

# The Weekly Journal.

Volume 3,

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## POETRY.

### MAKE YOUR MARK.

In the quietude should you toil,  
Make your mark;  
Do you delve upon the soil?  
Make your mark;  
In whatever path you go,  
In whatever place you stand—  
Moving swift, or moving slow—  
With a firm and honest hand,  
Make your mark.  
Life is fleeting as a shade—  
Make your mark;  
Marks of some kind must be made—  
Make your mark;  
Make it while the arm is strong,  
In the golden hours of youth;  
Never, never make it wrong;  
Make it with the stamp of truth—  
Make your mark.

Translated from the French of Alexander Dumas.

### LIONS AND LEOPARDS.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon, towards the close of one of those magnificent days of summer unknown in our Europe. Half of the inhabitants of the Isle of France lined the sides of the mountains that overlook the grand port, regarding with breathless anxiety the deadly struggle that was going on beneath them; as in former days the Romans bent over at the circus to contemplate the trial of gladiators or the combat of martyrs. But now the arena was a vast port, surrounded by shoals, where the combatants grounded their ships that they should not veer, and that they might, unembarrassed by the maneuvering of their vessels, batter each other to pieces at their leisure. To terminate this terrible naval combat there were no vessels with uplifted fingers; it was known that this was to be a struggle of extermination, a mortal combat, the ten thousand spectators who witnessed it kept a profound silence, had the sea itself, so often boisterous in these latitudes, was calm, that not a quarter of these three hundred cannon might be lost.

On the morning of the 20th of August, 1810, Com. Duperre, returning from Madagascar, in the Bellona, followed by the Minerva, the Victor, the Ceylon and the Windham, made the Isle of France. As in three combats, in all of which he had been victorious, his fleet had sustained great damage, he resolved to enter the grand port for repairs; this he the more readily determined on, as at that time the island was our own, and the tri-colored flag floated on the isle at the pass and on a ship moored near it, giving to Com. Duperre the assurance of a friendly reception. Consequently he resolved to enter the pass, and ordered the corvette Victor to take the lead, the Minerva, Ceylon and Bellona following her, and the Windham bringing up the rear. The fleet advanced, each vessel in the wake of the other, the narrowness of the channel not permitting two ships to pass abreast.

When the Victor was within cannon shot of the ship anchored under the fort, the latter made signals that the English were off the island. Com. Duperre answered that he was aware of it, and that the fleet which had been seen was composed of the Magician, the Nereid, the Sirius and the Iphigene, under the command of Com. Lambert—but that as Capt. Hamelin was stationed to leeward of the Island with the Entreprenant, the Manche, and the Astrea, we were in sufficient force to meet the enemy should they appear.

A few seconds afterwards, Capt. Bouvet, who entered next to the Victor, tho' that he perceived a hostile disposition on board the ship which had signaled. He carefully and minutely examined her, with that piercing glance, which rarely deceives a seaman, and could not recognize her as belonging to the French marine; he communicated the result of his observations to Com. Duperre, who advised him to be cautious. As to the Victor, it was impossible to warn her of the danger—she was too far ahead—and any signals made to her would be seen from the fort and by the suspicious vessel.

The Victor continued to advance with confidence, with a fine breeze from the south east; having all her crew upon deck, while the two vessels astern of her watched with anxiety the movements on board the anchored ship, and at the fort; both however continued to maintain a friendly appearance; the two succeeding ships ranged alongside and exchanged a few words. The Victor kept on her course; she had already passed the fort, when all at once a cloud of smoke burst from the side of the anchored vessel, and from the batteries of

the fort. Forty-five pieces of cannon thundered at a time, completely raking the French corvette, cutting up her sails, throwing her crew into confusion, and carrying away her main topmast, and at the same time the French colors disappeared from the fort and from the ship, giving place to the English ensign. We had been duped by a trick; we had fallen into the net.

But instead of turning back, as he could yet do by deserting the corvette, which had served as a fly, and which recovering from her surprise had returned the fire of the ship with her stern chasers, Com. Duperre made a signal to the Windham, which ship stood out to sea, and ordered the Minerva and the Ceylon to force the passage, sustaining them himself, while the Windham should give information to the remainder of the French fleet, of the position of the four vessels.

