

# The Weekly Journal.

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## POETRY.

For the Journal.

### The Earthly and Heavenly.

BY EDWARD IRVING.

O, there is music on the hills,  
A blithesome song of love and life;  
There's music in the gushing rills  
When spring winds breathe, and gladness fills  
All bits the notes of strife.

They toll on mountains bleak and cold,  
In lonely field and crowded mart—  
What thousands for the glittering gold,  
The priceless wealth of mind have sold,  
And please ures of the heart.

How many harps have been unstrung,  
Whose music was of heavenly birth;  
Because with lying notes they sung  
The praises of the vile, and flung  
Their melody to earth.

Upward the bird's wild carol goes,  
Where stars shine in the blue above;  
Upward the balms of summer's rose,  
That blossoms where the brook o'erflows  
With murmuring of love.

But man goes downward, till the earth  
Takes back his dust in youthful bloom;  
All but angelic of his birth,  
For a few hours of sinful mirth,  
Fills a forgotten tomb!

As rush the rivets to the sea,  
As sweeps the eagle to the sun,  
As seek the hills the breezes free,  
The soul should soar, O God, to thee,  
For strength till life is done.

For strength the conflict to begin,  
To battle long and fierce and fast;  
To purify the heart within,  
To wage eternal war with sin,  
And struggle to the last.

How dreams the soul its hours away,  
Thoughtless as clouds from which we sprang;  
Wakened to see life's glorious day,  
To outlive time and sing the lay  
That seraph never sang.

A chain is on that deathless soul—  
It dares not breathe that heavenly breath  
Laden with thoughts, as free as rill  
The rivers to their ocean goal,  
But drops its wing in death!

Turn from the thorny path and tread  
Your bleeding feet so long have trod;  
The chains of men no longer wear,  
Think for yourselves and speak, and dare  
To worship none but God!

Think for yourselves, and feel and mourn,  
When pitying nature bids you pour  
Your tears for bosoms rudely torn  
By lust or tyrant's lash, till borne  
Where they shall bleed no more.

Hush not a single thought or word  
That breaks the channels worn by men,  
Where Godlike mind most creep, till stirred  
Up from its depths by heavenly word,  
Ne'er to be stayed again.

High up the rugged hill of life,  
Bare bushes let us nobly on;  
Be heroes struggling with the strife,  
And storm with which the world is rife  
Till sunnier climes are won.

## Miscellany.

Anna Hope.

A STORY FOR YOUNG LADIES.

PART FIRST.

"My dear M., come to us, and see if you can do anything with our Anna.—She is crazy to attend the Woman's Rights Convention."

So wrote a Boston friend, who had been a school mate of mine. Her husband was a merchant in rather easy circumstances. Anna was their only child, and almost a beauty. She had pretty hair, that curled luxuriantly; bright eyes, and delicate complexion. To sum up in general, her face, form and manners were calculated to arrest attention, even to please eminently. Add to these advantages, a mind of very superior order, and you will perceive that Anna Hope was an only daughter to be proud of.

The following day found me at the cottage of my early friend. The dew sparkled on the little lawn in front; the roses blushed and threw out delicious perfume.

I saw, as Anna's mother had told me the child was "Woman's Rights" crazy.

Ridicule, argument, persuasion, all were useless. She launched out in full tide her whole theme—woman, her degradation, her wrongs, her eminent qualifications, her evident superiority. In vain I cited case after case to prove my side of the argument. All would not do. Man was a tyrant, a human tiger, with nothing but brute force to recommend him pressing his iron hand upon the poor woman. Woman was great; man, little.

Nothing could be done with the girl.—She shook her curly head, snapped her bright eyes, set her little lips together, and thrust her needle in her little finger, in

attempt to thrust a new idea into my brain.

The witch was pretty, and strove to throw into her small person all the dignity and masculinity she could assume.—She, no doubt, felt her slender shoulders equal to the burden of a small world.

"Let her go to the convention, and trust in Providence."

"I don't know," he replied, shaking his head, doubtfully; "mother is far from being well, and one can't trust to nurses entirely. Frank, too, has studied himself almost sick, hoping to get the prize. I'm half sick myself, what with anxiety about her, and the pressing demands of business; besides, how well it looks to send a young thing like her to New York alone?"

"Never fear, but that she will take care of herself," replied I; "something tells me that it will do her good, and perhaps cure her foolish whim."

An unexpected event took me away from home on the evening of that very day, and for more than six months I heard nothing more from Anna Hope.

"What shall I do?" asked her father, in despair. "I wish she had never got these foolish notions in her head. She is continually doing extravagant things, and spraining her arms and ankles, trying to prove that she had enormous strength.—She reads works on agriculture, and argues with the farmers; sets herself up as a theologian, and mortifies me extremely by contradicting our venerable pastor, who is four times her age. What shall I do?"

PART SECOND.

One delightful morning, the second of my return to my native city, on the wings of hope, away to Hope Cottage I flew, eager to see and to hear the result of my advice. Spring had blushed into summer, and the beautiful home of my friends was embowered in trees, vines and roses.

Great was their surprise at seeing me, and much greater my own at meeting with my little friend, Anna.

In her eye shone a mild light that made her sweet face radiant. The spiteful snarl was gone. I looked in vain for the green dress, the shirt-bosom, the standing dickey, the mannish air—all were missing, and in their stead modest attire, neatly and becomingly worn. Even her curly hair had lost its determined twist, and looked softer and glossier. Her whole demeanor was maidenly, therefore lovelier. She said nothing of woman's rights, spoke softly; and at tea bent with deference to the opinion of the aged pastor.

Her father gave me a triumphant glance. Her mother gazed on her daughter with gentle affection, and something between a tear and a smile sprang to her eyes.

