

Poetry.

From the New York Tribune. SONG OF HUMANITY. In the God of truth be strong? For the Truth shall perish never; Nor the weak be crushed forever— Right shall triumph over Wrong! Cherish then one bond of union, Live in brotherly communion, Love our neighbor, help our brother, With our watchword, cheer each other, "Be strong!"

Select Tales.

From the Olive Branch ALLANDORF. WOMAN'S DEVOTION. BY MRS. CHARLOTTE HILLBORN.

It was a gala night in the stately mansion of the proud Col. Alston; and its grand old halls sent back the glad vibrations of music and mirth, mingled with light-joyous in the dizzy mazes of the dance. The rich light streamed from costly chandeliers which hung suspended from lofty ceilings, through the graceful folds of silk and damask; piling with their crimson hues the mellow beams from the broad harvest moon, that smiled like a queen, from her diamond-studded throne of royalty.

at the shrine of her beauty, and poured forth in eloquent strains, his deep, unchanging, heart-love, her confiding nature yielded to his wooings; and the deep fountains of her heart gushed forth with a love as pure, holy and unselfish as that of a white-winged seraph. Earnest Allandorf had been a tourist, and spent many years abroad, both for health and pleasure. He had threaded the still, shadowy aisles, where monarchs and nobles had been for centuries reposing in the sleep of death. He had woven many a fanciful wreath beneath the ivy-crowned walls of crumbling towers, and sat dreamily beneath the golden moonlight of a clear Italian sky, listening to the soft, touching, and plaintive melodies of the gondolier, as he plied his oar over the silvery stream, while castle and tower, river and lake, seemed bathed in a flood of golden lava.

Years passed away; and while his eyes and soul became satiated with the wonders and beauties of the old world, his heart turned with yearning fondness to the home of his childhood, and the more familiar scenes of his native land. There, in his gorgeous Southern home, he met his beautiful ideal, the reality of his wildest youthful dreams; and none knew, as he stood beside his pure and trusting bride, so noble, proud and handsome, withal, that his vows had been pledged to a dark-eyed maid of Italy, who pined in hopeless grief beneath the sunny skies of her native land.

More than two years had passed away, and Lilla Allandorf sat in the vine-clad portico of her own beautiful home. It was at the close of a warm, summer day, and she had repaired thither, to regulate herself with the freshness of the evening zephyrs, and feast upon the varied beauties of a Southern sunset, whose departing rays fell, like a gorgeous mantle of crimson and gold, upon the scenery of enchanting loveliness. Her large eyes were fixed upon the scene, visible through the clustering vines and ever and anon, as they scanned with intense delight the clear, blue ether, lustrous with its fringes of ruby and gold, they became liquid with inexpressible sensibility and delight. Her small and richly jeweled hand was clasped in fervent feeling upon her throbbing breast, as involuntarily she knelt in holy adoration, offering a prayer in the soft tones of her lute-like voice.

terminated abruptly by the vine-clad porch where the infant carolled forth his shadowy, sunset joys. For a moment her eyes rested wildly upon the joyous child, then they seemed riveted with an expression of despairing anguish upon the happy mother who that moment had been joined by her devoted husband.

A wild shriek broke the stillness of that pleasant event, as she, the stranger, fell in a deathly swoon, amid the dewy flowers of that fairy home. Lilla was instantly by her side; and her large eyes filled with the tears of sympathy, as she bent tenderly over her, and with fond solicitude raised her beautiful head, all wet with the night-dews. A glittering chain, which encircled the neck of the fair stranger, became entangled in the thick shrubbery; and in trying to disengage it, an exquisitely-wrought miniature case fell from its resting-place, and accidentally the spring parted, revealing the handsome features of—Ernest Allandorf! "My Ernest, my husband!" shrieked Lilla, as she fell fainting in his arms.

Ernest, with surprise and remorse, he instantly bore the lifeless form of Lilla to her own apartment, summoning attendants to watch over her, while he returned to the assistance of the heart-stricken girl, who lay like a crushed flower, within that vine-clad arbor. "Allandorf! Ernest! my own dear Ernest!" she murmured all unconsciously, as the long, silken lashes were slightly raised from the marble cheek; and then a more rigid paleness overspread her pure white brow, as he, the proud and gifted Allandorf, bent tearfully over her as a penitent child, while he folded her again and again to his wildly-throbbing breast.

His parched and burning lips pressed alternately the marble cheek and brow, and the present was forgotten. He remembered only one gorgeous sunset, far away 'neath the blue skies of Italy, and the rose-tinted bower, beneath the frowning turrets of her castle home, where he pledged to her, the fair Violetta, his vows of eternal truth and constancy. "Ernest, dear Ernest," said Lilla, who had for a moment stood pale and trembling by his side, a witness to the deep, uncontrollable emotions of his heart. "Ernest, my own dear Ernest, explain this mystery! Have you wronged her! Have you deceived me, and perjured your own soul! Oh, no, no, it cannot be, idol of my heart!" and she twined her arms carelessly around his neck, while the unrepressed tears fell like crystal showers over his burning brow.

"Leave me, Lilla," he said, when at last he could find utterance. "I have deceived you; and oh! how bitterly I have wronged her! I loved her with a deep and holy love, as though she were indeed an angel, too pure for an earthly affection; and as such I love her still; but oh! how little did I know the strength and devotion of her love for me! When I left her sunny home for my native land, it was with my pledged vow that I would 'soon return, and make her my bride. But oh, Lilla, when I did return to my father's halls, and met you, the brightest star, mid the galaxy of youth and beauty, my heart yielded to the irresistible power of your charms, and I loved, ay, madly, wildly, uncontrollably. I forgot all else, in the desire to possess you, to call you mine. It was the wildest wish of my life, but oh, so delicious! And have we not been happy? ay, so intensely happy, that not even a shadow has rested upon your fair brow, or disturbed the quietude of your joyous heart?"

"This is the first, dearest," murmured Lilla, in a voice scarcely audible; "and oh, it is so fearful, I tremble for the result."

The fair girl sighed sadly, as Ernest tenderly laved her rigid temples with his burning palm; and then, as though she were a thing of ethereal lightness, he bore her to a gorgeous couch within his own elegant and affluent home, where she lay for weeks like the pale drooping lily, unconscious of all that passed around her.

