



Poetry.

From the Christian Register. DREAMS OF THE PAST.

Often, at the silent midnight, When my thoughts have banished sleep, While the moonlight still glimmers, And the stars their vigils keep; There appears a vision holy, In the twilight of my room, And an angel form of beauty Disappears the deepening gloom.

Then this beaming, bright-eyed spirit, Takes me gently by the hand, And she leads me without speaking To a happy, sunlit land, In those golden, fair dominions, Regions of the past I see, And the forms that blessed my childhood, Come once more to visit me.

Then appears the dear old homestead, With its ivy-covered walls,— Now the fruit of that old orchard To the ground unheeded falls. Where is now the sainted mother? Ah! her smile has faded from me, She no longer sooths our sorrow, She no longer shares our glee.

There my little angel sister Frolicked with me, hand in hand; Now a glorious, happy spirit, She has joined a heavenly band. But her song's scaphic sweetness Hovers round me everywhere, And I think I see the waving Of her golden-tressed hair.

In those gloomy, dark, old forests, Where the sunlight gilds the trees, Once I loved to hear the murmur Of the soothing summer breeze, Now the glorious scenes of nature, Do not seem as those of old; Now I never see such sunsets, With their purple blend with gold.

How we held our breath to listen To the falling drops of rain, When they beat upon the house-top, Or came patter'ng 'gainst the pane! And I never heard the beating Of the rain upon the roof, But I think of that old homestead, And recall my golden youth.

Thus youth has fled forever, Memory still remains to me, Still I see my childhood's cottage— Still my mother's smile I see; And my little loving sister Has become an angel bright, From her seraph's home she draws me— Draws me ever towards the right.

Select Tales.

ROSEFORD;

Aunt Ruth's History.

Roseford—is it not pretty? A darling dale, held captive by tall watchful trees, and huge granite rocks; a wayward stream not dignified enough for the title of river, escaping the hills with parting kisses from sighing flowers; here hiding in the maples peeping in and out, there dashing forth, breaking all into dimples, with a glad song for the valley; a red house, some half a dozen white ones, and many more black with the yearly touch of time, scattered along the stream, and in willowy nooks throughout the valley. Roseford is pretty that you cannot deny. But I see you wish to particularize; your eye already rests curiously upon that bright object rising above a tuft of trees, and surmounted with little bristling minarets. Yes, it does look like a giant's crown, but be careful how you poetize, for a plain-spoken people are gathered here, and crown will not sound well to their republican ears: be- sides, who ever heard of a crown that rested so long and firmly, as has yonder bell- fry on the brow of "the meeting house?" We will inspect them together. There, don't laugh at those small dark doors, and wish you could see a modern-attired belle trying to enter, for this is a venerable, peaceful pile; tradition says it was once used as a fort, when surrounded by whoop- ing Indians, who vainly sought to destroy the devoted band within. Still, it pre- serves "a green old age;" look at those bright vines embracing it so closely, as though with their delicate arms to cover and shield it from further trials. I would chide you for turning so soon from this consecrated place, but you are admiring the magnificent elm in the center of the valley; and it is well worthy your atten- tion, and the scene around it.

Over a hundred years old, those wide- spreading, branches seem rivaling the famed Banyan tree. On the smooth seat round the quaintly-lettered trunk, are seated the old men of Roseford; and many

are the tales they rehearse on cool summer evenings, their reverend heads sometimes bared, and resting on the trusty staff. Many children, too, are there, with joyous hearts, light as the bounding ball they pursue.— You ask, "who is that lady with the red crape shawl and leghorn bonnet, putting a handful of bright cherries into a little pale girl's apron?" Ah, that is my Aunt Ruth—bless those kind busy hands of hers! She is going after William, her husband, who is much older than she is, and the night breeze should not visit his white locks too long. By the aid of his staff, he has risen from among his old companions under the elm, and Aunt Ruth will soon be ready to place within her own, the feeble arm that forty years ago she leaned upon with pride in its many strength.— How her plump, cheerful face contrasts with his so sadly furrowed!

But no gleam of discontent is in his still bright eyes; they bend in grateful confidence upon his humble partner. Now turn to the right, and I will show you their home. Follow with your eyes that long line of apple-trees leaning over the wall. There! I thought you would overlook it! But don't you see about mid- way that the trees are farther apart? Peer through them sharply. Yes, now you can plainly discern the dear little red cottage, with its dark green blinds. Do you say, "What a pity that that circle of trees around it are apple-trees!" Well, I cannot think so; those beautiful round tops contrast well with the large old-fashioned red roses blooming about them. Uncle William always was a sensible man, and I suspect when he planted those trees, he had regard to taste in more than one sense of the word. But the honey-suckle, you surely cannot wish that any thing else; under Aunt Ruth's own training it reached its present exalted station on the roof, from whence it looks gaily down upon large clumps of fringed pinks, "companions of long ago," and upon its neighbor grape-vine, on the rustic arbor, toward which it occasionally waves a hand, probably saying, "Come up higher." But grape-vine knows its duty, though dull-looking, and it will not soon be led away by the gay tempter, who after all can offer no substantial pleasure. Under that same philosophic vine, Aunt Ruth passes much of her time in knitting, sewing and talking; and there one day, I became acquainted with her history, which if you wish, I will in turn relate to you.

Out of respect to my good Aunt Ruth, you will please remember that nothing which I shall repeat complimentary to her- self, ever fell from her own lips. No indeed! She only gave me the modest outline of her life, and her old schoolmates eagerly furnished the rest. From them I know, that little Ruth Landell was not only the pride of her wid- owed father, but of the whole valley throughout; and that wherever her blue eyes and glossy flaxen curls appeared, there a gleam of sunlight would seem to have suddenly fallen. As she approached womanhood, her mirth, kindness and sym- pathy, saying nothing of her rosy cheeks and lips, made her a general favorite. She was just sixteen, when farmer Landell called her to him one morning and said, "Well, Ruth, do you want to go to school next Monday?" "Yes, father, but I thought I had finished going."

"Ah, Ruthy! well, you are a pretty good scholar, I know, ha! ha! They say though, that the new teacher is a little extra. I am sure his writing is extra fine, for I can't read it without my specs." "A male teacher, father; we have never had one before; what is his name?" "William Lile; I remember him when his father and mother died—a fine boy; since then he has been in Freeburg; now he tells me he is thirty; how time passes." "Father, I had rather stay at home this summer."

"What for child?" Ruth's beaming countenance had fallen several degrees, when she replied, "Be- cause I don't like Mr. Lile, he looks so so- ber and dignified."

"Oh, you wild bird! he is just right to take charge of your roguishness; but where have you seen him?" "He came into mother Dane's, while I was there, with some flowers, yesterday." "Well, well, you'll think different be- fore Monday, I'll be bound; now get your father the big white pitcher, for he must go to work;" and farmer Landell

proceeded to the well, where the old sweep creakingly obeyed the vigorous jerks from his brown hand, and quickly disappeared with the ready bucket; "then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing, and dipping with coolness it rose from the well." He filled his pitcher, swung his scythe across his shoulder, all the while humming an old tune, and directed his steps to an undulating field of bright waving grass.

When he was gone, Ruth sat down in the shady porch with a book in her hand; perhaps you are thinking it was a novel; then you are vastly mistaken, she never read one in her life: it was her "diary," she always kept one, and now I thank her for it. Much pleasure I have had in perusing those pages, where not only incidents relating to herself are recorded, but to many of her companions; and many a little romance is there, confirming the saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction," even in quiet Roseford. But that morning she was writing what nearly concerned her- self; and these are her very words—"Dear me, I can never recite to Mr. Lile; his bright eyes seem to read one's thoughts at a glance. I fairly trembled when he spoke to me though his voice was very pleasant when he addressed me as 'young miss.' I really fancied I was dignified enough at the age of sixteen, to be called a young lady; he has dignity sufficient for fifty deacons. Perhaps he thinks to gov- ern us by a look; we shall see."

