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CHICOPEE, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1855.

Number 20.

POETRY.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

BY "MINNIE," OF LOUISVILLE.

There is beauty in the forest
Where the trees are green and fair;
There is beauty in the meadow
Where wild flowers scent the air;
There is beauty in the sunlight
And the soft blue beam above;
Oh! the world is full of beauty
When the heart is full of love!

There is beauty in the fountain,
"Shining gaily as it plays,"
While the rainbow hues are glittering
On its silvery, shining spray;
There is beauty in the streamlet,
Murmuring softly through the grove;
Oh! the world is full of beauty
When the heart is full of love!

There is beauty in the moonlight,
When it falls upon the sea,
While the blue foam-crested billows
Dance and frolic joyously;
There is beauty in the lightning's gleams
That o'er the dark waves rove;
Oh! the world is full of beauty
When the heart is full of love!

There is beauty in the brightness
Beaming from a lovely eye;
In the warm blush of affection!
In the tear of sympathy!
In the sweet low voice, whose accents
The spirit's gladness prove!
Oh! the world is full of beauty
When the heart is full of love!

THE YOUNG LAWYER'S FIRST CASE.

BY JOHN TODD.

In one of those long, low, one-story, unpainted houses which succeeded the log houses in Vermont, as the second generation of human habitations, lay a sick woman. She knew, and all her friends knew, that her days were numbered, and that when she left that room it would be in her winding-sheet for the grave. Yet her face and her spirit were calm, and the tones of her voice were sweeter than those of life. She had taken an affectionate leave of all her children, in faith and hope, save one—her eldest boy—a mother's boy and a mother's pride. By great economy and unwearied industry, this son had been sent to college. He was a mild, inoffensive, pale faced one; but the bright eye did not belie the spirit that dwelt in a casket so frail. He had been sent for, but did not reach home until the day before his mother's death. As soon as she knew of his coming, she immediately had him called to her room, and left alone with her. Long was their conversation. Sweet and tender was this last interview between a mother and son who had never lacked any degree of confidence on either side.

"You know, my son, that it has always been my earnest wish and prayer that you should be a preacher of the gospel, and thus a benefactor to the souls of men. In choosing the law, you have greatly disappointed these hopes."

"I know it, dear mother; and I have done it, not because I like the law so much, but because I dare not undertake a work so sacred as the ministry, conscious as I am that I am not qualified in mind, or body, or spirit, for the work. If I dared to do for your sake, if for no other reason, I would."

"In God's time, my dear son, I hope you will. I neither urge it, nor blame you. But promise me now that you will never undertake any cause which you think unjust, and that you will never aid in screening wrong from coming to light and punishment."

The son said something about every man having the right to have his case presented in the best light he could.

"I know what you mean," said she; "but I know that if a man has violated the laws of God and man, he has no moral right to be shielded from punishment. If he has confessions and explanations to offer, it is well. But for you to take his side, and for money, to shield him from the laws, seems to me no better than if, for money, you concealed him from the officers of justice, under the plea that every man had a right to get clear of the law if he could. But I am weak, and can not talk, my son; and yet, if you will give the solemn promise, it seems as if I should die easier. But you must do as you think best."

The young man bent over his dying mother, and with much emotion, gave her the solemn promise which she desired. Tender was the last kiss she gave him, warm the thanks which she expressed and sweet the smile which she wore, and which was left on her countenance after her spirit

had gone up to meet the smiles of the Redeemer.

Some months after the death of his mother, the young man left the shadows of the Green mountains, and toward a more sunny region, in a large and thrifty village, he opened his office; the sign gave his name, and under it, the words "Attorney at Law." There he was found early and late, his office clean and neat, and his few books studied over and over again, but no business. The first fee which he took was for writing a short letter for his black wood sawyer, and for that he conscientiously charged only a single sixpence! People spoke well of him, and admired the young man, but still no business came. After waiting till "hope deferred made the heart sick," a coarse looking, knock-down sort of a young man, was seen making toward the office. How the heart of the young lawyer bounded at the sight of his first client!—What success, and cases, and fees, danced in the vision in a moment!

"Are you the lawyer?" said the man, hastily taking off his hat.

"Yes, sir, that's my business. What can I do for you?"

"Why, something of a job, I reckon.—The fact is, I have got into a little trouble, and want a bit of help." He took out a five dollar bill, and laid it on the table. The young lawyer made no motion toward taking it.

