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POETRY.

Barbara.

By ALEXANDER SMITH. One of his most beautiful compositions.
On the Sabbath day,
Through the churchyard old and gray,
Over the grass and yellow-leaves, I held my rustling
book—way
And amid the words of mercy, falling on the soul
like balsams,
Among the gorgeous storms of music in the mellow
organ calms—
"Mong the upward-streaming prayers, and the rich
and solemn psalms,
I stood heedless, Barbara!
My heart was elsewhere:
While the organ rill'd the air,
And the priest with outspread hands bless'd the peo-
ple with a prayer,
But when rising to go homeward, with a mild and
saint-like shine,
Gleam'd a face of airy beauty with its heavenly eyes
on mine—
Gleam'd and vanish'd in a moment. O, the face was
like to thine,
Ere you perish'd, Barbara!
O, that pallid face!
Those sweet, earnest eyes of grace!
When last I saw thine, dearest, it was in another
place:
You came running forth to meet me with my love-
gift on your wrist;
And a cursed river killed thee, aided by a murderous
mist,
Oh, a purple mark of agony was on the mouth
kiss'd,
When last I saw thee, Barbara!
Those dreary years, eleven,
Have you pin'd within your heaven,
And is this the only glimpse of earth that in that time
was given?
And have you pass'd unheeded all the fortunes of
your race—
"Your father's grave, your sister's child, your moth-
er's quiet face—
To gaze on one who worshipp'd not within a kneeling
place?
Are you happy, Barbara?
Mong angels do you think
Of the precious golden link
I bound around your happy arm while sitting on your
bank?
Or when that night of wit and wine, of laughter and
gullery,
Was emptied of its music, and we watch'd through
lattice bars
The silent midnight heaven moving o'er us with its
stars,
Till morn broke, Barbara?
In the years I've changed,
Wild and far my heart has ranged,
And many sins and errors deep have been on me
avenge'd,
But to you I have been faithful whatsoever good I've
lack'd
I lov'd you, and above my life still hangs that love
intact,
Like a mild, consoling rainbow, o'er a savage cata-
clysm,
Love has saved me, Barbara!
O love! I am unblest,
With innumerable doubts and oppress,
Of much that's dark and nether, much that's holiest
and best,
Could I but win you for an hour from off that starry
shore,
The hunger of my soul were still'd; for death has
told you more,
Than the melancholy world doth know—things
deeper than all love,
Will you teach me, Barbara?
In vain, in vain, in vain!
You will never come again:
There drops upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe
of rain,
The glowing dross slowly round, and listless winds are
in the tree,
Round selfish shores for ever moaning the hurt and
wounded sea:
There is no peace upon the earth—peace is with
death and thee,
I am weary, Barbara!

Miscellany.

The Ocean's Depths.

A DIVER'S TALE.
The life of one who explores the myste-
ries of the sea is not more perilous than fasci-
nating. The charm of terror hangs around
it, and the interminable succession of exci-
ting events renders it dear to its professor.
Not to the common divers of the east, who
can remain but for a fraction of time be-
neath the wave, and grope fearfully among
rugged ocean mounds, but to the adept in
the civilized mode of diving, who in his
protective armor, may remain submerged
for hours, and wander, with impunity, for
miles along those unknown regions far be-
low the sea. To him are laid open the
horrors of the watery creation; and he may
gaze upon such scenes as Arabian story
tells us were presented to the fearful eyes
of Ahab. To him the most thrilling
occurrences of the upper world seem frivo-
lous; for, in his memory, he retains tho'ts
that may well chill the soul with dread.
I am a diver—a diver from choice—and
I am proud of my profession. Where is
such courage required as is needed here?
It is nothing to be a soldier; a diver, how-

ever—but I forbear. I will tell my story,
and leave others to judge concerning it.
An appalling shipwreck occurred, not
long ago, upon the wildest part of the
coast of Newfoundland. The tidings of
this calamity reached the ears of thousands;
but, amid the crowd of accidents which
followed in quick succession, it was soon
forgotten. Not by us however! We
found that the vessel had sunk upon a
spot where the water's depth was by no
means great, and that a daring man might
easily reach her.

She was a steamer called the *Marmion*,
and had been seen going suddenly down,
without an instant's warning, by some fish-
ermen near by. She had undoubtedly,
struck a hidden rock, and had thus been
in one moment destroyed.

I spoke to my associates of the plan,
and they approved of it. No time was lost
in making the necessary preparations,
and a short time beheld us embarked in
our small schooner for the sunken ship.—
There were six of us and we anticipated
extraordinary success.

I was the leader, and generally ventur-
ed upon any exploit in which there was
uncommon danger. Not that the others
were cowardly; on the contrary, they were
all brave men, but I was gifted with a
coolness and a presence of mind of which
the others were destitute. As two per-
sons were needed, in order to explore the
Marmion, I had selected as my companion
a young fellow, whose steadiness and daunt-
less courage had several times before been
fearfully tested.

It was a calm and pleasant day, but the
southern and eastern horizon looked de-
ceitful. Small, suspicious clouds were
gathered there, ill of aspect, and "sneak-
ing fellows, regular hang-dog fellows," as
my comrade, *Rimmer*, remarked to me.—
Nevertheless, we were not to be put off
by a little cloudiness in the sky, but boldly
prepared to venture.

So deep was the water, that no vestige
of a ship's mast remained above the sur-
face to point out the resting place of the
Marmion. We were compelled, therefore,
to select the scene of operations accord-
ing to the best of our ability. Down
went the sails of our schooner, and *Rim-
mer* and I put on our diving armor. We
fixed on our helmets tightly, and screwed
on the hose. One by one each clumsy ar-
ticle was adjusted, the weights were hung,
and we were ready.

"It looks terrible blackish, *Berton*," said
Rimmer to me.
"Oh," I replied, gaily, "it's only a little
mist—all right!"
"Ah!"

He uttered a low exclamation, which
sounded hollow from his cavernous hel-
met.

"All ready," I cried, in a loud voice,
which they, however, could not easily dis-
tinguish. Then, making a proper sign, I
was swung over the side.
Down we went, I first, and *Rimmer* close
behind me. It did not take a long time
for us to reach the bottom. We found
ourselves upon what seemed a broad plain,
sloping downward towards the south, and
rising slightly towards the north. Look-
ing forward then, a dim, black object ar-
ose, which our experienced eyes knew to be a
lofty rock. I motioned to *Rimmer* that
we should proceed there.