Monday morning found Ruth and her chosen friends early in possessions of "the back seat" in the school-house. Ruth had assumed what she deemed her most provoking, care-for nothing look when Mr. Lile came in, but in reality, it was only a snare of demerence, and very becoming to her. He greeted his pupils with a winning smile, very different from the searching, awe-inspiring gaze which Ruth had been preparing to meet with proper independence; and she was com- pletely disarmed. All that day, and the next, and the next, a more attentive pupil could not be desired; although most unwillingly, she owned to herself, I am governed by his look. There was a spice of the mischievous in Ruth's character, and this, with a desire to annoy her teacher in return for the unknown influence which he exercised over her, prompted her to cover the pages of her writing-book with comic pictures, in more than one of which Mr. Lile himself was conspicuous. These kept the little circle around her in a continued state of excitement, betrayed by an occasional stifled laugh.

At night as she passed Mr. Lile, he re- marked, "You have been very busy, Miss Ruth, with your writing this afternoon and I am glad to see you taking your book home to-night—you will improve the fast- er; shall I look at your copies a moment?" A curious smile lurked around his mouth and eyes, and Ruth felt more an- noyed than she could ever hope to make him, when with face and neck deeply crimsoned, she declined. Flitting and various are the emotions of a young girl approaching seventeen, and Ruth Lan- dell, as the time sped on, was trying to understand hers: she was herself puzzled, and with all her frank ways and her open countenance, was a puzzle to her teacher. He had won the love and respect of nearly all the young minds entrusted to him, and in spite of the allurement presented by the prospect of a long vacation, there were many sorry little faces gathered around him, on the morning of "the last day of school."

But Ruth was weeping alone in her own room; she was aroused by the slow striking of the "old clock on the stairs." Hastily bathing her eyes, and smoothing back the bright curls, she put on her neat sun-bonnet, saying to herself, "I think Mr. Lile has not read me, and I will be wilder than usual to-day, for on no ac- count must he know that I am sorry school is done."

She was true to her word, but William Lile had read deeper than she imagined. Toward the close of the day, Ruth said to Lucy Blake, her seat-mate, "Now don't laugh, Lucy, I am going to throw this at Mr. Lile."

"He will be offended, Ruth." "Well, I shall be very busily studying, when he looks up."

A moment and a white rose bud gleamed in the air—then fell against the chest- nut hair of Mr. Lile—and dropped upon

his shoulder. He quietly removed it, and turned from the black-board.

It needed not a glance at Ruth's glow- ing face, and the leaves in her hand, to know from whence it came. Already she repented the act, but stepping to her side, he whispered something in her ear. For the first time in her life, she was request- ed "to stop after school."

Many unenviable emotions at once por- trayed themselves on her face, remaining there until school was closed. What was said that night, was never told; but a little girl who returned for a book, af- firmed that she "saw the teacher take the bud from his bosom, and he didn't look a bit cross either; and that Ruth's face was hid in her hands. Another testified that she met them about dusk arm-in-arm, walk- ing toward Mr. Landell's.

Now whether they are correct or not, I cannot say; but one thing I can say, that is—within six months from the time of her first and last stopping after school, merry Ruth Landell was the wife of that sober and dignified William Lile.

Some smiled, some nodded, but all ap- proved, and farmer Landell was prouder than ever of his child, when he found she had made so good a choice in a husband; but he could not part with his pet, so the old house was somewhat rejuvenated, and the young couple made their home with him.

The life of Ruth, which always was a gush of sunshine, had never flowed so be- fore. William was so kind and attentive, —now she was willing he should read her thoughts, or even govern her by a look. Cheerfulness was the charm of their little household, and Ruth was all cheerfulness. Little she thought that sorrow could ever visit them, until she saw her honored parent, daily growing more feeble and sinking, and at last expiring in the arms of her husband.

This was an unlooked for, and bitter grief; but duty forbade her nursing it. The constitution of William—never strong— had yielded under his accumulated cares, and he became a confirmed invalid.

Tremblingly she pressed her "baby Willie" to her bosom, and murmured, "what if we should be left alone?" But she remembered, that every cloud does not portend a storm; and nobly she sus- tained her cheerful smile, and tender tone, as she bent over the restless emaciated form of her husband, and gently drew her cool hand across his throbbing forehead.

How could he but inwardly bless her! When she wept, it was in secret. Her neighbors were very thoughtful in sending delicacies to the sick man, but they— good people—never dreamed of the utter poverty which stared poor Ruth in the face. She kept it all concealed, and courage- ously hoped to do so, until William should be well and able to teach.

A glance into their empty store-room would have caused many a friend to open his eyes in pure astonishment. One morn- ing, William seemed rather more comfort- able than usual, as he sat in his large arm- chair, and he entreated Ruth to go out and breathe the fresh air.

A former pupil who had called, begged to stay with him, and Ruth pressed a kiss on his pale brow, and taking Willie's lit- tle hand, left the house. She walked slowly by the silent schoolhouse; the door was fast, and torn leaves, and bits of pa- per, rustled mournfully around; everything but her happy visit there, when he who was now so feeble, presided among his willing, youthful subjects, and she could have wept at the contrast.

faintly, "I can move neither hand nor foot."

"Have you any friends here, where you would be carried?" "None, take me anywhere."

Ruth hesitated but a moment—then beckoned to a farmer who was jogging in his ample wagon. He stopped, and she briefly made known to him the situation of the stranger, and requested his assis- tance to convey him to her house. He readily complied, but looked amazed at the idea of her tending two patients vol- untarily. Gently as possible they laid him into the wagon; and Ruth hastened for- ward to apprise William.

The stranger was pronounced by the physician to have broken an arm, beside being very severely bruised.

For more than a month, he received Ruth's kind attentions, in the meantime giving his name as Allan—the owner of the "Allan farms," which he wished had been in Guinea, before he had thought of coming to look after them.

During his stay, Ruth often trembled as she thought of their limited means; still, she managed wonderfully well to con- ceal their situation.

She saw with thankfulness that Allan's blunt, good-humor, had a beneficial effect upon William, who was rather inclined to despond; and with tears of gladness she saw him smile again as of old. He was able to sit up nearly all the day, when Allan signified his intention of leaving them. His kind sentiments and strong good sense had won their esteem, and notwithstanding his presence caused Ruth much anxiety, she was sorry to bid him farewell.

On the morning of his departure he followed her from the room to repeat again his gratitude to her, and beg her to accept a small present, which he wished could repay her for all the tender care he had received from her. She assured him she already felt amply repaid in the benefit she had been to William; and as he placed a roll in her hand, she said—"If you would only give it to him instead of me, I would thank you doubly; it would please him so much, now."

"I will do anything to please you," he responded with his bluntness, and im- mediately entering another room, he said, seating himself, "Well, Lile, although I'm what they call 'an old bach,' yet I would marry to-morrow, if I could get just such another woman as your wife; you smile, and well you may; for the treasure is yours; but I am wedded to business, and now I will introduce my old consort.— Here is a little sum to defray my expenses while here, and here is the deed of the red cottage yonder, and the land that goes with it; which you shall have with these provisos—first, you must be my agent, and take care of 'the upper farm,' which I find is now quite extensive. Sec- ond, you must leave this old shell as soon as your are able. You shall have a fair salary, and the doctor tells me you ought not to teach again; now will you agree?"