The ships still advanced, not with the security of the Victor, but with lighted matches, every man at his post, and in that profound silence which always precedes a great crisis. The Minerva was soon alongside the enemy's ship but this time it was her turn; twenty-two cannon spoke at once; the broadside took effect; the nettings of the English vessel were shot away. Some stifled cries were heard, and she fired her broadside, sending back to the Minerva the messenger of death she had received; the batteries of the fort also opened upon her, but without doing any greater injury than the loss of a few men, and cutting up her rigging.

Then came the Ceylon, a pretty twenty gun brig, taken from the English, in company with the Victor, the Windham, and the Minerva, a few days before, and which with the latter were now about to combat for France, their new mistress. She advanced lightly and beautifully, skimming the waves like a sea-bird. Arrived abreast of the fort and the ship, all three fired together, with one report, mingling their smoke, so near were they to each other.

Com. Duperre followed with the Bellona. He was then one of the bravest and most skillful officers of our navy. He advanced in his turn, hugging the Isle at the pass more closely than either of the other vessels—when, side by side, the two broadsides were exchanged, within pistol shot. The pass was forced; the four vessels were in the port; they closed up with each other, and anchored between the Monkey Island and Colony point.

Com. Duperre immediately communicated with the town, and learned that Bourbon was captured, but that notwithstanding their attempts on the Isle of France, the enemy had only taken possession of the Isle at the pass. A courier was dispatched to the brave General Decaen, governor of the island, to advise him that the four French ships, the Victor, the Minerva, the Ceylon, and the Bellona, were at the Grand Port. On the 21st, at noon, General Decaen received this information, and transmitted it to Capt. Hamelin, who gave orders to the vessels under his command to make sail, sent reinforcements over land to Com. Duperre, and informed him that he would do all in his power to come to his aid; as he had reason to think that he was menaced by a superior force.

In fact, while endeavoring to anchor in the Black river on the 21st, at 4 o'clock in the morning, the Windham was captured by the English frigate Sirius. Capt. Pym, who commanded her, then learned that four French vessels under Com. Duperre were at Grand Port, wind bound; he communicated with the captains of the Magician and the Iphigene, and the three frigates immediately made sail for Grand Port, the Sirius going to leeward, and the two others to windward of the Island.

These were the movements which Capt. Hamelin had observed, and which with the news he had heard induced him to think that Com. Duperre was about to be attacked. He therefore hastened his departure, but with all his diligence he could not get ready before the morning of the 22d. The three English frigates had three hours start of him, and the strong S. E. however continued to maintain a friendly appearance; the two succeeding ships ranged alongside and exchanged a few words.

On the 21st, at night, Gen. Decaen already passed the fort, when all at once a cloud of smoke burst from the side of the anchored vessel, and from the batteries of

of their negroes, on whom they thought that they could depend. Masters and slaves were armed with muskets; and in the event of the English attempting to land, they were provided with fifty rounds each. An interview took place between Gen. Decaen and Com. Duperre.

At noon the English frigate, Sirius, which had passed to leeward of the Island, and which consequently had experienced less difficulty than the two other frigates, appeared at the entrance of the pass, joined the ship anchored at the fort, which was known to be the Nereid, Capt. Willoughby, and both advanced upon us by the same route that we had come—as tho' they alone were about to attack the French fleet; but in hugging the shoals too near, the Sirius touched, and the day was spent by her crew in getting her afloat.

During the night, the reinforcement of seamen sent by Capt. Hamelin arrived, and were distributed among the French vessels, now numbering 1,400 men and 142 guns—but as soon as the men were stationed, Com. Duperre grounded the fleet, each vessel presenting but one half her battery to the enemy, therefore but one half of the guns could take part in the sanguinary conflict that was about to ensue.

At 2 P. M. the frigates Magician and Iphigene appeared at the entrance of the pass; they joined the Sirius and Nereid, and the four vessels headed towards us. Two of them were run aground, the two others swung to their anchors, presenting a force of 1,700 men and 200 guns.

It was a solemn and terrible moment when the ten thousand spectators on the hills saw the four enemy's frigates advancing, without sails, by the action of the wind on their spars and rigging, with the confidence given by superiority of force, ranging themselves within half cannon shot of the French division, presenting in turn their broadsides; grounding, and retreating flight, as we had done before them.

