

# The Weekly Journal.

Volume 3

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Number 16.

## POETRY.

### PUSH ON!

Awake and listen. Everywhere—  
From upland, grove and lawn,  
Outbreathes the universal prayer,  
The orison of morn.  
Arise and don thy working garb,  
All nature is astir,  
Let honest motives be thy baib,  
And usefulness thy spur.  
Stop not to list the hoisterous jeers,  
(He would be what thou art)  
They should not e'en thou thy ears,  
Still lest disturb thy heart.  
What though you have no shining board,  
(Inheritance of stealth)  
To purchase at the broker's board,  
At the expense of health,  
Push on! you're rusting while you stand—  
Inaction will not do:  
Take life's small bundle in your hand,  
And trudge it briskly through.  
Push on!  
Don't blush because you have a patch,  
In honest labor won;  
There's many a small cot roofed with thatch,  
That's happier than a throne.  
Push on! the world is large enough  
For you, and me, and all;  
You must expect your share of rough,  
And now and then a fall.  
But up again! act well your part—  
Bear willingly your load;  
There's nothing like a cheering heart  
To mend a stony road.  
Push on!  
Jump over all the ills and ills,  
There's always some kind hand  
To lift life's wagon from the ruts,  
Or poke away the sand.  
Remember when you sky of blue  
Is shadowed by a cloud,  
The sun will shine as soon for you  
As for a monarch proud.  
It is but written on the moon  
That toil alone endures;  
The king would dance a rigadoun  
With that little soul of yours.  
Push on! you're rusting while you stand—  
Inaction will not do:  
Take life's small bundle in your hand,  
And trudge life's pathway through.  
Push on!

### HAYING.

It is five o'clock. The morning is clear and fresh. A thin blue film of mist hovers over the circuit of the Housatonic along the mountain belt. A hundred birds, yes, five hundred, are singing as birds never sing except in the morning. A few chimneys send up a slow wreathing column of smoke, which grows every moment paler as the new kindled fire below burns brighter. In our house the girls are astir, and the mystery of breakfast developing. The little dog is so glad, after the lonesome night, to see you, that he surfeits you with frolic. The men are in the barn feeding the horses, and getting everything ready for work.  
The clouds hang low on the mountains on every side. Their ragged edges comb the mountain sides, and look as if they must away the trees in their course. Yet they move with such soft and drowsy measure that not a leaf stirs in their path. Will it rain to-day? The heavens overhead look like it. The clouds around the mountains hang low, as if there were rain coming. But the barometer says, No. Then a few rounds with the scythe, before breakfast, just by way of getting the path open. There they go, a pretty pair of mowers! The blinking dewdrops on the grass tops wink at them and pitch headlong under the stroke of the swinging scythe. How low and musical is the sound of a scythe in its passage through a thick pile of grass. It has a crunching, mel-low, murmuring sound, right pleasant to hear. The grass, rolled over in a swath to the left, green and wet, lies like a loosely corded cable, vast and half-twined. Around the piece, step by step, go the men, and the work is fairly laid out and begun. There sounds the horn! Breakfast is ready. A most useful and salutary custom is that of breakfast. One may work with the hands before breakfast, but not much with the head. The machine must be wound up. The blue must be taken out of your spirits, and the gray out of your eyes. A cup of coffee—real coffee—home-brewed, home-ground, home-made, that comes to you dark as a hazel eye, but changes to a golden bronze as you temper it with cream that never cheated, but was real cream from its birth, thick, tenderly real, perfectly sweet, neither lumpy nor frothing on the Java; such a cup of coffee is a match for twenty blue devils, and will exercise them all. Involuntarily one draws in his breath by the nostrils. The fragrant savor fills his senses with pleasure—for no coffee can be good in the mouth that does not first send a sweet offering of odor to the nostrils. All the children are farmer's boys for the

occasion. Were Sebastopol built of bread and cakes, these are the very engineers who would take it. Bless their appetites! It does one good to see growing children eat with a real hearty appetite. Mountain air, a free foot in grassy fields and open groves, plain food and enough of it, these things kill jillies in the cheek and bring forth roses.  
But we must make haste, and make hay while the sun shines! Already John Dargan is there whetting his scythe. John, tough as a knot, strong as steel, famous in all the region for plowing, and equally skillful at mowing, turning his furrow and cutting his swath alike smoothly and evenly. If Ireland has any more such farmers to spare, they may come on in spite of all the know nothings. The man of the farm strikes in first, as being the head man in this dominion, and John follows, and away they go right through the clover and herdsgrass, up the hill, toward the sun. The grass is full of dew, which quivers in the sunlight, and winks and flashes by turns all the colors of a rainbow. We follow after, as one that limps, having never attained the art of mowing, and being a late learner, we prefer to let our betters go first. One swath will satisfy our zeal, and we shall fall into the ranks of the spectators. Round and round the field they go, with steady swing, the grass plat growing less at every turn. What a miniature forest is this tall grass, full of underbrush clover! How full of population! Yast communities dwell here of which we have but little knowledge, and for which we have but little sympathy. All manner of grasshoppers, field crickets, bugs of every shape and color, worms, birds, young and old, and nameless life, swarm through these grassy forests, past all counting. One imagines the sudden surprise with which the crash of the scythe overthrows all their structures, obliterates their paths, destroys their haunts and societies, and buries thousands of them under each swath of grass. All the bright webs of spiders that sit up late at night, the virgin webs that have as yet caught nothing but dew, and have caught a whole lap-full of that, are swept in one stroke. A mower will in half a day disarrange the plans of myriads of his fellow-creatures, walking a conqueror through their desolate cities and dwellings, without once thinking; even, that he has wrought his task amid such multitudinous company. I following on, turn over the grass and watch the liberated captives, that take their disasters very patiently. Spiders forget to be voracious. Insects run over spiders without fear. All herd together in peace, made by a common misfortune. So we have read that bears, wolves, panthers, deer, rabbits and foxes, are sometimes pent up on some high ground, islanded by a sudden freshet, and forget their destructive habits, and live together peacefully until the receding waters let them forth again.  
While we are musing upon the fate of bugs, a shout from the boys informs us that the mowers have disclosed a meadow lark's nest. Sure enough, there goes the gibbering bird over into the next field, to complain and mourn over her unexpected loss. Five speckled eggs are not so easily laid as to be given up without a thought! How many fond hopes are here crushed by one swing of Time's scythe, or John's scythe it was, I believe. They are warm and smooth. How good they felt to the warm-breasted mother! Here she sat mute, reflecting upon the joyful time when she should inform her mate that the shells were broken, and both of them should bring a dilapidated worm to the ugly looking mouths of their callow young. But when did a child ever look ugly to its mother? And larks doubtless think their featherless, discolored, yellow-mantled squabs more beautiful than full-grown humming-birds. And now the bereaved mother is flying thence to the top of a near bush, to see the issue. We carefully put up sticks about the nest, and took oaths of humanity from all the boys, and caused horse-rakes and cart-wheels to respect the nest. But when the grass was cleared from the field, and the nest was left wide open to the sun, without shade or protection, the owners held a counsel over matters, and resolved to abandon the desecrated nest, set the eggs down to profit and loss, emigrate to another meadow, and begin life again. After two days' waiting, some of