In the evening Anna was alone with me, and I ventured to ask how she had been pleased with the convention.

"Don't mention it," she answered, blushing a little; "I have entirely recovered from the silly mania that possessed me then. Would you like to hear how?" and her bright eyes twinkled at me so mischievously.

"Well, I went to the convention, and was more surprised than edified. In spite of my new philosophy, it shocked me to hear women speaking so boldly upon such themes before a mixed assemblage. But I had begun to get somewhat accustomed to it, and to feel pretty comfortable about it, and was just sitting down in my hotel to affix my signature to some resolutions, when a letter was handed me from my father. I had been gone a week, and little thought I what the household had passed through in that short time. It brought me news of my mother's alarming illness, and my youngest brother's attack of some painful disease. My father was alone with his trouble.

"I need not say how I hurried home forgetting all my new 'rights and privileges.' My mother's sad, reproving eye and wasted form smote me to the heart; and, for the first time, I felt how much I had neglected duty in leaving her, an invalid, to battle alone with the cares of a family. My father was walking the floor with little Franky. I relieved him of his burden; and the dear little fellow, at the clasp of a woman's arms, pillowed his head softly, and sank into a sweet sleep. When I saw him slumbering in his cradle,

I left my mother with the nurse, and made a hurried visit over the house.

I can never perfectly describe to you what I saw. Our help was a green girl, just from Ireland, and unless under the supervision of my mother was of very little service. Not a floor was swept, Biddy was cutting some raw, red slices of half-cooked beef, for dinner, and my brother Charley washing the remnant of the breakfast dishes, poor child, in scalding water. His face and hands, his buttonless bosom, his very hair, were stained and disfigured with soot and ashes. I could hardly keep from crying.

"The week's wash stood about in tubs and baskets, on chairs, and the floor. The kitchen had a horrid smell of burnt and uncooked food. Through the open windows came pouring the sun upon little heaps of dust, and bits of cinders, an unwashed hearth, and a deplorable stove. In the closets were dishes of damp and moldy bread, pieces of meat covered with flies. The sight was absolutely sickening.

"The parlor was littered with papers and toys, and the furniture white with dust. To crown the confusion, company had been here, one of those weak, thoughtless kind of women, who never know what to do in such cases, but to stay the day out, fret and worry the sick, eat, drink, sit down with folded hands, and go away to wonder, 'What kind of careless folks do live in the world!'"

"Her two children had broken the case of my guitar, snapped off all its strings, quarrelled with my little brother, and given him the whooping cough.

"I went to the bed-room next; every thing was in like disorder. My poor father had slept what little he could, on a mess of bed-clothes, and lumps of feathers."

"But all this fuss, and confusion was not the worst of it. My father, who could ill afford it, lost fifteen hundred dollars by neglecting his business, as he was obliged to do, in order to help at home; and dear little Charley, who had studied with great success up to the very period of my departure, failed to receive the medal for which he had been working a whole year, because he had been obliged to stay at home and nurse little Franky. I felt as if I could never forgive myself, or cease to regret that my father's letter was delayed four days to find its time; but I went resolutely to work; and in course of time, everything was put to rights in our neglected household; and that's the kind of rights I've been working at ever since," she added with the tears overbrimming her expressive eyes.

She looked absolutely beautiful to me, then; and I was about to commend her for her improvement, when the identical Biddy, much improved, looked in at the door, with:

"Af ye please, Miss Ann, Mr. Harris is here, and wants to know if ye will be coming down?"

"Ah, Anna!" said I, laughing at her eloquent blush, and catching her hand as she came towards me, "confess that one of these *hon'rid* men, these *walking tigers*, these *tyrants*, has had something to do with your sudden conversion. Anna, Anna, don't give up your liberty, you know the pressure of that iron hand!"

The merry girl ran laughing from my presence, and I had leisure the rest of the evening to inspect the admirable sewing of her unfinished work, the perfect order, the refreshing neatness of everything in her room. The delicate little sketches of her own hung up against the wall; several quite beautiful poems, elegantly written, in her portfolio, and the choicest collection of books, drawings and engravings, that I have ever seen in a lady's possession.

These indicated her gentle taste and feminine refinement; but they weighed as nothing in the balance with her mother's heartfelt commendation.

"Anna is a treasure; she is all I could wish—all a perfect woman could be."

And who could wish to be more?

TRUMPHS OF YANKEE GENIUS.—The steamer Ericsson, which left New York on Saturday for Liverpool, took out one Hoe's six cylinder lightning printing press, for Lloyd's Weekly. Six men were sent out with the press as "feeders," accompanied by a foreman "This is better than a victory on the battle-field."

For the Chicopee Journal.

To Parents.

BY EDWARD IRVING.