"Ah, Allan, I fear such good fortune is as undeserved as unexpected; when I have too often suffered myself to be concerned for the future."

"Never mind, never mind, that's enough my friend—that wife of yours deserves a palace—good morning." And he was gone. For a long time, William could neither speak or move; then a few tears fell upon his pale hand—tears of joy.

Many years have now passed, since William and Ruth Lile moved into the red cottage, with the grateful hearts that have never forsaken them; and very few would now identify girlish looking Ruth Landell, in my own dear, portly Aunt Ruth, nor "baby Willie" in the stout young merchant of Freeburg, who every Saturday night presses his father's trem- bling hand beneath the honeysuckle vine, and receives his mother's hearty kiss.

Mr. Allan still lives a bachelor's life; though unaccountably to his friends, since his visit to Roseford, he has invariably spoken in woman's favor.

Those in health, as well as those out of health, will find the following well worth reading:—

OUT-DOORS AT IDLEWILD, OR, COUNTRY-LIFE WITHIN CITY REACH.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

(For Invalids only.)

Are you quite well, dear reader? Are all those who are dear to you quite well? If so, perhaps you will kindly pass on to another topic, allowing me, under the Idle- wild caption, for this week, to answer a letter from an invalid—the information, thus called for, being interesting to inval- ids only, or to those with precious invalids for whom they feel care. In a world where mortals walk beside Death with a face averted, the sick can talk safely of their sorrows only to the sick. I do not claim, therefore, the attention due to a general topic. Though, with pulmonary consumption for our country's most fatal liability, any experience in eluding or de- feating it, may be of interest to so many, as to be, at least, excusably tedious to the remainder. It comes appropriately from Idlewild. The Highlands around us, I fully believe, are the nearest spot to New York, where the acrid irritation of our eastern and seaboard climate is unsoft. Poke your fire, then, dear delicate reader!—(for you are an invalid, by your following me thus far)—and settle yourself comfortably in your arm-chair, while I lay before you a sad and well written letter from an in- valid:—

O\*\*\*\*, November 21, 1853.

"MR. WILLIS.—Dear Sir: You will perhaps think it presumption in me, an entire stranger, to address you as I now do, but I shall be willing to abide your judg- ment after you have heard my story. I am a Presbyterian clergyman, in feeble health. After five years preaching in one happy parish, my lungs gave out, and I was obliged to give up my calling. By the advice of physicians here and in New- York, I spent two winters at the South, roaming from place to place, but spending most of the time in Jacksonville and St. Augustine, Florida. I was there during the winter of your tour in that region, and on the same sad errand. And I may here say, that I have taken great pleasure in reading, weekly, your record of travel in those parts.

"But I got no essential benefit from the 'Sunny South'—nothing but some dis- gust for it, weariness of travel, and a warmer love for the North and for my home. Neglecting further medical advice, I bought, two years since, a pleasant site for a country residence in this, my native place, built a house, and devoted myself to tree-planting and gardening of all sorts. This has been my sole employment for two summers. In winter, I warm my whole house moderately, not allowing the mercury to rise above sixty or sixty-two degrees, and connect with this a thorough ventila- tion. I remain within doors most of the time. Between romping with my two children, playing with grace-sticks, bat- tle- doer, etc., fighting imaginary foes with my cane, and the music of a piano, I manage to get regular, daily exercise and recrea- tion. In favorable weather, I also take a brisk walk of a half a mile.

"This mode of life makes me quite hap- py, and I enjoy a tolerable degree of health; but I don't get well. I followed you to Idlewild with much interest, having a fellow-feeling on one point, at least, and watched to see whether you would get the mastery of disease. In your last letter, you say that you are no longer to be class- ed among consumptives. Alas! I can't say as much for myself, I fear. And on reading your lines, I resolved to write to you, as a once fellow invalid, and ask, What has cured you? The doctors ad- vise me to go South and take cod-liver oil, but their prescriptions do me no good, and I improve most when following my own judgment. I spade and hoe, and rake quite lustily, and ride horseback in sum- mer; I cough but little, and eat and sleep as well as ever—but cannot use my lungs, Now, may I trouble you to give me some plain advice—a little of your own daily regimen—if you are willing to do so, an account of what has helped you.

"I consult you, not as a doctor, but as a man of benevolence, knowing by experi- ence the feelings of a young man arrested by disease, and laid aside from the ac- tivities of life.

"If you do not think proper, or find it convenient to address me personally, I beg leave to suggest that you give your friends, through the Home Journal, some of your views and your experience relating to the treatment of pulmonary affections. A large and eagerly attentive audience would listen to your words, I assure you.

"Pardon me, sir, if I have annoyed you by this letter; and if you are willing to do so, please allow me to hear from you, and greatly oblige, yours with true respect, A. D. G."

[To which straightforward and touch- ing letter, the following was the bulk of my reply—not very satisfactory, I fear, though possibly there may be a point or so, in which it is either suggestive or cor- roborative:]—

\* \* \* The politicians teach us how to treat a disease, I think. They do not try to convert the opposing party. They are content if they can keep it in the mi- nority—sure that it will tire, in time, of its want of power, change sides, or disap- pear. The patient who troubles himself least about his disease, (or leaves it en- tirely to his doctor), but who persever- ingly outtrots it by the high condition of the other parts of his system, is the like- liest to recover—and it is of this high condition alone, that I have anything to say. Of twenty who may be sleepless with a cough and weakened with the rais- ing of blood, no two, perhaps, are sub- jects for precisely the same medical treat- ment or diseased in precisely the same locality—though all are called "consump- tives." Our friends the physicians are better geographers than we, as to where the healing is wanted—though they strangely connive at themselves to the same result, taking it for granted that the pa- tient keeps the rest of his body in proper training for recovery. It is medical etiq- uette, I believe, to refrain from any very particular inquiry into this. But, few sick men are wise or firm-minded enough to be safely trusted with their own general condition; and I, for one, came very near dying—not of my disease, but of what my doctors took for granted.

To leave generalities, however, and come to the personal experience which you ask for:

I went to the Tropics, as a last hope to cure a chronic cough and blood raising which had brought me to the borders of the grave. I found a climate in which it is hard to be unhappy about anything— charming to live at all—easy to die. (At least, those who were sure of dying, and did die—and in whose inseparable company I thought I was—were social and joyous to the last.) The atmosphere of that Eden-land, however, is but a pain-still- ing opiate, while the Equator might be called a kitchen range for a Sardanapalus, and the Antilles are but tables laden with luxuries. The Caribbean Sea is the King- dom of the Present Moment. The Past and the Future are its Arctic and Antarctic—unthought of, except by desperate ex- plorers. Hither are sent invalids, with weakened resolution, to make a pilgrimage with prescription and prudence! You may see by the book I have just published, (Health-Trip to the Tropics,) with what complete forgetfulness of care or caution I made one of an invalid company for months. Was anybody going to be shut up in a bed-room with such nights out of doors. Was any body going to be dull and abstinent with such merry people and a French breakfast or tempting dinner on the table?