the kind friends, without our knowledge, removed the desolate nest, and placed it upon our writing-table, and there it now lies before us, with a vine of green leaves and a few spikes of yellow sweet clover, twined about it. Poor eggs! No lark shall ye ever be! Ye shall not shake dew from the grass, nor pick worms from the earth, nor sing a mournful minor song, as I hear your kindred now doing from out of the field before my window.  
Meanwhile all the boys have been at work spreading the grass. The hay-cocks of yesterday have been opened. The noon comes on. It is time to house it. It is brave work to see men pitching and loading hay. We lie down under the apple-trees, and exhort them all to diligence. We are surprised at any pauses to wipe the perspiration from their brows. We are very cool. We think haying a beautiful sport. We admire to see it going on from our window! We resist all overtures of the scythe and fork, for we think one engaged in the midst of it less favorably situated to make calm and accurate observations.  
The day passes, and the night. With another morning, and that Saturday morning, comes up the sun without a single cloud to wipe his face upon. The air is clear as crystal. No mist is on the river; no fleeces upon the mountains. Yet the barometer is sinking—has been sinking all night. It has fallen more than a quarter of an inch, and continues slowly to fall. Our plans must be laid according. We will cut the clover which is to be cured in the cock, and prepare to get in all of yesterday's mowing before 2 o'clock. Not till about ten o'clock is any change perceptible. Then the sun-light seems pale, though no cloud is before it. Some invisible vapor has struck the atmosphere. By-and-by clouds begin to form—loose, vast, cumulous, that slowly roll and change their unwieldy shapes, and take on every shade of color that lies between the darkest leaden gray and the most brilliant silver gray. One load we roll in before dinner. While catching our hasty meal, affairs grow critical. The sun is hidden. The noon is dark. All hands are summoned. Now, if you wish to see pretty working, follow the cart, and see long forks leap into the cocks of hay, and to a backward lift they spring up, poise a moment in the air, shoot forward, and are caught upon the load by nimble John, and in a twinkling are in their place. We hear thunder! Lightning flashed on the horizon. Jim, and Frank, and Henry Summer, are springing at the clover, rolling it into heaps, and dressing it down so as to shed rain. There are no lazy-bones there!  
On the other side of the road there is a small piece of this morning's cut grass lying spread. All the girls and ladies come forth to the fray. Delicate hands are making lively work, raking up the dispersed grass, and flying with right nimble steps here and there, bent upon cheating the rain of its expected prey. And now the long winnows are formed. The last load of hay from the other fields has just rolled triumphantly into the barn! Down jumps John, with fork in hand, and rolls up the winnows into cocks. We follow and glean with the rake. The last one is fashioned. A drop pats down on my face. Another, and another. Look at those baseless mountains that tower in the west, black as ink at the bottom, glowing snow at the top edges! What gigantic evolutions! They open, unfold, change form, flash lightnings through their spaces, close up their black gulfs, and move on with irresistible but silent march through the heated air. Far in the north the rain has begun to sheet down upon old Gray Lock! But the sun is shining through the shower and changing it to a golden atmosphere, in which the mountain lifts up its head like a glorified martyr amid his persecutions! Only a look can we spare, and all of us run for the house, and in good time. Down comes the flood, and every drop is musical. We pity the neighbors, who, not warned by barometer, are racing and chasing to secure their outlying crop.—H. W. Becker, in the Independent.

## Youth's Department.

From the Macedonian.

### WALTER, Or How to make a Miser.

BY MRS. J. D. CHAPIN.

On a high hill stood a fine large house with cupola and conservatory, around which the grounds were laid out with much taste and elegance. The rich man of the village lived here, and could look from his shining windows on several smaller houses and gardens which he called his own. In some of these lived his own workmen, and others were rented. The little low brown house close under the hill was where his father lived, and where, by rising up early, sitting up late, and eating the bread of carefulness, he had scraped together much of the property which his more ease-loving son was now enjoying. When the new house was built, the old one was let to the widow Alden, who earned her living by her needle. The owner often thought of charging more for it than she could possibly pay, but then he would reflect that should a low family with barbarous children occupy it, his fruit might suffer, and the repairs cost more than the additional rent. So the widow and her faithful boy still remained his tenants.  
The trees were all stripped of their foliage, the pond before the low cottage was frozen over and shone like glass under the noonday sun;—the snow lay like soft cushions, not only on the roofs but on the top of every door, window, and on the branches of all the trees. Double windows were put into the house on the hill, and the doors of the brown cottage were well latched, to keep out that troublesome intruder, Jack Frost.  
A fair haired boy leaned over his desk in the village school-house, screening himself from observation behind his atlas. He opened a little steel-bound porte-monnaie, and smiled when he saw the pieces of silver money shining there. Soon he replaced the treasure in the breast pocket of his jacket, and felt on the outside to be sure it was safe. This he would do many times in the day, when no one saw him. Now the sight of this money made Walter happy. You will wonder at this, as you all see money every day and care nothing for it unless you can use it. He did not keep it, and look at it because it was given him by some dear absent friend, nor yet because he could use it as capital to trade on for the benefit of a poor mother, for his father was a very rich man. Every body knew that he was rich, and his neighbors could tell the boundaries of his land, the amount of his stock, and the sum invested in mercantile pursuits. And yet this man never gave away a copper, but was always trying to win more, and talking of hard times and the expense of living, and was particularly severe on laboring people who wanted fair wages for their work. If any kind neighbor ever called on him to aid some good object, his brow, which was always wrinkled, would become more deeply furrowed, and his whole frame writhe as if with pain. "I can't afford it," was his first answer, and when reminded of his mills and farms and store, he would reply, "Ah, but I am in debt," and by buying more property than he could pay cash for, he took care to be always in debt. But he forgot that although he might deceive his fellow men, he could not blind the all-seeing eye of God, who had given him all his treasures. When he returned to his elegant home, weary from the labors of the day, he never rested his mind by useful reading, or in cheerful and profitable conversation with his wife and son, but toiled to contrive some new plan for increasing his wealth, or rehearsed the shrewd bargains of the day. This continual talk of gold and saving and earning and hoarding was all that ever poor Walter heard at home. His playthings when a baby were six silver dollars strung so that they would jingle like bells. When he grew larger he had a tin house with a sign over the door, on which was painted—not "Missionary box"—but "Savings Bank." This he was urged to fill as speedily as possible, and promised a gold eagle to add to the sum before it was put into the great brick bank at the foot of the street. Like all other children, Walter was interested in that which most interested his parents, and

