosom, and with a momentary starting of his muscles he opened his eyes. He saw that Bigler was stooping over him, and ransacking his pockets. He could just remember of hearing the distant gallop of a horse—that he thought his body was being dragged to the road side—and after that he could remember nothing till he awoke in his own house, and found the doctor by his bed side.

For a little while longer the multitude had to restrain themselves. I remember that the judge said something to the jury, and that the jury whispered together for a moment. Then the prisoner stood up once more, and the foreman of the jury said,—"Not guilty!"

Then burst forth the heart shouts of the people. Abel Adams sank back upon his seat, but in a moment more he was seized by a score of stout men, and with wild and rending shouts they bore him into the free, pure air, where the bright stars looked down and smiled upon him. A little way had they gone when they met a young woman, whose long hair was flowing in the night wind, and who wrung her hands in agony. They stopped and set their burden down. Abel Adams saw the woman, and he sprang forward and caught her to his bosom.

"Mary—Mary—I'm innocent—innocent—free."

The wife did not speak. She only clung wildly to her noble husband and wept upon his bosom.

A wagon body was torn from its axle tree—the blacksmith and his wife were placed therein; and then they were borne away towards their home, and long after they had passed from my sight I could hear the glad shouts of the impulsive people, waking the night air, and reverberating among the distant hills.

On the next morning, before the stage started, I learned that Mathew Hampton had determined to make the young blacksmith accept of one thousand dollars, whether he was willing or not.

Two week afterwards, while sitting in the office of my hotel at Cincinnati, I received a newspaper from M——. Henry Bigler had been hanged, and on the gallops he acknowledged his guilt. Mathew Hampton was slowly recovering, and the blacksmith had, after much expostulation, accepted the thousand dollars from Hampton's bounty.

The lady whose sleep was broken has had it mended.

GLEANINGS FROM THE PAST. AUNT LETTY.

BY CORA CLINTON.

Among the loved forms that gladdened the eyes of my happy childhood, was one whose image is enshrined in memory's sanctuary so deeply that, until life fades, it will remain undimmed. Visions of a mild blue eye, and a voice that knew no tones but kindness—of brown wavy hair, almost untouched with silver, and an ever unclouded brow, on which time had traced no furrow, though the changes and sorrows of nearly three score years had fallen on it—of a loving heart, overflowing with words of ready sympathy and deeds of kindness, through my mind at the recollection of dear Aunt Letty.

I remember how she used to push back the hair from my forehead, and gazing into my face with her soft eyes, would say, "You are happy now, darling; Aunt Letty hopes you always will be." I used to wonder how she could be sad; and once, when I found her weeping, I remember it puzzled me much why any one should be unhappy whom every body loved, as they did, Aunt Letty.

Dearest reader, have you ere this conjectured that Aunt Letty was unmarried? It was even so; her kind, generous heart, was without a particular claimant, so its loving charities went out over earth to all those who sought affection. As I grew older, my orphan cousin Myra and I used to often wonder that none had ever sought the love of one so good and true; at last the day came when our curiosity was to be gratified.

I have said Myra was an orphan. In her infancy she was left motherless; her father died in her early childhood, and she came to our home. She was several years older than I, but we loved each other as sisters, and there was no one who could soothe my childhood sorrows like cousin Myra.

Well, years flew along, and she was to be married. It was a beautiful afternoon, and Myra was sewing on her bridal robe. I was seated at her feet, watching her busy fingers, when Aunt Letty came in with her knitting; her pleasant face always brought its own welcome, and we joyously greeted her. As she saw Myra's occupation, the tears came in her eyes, and she sighed deeply.

"Ah, dear Myra, how bright life looks to you; it seemed as fair to me once."
"Oh, Aunt Letty," I cried, do tell us about yourself, and why you are sometimes so sad."

"Not if it will give you pain, dear aunt," interrupted gentle Myra.

"I will tell you the story, my children, and may it lead you not to trust too much to things of earth; I did so, and when the beautiful temple I had reared fell to earth my heart was well nigh crushed.

"When I was seventeen years old, not quite your age Myra, I became acquainted with a young man named Willis Ainslie; he was a noble hearted being,—true, generous, kind. Yes, he was a Christian—not in profession merely—but every act bore the impress of his faith. I was young, with an ardent, impulsive temperament, and I loved him. Oh, how I loved him! Before all else of earth—before my God, did I worship him. Ah, there was my sin; had I not forsaken the Creator for the creature, I might have been spared the dread fate awaiting me. But the Good Shepherd saw that I was turning from Him, and to win me back took from me that in which my heart delighted. It was all for the best, and though the blow was terrible, I can now see that it was directed by the hand of Mercy.

"We were engaged. Oh, how bright life looked to me! It seemed as if it was too much bliss to live, to pass through existence by his side, with his arm ever to lean upon, and his voice to counsel and praise; I asked no other heaven.
"The time approached when we were to be married. I was sewing on my wedding dress, as you are now, Myra, and thinking of him; it was a lovely afternoon, and I expected every moment to bring him to my side.
"There was a little lake just back of the village, and on the opposite shore was Ainslie's place. A pleasure-boat used to be on the lake, and by it was his usual way of coming to me.

"I was seated at a window overlooking the blue water, and from time to time glanced across it, awaiting his coming. At last I saw him I could tell his form, even at that distance, step into the little boat; there was some one with him, and the blows from their oars sent the tiny barque rapidly onward."

Here Aunt Letty paused a moment; her voice had for some time been husky, and she seemed struggling to repress some powerful emotion. Soon she recommenced:

"They were in the middle of the lake. I was looking at them, watching them all the while; a sudden breeze blew off his companion's hat; in the effort to regain it (Oh, how vividly do I recall that terrible scene, even after the lapse of so many years!) the boat was capsized—they were both thrown into the water. I sat there gazing at them, stupefied, powerless. I tried to turn away, to shrink, to close my eyes, but I could not. I saw him struggle, breast the waves for a time, then—he went down—down before my eyes; I saw him sink—saw the false wave close over all I loved, and then consciousness fled.

For many weeks I was delirious; a violent brain fever had seized upon my system, and for a long time my life was despaired of. But the Father was merciful, and I recovered. Yet in my wickedness I prayed to die; all that had made life precious to me had passed away, and I longed for death. Oh! how great was the forbearance of the Almighty in not granting my impious prayer, and sending my sinning soul to its reward.

