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A SONG FOR AN AMERICAN EDITOR.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
My throne a simple chair,
I ask no other majesty
Than strikes the gazer there.
The horse of fire obeys my nod,
My couriers walk the sea;
The lightning lifts their flaming mates,
At arts command, for me.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
Do monarchs wear the crown?
I waft my pen across my page,
And crows have tumbled down;
The clouds float on the nations' strife;
Without the thunder rolls;
Within I brood the quiet thought
That changes all the souls.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
The dead around me throng,
Their awful voices whisper: "Truth!"
Their eyes forbid the "Wrong,"
From them I gather joy and strength;
Nor need pale Error's purse.
My faith in God, large as the arch
He gave his universe.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
My host embattled types—
With them, I quell the tyrant's horde
And rear the stars and stripes.
I give my hand to all my race,
My altar Freedom's soil;
I say my prayer, and bend my knee
Alone—alone to God.

STORY FOR WEATHER GRUMBLERS.

BY AUSTIN C. BERWICK.

The small parish of Fallowdale had been for some time without a pastor. The members were nearly all farmers, and they had not much money to bestow upon the support of a clergyman; yet they were willing to pay for anything that could promise them any due return of good. In course of time, it happened that the Rev. Abraham Surely visited Fallowdale, and, as a Sabbath passed during his sojourn, he held a meeting in the little parish church. The people were pleased with his preaching, and some of them proposed inviting him to stay with them, and take charge of their spiritual welfare. Upon the merits of this proposition, there was a long discussion. Parson Surely had signified his willingness to take a permanent residence in Fallowdale, but the members of the parish could not so readily agree to hire him.

"I don't see the use of hiring a parson," said Mr. Sharp, an old farmer of the place. "He can do us no good. If we have got any money to spare, we had better lay it up for something else. A parson can't learn me anything."

To this it was answered that stated religious meetings would be of great benefit to the younger people, and also a source of real good to all.

"I don't know 'bout it," said Sharp, after he had heard the argument. Sharp was one of the wealthiest men in the parish, and consequently one of the most influential.

"I've heard tell," continued he, "of a parson who could pray for rain, and have it come any time. Now if we could hit upon such a parson as that, I would go in for hiring him."

This opened a new idea to the unsophisticated minds of Fallowdale. The farmers often suffered from long drouths, and after arguing a while longer, they agreed to hire parson Surely, upon the condition that he should give them rain, whenever they wished it, and, on the other hand, that he should give them fair weather, whenever required. Deacons Smith and Townsend were deputies to make this arrangement known to the parson, and the people remained in the church while their messengers went upon their errand. When the deacons returned, Mr. Surely accompanied them. He smiled as he entered the church, and with a graceful bow saluted the people there assembled.

"Well, my friends," he said, as he ascended the platform in front of the desk, "I have heard your request of me, and strange as it may appear, I have come to accept your proposals; but I can only do it on one condition; and that is, that your request for a change of weather be unanimous."

"This appeared very reasonable, since every member of the parish had a deep interest in the farming business, and ere long it was arranged that Mr. Surely should become pastor of Fallowdale, and that he should give the people rain whenever they asked for it.

When Mr. Surely returned to his lodgings, his wife was utterly astonished on learning the nature of the contract which he had entered into.

"But you know you can't make it rain," persisted Mrs. Surely; "and you know, too, the farmers will be wanting rain very often when there is none for them. You will be disgraced."

"I will learn them a lesson," quietly replied the pastor.

"Ay, that you can not be as good as your word; and when they have learned it, they will turn you off."

"We shall see," was Mr. Surely's reply, as he took up a book and commenced reading.

This was a signal for the wife to desist from further conversation on the subject, and she at once obeyed.

Time flew on, and at length the hot days of midsummer came. For three weeks it had not rained, and the corn was beginning to curl up beneath the effects of the drouth. In this extremity, the people be thought themselves of the promise of their pastor, and some of them hastened to his dwelling.

"Come!" said Mr. Sharp, whose hilly farm was suffering very bad, "we want some rain. You remember your promise, I suppose."

"Certainly," returned Mr. Surely—"If you will call a meeting of the members of the parish, I will be with you this evening."

With this the applicants were perfectly satisfied, and they hastened to call the flock together.

"Now you will see the hour of your disgrace," said Mrs. Surely, after the visitors had gone. "I am sorry you undertook to deceive them so."

"I did not deceive."

"Yes, surely you did."

"We shall see."

"So we shall see," added the lady.