when he took his savings bank into his crib to play with in the morning he would count the little panes in the tin windows, and wish he had a hundred dollars for every pane. The smiles and praises he received for every new piece he dropped into the chimney of his tin bank, led him to consider wealth as the chief good, and to resolve that he would be a very rich man.  
There was to be a great skating party on the village pond, but it was found that Harry Alden, the widow's son, could not enjoy it with the rest for want of a pair of skates. So the school-boys at once decided that he should have a pair, and for this purpose put all their pocket money together to buy them. Walter gave nothing for this purpose, but he offered to purchase them, hoping to get a little profit on them. But the other boys would allow him no hand in it. When they saw Harry's cheerful face, they all felt happier with empty pockets, than did little Walter with fifty dollars in the brick bank, the tin house half full at home, and nine silver pieces in his wallet.  
The winter was long and very cold, and before Harry had used his skates many times his dear faithful mother grew sick. This made him very sad, for he loved her dearly, and she was all the friend he had in the wide world. He used to save and split all her wood, and would never allow her to bring in a pail of water or make a fire. Besides this, he did other things for the neighbors, and thus procured many little comforts which his mother's needle could not. But now that she was ill, he could neither make the fires and sweep the school house, nor saw the four cords of wood, which he had engaged to do for a kind neighbor. With the money for this work, he had hoped to get a warm overcoat, which he needed very much. But he cared little for all this, if his mother could be spared.  
When his cheerful face was missed among the boys at their sports, they began to talk of him and wished they could aid him in some way. Then Walter, whose heart had grown still harder for not joining the others in their kindness to Harry, said, "I guess you're all sorry now that you gave him those skates! Now your money's all gone, or you might give him something useful." Father says that people who are too poor to buy skates, are too poor to spare the time to use them.  
"No, Walter, we are not sorry that we gave the skates to Harry; we're only sorry that we can not give him still more," said a kind looking boy. "And now, as we have not much pocket money, I propose that we all turn to, at sunrise, on Saturday morning, and saw, split and pile that wood for him, and let him have the money to get his coat, or whatever else he needs."  
The rest all gladly agreed to this, and one insisted on knowing whether Walter would join them at work, or give some of his money. "At least," said one, "you can buy him a pair of warm mittens." But Walter merely answered, "I'll see what my father says about it." The boys smiled at this, as they well knew what he would say.  
When he left the dusty school-house where the other boys were sweeping for Harry, and entered his home, it looked very cheerful there. The coal blazed in the open grate, and a nice warm supper awaited him. Pussy was stretched on the soft rug, and Walter drew up his little chair and sat down beside her. While on his way from school, the snow fell and the wind blew fiercely in his face, and for a little while his heart was softened towards those who had no protection against the cold, and he was almost tempted to take a quarter of a dollar from his wallet and buy a pair of mittens. But now that he himself was so comfortable,—when the fire was almost too warm for his face, he began to think that it was not so very cold after all, and that Harry could no doubt get along till spring without mittens, and then he would not need any.  
Walter's father sat near him, rocking too and fro in his easy chair, with dressing gown and slippers. His brows were drawn down more than usual, and every now and then a heavy sigh escaped him. Walter soon saw that he was in trouble, and his first thought was that his father had lost his mother. But then he thought he would not sigh for that, because he said the other day, that she had lived now so long

that she was no comfort to herself, on any body else, and that it was wrong to wish her life prolonged. Still he resolved, to break in upon his musings by relating what had been said at school about aiding Harry Alden.  
"But," answered the father after his boy had aroused him, "the widow Alden has only one son; I should think she could support him without calling on others."  
"She is sick, now, sir," replied Walter.  
"Everybody is sick some time or other," replied the gold-hardened man. "Let Harry wait for the overcoat till she gets well enough to earn it. It is a sure way to make poor people idle, to be always aiding them. If you want to saw wood, my boy, you will find enough in your own cellar, without going abroad to look for work."  
"I did not mean to do that," replied the boy, "but they said I ought to give Harry a pair of mittens."  
"Mittens, indeed!" exclaimed the father. "Thousands of poor people go all winter without mittens,—yes, and without stockings, too. He ought to be thankful that he has a house over his head, without talking of mittens and new coats." He is no worse off than others. Everybody has trouble. This has been a sad day to me, Walter, for Patrick, who died in the little red house, has not left enough to bury him, so I shall lose a quarter's rent by him. Now I don't believe this widow ever lost so much money in all her life."  
The boy looked into his father's face, and understood the cause of his deep sighs. He resolved to say no more about Harry, and feeling ashamed to meet his companions, to stay at home till the work was done. Now, dear children, do you wonder, with such foolish reasoning and such selfish language always sounding in his ears, that Walter grew up to care for no one but himself? You are taught to imitate the example of the Savior, who left the riches and glory he had with his father, and came to earth to bless and save our fallen race. His poverty, his persecution, and his death, are held up before you as proofs of his great love and pity! You are instructed in your duty to the sorrowful and needy at home, and to life-perishing heathen abroad. But, remember, that with all these holy influences around you, God will require more sympathy and sacrifice from you than from those reared in the principles of this selfish world, as was Walter. He was however far from blameless, for instead of following his father's example, he should have taken warning from it. Watch your hearts, lest the covetousness which is natural there, gain the mastery over you. When you feel the love of your little treasures growing strong, just draw from them for the afflicted, or some other holy cause. This, while the heart is soft, can this vice be overcome; but by hoarding and loving money, when young, you will stand in great danger of becoming misers when you are old. The Scriptures call covetousness idolatry, and it is surely as pitiful to see an immortal being worshipping a god of gold or silver, as one of wood or stone. You have seen the seed of covetousness sown in Walter's heart, and at another time we will show what fruit it bore.  
TERRA-COTTA.—Terra-cotta is rapidly becoming one of the principal materials for architectural embellishments, being equal in durability and beauty to marble, and much cheaper for the same degree of carving. The most extensive terra-cotta works in the world, it is said, are of Munich, in Bavaria, where copies of all the masterpieces of ancient and modern statuary are made and exhibited in an immense building erected for the purpose of collecting specimens of the sculpture of all times. There are numerous terra-cotta manufactories in this country.—Boston Post.

Julius—Know the reason Sebastopol hasn't been taken?  
Sam—Not in dese boots.  
Julius—They hadn't got the right keys to open the gates.  
Sam—What keys do they want?  
Julius—Yan-kees.  
Sam—I know what key would suit you de best.  
Julius—What is it?  
Sam—Whiskey.  
Julius—Yes, and all this fuss is made out of a Tur-key.  
Mrs. Partington has a "spirited" horse that always goes off in a "decenter."

# The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, Sept. 15, 1855

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

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

## GOV. SHANNON.

"There are depths of infamy as well as heights of fame," and the newly appointed governor of Kansas seems disposed to illustrate the first part of our text. Sorrowful it is to think that a man is so capable of forgetting all the nobler feelings, the generous impulses of humanity, and even the simplest and most common-place rules of justice, as governor Shannon has done in his recent speech in St. Louis. We sincerely hope the telegraphic report will prove to be false, and shall take great pleasure in contradicting it if it is so.

The telegraph says that Shannon stated in his speech that he should use his authority to enforce the enactments of the bastard Missouri-Kansas legislature, and was in favor of slavery being introduced into the territory! The report of that speech was received five days ago, and has not yet been contradicted. An attempt is to be made then to carry out the acts of men who were elected by armed non-resident Missourians, whose almost every step since their election has been in contact with the organic act of congress in relation to the territories, who have trampled upon decency, and in several cases plainly violated the U. S. constitution—a body of men who should be hammering stone in some state prison.

