

The Weekly Journal.

Volume 2.

CHICOPEE, Mass., SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1854.

Number 9.

Poetry.

CLEAR THE WAY!

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Men of thought! be up and stirring,
Night and day!
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray—
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!
Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray!
Aid the dawning tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper—aid it, type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!
Lo a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay;
Lo the right's about to conquer:
Clear the way!
With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many o'ers, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Select Tales.

THE SPANISH BEAUTY.

A SURGEON'S STORY.

Soon after the triumphal entry into Madrid, the Duke de B. invited the principal families to an entertainment, offered by the French army to the capital it had newly conquered. Superb as the gala was, it had not the property of bestowing gaiety to the Spaniards; their women danced but little, and the majority of the guests had recourse to gambling. The paternal gardens were so splendidly illuminated that the ladies could promenade there as securely as if it were broad daylight; nor was anything spared that could give the Spanish a high estimate of Gallician taste. In an arbor, not far from the place, several French officers sat, at an advanced hour, discussing the chances of war, and commenting freely on the frowning aspect which the future seemed to wear.

"I sent my formal resignation to Murat yesterday," said the surgeon-in-chief of the army, of which I was paymaster general. "Without having any actual apprehension of leaving my bones in Iberian soil, I prefer salving the wounds of our German neighbors, whose weapons are less to be dreaded than these cursed Castilian poinards. I have a sort of evil foreboding touching Spaniards—gleamed, it may be, from numerous wonderful records extant in a collection of Spanish books, which form part of my youthful studies. In short, ever since we have entered Madrid, I have fancied myself to be—if not a hero, the accomplice of some perilous enterprise. We are now, I think, all Frenchmen here—no Spanish ears tollisten to us; so I may tell you my tale."

"Do so," we cried; and every individual cast a look around, but saw nothing that argued intrusion.

"Six days ago," began the surgeon, "I was returning in the evening to my quarters, when suddenly, as I turned the corner of a little street, two devils, I believe, fell upon me, and ere I could even struggle, twisted a thick cloak over me, which, when I attempted to cry out, not only stifled my voice, but almost choked me. I was hauled along, and lifted into a vehicle of some sort, where, no sooner had I been seated, ere the mantle was withdrawn, and a woman's voice uttered these desolating words: 'If you cry out, or make any effort to escape—if you indulge in the slightest equivocal movement, the gentleman opposite you is capable of pinning you without scruple. Be silent, then; whilst I explain the cause of your abduction. If you will give yourself the trouble to stretch out your hand to the right, you will find that your case of surgical instruments is not far distant. We procured them in your

name, for you may require them. We are taking you to the mansion of a lady who is in labor—a lady whose honor must be preserved at any risk, and whose unborn child must be confided to the custody of her friend—the gentleman who is your vis-avis. This lady's husband—for there is a husband—is desperately attached to her; but tho' watching over her with all the jealousy of an intensely jealous Spanish nature, suspects nothing; and is absolutely ignorant of the cause of her illness, which he believes to be a violent fever. You must act the part of accoucheur; the danger of the enterprise concerns not you. You have only to obey; otherwise, the lover of the lady—who is now beside you, but who does not know, as I do, a single word of French—will stab you to the heart!"

"The female did not spare an emphasis on these words, to which I replied by a question: 'Who then are you?' said I, seeking her hand. I saw that she was disguised by a military uniform, and by the faint light of the carriage lamp, I could distinguish that she possessed considerable claims to beauty.

"I am the lady's confidant," said she—"able and ready to reward you, if you gallantly lend yourself to the exigencies of the case."

"Willingly," said I, seeing my inability to rescue myself from a jeopardous position—"willingly, on one condition—that you permit me to salute you."

"I too have my conditions," was her answer; "you must promise never to seek a knowledge of what family I belong to; and never endeavor to obtain a sight of my face should I choose to visit your quarters."

"Never!" exclaimed I, "you are too severe, for I see you are handsome."