A few days subsequent to these events, a gentleman in disguise rode hurriedly to the court, and flinging his bride haughtily to a servant, demanded an immediate interview with the lord of the mansion.

Allandorf was in the library, and received the stranger with all the ease and grace of a finished gentleman. But when

the visitor threw off his disguise, and stood before him with a look of the deadliest hate, then the affable smile of the gentleman changed to a look of calm, stern defiance, as he raised his tall form majestically above his passion-trembling opponent.

"What of my sister?" asked the stranger, as his dark brow grew darker with rage and hate. "She is safe," answered Allandorf, coldly and haughtily, as he met his withering glance with another look of defiance. "Answer me truly," he said, and his whole frame trembled with passion, as he grasped the jeweled hilt of a glittering poniard.

"Ernest Allandorf, where is my sister? Conduct me to her immediately, or feel an Italian's vengeance!" "Remember, sir," replied Allandorf with the same calmness, "remember that the laws of our great Republic, unlike your own, will not permit a man to be murdered in the sanctity of his home, without redress. Violetta is here, and tenderly cared for; but she is raving in the wildest delirium, and any new excitement would be very dangerous. I really cannot admit you to-day."

"False villain!" exclaimed Vitorelli fiercely, "I personally challenge you to deadly combat at my plantation, three miles distant. You will not deny me the satisfaction due to a gentleman."

"Signor" said Allandorf, "faulty as I am in many respects, I have never been governed by the rules of honor which you adopt. I will not bring myself into mortal conflict with a fellow-being, even though he may be my deadliest foe."

"Ha!" sneered the Italian, "you talk well—it befits you to prate of principle." "I acknowledge that I have wronged your sister," was the firm and somewhat sad response; "I have been false to my pledged promise; but Vitorelli, if at this moment you knew how sincerely I regret it, how deeply I suffer on account of the misery I have caused, you would seek no further reparation. Violetta is, as I said, under my protection, and as soon as consciousness is restored to her, you are at liberty to visit her, or remove her to your own home! Be generous, signor; pardon me, and let us be friends once more."

He extended his hand, but Vitorelli spurned it, as if it had been a viper. "You have a smooth tongue and ready wit," he said in a tone of cutting sarcasm, "but it is all in vain to waste them on me! I know you; your friend I will never be! Here before you, by the holy cross, I make one more vow to be revenged!" With a glance of blended rage and defiance, Signor Raolfo flung himself jauntingly into his saddle, and plunging his spurs deep into the flanks of his mettled steed, sped swiftly from the enclosure.

Lilla, with all a sister's solicitude and tenderness, watched over the unconscious Violetta, and for weeks it seemed that her life hung upon a single fragile thread; and many were the tales, in those hours of delirium, that she unfolded to the listening Lilla of the heart's love, of woman's faithful, enduring devotion, of hope deferred, of love betrayed, spurned, aye, crushed back again into her own bleeding heart.

And then in low, sweet tones, her dark, dreamy eyes, dewy with emotion, she would talk of the sunny bowers and spicy groves of her far-off home, of the clear moonbeams that bathed like liquid gold the lakes and streams where the gondolier chanted his boat-song as he rested upon his oars in admiration of the scene; and then again she would talk of the warm, gushing, truthful love of her heart, as though she were looking into the dark, beaming eyes of her noble Allandorf, and her head was resting in happy trust, upon his throbbing, manly breast. And when again her exhausted frame would yield to repose, Lilla would steal quietly away from her side, and give utterance to the emotions she could no longer control, in a flood of tears.

Thus weeks passed away; Signor Vitorelli had never again disturbed the sanctity of Allandorf's mansion; for in his own home, he was yet suffering from the wound he had received from his hated opponent.

Violetta, the fair and beautiful Violetta, still lay like the crushed flower, unconscious of all that passed around her; and

the sweet, gentle and beautiful Lilla was no longer by her side, listening to her mournful tales of love and desertion; for, in her own still and darkened room, she lay in the wild delirium of a burning fever. Allandorf watched over her with all the fond solicitude of a doating husband; and if prayers, and tears, and love could save her, then indeed might he hope; but the old physician shook his head ominously, and pronounced it malignant; there was no hope.

Allandorf bowed his head in hopeless sorrow, like the proud forest oak stricken by the lightning's flash. Oh! how he wept and prayed that the fearful cup might pass him by just once, only for that time, and then—oh! how he would shield her in his heart of hearts, so that no rude breath might ever again sweep too harshly over her.

Hours passed away, yet he left not her side; for he felt that the crisis was at hand. All was silent as the grave in that darkened room, save only the hard and laborious breathing of his idolized wife.

"Ernest! dear Ernest!" "Was he dreaming? Oh, how his heart bounded with unutterable joy, as his lips pressed again and again the burning cheek and brow of his cherished one. Ernest, dear Ernest," she whispers again, "we have loved too fondly, too devotedly, and oh! our happiness has been too intense to be lasting; and now I must leave you—my Savior invites me to the mansion prepared for me in the happy spirit-land. I fear not death, while white-robed seraphs float around my pillow, chanting the strains of their heavenly land. O, Ernest! weep not for me; and if she lives—the heart-stricken, self-sacrificing Violetta—then take her, cherish her, love her, as erst you did in her native, sunny bowers; and she will more than repay you, by the pure devotion of her constant love. Promise me, Ernest, that you will not forget my dying request, when I am no longer with you! And she laid her burning palm upon the cold, bloodless cheek of Allandorf, as he bent fondly and despairingly over her.

"Promise me, Ernest; for she is so good, so pure, and lovely. I have watched over her through many a day of unconsciousness, and listened to such tales of love and devotion. Tell me, Ernest, that you will make her yours—all, all, your own."

"Dearest Lilla, wife, angel! my heart is breaking! O, would to God, I could die for thee! that the same turf might cover us, in the silent repose of death?" "O, Ernest! you see not the glories of the New Jerusalem, as my eyes behold them, or you would not so unwillingly resign me to the arm of my Savior and my God. Seraphs are, even now, floating around my dying pillow, waiting to conduct me through the golden gates of their happy home. Already I seem to hear the myriad voices of that angel band, blending with the deep, rich tones of harp and lyre, as they bow before the throne, veiling their faces from the resplendent glories of God, and the lamb, who sit in love and majesty thereon."