Standing on the summit of a mountain, I perceived two fountains side by side, from both of which gushed clear, sparkling waters that would along for some distance in small rills very near each other. At length their courses gradually and almost imperceptibly began to widen. Following them farther on, one might perceive still greater differences, not only in direction but also in velocity. One flowed gently along the mountain side till broad and deep its blue waters stretched like a lake along a beautiful valley, bearing on its bosom a thousand barges, whose fluttering sails swept noiselessly, like birds, beside the lovely villas that grew up innumerable along its banks. The other, as it gained in might, rushed swiftly down the mountain, leaping o'er crag and cliff and thundering bounded on through the dark wood till its foamy waters were lost in the boundless sea! How unlike in their movements to the goal they sought! Such is human life. Cradled on the lap of tenderness, and catching the smiles of love that play in a mother's eye, the helpless infant may become a Howard, to cheer the prisoner's gloomy cell with sunshine that lights the soul, and to whisper holy words to ears that had grown heavy amid the clank of fetters. The other falling under different influences, may become a Nero, who set fire to Rome and played upon his harp amid the nine day's conflagration, declaring, "that he wished to see the end of all things before his death." There were doubtless original differences in the organization of these two individuals, but who can tell how much education a external influences had to do in their diverse characters? The feeble rivulet may be turned from its bed by a stone or a clod, but when it has grown and become mighty by the addition of a thousand streams the mountain barrier is torn from its foundations and swept away by the ocean-waters. Let the eye of the child, as it gazes in wonder upon the new world around it, meet continually the cold look of indifference and hear the harsh voice of unkindness, and it will gradually catch the spirit of its attendants till its infant heart is fashioned for life. I am aware that I am uttering no new truth, that all have heard the sentiment in different forms, a thousand times. But the fact that it is unheeded is sufficient apology for its repetition. The child for the first few years of its life is considered by many as a burden, and its earnest inquiries are unanswered, and it is turned away from the domestic hearth, which ought to be its little heaven, in which to learn Angel-songs, and hurried off to the infant-school, and the common school, and forced to mingle with vile companions, till the foul breath of sin darkens the bright mirror of its soul, and heavenly images are never again reflected there. The thoughts of children are given on the heart with a pen of iron. John Newton, as he lies down for repose, away upon the sands of Africa, engaged in the horrid business of the slave trade, thinks of home—a mother's voice, and finds himself repeating the infant hymn she learned him—

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

His tears fall like rain in that lone resting place, and he becomes a christian. J. Q. Adams openly and proudly avows, "such as I have been, whatever it was, such as I am, whatever it is, and such as I hope to be in all futurity, must be ascribed, under Providence, to the precepts and examples of my mother." The mother must be the educator of her child. She must shape its course and mark its destiny.—The germ of the tree which shall scatter fragrance and perfume around and above it, or like the poisonous Upas, cast its deadly shade on bird and flower beneath it, is planted and nourished by a mother's hand.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Here is one of the very many beautiful thoughts Fanny Forrester has given expression to:—

"O, let me die in the country, where I shall not fall like the single leaf unheeded; where those that love me need not mask their hearts to meet the careless multitude, and strive as a duty to forget me! Bury me in the country amid the prayers of the good, and the tears of the loving; not in the damp, dark vault, away from the sweet air and the cheerful sunshine; but in the open fields, among the flowers that I loved and cherished while living."

## A FEARFUL ADVENTURE.

The Missouri Republican, in a letter from a Kansas correspondent, has the following:

"At St. Josephs I saw Mr. A. T. Gorman, of New York, who had just come in from the mountains in such a state of prostration and affliction as could only have been occasioned by such exposure, hardship and suffering, as perhaps no other man ever survived. In company with a Canadian Frenchman and two Kentuckians he left the country of the Blackfoot Indians last Fall to join Culverson and party at Fort Pierre and accompany them to the states. They arrived at Fort Pierre two days after Culverson's departure, and hurried on after, in the hope of overtaking him. On the third day one of those snow storms, known only in those bleak and elevated regions, opened upon them. It came down in solid masses to the depth of four feet, and was blown about by drifting winds leveling uneven places, penetrating and filling their wagon and clothes and obstructing their progress. Evening was approaching and they resolved to make one effort to reach a more protected place before the night set in. They urged their horses forward but had proceeded but a few hundred yards—Gorman being mounted on one of the teamsters' and his companions in the wagon—when suddenly he felt himself precipitated, he knew not how far, into an abyss of snow. He was completely covered over, and could not tell which way to turn. He struggled on, however, making a slow and tedious way until he came to the surface—he supposed a hundred yards from where he sank. He looked around for his companions, but neither they nor the wagon could be seen. The place where they had fallen into the chasm was smoothed over, and presented a plane of snow. He cried aloud for them, but was only answered by wild and wailing winds.

A feeling of dread and desolation and despair came over him, and he was about to yield himself to that death which seemed inevitable. Already had the cold penetrated his frame; darkness was covering the skies; the increasing winds whirled the still falling snow more furiously; he was alone in a vast, inhospitable, unknown country, without provisions, without shelter, without arms or ammunition, and he was fearful to take a step in any direction, lest he should again be buried in some abyss. His manhood was subdued, he wept like a child, the memories of his happy home, and of his mother, came fresh upon him; he knew the many anxious hours, the miserable years that his unknown fate would cause her; if he could only send her one word of affectionate adieu, he could die in peace; but that could not be, and he must rouse himself. He offered his first prayer for heavenly aid; he arose and moved forward through the darkness and drifts. He sometimes fell from exhaustion, and felt inclined to repose; but he knew that one moment's pause was fatal, and he struggled on.—The next day he saw some bushes, which gave him hope of rest and warmth, but when he reached them, he found to his dismay, that the matches in his pocket were wet and spoiled, and could not be ignited. His feet had become so sore and swollen from constant walking as to burst the soles from his shoes, and he was compelled to crawl and tumble himself along. Thus he worked his way slowly but unceasingly through the next night and the next day, becoming more faint each hour, and suffering a thousand deaths from hunger, thirst, frosted limbs, sore feet, weariness and drowsiness, when he descried a but a short way off. Suddenly revived, like a candle flickering in the socket, he sprang and ran forward a few steps, screaming for help, and fell senseless in the snow.—Some Indians at the hut saw and heard him, and went and brought him in, and used all their restoratives upon him; but it was several days before he returned to consciousness, and six long weeks before he left his bed. He lost several of his toes and is otherwise permanently injured, but, through the assistance of some generous gentlemen of St. Joseph, he will be enabled to reach his home.