"Never," she repeated, "only at a sight and without light you must see me. I hope, Senor Surgeon, that your eyes are not, preterfelene." And with this she laughed. "But now," added she, "let me bandage your eyes, for our journey is at an end."

At that moment, the carriage stopped near the high wall of a garden. I heard the sound of a key, cautiously turned in the lock; and these words were addressed to me: "Be on your guard! let no one single sign I may choose to make escape your notice; for I can no longer speak to you without risk to both. Believe me, I wish to insure your safety." Then, in a loud tone, she exclaimed: "To reach my lady's chamber, we must pass through that of her husband; ay, in front of his very bed. Cough not, tread softly, and take care, as you go, not to touch any of the furniture, or to put your feet outside the carpet which I have arranged on the floor." This exhortation was addressed to the cavalier, who uttered a sort of growl, as if weary of so many delays. A door was opened, and I felt the close atmosphere of an apartment. With stealthy steps we proceeded, until stopping, the soft hand of my conductress withdrew the file from my eyes.

I found myself in a spacious chamber, lofty, and badly lighted by a smoky lamp. The windows were open, but garnished by thick bars of iron. On the floor, on a mat, lay—or rather weltered in agony—a woman, whose head was enveloped in a muslin veil, through which, however, I could distinguish eyes bright as stars; yet full of tears. She held a handkerchief to her mouth, which, in her efforts to suppress her moans, she bit with violence. Never did I behold so beautiful a creature—beautiful, even amid the distortions of agony. Not a cry revealed her inward torture.

There we stood, all three, mute and motionless, whilst the loud snoring of the sleeping husband echoed with consoling regularity in the adjoining room. I turned round to look at my conductress, but she had resumed the mask, of which, during our route, she had divested herself; and I could only see two black eyes, of agreeably pronounced formation. The lover stood silently apart, whilst I busied myself about the sufferer. Alas! I discovered, from symptoms that never deceived me, that she bore within her a lifeless burden. I beckoned to the girl, bending forward to apprise her of this circumstance, when, at that moment, the jealous lover drew his dagger. But I had leisure to whisper my intentions to the confidant, who quickly explained to him, in the same low tone, the cause of our hushed conference. A

slight shudder ran through his whole frame as he listened to her, and I almost fancied I could perceive his visage blanch beneath his dark mask. Taking advantage of a moment, when in despair, he stood gazing at the unfortunate lady—now living in her agony—the confidant pointed out to me, with a prohibitory gesture, some goblets of lemonade, which stood ready on the sideboard. I understood from these signals that in spite of the exhausting heat which consumed me, I was to abstain from quenching my thirst.

Presently the cavalier took an empty glass, and pouring out some lemonade, drank it. At that moment the Donna was seized with a violent convulsion, which convinced me that a favorable juncture had arrived, for which I was prepared. I seized my lancet, and bled her successfully in the right arm, the attendant catching the rapidly flowing blood in towels until the sufferer fell into a propitious state of weakness—when, after a terrible half hour, I succeeded in bringing a lifeless infant to the world. The Spaniard, conscious that I had saved his mistress, thought no more of poisoning me. I could perceive the big tears roll down beneath his vizar, till they wet his mantle. The poor signora uttered not a cry, but shivered and trembled like a bird that has been snared, while great drops of sweat poured from her pained body. At one of the most critical moments, when death was at her very heart, she made a gesture towards her husband's chamber; he had probably turned himself in bed, and of us all, she was the only one who had heard the rustling of the sheets and the crackling of the mattress beneath him.