"Why don't you take it?" said he. "I don't call it pay, but to begin with—a kind of wedge—what do you call it?"

"Retention, I suppose you mean."

"Just so, and by your taking it, you are my lawyer. So take it."

"Not quite so fast, if you please. State your case, and then I will tell you whether or not I take the retention fee."

The coarse fellow stared.

"Why, mister, the case is simply this. Last spring, I was doing a little business by way of selling meat. So I bought a yoke of oxen of old Major Farnsworth. I was to have them for one hundred dollars."

"Very well—what became of the oxen?"

"Butchered and sold out, to be sure."

"By you?"

"Yes."

"Well, where's the trouble?"

"Why, they say, that as I only gave my note for them, I need not pay it, and I want you to help me to get clear of it."

"How do you expect me to do it?"

"Plain as day, man; just say, gentlemen of the jury, this young man was not of age when he gave Maj. Farnsworth the note, and therefore, in law, the note is good for nothing—that's all."

"And was this really so?"

"Exactly."

"How came Major Farnsworth to let you have the oxen?"

"Oh, the godly old man never suspected I was under age."

"What did you get for the oxen in selling them out?"

"Why, somewhere between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and forty dollars—they were noble fellows!"

"And so you want to have me help you cheat that honest old man out of those oxen, simply because the law, this human imperfection, gives you the opportunity to do it? No, sir! put up your retention fee. I promised my dying mother never to do such a thing, and I will starve first. And as for you—if I wanted to help you to go to the state's prison, I could take no course so sure as to do what you offer to pay me for doing. And, depend upon it, the lawyer who does help you, will be your worst enemy. Plead minority! No; go, sir, and pay for your oxen honestly, and live and act on the principle, that let what will come, you will be an honest man."

The coarse young man snatched up his bill, and muttering something about Squire Snappall, left the office.

So he lost his first fee and his first case. He felt poor and discouraged, when left alone in the office; but he felt that he had done right. His mother's voice seemed to whisper, "Right, my son, right." The next day he was at Major Farnsworth's, and saw a pile of money lying upon the table. The good old man said he had just received them for a debt which he expected to lose, but a kind Providence had interposed in his behalf. The young lawyer said nothing, but his mother's words came again, "Right, my son, right."

Some days after this, a man came in the

evening, and asked the young man to defend him in a trial just coming on.

"What is your case?"

"They accuse me of stealing a bee-hive."

"A bee-hive—surely that could not be worth much!"

"No, but the bees and honey were in it."

"Then you really did steal it?"

"Squire, are you alone here—nobody to hear?"

"I am all alone."

"Are you bound by oath to keep the secrets of your clients?"

"Certainly I am."

"Well, then, 'twixt you and me, I did have a dab at that honey. There was more than seventy pounds! But you clear me."

"How can I?"

"Why, Ned Hazen has agreed to swear that I was with him fishing at Squaccock pond that night."

"So by perjury you hope to escape punishment. What can you afford to pay a lawyer who will do his best?"

The man took out twenty dollars. It was a great temptation. The young lawyer staggered for a moment—but only for a moment.

"No, sir, I will not undertake your case. I will not try to shield a man whom I know to be a villain from the punishment which he deserves. I will starve first."

The man with an oath bolted out of the office, and made his way to Snappall's office. The poor lawyer sat down alone, and could have cried. But a few dollars were left to him in the world, and what to do when they were gone, he knew not. In a few moments the flush and burning of the face was gone; as if he had been fanned by the wings of angels, and again he heard his own mother's voice, "Right, my son, right."

Days and even weeks passed away, and no new client made his appearance. The story of his having refused to take fees and defend his clients got abroad, and many were the gibes concerning his folly.

Lawyer Snappall declared that such weakness would ruin any man. The multitude went against the young advocate. But a few noted and remembered it in his favor.

On entering his office one afternoon, the young man found a note lying on his table. It read thus:

"Mrs. Henshaw's compliments to Mr. Loudon, and requests, if it be not too much trouble, that he would call on her at his earliest convenience, as she wishes to consult him professionally, and with as much privacy as may be."

Rose Cottage, June 25.