His companions have never been heard of. The place where they perished Mr. Gorman ascertained to be about thirty miles from the steamer White Cloud; but the snow was still deep in the

gulches when he left there. He gave their names, but they have escaped my memory.

THE FATAL FLOWER.—Travelers who visit the Falls of Niagara, are directed to the spot on the margin of the precipice, over the boiling current below, where a gray young lady, a few years since, lost her life. She was delighted with the wonders of the unrivaled scene, and ambitious to pluck a flower from a cliff where no human hand had before ventured, as a memorial of the cataract and her own darling; she leaned over the verge, and caught a glimpse of the surging waters far down the battlements of rocks, while fear for a moment darkened her excited mind. But there hung the lovely blossom upon which her heart was fixed, and she leaned in a delirium of intense desire and anticipation over the brink. Her arm was outstretched to grasp the beautiful flower which charmed her fancy; the turf yielded to the pressure of her light feet, and with a shriek she descended like a fallen star to the rocky shore, and was borne away gasping in death.

SOME NOSE.—The following incident we had from a friend who knew the party:

Dea. Comstock, of Hartford, Conn., is well known as being provided with an enormous handle to his countenance, in the shape of a huge nose; in fact it is remarkable for its great length. On a late occasion, when taking up a collection in the church to which the deacon belongs, as he passed through the congregation, every person to whom he presented the box seemed to be possessed by a sudden and uncontrollable desire to laugh. The deacon did not know what to make of it. He had often passed round before, but no such effects as these had he ever before witnessed. He was fairly puzzled. The secret, however, leaked out. He had been afflicted for a day or two with a sore on his nasal appendage, and had placed a small piece of sticking plaster over it. During the morning of the day in question, the plaster had dropped off, and the deacon seeing it as he supposed on the floor picked it up and stuck it on again. But alas for men who sometimes make great mistakes, he picked up instead, one of those pieces of paper which the manufacturers of spool cotton paste on the end of every spool, and which read, "Warranted to hold out 200 yards." Such a sign on such a nose was enough to upset the gravity of even a puritan congregation.

AN IRISH SERMON.—Mrs. Mulvany, ye must die, although ye're so hale and hearty, ye must die, that ye must. And you, Mr. Rafferty, must die too, although ye are so lank that ye scarce make a shadow when the sun shines, ye must die, that ye must. And you, Mr. Innishkillen, ye must die too, that ye must. And you, too, Teague M' Ginnis, for all ye are so rosy-cheeked, and are forever making love to the girls at Donnybrook Fair, ye must die; ye must all die. I must die, too, although I am the pastor of the parish, and have the care of all yer souls, I must die, too; and when I shall be coming up before Goodness, and Goodness is after saying to me—"Father Mulrico Lafferty, how is your parish off for drunkenness?" I shall say, "Och, mighty clane, yer honor." And then Goodness will say, "Father Mulrico Lafferty, how is yer parish off for thaving, and such like deadly sins?"—"Och, mighty clane, yer honor." So you see it's a good character I shall be giving Goodness to ye; all; but when Goodness shall say to me, "Father Mulrico Lafferty, how have they paid your Easter dues?"—what shall I say to that, ye blackguards?"

COLONIZATION.—The Colonization Herald says, about six hundred applications have been received by the Pennsylvania Colonization Society, for a passage in the expedition to sail on the first of June next, from Savannah, of whom the great majority are slaves who are to be emancipated for the purpose.

A collector for a wholesale liquor firm in Boston lately returned from Vermont without having collected a single bill and under \$500 bail for violating the Vermont liquor law.

Sidney Smith says the Anglo-Saxon race was made for two purposes, viz: to manufacture calico and steal land. A hard bit, and we fear, not undeserved.

# The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, May 24, 1856.

S. M. PATTENSON & 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.

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. GOODRICH, Member of National Comm., for Mass.

## To the People of the Tenth Congressional District.

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 the Tenth Congressional District, 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 District, 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 Northampton, on Friday, the 6th day of June next, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of appointing the Three Delegates to which the District will be entitled in the National Convention, to be held at Philadelphia, on the 17th of June, to recommend candidates to be supported for the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States.

As part of the necessary organization for the State, it will be important that the Committee appoint a District Committee. J. Z. GOODRICH, Member of National Comm., for Mass.

## The Week.

Politically, the news of the week has been of a character somewhat exciting. In the senate chamber, the most unanswerable arguments against the recent usurpations of the slave power, and the most withering rebukes to its minions have been given, that were ever uttered perhaps within those walls. Massachusetts may be proud of the day when her Sumner vindicated the rights of humanity and justice, where they had long been trodden down by the combined forces in league to nationalize and make perpetual the institution pronounced by Wesley to be the "sum of all villainies."

On Monday, Mr. Sumner spoke three hours without finishing, and was listened to with close attention throughout. At the commencement of his speech, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Mason of Virginia, and a few others, took to writing letters with remarkable earnestness, but were soon compelled to listen to language and sentiments, which, any where within ten miles of the capitol, would have cost the orator his life. Indeed, one southern member declared, if he could have his way, he would hang him on the spot, so treasonable has it become to speak manfully and without restraint against southern aggression in freedom's halls.

The galleries were thronged with intellect and fashion, and for once, the spirit of freedom, breathing from eloquent lips, and meeting a response in the sympathies of an excited and admiring audience, ruled the hour. This speech, which was carefully and laboriously written, will be published in pamphlet form, and add new laurels to the well earned fame of this noble defender of liberty.