I can not tell the strangeness of the sen-
sation felt by one who first walks the bot-
tom of the sea. There are a thousand ob-
jects, fitted to excite astonishment, even
in the mind of him who has dared the deed
a hundred times. All around us lay the
plain, covered with water; but here the
eye could not pierce far away, as in the
upper air, for the water, in the distance,
grew opaque, and seemed to fade away
into misty darkness. There was no sound
except the incessant gurgle which was pro-
duced by the escape of air from the breast-
valve, and the splash caused by our pas-
sage through the waters. We walked on
at a good pace; for this armor, which
seems so clumsy up above, is excellent be-
low, and offers little inconvenience to the
practised wearer.

Fishes of every shape and size met our
eyes, no matter where they turned. They
swam swiftly by us; they sported in the
water above us; they raced and chased
one another in every direction. Here a
shoal of porpoises tumbled along in clumsy
gambols, there a grampus might be seen
rising slowly to the surface; here an im-

ense number of smaller fish flashed past
us, there some huge ones, with ponderous
forms, floated in the water lazily; some-
times three or four placed themselves di-
rectly before us, staring at us, and solemn-
ly working their gills. There they would
remain, till we came close up to them,
and then, with a start, they would dart
away.

All this time we were walking onward
along the bottom of the sea, while above
us, like a black cloud in the sky, we could
see our boat slowly moving onward upon
the surface of the water. And now, not
more than a hundred yards before us,
we could see the towering form of that ebony
rock which had at first greeted our eyes
from afar. As yet we could not be certain
that this was the place where the *Mar-
mion* had struck. But soon a round, black
object became discernible, and we glanced
at the rocky base.

Rimmer struck my arm, and pointed.—
I signed assent, and we moved onward
more quickly. A few moments elapsed;
we had come nearer to the rock. The ob-
ject now looked like the stern of a vessel
whose hull lay there.

Suddenly *Rimmer* struck me again, and
pointed upward. Following the direction
of his hand, I looked up, and saw the up-
per surface of the water all foamy and in
motion. There was a momentary thrill
through my heart, but it passed over. We
were in a dangerous condition. A storm
was coming on!

But should we turn back now, when we
were so near the object of our search?—
Already it lay before us. We were close
beside it. No, I would not. I signaled
to *Rimmer* to go forward, and we still
kept our course.

Now the rock rose up before us, black,
rugged, dismal. Its rough sides were
worn by the action of the water, and, in
some places, was covered by marine plants
and nameless ocean vegetation. We pas-
ed onward; we clambered over a spur,
which jutted from the cliff, and there lay
the steamer.

The *Marmion*—there she lay upright,
with everything still standing. She had
gone right down, and had settled in such
a position, among the rocks, that she
stood upright here, just as though she lay
at her wharf. We rushed eagerly along
and clambered up her side. There was a
low moan in the water which sounded
warningly in our ears, and told us of a
swift-approaching danger. What was to
be done must be done speedily. We hur-
ried forward. *Rimmer* rushed to the
cabin. I went forward to descend into
the hold. I descended the ladder and
walked into the engineer's room. All was
empty here, all was water. The waves
of the ocean had entered, and were sport-
ing with the works of man. I went into
the freight-room. Suddenly, I was start-
led by an appalling noise upon the deck.
The heavy footsteps of some one running,
as though in mortal fear, or most dreadful
haste, sounded in my ears. Then my
heart throbbed wildly; for it was a fear-
ful thing to hear, far down in the silent
depths of the ocean.

"Pshaw! it's only *Rimmer*,"
I hurriedly ascended the deck by the
first outlet that appeared. When I speak
of hurry, I speak of the quickest move-
ment possible, when cumbered with so
much armor. But this movement of mine
was quick; I rushed upwards, and sprang
out on the deck.

It was *Rimmer*!
He stepped forward and clutched my
arm. He pressed it with a convulsive
grasp, and pointed to the cabin.
I attempted to go there.

He stamped his foot and tried to hold
me back. He pointed to the boat, and
implored me, with frantic gestures, to go
up.
It is appalling to witness the horror-
struck soul trying to express itself by
signs. It is awful to see these signs when
no face is visible, and no voice is heard.—
I could not see his face plainly, but his
eyes, through his heavy mask, glowed like
coals of fire.

"I will go!" I exclaimed.
I sprang from him. He clasped his
hands together, but dared not follow.
"God heavens! I thought, what fear-
ful thing is here? What scene can be so
dreadful as to paralyze the soul of a di-
ver. I will see for myself."
I walked forward, and came to the

cabin door. I entered the forward saloon
but saw nothing. A feeling of contempt
came to me. *Rimmer* shall not come with
me again, I thought. Yet I was awe-
struck. Down in the depth of the sea
there is only silence—oh, how solemn! I
paced the long saloon which had echoed
with the shrieks of the drowning passen-
gers. Ah! there are thoughts which
sometimes fill the soul, that are only felt
by those to whom scenes of sublimity are
familiar.—Thus thinking, I walked to the
after cabin, and entered—
"Oh, God of heaven!"

Had not my hand clenched the door
with a grasp which mortal terror had
made convulsive, I should have fallen to
the floor. I stood nailed to the spot.—
For there before me stood a crowd of peo-
ple—men and women—caught in the
last death struggle by the overwhelming
waters, and fastened to the spot, each in
the position in which death had found
him. Each one had sprung from his chair
at the shock of the sinking ship, and,
with one common emotion, all had started
for the door. But the waters of the sea
had been too swift for them. Lo! then
—some wildly grasping the table, others
the beams, others the sides of the cabin—
there they all stood. "Near the door was
a crowd of people, heaped upon one an-
other—some on the floor, others rushing
over them—all seeking, madly, to gain
the outlet. There was one who sought to
clamber over the table, and still was there,
holding on to an iron post. So strong
was each convulsive grasp, so fierce the
struggle of each with death, that their
hold had not yet been relaxed, but each
one stood and looked frantically to the
door.

To the door—good God! To me, to
me they were looking! I went glanc-
ing at me, all those dreadful, those ter-
rible eyes! Eyes in which the fire of life
had been displaced by the chilling gleam
of death; eyes which still glared, like the
eyes of the mannequin, with no expres-
sion. They froze me with their cold and icy
stare. They had no meaning, for the soul
had gone. And this made it still
more horrible than it could have been in
life; for the appalling contortion of their
faces, expressing fear, horror, despair, and
whatever else the human soul may feel,
contrasting with the cold and glassy eyes,
made their vacancy yet more fearful. He
upon the table seemed more fiendish than
the others; for his long, black hair was
disheveled, and floated horribly down—
and his beard and moustache, all loosened
by the water, gave him the grimness of a
demon. Oh, what woe and torture!—
what unutterable agonies appeared in the
despairing glance of those faces—faces
twisted into spasmodic contortions, while
the souls that lighted them were writing
and struggling for life.