I reached home in July, thoroughly prostrated, and, in the opinion of one or two physicians, a hopeless case. Coughing almost the whole of every night, and rais- ing blood as fast as my system could make it, I had no rest and no strength. I lingered through the summer, and, as the au- tumn came on, and the winter was to be faced, I sat down and took a fair look at the probabilities. With the details of this troubled council of war, I will not detain you; but, after an unflinching self-examina- tion, I came to the conclusion that I was myself the careless and indolent neutralizer of the medicines which had failed to cure me—that one wrong morsel of food or one day's partially neglected exercise might put back a week's healing—and that, by slight omissions of attention, oc- casional breaking of regimen, and too ef- feminate habits, I was untrue to the trust which Gray, my friend and physician, had

the ground of his preceptions. And to a minutely persevering change in these comparative trifles, I owe, I believe, my restoration to health. There was not a day of the succeeding winter, however cold or wet, in which I did not ride eight or ten miles, on horseback. With five or six men, I was, for most of the remaining hours of the day, out of doors, laboring at the roads and clearings of my present home. The cottage of Idlewild was then unoccupied and the neighboring farm-house, where we boarded, was of course indifferently warmed, but, by suffering no state of the thermometer to interrupt the morning cold bath, and the previous friction with flesh-brushes which makes the water as agreeable as in summer, I soon became comparatively independent of the temperature in doors, as my horse and axe made me independent of it when out of doors. With proper clothing to resist cold or wet, I found (to my surprise) "that there was no such thing as disagreeable weather to be felt in the saddle; and, when a drive in a wagon or carriage would have intolerably irritated my cough, I could be all day in the woods with an axe, my lungs as quiet as a child's."

With all this—and looking like the ruddiest specimen of health in the country round about—I am still (you will be comforted to hear) troubled occasionally with my sleep robber of a cough; and, in Boston, the other day, on breathing that essence of pepper and cayenne which they call "East Wind," I was seized with the old hemorrhage of the lungs and bled myself weak again. But I rallied immediately on returning to this Highland air, and am well once more—as well, that is to say, as is consistent with desirable nervous susceptibility. The kiss of the delicious South wind to-day (November 30) would be half-lost upon the cheek of perfect health.

I feel I cannot sufficiently convey to you my sense of the importance of a horse to an invalid. In my well-weighted opinion, ten miles a day in the saddle would cure more desperate cases, (particularly of consumption,) than all the changes of climate and all the medicine in the world. It is vigorous exercise without fatigue. The peculiar motion effectually prevents all irritation of cold air to the lungs, on the winteriest day. The torpid liver and other internal organs are more shaken up and roused by the motion of a horse than by a week of feeble walking. The horse (and you should own and love him) is company enough and not too much. Your spirits are irresistibly enlivened by the change of movement and the control of the animal. Your sense of strength and activity, (in which lies half the self-confidence as important,) is plus one horse. With the difference from walking, as to pulling upon the forces of the spine and consequently upon the brain, it is recommended by the best English physicians as much the preferable exercise for men of intellectual pursuits. And last, (I think not least,) the lungs of both body and soul are expanded by the daily consciousness of inhabiting a larger space—by having an eagle's range rather than a snail's—by living a life which occupies ten times square of the earth's surface, rather than that "half mile" which you speak of as the extent of your daily walk. The cost is trifling, as this particular season, much horses are beginning, as they say at the ivery stables, to "eat their heads off," you can buy the best you can want for fifty dollars, and his feed costs thirty cents a day. As the horse and the Doctor are seldom necessities of one and the same man, you may rather find it an economy—apothecary and all.

In that "majority" I have spoken of above, there are, (as in all majorities,) some voters of keeping an eye upon. Briefly to name one or two:—There are so few invalids who are invariably and conscientiously untemptable by those dainty domestic enemies, sweetmeats, pastry, and gravies, that the usual civilities at a meal are very like being politely assisted to the grave. The care and nurture of the skin is a matter worth some study; for it is capable not only of being negatively healthy, but positively luxurious in its action and sensations—as every well-groomed horse knows better than most men. The American liver has a hard struggle against the greasy cookery of our happy country. The impoverished blood of the invalid sometimes requires that "glass of wine for the stomach's sake" recommended by the Apostle. Just speak enough and just nothing more, are important adjustments, requiring more thought and care than are usually given to them. For a little philosophy in your habitual posture you sit in your chair, your lungs would be very much obliged to you. An analysis of the air we live and sleep in, would be well worth looking into occasionally. And there are two things that turn sour in a man, without constant and sufficient occupation upon something beside the domestic circle—the temper and the ambition.

Thus much of my reply to our clerical fellow sufferer may interest you, dear invalid reader. Of the medicine of "Outdoors at Idlewild"—the mingled salubrity of the climate of mountain and river around us—I should have said more to one unanchored in a home and a parish. From one who writes so frankly and sensible as you, we must hope to hear again, however, and with another opportunity, I may again ask for invalid indulgence, and return to the theme.—*Home Journal.*

TRAVELLING.—A strong, lazy fellow, who preferred begging to work, called on a gentleman, in the city, and asked for "cold victuals and old clothes." The man asked what he did for a living.

"Not much," said the fellow, "except travelling."

"Travelling? Then you can travel pretty well?"

"Oh, yes," said the beggar, "I am very good at that."

"Well, then," said the gentleman, coolly opening the door, "let's see you travel!"



### AGENTS, FOR THE JOURNAL.

T. B. PAINE is the Agent for this paper in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and is duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His receipts will be regarded as payments. His offices are in Scollay's Building, Boston, Tribune Building, New York, and North-West corner Third and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

J. M. PERRELLI & 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 122-Nassau street, New York, and 16 State Street, Boston.

### LEGISLATURES.

During the present week the legislatures of several of the States have met and organized. The majority of them under democratic direction. Our own is one of the few exceptions; and the only one, probably, in whose movements our readers feel any great degree of interest. We shall not give a history of the organization of the Massachusetts Legislature in this place, but refer our readers to the communication of our Boston correspondent, which will be found in another column, and we think will pay a perusal.

The selection of Mr Stowe of Springfield for the Clerkship, will be gratifying to his friends in this section, and we have no doubt that he will prove an eminently popular officer.

### PACKING A JURY.

Two of the Jury called to hear the trial of Adeline Phelps, for murder, at Greenfield, were set aside because they were averse to capital punishment. This is what we call packing a Jury. What chance does a man or a woman stand for his or her life when tried before a set of men thirsting for human blood?—men sworn to believe that hanging people is essential to preserving the peace and fulfilling the laws of nature and nature's God. Would a Judge be disqualified from sitting upon a case of such moment if he entertained opinions favorable to the abolition of capital punishment? We should like to know whether it would be proper for the District Attorney to demand the opinion of the Judge on this point. If the Court set aside jurymen because they are unfavorably disposed towards hanging, why cannot the prisoner challenge such Jurors as are known to be believers in hanging? It's a poor rule that won't work both ways; and a poor law that won't afford the prisoner as good a chance for his life as it does the officers of Justice for hanging him.

The above remarks from the Palmer Journal, contain as much sense as we have seen in any of the same kind for many a day. We entirely approve of the reasoning, and hope to see the day when the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ will pervade our laws, and govern our courts, to the exclusion of the doctrine of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

### POLICE COURT.

Daniel M. Moore, was arrested on the 3d inst, and brought before Wm. L. Bemis, Esq., on complaint of A. Doolittle, on a charge of committing an assault and battery on him, on the 30th inst. Being arraigned he plead not guilty, and waived an examination. Fine \$2 and costs of prosecution. Appealed.

We understand that S. Adams, Esq., agent of the Dwight Mills, presented each of those men in his employ who were house-keeping, with a Turkey, for a New Year's dinner.

In addition, we learn that Warren and Morse furnished the Birds; and their excellent quality has been the theme of much animated talk, in our hearing.

The Overseers employed in the Cotton Mills of the Hadley Falls Co., at Holyoke, presented the agent, Capt. Jones S. Davis, with a New Year's token of esteem, in the shape of a beautiful Gold Watch; valued at \$175.

