

# Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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## WHY COMEST THOU NOT?

Why comest thou not? The flowers are springing  
In the mossy dells, where the Fairies sleep;  
The low soft sough sweet music is bringing  
The bright birds are roaming the "upper deep."  
It is joyous morn, all nature is blushing  
"Neath the ardent gaze of a warm spring sun;  
The sunbeams clasp earth, with beauty is flushing,  
As she feels his warm kiss; my sad heart alone  
Pineth for joy: my lone offering, a tear,  
Falls 'mid spring roses, for thou art not here.  
Why comest thou not? The light dew is falling  
On the wavy grass 'neath the old elm trees;  
Up 'mid the scant leaves, the sad bird is calling  
Her absent loved one—the musical breeze,  
"Like a lute" of the silver-lined clouds, is breathing,  
That floats round the throne of thy shadowy king  
Of a southern sky, where beauty is wreathing  
Summer's rich brow, with the roses of spring.  
The hour of eve, the bright sun is sleeping  
On his gorgeous couch of snowflakes and gold;  
Up mid the light clouds the pale stars are peeping,  
And softly the moonlight the forests enfold.  
All nature is blooming—Hope's forefests are serene,  
Life is still lifeless—for thou art not here.  
Why comest thou not? The midnight is bringing  
The storm-clouds of life, to overshadow my home;  
The sunlight of joy from my fond heart is winging  
Its sad mournful exit, for thou hast not come;  
Thou hast not come! O, why this delaying?  
Am I not wholly and fondly thine own?  
Do I not weep for thee—am I not praying?  
For thee, my cherished one, yet thou hast not come!  
Thou hast not come! alas for my calling.  
It brings not thy light step, or love's low tone;  
My sun is all rayless, life's shadows are falling  
Around my low pathway—for thou hast not come.

## JOHN TAYLOR, The Timon of the Backwoods Bar and Pulpit.

BY CHARLES SUMMERFIELD.  
I can never forget my first vision of John Taylor. It was in the Court House at Lewisburg, Canaway county, Arkansas, in the summer of 1838.

The occasion itself possessed terrible interest. A vast concourse of spectators had assembled to witness the trial of a young and beautiful girl, on an indictment for murder. The Judge waited at the moment for the Sheriff to bring in his prisoner, and the eyes of the impatient multitude all centered on the door; when suddenly a stranger entered, whose appearance riveted universal attention.

Here is his portrait—a figure tall, lean, sinewy and straight as an arrow; a face sallow; billions, and twitching incessantly with nervous irritability; a brow broad, soaring, massive, seamed with wrinkles, but not from age—for he was scarcely forty, eyes reddish yellow, like the wrathful eagle as bright and piercing; and finally, a mouth with lips of cast iron, thin, curled, cold and sneering, the intense expression of which looked the living embodiment of an unbreathe curse. He was habited in a suit of new buck-skin, ornamented after the fashion of Indian costume, with hues of every color of the rainbow.

Elbowing his way slowly through the crowd, and apparently unconscious that he was regarded as a phenomenon, needing explanation, this singular being advanced, and, with the haughty air of a king ascending the throne, seated himself within the bar, thronged as it was with the disciples of Coke and Blackstone, several of whom, it was known, esteemed themselves as far superior to those old and famous masters.

The contrast between the outlandish garb and disdainful countenance of the stranger, and the junior members began a suppressed titter, which grew louder, and soon swept around the circle.

They doubtless supposed the intruder to be some wild hunter of the mountains, who had never before seen the interior of a hall of justice. Instantly the cause and object of the laughter perceived it, turned his head gradually, so as to give each laughter a look, his lips curled with a killing smile of infinite scorn; his tongue protruding through his teeth, literally writhed like a serpent, and ejaculated its sap-like poison in a single word.

"Savages!"  
No pen can describe the defiant force which he threw into that term; no pencil can paint the infernal *furor* of his utterance, although it hardly exceeded a whisper. But he accentuated every letter as if it were a separate emission of fire that scorched his quivering lips; laying horrible emphasis on S both at the beginning and end of the word.