I heeded not the dangerous sea which,
even when we touched the steamer, had
slightly rolled. Down in these awful
depths the swell would not be very strong,
unless it should increase with ten-fold fury
above. But it had been increasing; tho'
I had not noticed it, and the motion of
the water began to be felt in these abyss-
ses. Suddenly the steamer was shaken
and rocked by the swell.

At this the hideous forms were shaken
and fell. The heaps of people rolled
asunder. That demon on the table seem-
ed to make a spring directly towards me.
I fled, shrieking—all were after me, I
thought. I rushed out, with no purpose
but to escape. I sought to throw off my
weights and rise.
My weights could not be loosened—I
pulled at them with frantic exertions, but
could not loosen them. The iron fasten-
ings had grown stiff. One of them I wres-
ted off in my convulsive efforts, but the
other still kept me down. The tube also
was lying down still in my passage. I
knocked through the machine room. I did
not know this until I had exhausted my strength
and almost my hope, in vain efforts to
loosen the weight, and still the horror of
that scene in the cabin rested upon me.

Where was *Rimmer*? The thought
flashed across me. He was not here.—
He had returned. Two weights lay near,
which seemed thrown off in terrible haste.
Yes, *Rimmer* had gone. I looked up,
there lay the boat, tossing and rolling
among the waves.

I rushed down into the machine room,
to go back, so as to loosen my tube. I
had gone through passages carelessly, and

this lay there, for it was unrolled from
above as I went on. I went back in haste
to extricate myself; I could stay here no
longer; for if all the gold of Golconda was
in the vessel, I would not stay in company
with the dreadful dead!

Back—fear lent wings to my feet. I
hurried down the stairs into the lower
hold once more, and retraced my steps
through the passages below. I walked
back to the place into which I had first
descended. It was dark; a new feeling
of horror shot through me; I looked up.
The aperture was closed!

Heavens! was it closed by mortal
hand? Had *Rimmer*, in his panic flight,
blindly thrown down the trap door, which
I now remembered to have seen open
when I descended? or had some fearful
being from the cabin—that demon who
sprang towards me—?

I started back in terror.
But I could not wait here; I must go;
I must escape from this den of horrors.—
I sprang up the ladder, and tried to raise
the door. It resisted my efforts. I put
my helmeted head against it, and tried to
raise it; the rung of the ladder broke be-
neath me, but the door was not raised; my
tube came down through it and kept it
partly open, for it was a strong tube and
kept strongly expanded by close-wound
wire.

I seized a bar of iron and tried to pry
it up; I raised it up slightly, but there was
no way to get it up further. I looked
around, and found some blocks; with
these I raised the heavy door little by
little, placing a block in to keep what I
had gained. But the work was slow and
laborious, and I worked a long while be-
fore I had raised it four inches.

The sea rolled more and more. The
submerged vessel felt its power and rocked.
Suddenly it wheeled over, and lay upon
its side.
I ran around to get on the deck above,
to try and lift up the door. But when I
came to the other outlet, I knew it was
impossible; for the tube would not permit
me to go so far, and then I would rather
have a thousand deaths than have ventur-
ed again so near the cabin.

I returned to the fallen door; I sat
down in despair and waited for death.—
I saw no hope of escape. This, then, was
to be my end.
But the steamer gave a sudden lurch,
again acted upon by the power of the
waves. She had been balanced upon a
rock, in such a way that a slight action
of the water was sufficient to tip her over.

She creaked and groaned, and labored,
and then turned upon her side.
I rose, I clung to the ladder, I pressed
the trap-door open, while the steamer lay
with her deck perpendicular to the ground.
I sprang out and touched the bottom
of the sea. It was in good time; for a
moment after, the mass went over back-
again.

Then with a last effort, I twisted the
iron fastenings of the weight which kept
me down; I jerked it. It was loosed, it
broke, it fell. In a moment I began to
ascend, and in a few minutes I was float-
ing on the water—for the air which is
pressed down for the diver's consumption
constitutes a buoyant mass, which raises
him up from the sea.

Thanks to heaven! There was the
strong boat, with my bold, brave men.—
They felt me rising; they saw me, and
came and saved me.

Rimmer had fled from the horrid scene
when I entered the cabin, but remained
in the boat to lend his aid. He never
went down again, but became a sea cap-
tain. As for me, I still go down, but only
to vessels whose crews have been saved.
It is needless to say that the *Marmion*
was never again visited.

An Affecting Incident.

An eminent clergyman one evening be-
came the subject of conversation, and wonder
was expressed that he was never mar-
ried. That wonder, said Miss P., was once
expressed to the reverend gentleman him-
self in my hearing; and he told me a story
in answer which I will tell you, and perhaps
slight as it may seem, it is the history of
other hearts as sensitive and delicate as
his own. Soon after his ordination he
preached once every sabbath for a clergy-
man in a small village not twenty miles
from London.

Among his auditors, from Sunday to
Sunday, he observed a young lady, who
who always occupied a certain seat,
and whose close attention began insensibly
to grow to him an object of thought and
pleasure. She left the church as soon as
the service was over, and it so chanced
that he went on for a year without know-
ing her name; his sermon was not written
without many a thought how she would
approve it, nor preached with satisfaction
unless he read approbation in her face.
Gradually he came to think of her at other
times than when writing sermons, and
to wish to see her on other days than Sun-
day; but the weeks slipped on, and though
he fancied that she grew paler and thin-
ner, he never mustered resolution enough
to ask her name or seek to speak with her.

By those silent steps, however, love had
worked into his heart, and he made up
his mind to seek her acquaintance and
marry her if possible, when one day he
was sent for to minister at a funeral.
The face of the corpse was the same
that had looked up to him Sunday after
Sunday, till he learned to make it a part
of his religion and his life. He was unable
to perform the service, and another cler-
gyman officiated and after she was buried,
her father took him aside and apologized
for having given him pain, but he could
not resist the impulse to tell him that his
daughter had mentioned his name with
her last breath, and he was afraid a con-
cealed affection for him had hurried her to
the grave. Since that, said the clergy-
man in question, my heart has been dead
within me, and I look forward only to the
time when I shall speak to her in Heaven.

