the opportunity to carry on the few more right, for we have recognized the start—the singulater of the Cathiert. He till plan of colonizione in law favor at later—the singulation of the bear implicit way for people in the case was that Mr. On report in the case

The Commonwealth.

Poetry.

From an Uspublished Manmers One more is gone Out of the basy throng Tha tread these paths; The church bell tells, Its and knell rolls To many hearths.

They bold their way, the likes Brigade 11.

And on, and on, and on they tread;
And of the field is hunged with freal,
And offerer grows the grass with goes Blood object grows the grass with goes Blood object grows the grass with goes Blood object the grows the grows 15 wan if n usar if the mosted wall Mocks them, but valiantly they fall;
Anderho (fiel), but to he Brant The flag to bree in Blo is grossed;

14 kaker of find who did not aid The branes of the Black Brigade.

It not for them, was but the day,
We made like Winkerfed a way;
And bridge-like Winkerfed a way;
And bridge-like o'er their hodies dealShall Fredom to their brettness tread,
The artik they shall grasp no more,
But harvas in the fields of war;
There ishard, which keep the finar
off these who, dying, overcame.
The protein their smaps shall bend
The memory of the likes, Brigade.

HYMN.

.....

The Commonwealth.

BOSTON: FRIDAY, JULY

8, 1868.

THE DISTRICT PRINTS PRINTS NOT AND ADDRESS OF THE PRINTS NOT ADDRESS O

TERMS: Two Dollans a year, payable always

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THE FUNERAL BEL

ST HENRY D. THOREAU

Flower bells toll not,
Their echoes roll not
Upon my ear;
There still, perchance,
That gentle spirit haunts
A fragrant bier.

Low lies the pall,
Lowly the mourners a
Their passage grope
No suble hue
Mars the screne blue.
Of beaven's cope.

In distant dell Faint sounds the funeral bell, A beavenly chime; Some post there Weaves the light turthened air Into awest rhyme.

which, whatever chiller of mili-of the States is great their fall, ite subdivision, it HIXGS BE?

y have an opportune of the peculiar institution, so, now in the Fed-land sent home for iends, as stray leaf seer at Alexandria, below. It appears mishments inflicted 1847, for various rth with some parter we learn the dewhich these slaves the record:—

or cutting cotton ie. hinning cotton. and Chany for rhind. mashing down on row behind leaving child rd to let it cry. rank Adam and for disobeying given through

or allowing the to leave grass it reporting them. for being slow g out of quarters. for not having aken out of horse

not fetching the ic before giving ng, behind Hannah, Sarah, and Jim, for not g corn right. being too long g one row of

not setting up or leaving suckers not being out of rs quick enough. and Sandy, for leaning cotton

for being last one th row. leaving pusley in drill. being behind with for leaving grass otton.
for not hoeing as
h cane as she ought
list week.
for letting his horse

e slaughter of the s in the battle of ced General Grant ing that hereafter er white or black, United States sol-ecuted, retaliatory by him, and rebell be treated in like

TH, ROOM NO. T,

The heres of the Black Brigane.

IV.

Again, again, and yet again,

They charge; but als, too feet, in value,

The service course as in value,

Nor can show the Saxon's brain;

The day is lest; on every sale

Have Saxon field, let nowe deviated

With eyes of rage and footsteps along

With eyes of rage and footsteps along

And with we are here less, houssed to

be bour of the Black Brigade.

BY F. B. SAMOURS

Formal at the distance of John Brown, on the fin of July

Exercual hills that rise around

To guard this consecrated ground,—

Ye ancient woods that o'er us wave,

O hear us! and for aye record,

While decide make good the plighted wor

The wors we offer at this grave.

We awar by him who lies below.
Whose death the justice sure and slow
Of God's great law shall yet repay.—
Ever to hold his memory dear,
And follow on in that career,
Where he unfailtering showed the way.

For threatened Laberry we stanta.

Too well we love our fathers' fame,

Too keenly feel our country's shame,

To fill wish boasts this mountain air;

With pride by count our glornes past,

to Toce our fears, our hopes we east,

Just God? by Thee our oath we sweat

From Angelon Stirius.
THE DIFFERENCE.