Let Gov. Shannon undertake to execute those illegitimate laws if he dares! He has to deal not with those of servile blood, but with descendants of men who fought the battles of the revolution. It takes considerable to rouse the "round-head," but once roused, he is more than a match for the boasting "cavalier." It is not very often that the former talks about pistols and bowie-knives, but when he does, he means precisely what he says. The round-heads fought successfully under Cromwell; the same race conquered the Indians and wilderness of New England, and has never, in any engagement, disgraced the national flag. That element predominates to-day in Kansas, and it will not be bullied into submission by an army of Aitchisons, Stringfellow and Shannons. The people of the territory have already pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to resist the doings of the bastard legislature; they have formed many military companies, and drill every day. They expect to be obliged to fight, and when it becomes necessary, they will do so.

Supposing Gov. Shannon should endeavor to enforce the act against the publication of anti-slavery newspapers or documents? There are five such papers now published in the territory. Will the people quietly see them broken up? And just so with many other acts, which excel even Russian despotism. No! they will not submit.

It must be evident to even the most stupid that the Pierce administration is doing its utmost to make Kansas a slave state. Friend democrats! we appeal to you. Does not the recent speech of governor Shannon prove the correctness of our assertion?

## MAINE.

"There is no use in fiddling." Owing to the liquor question, the republican party has been defeated in Maine. Had that question been out of the way, the anti-slavery men would have swept the state by a tremendous majority. The pro-slavery papers will howl over the result as a great administration victory. But never mind; the temperance question can not affect the next presidential election, and Maine will then give her vote for the republican candidate.

We invite attention to the following, in relation to the subject, from the N. Y. Evening Post:

Putting together the accounts of the matter drawn from the different sources, the inference is clear that the republican party has lost the election in Maine, by adopting an issue foreign to its original and proper object. When we hear the republican party spoken of, we understand a party formed to oppose the extension of slavery into free territory, a party founded in opposition to the Nebraska fraud, and its whole progeny of mischiefs. By attempting to occupy at the same time another ground, the republican party in Maine allowed itself to be dislodged from its strong position. It gave its enemies an opportunity to present it to the people simply as the advocate of the Maine law, and was consequently beaten. It is the extreme of folly in a party which has a popular cause—a cause generally acknowledged to be just—to seek allies by combining with it a cause of doubtful popularity. A prudent military commander, who has posted himself in a strong position, does not look about him for weaker posts to occupy with his army. If in any other state a party founded on this hostility to the Nebraska

act and its kindred measures should present a set of nominations for elective officers to the public, they will probably learn, from the example of Maine, not to clog themselves with questions which are simply incumbrances and obstacles to success.

It must be observed, however, after all, that if the governor of Maine were chosen by a plurality of votes, Mr. Morrel would be re-elected. In the contest, which is a close one, he leaves the democratic candidate for governor behind, and Reed, the candidate of the whigs, has scarcely more votes than just enough to prevent an election by the people.

**AN INCIDENT AT SEBASTOPOL.**—A letter from Sebastopol has the following: "The other night I was on the entrenchments, and a good number of us were sitting together amusing ourselves. One was singing a song called 'Mary, weep not for me,' in which occur these beautiful lines: 'Far, far from thee I sleep in death, So Mary, weep no more for me,' when a shell came in and burst among us, and killed the man while he was singing the song. I never was so vexed in my life; it opened his skull completely, and he died in an instant."

**DELUGE OF WHEAT.**—The wheat pressing forward to market begins to embarrass the western road, whose freight equipage will soon be fully employed. The Illinois central road has found it necessary to order three hundred more freight cars. A large amount of wheat has already reached Chicago from the southern section of the road. One station alone, (Jonesburg) it is estimated, will give the road this season 300,000 bushels.

A contemporary expresses himself very angrily on the modern practice of prefixing titles to names, without the least right. "The matter," he thinks, is scarcely worth the trouble taken. For our own part, we do not begrudge Tompkins or Simkins the "honorable," or the "esquire," any more than we would deny a "jolly fat negro" on an Alabama plantation the privilege of being known as "Julius Caesar Augustus Scipio Africanus."—*Ex.*

**SIR GEORGE BROWN'S HORSE.**—Wilmer & Smith's European Times, of the 11th inst., says: "Sir George Brown has refused an offer of 1,100 guineas for the gray hunter which carried him at the 'Alma.' The horse is quite recovered from the bullet riddling he received."

**LOUIS NAPOLEON** kissed Victoria when she landed in France. There is great virtue in a kiss from an emperor. When Louis Napoleon was a special constable in London, he had presumed to kiss the queen, he would have had his brains beaten out with a bludgeon by some of his constabulary brothers.—*Exchange.*

**APPLE BRANDY.**—A great quantity of apple brandy will be manufactured in some parts of the south this fall, in consequence of the unusual abundance of apples. Extensive arrangements have been made to manufacture the article, which has been scarce for several years past.

**CALICOES.**—Mr. Burn, of Manchester, England, has published a statement of exports from Great Britain, of plain and printed calicoes, for the first half of the present year. To the United States, there has been a falling off in the exports of 43,000,000 yards.

**LARGE SALE OF LANDS.**—Col. Stockton, of Fayette county, Va., has recently sold 40,000 acres of land in that county to Dr. Salisbury, of one of the northern states, for \$105,000, the money to be paid some time this month.

**MILLS IN LOWELL.**—There are 52 mills in Lowell, running 271,838 spindles, and 11,407 looms. There are produced, weekly, 2,238,000 yards of cotton cloth, 30,000 yard of woollens, 20,000 yards of carpeting, and 50 rugs.

**WHIG STATE CONVENTION.**—There will be a whig state convention at Worcester, Oct. 2, to nominate candidates for state offices. It is also expected that it will find out the precise whereabouts of the "man in the moon."

**PEPPERMIN.**—A good business is said to be made in Canada, by cultivating fields of peppermin. It is easily done, and the yield is ordinarily the value of about eighty dollars to the acre.

The North Adams Free American states that a boy by the name of Jones was killed and devoured by a wild bear, probably a bear or panther, in Woodford, Vt., a few days ago.

**PAUPERS.**—One in every six of the men, women and children of Newcastle, England, is a pauper, and the total number of paupers in the town exceeds 16,000.

**THE BASTINADO.**—Following the example of the Neapolitan government, Rome has introduced the bastinado into her penal code.

S. M. PETTINGELL & Co.—We refer our readers to the Boston advertisements of S. M. Pettingell & Co.

## CHICOPEE NEWS.

About three hundred attended the republican caucus on Thursday evening. The meeting was called to order by John H. Smith; J. R. Childs, Esq. was chosen president, and James C. Pratt secretary. On motion of Mortimer D. Whitaker, Esq., a committee of nine was appointed by the chair to report delegates for the Worcester convention. During the absence of this committee, Charles R. Ladd, Esq. addressed the meeting, for about twenty minutes, in an effective manner.

The committee reported the following list of delegates:—J. R. Childs, Sylvanus Adams, Prastus Stebbins, Silas Mosman, Adolphus G. Parker, Otis Skeele, Ezekiel Blake, Timothy W. Carter, John U. Smith.