The hour of meeting came round, and Mr. Surely met his people at the church; they were all there—most of them anxious, and the rest curious.

"Now, my friends," said the pastor, I have come to hear your request. What is it?"

"We want rain," dutifully spoke farmer Sharp; "and you know you promised to give it to us."

"Ay, rain, rain," repeated half a dozen voices.

"Very well, now when will you want to have it?"

"This very night; let it rain all night long," said Sharp, to which several others immediately assented.

"Not! not! not to-night," cried Deacon Smith.

"I have six or seven tons of well made hay in the field, and would not have it wet for anything," said another.

"So have I hay out," added Mr. Peck.

"We want have it rain to-night."

"Then let it be to-morrow."

"It will take me all day to-morrow to get my hay in," said Smith.

Thus the objections came up for the two succeeding days, and at length, by way of compromise, Mr. Sharp proposed that they should have rain in just four days. "For, by that time, all the hay that is now cut can be got in, and we need not cut any."

"Stop! stop!" uttered Mrs. Sharp, pulling her worthy husband by the sleeve.

"That is the day we have set to go to Snowhill. It musn't rain then."

This was law for Mr. Sharp, so he proposed the rain should be in one week, then resuming his seat. But this would not do. Many of the people would not have put it off so long.

"If we can't have rain before then, we'd better not have it at all," said they. In short, the meeting resulted in just no conclusion at all, for the people found it utterly impossible to agree upon a time when it should rain. "Until you can make up your minds on this point," said the pastor, as he was about leaving the church, "we must all trust in the Lord." And after this the people followed him from the place.

Both Deacon Smith and Mr. Peck got their hay safely in, but on the very day that Mr. Sharp and his wife were to have started for Snowhill, it began to rain in right good earnest. Sharp lost his visit, but he met his disappointment with good grace, for his crops smiled at the rain. Ere another month had rolled by, another meeting was called for a petition for rain, but the result was the same as before. Many of the people had their muck to dig, and rain would prevent them. Some wanted the rain immediately—some in one, some in two,

and some in three days; while others wanted to put it off longer. So Mr. Surely had not yet occasion to call for rain.

One year rolled by, and down to that time the people of Fallowdale had never once been able to agree upon the exact kind of weather they would have, and the result was, that they began to open their eyes to the fact that this world would be a strange place if the inhabitants could govern it.

While they had been longing for a power they did not possess, they had not seen its absurdity; but now that they had, in good faith, tried to apply that power, under the belief that it was theirs, they saw clearly that they were getting beyond their sphere.

They saw that nature's laws were safer in the hands of nature's God, than in the hands of nature's children. On the last Sabbath of the first year of Mr. Surely's settlement at Fallowdale, he offered to break up his connection with the parish, but the people could not listen to it. They had become attached to him and the meetings, and they wished him to stay.

"But I can no longer rest under our former contract with regard to the weather," said the pastor.

"Nor do we wish you to," returned Sharp. "Only preach to us, and teach us and our children how to live, and help us to be social and happy."

"And," added the pastor, while a tear of pride stood in his eye, as he looked for an instant into the face of his own happy wife, "all things above our own proper sphere, we will leave with God, for 'He doeth all things well.'"

For the *Chicopee Journal*.
ALBUM MEMORIES.
BY CORA CLINTON.
No. 7.

EVELYNE ADAMS.

There are, passing over earth, a few beings whose cup of life seems undashed with bitterness; and one of this favored number is the subject of the present sketch.

Her sun seemed always cloudless; the light of happiness ever sparkled in her bright eye, and joyous smiles were at all times on her lip. I am but a poor hand at descriptions, yet really, dearest of readers, I cannot forbear giving you a picture of Evelyn. She was rather short and her figure quite *petit*. Then she had laughing hazel eyes, shaded by long brown lashes; masses of beautiful auburn hair graced a head worthy of being an artist's model; her nose was neither a la Roman, nor a la Greek, but it was very handsome, and answered perfectly the design of nature.

Then she had lips that strongly tempted me to snatch a kiss, so rosy ripe were they; and when she laughed, displaying the double row of pearls back of them, and the dimples in her cheeks, there was no person, however curious or malicious they might be, who could deny that Evelyn Adams was handsome. She was a great favorite at school, for she was always in high spirits, and had usually something laughable to say; so it was our unanimous opinion that Ere was the very funniest girl we ever saw. An only daughter, with several brothers all older than herself, she was the pet and idol of the family circle. With every caprice gratified, every wish anticipated, Evelyn would have been spoiled if there had been any possibility of its being done. But though her every desire had been regarded as law, and she flattered for her goodness and only laughed at for her faults, she grew up with a gentle loving heart and amiable temperament.