"Willis was an excellent swimmer, but his companion was unused to the water, and in striving to save him both were lost. A crowd on shore witnessed the dreadful spectacle, but there was not another boat on the lake, and no assistance could be rendered them. Both the bodies were recovered, and buried in our village churchyard.

"Oh! how much I suffered then! Heaven shield all others from the agony I endured. But my heart was obdurate, and refused to bow to the decree of the Unerring; I rebelled against the wisdom of God in taking from me my happiness. But I understand his purpose now, and from my heart can say, 'Not my will, but Thine be done.'"

"Myra, beware that you give not to man the supreme love you should bear to God alone, lest your heart tremble beneath his sore displeasure as mine has done."

A tear fell from Aunt Letty's eye, as she ceased, and Myra and I wept heartily. This, then, was why she had remained unmarried. Her heart was true to her first love, and she would be wedded to no other.

Years have passed. The moss-rose has long bloomed over the peaceful grove of dear Aunt Letty, and the loving spirit has found its rest. In the better land has she joined the betrothed of her early youth.

"Good morning, Pat," said a "green an" in New York the other day to a son of the Emerald Isle, who looked rather green.

"Good morning," said Pat, viewing him rather closely.

"Where do you live?" said he again to Pat.

"Where I stand," said Pat, who satisfied himself that that the inquirer had no particular business with him.

"I mean, where is your boarding-place?"

"When I live in a house," said Pat, "it is a brick one."

"I don't inquire what kind of house it is," said the other, "I mean, where's your dwelling?"

"When I tell you," said Pat, "that my dwelling is among men, you will wonder that I have stopped so long to talk with a fool."

The Boston Telegraph, referring to the success of the Know Nothing, says,—"If these things are suffered to go on, no man is safe. The most humble individual may be seized and incarcerated in the White House for four years without a moment's warning."

John Randolph met a person's enemy in the street one day, who refused to give him half the sidewalk, saying that he never turned out for a rascal. "I do," said Randolph, stepping aside, and raising his hat—"pass on, sir—pass on!"

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CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, NOV. 4, 1854.

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

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

THE COLLEGE OF NATURE.

We shall never forget a remark made in a lyceum address delivered by Horace Greely; his subject was the "Prominent politicians of the country." In the course of the lecture he alluded to Robert C. Winthrop, and spoke of his splendid acquirements, collegiate education, &c., and concluded thus:—"But there is another college of far greater importance than Harvard or Yale; it is the great College of Nature! In that college Robert C. Winthrop never graduated."

It is not the college that makes the man; greatness does not necessarily attach itself to Latin diplomas. The masses have generally entertained the foolish idea that a passage through Yale or Harvard was almost equal to an entrance into the holy of holies; and that the lucky fellow who thus went through either of the above institutions must certainly be possessed of everything supremely wise and splendidly magnificent. That feeling, however, is gradually dying away. People are beginning to find out that a man with a liberal education can not, Prometheus-like, draw fire from heaven, or utter sentiments that will cause the "rocks and trees to come down and listen." He is, after all, nothing but a mere man.

The great trouble with colleges is this: Their influence tends to promote an exclusive spirit; they are not sufficiently democratic. Professional men generally consider themselves much wiser than the "rest of mankind," and therefore it will not do for them to meet the less favored portion with that feeling of cordiality and "how do you do?" which is due from man to man. Away with all this contemptible stiffness and counterfeit respectability! The Savior of mankind was not ashamed to associate with common people; on the contrary, he sought their acquaintance; and are we not required to take his example as a rule of life?

Generally, when a man leaves college, he does it with the idea that society is bound to support him; he considers himself as wiser than those around him. All science, all art, all greatness, cluster around his own little self. Of course, he must be fed, clothed, and furnished with pocket money, no matter whether an equivalent is rendered by him to society or not—no matter how much he may contribute to lighten the partition walls which separate the different grades composing mankind. The circle in which he moves is necessarily narrow and aristocratic—tending to contract all the higher powers of one's nature. There is nothing beautiful or God-like, generally speaking, in the lives of men who have nothing but a collegiate education to present to their fellows.

But not so with the genuine graduates of the great College of Nature. Their sympathies are for the whole universe of man; they have suffered poverty, and been obliged to buffet the waves of aristocratic opposition.

The great trouble is, that many do not appreciate the true worth and dignity of the lower grade of society. Who does not remember the beautiful words of the mother of St. Clair:—"See there, Augustus! the meanest slave on our plantation will be living when all those stars are gone forever—yes, will live as long as God lives!"

As the wheel of time advances, the partition walls will gradually melt away, until finally all will worship a common Father in a state of the most perfect social equality. This may be nothing but a dream, perhaps never to be realized; but then there are some who believe that this is God's world, and not Beelzebub's—that the former has left his impress upon every human being. Men are not devils. Oh no!—even among the lowest we believe there are some noble qualities, which need the invigorating influences of kind words and kinder deeds.

Then work on, ye graduates of the College of Nature! Do not cease in your efforts to elevate the condition of suffering humanity.

SILLY BLUNDER.—On the outside of last week's paper, in great flaring letters, at the top of the page, the word Saturday will be found to be set with the letter D in twice. How it happened is more than we can tell, for that same word has been in that particular place for a number of months, with the type unchanged, and set right beside, until last week. Perhaps the "devil" has been trying to "raise the devil"—a reasonable solution of the problem.

HENRY J. GARDNER.

Henry J. Gardner has written an able letter to Charles Allen of Worcester. It will be remembered that the latter accused Gardner of being one of the marshal's body guard when Sims was carried off from Boston; had vindicated by speech and vote the fugitive slave law, and gone as far as any man in bowing to slavery. Mr. Gardner positively denies these charges. The following is an extract from his letter:

"To the charge of being a 'pro-slavery man' and an 'old hunker,' I state a single fact. I was not elected by the whig convention a member of the state central committee of that party, but several vacancies having occurred, I was verbally invited by its secretary to attend a meeting held soon after the passage of the Nebraska bill. I was present and offered a resolution, which I sustained in a speech, to the effect that the whig organization should call a convention of the opponents of the Nebraska bill, without distinction of party, to nominate fusion candidates for state officers, as was done in Ohio, Vermont, Michigan and other states. The resolution was however lost, and its defeat was one of a series of events which placed me in the political position I this day occupy."

The last sentence is quite significant; he left the whig party because there was no fusion, and thousands have done the same. There will be considerable laughing and swearing the day after election.