Allandorf raised his head, instinctively from his tear-drenched pillow, for her words had inspired within his soul a holy awe, as though he, too, had seen those heavenly messengers, and heard their soft, enchanting melodies of "Sister spirit, come away." He pressed his quivering lips convulsively to hers, and murmured, "We must go together, dearest; I can never survive you."

"No, Allandorf," she whispered, "much happiness awaits you here, before you can join mine in the better land. Promise me, Allandorf, that you will respect my wishes, when I am here no more."

"I will, I will!" he answered, while his noble frame was convulsed with the intensity of his grief. "I will, if my heart does not break with the blow that sunders."

"Yet one thing more, dearest; bury me beneath the green turf of my childhood's home; let the green boughs chant their death-dirge over me, that once so sweetly sung my infant lullaby. Let me rest where my sainted mother sleeps—where my father, in his loneliness, can weep and pray, and be comforted; and you, Ernest, will sometimes visit it."

wept, till his noble heart seemed rent asunder, by the strong tide of grief which he could no longer control.

Hours passed away, and the crisis came. But oh! so stealthily and quietly did the grim messenger perform his work, that it disrobed the parting scene of half its pangs and terrors. She had quietly and peacefully passed away from the scenes of earth to the bosom of God.

Again the portals of that stately mansion are open, and group after group are gathering quietly and unostentatiously in those grand, old halls. Note after note from the deep toned organ, reverberates mournfully through the high, arched rooms, and its low, sad tones fall, like a requiem, upon the listening throng.

All eyes are weeping, and hearts gushing from intensity of sorrow, as again a group passes with measured tread, into the sable-draped parlor of the rich Col. Alston. But it is no longer a joyous bridal party—though young and beautiful maidens, in robes of white, are bending over the form of Lilla Alston, with their pledges of roses and myrtle; while ever and anon, as the low tones of the organ vibrate sadly on the ear, they bow their heads, and weep over the beautiful one that lies silent and motionless, as a form of alabaster.

The silver-haired father bows his head in hopeless sorrow, upon the marble cheek of her, who, erst, was the pride and glory of his home. And Allandorf, his proud, stately form bending in grief, trembling like the sensitive aspen, from the intensity of its emotion.

They bore her out from those splendid halls, and placed her beneath the shadow of the graceful elms, that erst in childhood lulled her into many a sweet and dreamy repose. Now they sigh mournfully over her, as their branches sweep slowly to and fro in the soft, summer zephyrs. Then the herse, drawn by snow-white horses, approaches with sable plumes nodding mournfully to the passing crowd; a long train of funeral carriages, slowly bear the weeping mourners to the family tomb, and all that remains of the once beautiful Lilla Alston is now consigned to the silence and darkness of the grave.

It was sunset; and a rich drapery of purple and gold hung gracefully over the deep blue of the horizon, far to the west, here and there festooned with the rainbow hues, that streamed up from the diamond-crested couch of the retiring monarch. The wild bird's song was hushed within her leafy bower; and the bee hummed dreamily behind his dew-spangled curtain of violet and rose.

In a darkened room, silent as the repose of death, a watcher had sat anxiously beside the couch of a sleeping invalid; hours had passed away, and yet her repose had been quiet and undisturbed as an infant's. Wearily and languidly the old nurse had turned from scene after scene of the rich paintings that decorated the walls; and then paced in fitful moods of anxiety and impatience, the exquisite Turkey carpet which yielded noiselessly to her restless footfall. Then, to change the dull monotony of the scene, she noiselessly threw open the light, Venetian blinds, and looped back the heavy folds of damask and lace, which draped the window that looked out upon the splendors of that glowing sunset.

The cool evening breeze, heavy with the perfume of flowers, came floating lazily along; breath after breath of its fragrance drifting in through the open casement, filling the room with invigorating incense, and fanning soothingly the pale, thin brow of the sleeping invalid. Fantastic shadows, from the gorgeous sunset, came traoping over the green sward, peering saucily through the rose-spangled woodbine, leaping and dancing in wild, grotesque figures, over the snowy couch and marble features of the quiet sleeper, ever and anon kissing wantonly the pallid cheek, till a smile of exquisite beauty played wondrously around her lip and brow.

And then they seemed to lift the long, lashes, and her dark, dreamy eyes wandered vacantly over the enchanting scene. "Violette," she murmured, in a sweet, lute-like voice, "it was cruel of you to let me sleep away this sunset, so like those to my own dear Italy. Have I been ill, Violette? Come nearer, and raise my head, so that I may look out upon this glowing landscape; for oh! I know it is exquisitely fair."

"Poor, dear lady!" murmured the old nurse, as she approached the bed-side; "she is no better; yet, I did hope, for she slept so quietly and so long."

Violetta looked wildly into the strange face of the intruder, who was busy in adjusting the snowy spread, and looping back in tasteful festoons, the violet-tinted silk that hung in rich drapery around her costly couch.

"Good lady, where is Violette?" she inquired, as she looked timidly into the anxious face of the nurse. "I am sorry, that for once, she has failed in her duty to attend me."

"Tired yourself no uneasiness about her now, my dear lady; you have been ill a long while, and much very much depends upon quiet and repose. You have faithful servants to watch over you, who will attend to your slightest desires."

"But where am I? surely this is not my brother's house, or my senses greatly deceive me."

"No," answered the nurse, "but you are under the protection of a friend, further than that, I am forbidden to speak; so compose yourself, dear lady; for, as I told you, much depends upon quiet and repose."

Violetta knew, as she looked into the calm, determined face of the old nurse, that farther inquiries were useless, and so she turned languidly upon her pillow of down, and her large, lustrous eyes wandered dreamily over the apartment, now resting admiringly upon the life-like figures and beautiful landscapes, within their gilded frames; then following, with childish ecstasy, the golden shadows that danced, like fairy revellers, over the richly-carpeted floors.

Weeks had passed away, and Violetta sat by the open casement, watching languidly the varying beauties of another closing day. She had carelessly looped back the drapery of damask and lace, and its graceful folds fanned by the heavy, aromatic zephyrs, lazily floated, like a royal canopy, over her Parian brow, and rich clusters ofraven hair. Long had she sat there; for her mind was revelling midst the scenes of the past; while ever and anon, a bright tear that had stolen away from the heart's fountain, peered timidly out from the long heavy lashes which hung like midnight clouds over the still pale cheeks.