The Sword.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

Many of the southern presses, and some
of the northern ones, have come to the con-
clusion, quite lately, that it is a very wrong
thing to use "carnal weapons," any way.
The southern chivalry, the gentlemen of the
bowie-knife and revolver, have sudden-
ly become the peace party, and talk, with
holy horror, about New Englanders, who
take along a Sharp's rifle to defend their
homesteads with. We hope for humani-
ty's sake there may be no more wars for
the extension of slavery.

It may not be untimely to introduce a
few paragraphs on the subject from the
Irish Patriot, Meagher. Brougham, a
political enemy, said he considered it the
noblest effort of rhetoric he had ever read.
"My lord, the man that will listen to
reason, let him be reasoned with; but it is
the weaponed arm of the patriot, that can
alone avail against battalions of despots."
Then, my lord, I do not disclaim the use
of arms as immoral; nor do I believe, that
it is the truth to say that the God of heav-
en withholds his sanction from the use of
arms. From the day on which, in the bat-
tle of Bethulia, he nerved the arm of the
Jewish girl to smite the drunken tyrant
in his tent, down to the hour in which, he
blessed the insurgent chivalry of the Bel-
gian priests, his Almighty hand has ever
been stretched forth from his throne of
light to consecrate the flag of freedom,
and bless the patriot's sword. Do it for
the defense, or be it for the assertion of a
nation's liberty, I look upon the sword as
a sacred weapon. And if, my lord, it has,
sometimes reddened the sward of the op-
pressor, like the anointed rod of the high-
priest, it has, at other times, blossomed in-
to flowers to deck the freeman's brow.

Ah, the sword, and stigmatize the
sword? No, my lord! for in the craggy
passes of the Tyrol it cut in pieces the
banner of the Bavarian and won an im-
mortality for the peasant of Innsbruck.
Abhor the sword, and stigmatize the sword,
No, my lord! for at its blow a giant nation
sprang up from the far waters of the At-
lantic, and by its redeeming magic the fet-
tered colony became a daring, free repub-
lic. Abhor the sword, and stigmatize the
sword? No, my lord! for it scourged the
Dutch marauders of the fine old towns
of Belgium into their own phlegmatic
swamps, and knocked their flag and laws,
and scepter, and bayonets into the sluggish
waters of the Scheldt. My lord, I learn-
ed that it is the right of a nation to gov-
ern itself—not in this hulk, but on the
ramparts of Antwerp; upon those ramp-
arts where freedom was justly estimated,
and where the possession of the precious
gift was purchased by the effusion of gen-
erous blood. My lord, I admire the Bel-

gians, I honor the Belgians, for their courage and daring, and I will not stigmatize the means by which they obtained a citizen king, a chamber of deputies."

The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, May 10, 1856.

R. H. PIERCE & 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 offices are at 119 Nassau street, New York, and 10 State Street, Boston.

WILLIAM G. BROWN, Editor.

To the People of Massachusetts.
In pursuance of the invitation of the National Committee appointed by the Pittsburg Convention of the 23d of February, addressed to the PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES, the people of Massachusetts, without regard to past political differences or divisions, who are opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, to the policy of the present Administration, to the extension of slavery into the territories, in favor of the admission of Kansas as a free state, and of restoring the action of the Federal Government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson, are invited to send, from each town and city in the state, three delegates for every Representative to which such town or city is entitled in the Legislature in any one year, to meet in Convention at Worcester, on Wednesday, the fourth day of June next, for the purpose of appointing the six delegates at large, to which the state will be entitled in the National Convention, to be held at Philadelphia, on the 17th day of June, to recommend candidates to be supported for the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States.

All matters relating to an organization for the approaching election will properly come before the Convention, and it is earnestly urged upon all parts of the state to be fully represented. J. Z. GOONTER, Member of National Comm., for Mass.

Liberty.

The most cruel taskmaster on the cotton fields of the south is ready to join in the loud song in favor of liberty. Says a distinguished pro-slavery statesman, whose fame is blazoned from the northern lakes to the southern gulf, "every pulsation of my heart beats for liberty!" What kind of liberty do slaveholders love? The liberty to drive away human beings like cattle to their daily labor, and to pocket the proceeds of their hard-earned toil? The liberty to disunite, as interest may dictate, the ties of kindred, turning heedlessly away from the sighs of bleeding and breaking hearts that will pine for years for voices they shall hear no more? The liberty to degrade the intellect and to darken the soul that was formed to sing upon angel harps forever? Is this the liberty which pro-slavery statesmen so eloquently praise? To uphold and perpetuate a system which has these and other monstrous evils to answer for, what efforts have been made! The principles of equal rights, which were deemed by our ancestors self-evident, are trodden under foot. The country is involved in a foreign war for the purpose of extending its territory to give greater influence to the slave power in the halls of legislation.

The solemn national compact, bounding the dominion of slavery, is dissolved, and threats of extermination are issued against a community unless they peaceably submit to lawless and armed invaders who seek to control the ballot-box for the extension of slavery. The treasury of the nation, through the patronage of the executive, is employed to corrupt the legislative department of the government, and the constitution is interpreted in a novel and startling manner, to suit the spirit of the power that now rules the nation.

To uphold the slave system, and to extend it, men of the mightiest intellect in the land are engaged. The clergy are called in to torture the pages of the holy bible into the support of a system of crime. The eloquent orator, and the expert logician, and the learned linguist, and the mighty statesman, all gather around the tottering edifice to stay its fall. The poet—no, his voice is silent, and true to nature, he refuses to insult humanity by celebrating in song the beauties of slavery. He can talk of the pleasures of pain and of the joys of sorrow, but his trembling hand refuses to strike to jarring sounds, that picture the beauties of fields where scarred and bowed-down men and women toil all day beneath the burning sun; he cannot sing of the loveliness of the parting scenes where wild farewells are answered by the moanings of breaking hearts! There is not a chord in the human soul that would vibrate to such discordant notes.