R. B. NAGLE'S DANCING SCHOOL.

Last Tuesday evening we dropped into Exchange Hall, with the intention of looking a few minutes at Nagle's dancers. No sooner had we entered before there were as many as a dozen pressing invitations to dance—so very urgent that they were finally accepted, by our dancing (or trying to) until 9 o'clock the next morning, notwithstanding we never before danced a step.

Well, that is a well conducted dancing school. Everything passed off pleasantly. Nagle is a first-rate fellow. We shall call upon him again. It is a decided pleasure to escape for a while from the tedium of type-setting and thinking about Nebraska, the eastern war, social wrongs, know-nothingism, the future of the country, &c. We have found the philosopher's stone in Mr. Nagle's school.

P. S. We forgot to thank the girls for showing us how to dance.

CANDY PEDDLERS.

Notwithstanding the decline of stocks and the poor state of the money market generally, the vendors of molasses candy in this village appear to do a thriving business. Their number is very great—scattered here and there, in all directions—"Will you have some candy?"—those words greet you at every step. One day last week, our office was flooded with candy peddlers, from morning till night. We can not help feeling a considerable degree of sympathy for the little urchins—not forgetting the time when we were engaged in the same business.

KATE CAMERON.—Your "Cottage by the brook-side" will appear next week. There is a gloomy pleasure in thinking about "days lang syne," when all was bright,—no care, no responsibility; but then, it does seem to us that there is an immense amount of comfort in looking at the future. "The past is passed," but the future, with all its unrevealed glories, is still before us. So cheer up, Kate, and do not sigh too much over pleasures forever fled.

DEAD HORSE.

Last Saturday evening, a horse, belonging to Mr. Moulton of Chicopee Falls, fell dead in this village, opposite Priestly's paint shop. The animal had previously been troubled with the heaves, and that complaint, together with eating too hearty a supper, probably caused its sudden exit.

THE HERALD OF FREEDOM.—We have received the first number of this paper, published in Kansas. It is a large, handsome printed, able sheet. May it have a long life, and always labor for the cause it now so ably supports.

THEATRICAL.—Aiken's theatrical performers exhibited to a large number of empty benches the first three evenings of this week. We did not attend, but have heard the affair lightly spoken of.

The following is a list of the states yet to vote this fall: Massachusetts, Nov. 13; New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin on Nov. 7.

A mill has been started at Skaneateles, N. Y., for the manufacture of coarse paper from straw and corn-stalks, according to the new process.

The supply of Lager Beer in St. Louis is exhausted. The denizens of that driest of cities have consumed 18,000,000 glasses in six months.

Cholera since its first appearance in 1817, has, it is stated, swept off upwards of 70,000,000 of the human race.

TO AMICUS.

From the publicity given that you were to pay your respects to "Medius," in two lengthy dissections, in reply to his short communication in the Journal of September 30, he expected nothing less than perfect annihilation would be the result to his feeble efforts; but he is now happy to announce to the living that he "still lives." Like the fabled mountain groaning in travail, "Amicus" has finally brought forth a very small mouse. He is at a loss to account for the intrusion on my part during the pending discussion between himself and the editor. I will explain. The week that my article was published there was none either from "Amicus" or Mr. Pratt. How should I know but that the pending discussion was expended? Even had it been otherwise, I see not why the "etiquette correspondent" was breached, as I believe it is considered that when a communication is published in a public paper, any individual has a right to make comments. So considering, I thus acted. All that "Medius" wrote was entirely independent of the editor, as he did not review or examine Mr. Pratt's arguments.

I will be obliged to "Amicus" if he will quote correctly from my articles. In the very first, he left out a word, and although a very small one, yet it makes an important difference in the sentence. "But are we dependent upon the Irish for all these things? The word 'all' is the one, and by a reference to the next question, it will be seen that this word 'all' is important. "Amicus" then goes on to show that two or three of his countrymen have distinguished themselves. Did I deny that? I asked the simple question if we were dependent upon them "for all these things," and he replies that we are not for all, but most. I take the ground, sir, that if we had but few Irish here, it would be difficult to find natives who would "dig our canals," &c. Amicus is not so ignorant as to not know that the immigration of the Irish at the north, like the introduction of slave labor at the south, has had a tendency to lower the standard of labor, and has made that which should be considered honorable a situation not to be desired.

"Did we not succeed pretty well as a nation," &c. &c.? I am very well satisfied with the answer of "Amicus" to this, as he says America was successful long before the years of 1840 and 1850, &c. But when he goes on to qualify my simple statement, and give it a different bearing from what I intended, he alone must give the reply.

Was there anything in my article which made it a crime for the Irish to come among us in such numbers? I did not so intend it, but nevertheless, has it not had the effect which I named? I am not opposed to the oppressed of other lands coming to this country; there is room enough and to spare, and we cheerfully hold out inducements for foreigners to come; we give them a chance to better their condition, to accumulate property, and to educate their children, &c., &c.—but coming, as many of them do, with fixed habits, not altogether in harmony with our political institutions, we must ask them to remain a sufficient length of time to understand the workings of our form of government.

I used the word "foreigner" as commonly used to distinguish from native born. Perhaps "Amicus" would prefer "adopted citizen." I presume, sir, that you will understand what was meant by "former circumstances," but as you have called for an explanation, I will give you it:

1st. I meant the series of oppressive measures of the English government over the Irish as a people.

2d. The doctrines of the Catholic Church, which have stifled individualism.

3d. The feuds among themselves, proving most conclusively that a house divided against itself can not stand.

4th. The superstition and intemperance of the people, disqualifying them for self-government.

In regard to the bravery of the Irish while fighting our battles, I will not enlarge. There are many laughable instances that might be cited, showing that there have been particular instances of bravery—instance, the directions of an Irish soldier to his tailor for the disposal of the breast-plate in his garment, and the happy mistake of said tailor, whereby Pat's life was saved.

At any future time, I am willing to discuss, dispassionately, the following propositions with "Amicus," or any body else:

1st. The origin and design of our naturalization laws.

2d. The reasons why they should now be modified.

3d. The great advantages which foreigners have in the United States, independent of franchises.

The American Tract Society has scattered over the United States 154,000 copies of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; 656,660 copies in the aggregate of Richard Baxter's works; 141,568 copies of Doddridge's Rise and Progress. Of modern works, 60,000 copies of Sumner's; 50,000 copies each, of Jane Hudson and Robert Dawson; and within a short time, 25,000 copies of Hugh Fisher have been issued.