It was voted that every anti-slavery man in Chicopee be delegated to attend the mass convention; and also that the delegates to the nominating convention be empowered to fill vacancies.

The meeting was addressed by Jona. R. Childs, L. H. Brigham, Rev. Mr. Webster, Amory Doolittle and Daniel Knapp. Everything passed off in a satisfactory manner, and Chicopee may be set as sure for the republican ticket by a majority that will mean something. Every anti-slavery man should be a committee of vigilance, and work, work, work. The old hankers and the young hankers must be "laid out cold." If the republican party will only do one-half of its duty, there is no danger of Massachusetts being stranded upon the pro-slavery beach.

The paper-mill in Chicopee Falls, carried on by J. Valentine, and owned, we believe, by the Chicopee Manufacturing Co., was burned to the ground at half-past 2 o'clock on Friday morning. The fire companies of this village, and the one at Chicopee Falls, were early upon the ground; the firemen took the engines to the river, which is near by, and, for two hours, stood up to their knees in water. Had it not been for their untiring efforts, the bridge close by the paper-mill, which is valued at \$6,000, would have been destroyed. The gallant firemen of Chicopee deserve no small amount of credit. We learn that the machinery of the mill was owned by Mr. Valentine. Part of the contents were saved.

Dr. Ralph Morgan detected a young man in the act of stealing apples from his garden, last Sunday, and on Monday had him arrested, and on Tuesday morning he was brought before his Honor Judge Whitaker, whereby the young man was made to pay something more than six dollars for his meat of fruit. We suppress the name of the offender, for the reason that we believe it to have been his first offense. All should be glad that this species of petty larceny is being looked after, as we understand it is—Judge Whitaker having had two similar cases at Chicopee Falls within the last two weeks—resulting in a like manner.

At the recent session of the supreme judicial court in Springfield, the following persons, residing in Chicopee, were divorced:—Clarissa C. Merrill from Silas Merrill; Rufus S. Mixer from Miranda Mixer, and Lydia A. Towne from John Towne. It seems from this that Chicopee has her share of unhappy marriages—probably owing to a want of sufficient reflection on the part of those rushing headlong into matrimony. People should "look before they jump."

Mr. H. H. Plettepage has a bean-pod two feet and four inches in length, containing a number of beans, and raised in his garden. He should make a present of it to friend Johnson, who is the vegetable curiosity man of Chicopee.

Last Saturday, Dr. Stickney, assisted by Dr. Smith, performed a surgical operation upon Mr. John Hebron, of this village. Mr. H. had been troubled with dropsy in the bowels for several months, and they removed forty one and a half pounds of water—making over two pails full. The patient is now doing well.

Arthur McArthur, formerly attorney-at-law in this village, and son-in-law of Benj. B. Belcher of Chicopee Falls, is democratic candidate for lieutenant governor in Wisconsin; and George W. Whitman, formerly pay-master at the Dwight counting room, is known nothing candidate for comptroller in California.

Last Sabbath evening, there was a temperance meeting at Rev. Mr. Oviatt's church. Speeches were made by Rev. Messrs. Cromack, Lincoln, Oviatt and C. R. Ladd, Esq.

On Monday, George Smith, of Chicopee, found a \$125 check in Hartford, payable at the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of that city, and signed by Jonathan Nott, Jr. He was in a hurry to take the cars, and therefore did not try to find the owner. Mr. N. can have the check by applying to him.

Benjamin F. Cadwell has resigned his post as book-keeper, &c. at Alonzo Wain's livery stable, and Amory Doolittle, Esq. has taken his place.

Miss Lanckton's story will appear next week.

The "Adventure at Juan Fernandez" we decline publishing.

A gentleman in this village received, a few days since, the following letter, which we give *verbatim et literalim*:

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ now I put fore dolers in the letter fore yo to ply one count yn hav gins me i wont yo give me creed or i one your books August the 13th 1855

I rote this larst month was gont send it to you there is fore dolers give me creed of it.

On the outside of the above interesting epistle was the following: "be caful when yo open this letter."

**POLICE COURT.—BEFORE JUDGE WHITAKER.**—Commonwealth vs. Ellen Haley, for selling liquor. Convicted, and fined \$30 and costs, and 50 days imprisonment in the house of correction. Appealed.

Commonwealth vs. John Moran, for selling liquor. Discharged on one warrant.—Convicted, and fined \$30 and costs and 50 days imprisonment in the house of correction, on second warrant. And convicted and fined \$10 and costs and 20 days imprisonment in house of correction, on third warrant.—Defendant appealed, and in default of sureties, was committed to jail.

We take the following extract from a letter in the Mohawk (N. Y.) Courier.—It was written on the 13th ult.:

"On the morrow we visited Chicopee, a place of some 8,000 inhabitants, situated on a river of the same name, and about 4 miles distant from Springfield. Called on friend B. and family, who spared no trouble or pains to care for us during our brief stay, and also to show us the places of interest in and about town—a few of which I will briefly attempt to describe.

We visited the large and extensive works and machine shops of Messrs. Ames & Co. first. Passing thro' the large iron foundry, we saw some castings of immense weight and size; next visited the brass or cannon foundry, where there were some fine specimens of finished cannon and mortars, and others in all the various stages of completion; and while here, one of our company propounded the following query: Why, or for what purpose, were they making so many of these dreadful weapons of war, intended to kill, devastate and destroy?—When friend B. replied that a prudent mother always thought it good policy to have a stick; or rod of correction, laid up in reserve, although she might possibly never have occasion to use it. Still, in case of an emergency, it was always on hand, and always ready. In this, at least, it seems that Uncle Sam has taken pattern from their example. So here goes another long mark to the credit of the ladies!—We then took a glance at the sword factory, and saw some of the deadly weapons, which were burnished and decorated in a splendid manner.

Leaving here, we visited the silver plate and fancy department, where our eyes were fairly feasted with the richness and variety of silver ware, which was at once presented to our view.

And lastly, we were shown a splendid piece of bronze statuary, of great weight and size, cast in one solid piece, by Messrs. Ames & Co., from a design or mold, executed by an artist in Boston. This piece of bronze statuary, which is intended for exhibition at the world's fair in Paris, represents a shepherd boy, who had been upon a high cliff, for the purpose of robbing an eagle's nest, and having secured one of the young, was about returning, when he was furiously attacked by the mother eagle, who, no doubt, deeply felt the loss she had but just so unexpectedly met with. It consists of a youth (full size of life) in a half bent posture, with one knee resting upon the ground, and the other limb extended at full length behind, with just the toes touching the ground; and upon his back, just behind the shoulders, stands a very large eagle, with both wings extended, and feathers standing in every direction—(indicating great rage)—having her talons firmly imbedded in the flesh, and the youth, with an expression of terror depicted upon his countenance, in endeavoring to rescue himself from such an unpleasant situation, has thrown the left arm over the shoulder, and seized the eagle by one of the wings, while, with the right arm, extended and drawn back at full length, he holds in the hand a large knife, just ready to plunge it into the enraged bird. Near him upon the ground lies a young eagle, which, in the encounter, he has hastily dropped, and thereby killed it; while directly beneath him is his crook or staff. All of the above is one solid piece, cast at one running. It is as smooth as glass, almost, and is the finest and most complete piece of casting I ever saw, being perfect in every particular, even to the toe and finger nail, which looks as natural as life. After taking a general view of the village, we were very highly entertained in the evening by the music of the Springfield Brass Band, which visits this place regularly every week, to play for the citizens, and are compensated from a fund raised by general subscription, for this special purpose.