What shall I write of those bright hours of childhood we spent together?

Oh! well remembered friends of life's morn! Ye in whose company I first tasted the bright waters of the fount of knowledge, how deeply on this heart of mine are your names imprinted! how do I recall the happy hours, passed in your society, the little words and acts which together, linked us each to the other in the sweet ties of friendship! And yet I can say little of those joyous days, little that would interest a stranger. There were no remarkable occurrences, nothing transpired beyond the common course of things; but the every day, seemingly insignificant trifles of life, the petty vexations, the joys and sorrows incident to childhood that each shared with the other, the unity of purpose in assembling there to store the mind for the future, bound our souls in sympathy;

and even now as I look back after the lapse of years, and recall the faces of those whom I used to meet, my heart thrills with the remembrance and I seem once more a child.

Readers, as you muse upon the faces of those who shared your childhood's wanderings, as memory brings from her mighty store-house pictures that the flight of years has left undimmed, does not your heart warm toward those early friends with an affection you feel not for those who now surround you? Does not your spirit long again for those bright hours when all life's stern realities were rose-tinted? Does it not recall those flowers, fairer, ay, and sweeter, too, than any you have plucked since, that grew by the school-house door! That mossy bank that you sat upon beneath the huge old trees and "old stories" with your playmates, have you seen another whose emerald green would compare with it? And the school-house itself, nestled amid giant trees that had "braved unmov'd the storms of centuries," have you forgotten that? Those haunts you frequented before like an iron weight upon your soul, fell a consciousness of earth's sinning selfishness, and those friends, the only ones in whose hearts lurked no shade of distrust, because that childhood alone is free from suspicion have they all, all passed from your remembrance? Let your own heart answer.

Through flowery paths Evelyn sported on until at last her feet reached the boundaries of childhood's fairy domain, and she stood before the world, a woman. The careless childish grace that had characterized her every motion was now mingled with a quiet dignity, the wild mirthfulness of her earlier years was subdued by a maidenly reserve, and the venerable Miss of eighteen summers was supposed to be as near perfection as was possible.

Edward Everts had been our school-mate from the time we first attended until our debut into the world's great museum; and after that, his kind heart and gentlemanly address, procured him a passport to our favor very readily. As he is by no means an inconsiderable personage in my sketch, I will commence as with Evelyn by describing his personal appearance.

He would not be called remarkably handsome, as the world estimates beauty, but the look of soul within his eye, and the noble cast of his features, could but produce a favorable impression. He was of about the medium height, had a broad high forehead, and an eye of the darkest, deepest shade of blue, intended to pass for black; Evelyn used to say, very dark hair; mouth rather large, with fine teeth, a well cultivated mind and the pleasantest voice imaginable. A few months after Miss Evelyn had completed the eighteenth year of her existence upon this mundane sphere, it was rumored that she was soon to leave the home of her wealthy father for that of the young merchant, who was without property save what his own labor had accumulated. In short, that Miss Adams, the heiress was to wed Mr. Everts, the portly tradesman.

Her engagement excited surprise among a large class of our villagers; when was there an engagement that did not! When will people grow weary of saying, "singular, remarkable, very strange," that of any two people of their acquaintance these two should have fancied each other.

The nine days wonder of the thing passed away however, and people began to speak complacently of the approaching ceremony. The appointed day arrived, and the rising of the golden sun whose beams were to rest on the brow of the bride was welcomed by a full chorus from nature's best musicians. The flowers smiled, with tears in their eyes at his ardent gaze, as he rode upward in the unclouded heavens.

I have said enough, reader, to convey to you the idea that it was a lovely day in which they "twain were made one flesh."

Happy hearts beat with quick pulsation at the low murmuring of the vows, and—forgive me, friends of early years, if I utter treason—I saw more than one bright eye that looked as if it certainly did not pity the bride, (and now I have commenced I may tell the whole, some eyes that were not feminine, said just as plain as eyes could say, that if their owner were the bridegroom he would not feel very bad.

The happy pair rented a sweet little cottage in our own pleasant village, and still cloudless was the sky of Evelyn.

Three years flew away, as years will, entirely disregarding our wishes upon the subject, when Everts with his wife and babe left us for the far away land of sunset.

I have not seen them since, but often from their Hesperian home come letters freighted with tidings of happiness. Long may they live and full of joy be each moment of their existence; may a merciful providence watch over their footsteps, and the brilliancy of their sun never know a cloud. Peace and prosperity attend our loved ones; kind angels guard them upon earth and at last bear them to the realm perfected.