At a late discussion between Galway and Olds of Ohio, the latter attempted to defend his Nebraska vote by showing that emigration would keep slavery out of Nebraska. Sam replied that Judas Iscariot sold his Lord and Master for thirty pieces of silver, and the Lord overruled the act of treachery to the good of mankind, but no thanks to Judas for that, no thanks to Olds, Pierce & Co., if the people overrule the betrayer of Freedom.

From our New-York Correspondent.

The quantity of news which might be communicated by this letter would be enormous, thrilling and instructive; were this the only way means by which you and your readers held communication with the metropolitan city. I should tell you that a fire had destroyed three or four cars and a building, the New York and Harlem railroad company, that fog, water, mist and mud reigned triumphant, and the sun had not shown itself for two or three days; that robbery, arson and murder reigned with impunity; that on Thursday night last, a safe was opened, and ten or twenty thousand dollars worth of diamonds were stolen,—and the day following, some evil disposed person deposited an infernal machine in Earle's Hotel, which went off, blowing up things generally, destroying three thousand dollars worth of property, and yet killing no one,—and that about the same time, the silver knob of a door lock was unscrewed and pilfered, from one of the Broadway Banks,—that a new shin-plaster Bank, attempting to issue its trash, had been throttled and strangled in its first breathings, and the projectors in "durance-vile";—that 47 lives had been lost by a collision of the gravel and passenger trains upon the Great Western (Canada) Railroad;—and one million dollars worth of property, mostly liquors, were destroyed by a fire in Cleveland, Ohio, on Saturday last,—that politics was in most unrivaled confusion,—that it is just now a great privilege to be unqualified to vote, since there is no deciding who to elect. Every body and every party seems to split; cohesion has departed, and chaos reigns; whether the world will hold together or not, is a problem; some thinking that the different particles will lose all confidence in the other portion and fly off in tangents to parts unknown. I should tell you also that whilst borrowers of money were pleading usury as a defense to their notes, the fashionable and opera going community have discovered that Louisa Pyre is a second Jenny Lind, and that while schemers and Jeremy-diddlers, were plucking geese and defrauding each other, honest toil met an ample reward, and the sinews of thousands of workmen were building up the city in style of magnificence and solidity, surpassing all previous conceptions. I might also assist in exposing some of the ancient humbugs of the day, and in so doing, I should only advertise the humbugger, and thus where I did not intend it, confer a favor. Shallow and trickery, as in the days of Gill Blas and his associates, still continues to improve upon the astute and the simple, while the guilty go unpunished. I might also add that the innocent suffer, as in the case of the poor oyster, which has been charged with being the cause of several sudden deaths within the past ten days,—the theory being that the heart of an innocent, quiet and selfish muscle fish, supposed to be so occupied in its own selfish purposes, has of late looked in upon New York, and conceived the diabolical project of concealing within its infernal shell some latent poison, such as secures death to its consumer; thereupon, every lover of life eschewed the little monster, and wondered what they would find to tickle their throats with, now that oysters have been tabooed. A chemist, however, came to the relief of the gourmands and epicures, and silenced the groans of the interior, whilst "Long Neck," "East River's," and "Shrewsbury's," have redeemed their former celebrity.

Notwithstanding wickedness is rampant, as you will naturally infer from the programme just recited, all of which is substantiated by the morning papers, yet there probably never was a moment when there was so deep a moral feeling among the people of this city, as at this very time, or a better prospect of carrying out some of the long cherished reforms in society, than now. Temperance men, for instance, are sanguine of possessing in a few months a law favorable to the suppression of intoxication; ministers who have been rusticated during a part of the summer, have returned to their congregations, and are laboring in season and out of season, for the welfare of humanity.—A most decidedly American vein is claimed and given to everything which becomes popular.—The masses are becoming alarmed at the astounding frauds and falsehood, debauchery and drunkenness, which have prevailed, and without regard to old party lines or sectarian prejudices, are disposed to enter the lists against the retrograde movement which the New York world has been making for the last two years.

Sudden deaths in great numbers, and severe misfortune without discrimination have awakened thousands to the realization that there is considerable of "the fleeting show" about this world which has not been taken into account. They have become tired of reading details of murders perpetrated by gentlemen during a spree or drunken brawl;—tired of paying taxes to support or provide resting places for the vicious; and there is a decided disposition to arrest evil instead of tasking all the energies of the body politic in punishing it.

In the financial world, this week is to be the hardest of the year. November first is quarter rent day, when millions of dollars must change hands or business come to a stand; failures have already been immense, and must, no doubt, continue. Bogus institutions go down of course, and along with them come more worthy who have been duped either by knaves or their own sanguine hopes and speculations. The Russian war and the Eastern question, whether France whips the Czar, or John Bull swallows Turkey or the autocrat, all three seem a matter of little consequence to the present population here.

An indictment for bigamy has been found against quite a distinguished chemist, an Englishman, by the name of Deck. He has, however, escaped to practice the gay Lotarians elsewhere. He is old and ugly, but cunning, and like Hamlet's uncle, seems to charm the fair to their own destruction.

The new Opera of Lemiramide was entirely

successful at the Academy of music. This building has just been finished, and the interior presents the most magnificent appearance of anything of the kind in America. One can scarcely conceive of anything more grand than the dome, yet the arrangement of the seats is very imperfect, and in that particular, there is decidedly a deficiency.

Prices of provisions still maintain former rates, and from short crops in the west, are like to continue for the next twelve months.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

HAMPDEN SS.

To either of the Constables of the Town of Chicopee, in the County of Hampden.

GREETING.

IN the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are directed to notify and warn the inhabitants of the Town of Chicopee, qualified by the Constitution and Laws to vote for Governor, Lieut. Governor, Senators, and Representatives to the General Court, to assemble in Cabot Hall, in said town, on Monday, the thirteenth day of November, instant, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at which time and place the meeting will be opened, then and there to act upon the following articles, viz:

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

ART. 2. To bring in, to the Selectmen of said town, who will preside in said meeting, their votes for a Governor, and Lieut. Governor of this Commonwealth; two Senators for Hampden District; one Representative for the thirteenth Congress of the United States; and for one or more Representatives, to represent said town in the General Court of this Commonwealth, to be holden in Boston on the first Wednesday in January next, all on one ballot.