Again her mind reverted to the time when lured by the glowing sunset, she had carelessly wandered away from her brother's house, following, like a pleased child, the shadows that danced and flitted, like the will-o-the-wisp, enticing her onward, and still unconsciously, until she knelt from very weariness, beneath the fragrant orange boughs, in admiration of the scene.

And then again, she seemed to hear the sweet carolling of the happy child, and feel the irresistible desire to look upon his cherub face, as he lay in his couch, screened by the shadowy vines. Then another memory came back vividly to her, of a face beautiful as that of a goddess; and a queenly form, resting so lovingly and trustingly upon a manly breast—of—of—"Oh, Allandorf! that I should ever have seen you thus!" she murmured, as she buried her face in her thin pale hands, and wept as though the last hope of life and joy were sundered from her soul.

"Violetta," whispered a low, tremulous voice as a hand was laid tenderly upon the alabaster brow of the weeping girl.

Violetta started convulsively, and turned her tear-drenched eyes wildly upon the speaker; for to her there seemed something strangely familiar in those low, rich tones. Their eyes met; his beaming with love and tenderness; hers gleaming with wild uncertainty.

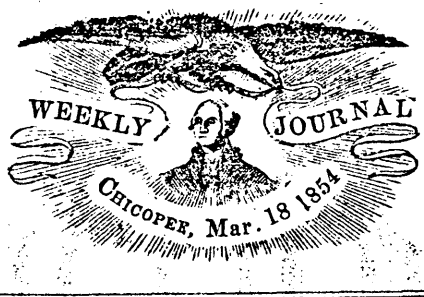
"Violetta!"

"Allandorf!"

And the beautiful girl sank, from excess of joy, upon his noble heart, throbbing with the pure, holy delicious love of other days. Allandorf bent tenderly over her, and bathed her pure, white temples with the gushing tears of deep, though subdued joy; while he pressed his lips, with lover-like devotion, to her pale, soft cheek, and pulseless brow.

But joy is a magical restorer to life and animation; and Violetta's beautiful head was soon resting, in happy trust, upon the shoulder of her noble Allandorf; and her large, dreamy eyes looked so confidently in his, as she whispered,

"O, Allandorf, I thought you had de-



AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.
V. B. PALMER is the Agent for this paper in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and is fully empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His receipts will be regarded as payments. His office is in Scollay's Building, Boston, Tribune Building, New-York, and North-West corner Third and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

THE LEGISLATURE.
We are without our usual letter from Boston this week, in consequence of our correspondent's being at home attending Court, which is now sitting in Springfield. Some matters of interest have been before the legislature during the past week. The Hoosac Tunnel bill has been under discussion in the House, and the vote upon it will probably be taken before our paper for this week is published, but not in season to enable us to give our readers the character of the vote. The recent decision of the Supreme Court touching the constitutionality of some portions of the "liquor law" has caused the introduction of an order into the House, asking a joint special committee to consider the subject of amending the present law, as to remove the objections raised by the Supreme Court. The committee on the part of the House, has been appointed; and we are glad to notice that one of our own representatives (Mr. Ludd) is upon this committee. We trust that some plan will be devised, which will remove some of the more serious objections to the present law, such for instance as the destructive clause, while at the same time its efficiency to secure conviction in cases of positive sale shall be strengthened; and thus secure in its support many who have never been able to detect the concentration of all wisdom in the present statute. We believe it is confidently expected that the session will not continue beyond the period of one hundred days, which will be a great improvement on any previous legislature for many years. The constitutional amendments which have been proposed seem to be received with favor, and it is to be hoped that in due course of time they will form a portion of our fundamental law. All that is needed to secure to the people their just rights, and highest good under the constitution, is for legislators to forget party interests and keep an eye single to the prosperity of the whole people; and for the people to second the efforts of their public servants, by a prompt endorsement of the measures which after mature deliberation they have deemed best fitted to advance the public weal.

CABOT SAVINGS BANK.
This institution has been organized by the choice of the following officers:
PRESIDENT—Jerome Wells.
VICE PRESIDENTS—A. G. Parker, B. B. Belcher, Sylvanus Adams, John Wells.
TREASURERS—James T. Ames, Otis Chapman, George D. Lund, Isaac Bullens, Benjamin Leavitt, Richard W. Roche, George L. Squire, John C. Bowker, John Valentine, Phineas Steedman, Cotton Ely, W. Wallace Johnson.
TREASURER—Henry H. Harris.
SECRETARY—James Lyman.
The Cabot Bank is to be their place of business, and the hours on which the bank is open, are from 9 till 3 o'clock, daily. Interest is allowed on deposits beginning with the 1st day of April, July, October, and January. A petition is now before the legislature asking for a change of name from Cabot, to Chicopee Savings Bank.

For some weeks we have been using paper from the manufactory of Mr. John Valentine of Chicopee Falls. Mr. Valentine has purchased the paper works at Chicopee Falls, which were formerly in the hands of Messrs D. & J. Ames, and is now producing a superior article of paper, and is full of orders. When he completes all his contemplated arrangements, he will be able to offer an article that will command commendation. There has been a great increase in the demand for, and consequently a great advance in the price of paper, within the last two years. We are glad that Chicopee has the water power and other facilities to make it profitable to prosecute this branch of manufacture within her limits, thus adding to her wealth and productive industry.

Mr. James' Concert.
It should have been noticed last week, and deserves something more than a passing notice. Seldom do our citizens have the opportunity of enjoying an entertainment of so high an order. Several of the pieces were each well worth the whole price of the Concert. The weather and walking were unusually bad on the evening first selected, and yet worse on that chosen for the repetition, by which probably many were prevented from attending. We rejoice to learn that it is the purpose of those who made these attempts, at the urgent request of several who judged by the hearing ear, to try again soon. May you and I be there.

Missionary anniversary at the Methodist Church on Sunday evening. Sermon by the pastor, Rev. Wm. Rice. The services will commence at 7 o'clock.

London Baptist Magazine.
A LADY M. D.—Rather a novel card appears in our columns of to-day—none other than the advent of a Lady Practitioner in the Medical art, duly qualified by a regular course of Collegiate discipline acquired at the medical Colleges, of Philadelphia and Cincinnati—from which latter named institution she has received the degree of M. D. The advertiser, Miss Judd, is one of us—"to the manner born" in other words; a lady possessing fine talents and a cultivated mind—and we trust she will exercise our good nature for this unceremoniously, perhaps, introducing her to the attentions of her friends and the public—in a professional sense.