There was a pause. I imagined that I could read the fiery glances which the cavalier and the confidant threw at each other through their masks—a dispute as to whether life or death was to be my portion. I stretched out my hand to take the glass of lemonade, from which the lover had lately drank, but imagining that I was going to quaff one of the still full and poisoned goblets, he sprang like a panther towards me, placed his dagger across the two envenomed vases, and then, perceiving it his own glass I had taken, he filled it up, and courteously bowing, made signs that I might partake of it. So expressive were his gestures of a desire to prevent me from touching the dangerous draught, that I forgave him for all his former suspicions, and determined to forget his previous resolutions to take my life. When I had quenched my thirst, he clasped my hand with cordiality; and after another tedious space of pain and anxiety, we laid the lady in bed. She was saved.

I whispered to the confidant what precautions and cares were requisite for her mistress, and expressed a wish to depart; but I was not reassured by finding that not she, but the cavalier, was to be my conductor. I, however, resolved to be on my guard. The signor, making up a bundle, containing the dead infant and the linen on which the lady had been bled, hid them under his cloak, and making signs to me to shut my eyes and follow him, whilst I held by his raiment. I obeyed. As he passed the doorway, however, I contrived to give a backward glance at the confidant; she had withdrawn the mask, and I beheld the loveliest countenance in the world. I confess that when I found myself in the open air, I breathed as if a mountain had been removed from my chest; and following my guard a short distance, continued to watch his movements. Passing through the garden and postern gate, we found in the street two steeds, which we mounted, and set off with a speed that made it impossible for me to remark a single object which might enable me hereafter to recognize the route we pursued. At dawn of day, I found myself at my own door; and with a wave of the hand and a pressure of his finger to his lips, the Spaniard disappeared.

On retiring to arrange my dress, I discovered that he had somehow contrived to convey some very valuable jewels into my pockets.

"But you have never been able to discover who the lady is?" observed the colonel.

"When I bled her," replied the surgeon, "I remarked upon her arm a very peculiar and beautiful mole."

As these words escaped his lips, he started and turned pale; when, following

the direction of his eyes, a tall figure, enveloped in a Spanish cloak, was beheld gazing at from a thicket of orange trees, and vanished almost as soon as seen. An officer sprang up in order to pursue him.

"By heaven!" ejaculated the surgeon, "that eye had a basilisk in it! The death bell tolls in my ears! Receive my adieu, for I feel that you will have to bury me here!"

"Pshaw!" said the colonel, "don't be silly. Fanel is after the listening scoundrel, who can not escape."

"Well!" cried the others, as Fanel, out of breath, returned.

"Deuce take him!" answered he. "He must have passed through the wall of the palace. As I suppose he does not possess the art of making himself invisible, he must live in the house, and has evaded me by disappearing through some unknown entrance in the walls."

"I am lost!" said the surgeon, in a low voice.

"Come, come!" cried I, "be easy. We shall bivouac in turn round you every night till you depart, and so insure your safety."

Three of us accompanied the surgeon to his quarters, and one of them remained with him. Next day he received permission to return to France; and as an escort had been ordered by Murat to attend a lady of rank, who was to leave the following morning, he prepared to accompany it. He was seated at dinner with his friends, when a domestic entered to say that a lady wanted to speak with him: fearing some snare, he descended, accompanied by the others. A lady stood there, but ere he could approach her, the unfortunate creature, uttering one word—"Beware!" fell dead at his feet! It was the confidant! Poisoned, and conscious that death was within her, she yet hoped that time would be given her to preserve the life of the surgeon, and this word of warning was her last.

We returned to the dinner hall; but a deep gloom had fallen on every one of us, which we in vain tried to dispel by hard drinking. At last, the party retired early to bed. It was midnight, when the surgeon was aroused from sound sleep by hearing the rings, which fastened the curtain of his bed, drawing sharply back; starting up, a prey to the natural alarm which was occasioned by a sudden awakening, he saw, standing beside the bed, a tall figure, enveloped in a cloak, whose fixed gaze reminded him of the orange thicket. A loud cry of "Help! help! my friends!" issued from the surgeon's lips, of which the only reply was a bitter smile from his unwelcome visitor.

"Signor physician," whispered he, "the poppy grows for all the world! and he pointed significantly to the three sleeping officers who shared the surgeon's apartment with him.