"Savage S!"  
It was the growl of a red Tiger in the hiss of a Rattle-snake.

"Savages!"  
The general gaze, however, was immediately diverted by the advent of the fair prisoner who then came in surrounded by her guard. The apparition was enough to drive a saint mad. For hers was a style of beauty to bewilder the tamest imagination, and melt the coldest heart, leaving in both imagination and heart a gleaming picture, enamelled in fire and fixed in a frame of gold from the stars.—It was the spell of an enchantment to be felt as well as seen. You might feel it in the flash of her countenance, clear as a sunbeam, brilliant as the iris; in the contour of her features, symmetrical as if cut by the chisel of an artist; in her hair of rich Auburn ringlets flowing without a braid, softer than silk, finer than gossamer; in the eyes, blue as the heaven of southern summer, large, liquid, beamy; in her motions, graceful, swimming, like the gentle waltures of a bird's wing in the sunny air; in the figure, slight, ethereal, sylph's or a seraph's; and more than all, in the everlasting smile of the rosy lips, so arched, so serene, so like starlight, and yet possessing the power of magic or of magnetism to thrill the beholder's heart.

As the unfortunate girl, so tasteful dressed, so incomparable as to personal charms, calm and smiling, took her place before the bar of her Judge, a murmur of admiration arose from the multitude, which, the prompt interposition of the court, by a stern order of "silence" could scarcely repress from swelling to a deafening roar.

The Judge turned to the prisoner: "Emma Miner, the court has been informed that your counsel, Col. Linton, is sick. Have you employed any other?"

She answered in a voice as sweet as the song of the nightingale, and clear as the warble of the skylark:  
"My enemies have bribed all the lawyers even my own to be sick; but God will defend the innocent!"

At this response, so touching in its simple pathos, a portion of the auditors buzzed applause, and the rest wept.

On the instant, however, the stranger, whose appearance had previously excited such merriment, started to his feet, approached the prisoner, and whispered something in her ear.—She bounded six inches from the floor, uttered a piercing shriek; and then stood trembling as if in the presence of a ghost from eternity; while the singular being, who had caused her unaccountable emotion, addressed the court, in his sharp ringing voice, sonorous as the sound of bell-metal.

"May it please your honor, I will assume the task of defending the lady."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished Judge, "are you a licensed attorney?"

"The question is irrelevant and immaterial," replied the stranger with a venomous sneer, "as the recent statute entitles any person to act as counsel at the request of a party."

"But does the prisoner request it?" inquired the Judge.

"Let her speak for herself," said the stranger.

"I do," was the answer, as a long drawn sigh escaped, that seemed to rend her very heart strings.

The case immediately progressed; and as it had a tinge of romantic mystery, we will epitomize the substance of the evidence.  
About twelve months before the defendant had arrived in the village, and opened an establishment of millinery. Residing in a room connected with her shop, and all alone, she prepared the articles of her trade with unwaried labor and consummate taste. Her habits were secluded, modest and retiring, and hence she might have hoped to avoid notoriety, but the perilous gift of that extraordinary beauty, which too often, and to the poor and friendless always proves a curse. She was soon sought after by all those fire flies of fashion, the profession of whose life, everywhere, is seduction and ruin. But the beautiful stranger rejected them all with unutterable scorn and loathing. Among these rejected admirers was one of a character from which the fair milliner had everything to fear. Hiram Shore belonged to a family, at once opulent, influential and dissipated. He was himself licentious, brave and ferociously revengeful—the most famous duelist of the southwest. It was generally known that he had made advances to win the favor of the lovely Emma, and had shared the fate of all other wooers—a disdainful repulse.

At 9 o'clock on Christmas night, 1837, the people of Lewisburg were startled with a loud scream, as of one in mortal terror; while following that, with scarcely an interval, came successive reports of fire arms, one, two, three—a dozen deafening roars. They flew to the shop of the milliner, whence the sound proceeded, pushed back the unfastened door, and a scene of horror was presented. There she stood in the centre of the room, with a revolver in each hand, every barrel discharged, her features pale, her eyes flashing wildly, but her lips parted with a fearful smile. And there at her feet, weltering in his warm blood, his bosom literally riddled with bullets, lay the all dreaded duelist, Hiram Shore, gasping in the last agony. He articulated but a single sentence: "Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to hell!" and instantly expired.