And even the gifted orator, in the very hour when the torrent of his eloquence is bearing his audience whither he will,

when he has almost made them believe that slavery is a thing of beauty, his indignant and crushed humanity flashes out in praise of liberty. What is the word that floats in pride on every banner; that echoes from every hill-top to its valley, when the booming gun and echoing shouts proclaim our nation's jubilee; that Bunker Hill and Bennington and Camden's fields glowed in the flame of war to achieve? LIBERTY. And yet a party, comprising half a nation, are rallying again to place in power men who are known to favor the extension of the opposite principle, slavery. Another party, which seeks the preservation of the Union from such a destructive policy, and which is truly national and not sectional, will soon select its leader and gather to the support of the constitution as interpreted by its framers. Shall liberty or slavery triumph?

Freedom for Kansas.

Cabot Hall was well filled on Tuesday evening, with those who desired to hear a plain statement of facts in regard to affairs in Kansas, as well as the opinion of a resident, and an eye witness of many of its interesting scenes. Rev. Mr. Nute spoke for about an hour and a half to this large and attentive audience, and gave his reasons for the belief, which he said he most clearly entertained, that Kansas would be admitted as a free state.

In the first place, its soil, which was not well adapted to the raising of hemp—the great staple of Missouri, upon which her slave labor was applied, gave promise to freedom. Secondly; five-sixths of the actual residents of the territory are in favor of a free state. Thirdly; the moral sentiment of the age and the country is for liberty. Politicians and demagogues who had private interests to advance, may seek to cheat the people; but in the end, with the increasing light and knowledge which every day is throwing upon the question, the right will be sure to triumph. We cannot give anything like an abstract of the address, nor can we convey to our readers the impression which the speaker seemed to make upon the audience through his interesting relations of facts and incidents passing under his own eye, or coming to his knowledge through other witnesses. Our admiration for the brave men and noble women of Kansas was increased, and our pity for the poor, ignorant, misguided borderers elicited, and our detestation for the better informed but more reckless scoundrels who foment these popular outbreaks, was deepened and strengthened. He who believes in God, and in the final triumph of the right, has no occasion to be cast down.

Letter on Kansas.

Through the kindness of Mr. James C. Pratt, we are permitted to make extracts from a letter received by him from a friend recently a resident of Kansas. [Ed. ST. LOUIS, April 18, 1856.]

FRIEND PRATT:—I have been in Kansas long enough to confirm my former opinions about the country in many respects; but to increase my estimate of the value of Kansas to the free states, and to slightly diminish my satisfaction with the relative strength of the free and slave parties. A pro-slavery man is safer than a free state man. Poor Buffum, the husband of the heroine who defends herself with a pistol, was advised by his friends a few days since to leave Kansas, and he lately passed through this city on his way home to Massachusetts.

No man of honesty and intelligence will be safe in Kansas while Frank Pierce is president. The southerners are coming in great numbers. I think the north needs to take a new start, and send men and better armed. There is an excellent spirit in Ohio. S. N. Wood told me he thought there would be two thousand free state emigrants from Ohio to Kansas this spring.

The slaveocrats have two great advantages over us; 1st—Pierce is helping them. 2d.—The Missourians are close by and can go quickly and easily. But we shall finally beat them if we choose a republican president; if we do not, we lose Kansas in my opinion.

I have been near being killed on four occasions within six weeks, but I am still in the business and shall continue to aid the defense of Kansas until I leave of my own accord. Believe nothing you hear from Missouri papers.

Twenty five thousand young men should come from the free states with a *spade* in one hand, a *Sharp's rifle* in the other, and stay until Kansas is free. Money will be made in land near Lawrence.

Your friend, FREEMAN

Our thanks to Ira M. Bullens for a bottle of the best writing ink we have ever used. This fluid, made by Conger & Fields, New York, is at first of a light color, but soon changes to a beautiful deep black. Those in want of such an article, will do well to call at Mr. Bullens' book-store.

Chicopee News.

CHICOPEE CENTRAL FIRE DISTRICT.—The annual meeting of the Chicopee Central Fire District was held in Atlantic Hall, on Saturday the 3d inst., at half past seven o'clock, p. m.

Sylvanus Adams was chosen moderator, and Jona. R. Childs clerk, for the ensuing year.

Daniel Bowdoin was chosen chief engineer.

Simeon B. Fairbanks, Solomon B. Lankton, Emerson Gaylord and Lewis M. Ferry, Assistant Engineers.

Daniel Bowdoin, Simeon B. Fairbanks and Solomon B. Lankton, were chosen Prudential Committee.

The engineers and prudential committee for the past year, presented their reports, which were accepted. The district voted to build a new engine-house for the Pacific engine, and put in two new reservoirs, one under each of the engine-houses. The prudential committee were instructed to prepare plans and specifications for the new building, and report at an adjourned meeting, on Friday, the 16th inst., at 7 1/2 o'clock P. M. The district voted to raise one thousand dollars by tax, the current year, for the ordinary expenses, and to apply upon the permanent debt, which amounts at present to \$2800.

SMALL POX AGAIN.—Two more of the family of Lemuel Keyes died last week, making five deaths in his family since the first of March. The elder of the two, aged 18, was recovering from an attack of the varioloid, when in consequence of over-eating, she was again taken down and died in a few hours. The younger, aged 15, died of small pox. Only two, the father and his little son of four years of age, are left of this family. Dr. Shepard informs us that there are several other cases of small pox in that vicinity, but most of those attacked are convalescent.

POLICE COURT.—Before Judge Whitaker.

John Manning for an assault on Timothy Garfield; plead guilty and was fined five dollars and costs which he paid. Matthew Sullivan for an assault on an officer; sentenced to the house of Correction for three months.—Alfred Dolley, James Haskins, and John White were each fined three dollars and costs for drunkenness, which they paid and were discharged.—Daniel Curtis for an assault on Margaret Hayes was fined five dollars and costs, which he paid.—Edwin M. Griffin was sentenced to the state Reform School for Larceny for the term of five years.

A revival of religion has been in progress, for some time past, at Chicopee Falls. Some ten or twelve converts were baptized last Sabbath and joined Rev. Mr. Bellamy's church. A still larger number has recently been added to the Congregational church.

Margaret Gorman, a girl of about 17 years of age, and an operative in No. 7 weaver-room, has been carried to the Worcester insane asylum. The cause of her insanity is not known.

The selectmen have appointed Joseph S. Bagg, agent for the town, to sell intoxicating liquors for medicinal and mechanical purposes, in the village of Chicopee for the ensuing year, and Henry H. Jewell, for the same service at Chicopee Falls. We understand that Mr. Amaziah Bullens, who has been the agent in this part of the town since the Maine law first went into effect, declined holding the office for a longer period.