"Do you recognize this?" added he, as drawing from beneath his cloak the newly amputated arm of a female, he laid it before the surgeon, and pointed to the peculiar mole, which had been so imprudently described by him. By the light of the lamp which stood at the bedside, the surgeon recognized the arm, with a stupefaction of silence that yet formed an eloquent reply in the affirmative. The Spaniard—the husband of the unknown lady—demanded no further intelligence; in another moment his stiletto was in the breast of the surgeon! He, however, survived four days, in great agony, and expired in my arms.

This is not all. Sometime afterwards—some years, indeed—I was nominated to an appointment in Spain. The evening before I left Tours, where I was then stationed, I attended a ball given by Madam L, where there were many Spanish families of distinction. Quitting the card-table, I observed a Spaniard—a grandee—who had for some weeks been an exile in Touraine, but who, on this occasion, made his first appearance in the saloons of Tours, accompanied by his wife—a woman of extreme beauty, but possessed of only one arm. No one looked at this couple without experiencing curiosity and emotion; for the husband might have sat for one of Marillo's figures—the dark hollow eyes—the fixed, yet fiery glances that shot from the bald head, while so thin, so skeleton-like was the figure, that it almost excited alarm. The wife possessed that admirable symmetry of form which is so peculiar to the Spanish women; her face very

pale, was yet singularly lovely; and—a rare thing in Spain—her skin was as white as snow, while her dark eye threw rich, but sad, looks around. I was introduced to her. "Madam, may I inquire by what dire mischance did you lose your arm?" "I lost it at Madrid during the war," was her reply.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON'S PRAYER.

The strong devotional feelings of this late distinguished artist formed one of the most prominent traits of his character. Connected with this characteristic, is a remarkable incident in his early life, which has been related by one of his few intimate friends. Mr. Allston was a member of the Episcopal church. Although in early life he was ever a constant attendant, he was not strongly attached to religion, nor eminent for his piety. It would be too much to say that he was an unbeliever, or even a skeptic, in his views, but he was wont to speak lightly of religious things, and even to enjoy jests at the expense of holy subjects. His feelings, however, underwent a remarkable change, in consequence of a singular event in his life, which made a very strong impression, and was even regarded by him as a direct Divine interposition in his behalf.

Not long after his marriage with his first wife, the sister of the late Dr. Channing, he made his second visit to Europe. After a residence there of a little more than a year, his pecuniary wants became very pressing and urgent—more so than at any other period of his life. He was even at times at a loss for the means of purchasing the necessaries of life.

On one of these occasions—as he himself used to narrate the event—he was in his studio, reflecting, almost with a feeling of desperation, upon his condition. His conscience seemed to tell him that he deserved his afflictions, and had drawn them upon himself, by his neglect of religion, and his want of due gratitude for past favors from heaven. His heart, all at once, seemed filled with the hope that God would listen to his prayers, if he would offer up his expressions of penitence, and ask for Divine aid. He accordingly locked his door, withdrew to a corner of the room, threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for a loaf of bread for himself and wife.

While thus employed, a knock was heard at the door. A feeling of momentary shame at being detected in this position, and of fear lest he might have been observed, induced him to hasten and open the door. A stranger inquired for Mr. Allston. He was anxious to know who was the fortunate purchaser of the painting of the Angel Uriel, regarded by the artist as one of his master-pieces, and which had won the prize at the exhibition of the Academy. He was informed that it had not yet been sold.

"Can it be possible? Not sold? Where is it to be had?"

"In this very room. Here it is!"—producing the painting from a corner, and wiping off the dust.

"What is its price?"

"I have done affixing any nominal sum. I have always, so far, exceeded my offers. Leave it for you to name the price."

"Will four hundred pounds be an adequate sum?"

"It is more than I have ever asked for it."

"Then the painting is mine."