The Surveyor of Highways for the town of Chicopee, has posted a notice, cautioning the boys against coasting on the sidewalks or in the highways. This practice has long been an evil, and a subject of serious complaint. Several accidents have been caused by it, and some injuries inflicted which will accompany the subjects of them to their dying day. We trust that all good citizens will give the officials countenance in this attempt to abate a nuisance.

THE CABOT AND WEST SPRINGFIELD BOND CO., have declared a semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent, from the earnings of the last six months.

CONVENTION OF EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS OF WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS.—We have been for a long time talking about a Convention of the Editors and publishers in this State, for the purpose of cultivating one another's acquaintance, and taking measures for mutual protection. The great advances in the price of labor, and almost every thing else, seems to render it more desirable than ever, that such a Convention should be held at this time. The Editors in this part of the State have nearly all expressed a wish for it, and all that has seemed wanting has been the appointing of a time and place. To make this definite, we therefore propose such a Convention, to be held at Springfield, on Tuesday, the 17th of January next, (Frank-

lin's Birth Day,) at 9 o'clock, A. M. We would invite those from other parts of the State to join us. We trust this will be sufficient to settle the matter, and that our cotemporaries will give notice of the Convention through their papers, and aid in all means in their power.

### H. CHICKERING.

We feel somewhat modest about urging a Convention like the one contemplated by the above call, because we came too recently into the family to be much familiar with its history and wants.

We notice however, that all the journals are thanking Mr. Chickering for setting the ball in motion, and having a great respect for the Editorial corps of Western Massachusetts, as well as seeing the advantage that might arise from such a meeting, we too say, let the meeting be held, by all means; and give Mr. Chickering the credit of having done a good thing. We should be most happy to behold the faces that front the brains whose workings give us so much pleasure weekly, and to grasp the hands that labor so continually for the good of this section of the old Bay State.

### WOMAN'S RIGHTS, WITH A VENGEANCE.

The Stamford Ct. Advocate published an advertisement signed by one Edward H. Jones, wherein said Jones forbade any person's trusting his wife, Sarah A., and farther, contained certain allegations usual in such documents. The following from the pen of his amiable spouse, shows pretty clearly that the woman in question is rather smart, and deserves a far better husband.

Whereas my husband Edward H. Jones, has falsely advertised that I have left his bed and board, and that he will pay no debts of my contracting, &c., this is to inform the public that the aforesaid Edward H. Jones had neither bed nor board for me to leave, he having been living at the expense of my father; and further, under pretence of procuring money to pay his way to Birmingham, Connecticut, he borrowed a dollar of my father and with that paid for his living advertisement against me, and even after this dastardly act, he took all the money I had, and borrowed every cent in my mother's possession, and left the town. For the past three months he has been kept from nakedness and starvation by the exertions of myself and relatives; he squandered in dissipation all the money his inborn laziness would allow him to earn. The scamp need not have advertised that he would not pay debts of my contracting, for the public will know that he would not even pay his own. He is a lazy, ungrateful, leading scoundrel; not content with living at the expense of my relatives and borrowing their money, he publishes an outrageous lie. His bed and board, indeed, I left to himself; he would be nothing but a board, and I should not be surprised if he bed dies on some made of boards, with a strong cross-beam over head.

SARAH A. JONES.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

#### Boston Jan 4th 1854.

FATHERS' CARE.—The first day's work of the Legislature of the Commonwealth is done, and the Whigs are at the helm of the good old ship. The House was called to order by Mr. Babson of Newton, he being the oldest member, and after the proper and necessary preliminary motions and orders, a vote was taken for speaker. Hon. Otis P. Lord of Salem, who was nominated for that office by the Whig caucus on Tuesday evening, received one hundred and ninety-two votes out of two hundred and eighty nine cast, and was declared elected. Mr. Lord was conducted to the chair and made a very brief speech in acknowledgment of his indebtedness to the House for the honor conferred upon him. He would have said more but his health and voice prevented. Mr. Stowe of Springfield, who was also nominated for the office by the Whig caucus, was elected Clerk by a vote of one hundred and ninety seven to about ninety for Wm. S. Robinson, S. and scattering. The Democrats supported Gen. Whitney of Conway for speaker, and the Free Soilers, Samuel Clark of Northboro for the same office. The two branches of the opposition have not as yet united their forces, and there is some prospect that they will not do it at present. They are in such a hopeless minority that they utterly unable to stand up in rank in opposition to the Whigs, and so they seem inclined to fight, each on his own hook in a regular original style. The Senate organized by the election of Hon. Chas. Edward Cook of Boston, President, and Hon. John C. Calhoun of Boston, Clerk. They and Whigs of course, and Mr. Calhoun has held the office of Clerk so long that he, or his party, friends, seem to think nobody else has any right to the office. He may be a good officer, but I doubt the expediency, the necessity or the justice of keeping one man in a particular office till he gets rusty, and a little crusty too, perhaps. However, older heads than mine say it is all right, and I suppose those who are not blessed with silver locks, and who are never permitted to look at the party wires, may as well keep silent. You and your readers will be glad to know that an order was yesterday introduced by Mr. Thompson of Boston, for the appointment of a committee to consider the necessity of amending the Constitution. This is well, and among the things that the Whigs will come up to in the next reform and give the people such changes in the Constitution as are necessary and called for by them. At 10 o'clock P. M. the two branches and Governor and Council, proceeded to the third South, and listened to the election sermon, preached by Rev. Mr. Raymond of Woburn.

### A NEW INTEREST IN TURKEY.

Every body knows what a turkey is, and yet many do not know how much a turkey can be, because he has not appeared to be the same thing to all. Of course I do not mean to insinuate that turkeys are hypocrites, but depend much on associations for what they are to those who are favored with a visit from one of their noble tribe. To a hungry man, a turkey, with the usual "fixens," is no mean answer to his wants; but the want supplied, the turkey may soon be forgotten; or to the laborer and mechanic who obtains these time honored fowls by honest earnings, may they be suggestive of the words of the WISE MAN, "there is nothing better than that a man eat, drink and enjoy the good of his labor." But when he comes as he did on New Year's eve, to some two score of us, employed by the Dwight Manfg. Co., in lieu of a fire "wish you a happy new year," and in due time while the family are gathered around the domestic hearth, the turkey comes to grace it, and make one feel the wish for happiness, why then he is all a turkey can be, and though he will disappear, his message cannot be forgotten. And with what great joyfulness do we

remember the donor—so that while we have hearts to feel and heads to think, will we watchfully seek opportunities to prove to the "Overseer of the Poor" that we are keenly alive to this and many other favors shown us, and that we do well appreciate the generosity of one of the most generous of Adam's race. RECEIPTS.

### Chicopee Jan 7th 1854.

The Rev. S. G. Buckingham of Springfield, will lecture to-morrow (Sabbath) evening, in Rev. Mr. Orviatt's church, at 7 o'clock. Mr. B's lecture will be addressed to young people, the same he recently delivered in his own Church before the young mens Christian association of Springfield.

### "GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

[Where in fictions is there anything more strange than this fact, related in the Musical World, by R. Storrs Willis?]