For the Weekly Journal.

Mr. Editor:—Enoch Pratt & Co., the new bakers, lately from Ware, and now of your village, well deserve commendation for the handsome manner in which they prepared and furnished refreshments, at the order of the Baptist church at Chicopee Falls, for the large number of delegates and strangers present in that village at the late anniversary of the Baptist associat on for this county. The excellence of the collation, which, in all its variety, was fur-

nished at brief notice by them, was audibly commended by many tongues, and practically by all mouths. This praise was applied equally to every variety of substantial and lighter refreshments with which the tables abounded.

It is a matter of interest to the public, and especially to those who need such services at religious anniversaries, Sunday school pic-nics, &c., to know with what facility a handsome collation can be prepared by the ever ready agency of these enterprising new comers.

## ONE OF THE DELEGATES.

### CARD.

The Pacific Engine Co. No. 1 return their sincere thanks to the Torrent Engine Co. of Chicopee Falls, for their kind hospitality rendered during the fire of Friday morning, with the hope that the mutual good feeling and sympathy may be long perpetuated.

GEORGE ARMS, Clerk. Chicopee, Sept. 15, 1855.

### CARD.

The members of the Atlantic Co. tender their heartfelt thanks to the Torrent Co. of Chicopee Falls, for its hospitality on the morning of the late fire in that place. If an opportunity ever presents itself, we will endeavor to reciprocate.

S. B. FAIRBANKS, Foreman. A. BELLENS, Clerk.

## For the Weekly Journal.

### SARATOGA.

#### [CONCLUDED.]

We're here in Saratoga now, At Congress spring we'll make our boy; We have to wait, not very long— Too early yet 'tis for the throng. We stand around as in a ring, And drink ten tumblers at the spring. The walks are neat and clean you see, The trees can shade both you and me; Round here is neither noise nor din, All things are neat as new made pin. And order, neatness, reign supreme, Fit subjects for a poet's theme. If your purse is as deep as Congress well, You can board at a first class hotel, At the "States" or "Union" call, Or book your name at "Congress Hall." There are cheaper places; if you're poor, Just step up to the "Water Cure;" If you're in search of quiet rove, My word! there's no place like the "Grove." The water makes you feel all right, You get an awful appetite; You're struck with awe at things you see, There are sights of quite a novelty. The size of the hotels, immense— Almost beyond one's common sense To think of; they fill up a space Nearly as large as this whole place. Old age, and youth just in its prime, Fill all these up in summer time; We're something here to fill a sonnet— The ladies go without a bonnet; With parazol or veil to shade them, Their heads you see as nature-made them, Save when upon a beaux intent They dock it with an ornament. And as for show, why, heaven bless us! There's nought so rich as their gay dresses; They'd dazzle us at night or day. Just such as you'd see in Broadway. May heaven help the "darling swain" Who'd have to keep up such a train: There is Kate or Jane or Sally, Who must go bowling in the alley; Young ladies who look for a prize Must try the healthy exercise, And round the pins and balls do throng, To make their constitutions strong. Suppose their play is but a cipher, Their beaux will have to "pay the piper." But Adam's sons and Eve's fair daughters Have come here now to drink the waters; They are good for poor, or those in wealth— They'll put you in much better health Than otherwise you would enjoy. Whatever may be your employ, Then drink away while you are here, 'Tis healthy as the "lager beer." Of coming, do not count the cost— When health is gained, there's nothing lost; Your body's strengthened by the springs; If from your business you can spare A week or two, devoid of care, In search of health or pleasure bent, And that be but your chief intent, Alone, or with your wives and daughters, Go drink the Saratoga waters. You stay, no matter short or long, Amid that gay and bustling throng, You'll rise in health, and appetite. As sharp as morn as at night, Will tell you now that you may roam, Or turn your footsteps towards home. "Blame not the bard" for all this fuss, He is known to you as AMICUS. Chicopee, September, 1855.

Who will not "shed his old coat," when, by stepping into Oak Hall Clothing House, Boston, he can procure a complete suit, for about the same amount he would have to pay for the cloth elsewhere. It is the one price cash system—large sales and small profits, which enables the proprietor to hold out such inducements to his customers. Give him a call when you visit the city.

**NOTICE.**—We would call the attention of the afflicted to the peculiar method of treating diseases as practised by Dr. R. Green, the scientific Indian physician; of this city. He has met with complete success in the treatment of over 50,000 cases of cancers, scrofula, and other chronic diseases. By the aid of his Indian Panacea, we have no hesitation in saying that the worst cases of diseases, of the blood can be cured. By taking his medicines, every one becomes perfectly satisfied of their natural adaptation to the cure of disease. His success is truly wonderful. He has the voluntary testimony of thousands who have been cured by this treatment. Among which are the following:

WESTFORD, Mass., Jan. 1, 1855.

This certifies, that I had a cancer upon the under side of my breast, for twenty-five or thirty years, which had grown to the size of the palm of my hand. I placed myself under the care of Dr. Green, in May last, and in four months the cancer was completely cured, and my health otherwise improved, and remains unusually good.

I take pleasure in certifying that the above named Sally Adams is my mother, and that her statement is correct in every particular.

No. 60 Milk St., Boston.

CANAAN, N. H., Dec. 21, 1854.

Dr. GREEN, Dear Sir: I commenced taking your INDIAN PANACEA about the 1st of September. The cancer had then eaten away the whole of my under lip and chin, and extended to the size of a silver dollar beyond the edges of my mouth, on each side; and the swelling extended over my whole face and neck, and my strength was so far gone that I could scarcely walk across my room.

By taking your medicines I commenced gaining in health, and in three weeks was able to visit you at your office in Boston. You then applied your INDIAN CANCER PLASTER, which drew out the roots; the rugged edges disappeared, and the cancer began to heal. After remaining under your care in Boston three weeks, I returned home; and by following your directions I have completely recovered my health. The cancer has healed up, and my lip has grown up nearly perfect, with only a few scars to disfigure my face.

Previous to taking your medicine I had been treated by several physicians, who only injured my health, and actually made the cancer worse.

Yours respectfully,  
JOSHUA S. LATHROP,  
To Dr. R. GREEN, 36 Bromfield St., Boston.  
Boston Herald

Who will not "shed his old coat," when, by stepping into Oak Hall Clothing House, Boston, he can procure a complete suit, for about the same amount he would have to pay for the cloth elsewhere. It is the one price cash system—large sales and small profits, which enables the proprietor to hold out such inducements to his customers. Give him a call when you visit the city.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS** unquestionably the most efficacious Remedy in the Union for Asthmatic, Coughs, Croup, and Hoarseness. The number of cures that Holloway's Pills have effected in all parts of the Union; more particularly in cases of asthma of long standing; and coughs, leave no doubt upon the mind of all who have used them that they surpass anything of the kind ever made known; by a perseverance with this admirable remedy, the sufferer is quickly restored to health, after every other means have failed; and it is a truth beyond dispute, that there is no case of bilious disorder, or liver complaints, but that will yield to the powers of this mighty medicine.