ART. 3. To bring in their votes for one Commissioner for the County of Hampden. And you are directed to serve this warrant by posting attested copies thereof in seven public places in said town, seven days at least before the time of holding said meeting; and by publishing the same in the Chicopee "Weekly Journal," a newspaper published in said town.

Hereof fail not, but of this warrant, with your doings thereon, make due return to us, at the time and place of holding said meeting.

Given under our hands, this first day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four.

NATHANIEL CUTLER, Selectmen
BENNING LEAVITT, of
T. W. CARTER, of
AUSTIN CHAPIN, of
JOHN H. SMITH, of
Chicopee.

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

Notice to Voters.

The Selectmen hereby give notice that they will be in session on Saturday, 11th instant, at the Chicopee Falls Hotel, from 10 o'clock, A. M., till 12 o'clock, M., and at their office on same day from 2 till 4 o'clock, P. M. Also at their office on Monday, Nov. 13th, the day of the meeting, from 8 till 9 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of revising and correcting the list of voters of the town of Chicopee, as the law requires. A list of voters will be posted in each of the post-offices in the principal villages of the town, seven days before the day of meeting, and voters are invited to examine said list, and if their names do not appear thereon, to make personal application to the Board at either of the meetings above named.

Per order of the Board,
J. R. CHILDS, Clerk.

NOTICE.

The Assessors of the Town of Chicopee give notice that they will be in session at their office on Saturday, the 11th inst., from 2 till 5 o'clock, P. M., to consider any petitions that may be presented for abatement of taxes for the year 1854.

R. E. BEMIS, Assessors
C. ALBRO, of
R. MOSHER, of
Chicopee,
for 1854.

JOHN STANLY.

Mr. John Stanly, on retiring from the charge of his room in the Dwight Mills was presented by those under his employ with sixteen gold dollars, as a token of esteem. Few men have the ability of Mr. Stanly in his particular vocation, and the kindest wishes of many sincere friends will accompany him to his new field of labor at Salmon Falls, N. H.

POLICE REPORT.

Monday, October 30, David Lahey was arrested by officer Wheeler, and arraigned before A. Doolittle, Esq., charged with committing an assault and battery upon Thomas Donlin. Found guilty, and was ordered to pay a fine of \$1 and costs, amounting in all to \$6.37, which he paid.

CONCERT.

The Amateur Musical Association, of Northampton, consisting of 22 performers, the largest orchestra in Massachusetts, will give a concert at Cabot Hall on Tuesday evening. The fame of the company will undoubtedly secure for it a good audience.

APOLOGY.—We owe an apology to our readers for having such a large amount of advertising; it will not last long, however.

GEN WILSON has finally withdrawn his name from the pending political contest.

DIED.

In this village, Oct. 31st, Clarence, only son of Mr. Samuel Sophia Parsley, aged 2 years & 7 months.

In this village, Oct. 28th, Cecilia Hill, aged 66 years.

In this village, Nov. 1st, William W. Monroe, aged 39 years.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post-Office at Chicopee, Nov. 1st, 1854. Persons calling for any of these letters will please say "Advertised," otherwise they may not get them.

- | A | K |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Adkins E J | Kavane Mauricio |
| Allen Warren | Kane James |
| Adams E O | L |
| Aldrich Edwin | Lee John |
| Begley Maurice 2 | Luickger Dillmann |
| Bissell C S | Leahy John |
| Barstow Geris | Lard Lorenzo |
| Brady Thomas | M |
| Brady Francis | Mallory Roswell |
| Bishop Jesse | Moriarty James |
| Bowker Geo W | Morrison John |
| Barrett Thomas | Manning John |
| Buckley Benjamin | McCormick Wm |
| Bramforts Benj. | McGrath John |
| C | McDermott Parroll |
| Crevedon P T | Mahoney John |
| Cook E | Murphy Michael |
| Clecinery Charles | N |
| Conors James | Nugent William |
| Clay Daniel | O |
| Callanan Patrick | Osborn Samuel |
| Connor Martin | O'Conor Patrick 2 |
| Chandler N S | O'Heay Henry |
| Cariton Amos M | P |
| Carroll Christopher | Pease Sylvester |
| Carroll William | Paul M |
| Connor P M | Perry James M |
| Cowan Fordis | Prentiss P H |
| Clemens Allen | Phillips J M |
| Carver Augustus | R |
| Connelley Timothy | Ready Wm |
| Cowan Michael | Ryan James |
| D | Rice Thomas |
| Divine Francis | Rafolofson James H |
| Denslow Henry | Reed James |
| Davidson G A | Rafolofson Daniel |
| Domoghue John A | Robins B P |
| Dupree F Monsieur | Rudden Peter |
| Driskill Patrick | Russell Horace |
| Divany Michael | S |
| Doland Dennis | Smith Henry M |
| E | Smith Edward P |
| Emerson John D | Smith Franklin |
| F | Smith Samuel 2 |
| Fuller Geo O | Swan Henry |
| G | Strong Mr |
| Gaylord J H | Stearns Chas W |
| Gasser George | Shaw Edward |
| Garwin Michael | Shaw Luther L |
| H | Stevens & Webb Esqs |
| Hawley Nicholas | St Lawrence Pat. |
| Hammond P D | T |
| Howe David | Thomas Frederick |
| Howe A B | Treanor Thomas |
| Hyland James | W |
| Hart John | Whitney W Capt. |
| Hillsboro Geo W H | Welch K |
| I | Wallson James |
| Johnson Wm R | Wells Dexter |
| Joslyn James | Wales Samuel |
| | Wolf Byron |

LADIES LIST.