"In the name of God, who did this?" exclaimed the appalled spectators.  
"I did it," said the beautiful milliner, "I did it to save my honor!"

As may readily be imagined, the deed caused an intense sensation. Public opinion, however, was divided. The poorer classes, crediting the girl's version of the facts, lauded her heroism in terms of measureless eulogy. But the friends of the deceased, and of this wealthy family, gave a different and darker color to the affair, and denounced the lovely homicide as an atrocious criminal. Unfortunately for her, the officers of the law, especially the judge and sheriff, were devoted comrades of the slain, and displayed their feelings in a revolting partiality. The judge committed her without the privilege of bail, and the sheriff chained her in the felon's dungeon! Such is a brief abstract of the circumstances developed in the examination of witnesses. The testimony closed and the pleading began.

First of all, three advocates spoke in succession for the prosecution; but neither their names nor their arguments are worth preserving. Orators of the blood and thunder genus about equally partitioned their howling eloquence betwixt the prisoner and her leather

robed counsel, as if in doubt who of the twain was then on trial.

As for the stranger, he seemed to pay not the slightest attention to the opponents, but remained motionless, with his forehead bowed on his hands, like one buried in deep thought or slumber.

When the proper time came, however, he suddenly sprang to his feet, crossed the bar, and took his place almost touching the jury.—He then commenced in a whisper, but it was a whisper so mild, so clear, so unutterably ringing and distinct, as to fill the hall from door to galleries. At the outset he dealt in pure logic, separating and combining the proven facts, till the whole mass of confused evidence looked transparent as a globe of glass, through which the innocence of the client shone, brilliant as a sunbeam; and the jurors nodded to each other signs of thorough conviction; that thrilling whisper, and fixed concentration, and the language, simple as a child's, had convinced all.

He then changed his posture, so as to sweep the bar with his glance, and began to tear and rend his legal adversaries. His sallies glowed as a heated furnace; his eyes resembled living coals, and his voice became the clangor of a trumpet. I have never, before or since, listened to such murderous denunciations. It was like Jove's eagle charging a flock of crows; it was like Jove himself hurling red-hot thunder-bolts among the quaking ranks of a conspiracy of inferior gods! And yet in the highest temper of his fury, he seemed calm; he employed no gesture save one—the flash of a long, bony forefinger direct in the eyes of his foes. He painted their venality and unmanly meanness, in coalescing for money to hunt down a poor friendless woman, till a shout of stifled rage arose from the multitude, and even some of the jury cried—"Shame!"

He changed his theme once more. His voice grew mournful as a funeral song, and his eyes filled with tears, as he traced a vivid picture of man's cruelties and woman's wrongs with particular illustrations in the case of his client, till one half of the audience wept like children. But it was in the peroration that he reached his zenith, at once, of terror and sublimity. His features were livid as those of a corpse; his very hair seemed to stand on end; his nerves shook as with a palsy; he tossed his hands wildly toward heaven, each finger stretched apart and quivering like the flame of a candle, as he closed with the last words of the deceased Hiram Shore—"Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to hell!" His emphasis on the word *hell* embodied the acme and ideal of all horror; it was that wail of immeasurable despair. No language can depict the effect on us who heard it. Men groaned, females screamed, and one poor mother fainted and was born away in convulsions.

The whole speech occupied but an hour. The jury rendered a verdict of "Not Guilty," without leaving the box, and three cheers, like successive roars of an earthquake, shook the old court house from dome to corner-stone, testifying the joy of the people.

After the adjournment, which occurred near sunset, the triumphant advocate arose and gave out an appointment:—"I will preach in this hall to-night, at 8 o'clock." He then glided off through the crowd, speaking to no one, though many attempted to draw him into a conversation.