How his hand trembled while he read the note. It might lead to business—it might be the first fruits of an honorable life. But who is Mrs. Henshaw? He only knew that a friend by that name, a widow lady, had lately arrived on a visit to the family who resided in that cottage.

"At his earliest convenience." If he should go at once, would it not look as if he were at perfect leisure? If he delayed, would it not be dishonesty which he had vowed never to practice? He whistled a moment, took up his hat, and went toward "Rose Cottage." On reaching the house, he was received by a young lady of modest, yet easy manner. He inquired for Mrs. Henshaw, and the young lady said:

"My mother is not well; but I will call her. Shall I carry your name, sir?"

"Loudon, if you please."

The young lady cast a searching, surprised look at him, and left the room. In a few moments the mother, a graceful, well-bred lady of about forty, entered the room. She had a mild, sweet face, and a look that brought his own mother so vividly to mind, that the tears almost started in his eyes. For some reason, Mrs. Henshaw appeared embarrassed.

"It is Mr. Loudon, the lawyer, I suppose," said she.

"At your service, madam."

"Is there any other gentleman at the bar of your name, sir?"

"None that I know of. In what way can you command my services, madam?"

The lady colored. "I am afraid, sir, there is some mistake. I need a lawyer to look at a difficult case, a man of principle, whom I can trust. You were mentioned to me, but I expected to see an older man."

"If you will admit me," said Loudon, who began to grow nervous in his turn, "so far into your confidence as to state the

case, I think I can promise not to do any hurt, even if I do no good. And if on the whole, you think it best to commit it to older and abler hands, I will charge you nothing and engage not to be offended."

The mother looked at her daughter and saw on her face the look of confidence and hope.

"The whole afternoon was spent in going over the case, examining papers, and the like." As they went along, Loudon took notes and memoranda with his pencil.

"He will never do," thought Mrs. Henshaw. "He takes everything for granted and unquestioned; and though I do not design to mislead him, yet it seems to me as if he would take the moon to be green cheese, were I to tell him so. He will never do;" and she felt as if she had wasted her time and strength. How loud then, was her surprise when Loudon pushed aside the bundles of papers, and looking at his notes, again went over the whole ground, sifting and scanning every point, weighing every circumstance, pointing out the weak places, tearing and throwing off the rubbish, discarding what was irrelevant, and placing the whole affair in a light more luminous and clear than even she had ever seen it before. Her color came and went as her hopes rose and fell. After he had laid it open to her, he added with unconscious dignity—

"Mrs. Henshaw, I think yours is a cause of right and justice. Even if there should be a failure to convince a jury so that law would decide in your favor, there are so many circumstantial proofs, that I have no doubt that justice will be with you. If you please to intrust it to me, I will do the best I can, and am quite sure I shall work harder than if I were on the opposite side."

"What do you say, Mary?" said the mother to the daughter. "You are as much interested as I. Shall we commit it to Mr. Loudon?"

"You are the best judge, but it seems to me that he understands the case better than any one you have ever talked with."

Loudon thanked Mary with his eyes, but for some reason or other, hers were cast down upon the figures of the carpet, and she did not see him.

"Well, Mr. Loudon, we will commit the whole affair to you. If you succeed, we shall be able to reward you; and if you do not, we shall be no poorer than we have been."

For weeks and months Loudon studied his case. He was often at Rose Cottage to ask questions on some point not quite so clear. He found they were very agreeable—the mother and the daughter—aside from the lawsuit, and I am not sure that he did not find occasion to ask questions oftener than he would have done, had it been otherwise.

The case was briefly this. Mr. Henshaw had been an active, intelligent and high minded man of business. He had dealt in iron, had large furnaces at different places, and did business on an average with three hundred different people a day. Among others, he had dealings with a man by the name of Brown—a plausible, keen, and as many thought, an unprincipled man. But Henshaw, without guile himself, put all confidence in him. In a reverse of times—such as occur once in about ten years, let who will be President—their affairs became embarrassed and terribly perplexed. In order to extricate his business, it was necessary for Henshaw to go to a distant part of the land, in company with Brown. There he died—leaving a young widow, and an only child, Mary, then about ten years old, and his business in a condition, as bad as need be. By the kindness of the creditors, their beautiful home called Elm Glen, was left to Mrs. Henshaw and her little girl, while the rest of the property went to pay the debts. The widow and her orphan kept the place of their joys and hopes in perfect order, and everybody said "it didn't look like a widow's house." But within four years after the death of Mr. Henshaw, Brown returned. He had been detained by broken limbs and business, he said. What was the amazement of the widow to have him set up a claim for Elm Glen, as his property! He had loaned Mr. Henshaw money, he said—had been with him in sickness and in death; and the high-minded Henshaw had made a will on his death-bed and bequeath-