CHILDISH SINCERITY.

A lady who was quite in the habit of dropping in at her neighbors about meal times, in the hope of obtaining an invitation to partake with the family, was recently completely nonplussed by the unhesitating frankness of a child.

Knowing that a neighbor's supper hour was five, she called in about four, and settled herself down for a long call.

"It takes two make a bargain," and the lady honored with the call had no idea of giving an invitation, if it was in her power to escape it.

Accordingly the hour of five brought no indications of supper. Time wore on, the sun was near its setting, and still the same.

A little girl, the daughter of the lady in question, began to grow quite uneasy. At length, her mother having gone out for a moment, the visitor said:

"You must come over and see me, Mary, some time."

"No, I won't," said the child.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't like you."

"But why don't you like me?"

"Because I'm hungry, and want some supper."

"But," said the visitor, amazed, "I don't prevent you having your supper, do I?"

"Yes, you do," said little Mary. "Mother says she shouldn't have supper till you were gone, if you stayed till midnight!"

In less than five minutes, the visitor was marching out of the front door, with a very red face. She has not called to see Mary's mother since.

Little Mary, in her childish frankness, had not learned the important lesson which after years will not fail to teach her, viz.: that "the truth, however excellent or desirable in itself, is not to be spoken at all times."

FORCE OF HABIT.

It is curious to observe how one's habits of thought constantly break out and exhibit themselves in whatever he does or says. In one of our colleges it was customary for the professors to take turns in making the chapel prayers. Once upon an occasion this duty fell upon the learned professor of chemistry, and the students were astonished to hear him introduce an illustration thus:

"Thou knowest, O Lord, that for tipping lightning-rods, silver is better than platinum, so is the mind, touched by Thy grace, made the most ready to receive the principles of science!"

On another occasion, the mathematical professor asked divine goodness to enable us to know its length, its breadth, its depth and its superficial contents!

THE SILENT WOMAN.

Madam Rignier, the wife of a law officer at Versailles, while talking in the presence of a numerous party, dropped some remarks which were out of place, though not important. Her husband reprimanded her before the whole company, saying:

"Silence, madam, you are a fool!"

She lived twenty or thirty years afterwards, and never uttered a single word to her children! A pretended theft was committed in her presence, in the hope of taking her by surprise, but without effect, and nothing could induce her to speak. When her consent was requisite for the marriage of any of her children, she bowed her head and signed the contract.

SMALL BEER FOR ONE.—We heard a good retort in the cars the other day, from a tipsy Scotch laborer, who carried in his hand a bottle of fire-water, with which to keep himself warm and moist. A fellow traveler wished to poke a little fun at him, and asked him what he had got in his bottle.

"Small beer," was the reply. "Well," said the other, "if it is small beer, I will share it with you."

"No," answered Sawney, "it's small for two!"

THE BIBLE.

We love the Bible. We can conceive no severer calamity to the race than to be deprived of its pure morality; and we know of no blacker gloom, even in imagination, than that which pours its shadow over the soul when the weary spirit is breaking through the dissolving walls of its earthly house, unsoled by this light of life. No Bible! O horrid deprivation!—Then is the world one grand enigma!—a tangled tissue of contradictions, unanswerable and irreconcilable. I see the flowers springing from the warm bosom of the earth, and lifting their meek eyes towards heaven, and I say, surely there is a God, and the fragrance is earth's incense of praise. I hear the birds singing among the branches, happy and free, rejoicing in the pure air and sunlight of the bright heaven, and I say, surely there is a God, and this music is nature's anthem of thanksgiving! I look out upon the furrowed field, and the springing corn smiles its blessings upon the God who sends the soft showers in their season. I see the joy of harvest, and the golden sheaves praise him, and the fruitful trees praise him, and in full concert all his works declare that he is good.