At eight o'clock the court house was again thronged, and the stranger according to promise, delivered his sermon. It evinced the same attributes as his previous eloquence of the bar; the same burning vehemence, and increased bitterness of denunciation. Indeed, misanthropy revealed itself as the prominent emotion. The discourse was a tirade against infidels, in which class the preacher seemed to include everybody but himself; it was a picture of hell, such as Lucifer might have drawn, with a world in flames for his pencil. But one paragraph pointed to heaven, and that only demonstrated the utter impossibility that any human being should ever get there.

"BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER."  
The truth of the above adage has been singularly proven by the report from New Hampshire that ex-Gov. Hubbard, the only surviving member of the famous Hartford Convention, is stamping that State for James Platform Buchanan. The Hartford Convention was a Federalist Assembly, Gov. Hubbard a blue light Federalist, and James Buchanan an old Federalist also; and of course they will support each other, if for no other reason than early associations and the glory of the days of "aud lang syne." The old Federalists who opposed the war of 1812, now go for Slavery, Cuba, war, and the spoils of office. "Old Buck" should surely win now, with the moral and active influence of the notorious Hartford Convention in his favor. Hurra for "old blue light Federalism!"—*Telegraph.*

It is related of Thomas F. Marshall, that a Judge having once fined him thirty dollars for contempt of Court, he rose and asked the Judge to loan him the money as he hadn't it, and there was no friend present to whom he could so well apply as to his Honor. This was the Judge looked at Tom and said, "Stumper." The Judge looked at Tom and said, "Clerk, and finally said, "Clerk, then said Mr. Marshall's fine; the State is better able to lose thirty dollars than I am."

## THE BLOODY LAWS OF KANSAS.

Freedom of speech and freedom of the Press are guaranteed by the Constitution. The Locofoco leaders claim that they wish to sustain the Constitution. Below we give one of the acts of "the bloody code of Kansas." It infringes upon both the above constitutional rights. And yet Mr. Buchanan and the Democracy are bound to uphold these laws, which the *National Intelligencer* says "are a disgrace to the country and its free institutions, and a greater invasion of public liberty than were the acts which brought the head of Charles I. to the block." The Administration have ordered the entire disposable force of the Army there, to aid the Border Ruffians and Slavery propagandists to enforce these laws at the point of the bayonet, and never to cease until the Free State Settlers are exterminated by the employment at once of all the power and vigor of the military and the Southern marauders in that region.

The following law was passed by the Border Ruffian Legislature, and is now being enforced upon the doomed people of Kansas at the point of the bayonet by the United States troops. Read it thoroughly.

*An Act to punish Offences against Slave Property.*  
Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Kansas, That every person, bond or free, who shall be convicted of actually raising a rebellion or insurrection of slaves, free negroes or mulattoes in this Territory SHALL SUFFER DEATH.

Sec. 2. Every free person who shall aid and assist in any rebellion or insurrection of slaves, free negroes or mulattoes, or shall furnish arms, or do any overt act in furtherance of such rebellion or insurrection, SHALL SUFFER DEATH.

Sec. 3. If any free person shall, by speaking, writing or printing, advise, persuade or induce any slaves to rebel or conspire against any citizen of this Territory, or shall bring into, print, write, publish or circulate, or cause to be brought into, printed, written, published or circulated, or shall knowingly aid or assist in the bringing into, printing, writing, publishing or circulating in this Territory, any book, paper, magazine, pamphlet or circular, for the purpose of exciting insurrection on the part of the slaves, free negroes or mulattoes, against the citizens of the Territory, or any part of them, such person shall be guilty of FELONY AND SUFFER DEATH.

Sec. 4. If any person shall entice, decoy or carry away out of this Territory, any slaves belonging to another, with the intent to deprive the owner thereof of the services of such slave, or with intent to effect or procure the freedom of such slave, he shall be adjudged guilty of grand larceny, and on conviction thereof shall be imprisoned at hard labor for not less than ten years.