ed Elm Glen to Brown, as a payment for debts. The will was duly drawn, signed with Mr. Henshaw's own signature, and also by two witnesses. Every one was astonished at the claim—at the will—at everything pertaining to it. It was contested in court, but the evidence was clear, and the will was set up and established. Poor Mrs. Henshaw was stripped of everything. With a sad heart she packed up her simple wardrobe, and taking her child, she left the village and went to a distant State to teach school. For six years she had been absent, and for six years had Brown enjoyed Elm Glen. No, not enjoyed it, for he enjoyed nothing. He lived in it; but the haggard look—the frequent appeal to the bottle—the jealous feelings which were ever uppermost—and his coarse, profane conversation, showed that he was wretched. People talked, too, of his lonely hours, his starting up in his sleep, his clenching his fist in his dreams, and defying 'all hell' to prove it, and the like.

Suddenly and privately, Mrs. Henshaw returned to her once loved village. She had obtained some information by which she hoped to bring truth to light, for she had never believed that her husband ever made such a will in favor of Brown. To prove that this will was a forgery was what Loudon was now to attempt. An action was commenced, and Brown soon had notice of the warfare now to be carried on against him. He raved and swore, but he also laid aside his cups, and went to work to meet the storm like a man in the full consciousness of the justice of his cause. There was writing and riding, posting and sending writs—for both sides had much at stake. It was the last hope for the widow. It was the first case for young Loudon. It was victory or state prison for Brown. The community, one and all, took sides with Mrs. Henshaw. If a bias could reach a jury, it must have been in her favor. Mr. Snappall was engaged for Brown, and was delighted to find that he had only that "white-faced boy" to contend with; and the good public felt very sorry that the widow had not selected a man of some age and experience; but then they said "women will have their own way."

The day of trial came. Great was the excitement to hear the great "will case," and every horse in the region was hitched somewhere near the court-house.

In rising to open the case, young Loudon was embarrassed; but modestly always meets with encouragement. The court gave him patient attention, and soon felt that it was deserved. In a clear, concise and masterly manner, he laid open the case just as it stood in his own mind, and proceeded with the evidence to prove the will to be forged. It was easy to show the character of Brown to be one of great iniquity, and that for him to do this was only in keeping with that general character. He attempted to prove that the will could not be genuine, because one of its witnesses, on his death bed, had confessed that it was a forgery, and that he and his friend had been hired by Brown to testify and swear to its being genuine. Here he adduced the affidavit of a deceased witness, taken in full before James Johnson, Esq., justice of the peace, and acknowledged by him. So far all was clear, and when the testimony closed, it seemed clear that the case was won. But when it came Snappall's turn, he demolished all their hopes, by proving that though James Johnson, Esq. had signed himself justice of the peace, yet he was no magistrate, inasmuch as his commission had expired the very day before he signed the paper, and although he had been re-appointed, yet he was not legally qualified to act as a magistrate—that he might or might not have supposed himself to be qualified to take an affidavit; and that the law, for very wise reasons, demanded that an affidavit should be taken only by a sworn magistrate. He was most happy he said to witness the cool assurance of his young brother in the law; and the only difficulty was that he had proved nothing, except that his tender conscience permitted him to offer as an affidavit a paper that was in law not worth a straw, if any better than a forgery itself.

There was much sympathy felt for poor Loudon, but he took it very coolly and seemed no way cast down. Mr. Snappall then brought forward his other surviving witness—a gallows looking fellow, but his testimony was clear, decided and consist-

ent. If he was committing perjury, it was plain that he had been well drilled by Snappall. Loudon kept his eye upon him with the keenness of the lynx. And while Snappall was commenting upon the case with great power, and while Mrs. Henshaw and Mary gave up all for lost, it was plain that Loudon, as he turned over the will, and again, was thinking of something else beside what Snappall was saying. He acted something as a dog, does when he feels sure he is near the right track of the game, though he dare not yet bark. When Snappall was through, Loudon requested that the witness might again be called to the stand. But he was so mild, and kind, and timid, that it seemed as if he was the one about to commit perjury.