A contest of extermination was about to take place. Lions and leopards were in presence, and were about to tear each other to pieces with teeth of bronze and roars of flame.

Our seaman, less patient than were the French guard at Fontenoy, gave the signal of carnage. A loud cloud of smoke burst from the sides of the four vessels, at whose peaks floated the tri-colored flag, and at the same moment the roar of 70 guns was heard, and the iron shower struck the English fleet.

They answered it immediately, and then commenced—with no other maneuvering than that of clearing the decks of splinters and bodies of the dying, with no other effect than that of taking good aim, with no interval except time to load the guns—one of those deadly struggles, which, since Trafalgar and Aboukir, the annals of the navy had not yet recorded.

At first, the advantage appeared to be with the enemy; for the first fire of the English shot away the springs on the cables of the Minerva and the Ceylon, causing them to swing round; by this accident, the effect of the fire of these two ships was in a great measure lost. But, under the orders of her commander, the Bellona made head against all, answering to the four vessels at once, having courage, powder and ball for the whole; vomiting forth flame for two hours, like a volcano—that is, during the time that the Ceylon and Minerva were employed in repairing damages; after which, as though impatient of inaction, they began to roar and bite in their turn, forcing the enemy, who had neglected them to crush the Bellona, to re-engage, and establishing the equality of the combat along the whole line.

Then it appeared to commodore Duperre, that the Nereid, already severely injured by the three broadsides that the division had poured into her in forcing the pass, slackened her fire. The order was immediately given to direct all the guns at her, and to give her no quarter. For an hour, she was the mark for balls and chain shot, expecting every moment that she would strike her flag, but as she did not, the shower of balls continued, cutting away her masts, sweeping her decks, riddling her hull, until her last gun was silenced, like a dying groan, and she became a sheer hulk, motionless and in the silence of death.

At this moment, and as commodore Duperre was giving an order to his lieutenant

Rouissin, a chain shot struck him in the head, and he fell upon a gun. Knowing that he was dangerously, and perhaps fatally wounded, he called Capt. Bouvet, placed him in command of the Bellona, ordered him to blow up the ships rather than surrender, and this last order being given, he took him by the hand and fainted. No one perceived it; the brave Duperre had not quitted the Bellona, for Bouvet replaced him.

At 10 o'clock, the darkness was so great that the frigate was without aim and at hazard. At 11 o'clock it ceased; but as the spectators knew it was only a trace, they remained at their posts. At one o'clock the moon appeared, and the combat recommenced.

During this short recess, the Nereid had received some reinforcements; five or six of her guns were remounted; this frigate, which had been thought dead, was only in her agony; she regained her senses, and gave signs of life by attacking us anew.

Then Bouvet sent Lieut. Rouissin on board the Victor, whose commander was wounded, with orders to get her afloat and to bear down upon the Nereid and crush her with all his battery; his fire was not to cease this time until the frigate was indeed dead.

Rouissin obeyed his orders to the letter; the Victor loosed her jib, and without firing a gun, anchored within twenty feet of the stern of the Nereid, and then commenced her fire, to which she could not answer except with her stern chasers—raking her from stern to stern at each broadside. This time she was indeed dead, but still the English colors were flying at her peak. She was dead, but had not struck. At this moment, shouts of vive l'empereur were heard on board the Nereid; the 17 French prisoners, which she had taken at the island at the pass—and who had been imprisoned in her hold, broke from their confinement, and rushed up the hatchways, bearing a tri-colored flag. The standard of Great Britain is struck, and the flag of France floats in its place.

Lieut. Rouissin gave orders to board her, but at the moment of heaving the grappling, the enemy directed their fire upon the Nereid, which was about escaping from them. It was a vain struggle; the Nereid was nothing but a hulk, on which we could put our hands as soon as the other vessels were silenced. The Victor left the frigate to float like the body of a dead whale; she embarked the 17 prisoners, took her place in the line of battle, and announced to the English, with her whole broadside, that she had returned to her post.