The stranger introduced himself as the Marquis of Stafford, and he became from that moment one of the warmest friends of Mr. Allston. By him, Mr. Allston was introduced to the society of the nobility and gentry, and he became one of the most favored of the many gifted minds that adorned the circle to which he was thus introduced, but in which he was never fond of appearing often.

The instantaneous relief thus afforded by the liberality of the noble visitor, was always regarded by Allston as a direct answer to his prayer, and it made a deep impression upon his mind. To this event he was ever after wont to attribute the increase of devotional feelings, which became a prominent trait in his character.

SPIRITS CONSUMED IN IRELAND.

During the year ending the 5th of April last, there were 8,220,159 gallons of spirits consumed in Ireland.

Whipping was abolished in Harvard college one hundred and eighty years ago.

MENTAL FREEDOM.

I call that mind free which masters the senses, which protects itself against animal appetites, which contains pleasure and pain in comparison with its own energy, which penetrates beneath the body and recognizes its own reality and greatness, which passes life, not in asking what it shall eat or drink, but in hungering, thirsting, and seeking after righteousness.

I call that mind free which escapes the bondage of matter—which, instead of stopping at the material universe, and making it a prison wall, passes beyond to its Author, and finds in the radiant signatures which it everywhere bears of the Infinite Spirit, helps to its own spiritual enlargement.

I call that mind free which jealously guards its intellectual rights and powers—which opens itself to light, whensoever it may come—which receives new truth as an angel from heaven—which, while consulting others, inquires still more of the oracles within itself, and uses instruction from abroad, not to supersede, but to quicken and exalt, its own energies.

I call that mind free which sets no bounds to its love, which is not imprisoned in itself or in a sect, which recognizes in all human beings the image of God and the rights of his children, which delights in virtue and sympathizes with suffering whenever they are seen, which conquers pride, anger and sloth, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind.

I call that mind free which is not passively formed by outward circumstances, which is not swept away by the torrent of events, which is not the creature of accidental impulse, but which bends events to its own improvement, and acts from inward spring—from immutable principle which it has deliberately espoused.

I call that mind free which protects itself against the usurpations of society; which does not cover to human opinion, which feels itself accountable to a higher tribunal than man's, which respects a higher law than fashion, which respects itself too much to be the slave or tool of the many or the few.

I call that mind free which, through confidence in God, and in the power of virtue, has cast off all fear, but that of wrong doing, which menace can enthral, which is calm in the midst of tumults, and possesses itself, though all else be lost.

I call that mind free which resists the bondage of habit, which does not mechanically repeat itself and copy the past, which does not live on its own virtues, which does not enslave itself to precise rules, but which forgets what is behind, and listens for new and higher motions of conscience, and rejoices to pour itself forth in fresh and higher exertions.

I call that mind free which is jealous of its own freedom, which guards itself from being merged in others, which guards its empire over itself as nobler than the empire of the world.

In fine, I call that mind free, which, conscious of its affinity to God, and confiding in his promises by Jesus Christ, devotes itself faithfully to the unfolding of all its powers—which passes the bounds of time and death, which hopes to advance forever, and which finds inexhaustible power, both for action, and suffering, in the prospect of immortality.

Such is the spiritual freedom which Christ came to give. It consists in moral force, in self-control, in the enlargement of thought and affection, and the unrestrained action of our best powers. This is the great good of Christianity, nor can we conceive a greater within the gift of God.

Dr. Channing.

It is impossible for those that have known only affluence and prosperity to judge rightly of themselves and others. The rich and the powerful live in a perpetual masquerade, in which all about them wear borrowed characters; and we only discover in what estimation we are held, when we can no longer give hopes or fears.

REPUTATION.—A profound judge of human nature remarks that there are two modes of establishing our reputation—to be praised by honest men, and to be abused by rogues and fools. It is best, however, to secure the former, because it will be invariably accompanied by the latter.

Merit is a great disadvantage to a man in search of political preferment.



Agriculture.