The following strange incident happened while I was living in Germany. In the neighborhood of Vienna there dwelt a young peasant woman, who supported herself by the cultivation of vegetables, which she disposed of in the Vienna market. She inhabited a small house attached to which was her vegetable garden. Young as she was, she had been married. Her husband had died, leaving her a little girl, who was now just old enough to run about and play with the other children in the neighborhood. The mother was still handsome, and desirous of a second marriage.—About this time, indeed, there was visiting her a young man for whom she had conceived an affection, and whose proposition of marriage she was now beginning impatiently to await. But no proposal was made. A dark thought finally crossed the young woman's mind that there must be some obstacle in the way, and that this obstacle was, in all probability, the child. An unusual struggle of jealousy took place, which resulted in a fearful determination—she would make away with the child! Beneath her horse was a deep cellar, where she occasionally stored her vegetables.

Taking her child by the hand one day, she led it down stairs, and thrusting it inside, closed the door, locked it, and hurried up stairs. The same evening her lover came; they sat chatting together, but no mention was made of the little absentee. The next day, after a desertion of twenty-four hours, the mother went softly down and listened at the door.—The quick ear of the child caught her mother's step, and she implored her to take her out of that dark place—she was so cold and very hungry. No answer was returned, and the mother crept quietly up stairs. In the evening the lover came again. They took supper together, and passed a social evening. After the second twenty-four hours had passed, the mother made another visit to the child. Again the little sufferer heard her, and with feeble voice begged for a crust of bread—only one crust of bread. This pulled a little upon the mother's heart, but her purpose was fixed. Another day passed. The mother went quietly down stairs and listened. All was silent. She opened softly the door—the child lay dead. Taking swiftly the body up stairs, she hid it from her father, and took it to the grave. The neighbors gathered together, telling that their child had suddenly died. And so it seemed. The child was lying in its coffin bestrewn with flowers, brought by the little playmates in the neighborhood, who had come to attend the funeral of their lost favorite. The procession moved towards the quiet Gottesacker, (God's acre) where to be planted this little seed of an immortal flower. A clergyman was in attendance. The mother stood looking down upon the grave, over which the holy man was repeating, with solemn voice, "Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom, come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread." A piercing shriek, and the mother fell with a groan to the earth. Looking wildly around her, she then, in gibbering accents, related to the shuddering throng at the grave the very deed her own hands had committed. She lived not long after. Crazed and smitten by the hand of God, she miserably died—a signal instance of retribution, and a startling lesson upon the words, "Give us this day our daily bread."

THE BYLE OF FALSE TEETH.—Not long since a gentleman who gloried in the appellation of Weigher and Guager to the United States, was employed in measuring a hoghead of molasses on South Market Street. The measurer also had in a fine set of upper teeth fresh from the dentist's laboratory. Just as he drew his measuring stick from the bung hole, he was so very unfortunate as to give a tremendous sneeze. The explosion consequent on this operation had hardly burst from his mouth, when he clapped his hand to his face, and shouted, "where, where's my teeth—my new teeth?" The sneeze had proved too much for the ivory. A vain search was made for the missing teeth, when a bystander remarked that he saw something go, in at the bung hole. A couple of laths were procured, nails driven in, and after two hours' padding in the molasses, the teeth were drawn out all dripping from the dark liquid. This is a true story, but the measurer is not now in office.—*Traveler.*

FIRE IN CHARLEMONT.—Just as the old year was going out, and the new year coming in, between Saturday and Sunday, the new store building of Tyler & Avery at Charlemont, was discovered to be on fire. The flames first appeared through the roof, and as the air was calm, they spread through the building so slowly that the Methodist Society who, at the time the fire broke out, were holding "watch meeting" in the church adjacent, were able to clear out the stock of goods, most of which were saved, partially damaged. The origin of the fire is supposed to have been some defect in the chimney. The building was insured at the Adams Mutual for \$1,000; the stock at the Conway Mutual

for \$2,000, and the loss thereon was adjusted and settled on the next day, Monday.—*Republican.*

### "LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

#### A COURT INCIDENT.

Law—though framed for the protection of society for the individual benefit of its members—often admits of a construction adverse to the designs of the legislators; and in its application, frequently defeats the object which it was designed to sustain. We have, however, numerous instances, wherein honest juries have given their verdicts, conformable to the prompts of justice; and happily, when such decisions have not been too widely different from the expressed rule, they have escaped from the appeal.

We take pleasure in relating an incident, which greatly enlisted our sympathies, held up spoli-bred by its interest, and finally made our heart leap with joy at its happy termination. In the spring of 184-, we chanced to spend a few days in a beautiful inland country town in Pennsylvania. It was court week and to relieve us from the somewhat monotonous incidents of village life, we stepped into the room where the court had convened.

Among the prisoners in the box, I saw a lad but ten years of age, whose sad and pensive countenance, his young and innocent appearance, caused him to look sadly out of place, among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Close by the box, and manifesting great interest in the proceedings, sat a fearful woman, whose anxious glance from the judge to the boy, left us no room to doubt it was his mother. We turned with sadness from the scene, to enquire of the prisoner, and learned that he was accused of stealing money.

The case was soon commenced, and by the interest manifested by the large crowd, we found that our heart was not the only one in which sympathy for the lad existed. How we pitied him! The bright smile of youth had vanished from his face, and now it more expressed the fears of the aged. His younger sister a bright-eyed girl—had gained admission to his side and cheered him with the whisperings of hope. But that sweet voice which before caused his heart to bound with joy, added only to the grief; his shame had brought upon him.

The progress of the case acquainted us with the circumstances of the loss, the extent of which was but a dime—nothing more. The lad's employer a wealthy, miserly and unprincipled manufacturer, had made use of it, as the purpose of what he called "testing the boy's honesty." It was placed where, from its very position, the lad would oftentimes see it, and least suspect the trap. A day passed, and the master to his mortification, not pleasure, found the coin untouched. Another day passed, and his object was not gained. He was however, determined the boy should take it, and so he let it remain.

The continued temptation was too much for the boy's resistance. The dime was taken. A simple present for that little sister was purchased with it. But while returning home to gladden her heart, his own was made heavy by being arrested for a thief!—a crime, the nature of which he knew not. These circumstances were substantiated by several of his employer's workmen, who were also parties to the plot. An attorney urged upon the jury, the necessity of making this "little rogue" an example for others by punishment. His address had great effect on all who heard it. Before, I could see many tears of sympathy for the lad, his widowed mother and faithful sister. But their eyes were all dry now, and none looked as if they cared for, or expected aught else but a conviction.

The accused sat in a very conspicuous place smiling, as if in fiend-like exultation, "over the misery he had brought upon that poor, but once happy trio."

We felt that there was but little hope for him; and the youthful appearance of the attorney who had volunteered in his defence, gave no encouragement—as we learned it was the young man's maiden plea—his first address—He appeared greatly confused and reached to the desk near him, from which he took the Bible that had been used to solemnize the testimony. This movement was received with general laughter, and taunting remarks, among which we heard a harsh fellow close by us, cry out:

"He forgets where he is; thinking to take hold of some ponderous law book, he has made a mistake and got hold of the Bible."

"Justice wants no other book."

His confusion was all gone, and instantly he was as calm and self-possessed as the sober judge upon the bench.

The Bible was opened, and every eye was upon him as he quietly and leisurely turned over the leaves. Amid a breathless silence, he read to the Jury this sentence:

"Lead us not into temptation."

A minute of unbroken silence followed, and again he read.

"Lead us not into temptation."

We felt our heart throbb at the sound of these words. The audience looked at each other without speaking—and the jurymen mutually exchanged glances, as the appropriate question carried its moral to their hearts. Then following an address, which for its pathetic eloquence, we have never heard excelled. Its influence was like magic. We saw the guilty accuser leave the room in fear of personal violence. The prisoner looked hopeful, the mother smiled again, and before its conclusion, there was not an eye in the court that was not moist; the speech affecting to that degree which caused tears—it held its hearers spell-bound.