Blowing Out Ball.—It was a remark of a quack doctor, "I'm death on fits." We believe it may be said of our people, "they are death on balls." We have dancing here in honor of every sort of occasion. Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Years, 8th January, 22d February, 4th March, "Lighting up," "Blowing out," Fast, 4th July &c., &c. The grand blowing-out ball of this season came off in Cabot Hall last night, and was a grand affair.—If there is any season when the "light fantastic" ought to be tripped with a gusto, we believe it to be this very occasion of "Blowing out,"—the celebration of the closing of evening work for the season.—Hurrah, now and always for the blow-out.

Prosperity in the Church.
The Unitarian Society in this village, has just completed a successful effort by which they are now free from debt, and enabled to thoroughly repair and beautify the interior of their house of worship. The sum of two thousand dollars has been raised for these purposes, about one half of that amount among their own number, and the balance contributed by a few persons abroad. The Society of the like faith in Springfield, made a ready response to the appeal made to them a few Sundays since by Rev. Mr. Nute, pastor of the society here, for this object. Over five hundred dollars were pledged on the spot in a few moments after the close of the service, and the good work only stopped under full headway, by the intimation that no more was needed. "Verily I say unto you, they shall not lose their reward."

We don't want to aggravate any of our friends who may have a "sweet tooth," by telling them that we have had a nice lot of maple sugar, a little ahead of anything usually found in these diggings, but we do want to thank Mr. Samuel Stebbins, who lives we don't exactly know where, either in Deerfield or Conway, mighty near both towns anyway, but we believe a little in the edge of Conway, for he sent it, and more, he made it, and more still, he can produce a better article in this line than any live man we ever happened to be acquainted with.

Mr. Conductor Stebbins will please accept our thanks for giving the package a right direction.

Our sporting friends are having some rare fun about these days, in shooting Ducks, who make the waters of the Chicopee a resting-place in their traveling expeditions. We saw a fine fellow the other morning who had been obliged to yield to the marksmanship of our friend Mr. H. C. Rich. He was of the black variety, and as fat as a seal.

We have received from Lucius Harthan Esq. P. M. Mormon Island California, copies of thirteen different journals printed in California. The majority are San Francisco papers, and are all good looking specimens of typography, and have a business like air about them quite equal to most newspapers in the Atlantic cities.—Mr. Harthan will please accept our thanks for his attentions.

Writing.—We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. John A. Martin, which may be found in another column. The name of Martin is enough, when writing is the thing to be done, to insure that it will be done in a style second to no other. Mr. Martin has now been engaged as a teacher of writing in the public schools of this town, for three years, and has given perfect satisfaction. To those who from any cause cannot attend the public schools, he offers his services at his room No. 7 Merchant's Row, up stairs. His room is fitted up in excellent style, and his terms are reasonable. Try Mr. Martin, and learn to write a tasteful and elegant hand.

The high school library has been increased during the past year by the purchase of 49 volumes, from the proceeds of the annual exhibition of 1853.

Another purchase of books will be immediately made from the balance of the former exhibition, and the proceeds of the exhibition of 1854, amounting to \$33.80. The library now contains 250 volumes among which are many valuable histories, 25 volumes of Sparks' American Biography, and 14 volumes of the Encyclopedia Americana.

We call the attention of our patrons to the advertisement of Messrs. W. P. Tenny & Co. Their warehouse, over the Boston and Maine Depot, covers an area of nearly one-half acre, and probably the largest and best in the country. The most of their samples are exhibited on one floor, thereby rendering it easy to examine their stock and make selections. It is really worth a visit to Boston to see this magnificent display of this desirable commodity.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The winter term of the schools in this village closed yesterday. The examinations have been taking place in the different schools during most of the week, and in most instances a commendable degree of progress was noticeable. The High School; under the charge of Mr. Mitchell, is said to have just passed its most successful term. The town Committee, in the course of some remarks made at the examination, bore testimony to the good character of the school as a whole, but were sorry to be obliged to speak of the frequent and habitual absences of many of the scholars; which not only operated injuriously upon the individuals thus absent, but exerted a general bad influence upon the schools. Parents were exhorted to be more mindful of this matter, and not allow any slight cause to bring from them a permission for absence. So great indeed has this trouble become, that Mr. Mitchell in a few remarks which he made after the committee had closed, said that there were several scholars who had been in the habit of absenting themselves, who were no farther advanced at the close, than at the beginning of the term. Quite a pleasant affair came off in the lower department of the High School at the close of the term. Mr. S. M. Cook, who has been connected with the school for the last seven years, and who has enjoyed the confidence of the entire community, as a most successful and accomplished teacher, and the love of his pupils to an unusual degree, had signified his intention to withdraw from the school at this time. The scholars had procured a massive gold pencil, most beautifully and appropriately engraved, and selected one of their number to present it to Mr. Cook, with remarks suited to the occasion. After the close of the examination in the school Thursday forenoon, the presentation took place. The address was interrupted by the agitation of the person selected to make the presentation, and the whole assembly, scholars and visitors, were on a sudden found shedding copious floods of tears, whilst many were sobbing with uncontrollable emotion. Of course Mr. Cook could not withstand all this, but was obliged to receive this testimonial of affection, with moistened eyes, and to return thanks with choked utterance. We have been unsuccessful in our endeavors to procure copies of the brief addresses made on the occasion. We understand that Mr. Cook purposes to take up his residence in Chicopee III. He will leave Chicopee with the regrets of many, and will carry with him to his new field of enterprise the best wishes of hosts of true hearts.

THE HIGH SCHOOL EXHIBITION.—The annual exhibition of the High School, came off in Cabot Hall, on Thursday evening. A large portion of the school participated in the exercises, which consisted of declamations by different lads, and dialogues, in which both Masters and Misses participated. The tableaux were very fine, and the performances as a whole highly creditable to those concerned in arranging and executing them. The Hall was crowded, the music excellent; and but for the ill-manners of certain juveniles, who persisted in whispering and making other noises to annoy those who went to hear, all would have passed off well. We wish there might be some improvement in the general character of Cabot Hall etiquette.

We observe that the smile of the Crocus greets the passer's eye, in the garden of James T. Ames Esq. Although full two weeks behind the time of its usual appearance in the same locality, still it is soon enough to be a joy to every lover of "God's smiles."