- | A | M |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Adam H Mrs | Mack Mabel |
| Allen Sarah A | Moriarty Julia |
| B | Motley Elizabeth |
| Bergin Ellen | Morrison Ann |
| Briggs Eunice | Mace A |
| Beede May | Moriarty Honora |
| Brennan Mary | Monroe Catharine |
| C | Murphy Johannah |
| Cavanaugh Sarah J | McQuade Eliza 2 |
| Calwell Eliza | McMannus Elizabeth |
| Collins Charles Mrs | McGriff Clarinda G |
| Chapin C | McCarthy M |
| Cowles E M | McGuire Catharine |
| Comb Mary Mrs | McKenzie Frances |
| Currin Margaret | Merriek M M Mrs |
| Cooper Margaret | Moran Jarvis Mrs |
| Cavan Catharine | Merrill C O Mrs |
| Clark Caroline Mrs | Malone N B |
| Callity Mary D | N |
| Crown Ann | Naughton J Mrs |
| D | O |
| Denslow Adeline Mrs | O'Lary Mary Ann |
| Dutton Mary G | O'Connor Pat Mrs |
| F | P |
| Fell Ann | Pendergast Thos Mrs |
| Firmin Sarah A | Potter Lucy E |
| G | Powers Margaret |
| Goodell Laura Mrs 2 | R |
| Goodrich L N | Rice Tiriza A |
| Galligan Mary | Riley Margaret |
| Gillespy Ellen | Robinson Abigail 2 |
| Griffin Ellen | Reed Mary H |
| Gregory Susanna | S |
| H | Sawyer Caroline F |
| Hartney Bridget | Swain Louisa Mrs |
| Houharen Mrs | Steven Elizabeth |
| Healey Ellen | Sawyer Amanda |
| Harris Fanny | Scott Elizabeth S |
| Hyde Cynthia | Sullivan Eliza 2 |
| Hitchcock Harriet | Stevens A J Mrs |
| Hughes Sylvia | Squares Salina Mrs |
| Halstat Harriet | Smith Mary B Mrs |
| J | Sackett Julia Mrs |
| Johnson Mary A | T |
| Johnson Athalia Mrs | Tattle Pebe |
| Jourdan Mary L Mrs | Tripp Sarah A |
| Justin T D Mrs | Town Harriet C 2 |
| Johnson Lavan Mrs | W |
| K | Wood Ellen E |
| Kelley Harriet | Woodruff Mary Mrs |
| Kennedy Timothy Mrs | Wright Esther A |
| Kennedy Alice | Warrillow Julia Mrs |
| Kay Mary | Wait Martha |
| Kelchan Johanna | Wait Myrana |
| L | |
| Lagrove M Childa | |
| Lyon Geo Mrs | |
| Laney Helen | |
| Lewis Almira | |

W. W. JOHNSON, P. M.

REMITTANCES

To England, Ireland or Scotland
MESSRS. BLAKE, HOWE & CO., No. 4 State Street, Boston, draw bills upon George Peabody & Co., payable in London, Liverpool, or Dublin, charging at the rate of five dollars the Pound sterling, for any sum from one Pound upwards, which bills are available for remittance, to any part of England, Ireland, or Scotland.

Bills are for sale, and will be forwarded by mail, or otherwise, as may be requested, WM. W. JOHNSON, P. M., Agent. Chicopee, Oct. 28-3m

MUSICAL.

R. B. NAGLE would inform his friends that he has no more prepared to give lessons on the violin on his leisure evenings, from 6 to 9 o'clock, at his residence, 50 Perkins street.

Patrons supplied with music. Chicopee, Oct. 28-3m

To all Whom it May Concern.

HEREBY give notice that I have given my son, HORACE H. PIERCE, his time during his minority, and shall claim none of his earnings, or pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

J. H. PIERCE.

HAVE YOU READ?

THE NEWSBOY? Nov. 4-3t

Cisterns and Pipes in a Sanitary Point of View.

By Robert Dundas, M. D., F. R. S. L., and Professor of Chemistry in St. Thomas' Hospital College, London.

[The following are notes of evidence, in the case of Loch Katrine Water Bill, before a recent committee of the House of Commons.—The Corporation of Glasgow are desirous of obtaining the pure water of that romantic lake for a supply for the inhabitants; but the plan was opposed, on the plea of its great purity, and consequent rapid action on lead. This objection has been shown, by the present and other evidence, to be visionary.]

Having been consulted on the subject of the supply of water to Glasgow, Gorbals, Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Stirling, London, Newcastle, Swindon, Liverpool, &c., and very extensively on the sanitary condition of waters, the subject of the action of water on lead has for many years been familiar to me, and I have had considerable opportunities of meeting with cases where paralysis had been produced by the action of lead on the human system. As far as I can ascertain from the experience of hospitals, the occurrence of disease from the corrosion of lead pipes is an exceptional circumstance, if it has ever occurred in these institutions, the general cause of affections from lead being occupation in white-lead manufactures.

Waters, from whatever source, appear to act on a freshly-polished surface of lead. Thus, I have found the water taken from the Thames, Clyde, Gorbals water-works, Kyles river, Paisley water-works, Giviel river, sources in the neighborhood of Glasgow, to act on lead; the greatest amount of saline matter in these specimens being in that of the Thames, which contains about 22 grains of solid residue in the imperial gallon, while the Giviel contains only about 7 grains. Again, I find the water from a well at St. Thomas' Hospital, London, to act very sensibly on a fresh surface of lead, although the solid constituents in the gallon amount to about 100 grains. This experiment is further corroborated by a circumstance in reference to a well, respecting which I was consulted several years ago in Glasgow. The wells of Glasgow, like all those of large cities, are known to be impure. They contain from 15 to 100 grains of salts in the imperial gallon, and yet, on one occasion, water was brought to me which had been pumped through a new lead pipe from a well in a garden, which contained a considerable quantity of oxide of lead diffused through it. I inferred that the oxide of lead was principally in suspension, from the fact that when the water was filtered through a single paper filter, no lead could be detected in the water when it had passed the paper; and it is a well-ascertained fact that water, contaminated with oxide of lead, is entirely freed from it by permeating a filter of sand. All these facts relate to lead possessing a bright surface. For lead, when allowed to remain in these waters for a few days, ceases to suffer appreciable corrosion; or, if the lead is removed from the water, exposed to the air and afterwards immersed, but an insignificant action, if any, can be detected.

Loch Katrine water I examined several years ago, when it was proposed to be introduced for the supply of Glasgow. I considered it then, as I do now, a water admirably adapted for domestic use, and I have not had my opinion in the slightest degree affected by the laboratory experiment exhibited on the committee's table, as I am convinced, from my acquaintance with the subject, that if the Loch Katrine supply had been introduced into Glasgow, nothing would have been heard of its influence on lead. I found it to contain about 2 grains of solid matter in the gallon, its main constituents being organic matter, common salt, sulphate and carbonate of lime.