Don't forget that box of Dr. Clough's Colic and Pain 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 innocent, 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—but persevere— their use will make all right, and in the end you will be as good looking, and healthy as your neighbors. Read the advertisement in another column.

**MARRIED.**  
In Chicopee, Sept. 12, by Rev. J. C. Cromack, Mr. David Folsom, 2d, of Madison, Me. to Miss Eunice M. Bellows, of Chicopee.

**DIED.**  
In Chicopee, of consumption, Sept. 8, G. M. Birelow, aged 35.

## CHICOPEE CENTRAL FIRE DIST.

THE legal voters in Chicopee Central Fire District, in the town of Chicopee, are hereby notified to meet in Atlantic Hall, in said District, on Tuesday, 18th day of Sept., inst., at 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M., to transact the following business, viz: Art. 1. To choose a Moderator to preside in said meeting. To see if the District will authorize the Prudential Committee to procure 400 feet of new hose for the use of the Atlantic Co. Art. 2. To transact any other business that may be legally brought before said meeting.

JONA. R. CHILDS,  
Clerk of Chicopee Central Fire District,  
Chicopee, Sept. 11, 1855.

## AMBROTYPES.

### A WORD TO THE PUBLIC.

Remember that the ambrotype pictures are patented in the United States Great Britain and France, and the undersigned holds the exclusive right of the town of Chicopee; therefore the only place to get the genuine ambrotype pictures in the town of Chicopee is at the Ambrotype Gallery, Exchange Street, "Worth's Block." Daguerrotypes newly copied into ambrotypes greatly adding to their beauty and durability.

J. W. RICE.

## But One More Chance.

J. A. MARTIN would respectfully inform the citizens of Chicopee and vicinity, that he proposes to give them one more course of 15 lessons in the beautiful and highly important art of penmanship, and probably the last course for a long time to come, as he contemplates leaving this region as soon as he can make arrangements so to do. Mr. M. returns his sincere thanks to parents and children, who have encouraged him heretofore, and solicits (this once more) a continuance of the same. Classes will meet as follows:—First class will meet at half-past six o'clock, second class at quarter before 7. Tuition \$1.25 for fifteen lessons; all materials furnished except lights. School will commence on FRIDAY EVENING, Sept. 14, in Exchange Hall, at four mentioned. Second lesson will be given on MONDAY EVENING, Sept. 17th. All, without distinction, are invited to attend.

J. A. MARTIN,  
Chicopee, Sept. 8-21

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO'S BOSTON BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

The following List of Cards was collected by S. M. Pettengill & Co., Newspaper Advertising Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, who are authorized by the Publishers of the best and most widely circulated Newspapers, throughout the United States and British Provinces, to take advertisements and subscriptions at the LOWEST RATES.

BOSTON FALL CARD NO. 1. T. C. WALES & CO., Boots, Shoes & Leather, FOR CASH ONLY. 29 Pearl Street, Lower Floor, near Milk.

SEWING Machines! Nichol'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, and not fail of giving satisfaction.

J. B. NICHOLS & CO. 33 Hanover Street, New York. PHILLIPS & MOESLEY, Importers and Dealers in Bar Iron, Steel, Hoops, Rods, SHAPES, AXLETREES and HORSE NAILS, 233 and 235 Broad Street, Boston.

SPEAKING TUBES, With all the improvements, fitted and put up by SEB W. FULLER, BELL HANGER, No. 25 Devonshire Street, Boston.

J. PHILBRICK'S BOOK & STATIONERY STORE No. 62 Hanover Street, Boston. Under the American House, Boston. ALL new books received as soon as published, which with our usual immense stock of standard and miscellaneous books, comprising all the varieties in ancient and modern literature, present the largest assortment in this city.

ENGRAVINGS AND PAINTINGS, Winsor & Newton's Oil Colors, in Tubes, Grecian and Metallic Varnishes, Brushes, &c., Wholesale and Retail.

C. DREW, 18 Court St., Boston. TO PURCHASERS OF EMBROIDERIES! LACES, RIBBONS, Muslins, LINENS, DAMASKS, &c., We offer the above of our own importation, and from the various AUCTION SALES, AT LOW PRICES.

KINMONTH & CO., 275 Washington Street, THROUGH TO 8 & 10 WINTER ST., BOSTON.

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

CANCERS Can be Cured!! DR. GREEN, Scientific Indian Physician, No. 36 Bromfield 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, to very diseases which other physicians have failed to benefit.

AMASA W. BAILEY, Manufacturer of Billiard Tables, 155 Harrison Avenue, Boston. Billiard and Bagatelle Tables, Balls, Cues, Pockets and Pocket Trimmings, Cue Wax, Cue Points and Cloths, constantly on hand.

PHELPS & DALTON, BOSTON. TYPES, And other printing materials of every description. Orders executed promptly and faithfully. REDUCTION IN PRICE OF Bogle's Hyperion Fluid, For Restoring, Preserving and Adorning the Hair.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO'S BOSTON DIRECTORY.

BOOTS AND SHOES. C. & M. COX, Wholesale Dealers in Boots, Shoes, and Leather, 42 and 44 Pearl Street.

BROOKS, LANE & CO., No. 1 Blackstone, 2 & 4 Fulton, and 2 Shoe and Leather Streets. Importers and Dealers in SHOE FINDINGS, AND Manufacturers of Leather.

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

HORACE BARNES, (Successor to Sam'l. Curtis.) Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Looking-Glasses and Frames, Clocks AND TIME PIECES, 123 WASHINGTON STREET, Opposite Water Street, Boston.

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. Which they offer at low prices to Wholesale Purchasers. They also invite special attention to their retail stock, comprising in addition to the above, a complete assortment of LINENS, 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.

SAMUEL H. GIBBENS, No. 218 Washington Street, Boston. GROCERY & SEED STORE! CHOICE FRUIT AND FLOWERS, Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica, and other INVALUABLE FOOD.

ACADEMIES Supplied with materials for the various styles of DRAWING & PAINTING, INCLUDING CANVAS, OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, DRAWING PAPER, CRAYONS, PENCILS, LITHOGRAPHIC STUDIES OF HEADS, FIGURE, LANDSCAPE, MARINES, ANIMALS, &c.

MEZZOTINT ENGRAVINGS FOR Grecian Painting. LITHOGRAPHIC STUDIES OF HEADS, FIGURE, LANDSCAPE, MARINES, ANIMALS, &c. AT N. D. COTTON'S, Boston.

AUGUSTUS DICKSON, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Doors, Sashes and Blinds. Glazed Windows, Fence Palis, Stair Balusters, Front Doors, and other articles on hand.