ELLA WENTWORTH'S JOURNAL.—We have received the 2d number of a beautifully printed monthly paper, with the above title. It is edited with much vigor and ability by Ella Wentworth, and the work upon it is done entirely by females. We welcome this earnest advocate for the true rights of woman, into the field of newspaper enterprise. New avenues are constantly opening for women to earn an honest living, which has hitherto been monopolized by the "lords of creation," and among them is that of the art of type setting.—We have employed girls upon our paper for many months, and are convinced that we do well by so doing; and we expect to see the day, and that not distant, when their employment will be far more general.

Communications.
Akron, Ohio, March, 11th, 1854.

FRIEND CHILDS.—Ohio is considered the largest wheat growing State in the country, and furnishes more of the material for the staple of the New York and New England export trade than all the other States of the Union.

The amount of flour manufactured and shipped from this town, is 200,000 bbls. The Pennsylvania and Ohio canal does but little business, except transporting coal, which during the year amounts to about 150,000 tons. The Ohio canal runs from the lake to the Ohio river, ending at Portsmouth, mouth of the Scioto. The average amount of the wool trade is 800,000 lbs. The flour milled, will show the amount of the wheat operations. Cheese 1600 tons. The Pork trade is also very important. This town was settled about 1835. The local business embraces from ten to fifteen miles of the surrounding country, which is the best for wheat of any in the land. It is located in Summit Co. which is fifteen miles wide and twenty-six long. Akron is the highest point on the Ohio

canal, from which circumstance the County takes the name of Summit. Between here and Cleveland there are 39 locks, 22 within two miles, and 16 within the limits of the corporation, giving you some idea of its elevated character. In this State, the number of inhabitants necessary for a city of the first class is 20,000, for one of the second, 5000. This Burg has some over the last named number, and of course is with the second class.

The Cleveland, Zanesville and Cincinnati R. Road, heretofore known as the Akron Branch, is now in operation to Clinton, a distance of twelve miles below Akron, and is soon to be continued to Zanesville. The Warren and Franklin R. Road, called the broad gauge running from Pennsylvania line to Dayton, passes through Akron, and is now in process of construction.

A large amount of forwarding business heretofore done on the canals, will of course be transferred to the Railroads, yet much of the heavy transports, like coal &c., will still go on the canals. Within this county are ten coal beds, which cover a surface of some twenty square miles, and are the nearest to Cleveland of any in the state. Hence you will see that when the vast amount of wood mentioned in a former letter, shall be growing less plenty, there will be an abundance of the black material, now so snugly housed beneath the surface of the earth, to last for some generations yet to come.

There are five flouring mills here driven by water power, from the little Cayahoga river, brought through the Pennsylvania and Ohio canal. They have two woolen factories, one called the Perkins Co., which makes about 300 yards of satinet per day; one planing mill; two sash factories; one barrel do; which is important when there is such a demand for flour barrels; two foundaries and one machine shop; one card factory and one large machine shop, connected with the Railroad; one Molo-Penn man's and 2 Potteries, Court House, Jail, Bank and about fifty stores, and the usual number of churches found in other places of this size.

This place is located in the center of a rich wheat country, and from the statistics given, you will readily see that the amount of business yearly transacted must be important. Supposing all the material which your place consumes in the manufacture of cloth, was brought in by your farmers, what an immense difference it would make in your trade. But your great staple is brought from the far South and the principal amount of money paid out in your place is only for the operatives.

Oz.
"The Melo-Penn is the desideratum long looked for, by amateurs, by happily filling the void which has hitherto existed in all keyboard instruments. The combination of its improved reeds and sounding-board, with its peculiarly simple and easy blowing apparatus, gives it the power to produce the prolonged sound of the Organ, the quickness and brilliancy of the Piano and expression of the Violin."

We are indebted to the Post and Republican, and to a member of the Convention for the following account of the meeting of the ministers of Hampden County.

Clerical Anti-Nebraska Convention.
At half past 1 o'clock this afternoon, (Wednesday, March 15th,) the clergy of Hampden County assembled at the Baptist church in this city, to express their sentiments upon the great question now pending before the U. S. House of Representatives. Many citizens were in attendance. The meeting was called to order by Rev. Dr. Lee, pastor of that society, who proposed the name of Rev. Dr. O'Connell, of the first Congregational Society in this city as chairman. The gentleman was then chosen, and opened the exercises by a feeling and appropriate prayer. Rev. Mr. Seelye, of the North Congregational Society, was then elected Secretary.

On motion, the following gentlemen were chosen a committee on resolutions: Messrs. Tiffany, Lincoln, Buckingham, Raymond, Newhall.

On motion, the following committee was appointed to draft an address, to be presented to the churches in the county: Rev. Dr. Lee, Rev. Mr. Davis, Rev. H. B. Elliott. The call for the convention was then read by Rev. Mr. Nute, of Chicopee.

Rev. Messrs. Cooley and Elliott were appointed a committee to devise means to meet all necessary expenses of the occasion. The chairman then remarked that although this was a ministers' meeting, they would be happy to have any lay-brethren present, take part in the exercises. Judge Morris accordingly called for the reading of the doings in the senate of the United States yesterday. These were accordingly read by Rev. Mr. Nute, of Chicopee; Rev. Mr. Seelye then read an abstract of Rev. Mr. Wolcott's Anti-Nebraska speech at Providence, R. I. on Tuesday, March 7th.

A motion was made to appoint a committee to draft a remonstrance against the passage of the Nebraska bill, to be forwarded to Washington, signed by the clergy here present at the convention. Rev. Dr. Lee hardly supposed this to be the object of the meeting, but regarded the act of the convention to create a right public sentiment to the north. After some debate, however, he withdrew his objection and Rev. Messrs. Nute, Wright and Davis, were chosen such committee.

Letters were read from Rev. Messrs. E. S. Skinner, Leffingwell, and Levi H. Wakeman, expressing regret that they could not be present, entirely sympathizing in the movement.

On motion, a committee was appointed to correspond with other northern clergymen and invite them to like action, consisting of Rev. Messrs. Newhall, Oviatt, Tiffany, Ford, and French.