"You take your oath that this instrument, purporting to be the will of Henry Henshaw, was signed by him in your presence?"

"And you signed it with your own hand as witness at the time?"

"I did."

"What is the date of the will?"

"June 30, 1830."

"Were you living in the village where he died at the time?"

"I was."

"How long had you lived there?"

"About four years, I believe; or somewhere thereabouts."

Here Loudon handed the judge a paper, which the judge unfolded and laid before him on the bench.

"Was that village large or small one?"

"Not very large—perhaps fifty houses."

"You knew all the houses well, I presume?"

"I did."

"Was the house in which Mr. Henshaw died, one story or two?"

"Two, I believe."

"But you know, don't you? Was he in the lower story or in the chamber when you went to witness the deed?"

Here the witness tried to catch the eye of Snappall, but Loudon very civilly held him to the point. "At length he said, 'In the chamber.'"

"Will you inform the court, what was the color of the house?"

"I think, feel sure, it wasn't painted, but didn't take particular notice."

"But you saw it every day; for four years, and don't you know?"

"It was not painted."

"Which side of the street did it stand?"

"I can't remember."

"Can you remember which way the street ran?"

"It ran east and west—the house two story, and unpainted, and Mr. Henshaw was in the chamber when you witnessed the will. Well, I have but two things more which I will request of you to do. The first is to take that pen, and write your name on that piece of paper on the table."

The witness demurred, and so did Snappall. But Loudon insisted upon it.

"I can't, my hand trembles so," said the witness.

"Indeed! but you wrote a bold, powerful hand when you witnessed the will. Come! you must try, try to oblige us!"

After much haggling and some bravado, it came out that he could not write, and never learned, and that he had requested Mr. Brown to sign the paper for him.

"Oh, ho!" said Loudon. "I thought you swore that you signed it yourself. Now one thing more and I have done with you. Just let me take the pocket-book in your pocket. I will open it before the court, and neither steal nor lose a paper."

Again the witness refused, and appealed to Snappall; but that worthy man was grinding his teeth, and muttering something about the witness going to the devil.

The pocket-book came out, and it was a regular discharge of the bearer, J. Odlin, from four years imprisonment in the Pennsylvania penitentiary, and dated June 15, 1831, and signed by Mr. Wood, the warden.

The young advocate now took the paper which he had handed to the judge, and showed the jury that the house in which Mr. Henshaw died was situated in a street running north and south—that it was a one-story house—that it was red, the only red house in the village, and moreover, that he died in the front room of the lower story.

[OVER.]

REPUBLICAN RATIONALE. MEETING.—The Republicans of Suffolk county and vicinity had a very large and spirited meeting at Faneuil Hall, on Monday last, to ratify their state nominations.

PROVISIONS AND AMMUNITION.—The beligerents have been and still are drawing very large supplies of provisions and ammunition from the United States.

SPECULATION.—A guano company has been formed in New York with a capital of \$10,000,000, who profess to own an island in the Pacific, containing over 200,000,000 tons of guano!

USE DR. CLOUGH'S PILLS FOR LIVER COMPLAINT, COSTIVENESS, HEADACHE, &c. Femalest know what sinking at the pit of the stomach, sickness, fighting and groaning, pain in the side, lassitude, and such complaints and ailments mean.

GOOD MANAGEMENT.—How much some persons lack this qualification. A man by purchasing his clothing at Oak Hall, Boston, can save, enough, in a short time, to purchase at the same place an extra suit.

A MEXICAN named Andrew Granderson, died at Chicago a few days since, for want of proper food and comforts.

TWO splendid specimens of full grown moose have been caught, and are on exhibition at Bangor, Me.

DR. CHARLES HUFFNAGLE, of Bucks county, Pa., is appointed, Consul General to India.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The Emperor of the French was 51 years old last April.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, a cure for Sick Headache and Bile. William Kaners, of Dover, Maine, was perhaps, one of the greatest sufferers from sick headache and bile, scarcely a day passed without his feeling the dreadful effects of these formidable evils.

DR. CLOUGH'S PILLS when you have a cold, pain in the side, back or shoulders, headache, &c., or one "sick all over." These Pills are mild and unobnoxious, but they search out disease, and sometimes the first dose will raise up a great commotion, especially if there is much "bad bile" about the patient.