When lead, with a clean, bright surface is introduced into it, the lead is rapidly acted on, and white scales of oxide fall to the bottom of the vessel in which the experiment is made.—When such water with the suspended oxide of lead is passed through a double filter of paper, the oxide is detained on the filter, and little or none seems dissolved in the water which passes through the paper. Hence it would happen, that should any corrosion occur on the first use of new lead cisterns, the insoluble oxide will be deposited at the bottom of the cistern, and will only intermingle, in a trifling degree, with the contents of the cistern; while in old cisterns, or after the new cisterns have become tarnished, no action will occur. But to prevent any corrosion on the first using the cisterns or pipes, the plan sometimes adopted at Tunbridge Wells might be had recourse to, of brushing over the fresh surfaces with a coating of lime. No description of water could be purer or better fitted for a beverage, or for culinary purposes, than the water supplied by lead pipes to the Trossachs Hotel, at Loch Katrine, where I lately tasted it when inspecting the experiments made under the charge of the engineer, at the outfall of Loch Katrine.

Irrespective, then, of the probability that the Loch Katrine water will lose much of its corrosive power by its contact with the various strata over which it must pass in the conduit, during its flow to Glasgow, I am of decided opinion that no more permanent danger is to be apprehended, in reference to health, from the transmission of the water through lead pipes, and detention in lead cisterns, than there is in the case of other waters supplied to towns. I may add, however, that I have always recommended the substitution of iron and other materials, as water-pipes, as much as possible, for lead; and, even where lead is employed, that it should be alloyed with tin.—London. Lancet.

Wiggins says that Americans have strange modes of salutation. When a friend meets a friend in the street, he extends his hand and asks, "how do you do?" The other replies, "how do you do?" They both, apparently satisfied, pass on, although not one whit the wiser concerning each other's health.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

HAMPDEN SS.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners of Hampden County, held at Springfield, in said county, on the first Tuesday of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-four.

WHEREAS, upon the petition of ALONZO WATT, and others, heretofore presented, representing that the way leading near the Connecticut River House, in Chicopee, and passing by the house of Thomas Dalany, and terminating in the road from Springfield to Chicopee, near the Catholic burying ground in Springfield, is narrow, crooked, indirect, and inconvenient, and praying the Commissioners to widen, straighten, or new locate said road, and discontinuing such part, or make such alterations as may be necessary; and after due proceedings had thereon, it hath been adjudged by the County Commissioners, that the common convenience and necessity require that the prayer of the petitioners should be granted.

HENRY M. HERRICK ordered, that notice be given to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet at the Cabot House, in Chicopee, on Friday, the twenty-first day of November next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of locating said highway, and discontinuing, by publishing an abstract of said petition and this order thereon, in the Weekly Journal, a public newspaper printed in said county, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before the said twenty-first day of November.

And it is further ordered by the County Commissioners, that the Sheriff of said county, or his Deputy, serve the Clerk of the town of Chicopee, a copy of said petition and this order, thirty days at least— and post up abstracts containing the substance thereof in two public places in said town of Chicopee, fourteen days at least before the said twenty-first day of November, at which time the said Commissioners will proceed to locate as aforesaid, and will hear all persons and corporations interested therein, who may then and there desire to be heard, and assess such damages as in their opinion may be just and proper, by reason of the location of said road.

Attest, GEO. B. MORRIS, Clerk. Oct 14-54

Attention! Housekeepers!

WILSON & CO.

ARE now opening a very large stock of Goods particularly adapted to winter wants. RALES OF BROWN SHEETINGS—every width and quality—by the bale, piece or yard. CASES BLEACHED SHEETINGS and SHIRTINGS—English and American manufacture, 4 to 2 1/2 yards wide. TABLE LINENS—Spreads, Napkins, Doilies, Towels—a very fine assortment, including some of the best goods ever offered in this market. BED LINENS—Linen sheetings, Pillow Case Linens, different width, warranted pure Linen. WHITE QUILTS—English and American, every quality and size. Toilet Covers, Piano, Table and Stand Spreads. BED BLANKETS—every size and price. FLANNELS—Crash, Hucaback, Diapers, &c. CURTAIN GOODS—complete variety. Curtain Muslins, Damask Brocades, Cambrics, Furnitures, Gilt Cornices, Bands, Looms, Tassels, Curtain Fixtures, Painted Shades, &c. CARPETINGS—Now receiving the largest stock in this part of the State, direct from the carpet mills, importers and agents. New patterns, including every grade from the most common to the most elegant, or Velvet Tape try, Bookings, Crumb Cloths, Rugs, Mats, Stair Rugs, &c. OIL CLOTHS, from 12 to 24 feet wide. Cloths to fit rooms in one piece. ROOM PAPERS—the best stock in the city, every style and price. GEESE FEATHERS—warranted to give satisfaction. MATTRASSES—Best hair and other kinds, for sale.

The above comprises the largest stock of these goods in the city or county; they are well known, just bought, brought cheap, and dry goods, Wholesale and Retail, Great Dry Goods Store, Brown front, opposite Hampden Hall, Springfield, Mass.

No. 5 we are now receiving New Fall Goods and opening Rich Silks, Shawls, Dress Goods, Velvets, &c. Sept 25-54

NOW-A-DAYS.

No. 5 Merchants Row, near the Post-Office. CONSTANTLY ON HAND

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers. In fact, for workmanship, durability, or price, can compare with any in Chicago or California, and our self. I pay particular attention to custom work, and all work done at my shop warranted, at the sign of the Red Top Boot, No. 5 Merchants Row, Chicago, Aug 5-54

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. References—Dr. W. Sweeney, M. D., A. H. Collins, M. D., Springfield. Wm. Gardner, M. D., Walter Williams, M. D., Rev. M. G. Clark, Philadelphia.

CRAMP AND PAIN KILLER.

The world is astonished at the wonderful cures performed by the CRAMP AND PAIN KILLER, prepared by CURTIS & PERKINS. It has never been known for removing pain in all cases; for the cure of spinal complaints, cramp in the limbs and stomach, rheumatism in all its forms, biliousness, chills and fever, sore throat, and gravel. It is decidedly the best remedy in the world. Evidence of the most wonderful cures ever performed by any medicine are on circulars in the hands of our agents.—You may positively cure of relief if you use it.—Millions of bottles of this medicine have been sold in New England the past six or eight years—it is now for the first time being introduced into all the principal towns in New York.

WILD CHERRY BITTERS.

For the cure of Bile and Jaundice complaints, and general debility. They quicken the blood and give new life and energy to the whole system. Price only 25 cents in 7½ Bottles. Sold by Dr. Curtis & Perkins 149 Chamber St. New York, Wholesale agents for the above medicines, Agents—C. F. Kent, Chicopee and Chicopee Falls, Warren Smith Chicopee, and by druggists and dealers in medicine generally. June 10-54

NOTICE.