Sec. 5. If any person aids or assists in enticing, decoying, or persuading, or carrying away or sending out of this Territory any slave belonging to another, with intent to procure or effect the freedom of such slave, or with intent to deprive the owner thereof of the services of such slave, he shall be adjudged guilty of grand larceny, and on conviction thereof shall suffer DEATH, or be imprisoned at hard labor for not less than ten years.

Sec. 6. If any person shall entice, decoy, or carry away out of any State or Territory of the United States, any slave belonging to another, with intent to procure or effect the freedom of such slave, or to deprive the owner thereof of the services of such slave, in this Territory, he shall be adjudged guilty of grand larceny, in the same manner as if such slave had been enticed, decoyed or carried away out of the Territory, and in such case the larceny may be charged to have been committed in any county of this Territory, into or through which such slave shall have been brought by such owner, or on conviction thereof, the person offending shall suffer DEATH, or be imprisoned at hard labor for not less than ten years.

Sec. 7. If any person shall entice, persuade or induce any slave to escape from the service of his master or owner in this Territory, or shall aid or assist any slave escaping from the service of his master or owner, or shall assist, harbor or conceal any slave who may have escaped from the service of his master or owner, he shall be deemed guilty of felony, and punished by imprisonment at hard labor for not less than five years.

Sec. 8. If any person in this Territory shall aid or assist, harbor or conceal any slave who has escaped from the service of his master or owner in another State or Territory, such person shall be punished in like manner as if such slave had escaped from the service of his master or owner in this Territory.

Sec. 9. If any person shall resist any officer whilst attempting to arrest any slave that may have escaped from the service of his master or owner, or shall resist such slave when in custody of such officer or other person who may have such slave in custody, whether such slave has escaped from the service of his master or owner in this territory or in any other State or Territory, the person so offending shall be guilty of felony and punished by imprisonment at hard labor for a term not less than two years.

Sec. 10. If any marshal, sheriff, or constable, or the deputy of any such officer, shall, when required by any person, refuse to aid or assist in the arrest and capture of any slave that may have escaped from the service of his master or owner, whether such slave shall have escaped from his master or owner in this Territory, or any other State or Territory, such officer shall be fined in a sum of not less than one hundred nor more than five hundred dollars.

Sec. 11. If any person print, write, introduce into, publish or circulate, or cause to be brought into, printed, written, published or circulated, or shall knowingly aid or assist in bringing into, printing, publishing or circulating within this Territory, any book, paper, pamphlet, magazine, handbill or circular, containing any statement, argument, opinion, sentiment, doctrine, advice or innuendo, calculated to produce a dissatisfaction among the slaves in this Territory, or to induce such slaves to escape from the service of their masters, or resist their authority, he shall be guilty of FELONY, and be punished by imprisonment at hard labor for a term not less than five years.

Sec. 12. If any free person, by speaking or writing, assert or maintain that persons have not the right to hold slaves in this Territory, or shall introduce into this Territory, print, publish, write, circulate, or cause to be written, printed, published or circulated in this Territory, any book, paper, magazine, pamphlet, or circular, containing any denial of the right of persons to hold slaves in this Territory, such persons shall be deemed guilty of felony, and punished by imprisonment at hard labor for a term not less than two years.

Sec. 13. No person who is conscientiously opposed to holding of Slaves, or who does not admit the right to hold Slaves in this Territory, shall sit as a Juror on the trial of any prosecution for the violation of any of the sections of this act.

This act to take effect and be in force from and after the 18th day of Sept. A. D. 1855.

Signed—J. H. Stringfellow, Speaker of the House. Attest, J. M. Lyle, Clerk. Thomas Johnson, President of the Council. Attest, J. A. Halderman, Clerk.