One hundred leading democrats of New York, have issued an address to the "radical democracy" of that state, taking strong grounds against the repeal of the Missouri compromise, the Nebraska bill, and the proceedings of the administration against the legitimate and constitutional rights of the south, they wage no warfare; but they ask that the aggressive policy which has marked the onward march of

slavery shall cease; and adhere inflexibly to the doctrine so often promulgated by the democracy of that state, "of uncompromising hostility to the extension of slavery into free territory." By no possible exigency of party relations; by no act of omission or commission on their part, will they consent "that the fair and fertile prairies of the west shall be made to echo to the lash of the overseer's whip or to the clank of the bondman's fetter."

This movement, says the Springfield Republican, "ensures the vote of New York to the republican candidate for president, beyond reasonable doubt, and will challenge the attention and respect of parties and politicians throughout the country, as an important index to the revolutions going on in their connections and relations to each other, and to the great question of slavery aggrandizement which overshadows and engrosses the republic."

News from Kansas is of an exciting character. The Missourians gain nothing by the investigation of the election frauds. Dates from Leavenworth of Saturday, the 17th, state that Wednesday, the 21st, had been fixed upon by the proslavery party for the attack on Lawrence. Col. Sumner, commander of the U. S. troops, does not do his work fast enough to suit them, and petitions have been circulated by the borderers for his removal. Mr. Brown, editor of the Herald of Freedom, is said to have been captured by a mob. His fate has not been learned. The Kansas correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat, under date of the 16th inst., states that twelve hundred men were encamped near Leecompton.

The following is from the Boston Daily Advertiser, the leading organ of New England conservatism:

"We regret to say that it is the best opinion in Kansas that an armed collision between the Missourians and the free state people must shortly take place. It is believed to be inevitable. Even the congressional commission will be insulted. The Missourians will not respect the representatives of the national legislature, and will not brook the cautious and proper movements of the U. S. troops. The people of Kansas will not rebel against the United States authority—there will be no collision between them and the United States government. This the Missourians very well understand; and it is believed that they will very soon undertake a cruel warfare on their own account.

In such a warfare, we pray Heaven defend the right. The people of Kansas are a law-abiding people. They are now asserting the dearest right of American citizens—the right to govern themselves. They submit to the authority of the United States; but they will not submit to an invasion from Missouri.

Shall they have only our sympathy—perhaps not even that—in this crisis? Perhaps even now the strife has begun."

ASSAULT ON SENATOR SUMNER.—By a telegraphic dispatch to the Springfield Republican, we learn that a most brutal assault was made upon Senator Sumner on Thursday, about 2 o'clock, by Preston S. Brooks, a member of the House from South Carolina. While Mr. Sumner was writing in his place, in the Senate chamber, after the adjournment, Mr. Brooks approaching him, struck him with great violence, on the head, with his large cane, ferociously accusing him of libeling South Carolina and his grey headed relative, Senator Butler. The first blow stunned Mr. Sumner, and he fell. Soon recovering he called for aid, but as no one came to his assistance, Brooks continued striking him, witnesses assert, as many as twenty times, breaking his thick gutta percha stick many times before the termination of the assault.

When the attack was commenced, not more than fifteen or twenty persons were present, including Crittenden, Foster, Toombs, Fitzpatrick, Murray, Morgan and other members of congress, together with Gov. Gorman and several strangers. The attack was so unexpected that Mr. Sumner had no opportunity whatever to put himself in a defensive attitude. Messrs. Crittenden, Toombs, Murray and others interfered as soon as they could, and, it is stated, probably prevented further injury. Mr. Sumner sank prostrate unconscious to the floor, where he lay bleeding and dreadfully bruised till raised by his friends.—The extent of his injuries has not been ascertained. What will Massachusetts and the yet free North say to this attempt to strike down the liberty of speech by a murderous attack upon one of her noblest and most talented sons, because in the course of debate on Kansas, he held up the fanaticism of Senator Butler and other South Carolinians to just and merited rebuke!

The Boston Evening Ledger says the legislature will adjourn on the 30th inst. Good! This will be the longest session in 25 years. Rev. Mr. Webster, formerly of this place, will preach at the Universalist church, to-morrow, at the usual hour. On the 18th inst., \$5000 had been subscribed in New Orleans for the relief of Walker.

# Chicopee News.

CHICOPEE FALLS.—Among the various manufacturing establishments in this vicinity, owned and carried on, by incorporated companies, it is pleasant to notice occasionally those of single individuals, who, by their own enterprise and skill, have contributed much to the prosperity of our villages and the circulation of useful articles and implements of husbandry. We have been much pleased with a hasty visit to the establishment of B. B. Belcher, Esq., at Chicopee Falls. Mr. Belcher employs, on an average, about twenty workmen, nearly all Americans, and does business to the amount of about \$25,000 per year. The principle article manufactured, is the self-sharpening feed cutter, of which three thousand have been made and sold during the past year. This machine has one straight knife, operated upon by two cylinders with spiral flanges, cutting in the manner of shears. The distinguishing superiority of this article over other feed-cutters is that the knife can be sharpened by reversing the motion of the cylinders, without taking it from the machine. At a trial of feed-cutters last fall at Boston, Mr. B.'s excelled all others, cutting three hundred and fifty pounds of hay in nine minutes, by hand power. The castings are made by the Ames manufacturing company, at Chicopee. Boston, New York and Philadelphia, are the principal markets, from whence they are sent to almost all parts of the Union. About six hundred corn-shellers were made at this shop during the past year; many of them were sent to southern markets. Mr. B. is now making preparations to manufacture curtain-fixtures, patented last January by Lewis White of Hartford, and formerly a resident of Chicopee Falls. The fixture is simple in its construction and operation. A lever, used in combination with a ratchet and cord, is so constructed that by drawing the cord which operates the roller, at different angles, the curtain is raised or lowered as desired. As there is no spring, all friction is of course obviated, which together with its operation by a single cord, gives it a decided advantage over any fixtures we have seen. The air of neatness and order which pervades the buildings and grounds of this establishment, speak well for the taste and enterprise of its present occupant.