BERRY & STRONG, DEALERS IN Furniture, Feathers, Carpets, Beds, Mattresses, Clocks, Looking Glasses, &c., Nos. 139 & 147 Blackstone Street, Boston.

AMASA W. BAILEY, Manufacturer of Billiard Tables, 155 Harrison Avenue, Boston. Billiard and Bagatelle Tables, Balls, Cues, Pockets and Pocket Trimmings, Cue Wax, Cue Points and Cloths, constantly on hand.

"Dickinson Type Foundry." PHELPS & DALTON, BOSTON. TYPES, And other printing materials of every description. Orders executed promptly and faithfully.

REDUCTION IN PRICE OF Bogle's Hyperion Fluid, For Restoring, Preserving and Adorning the Hair. Bottles formerly sold at 50 cents, reduced to 25 cents.

WIG MAKER, Drawn-attention to a new style of Wig, called the Unshrinkable Gossamer Wig, which for lightness, elegance and durability, has never been equalled.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO'S BOSTON DIRECTORY.

Surgical And Dental Instruments, And Druggist's Articles, For sale by the subscribers, Parker's, Mott's, and California Omnibus Cases, Amputating, Trepanning, Post Mortem and Eye Instruments, in sets and single. Obstetrical Instruments, Metallic and Glass Speculums, Syringes of every description, Auricles, or External Ears for the Deaf, Ear Trumpets, Galvanic Batteries and Apparatus, Skeletons and Anatomical Maps, Dentist's Operating Chairs and Spill Cases, Lathes, Grinding-stones and Brushes, Gold, Silver and Platinum Plates and Wires, Gold and Tin Foil, Tooth Brushes and Powder, Tooth Powder Boxes, and every instrument and article used by Dentists and Surgeons.

B. S. CODMAN & CO., 57 Tremont Street, Boston. A. JENKINS, Money and Real-Estate Broker, 106 SUDBURY STREET, 106. MONEY TO LOAN ON Piano-Fortes, Gold and Silver Watches, Boots and Shoes, Clothing and Jewelry, Furniture, Hardware, Guns and Pistols, Silver Ware, &c. &c.

JAMES FRENCH & CO., 78 Washington Street, Boston. (Dealers in Stationery of every description.) Will publish in September—Rambles in Eastern Asia; Carrie Emerson; Kate Stanton; For You Know Whom; Exile's Lay; New Editions of Anna City; Sure Anchor; History of the Hon. F. French's New Writing Book, with copies, each page. Orders solicited.

HENRY H. HINKLEY, Clothing and Furnishing Goods, 24 and 26 Commercial and 1 North Market St. Clothing made to order in the best manner.

BOY'S CLOTHING HOUSE! BOY'S CLOTHING. AT WHOLESALE. 39 & 41 NORTH STREET. GEO. W. CARNES.

WINGATE'S HATS, FALL STYLE—1855. 13 FRANKLIN AVENUE, Between Cornhill and Court Street, Boston.

JOHN G. HALEY, Manufacturer and Dealer in Solid Leather, Boot Top, Fancy, Packing, Common, and Ladies' Bonnet and Dress TRUNKS, Valises, Wilton and Brussels Satchels, Carpet Bags &c., The above articles, furnished in any quantity, at the lowest prices. Trunks, &c., for exportation, 26 Milk Street, Near Devonshire Street, Boston.

STIMPSON & CO., Prize Medal Gold Pens. Factory over 91 Washington Street, BOSTON. N. B. Every pen guaranteed perfect. S. & Co. have already received 6 medals and 10 diplomas for their superior gold pens.

J. E. CANE, Manufacturer of BILLIARD TABLES, 69 CAUSWAY STREET, Opposite the Commercial House, Boston.

Lithography & Engraving! Portraits, Maps, Machinery, Labels, Visiting Cards, &c., drawn, engraved and printed in the best manner. S. W. CHANDLER & BRO., 204 Washington Street, Boston.

REMOVAL. HEW'S PATENT AMERICAN ACTION PIANO FORTE. From the illustrious Pianist, L. M. GOTTSCHALK, to Mr. Hew's Agent, in New York, Dec. 5, 1855.

CHEAPEST AND BEST Church Music Book! OF THE SEASON. The Handel Collection of Church Music. ASSISTED BY A. N. BAKER AND R. H. FROST.

J. R. MILLER, Boston. HOMEOPATHIC BOOKS & MEDICINES PHYSICIANS AND DOMESTIC CASES, For sale, wholesale and retail, by OTIS CLAPP, Boston.

TUBE OIL COLORS, CANVAS &c., MATERIALS FOR GRECIAN & ORIENTAL PAINTING, Winsor & Newton's superior Tube Oil Colors, Prepared Canvases, and all other supplies for Oil Painting and Drawing, for sale wholesale and retail by M. J. WHIPPLE, 35 Cornhill, Boston.

WILLIAM BOYLE, Premium Ventilating and Gossamer WIG MAKER, Drawn-attention to a new style of Wig, called the Unshrinkable Gossamer Wig, which for lightness, elegance and durability, has never been equalled.

Desks, Jewelers' Trays, Ect., Orders promptly attended to. Warehouses, Nos. 3 and 10 Chapman Place, Opposite City Hall, School Street, Boston.

MACHINE BROKE, C. Willis, No. 25 Kilby St., Boston.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO'S BOSTON DIRECTORY.

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GEO. N. DAVIS & BRO., 146 & 148 Congress St. Boston, AGENTS FOR THE UNION INDIA RUBBER COMPANY, Vulcanized Clothing, Surgical Articles, &c. BEVERLY RUBBER COMPANY, Vulcanized Clothing, Enamelled Cloths, &c. Ansonia & Wells Rubber Co. Camphene Rubber Clothing, Horse Covers, &c. New York Rubber Company, Balls, Dolls, Toys, Whirlstones, Combs, &c. Goodyear's India Rubber Glove Co., Gloves, Mittens, Dress Shields, &c. Goodyear's India Rubber Packing Co., Steam Packing, Machine Belting, Hose, &c. Montreal Rubber Company, Metallic Rubber Boots and Shoes, for export. Novelty Rubber Company, India Rubber Buttons, Boxes, Canes, &c. Caoutchouc Company, Pen and Pencil Cases, Pen Handles, Eraser Pencil, Cork-Screws, Tape-Measures, &c. Roxbury Rubber Company, Piano and Melodeon Cloths, Wulps, &c.

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SPIRITUALISM! President Mahan's Greatwork on this subject, entitled Modern Mysteries Explained & Exposed, Will be published by us on Monday, Aug. 6. JOHN P. JEWETT & COMPANY, 117 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

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These Pills Purify the Blood. These famous Pills are expressly combined to operate on the stomach, the liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the skin, and the bowels, and to remove all impurities from their functions, purifying the blood, the fountain of life, and thus curing disease in all its forms.

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DISSOLUTION. THE partnership heretofore existing under the name and firm of R. B. BROS. & CO., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. ROBERT CHORSE, EDWARD FITZGERALD, Chicopee, Aug. 20, 1855.

The business of the above firm will be continued by the subscriber, to whom all payments are to be made that may be due to the firm, and he alone will be responsible for all claims against said firm. Sept 1-31.