By reference to an advertisement in another column, it will be seen that Whitney & Co's furniture ware-rooms are well filled with rich and expensive furniture. The stock embraces many varieties of black walnut and mahogany furniture of costly and elaborate styles. Among other articles may be found some elegant oval gilt looking-glasses, which for artistic beauty are not exceeded by anything we have seen of the kind. Friend W. & Co. are honorable in their dealings, and win golden opinions as well as dollars from their customers.

The traveling public will find a ride in Mr. P. K. Hill's new and beautiful stage-coach as pleasant and comfortable as they can desire. This coach was manufactured by Abbott & Co., at Concord, N. H., and cost \$550. It is elegantly finished with rich, plush cushions, and is every way calculated for comfort and convenience. Mr. Hill will leave Chicopee for Springfield at 1 1/2 past 8 a. m. and 1 1/2 past 2, p. m.

Another mutation has taken place relative to our news-room. It has passed into the hands of Samuel Blaisdell, who will endeavor to make good the places of his "illustrious predecessors." Subscribers will be furnished with their papers as heretofore.

For the Journal.

Government in Schools.

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed a communication in the Journal of last week, from "Experience" relative to school government,—a subject deeply interesting to me, and one upon which I wish to be more thoroughly enlightened. I have often thought a free, and friendly interchange of sentiment respecting the best mode of government, of encouraging study, etc., (based as much as possible upon experience,) might be a mutual help to teachers in the discharge of their arduous and responsible duties.

I make no pretensions to wisdom, or superior judgment upon the subject, but am merely an humble individual who wishes to know the better way and to pursue it. I have had a few months' experience in teaching, yet cannot boast of that success which crowns the efforts of many of my fellow-teachers. I am happy at all times to hear the sentiments of the intelligent upon this important subject, yet cannot forbear saying I am sorry that "Experience" does not manifest a more amiable "frame of mind" in his communication. Why should he accuse some teachers of self-conceit, or of "thinking themselves wiser than Solomon" merely because they honestly believe there is more potency in the human mind, or in reason, than in the rod? I have known disobedient scholars to be more stubborn, after receiving a severe whipping, than before; and have known the same scholars immediately disarmed of stubbornness by a few kind words. I cannot be so uncharitable as to suppose that even children have never a higher incentive to do right than "fear of punishment."

"Experience" asks, "How can we reason with those who have no reason?" I sincerely pity those who are so unfortunate as to have such pupils, and can sympathize with them in some degree, for I have felt that, when *impatience* gained the ascendancy that the scholars had no reason, but have invariably found, that when my reason returned, the children were not entirely destitute of it.

"Experience" thinks that in expressing his sentiments, he also expresses those of "the committee and most of the teachers." I am happy to be apprised of the fact, for I anticipate teaching here at some future day, (if I can pass examination,) and would not willingly adopt any method of government antagonistic to their cherished opinions. Had I entered school ignorant of the views of the committee, I should have thought it my duty to study the dispositions of my pupils, in order to manage them with justice and discretion, to endeavor constantly to instill into their youthful minds high and ennobling principles of action, to attempt to make them conscious of the elevation and dignity of their nature, to raise in their minds aspirations for something better, and nobler than the gratification of selfish and *evil* feelings. But it is an old adage, that "being forewarned, we are forearmed."

HUMANITY.

For the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—Did you ever attend a public meeting and chance to be so unfortunate as to select a seat in the immediate vicinity of a number of "lads and lassies" of "sweet sixteen" or thereabouts, who go not to hear but to be seen, and who seemed to think that because they did not care to hear, nobody did, and so kept up an incessant buzz, buzz, the entire evening, violating all rules of decency and good manners? I say, did this ever happen to you? If not you are a lucky man, and don't know how to pity any quantity, of people who have encountered the annoyance again and again. If people don't know how to be civil in a public assembly, or don't care to hear the speaker, why don't they stay at home, and spend their time in a slight effort at learning how to behave.

Yours truly,

A VICTIM.

For the Journal.

Spring.

With loving smiles, and gentle tears,
With sunshine and with rain,
The genial spring again appears,
With beauty decks the plain.

Beneath her magic touch of love,
See laughing waters glide;
And where her roving footsteps move,
Fresh grasses shall abide.

What though old winter fingers yet,
Unwilling to decline,
He soon must yield his coronet,
His honors all resign.

Then hail! fair gentle spring, all hail!
To thee we pay our vows;
The heart is warmed by every gale,
And filled with worship, bows.

Will ELIA favor us again? [Ed.]

Advises by the Arabia state that the dreadful famine existing in some districts of Silesia has been concealed as long as possible. The German journals, (not Prussian) are at last speaking of it. Child murder has become common from sheer starvation.

The Riot at Panama.

The following is a letter from the Secretary of the navy to the President of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company:

"Navy Department, Friday, May 2, 1856.

"Sir: I have received your communication of the 30th ult., in relation to the deplorable occurrences at Panama.

The Department will endeavor to meet your wishes in the matter.

The United States ship Cyane, supposed to be at San Juan, has been ordered to proceed to the port of Aspinwall, and the steamer Fulton, at Pensacola, has been telegraphed to the same effect. The St. Mary's is probably now at Panama. Her commander has been instructed to remain there so long as American interests require the presence of a man-of-war.

Very respectfully your obed't servant,
J. C. DONBIN.

To W. H. DAVIDGE, esq.,
President P. M. S. Co., New-York.

GREAT MEETING IN NEW YORK.—The

campaign for freedom opened. The New York papers bring us glowing and enthusiastic accounts of the meeting at the Tabernacle on Tuesday evening. The Evening Post says:

"It was the most earnest and enthusiastic assemblage which the question of the extension of slavery has brought together in this city. There was an audience, it is estimated, of three thousand people, but as there were many coming and departing almost constantly—departing on account of the difficulty of obtaining a good position from which to hear the speakers—more than 4000 persons must have visited the Tabernacle last evening, and listened to more or less of the addresses made.

The speakers were well received, the points they made were powerfully upon the audience, and the more emphatic and animated passages were loudly cheered. An experienced observer of such things remarked—"The hearts of the people are in this matter; the feeling which you see exhibited here will spread all over the country, and we shall sweep the free states."

Hon. B. F. Butler, (Gen. Jackson's Attorney General) presided, and among the Vice Presidents were Moses H. Grinnell, William C. Bryant, Charles H. Marshall, H. J. Raymond, Wm. Curtis Noyes, John W. Edmonds, Charles A. Stetson, D. D. Field, Robert Emmet, and William Kent.