THE OREGON PEA. A letter from the Commissioner of Patents describing this new Pea, has been published in the Richmond Enquirer...

The Oregon pea brought a few years ago from Oregon Territory. Whether it was found wild there, or was obtained from the Indians, I am not prepared to say.

The seed of this plant is very small, less in size than that of the "Lady, or Sugar Pea," and of a pale green color, with a white "hilum," or eye.

It grows on a bush from five to six feet high, with five or six large branches near the ground, and they, with the main stem, put out other branches, until the stalks would make a bunch as large round as a tobacco hoghead...

The stalks and leaves, which are very large and beautiful, make perhaps the finest hay in the world—stock preferring it to any other—and yield a greater abundance.

It will grow on land so poor that it would produce little or nothing; and tolerably poor land is better for it, it will produce more than rich land. This may appear strange to some, but it is nevertheless true.

Rich land will produce more stalks, but not so many peas. In this respect it is like cotton. As an improver of the soil, I consider it far superior to clover, or anything known in Tennessee, when fed off on the ground and plowed in.

It is the object one has in view in raising this plant, let it be sown in drills four and a half feet apart, one or two seeds in a place, a foot apart along each drill.

In short, taking this plant altogether, it is one of the finest and richest productions I ever saw; and I am satisfied in my own mind that it is the greatest acquisition to the farmers of the valley of the Mississippi and the States adjacent, that has been introduced into this country—guano not excepted—in the last thirty years.

It is scarcely fifteen years since guano was first mentioned to the notice of farmers in England and Scotland, as a substitute for farmyard manure, or an auxiliary. Notwithstanding the incredulity and caution with which its claims were at first received, there is now an importation annually of about 150,000 tons into the different parts of Great Britain, which at an average of £10 per ton would amount to an expenditure of one million five hundred thousand pounds sterling, or about 7,500,000 dollars, on this one foreign manure alone.

PATRICK HENRY vs. INTOLERANCE. Soon after Henry's noted cause of Tobacco and the "Preserves," as it was called, he heard of a case of oppression for conscience's sake. The Church of England having been established by law in Virginia, became, as all such establishments are wont to do, exceedingly intolerant towards other sects.

Henry hearing of this, rode some fifty miles to volunteer his services in defence of the oppressed. He entered the court, being unknown to all present, save the bench and the bar, while the indictment was being read by the clerk.

"May it please your lordships, I think I heard read by the prosecutor, as I entered this house, the paper I now hold in my hand. If I have rightly understood, the king's attorney of the colony has framed an indictment for the purpose of arraiging and punishing by imprisonment three inoffensive persons before the bar of this court for a crime of great magnitude—as disturbers of the peace.

"What law have they violated?" While the third time in a row, dignified manner he lifted his eyes to heaven, and waved the indictment around his head.

Another long pause, while he again waved the indictment around his head—while a deeper impression was made on the auditory. Resuming his speech: "May it please your lordships, there are periods in the history of man when corruption and depravity have so long debased the human character, that man sinks under the weight of the oppressor's hand; becomes his servile, abject slave—he licks the hand that smites him; bows in passive obedience to the mandates of the despot; and in this state of servility receives his fetters of perpetual bondage.

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CONNECTICUT RIVER RAILROAD—Passenger trains leave Springfield to connect with all railroads North and West on this road at 7:30 a. m. and 1:40 p. m.

NEW HAVEN, HARTFORD AND SPRINGFIELD RAILROAD—On and after Monday, May 12, 1854, passenger trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: Leave Springfield for Hartford and New Haven, at 7:30 a. m.

NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN RAILROAD—Summer Arrangement, commencing May 15th, 1854. Trains from New Haven for New York, at 4:30 p. m.

HARTFORD AND SPRINGFIELD RAILROAD—Passenger trains leave Springfield for Hartford at 7:30 a. m. and 1:40 p. m.

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DEVINE'S COMPOUND Pitch Lozenge. The great remedy is at last discovered! CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!