## HORRIBLE AFFAIR.

MURDERING AND SCALPING.—Dr. Root, who went out to Kansas with the New Haven company, has just returned, via Iowa, having reached New York on the 7th Sept. in company with Mrs. Hops, widow of Mr. Hops, who was recently murdered and scalped near Leavenworth City. The facts in regard to that savage murder, as related by Dr. Root, are as follows: Mr. Hops had been in the Territory but a few days. He had hired a house in Leavenworth City, with the intention of making that place his home, and was on his return from Lawrence, whither he had taken his wife (who was out of health), to remain a few days with her brother, the Rev. Mr. Nute, the Unitarian clergyman. When he had returned to within about two miles of Leavenworth City, and within sight of the residence of Mr. Wallace, a Free State man, he was met by a Ruffian on horseback, who inquired where he was from; and being informed that he was last from Lawrence, the stranger drew a revolver and shot him through the head. Mr. Hops was in a buggy, and the horse starting along, the murdered man fell to the ground. The Ruffian sprang from his horse, took out his knife and scalped his victim, when he remounted, and putting spurs to his horse, rode rapidly off in the direction of Leavenworth City.

This fiendish outrage was witnessed by Mrs. Wallace and her daughter. A teamster in the service of the United States, drove up and saw the body before the pulse had ceased to beat. The name of the savage who perpetrated this horrid deed, is Fugert, and he is well known in Leavenworth, and belongs to the Ruffian party encamped at that city, under command of Atclauson. He had made a bet of \$6 against a pair of boots, that he would go out and return with an Abolitionist's scalp within two hours. On his return to camp, he obtained his boots, and then placing the scalp of his victim on the end of a pole, paraded the streets with it, boasting of his prowess; and all this almost within hail of Fort Leavenworth where the United States forces are stationed, under command of Gen. Persifer F. Smith.—A German named Bimber, who expressed himself rather freely in regard to this horrible barbarity, was shot dead on the spot, and another man, who also reproached the act, saved his life only by precipitate flight, with pistol-balls whistling freely about his head.

On hearing the fate of her husband, Mrs. Hops, in company with her brother, Mr. Nute and about a dozen other citizens of Lawrence, started for Leavenworth to obtain the body of Mr. H., and give it Christian burial. When near Lawrence the party were captured, and held as prisoners, by a band of ruffians under Capt. Emory, the man of whom Hops had hired the horse and buggy. The body of the murdered man had been buried, and the ruffians refused the widow the consolation of looking upon her husband's grave. Seventy dollars were found in the pockets of the murdered man, all of which went as funeral expenses, leaving the disconsolate widow in the hands of the ruffians, without a dollar. She desired to leave the scene of her terrible sorrows. The ruffians at first refused to let her depart, knowing that she would be a swift witness against their savagery; but she finally succeeded in getting on board a boat bound down the Missouri, the captain of which, out of compassion, protected her, and gave her a free passage to St. Louis. On the boat she related her story, and was tauntingly told by the heartless and ruffianly passengers that she was uttering another "Abolition lie."

Among the party who accompanied Mrs. Hops from Lawrence to Leavenworth, and who were taken prisoners, was Dr. Avery, an estimable Quaker gentleman from Richmond, Indiana, who went out to Kansas to obtain facts in regard to the actual state of things there, intending to return in a short time.

SOLILOQUY.—While walking in the Mall the other evening we overheard the following soliloquy by an individual who was reclining at his ease on one of the granite ottomans.—"I wish I was a ghost, blam'd if I don't. They goes wherever they please toll free—they don't owe nobody nothing and that's a comfort.—Who ever heard tell of a man who had a bill against a ghost? Nobody. They never buy hats and wittles, nor hicker, nor has to saw wood, and run arrens as I do. Their shirts never have to be washed, nor their trousers don't get out at the knees as I ever hear tell on. Ghosts is the only independent people I knows on—I really wish I was one, blast if I don't!"

## PATRIOTIC.

Gen. Houston, in a very eloquent speech, made in the Senate, just before the close of the last session, gave utterance to this truly patriotic sentiment:

"They tell me if Fremont is elected, forty thousand bayonets will bristle about the Capitol—that the South, in fact, will secede. Mr. President, I scorn the suggestion! There will be neither bristling bayonets nor secession.—If Col. Fremont shall be elected by a majority of the people, though I am not his supporter, I shall respect the majority of the people, and to Col. Fremont, as the Chief Magistrate of their choice, I shall pay my respectful homage."