FAMINE IN THE CAPE DE VERDE ISLANDS.—We copy the following from the Boston Traveller of the 5th inst.:

An American navy officer, writing to his friends at Washington, gives a painful account of the famished and perishing condition of the inhabitants of the Cape de Verde Islands, owing to the scarcity of rain, and consequent shortness of crops for the last three years. Already, from 5,000 to 6,000 have died of sheer famine, out of a population of 120,000. At St. Jago, the Governor is doing his utmost for the poor people, by sending small vessels, as he can raise the means, to the coast of Africa for grain, which he distributes with the strictest economy to the destitute, devoting to that purpose the whole of the revenues of the islands, and his own salary he has not touched for the three years of his governorship, living very poor and with great frugality. He thinks he will be able to keep starvation in check till July, after which, unless provisions are sent out from Europe and America, 20,000 persons, at the least calculation, will starve to death between July and December. He is about to make an appeal to our government at Washington; and the writer strongly urges the condition of this unfortunate people upon the sympathy and charity of the American public.

Daniel Lombard, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Springfield, died on the 5th inst., at the advanced age of 92 years. Mr. L. was a native of Springfield, and filled many important offices in that place. He was appointed postmaster under Jefferson's administration, and for a period of twenty-five years served in this capacity with scrupulous fidelity and integrity. He was also for many years a merchant, and has acquired a handsome property. His wife, with whom he had lived sixty-eight years, died a few weeks since.

Elihu Burrett is appearing in public in various parts of the country, presenting a plan which he has devised for the abolition of slavery, and to the furtherance of which he proposes to devote the remainder of his life. His plan is to purchase the slaves with the proceeds from the public lands. His life will be far too short to accomplish such a noble and benevolent purpose.

NORTHAMPTON.—The first parish in Northampton voted on Monday to raise \$2500 for an organ, and \$2400 for a new lecture room. At the town meeting, Samuel L. Parsons was unanimously elected selectman, in place of Oliver Warner, removed to Williamsburg.

ASSAULTING AN EDITOR.—Mr. Smith, the proprietor of the New York Sunday Courier, was severely cowhided on Monday, by Capt. Lyster, late an officer in Walker's army in Nicaragua. The assault was made on account of some damaging remarks which had been made in the Courier in regard to a lecture which Capt. Lyster had delivered in Nicaragua. A regiment of compositors, armed with mallets, shooting sticks and other missiles, came to the rescue of the editor, when the valiant filibuster was compelled to run.

The communications upon school government, found in this and last week's Journal, are cheerfully admitted, on account of the importance of the subject as well as the difference of opinion among teachers and others, relative to the best method of managing schools. We prefer, however, that all communications should be accompanied by the name of the writer, which will not be published unless desired.

EX-MAYOR CURTIS OF CHICAGO has retired on a farm of 3,000 acres, which cost him, about three years ago, \$28,000. This farm is now worth \$90,000, and rising in value. These are the farms of the great West, namely, two and a half miles square, and with fields that yield 90,000 bushels of wheat and 180,000 bushels of corn; and orchards of 5000 peach trees and 12000 apple.

Nine years ago a man died of dropsy, and was buried in Middlesex, Vt., and it being desirable to remove the corpse to Pomfret recently, the body was disintered and found to have become perfect stone, as hard as marble, and not in the least altered from the appearance of the man at his death. The corpse weighed 550 pounds. What is more remarkable, the body of a girl buried by his side, was wholly consumed, only a few of the principal bones remaining.

RHODE ISLAND.—The new Legislature convenes at Providence next week. There is a large anti-administration majority in either branch; so that the election of an anti-Nebraska Senator in place of the Hon. Gen. James can only be defeated by untimely feuds. The Hon. James F. Simmons, (ex-Senator) and two or three others are suggested for the post. The contest will be animated, but it is hoped that the majority will neither throw the seat away nor sell it out to any Douglasite.

THE WESTERN TIDE.—We learn from the Chicago Democratic Press, that during the 48 hours ending Saturday morning, the eight trains on the Michigan Southern road brought eighty-one coaches, containing 4000 passengers; and in the same time, the six trains over the Michigan Central took into that city sixty-three coaches, containing 4662 passengers; nearly nine thousand passengers arriving in two days.

SUGAR.—The prospect of a good sugar crop in Louisiana is very poor. The severity of the winter killed both seed and cane plant to a great extent, and though an attempt has been made to get cane from Cuba for planting, only three ship loads have been obtained—the Spanish Government, from selfish motives purely, interdicting further shipment. The sugar planters upon the highlands between Bayou Sara and Baton Rouge, being utterly unable to get cane, have planted their fields with cotton.

The physicians of Alleghany, Michigan, pledge themselves not to attend a patient unless the physician previously in attendance shall have been, "regularly discharged, and satisfactorily compensated" for his attendance. And in case the patient refuses to settle his back scores, they decline to attend him altogether. Being sick is a luxury.

LONDON TIMES.—The advertising columns of this paper are estimated to yield the establishment the enormous sum of \$3,000,000 per annum. One firm pays \$150,000, and there are several which pay over \$50,000 for advertising.

The emigration to Iowa is very great. From twelve to fifteen hundred persons landed at Keokuk during four days. The multitude cannot find houses enough to live in.

The quiet, unobtrusive little village of Middle Haddam, Ct., makes as much and as agreeable noise as many more ostentatious places. There are manufactured annually a million and a half of tea and slight bells.

A little girl at Rodley, N. Y., was frightened to death a few days ago. With several of her little friends she was gathering flowers, when the party suddenly discovered an insubstantial being by the roadside.

Mr. Buchanan was 56 years old on the 23d ult., and the papers state that he is looking well, and is in good spirits.

Agricultural.

Farm work for May.

We have now advanced into the month of May, and begin to think we are rather late about spring work. The season is late for plowing, as it is of no use to work the soil while it is wet and muddy. We like to see the furrows crumble and fall to pieces—else we may as well let our teams sit a still.

But grass seems to be quite as forward as usual, and cattle may be turned out to pasture this year as soon as in any season for a dozen years past.

May is the principal month for planting. All our most valuable crops are sown in May. Our English grains are now less important than corn, and roots and hay. Yet we advise not to give up the growing of grain. Some of our lands are well adapted to wheat—others to rye and barley. Buckwheat is grown at small cost on our thin soils of easy tillage. Some farmers prefer this crop, and others that; let every one be persuaded in his own mind.