IN this village 10th inst., Lizzie Lemira, daughter of Joel K. and Martha A. Bliss, aged eight months.

WE HEREBY give notice that we have given our son, Stephen Hill, his time and shall claim none of his wages, nor pay any other dividends, after this date.

REMOVAL! H. PHETPLACE has removed his stock of Goods to the large and commodious store, at the corner of Exchange and Perkins streets, where he intends to keep a large and well selected stock of CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

House at Auction. WILL be sold at public vendue, on Saturday, the 13th inst., at one o'clock p. m., the House and Lot on Spinnec street, next southerly of the School House, on the westerly side of the Common.

JUST received, a new lot of RIBBONS, FLOWERS, and MILLINERY GOODS, Flower and Muslin Bands, Thread Edgings, Smyrna do.—Also, a large assortment of DRY GOODS, all styles, to which we invite the attention of the ladies.

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

BOSTON FALL CARD NO. 1. T. C. WALES & CO., BOOTS, SHOES & LEATHER.

SEWING Machines! Nicholl's & Co's Unrivaled Machines use Cotton or Linen Thread of any size, as well as silk.

FAMILY MACHINES are especially adapted to ALL kinds of FAMILY SEWING. Every machine being warranted perfect, can not fail of giving satisfaction.

J. B. NICHOLS & CO., Importers and Dealers in BAR IRON, STEEL, HOOPS, RODS, SHAPES, AXLETREES AND HORSE NAILS.

PHILLIPS & MOESLEY, Importers and Dealers in BAR IRON, STEEL, HOOPS, RODS, SHAPES, AXLETREES AND HORSE NAILS.

Speaking Tubes. With all the improvements, fitted and put up by SETH W. FULLER, BELL HANGER.

J. PHILBROK'S BOOK & STATIONERY STORE. Under the American House, Boston. A large stock of books received as soon as published.

C. DREW, 18 Court St., Boston. ENGRAVINGS AND PAINTINGS.

TO PURCHASERS OF EMBROIDERIES! LACES, RIBBONS, MUSLINS, LINENS, DAMASKS, &c.

GAIR'S PATENT SUCTION AND FORCE PUMPS. Will force a large quantity of water with very little power, and will be kept in repair at small expense.

KINMONTH & CO., 275 Washington Street, THROUGH TO S & W WINTER ST. BOSTON.

CANCERS Can be Cured!! DR. GREEN, Scientific Indian Physician, No. 36 Broadfield Street, Boston.

DR. GREEN was one of our most successful and scientific Physicians previous to his travels among the Indians, where he obtained a knowledge of remedies which have proved completely triumphant in the cure of Cancers and Scrofula.

SCROFULA. Which in its various forms has proved the scourge of the present age, is completely cured by his treatment, as ten thousand of his former victims will testify, who are now rejoicing in the glow of health and strength.

CANCERS. Which have proved incurable with ordinary treatment, are perfectly cured by his remedies. He has cured the last year, about 500 cases of Cancers, most of which had in order to effect a perfect cure, but nine out of every ten cases of all Chronic Diseases are cured by medicine which Dr. Green sends to them, as he understands the nature of the disease.

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S. M. PETTINGILL & CO'S BOSTON DIRECTORY. BOOTS AND SHOES. C. & M. COX.

BROOKS, LANE & CO. No. 1 Blackstone, 2 & 4 Fulton, and 2 Shoe and Leather Streets.

J. K. WIGGIN, No. 19 Tremont Street, opposite the Museum, Boston. Dealer in English, French, German and Italian ENGRAVINGS.

HORACE BARNES. (Successor to Saml. Curtis.) Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Looking-Glasses and Frames, Clocks AND TIME PIECES.

Our only Place of Business, 5 & 7 Winter Street, OPPOSITE THE OLD STAND. Geo. Turnbull & Co.

RIBBONS, LACES, EMBROIDERIES, MUSLINS, SILKS AND SATINS, Merinos, Velvets, &c. &c.

DRESS GOODS & DOMESTICS. Boston, September 1, 1855.

SPINAL COMPLAINTS. A new method of treating Spinal Diseases, Curvatures of the Spine, and Spinal Weakness, without pain or suffering to the patient, however young or feeble, is now successfully practiced.

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