The order was given that all the French vessels should direct their fire upon the Magician; Capt. Bouvet wished to silence the enemy's frigate, one after the other. At 3 o'clock p. m. the Magician had become the mark for the whole force; at 5 o'clock, she answered our fire only with her dying groans, and breathed only in extremity; at 6 o'clock, it was observed from the shore that her crew were about leaving her. Shouts and signals were made to the French fleet; their fire redoubled; the two other enemy's frigates sent their boats, and her own were lowered. Those of the men who were not wounded, or only slightly, got into them, but in the space which they had to pass to get on board the Sirius, two of the boats were sunk by our fire, and the water was covered with men, who swam to the two neighboring frigates. A moment afterwards, a slight smoke issued from the port holes of the Magician; it became thicker every instant; then from the hatchways were seen the wounded, who had dragged themselves to the deck, raising their mutilated arms, crying for help, for already the flame had succeeded to the smoke, and darted through every opening in the ship its burning tongues; then it rushed out, mounted the masts, enveloped the yards, and from the midst of this flame were heard cries of rage and agony; then all at once the vessel opened like the crater of an expiring volcano. A frightful detonation took place; the Magician flew to pieces. We followed these flaming wrecks as they mounted in the air, falling and extinguishing themselves in the waves. Of this noble frigate, which but the evening before was thought the queen of the ocean, there was nothing left, not even a wreck, not even the wounded, not even the dead. A wide vacant space between the Nereid and the Iphigene alone indicated where she had been.

Then, as though fatigued with the struggle, as though appalled at the spectacle, English and French kept silence, and the remainder of the night was consecrated to repose.

But at dawn of day, the combat recommenced. It was now the Sirius that the French fleet had chosen for their victim. It was the Sirius upon which the quadruple fire of the Victor, the Minerva, the Bellona and the Ceylon was turned. On her were poured their showers of balls and langrage. In two hours she had not a mast standing; her bulwarks were shot away; the water poured into her hull through 20 wounds; had she not been aground, she would have sunk. Her crew then left her in their turn, her commander being the last; but, as on board the Magician, she had been fired, and a match set to the magazine, and at 11 o'clock a. m. a frightful report was heard, and the Sirius disappeared.

Then the Iphigene, which had fought at her anchors, found that it was useless to continue the struggle. She was left alone against four vessels, for, as we have said, the Nereid was but a lifeless mass. She loosed her sails, and profiting by the fact that she had escaped almost uninjured from the destruction that awaited her, she got under way to place herself under the protection of the fort.

Capt. Bouvet immediately ordered the Minerva and Bellona to get afloat. Duperre, upon his ensanguined bed, was apprised of all that passed; he did not wish that a single frigate should escape the carnage; he did not wish that a single Englishman should announce their defeat in England. We had Aboukir and Trafalgar to avenge. In chase! In chase! For the Iphigene!

And the two noble frigates spread their sails and got under way, giving orders to the Victor to take possession of the Nereid. As to the Ceylon, she was so much injured, that she could not move until the calkers had stopped her thousand wounds.

A shout of triumph arose from the shore; this mass of people who had so long kept silence, found breath and voice again to encourage the Minerva and the Bellona in the chase. But the Iphigene, less injured than her two enemies, visibly gained upon them. She passes the Isle des Aigrettes. She reaches the fort at the pass; the Iphigene will gain the open sea and will be saved. Already the shot of the Minerva and the Bellona fall short, and are lost in her wake—when all at once three vessels appear at the entrance of the pass, the tri-colored flag at their peaks. It is Capt. Hamelin, from Port Louis, with the Entreprenant, the Manche, and the Astrea. The Iphigene and the fort at the pass surrendered after two broadsides; not a single Englishman escaped.

Meanwhile the Victor, for the second time, approached the Nereid, and fearing some surprise, they boarded her with caution. Her deck was covered with dead bodies; the lieutenant who first stepped on board was ankle deep in blood.

A wounded man rises, and recounts, that six times the order had been given to strike the flag—but six times the French discharges had killed the men who were about to execute the order. The captain then retired into his cabin, and was not seen again.

Lieut. Rouissin advanced towards the cabin, and found Capt. Willoughby at a table, on which was a bottle of brandy and three glasses. He had lost a leg and an arm. Before him, his first lieutenant, Thompson, was lying dead, and at his feet was his nephew, Wm. Murray, wounded in the side by a chain shot.