But I hear a cry of anguish! it is the moaning of an infant gasping in its mother's arms. I see it pale and quivering in its agony; I hear the wail of sorrow which woman only can utter as she bows to weep over those she has borne. This world, what is it? A wilderness of graves! a mighty charnel house! from which groans of pain are forever rising to the heavens; and I ask, is this world governed by one God who is good, and by another who is evil? And is it so, that the evil is mightier than the good? Wretched man that I am! How shall I oppose the wrath of the malignant being who wars thus constantly against human happiness, and finally prevails so that men die? And dying, shall they ever live again? what answer shall I give? Shall they live again? And if they do, will that life be a blessing or a curse? What can I say? There is no Bible! And every grave confounds me—the joys of life perplex me—its sorrows depress me—I am afraid to live, I dare not die! O! what can I do without the Bible? What can I know without it, that shall still the eager questioning of the restless, deathless spirit that is beating like a caged bird against those earthen walls, struggling after the purer, wider range of its immortal sphere? I know nothing, except that I am a child of sorrow and an heir of death; I can do nothing but regret my existence, and submit to my fate! So says the infidel; but not so the Christian. This world is no enigma to him. He can not explain every detail, but he can see a glorious harmony between the operations of Providence and the testimony of the Bible. He knows that God is good. He knows that God is holy—that moral law has its penalty for transgression, as surely as natural laws have theirs; and, therefore, he knows that there will be sorrow where there is sin; but there he learns that this is not remediless. Christ has repaired the ruin and provided the remedy. It is faith in him as the author of a new life, that is mightier than the power of death. It is faith which binds the soul to Christ, and raises it through all these scenes of sorrow to the joys of the heavenly inheritance. Let us cherish this Bible. Let us read its words, pure as silver refined. Its precepts are apples of gold. In keeping its commands there is infinite reward.

The fact that the Washington Union and the Washington Sentinel, the government organ and sub-organ, failed to excite a mob against Senator Sumner, is another evidence that the influence of the administration is declining with the masses, however much it is increasing in congress.

If he who can not forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.

Do not reckon too much on the honeymoon—it may prove to be all moonshine.

S. M. PATTENHILL & 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.

LIFE.

Longfellow says "Life is real, life is earnest!" and let us give heed to his words. Awake! ye cold blooded calculator;—awake! ye stupid conservative; awake! ye dreamy metaphysician—for Duty summons us all to the contest; she calls for noble deeds, lofty thoughts, and a progressive civilization—and better far for that man if he had never been born, if he does not do something to make the world what it should be.

The "only real pleasure in living is in looking forward to a sublimer future. He who is incapable of doing this must indeed be a wretched, miserable being. The Great Architect never intended we should do the dirty work many of us perform—that we should bow to the money god, burn incense upon its heathenish altar, and swear to cling to it with fond devotion while poor pigmy life shall last.

Charles Sumner, in his first anti-slavery speech in Congress, alluding to the fact of his not desiring the office of senator, made use of the following expression:—"No tombstone could bear for me a fairer inscription than this: 'Here lies one who, without the honors or emoluments of public station, did something for his fellow men.'"

Mr. Sumner does not belong to the school of "kings stork, kings wax, kings popinjay, and kings of shreds and patches," but is one of nature's true kings, and all the ingenuity of this world could not wrest from him his royal garb.

DROWNED.

Last Monday morning, as Samuel Le' Dru, of this village, was going to West Springfield on a strawberrying expedition, he discovered a dead body floating in the river, near the west shore. He gave notice of the fact, and an inquest was held by J. R. Childs, Esq., with R. H. Whitney, J. W. Prouty, J. M. Ballens, J. S. Robbins, W. L. Mitchell and Allen Johnson, as a coroner's jury.

The Palmer Journal, after quoting some remarks of ours, which appeared two weeks ago asks—"pray, which is the party of freedom, Mr. Journal?" Well, really, that is a hard question to answer, brother Fisk. Time was when we considered the whig party the party of freedom—never after 1850 however.

never claimed to be the party of freedom, and we presume it was never suspected of entertaining any sentiments favorable to human rights, so far at least as these rights stand affected through the institution of southern slavery.

Freedom, Union, Harmony.

The whigs, free soilers and anti-slavery democrats of Iowa have united upon the same ticket for state officers and members of Congress, with a thorough going anti-slavery platform. We predict that Mr. Augustus Caesar Dodge and his troop of pro-slavery satellites will be "laid out cold" by the idea of August.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MODERN HORSE DOCTOR—By DADD.—Published by John P. Jewett & Co., Boston. We are glad to notice that one so well qualified as Dr. Dadd has given to the public this much needed manual on the treatment of diseases incident to the horse.

MARTIN MERRYVALE, HIS X—No. 4.

is just as good as any of its predecessors, and such of our readers as don't know how very good that is, had better step into Brown's and get this, and all the back numbers; we know they wouldn't be sorry for so doing.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The July number of Arthur's is full of attractions. It is always filled with most excellent reading for the fireside, such as makes home a better and happier place; and fits the minds of its readers to appreciate a good home; the present one has several fine engravings, in addition; and what is more, commences the publication of Dickens' new novel, "Hard Times," which alone is worth the subscription.