I HEREBY give notice, that I have given my son, GEORGE M. SMITH, his time, until he becomes of age, and shall claim none of his wages, nor pay any debts of his contracting, after this date.

MARY M. HENDRICK. Chicopee, Oct. 7-54

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

For the Nervous Affections, Convulsions, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, &c. that attend this period of children, she recommends it as sure to produce the desired effect, giving

REST TO THE MOTHER.

And Relief and Health to the Infant. A child on Congress-Street was cured by the Soothing Syrup, of Infantile Dysentery or Diarrhoea after given over by the attending Physician. Mr. Blackman of Edgington says, "It has NEVER FAILED TO CURE Dysentery in Children whenever used in the village. Lots of it is sold."

One parent informs me his child has suffered to an alarming extent with Flatulence or Wind Cholice—Lately they have used the Soothing Syrup, and it always effects a speedy cure. Hundreds of like instances might be enumerated. MOTHERS TRY IT

In every town where it has been sold. For sale by Boyd & Paul, Curtis & Perkins 149 Chamber St. New York, Wholesale agents for the above medicine. Agents—C. F. Kent, Chicopee and Chicopee Falls, Warren Smith Chicopee, and by Druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

CONNECTICUT RIVER RAILROAD.

Passenger Trains Leave Albany. For Springfield, Worcester and Boston, 6 a. m., 9 a. m., 12 p. m., 3 p. m., 6 p. m., 9 p. m. For Springfield, Worcester and Albany, 6 a. m., 9 a. m., 12 p. m., 3 p. m., 6 p. m., 9 p. m.

For Northampton and way stations at 6.25 and 7.30 a. m., 12.05, 1.50 and 9.10 p. m. For Chicopee Falls, at 7.45 a. m., 12.05, 2.10, 6.15 and 7.10 p. m.

For Springfield, at 9 a. m., 11.30, 3.20, and 7.40 p. m. Leave Northampton for Springfield at 6 and 12.10 a. m., 2.43, and 6 p. m. Greenfield, for Springfield at 10.13 a. m., 5.13 p. m. connect with express trains for New York. Keene for Springfield at 7.15 a. m., and 3.15 p. m., with express trains for New York. Brattleboro for Springfield at 9.25 a. m. and 4.25 p. m., with express trains for New York. The trains leaving Springfield at 6.25 a. m. and 12.05 p. m., and Northampton at 2.43 and Greenfield at 12.50 p. m. are Freight Trains, with Passenger car attached.

Stages leave Northampton for So. Hadley, So. Hadley Falls, and Mount Holyoke Seminars, a general variety of articles such as usually for sale at such places. Also, Musical Instruments, and trappings for such. A large and well selected assortment of Sheet Music and Instruction Books, at Springfield prices. Every kind of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted, at short notice.

Sign of Large Watch, Exchange street, Chicopee, Aug 12-54

NEW HAVEN, HARTFORD AND SPRINGFIELD RAILROAD.

Passenger Trains Leave Hartford and New Haven. For Springfield, at 7.30 a. m., 12.30 p. m., 3.30 p. m., 6.30 p. m., 9.30 p. m. For Springfield, at 7.30 a. m., 12.30 p. m., 3.30 p. m., 6.30 p. m., 9.30 p. m.

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"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 DEVINE'S REMEDY!

This is that which has 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 life, check the ulceration and raise the patient to health.

Certificates of cures to be relied on, found in the circulars left with the agents—and the public may be assured we shall never publish anything we do not believe entitled to the fondest 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 WM. DEVINE, the original discoverer, corner of S. D. FULLER & CO., 3 Tremont Temple, Boston, Proprietors.

The Depot for Dr. Hibbard's Wild Cherry Bitters; Dr. Hibbard's Pills and Circassian Balm; Fowler's "Macaronik," a sure cure for any kind of Piles; Yankee Extract, for erasing tar, grease, or Dr. Cornell's Pain Expeller; also a large variety of Populace, and all kinds of cheap cash or approved credit.

Sold by C. F. Kent, and J. S. Bagg, Chicopee, Oct 22-54

NOTICE.

ALL persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the undersigned are requested to call and make payment immediately.

J. P. BUCKINGHAM. Oct 11-54

Over 100,000 Boxes sold in 5 Months DEVINE'S COMPOUND Pitch Lozenge.

The Great Remedy is at Last Discovered. For Coughs, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Costiveness, and Consumption.

CERTIFICATES of cures may be found in the circulars, and the world is challenged to produce such cures as are effected by faithfully using this cheap and pleasant remedy.

Manufactured by S. D. FULLER & CO., 4 Wilson Lane, Boston, Mass.

P. R. SLATER & CO., general wholesale and retail agents for the State of Massachusetts. Sold by druggists and merchants generally throughout the country; also, by the manufacturers, No. 4 Wilson Lane, Boston, Mass. Sept 22-54

By Royal Letters Patent. THE HYDROMEGEN. OR WATERPROOF, ANTI-CONSUMPTIVE CORK SOLES.

MANUFACTURED BY HARCOURT, BRADLEY & CO.

44 Market Street, Manchester.

Principal Warehouse, 102 Water Street, Chelsea, London. American Establishment, 38 Ann Street, New York, U. S.

The Hydromegen is a valuable discovery for protecting the feet from damp or cold, and therefore a preventative of many Lung diseases, without any doctored salve. The Hydromegen is the form of a sole, and wears inside the boot or shoe. Its medicinal character is a powerful antidote to disease.

For Gentlemen it will be found agreeable, warm, and elastic, to wear in the coldest winter weather, as the foot cannot become wet if the Hydromegen is inserted. Ladies may wear the lightest soled boots or shoes in the most inclement weather with impunity; while Consumption, so prevalent among the young of our country, may be thwarted by their general adoption. It is especially useful to the latter, as the latter cause the feet to perspire in a very unhealthy manner; and, besides, are not dangerous wear to pedestrians in icy weather, like India rubbers—while the latter causes the feet to perspire extremely large, the Hydromegen, being a mere thin slice of cork prepared, peculiarly placed inside, does not increase the size of the feet, or cause them to appear untidy. To children they are extremely valuable, as they may engage in exercise with comfort and health. 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