It is downright treason for any class of men, North or South, to intimate that in the event of the election of a candidate to whom they are politically opposed, they will take the ground of hostile resistance. The voice of the people deliberately expressed through the ballot box, must and will be respected by good, law-abiding citizens, whatever part of the country they inhabit. If Mr. Buchanan shall be called to the Presidential chair, it will be by the voice of the people. That voice, by the citizens of the free States, will be respected. If Col. Fremont is called to this high office, it will also be by the voice of the people, and that voice will be respected by the citizens of the slave States, with the exception of a small, insignificant band of conspirators and disunionists.—*Phil'a Sun.*

## AMERICAN POLITICS.

An English paper speaks thus facetiously of Presidential affairs in the United States:—

"There are three political parties in the United States—the Woolly Heads, and Hard-Shell Abolitionists, and the Silver Gray Soft-Shells. The candidates of these respective parties for the Presidency are Fillmont, Frechanan, and Buckmore. The Vice-Presidential nominations are Doneridge, Daytelson, and Breckton. The Fillmont and Doneridge party are opposed to the extension of slavery South of Dason & Mixon's line, and are likewise ardent champions of the Tariff principles of Harry Webster and Daniel Clay, statesmen still held in grateful remembrance in the States. The Frechanan and Daytelson men wish to have the seat of government removed to Kansas where Horace Greely resides, while the Buckmore and Breckton party advocate the election of foreigners to office. (This is supposed to be because offices have been lately so much disgraced by the conduct of those occupying them, that they wish to keep natives out.) There is a fourth party whose nominee appears to be one Mr. Jessie, but our advice from America do not give us a clear idea of the principles which he represents. To judge from the little that we have gleaned we should judge he was a Southern Rights Barnburner. However, no matter what turn affairs may take, the Americans will be sure to have a President!"—*London Paper.*

## AN ASTONISHING MAN, FAMED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

—New York and London are now the great manufacturing depots for Holloway's Pills and Ointment. From number 80 Maiden Lane, this city, and number 244 Strand, London, are sent forth, daily, millions of boxes and pots of these inestimable medicines. The heavy duty imposed by our government upon patent medicines, and the large and constantly increasing sale of Holloway's Pills and Ointment in this country, determined their proprietor to make this city his residence. Our republican system of government is also in harmony with the predilections of Professor Holloway; and though Kings and Emperors have conferred upon him honors and special favors, these will never be so gratifying to him as the grateful hearts of millions of free citizens, who without any endorsement of sovereign authority, freely patronize his celebrated remedies for the prevention and removal of disease. As a member of the medical faculty, having long witnessed the inefficiency of the profession in curing disease, and being familiar with the errors and follies of the profession, we feel it an imperative duty to acquaint the American public with the arrival of this distinguished physician in our city. His fame, in a measure, preceded him to our shores, but the extent of the good he has done in the world has never yet been proclaimed to an American public.—Great as his reputation is, it is destined to increase far beyond that which ever adorned the character of any man whose profession was that of healing the sick. We shall embrace other occasions to explain to the American people the system, the theory and mode of cure adopted by Professor Holloway. His Pills and Ointment, the one taken internally, and the other applied externally, act in harmonious conjunction, and if his directions are followed, will eradicate every disease incident to man in all climates. They purify and cleanse the body, and restore healthy action to every organ. Our space will not permit us to say more at this time respecting this distinguished man and his celebrated remedies. He has one ambition, and it is an honorable one. He wishes to have the world for a patient; and he will succeed in his desire. It is our object to address the American public in a series of articles, showing conclusively that, in the whole history of medical science, no medicines have ever been offered for their use which are so efficacious in restoring health and preventing disease as those of Professor Holloway. In this series of articles we shall necessarily explain much of the human system, and those physiological laws of life controlling our bodies, both in health and disease. The American public are sufficiently intelligent to judge of their own interests, and it is no longer in the power of those styling themselves regular physicians to conceal from them important truths concerning their health.—*N. Y. Citizen.*