Great Cough Remedy. DR. ROBERT'S SYRUP OF PULMONARY EXTRACT. BRONCHITIS, SPITTING BLOOD, ASTHMA, AND ALL OTHER LUNG COMPLAINTS.

CONSUMPTION! THE above Expectant, prepared by an experienced Physician and Chemist, has now become a standard Preparation, and is offered for the COMPLETE CURE of those diseases of the THROAT and LUNGS, which, if neglected, usually terminate fatally in CONSUMPTION.

IMPORTANT TO THE Farrier & Stage Proprietor. GEO. W. MERCHANT'S CELEBRATED GARGLING OIL.

GOOD FOR MAN & BEAST. RINGGOLD'S Hair Cutting, Shaving & Shampooing SALOON.

FOR SALE. THE HOUSE and Lot corner Cross and South Streets. The House is pleasantly situated and a convenient distance for persons working in the shops and mills.

Commissioner Notice. WILKINSON, SMITH, Esq., of Chicopee, Hampden County, Mass., has been appointed by Gov. Seymour, a Commissioner to take acknowledgements of Deeds, Depositions, &c., in the State of Massachusetts, to be used in the said State of Connecticut, and valid in said Court in that State.

REMOVAL. NEW STORE—NEW GOODS. Great Cloth. Clothing, Furnishing Goods, AND TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.

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

Wm. L. & J. W. Hitchcock. MANUFACTURERS of Ladies' and Gentlemen's BOOTS and SHOES in all their varieties. Dealers in Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers, Leather, Linings, Findings, Poles, &c.

GEORGE KEEP. Springfield Marble Works, On Main Street, South of Bridge, Street SPRINGFIELD, Mass. THE subscriber takes this method to inform the public that he has not sold out his business, as has been reported, but is still in the above business, and ever ready to furnish Monuments, Tombs, and Headstones, and all kinds of Marble work.

Mexican Mustang Liniment. Every land has hailed with delight this preparation, which is the result of the studies of a distinguished physician.

WESTERN RAILROAD—Summer Arrangements. For Albany, New York and Way Stations, at 7:30 a. m.

WESTERN RAILROAD—Summer Arrangements. For New York and Albany, (Express Train), at 9 a. m.

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BARETT'S. Veto on Tooth-Ache. Headache, Neuralgia, & Corns. That Good Time has Come! NO more sleepless nights with that wicked Tooth ache. No more lost time. No more anguish and suffering with that worst of all troubles, the toothache.

ONE FIXED FACT. All the true, reliable, and trustworthy back up to this remedy would be to supercede necessity. It needs nothing of the kind. Whoever uses the sale is rapid, astonishing, and who use it.

PRICE 25 CENTS. One dozen \$2.00. A liberal discount made to agents. Sent to any part of the United States or British provinces, secure packages, in the most direct, Town, County and State rights may be granted and protected to vend this remedy.

EASTMAN'S INFALLIBLE SICK HEADACHE REMEDY. THIS PREPARATION, BY DR. E. P. EASTMAN, M. D., of Lynn, Mass., HAS BEEN used in private practice for over 20 years, with the greatest success.

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

New Boot and Shoe Store. The subscriber has just opened a Store in Mrs. Stevens' Block, at the head of Dwight and Perkins Streets, on Exchange where may be found a good assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES. Consisting in part of Ladies' Black and Fancy Gaiters, Jenny Lind, Congress, Enamel, and Polka Boots.

KID BUSKINS AND KID SLIPS. Misses' and Children's shoes of all kinds, Men's, Boys, and Youth's, Calf, Kid and Thick Boots, Men's, Boys, and Youth's Calf, Kid and Thick Boots.

Wm. L. & J. W. Hitchcock. MANUFACTURERS of Ladies' and Gentlemen's BOOTS and SHOES in all their varieties. Dealers in Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers, Leather, Linings, Findings, Poles, &c.