The little time that was necessary to transpire before the verdict of the Jury could be learned, was a period of great anxiety and suspense. But when their whispering consultation ceased and the happy words, "Not guilty," came from the foreman, they passed like a thrill of electricity from lip to lip—the austere dignity of the court was forgotten, and not a voice was there, that did not join the acclamation that hailed the lad's release!

The lawyer's plea was a successful one. He was soon a favorite, and now represents his district in the councils of the nation. The lad has never ceased his grateful remembrance—and we, by the affecting scene herein attempted to describe, have often been led to think how manifold greater is the crime of the tempter than that of the tempted.—*Home Gazette.*

### FAITHFULNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.

BY ELIZA A. CLARK.

"Is Mr. Harris in?" inquired a plainly but neatly dressed boy, of twelve or thirteen, to a clerk, as he stood by the counter of a large book-store.

The well-paid clerk regarded the boy with a supercilious look, and answered, "Mr. Harris is in, but he is engaged."

The boy looked at the clerk hesitatingly, and then said, "If he is not particularly engaged, I should like much to see him."

"If you have any business to transact, I can attend to it," replied the clerk; "Mr. Harris cannot be troubled with children like you."

"What is this Morley?" said a pleasant looking, elderly man, stepping up to the clerk; "what does the boy want?"

"He insisted on seeing you, though I told him you were engaged," returned the clerk, a little abashed by the manner of his employer.

"And what would you have with me, my lad?" inquired Mr. Harris, kindly.

"The boy raised his eyes, and meeting the half scornful glance of the clerk, said timidly: "I wish to look at the bill of some books which I bought here some three months since. There is a mistake in it, which I wished to correct."

"Ah, my boy, I see," replied Mr. Harris, "you have overpaid us, I suppose."

"No sir answered the boy. "On the contrary, I purchased some books which are not charged on the bill, and I have called to pay you for them."

Mr. Harris folded his arms across his breast, regarded the boy earnestly for a moment, and then asked, "When did you discover this mistake?"

"Not until I had reached home," replied the lad. "When I paid for the books I was in a great hurry, fearing the boat would leave before I could reach it, and did not examine the bill."

"Why did you not return and rectify the mistake?" asked the gentleman in a tone slightly altered.

"Because, sir, I live at some distance from the city, and have not been able to return until now."

"My dear boy," said Mr. Harris, "you have given me great pleasure. In a long life of mercantile business, I have never met with an instance of this kind before. You have acted nobly, and deserve a recompense."

"I ask no recompense," returned the boy proudly; "I have done nothing but my duty, a simple act of justice, and that deserves no reward, but itself."

"May I ask you, what you such noble principles?" inquired Mr. Harris.

"My mother," answered the boy, bursting into tears.

"Blessed is the child who has such a mother," said Mr. Harris, with much emotion, "and blessed is the mother of such a child. Be faithful to her teachings, my dear boy, and you will be the staff of her declining years."

"Alas, sir," sobbed the boy, "she is dead. It was her sickness and death which prevented me from coming here before."

"What is your name?" inquired Mr. Harris.

"Edward Delong."

"Have you a father?"

"No, sir, my father died when I was an infant."

"Where do you reside?"

"In the town of Lincoln, about fifty miles from the city."

"Well, my boy, what were the books which were forgotten?"

"Tactics, and a Latin dictionary."

"Let me see the bill," said Mr. Harris, "I will see to that. Here, Mr. Morley," called Mr. Harris, but that functionary was busily engaged in waiting on a customer at the opposite side of the store, bowing and smiling in the most obsequious manner.

"Edward," continued the kind-hearted Mr. Harris; "I am not going to reward you for what you have done; but I wish to manifest my approbation of your conduct in such a manner, as to make you remember the wise and excellent precepts of your departed mother. Select from my store any ten books you choose, which, in addition to the ten you had before, shall be a present to you; and henceforth, as now, my boy, remember and not despise the day of little things." If ever you need a friend, call on me, and for thy mother's sake I will assist you."

Jeremiah P. Jones of Georgetown, has recovered \$450 in a suit for damages against the city of Lawrence, received from the falling of an awning.

In Vermont all baggage masters and station agents on the railroads are required by law to give "checks" to the owners of baggage, when delivered to their keeping for transportation, under the penalty of ten dollars for each neglect to do so.

One liquor dealer in Boston on Sunday last, commenced a suit against another, to recover the sum of \$3,700, alleged to have been paid for liquors. The plaintiff claims to recover on the ground that the sale was in violation of law, and therefore void.—The defendants refused to give bonds, thus necessitating the sheriff to take possession of the premises. Should the principle contended for by the plaintiff be established by the Courts—a thing by no means impossible—it would open a wide field for operations; and invalidate mercantile transactions to the extent of three millions of dollars in Boston alone.

Roswell H. Howard of Amherst, recently shipped 80,000 bricks via the Amherst and Belchertown railroad for Australia.

F. B. Davis, depot master of the Worcester Railroad at Newton Lower Falls, was killed on Tuesday morning, while opening the gate at that station for a train. The engine struck the gate which had not been opened far enough, breaking it to pieces and killing Mr Davis instantly.

The steam-saw mill, machine shop, and iron foundry, owned by Henry Simonds, in Burlington, Vt., were destroyed by fire on Monday morning. An adjacent dwelling-house was also destroyed.

VIRGINIA TURNIPS.—The Richmond Whig reports a lot of turnips raised in Hanover County, weighing from nine to twelve pounds each.

To Set Colors in cotton and worsted goods—dissolve one table spoonful of ox gall in a gallon of warm water, and wash the article in it, without soap; and the colors will be perfectly fast.

The Boston packet-ship Staffordshire, being on her return passage from Liverpool, struck the Blood Rock, south of Seal Island, Nova Scotia, at one o'clock on Friday morning last. The first and second mate, boatswain, and twelve others, were picked up and landed at Shelburne, N. S. Captain Richardson and the remainder, about one hundred and eighty persons, went down in the wreck, immediately after striking.

At the celebration of the landing of the pilgrims, by the Sons of New England at Charleston S. C. the British Consul offered the following sentiment: "St. George and St. Jonathan—of Saints for the best, Of valor, truth, progress, the types; for May the former's red cross, in the east of the west, Ever blend with the stars and the stripes."

The Society subscribed \$600 towards a monument on Plymouth rock.

Mr. Renben Heath of Len., who works in the paper-mill of Messrs. Ballard & Warden, of that place, on Monday last, caught his left hand in a pair of the gear, by which it was completely smashed, and will have to be amputated.

Hector Jennings, of Sandusky, Ohio, has been notified by his attorney in London, that he is indisposed here to "abate" the Jennings estate in London—about \$60,000,000.

It is the opinion of the Washington letter-writer of the New York Tribune, that the present House of Representatives is decidedly superior in point of talent to any which has assembled there for eight or ten years past. Not only are there more men conspicuous for intellect, but the average grade of intelligence is superior to that of the two or three preceding Congresses.

The Governor, by and with the advice of the Council, has appointed Friday, the 25th of April next, for the execution of James Clough, convicted of the murder of Grace Manchester, at Tamworth, 56th of Dec. 1852. He has been in prison one year.

NAUPE affirms that "lined" was to rule in the reign of king Charles VII; that the queen, alone, could boast of two shifts.