A light and elegant carriage, for one person, manufactured by Mr. William Gillmor, has attracted no little attention by its novelty of construction. The person riding in it propels himself by turning a crank with each hand, which causes the wheels to revolve by means of gearing.—This vehicle was got up for Mr. Booth of this village, who, in consequence of a fall from a building, has not been able to walk a step for more than twenty years. By means of this carriage he can easily transport himself to any desired place.

At a meeting of the Chicopee Falls Fire District on Tuesday evening, the following were chosen officers for the ensuing year:

Chief Engineer—John Herrick.  
Assistant Engineers—John Valentine, V. N. Taylor, Geo. Matton.  
Clerk—Charles A. Taylor.  
Prudential Committee—E. Blake, A. C. Taylor, L. Dickinson.

The barn of T. W. Carter, of Chicopee Falls, was struck by lightning in the shower on Tuesday evening last, and a valuable horse killed. We are informed also that the dwelling-house of a Mr. Shaw of Belchertown, was struck on the same evening, the doors and windows dashed in, but none of the family injured.

POLICE COURT.—Daniel McCarty, a minor without any parents in this vicinity, was sent to the state reform school, for five years, for stealing a watch from Thos. McBride.—John Murphy and Dennis Hogan, were each fined \$3 and costs for drunkenness, and in default of payment, were committed to the house of correction for thirty days.

On Sunday night last, a light of glass in the show-window of W. L. & J. W. Hitchcock's store, was broken out, and about forty dollars worth of shoes placed there as samples, were carried off. About twelve dollars worth of the shoes, with three odd ones, were found on Tuesday, concealed under a large grindstone on the bank of the Chicopee river.

We understand that Mr. Stephen Whitaker, a man about 71 years of age, on Monday last, took a portion of corrosive sublimate, mistaking it for medicine, which was in a similar bottle. A large dose of oil and other antidotes were immediately given him, which seemed in some measure to afford relief. It was supposed at first that the poison would prove fatal, but hopes are now entertained of his recovery.

The following is the latest method of spelling Chicopee, as may be seen by a letter now in the post office—Stipichy.

For the Journal.  
Sunday.

There are those who find in the command—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy—a law higher than any statute, an argument stronger than logic can produce. There are others who do not feel the force of these words and they have yet to see that the laws of God are one and the same, read them where you will; that they are written on every fibre of the body and movement of the soul.—They say the Sabbath was made for man. They forget that it was made, not for his abuse, but for his use; not that its hours might be wasted, but that they might be gathered up; not that the heart, mind and soul should lie idle like a barren field, but that good seed might be sown and a rich harvest gathered.

There are those who give the day to labor. In large establishments and by corporations this is often thought to be necessary. It is said if one man does not work on Sunday, ten must be idle on Monday. Here we have the money argument. It is the same that supports slavery, the same that supports rum selling, the same that leads the fra. one in the street to sink into shame and misery. We shall lose money if this thing is not done. Now we do not doubt that the Arithmetic and the Ledger would support our side.—We do not doubt that in the most worldly sense, godliness is great gain. But we will not rest our argument here. It is sometimes not unwise to give up money.

It is the most profitable thing a man can do. Our objection to Sunday labor, is that it tends to degrade men. What is it that lifts our people above the savages?—Is it not culture and principle? Do not that culture and principle have their foundation in the school and the church? Is it wise, then, for a man to give up the church? But he who labors upon Sunday must not only give up the church, he must give up reading, and in a great measure, domestic intercourse. Can he afford to do this? Ought a christian man to ask it of his fellow? But there are others who give the day to indolence or to pleasure. We suppose that Sunday was given for the refreshment of the whole man. We suppose that rightfully used, every part of his nature will be revived by it. We do not find our Puritan Sunday in the Jewish Sabbath, or the Sunday of the early Christians. But do our pleasures tend to re-create us, to make us anew? Does the debauch or the oyster life of Sunday, help to fit us for the work of the week?—If a man is absent from his daily task you can tell how many dollars and cents he has lost. But can you measure how much a man has lost who has thrown away his Sundays for three-score years and ten!—In time, he has lost ten years of his life.—But how much has he lost in thought and feeling? If parents thus throw away Sunday, how much do their children suffer?

We have said that Sunday gives time to renew the whole man. There is an hour for rest, and an hour for prayer.—There is an hour for study, and an hour for social intercourse. Shall we not take them and use them as heaven's rich gift to the burthened, toil-worn children of men?

For the Journal.  
The uses of Affliction.

"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."—PSALM XXVII. 10.

When the days grow dark before us,  
And the night seems coming on,  
Friends are taken from among us,  
And we tread the world alone;  
When fond hopes, so dearly cherished,  
One by one are falsified,  
All our nobler aims have perished,  
All our aspirations died.—  
Then the lowly one of Nazareth  
Cometh near, with outstretched arm,  
Then unto his fold he gathereth  
Such as would unto him turn.  
When around us every blessing  
Which our craving hearts desire,  
Every favor we're possessing,  
Unto which we could aspire,  
Then our hearts grow cold and selfish,  
Every blessing seems to come  
From our own unaided efforts,  
Though they come from God alone.  
Thus in mercy he afflicteth,  
Thus in love uplifts the rod;  
His dear children he restricteth,  
That to lead them up to God,  
Murmur not then in affliction,  
Bid thy heart to stay its grief,  
For the Father's benediction,  
Sorely lieth hid beneath. ELLA.

Mr. Hopkin Searles, for many years a resident of this village, and an esteemed citizen, left Chicopee on Thursday morning last with his family for Illinois. Mr. S. will be missed by the society of which he was a member, and especially by the members of the choir, among whom he had taken an active and leading part.