A YEAR AFTER MARRIAGE.—By T. S. Arthur.—This novel is a very good one. "Family jars" are extremely unpleasant, so Mr. Brown thinks—and accordingly keeps a sure medicine for sale in the shape of the above-named book.

GOODY'S LADY'S BOOK.—No. 1 of Vol. 2 for 1854 is received, and as usual, offers a rich treat to the ladies, in its superior fashion-plates, and large amount of reading matter.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—The July number of Peterson's is before us; and altho' afforded at the low price of two dollars a year, we do not perceive that it falls much behind some of its higher priced contemporaries.

FLORA LYNDSEY, OR PASSAGES IN AN EVENTFUL LIFE.—By Mrs. Moodie.—De Witt & Davenport, publishers—price 50c. "Roughing it in the Bush"—a tale of western life, obtained for its author a wide reputation as a racy writer. That reputation will be in no wise injured by Mrs. Moodie's last book; it is full of life and naturalness, and is said to be a sort of autobiography.

THE UNITED STATES' MAGAZINE.—We have received the first number of a new candidate for public favor, with the above title. It is published by A. Jones & Co., New York, at \$1 per annum, and, from a hasty examination, we should say that it was well worth double that amount.

The first instalment of signatures to the Boston petition for the repeal of the fugitive slave law, has been forwarded to Washington. It contains two thousand nine hundred names, including all of the heaviest business men in the city. It had two columns of names fifty-five feet in length.

It is reported that Macaulay has been made President of the Edinburgh Institution, in the place of the late Professor Wilson.

About thirty years ago, Gen. Cass owned a farm in what is now the heart of Detroit, and, by simply "holding on" he has become the possessor of a fortune estimated at three millions of dollars.

Twelve million gallons of whiskey are sold annually, in Cincinnati, and sent thence to all parts of the Union. Thus corn to the value of two millions of dollars is annually melted into alcohol.

It is an amusing fact, that the initials of the four Congressmen from Ohio, who voted for the Nebraska bill, spell dogs—Disney, Olds, Green, Shannon.

The President has taken measures to secure the trial of S. M. Booth of Milwaukee, for aiding in the rescue of the fugitive slave Glover, notwithstanding his discharge from custody by order of Judge Smith of the State Court. The Washington Star says that if he does not banish himself from the United States to some country where he can not be reached under an extradition treaty, he will be compelled, in the end, to answer for his alleged offense.

Miss Melinda M. Ball, a teacher in one of the public schools in Troy, has been discharged by the Board of Education, on the ground that she was a believer in the "spiritual rappings," and that she attended the "circles."

The Washington correspondent of the North American says that "a number of Southern Senators are said to have declared that they would oppose any treaty for the settlement of the Fishery question, or for the establishment of reciprocal trade with Canada, unless it shall contain a clause for the surrender of fugitive slaves."

Mr. Pratt, of Worcester, has gone to Hurlgate with assistants, to dive for the million of dollars said to have been on board the British ship Hussar, wrecked off Stony Island, during the revolutionary war. The wreck lies in seventy feet of water, and Mr. Pratt will use Taylor's submarine armor.

A U. S. commissioner named Wilcox of Columbus, Ohio, was called upon a few days since by a slave hunter from Kentucky for a process for the arrest of a fugitive slave. He declined to grant it and resigned his office.

We learn from Lyons that Giraud, the well known, who was rescued from the well of Reault, after being buried in it up to the arms for nineteen days, died soon afterward. The gangrene had already reached higher than the place at which his foot was amputated.

Tastes are not alike. In Siberia, the greatest luxuries are raw cats, served up in bear's oil; while in Japan a stewed crocodile, flanked with monkey's feet, is the height of "fat things."

Look not mournfully into the past, it can not return; wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

A German sculptor has discovered the quarries of those celebrated marbles, the red and green antique, which have been sought after in vain from time immemorial. He found the red antique on the southern part of the chain of the Taygete, and the green on the northern side of the Island of Timos.

Victor Hugo says the English literature consists of four distinct literatures—American, English, Scottish and Irish, each having its marked character.

The Richmond Dispatch says that Anthony Burns is to be sent further South, to find a new home and a new master.

Rare.—Rev Dr. Peabody, of Boston, has declined an increase of salary offered by his congregation, deeming his present income enough for his support.

The Conneautville, Pa. Whig Banner places the name of William H. Seward at its mast head for next President.