Resolutions were reported as follows by the chairman of that committee:
Resolved, That while we deem it improper for ministers of the gospel to make ordinary political measures the theme of their instruction, and especially that the pulpit should be rendered subservient to the interests of any political party,—still when any great measure is proposed, which, like the Nebraska bill, is to violate the first principles of truth and righteousness and mercy, and is at war with education, morality, and religion,—we deem it our solemn duty to bring the teachings of Christianity to bear upon it, and to do what they can to prevent its consummation.

In view of the fact that the supporters of American slavery, for many years have steadily and perseveringly sought the extension of its limits, and its power, until it threatens the vio-

lation of all compacts and the repeal of laws by which hitherto it has been restricted:
Resolved,—That a harmonious construction of the whole religious sentiment of the country presents the main hope of successful opposition to this monstrous evil.

Resolved.—That we view the attempt now being made in our national Congress, and already in part effected, to admit the institution of slavery into regions from which it was prohibited by one of the enactments of the Missouri compromise, with deep abhorrence and alarm, against which we are called upon to express our earnest protest.

We do therefore protest against this measure as the threatened encroachment of a foul oppression, seeking to extend and perpetuate its existence, against the bare possibility of which we should most jealously guard. We protest against it as the violation of the guarantee for which painful and humiliating concessions were made to this inhuman system—painful alike to the humanity and patriotism of its opponents, and that it should therefore be forever sacred and inviolable.

We deprecate it as a flagrant outrage against the principles of honest dealing, that will, if perpetrated, have a disastrous effect upon the integrity of this whole people, and especially in our national affairs will afford a precedent of treachery tending to undermine the foundations of all righteous government.

Resolved.—That we regard the present crisis as a call on the Christian Ministry to unite in condemnation of this inhuman and barbarous system, as an outrage on humanity, a disgrace to our country, and a crime against God.

Resolved.—That as ministers of various Christian denominations, we agree in pledging ourselves to do what we can to exert an influence on public opinion, to enlighten, harmonize and unite it against all its encroachments.

In view of the consequences often threatened by the advocates of measures similar to that under discussion, if we refuse to comply with their demands—
Resolved.—That it is the duty of citizens of the North, looking calmly at the possible results, steadily to exert their whole influence for the prevention of the monstrous wrong now contemplated by Congress, and thus, at whatever hazard, to save the Union from the guilt of adopting slavery, as a national institution.

Resolved.—That the gratitude of this Convention of the ministers of Hampden County is due to Rev. Henry Cooley of West Springfield, the original mover of the call which has led to this assembly—and that we hereby thank him for the example he has set us of the necessity of being prompt in individual action.

The first resolution was debated by Rev. Drs. Davis and Cooley, Rev. Mr. Tiffany, Hon. O. B. Morris, Rev. Mr. Ide, and others, and unanimously adopted.

Rev. Messrs. French, Cooley and Elliott discussed the second resolution, which was unanimously adopted.

The third resolution was presented by Rev. Mr. Nute of Chicopee, who spoke for its adoption; adding the facts in the history of the encroachment of slavery, in which the declaration of the resolution were made and maintaining the iniquity of this measure, and its disastrous tendencies on the prospects of Freedom and national prosperity. Dr. Cooley of Granville, and others spoke on the same point.

Speeches were made in support of the remaining resolution by Rev. Drs. Osgood, and Ide, and Rev. Messrs. Elliott, Seelye, Harding and others. All the resolutions were passed unanimously.

An address was also adopted to the religious societies of the county which will appear in our next issue. This meeting was fully attended. A large proportion of the members of the various denominations in the county were present and all seemed to be united in an earnest, harmonious spirit. The influence of the movement must be felt for good results, on the public sentiment, in regard to the iniquitous measure by which it was occasioned.

We take the following from the Boston Traveller.
(OFFICIAL.)
Decision of the Supreme Court on the Liquor Law.

In order to avoid misapprehension in the public mind in regard to the character, extent and effect of this decision, the undersigned, in behalf of the State Temperance Committee, having taken legal counsel upon the exact character of the decision, have deemed it proper to make a brief explanation.

1. The decision was exclusively upon the 14th section and its dependent provisions, and has nothing whatever to do with the other sections of the law. The Court say distinctly that one part of the same statute may be valid and another part void.

The other provisions of the law have been sanctioned by the same Court, and are therefore valid. The erroneous impression has quite extensively obtained that the whole law was overthrown. We have left in full force the prohibitory principle, the provisions for single sales and common sellers, with their cumulative penalties for second and third offences, ending in the House of Correction, and the bonds against subsequent violations of the law.

The committee find in these and other provisions left, a more efficient liquor law than any license system that could be devised.

2. The decision fully sustains the principle of the 14th section. The Court say:
"We have no doubt that it is competent for the legislature to declare the possession of certain articles of property either absolutely, or when held in particular places, and under particular circumstances, to be unlawful, because they would be injurious, dangerous or noxious, and by the process of law, by proceedings in rem, to provide, both for the abatement of the nuisance, and the punishment of the offender, by the seizure, and confiscation of the property, by the removal, sale, or destruction of the noxious articles."

This sustains the right of seizure, forfeiture and destruction, as plainly as language can do it; yet the report has been industriously circulated that the principle of the section was overruled. In remarking upon the objection generally made to the constitutionality of this section, that it takes private property for public use, without compensation, the Court say, "We are of opinion, that the claim has no

bearing, and no connection with this subject."
3. The Court decide—and this is the whole of their decision—that while the thing to be done is right, the mode of doing it is wrong.—In the language of the Court, "the system of measures directed and authorized by the statute" are unconstitutional. It is quite apparent that the Court criticised, the system of measures "with entire freedom, and yet the principle came forth from the ordeal unscathed.

Now, the only question is, can a constitutional "system of measures" be devised for applying the principle? The same principle has been repeatedly applied to other subjects, and that too under our own Constitution and Bill of rights; and to suppose that it cannot be applied in this case, is to invest intoxicating liquors with a sacredness that belongs to no other article of property or possession. There is no cause of discouragement to the friends of Temperance.

On the contrary, if they do not suffer themselves to be deceived as to the exact character of the decision, it is quite clear they will stand on firmer ground than before: for the principle of the 14th section is now settled by the Judicial Power, and nothing remains but to construct the details.

Let them adhere to the other provisions of the law, which remain unimpaired by the decision enforce them vigorously throughout the Commonwealth, and seek until they obtain an amendment of the 14th section.