We have heard but one sentiment expressed concerning "Conger and Field's American Writing Fluid," and that is that it is the best ink used. Our thanks to Ira M. Bullens for presenting us a large bottle of this ink. From a thorough trial, we can confidently recommend it as a superior article. For sale at Bullens' book-store.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE PANAMA RAILROAD.—A train of cars ran off the track of the Panama Railroad, at Otisburg bridge, near Aspinwall, on the 6th of May, and nine cars were entirely demolished.—By the last accounts 30 dead-bodies had been taken from the wreck, and two of the wounded had died at Aspinwall. A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, who was on board the demolished train, writes from Aspinwall, May 7th:

"Yesterday morning the passengers from New York, April 21st, in the Georgia Law, started from this place for Panama in three separate trains of cars, the first containing mails, express matter and baggage, the other two filled with passengers. After proceeding somewhat more than half way to Panama, the engine of the freight train ran off the track, in such a place that it could not be replaced without a good deal of delay; so the conductors of the passenger trains decided to run back to Aspinwall. We were within about two miles of this place when the terrible crash occurred. I was seated in one of the rear cars, and immediately looking out of the window I could see the cars rushing upon each other until nine were completely demolished. Every car was crowded with passengers, containing at least 60 persons. At present it is impossible to estimate the number killed and wounded, or their names, but there were not less than 500 passengers in the cars that were shivered to atoms, and it must be a low estimate to say that 50 were killed, and at least 100, or perhaps many more, badly wounded, and it seems almost miraculous that so many escaped with their lives."

Mr. Buchanan, on his way to Washington, made a speech at Baltimore. He began by complimentary reference to the principle of religious liberty and equality, on which the colony of Maryland was founded, and then observed:

"Ours is the only country on earth, where a freeman feels proud and conscious that he is equal to his fellow men, and where the avenues to wealth, distinction and political power are equally open to all. It is the only country where honest labor is respected as it deserves, and receives an adequate reward."

The New York Evening Post in reference to this passage of his speech, remarks: "What he means by boasting of labor being respected and adequately rewarded in the United States, where over 3,000,000 of the laboring population are slaves, and receive no reward whatever for their work, we are at a loss to conjecture."

The Rev. Ephraim Nute, pastor of the First Church, (Unitarian) in Lawrence, Kansas, in his discourse on Sunday, in the Rev. Mr. Fuller's Church, in Hanover st., appealing for the aid of \$1,500 to complete the church already begun at Lawrence, but suspended on account of border invasion, took occasion to refer to those who object to arming settlers for self-defense. They should witness, he said, what he had witnessed. They "should see a neighbor and a friend, the most peaceful of men, brutally murdered; should witness the grief of the mother, the wife, the sister, all dependent on his arm, and now left alone in the wilderness, and they would then know why the settlers of Kansas took up arms to defend themselves and their families from the worse than savage bands from the borders of Missouri." He had seen timid and refined women, who at the East, would have shrunk from the presence of an instrument of war, courageously and firmly grasp the implements of death in the days of their siege. Were he to select the most eloquent and decided words in condemnation of the tyranny attempted to be imposed on the settlers, they would be from the lips of men from Virginia and Kentucky, who were in the ranks to defend Lawrence.—Boston Atlas.

William C. Bryant of the N. Y. Evening Post, says in a late letter to a republican meeting:—

"Let the meanest dependency, or the humblest, scantiest colony of England be invaded in its honor or its rights—may, let a single British citizen be harmed in body or estate, by foreign tyranny—the whole power of the empire, her army and her thousands ships of war, would, if necessary, be wielded in his protection. The north has a noble colony in Kansas—let it be protected!"

THE HOOSAC TUNNEL.—The legislature have refused to pass a bill in further aid of the tunnel. Two years ago, the state lent its credit to the amount of \$200,000, under the restriction that the railroad company should raise 150 to 200,000 dollars by way of vindicating the practicability of the tunnel. The sum has not been raised, and it was to overcome this restriction that the present bill, asking the state to subscribe \$150,000 to the stock of the company, was made.

A CARD.—Miss S. Stebbins would return her grateful acknowledgments to her friends in No. 1 weave-room of the Agawam Canal Co., for the valuable presents of a silver fruit-knife, a silver goblet, and a pair of flower-vases given by the Misses Brown. These gifts will be kept as mementos of friendship, and serve to awaken in after years the recollection of the pleasant hours we have spent together. Mitteneague, May 24, 1856.

There is to be a Masonic celebration in Greenfield, on the 24th of June.

HAMPDEN CO. TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—A quarterly meeting of this society was held on the 20th inst. at the Pynchon st. church in Springfield, at 2 o'clock P. M. The meeting was called to order by the secretary, Chas. E. Ladd, Esq. In the absence of both president and vice-presidents, ex-Mayor Trask was called to the chair. After prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Cromack, Mr. Thompson of Walpole, an old and long-trying friend of temperance, was requested to state to the convention the present prospects of the cause in the lower counties of the state. He gave a very encouraging account of the field over which his labors for some months have called him. Things look well for continued and increased success throughout the state. One thing in particular was referred to by all who participated in speaking, viz, the great proportion of young men who are now found in the ranks of intemperance. A few years ago, and seldom could a young man be found guilty of hard drinking; but now the old men are sober, while the young "through the ways that lead to drunkenness. This fact calls loudly upon all true friends of temperance to bestir themselves with fresh zeal and energy to save, if possible, our young men of promise from the dreadful and blighting evils of intemperance. The meeting, on motion, adjourned to be called together again at such time and place as the secretary may judge best.