Prudent farmers who have to haul their manures to a distance, have already removed the principal part while they could do but little else. They have made heaps in their fields and have piled them so as to produce fermentation enough for use. Straw matter will produce heat enough in a single week to fit it for spreading and burying. Let not such manure remain in the heaps long enough to turn white. This is called fire fang, and should always be avoided.

In a distant field you may find it to your advantage to use guano, as the cost of carting and spreading 300 lbs. per acre may not much exceed the cost of the mere hauling of barn yard manure. Your guano will cost about nine dollars for 300 lbs., and the cost of carting and spreading will be a trifle compared with the whole cost and carting of barn manure. Trials may be made on a small scale, as guano is sold in bags that weigh about 150 lbs.

We advise to sow guano broadcast in all cases, as seeds are quite liable to be spoiled when this manure is applied in the hill. Let the guano be thoroughly mixed with the soil by means of the harrow.

Many hard lumps are found in good guano. Farmers are in the practice of sifting out these lumps and putting them with peat, or wet soil to dissolve them. Some put it on the floor and then mixing them with cart.

But a better mode is to place all your guano in a heap in a garden, or in any yard where you have a plenty of loam—bury the heap with any good soil, using three times as much as the bulk of the guano. If it is a dry time and your soil is dry, throw on water, and you will dissolve all the lumps in a few days time provided you take care to over-haul the heap two or three times.

Corn ought to be planted by the middle of May, yet many good crops are made when the seed is put in later. On warm lands the manures should all be spread broadcast, and these are emphatically the soils for corn. But on some farms there are no warm lands. Here a little stimulating matter may be put in each hill. And even here we object to a shovel fall in a hill, for the consequence will be more stalks than corn.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

D. B. Potts, Publisher

OFFICE IN THE ROOM UNDER CABOT HALL.

TERMS—\$1.50 in advance. A discount made to Agents and Companies.

ADVERTISING.

The space occupied by 100 words, or not exceeding that occupied by 12 lines of million type solid, shall constitute a square.

One square 1 week 75 cts; 3 weeks \$1. Each insertion afterwards 20 c.

One square 6 months \$5—no less \$3.

One half square or less—1 Week 50 cts; 3 weeks 75 cts. Each after insertion 15c.

One half a square 6 months \$2—1 year \$5.

Twenty days per cent advance for continuance in side after one week.

Private Advertisements—All kinds of Orders of Notice, \$1.00 each; Executors' and Administrators' Notices, \$1.25 each; Commissioners' Notices, \$1.50 each.

Transient Notices—Messengers' Notices, \$3.00 each; Assignee's Notices, \$1.50 each.

Carriage of a knowledge, religious notices and the like, one insertion, 50 cts per square.

Political notices, calls for conventions and similar meetings to be charged the same as other notices of advertisements similarly published.

Notices in news columns 10 cents per line one insertion, but no charge made of less than 50 cents.

Births, marriages and deaths inserted without charge, but all additions to the ordinary announcements, as obituary notices, funeral appointments, are charged at 4 cents per line, no charge being less than 25 cents.

Discounts will be made to merchants advertising at the above rates to the amount of \$20 per annum, or not more than 10 per cent; \$30, 15 per cent; \$40, 20 per cent; \$50, 25 per cent, and so on up to 50 per cent.

Advertisements from the city agencies, or of patent medicines, not to be inserted at less than these rates.

From transient advertisers and patent medicines respectively, cash will be demanded in advance, save in case of special arrangement or where a local reference is given.

Job Printing

OF EVERY VARIETY.

Done with neatness and dispatch AT THIS OFFICE.

THE GREAT KENTUCKY REMEDY!

DR. JOHN BULL'S SARSAPARILLA.

This medicine is used according to directions, will cure, without fail:—

Scurvy, or King's Evil, Cancer, Eruptions of the Skin, Erysipelas, Tumors, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald Head, Rheumatism, Pains in the Bones or Joints, Old Sores and Ulcers, Swelling of the Glands of the Neck, Sore Throat, Stricture, Gonorrhoea, Dropsy, Jaundice, Constipation, Bronchitis, Weakness of the Chest, Sore Throat, Pulmonary Affections, and all other Diseases tending to produce Consumption, Liver Complaints, Female Irregularities and Complaints, Low Spirits, Sick and Nervous Headaches, Bright Swarts, Exposures, or Impurities in Life, Chronic Constipation, Dropsy, and all other ailments arising from a Spring and Summer Drunk, and Genes.

Tone for the System, and a general and pleasant purgative, and is superior to Blue Lick and Congress Water, Sarsaparilla, or any other.

This is a remarkable fact, that among the hundreds of eminent physicians who have examined the recipe by which Bull's Sarsaparilla is prepared, not one has concluded, but all approved it, and commended it in the highest terms. Many physicians express themselves strongly in favor of it, and declare that they have never known it to fail. It is the highest recommendation of any particular remedy, notwithstanding the fact that the highest authorities in the world are they who speak in its favor. It is a remedy which they know to be capable of doing so much good in all cases, and which is so generally and so extensively used, and which is so highly commended by the highest authorities in the world.

TESTIMONY.

Testimony like the following renders superfluous all comments on the efficacy of Bull's Sarsaparilla. From Dr. L. T. YANDELL, President of the Medical College of Kentucky, Louisville, Ky., dated 20th April, 1858.

I have examined the preparation of John Bull's Sarsaparilla, and believe the combination to be an excellent one, and well calculated to produce an efficient impression on the system. I have used it both in public and private practice, and think it the best article of Sarsaparilla now in use.

M. PYLESS, M. D., Resident Physician Louisville Marine Hospital.

Dr. Pyless, physician by appointment to the Louisville Marine Hospital, writes to me as follows:—

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To Farmers and Gardeners.

YOUR attention is called to the Manures manufactured by the Lodi Manufacturing Co., of the contents of the Silks and Yarns of New York City, and from the most reliable sources.

Pondrette and Tafeu

Pondrette is composed of two-thirds night soil and one-third decomposed vegetable fibre. Tafeu is composed of three-fourths night soil and one-fourth No. 1 Peruvian Guano.

These manures are cheaper and better adapted for raising Corn, Garden Vegetables and Grass, than any other in market. Can be put in contact with the soil without injury, and causes Corn and seeds to come up sooner, ripen two weeks earlier, and yield one-third more than any other manure, and is a sure preservative of the Cut Worm.

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