Hon. John F. Snodgrass, Representative in Congress from the 11th district of Virginia, died at his residence, June 6th.

It is now stated that the cost of the rendition of Burns was \$40,000.

The canker worm is making dreadful ravages among the apple trees near Boston.

Henry Ward Beecher will speak at a great anti-slavery gathering at Painesville, Ohio, on the approaching 4th of July.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—One John Moore, of Berwick, Me., an old rumseller, has been "sweated" to the tune of 2,985.85 damages, for stimulating several wretched sets to deeds of incendiaryism. The occasion of the suit dates back to 1849, and is one of the famous liquor revenge cases, wherein the actual incendiaries were miserable sots, but the greatest criminals were behind the curtain, stimulating the victims to fight the battles by burning the property of those who enforced the law upon them.

One hundred and fifty-two ladies of West Medway have been giving commissioner Loring familiar lessons in scripture history and morals. They have also written a complimentary letter to Joseph K. Hayes, the captain of the South Boston police, who resigned his office rather than aid in the rendition of Burns.

Man is like a snow-ball, leave him lying in idleness against the sunny face of prosperity, and all the good that is in him melts like fresh butter in dog days; but kick him round, and he gathers strength at every revolution, until it grows to an avalanche. To make a figure in the world, you must keep moving.

If we may believe the census, every fifth person in the United States owns a horse and every tenth a dog.

Trip up the Valley, The Pocumtuc House, Spiritualism.

Last Thursday morning was bright and beautiful as we took the train from the "Junction" Station for a trip up the river. We chanced to fall in company with Rev. Mr. Oviatt, of the Chicopee Congregational Church, who was just starting on a trip to Montreal and vicinity, to recruit his health, which had become somewhat impaired through close application during the winter and spring months. He informed us that his people came to him with a purse, and requested him to take a short recess, at their expense; and in obedience to that request he had chosen the route of which we speak. Such kind consideration is worthy of all praise.

The scenery up the valley was never more attractive than at this moment; forms of beauty greet you on every side; the beautiful Connecticut, which like a thread of silver winds its way through the rich meadows, that spread between the sloping hills, sparkles and glistens in the summer sun, and fills you with that delight which the sight of running water never fails to bring.

"To him who in the love of nature holds Communion with her visible forms," The woods, that skirt the track on either hand, laughing in the richness of summer foliage, are sprinkled with laurel, mingled with the oak, forming a crown to deck their own loveliness. On the broad stretching acres, the sturdy husbandmen, with their faithful servants, the nimble horse and patient toiling ox, are to be seen, working with the All-Wise—to verify the promise that—"Seed time and harvest shall never fail." After a brief but delightful ride, where, in the beauties of the route were the theme of frequent ejaculations, we left our companion to seek health and happiness in a more northern quarter, whilst we should take a look at Old Deerfield, the mother town of "little Franklin."

This ancient town admits of no rivals in the magnificence of its summer scenery, and each year it seems to don some added loveliness. This day had been selected as that on which to open the new and beautiful "Pocumtuc Hotel," which has been recently erected in Deerfield by a company of gentlemen. The occasion was marked by a dinner and ball in the evening, at both of which it was our good fortune to be present. The "Hotel is under the charge of Mr. W. C. Perry, recently of the Shelburn Falls Hotel. We never met Mr. Perry before Thursday, and one needs but a short acquaintance to become convinced that his "forte" is keeping tavern; he is a "born" landlord, and every inch a gentleman; and he has an elegant and well furnished house over which to preside. The house has been built with the expectation that it would be largely patronized by summer pleasure-seekers, and is in every way well arranged to conduce to the comfort of such a class of patrons. We know of no more quiet and beautiful town, where one can be entirely separated from the noise and bustle of the busy world; and it abounds in pleasant walks and drives, and in mountain views is unsurpassed.

The dinner, which came off at 2 o'clock, called out the farmers of the town, who, with their wives, daughters, and families, together numbered a company of about an hundred. "Pinky Arms, Esq. honored the president's chair, and a blessing was invoked by Rev. Mr. Moors. The tables were beautifully supplied with every substantial article, as well as with the choicest delicacies of the season; to which ample justice was done in the course of the two hours spent thus; among the meats was that of a Conway sheep, which weighed 200 pounds. After the craving stomachs had been duly supplied, the "fast of reason and flow of soul" commenced by a few opening remarks from the president, in which the history of hotel keeping in Deerfield from the earliest times was briefly given; after the president, Hon. Whiting Griswold of Greenfield, Rev. Messrs. Ives, Moors and Smith and Luther B. Lincoln, Esq. of Deerfield, and J. R. Childs of Chicopee, made remarks—the Pocumtuc and its landlord coming in for a generous share of animated hope and just praise. Mr. Perry came forward and said that he had been suffering from illness for several days, and invited Mr. Childs of Chicopee to respond in his behalf and offer the following sentiments. Old Deerfield, a beautiful field, and in its beauty dear.