Capt. Willoughby, with the arm that remained, made a motion to surrender his sword; but Lieut. Rouissin, extending his hand to the unfortunate Englishman, remarked:

"Captain," said he, "one that has used his sword as nobly as you have done, should surrender it only to God!" And he ordered that every assistance should be rendered to Capt. Willoughby. But all aid was unavailing; the noble defender of the Nereid died on the following day.

A pedagogue told one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle, to spell hostility.—"H-o-r-s-e, horse," commenced Pat. "Not hostility," said the teacher, "but hostility." "Sure," replied Pat, "an didn't ye tell me, the other day not to say horse?" "Be jabbers! it's wan thing wid ye one day, and another the next."

For the Chicopee Journal.  
EARTH AND HEAVEN.

BY MISS E. E. LANCKTON.

Who that has outlived the sunny days of childhood, and gone forth into the world's broad arena, full of hope, of ambition and enthusiasm, feeling strong and courageous to do battle with opposing influences, has not found his steps faltering, his ardor abating, long ere he has reached the noon-tide of life. He may have taken as his motto the soul-inspiring words of one of our greatest poets, in his noble "Psalm of Life":

"Life is real, life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul."

And girding himself for the contest, eagerly started in the race, only to find himself baffled at every point, disappointed in every project. Pleasure lures her rotaries with winning words, and beautiful visions; but a woe remains for him who obeys her bidding, in defiance of the voice of God, and the whisperings of conscience.

Wealth if gained, must be obtained at the sacrifice of home influences and fire-side pleasures, of intellectual culture, and in many instances, of moral rectitude; by days of toil and nights of sleeplessness, by a slavish devotion to the shrine of mammon.—The laurels of fame are never won by indolence and inactivity. There is indeed "no royal road to science," and he who would reach the highest round of the ladder, must also be content to burn the midnight oil, to struggle with adverse circumstances, and it may be, to suffer at last the chagrin of defeat, while some more fortunate competitor gains the prize.

Go where we will, in this strange world of ours, among the high or low, the rich or poor, learned or unlearned, and we shall find within the heart, and almost see it written upon the brow, an undefined longing for something unattained, until the poor soul cries out—"Who will show us any good?" Ever following a phantom, which ever eludes the grasp, they still pursue it, only resting when the grave, cold and damp and dreary, opens before them. We have all seen it, all felt it, and, in bitterness of spirit, sigh for heaven, for a purer, loftier state of existence.

And this heaven for which we are panting, what is it? where is it? and who shall tell us? To the follower of the false prophet, it is a paradise of unlimited luxury and voluptuous beauty; to the poor savage, a vast hunting ground, where he may range at will. Are we not laboring under a mistake, when we look upon it as a locality somewhere, far, far away, among the skies?—dreaming that the soul's rest is only there. For aught we know, the future home of the pure in heart may be far more enchanting than an excited imagination ever conceived, and the glowing revelations of the exiled seer on lonely Patmos may be more than realized. Yet is not the real heaven to be commenced here? Were our feet placed to-day upon the "mount of God," the heavenly Zion,—could we hear the music of the harpers, and behold the golden streets and pearly gates, while our hearts retained the taint of earth-born passions, where were our heaven?

Turning back again to earth, our aching eyes look out upon the busy, restless mass of human beings, to see if we can discover any where the lineaments which speak to the beholder of aught save earthliness.—Nor is our search wholly in vain, for here and there, scattered like good seed over the surface, we find those whose one great aim is to bring their own wills into subjection to that of their great Exemplar, and to toil for poor suffering humanity. Confined to no sect, contending for no creed, save that which embraces the great principles of love to God and man, the real Christian is the only true representative of the inhabitants of that land toward which he journeys. The springs of life are poisoned, and where peace and love were designed to hold undisputed sway, all is darkness and chaos. Man goes out in deadly warfare to slay his brother man; robbery and oppression, injustice and cruelty, have stalked forth at noon-day, for thousands of years. Honor to him who, with a firm and fearless adherence to the cause of right, stands alone if need be, unmoved by threat or scorn. Conscious that if the stream of life be pure the fountain must first be cleansed, he bows in penitence before an insulted Deity; and finds in the vast atonement, freedom and strength and peace.





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