CONNECTICUT.—The House of Representatives at New Haven, had five unsuccessful ballots for U. S. Senator on Thursday. The last balloting gave James Dixon, (American) 91; Francis Gillette, (Republican) 27; Isaac Toney, (democrat,) 103; scattering, 7. A want of union between the Republicans and Americans has thus far prevented a choice.

FOURTH OF JULY.—All that contemplate celebrating the glorious Fourth, will please notice the advertisement of Messrs. Sanderson & Lanegan, the well known Pyrotechnists to the city of Boston. They are prepared to furnish their superior Colored Fire Works in any design or in any quantity desired. They are the most extensive Pyrotechnists in the United States.

We have examined with pleasure several daguerreotypes and ambrotypes recently taken by H. Downing, at his rooms in Cabot hall building. For truthfulness of delineation and clearness of expression, we judge them fine specimens of this beautiful art.

CATTLE DYING.—It is said that cattle and horses are dying by hundreds on the American Bottom, and in that region in Illinois—supposed to result either from the effects of some poisonous herb growing there, or some virulent disease, which has become epidemic among them. All those attacked manifest the same symptoms, and it is therefore probable that it is from the same cause.

Iranistan and Barnum's other property at Bridgeport are to be sold under the hammer next September. The property will not probably bring more than \$100,000 to \$125,000, while the mortgages amount to \$237,000. The creditors of the clock company are not likely to receive more than 6 or 8 per cent, so it seems unfortunate both for themselves and Mr. Barnum, that the latter's offer of \$100,000 to be released was not accepted.

A prize of \$100 has been offered for a tract on the subject of "slavery" to be enclosed in an envelope and sent to the Rev. A. D. Smith, No. 139 East 13th st. Boston, before the first of August next.—The Rev. Mr. Smith, above mentioned Rev. Mark Hopkins, D. D., President Williams' College, and Hon. Theodor Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, constitute the committee of award.

On Tuesday, April 29, Count Orloff, a state carriage, proceeded to the Tuiles, and officially notified the Emperor Napoleon the death of Nicholas and th accession to the throne of Alexander.

In 1854, twenty-five millions of dollars were sunk in the ocean. In 1855, which was free of storms, the losses upon the ocean were fifteen millions of dollars, making an average of twenty million dollars for the two years.

Herbert, the murderer, who shot the Irish waiter at Willard's hotel, was in his seat in the House on Tuesday. The widow of the murdered man intends to apply for a pension.

The Washington Star says that a delegation is shortly expected from Salt Lake city, bringing a State Constitution for Utah, in which they will ask the admission of that State into the Union.

The Republicans of New Hampshire are to hold a Mass Convention on the 10th of June, to appoint Delegates to the National Convention.



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, not exceeding 12 lines of matter in any one insertion, shall constitute a square.

Job Printing OF EVERY VARIETY DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH AT THIS OFFICE.

J. PRIESTLY, House and Sign Painter, Grainer and Paper-Hanger.

SHOP on Center street, next door to Robertson's carriage shop, Chelsea, Mass.

Howard Association, PHILADELPHIA.

Important Announcement. TO all persons afflicted with Scrofula, skin diseases, etc.

THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA, in view of the rapid destruction of human life and limb, caused by Scrofula, skin diseases, and the deceptions which are practiced upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, Fake Doctors, and others.

SEWING MACHINES. Our Machines sew with ease, heavy Boots and Shoes, Carriage and Harness Work, with any sized Linen Thread, or without wax.

NOTICE! The subscriber intending to make a complete change in his business, hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to him, either by note or account, to make payment before the 1st of February, in order to prevent their debts passing into other hands for collection.

PLIMPTON BROTHERS, Dealers in Staple Dry Goods, Millinery, Silks, Shawls, Fashionable Dress Goods, Mourning Goods, Embroidered, Dress Trimmings, Carpets and all kinds of Rugs and Carpets.

Cash Drug Store! EDGAR T. PAIGE, Druggist and Apothecary, sign of the Good Samaritan, Front street, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

PAIGE'S Ambrosial Hair Restorative, For restoring the natural color of the Hair, where gray sickness has turned it gray.

PAIGE'S Pectoral Balsam, For Coughs, Cold, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all kinds of pulmonary affections.

D. B. GULICK, Engraver on Wood, 191 Washington Street, (Entrance on Norfolk Avenue), Dec. 22-1.

THE GREAT KENTUCKY REMEDY!

DR. JOHN BULL'S Sarsaparilla. This medicine, when used according to directions, will cure, without fail:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Cancer, Erysipelas, of the Skin, Leucophaea, Tumors, Chloric Sore Throat, Strangury or Tetters, Scald Head, Rheumatism, Pain in the Bones or Joints, Old Sores, etc.

It is a remarkable fact, that among the hundreds of physicians who have examined the nature and composition of Bull's Sarsaparilla, not one has ever denied its efficacy.

TESTIMONY. I have examined the prescription for the preparation of John Bull's Sarsaparilla, and find it to be an excellent one, and well calculated to produce an alterative impression on the system.

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DR. HELMHOLD'S Compound Fluid Extract Buchu. For the treatment of the Bladder and Kidney. Secret Discharges, Stricture, Weakness, and all diseases of the Sexual Organs, whether in men or women.

HELMHOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED Compound Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla

For Purifying the Blood, removing all diseases arising from an impure blood, and all diseases arising from an impure blood, and all diseases arising from an impure blood.

HELMHOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED Compound Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla

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STARTING, BUT TRUE! WARNING TO EVERY SENSIBLE WOMAN.

WHY FEMALES SUFFER IN HEALTH. No woman of delicacy is ever to disclose the peculiar malady which afflicts her, even to the most intimate friend.

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The New York Tribune—1855

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