An Irishman, being unbraided with cowardice, said, he had as bold a heart as any man in the army, but, his cowardly legs always ran away with it.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.—Mr. Lamprey, of Northampton, on retiring to rest some time since, being his coat as was his custom, on the bed post. Next morning, having occasion to examine his wallet, which was in his coat pocket, several bills and half of a \$5 were missing, for which he was unable to account, until a few days since Mrs. L. while hearing her oven discovered in the ash place a mouse nest. Thinking she would take a shovel full of coals and burn it, she saw what proved to be three (the dollar bills, one two-dollar bill, half of a five dollar bill, and fragments of other bills, with four young mice wrapped up in the same.

Recent news from Europe has contained an advance

HON. LESLIE COOMBS. Few men have ever gone to congress with more fun and popularity than the Hon. Leslie Coombs, of Kentucky. In the way of anecdote he is unequalled, while his mode of telling stories imparts a tone to them which no one can appreciate who has not made his acquaintance.

Among the 'characters' that Mr. Coombs knows like a book, is old Major Luckey, whose taste for bragging amounts, at times, to the sublime. Whenever the Major has a stranger in the neighborhood, he 'opens wide, and spreads himself,' and with a success that leaves us nothing to desire.

HOUSE FOR SALE. ON MILLER STREET. Will be sold at Auction, by order of Probate Court, on Saturday the 11th day of February...

NO ALCOHOL, NO MINERAL, NO POISON. Or Injurious Substance enters into the Oxygenated Bitters.

THIS INVALUABLE MEDICINE acknowledged by all acquainted with its wonderful efficacy to be the best for the cure of...

THE LADIES' FRIEND. Prof. Mott's Pills. He should be most honored who relieves the most distressed.

PAINTERS' COLIC. or any disease caused by handling or working on lead or type, or using water drawn through Lead Pipe.

TOILET, ENERGY AND HEALTH TO THE ENTIRE SYSTEM. REED AUSTIN & CO., PROPRIETORS.

FOR SALE. A HOUSE, BARN AND CARRIAGE HOUSE, all connected. The house contains 9 rooms, and is finished.

SELLING OFF! THE subscriber will sell, for a few days, looking Glasses, Clocks, Watches, Jewellery, Spoons, and fancy articles...

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

BETTER THAN EVER! MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY. Godey's Lady's Book for January, Putnam's Magazine for January, etc.

WM. L. MORGAN, Teacher of the Organ & Pianoforte. Would be happy to receive a limited number of pupils on the above instruments.

CONSUMPTION! THE above Expectant, prepared by an expert Medical Physician and Chemist, has now become the most valuable and effective remedy for the COMPLEX CURB OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

M. J. SEVERANCE, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office 6-12 Exchange St., Chicopee, Mass.

The Springfield Republican for 1853. HISTORY OF WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS. In addition to every present desirable feature, the 'Springfield Republican' for 1853 will publish...

THE LADIES' FRIEND. Prof. Mott's Pills. He should be most honored who relieves the most distressed.

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"A Splendid Remedy." DEVINE'S COMPOUND Pitch Lozenges. The great remedy in all discovered! CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!

THE MARRIAGE STATE! MOST STARTLING CONSIDERATIONS! Reflections for the Thoughtful.

THE BLOOMING BRIDE. But a few years ago in the flush of health and youth, and buoyancy of spirits, rapidly and mysteriously, becomes a feeble, sickly, debilitated wife, with frigid, cold, nervous, and morbidly depressed, constitutions leaving the impress of suffering, and an utter physical and mental prostration.

Buckingham's Fall Opening. J. P. BUCKINGHAM. TAKES pleasure in informing his friends and the public that he has just returned from New York with a new and splendid stock of Goods adapted to the season.

Ready Made Clothing. Comprising in all the best and most complete assortment of Goods ever before offered by him in this place.

S. W. PARSHLEY, 25 Exchange Street. JUST received and now opening FIFTY CASES SUPERIOR HATS.

Boots and Shoes. We are now receiving a large addition to our stock of Boots and Shoes, and can suit a Man or Boy to anything for an undershoe; Large or Small, Thick or Thin, Low or High, to meet the wants of the most fastidious.

STOVES! JUST received a large and desirable assortment of Cooking and Parlor Stoves, embracing the latest improvements of the season, and selling on the most favorable terms.

Heinisch's Shears. THE subscriber has made arrangements with T. Hester, to keep a better stock of his Shears and Scissors than he has hitherto been kept in Boston, and which he will continue to sell at the moderate price of 25 cents.

Patent Tailor's Shears. Tailors' Trimmers and Points, and Ladies' Banners, Paper Hangers, and Barber's Scissors.

BOOKS AND TOYS For the Holidays! F. BROWN is happy to announce to his friends the good and public, that in anticipation of the coming year, he has supplied his store with the largest stock of BOOKS AND TOYS.

MELODEONS. S. D. & H. W. SMITH'S celebrated Melodeons, tuned in the equal temperament, the harmony of which is so good in the name of the instrument, and so durable, that they are the best Melodeons now in use, and are being sold in large quantities.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY. BELIEF IN TEN MINUTES! BRAYN'S Pulmonic Waters. ARE invaluable in the cure of COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS, DYSPNOEA, and all other AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS.

HAMPDEN SS. In Court of Probate, holden at Springfield, within and for the county of Hampden, on the first Tuesday of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three.

NEW OPENING OF Fall and Winter Goods. N. P. JAMES would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has leased the store recently occupied by N. P. James & Co., and has opened with a new and well selected stock of DRY GOODS.

NEWSPAPERS for 1854. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, New York Times, Boston Herald, etc.

C. F. KENT, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, AND CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

JOHN S. DODGE, Dealer in FISH AND OYSTERS. West India Goods, Teas, Fruit, &c.

Wm. L. & J. W. Hitchcock. MANUFACTURERS of Ladies' and Gentlemen's BOOTS and SHOES in all their varieties.

M. D. WHITTAKER, Attorney and Counselor at Law, CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

VOLNEY WINCHELL, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewellery, Looking Glasses, etc.

CHAS. R. EDD, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office over S. P. Williams Room, Exchange Street, Chicopee, Mass.

J. C. HINSDALE, COUNSELLOR AT LAW, CHICOPEE, MASS. OFFICE OVER THE POST OFFICE.

NOTICE. THE subscriber has opened the Store formerly occupied by Hiram Hitchcock, No. 1 Exchange St., where he intends to keep a full assortment of Groceries and Provisions for family use.

PRIVATE MEDICAL COMPANION. BY DR. A. M. MAURICEAU. PROFESSOR OF SURGERY, AND SURGEON OF THE CHICHOPEE FALLS DISPENSARY.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC. BE NOT DECEIVED. Buy no book unless Dr. A. M. Mauriceau, 129 Liberty Street, N. Y., is on the title page, and the title page is signed by the Clerk of the title page.

NOTICE. WANTED First rate Coat, Vest, and Pant maker, and good immediate and steady employment and good wages, by calling upon, at No. 6 Exchange Street, Chicopee.

ONCE MORE! J. P. CLAGGETT has again returned to Chicopee, and taken the old Store at the head of Exchange Street, a new and complete stock of Dry Goods, Silver and Plated Spoons, Jewellery, etc.

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

BOOTS & SHOES. 10,000 DOLLARS worth in exchange for Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, at No. 5 Exchange Street, Chicopee, Mass.

H. S. TAYLOR, Book and Job Printer. Steam power, Sanford street, next door to the Republican Office, Springfield, Mass.

NOTICE. In compliance with the Law of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, respecting foreign Insurance Companies, the United States Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., is authorized to do business in this State.

NOTICE. The above Goods will be sold as low as can be bought this side of Boston or New York. Please call and see and don't forget the No. 5, Exchange Street. H. S. TAYLOR.

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