WM. B. SPOONER,
JOHN I. BAKER,
ROBERT C. FITMAN,
LYMAN BUCKNER,
B. W. WILLIAMS.
For the Massachusetts Temperance Committee.

The Hudson river is nearly free of ice from New York to Rondout. The steamer Norwick made a trip up on Monday.

A bill has been reported in the Kentucky Legislature appropriating \$20,000 to the Clay monument.

The bill legalizing usury has been defeated in the House of Representatives of Kentucky.

There is at present, in Peoria, Ill., nearly one million bushels of grain awaiting the opening of the river and canal, for the eastern market.

Amount of ice cut in Boston during the past winter, two hundred and seventy thousand tons, at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars.

A petition has been presented to the Maryland Legislature praying that body to pass an act making public swearing punishable by fine and imprisonment.

A FRENCHMAN has invented a kind of paper made from gutta percha, which is considered to be superior to all other kinds lithographic and engravings.

In Barre, at the annual town meeting last week, the office of collector of taxes was put up at auction, and was struck off to David Wadsworth, who gave \$50 for the privilege.

The Common Council of Buffalo have passed an ordinance prohibiting the sale of real under four weeks old. Disregard of the statute subjects the offender to a fine of \$25.

The opponents of the liquor law in Boston filed a salute on the Common on Tuesday morning, in joy at the supreme court's decision on the 14th section of the temperance law. During its progress, a man named McLaughlin had his arm nearly torn off, by a premature explosion.

The Whig victory in Detroit, Michigan, was attributed, by the Advertiser of that city, to the popular feeling against the Nebraska bill, the Whig nominee being opposed to it, while the Democratic nominee was known to be in favor of it. The majority for the Whig candidate was nearly one thousand votes, in a city which usually gives a Democratic majority of eight hundred.

PROSPECTUS OF THE NEBRASKA BILL.
The Washington correspondent of the New York Times, under date of Friday last, says:
The prospects of the Nebraska bill do not improve in the House of Representatives. Not a few Southern gentlemen are sick of it, and quite willing to let it die naturally, if it will accommodate them in that respect. Badger's amendment guard against the revival of the old Louisiana law of slavery, has offended a good many Southern men, who threaten to not vote for the bill with it. This amendment, by the way, was suggested and drawn up by Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, although it was thought desirable to have it come from gentleman on the Democratic side of the Chamber.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—The Government advertising has been given to the Pittsfield Sun, a paper as full of humbug as Cain's was one column of government advertising, and four columns in favor of the Nebraska bill. The Springfield Post has heretofore had this sort of advertising under Democratic rule, and expected to get it now; but the Post early came out against the bill. Hence it can get none of Uncle Sam's pap. Daniel Webster pursued the same course with the Boston Atlas; because it expressed some doubt about the wisdom of the fugitive slave law.—Northampton Courier.

A sleigh-rider party, without distinction of sex, from Easthampton, visited Westfield a week or two since, and partook of a supper at Chapman's. It rained hard on their return, and the party were obliged to purchase about \$40 worth of umbrellas, broken an expensive price, and a broken lantern, for which they paid \$2.25. Perhaps goods will be cheaper there when the railroad is completed.—Ibid.

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Reform Should Begin at Home. "This is pleasant," exclaimed the young husband, taking his seat cozily in the rocking-chair as the things were removed. The fire glowing in the grate, revealing a pretty neatly furnished sitting-room, with all the appliances of comfort. The fatiguing business of the day was over, and he sat enjoying what he had all day been anticipating, the delight of his own work. His pretty wife Esther took her seat and sat down by the table.

"I Lost It." With what cool indifference the lawyer speaks of a case which he has argued in court, saying, "I lost it." The fortunes of a family may have depended on the result—a prisoner's liberty or even life, may have been at stake—but what of that? The lawyer sums up the matter—"I lost it." He stops not to weep that a man who may have been innocent, has gone to prison or to the gallows—he stops not to weep for a stricken family, or that a family are unjustly deprived of property, and reduced to abject poverty. No, he has lost his case, and for that he is sorry. It is no benefit to a lawyer to lose a case. He tells his professional friend, "I lost my case; but what of that? Better luck next time."

A young married woman has been arrested in New Haven on a charge of stealing goods from a store. Upon examination it was found that she had ingeniously arranged two rows of pins upon her dress, in such a manner as to catch anything which might be hastily thrown under her mantle. She satisfied the demands of Justice by paying a fine.

WEEKLY JOURNAL. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER. J. R. Childs, Editor & Publisher. OFFICE IN THE ROOM UNDER CABOT HALL. Terms—\$2.00 a year; \$1.75 in advance. A discount made to Agents and Companies.

A CARD. We would respectfully announce to our friends and the public generally, that in consequence of the present store being inadequate in size to accommodate our large and increasing trade, and the manufacturing and custom departments which we design to add to our business, we have leased the extensive warehouses in Brakle's new building, now occupied by H. C. Lee, on Deer North of our present stand, which we intend to occupy from the first of March. Nothing prevents the continuation of our business as usual, and we would return our sincere thanks to all our patrons, who would respectfully solicit a continuance of public favor in our new establishment. Our system of business will be strictly open price to all.

THE MARRIAGE STATE; What Happiness and Health, or Misery and Sickness, attend it. MOST STARTLING CONSIDERATIONS! Reflections for the Thoughtful. Strange that countless human beings exist and drag through life as do the beasts of the field, or the insects of the earth, without any thought or reflection that though the human faculties of mind were not vouchsafed to them.

O. F. KENT, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, AND CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES. Also—Agent for all the popular Patent Medicines of the day. AYCHER'S HALL, EXCHANGE ST., CHICOPEE, AND FRONT STREET, CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS. JOHN S. DODGE, Dealer in FISH AND OYSTERS. I BULLENS & SON, DEALERS IN West India Goods, Teas, Fruit, &c. Corner Cabot and Exchange Streets, CHICOPEE, MASS.

Dr. John A. Cummings, dentist of Boston has succeeded in producing entire sets of teeth—plate and dentals—of rubber, vulcanized apparently to the hardness of ivory, and retaining the exact possible adaptation to the mouth. The traveler speaks highly in praise of the invention.

"Oh, my friend," said a doctor to an Irish patient, "be composed; we must all die one day." "An it's that what vexes me?" replied Pat; "if I could die a half a dozen times, I'd not care a fig about this time."

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