The ladies of Deerfield—Good to sew—the men, good to mow, and both together good in any emergency. The above sentiments were received with rounds of applause.

Thus closed a happy and successful dinner party; and then all was bustle and hurry in making ready for the ball. Everything here also went off in the very best manner; the music by the Shelburn Falls Band was A No 1, the hall, for dancing purposes has not its equal in Western Massachusetts, and the party was brilliant and interesting. Many old friends met to talk over the joys of other days, and give the right hand of social fellowship to a coming generation; all was joy and gladness, and "many an eye spake love to eyes that spake again." Supper was served about midnight, and the ball did not break up until the light of Friday's morn' stole o'er the hill-top.

We left Deerfield by the earliest train on Friday, after having passed a day not soon to be forgotten, and proceeded on our way to the Green Mountain State. All along above, as well as below, you are riding in the midst of a very garden of beauty. At South Vernon we encountered a gentleman in the cars, who, as he told us, was on his way to the northern portion of the state of New York, to use his endeavors to relieve a friend from prison, innocently incarcerated. He was performing this journey in obedience to the directions of the spirits. He told us that he was but recently an orthodox preacher; but that he now disbelieved Calvinism entirely, and was devoting his time to disseminating a better doctrine. He told us of many strange things, which he seemed to believe most implicitly, but which were too rank for our gullibility. The railroads are

so arranged at present that there is no change of conductors at South Vernon, as formerly, but the same that leave Springfield go through to Brattleboro. The Conn. River Road is extremely fortunate in having the services of two such conductors as Messrs. Carroll and Scott, and their good luck seems to extend to the Valley road, where Mr. Deming always plays the agreeable. Nothing adds more to the pleasure of traveling than the presence of agreeable and obliging conductors.

We learn that it is the intention of the Unitarian societies in the Conn. Valley to hold a Convention in Deerfield about the 25th July. Should it come off we hope to have a second edition of this pleasure trip. On which occasion we trust, that some of our readers may know by experience, that we have not overestimated the facilities for having a good time.

THIS EVENING.—Some six or eight years since, while spending a few weeks in Washington, we observed a young man of large size and handsome figure and face, who had no apparent occupation, but spent his time lounging about the bar-room and sitting-room of the National Hotel. He was seldom visible during the day, but at night was always there,—generally more than half intoxicated, always moody, slurring conversation, and apparently anxious to escape both his own thoughts, and the companionship of others. His appearance attracted our attention, and those of whom we inquired concerning him, told us that he belonged to one of the best families in Virginia,—that he was highly educated and of promising talent, that he had made a most excellent start in life; but that he had acted as one of Ritchie's seconds in the bloody and brutal affray which consigned poor Pleasant to the grave. From that time his course had been rapidly downward. He had become an outcast from society, mainly from his own inability to mingle with other men, had sought relief in dissipation, and had become the mere wreck which we then beheld. We have heard nothing of him since, but presume he died some years ago. And now the principal in that transaction, after longer and we doubt not still keener sufferings, has followed his victim and his accomplices, to the repose of the grave. It is often a short-sighted judgment which pronounces the victim of crime to be the most unfortunate of the parties whom it involves.—N. Y. Times.

EMIGRANT AID SOCIETY.—At a meeting of the friends of this society in Boston, on Monday evening, it was stated that the first company of emigrants, 300 or 400 in number, would start for Nebraska about the 17th of next month, under the direction of Ely Thayer, of Worcester, one of the trustees of the society. The prospects of the society appear to be in a very flourishing condition, and in co-operation with it, a new line of first class packets is in process of construction by Donald McKay, to run between different European ports and Boston. A company of emigrants to start from New York about the first of August, will take a printing press with them to Nebraska.

THE FLOQUENCE OF DISTRESS.—A Western editor appeals, in the following eloquent language, to the sympathies of his delinquent subscribers:—"We can not help thinking how much easier an editor's life might be made if his generous patrons could only bear his 'better half' scraping the bottom of the flour-barrel! A man who can write editorials with such music sounding in his ears can easily walk the telegraph wires, and turn 'sonnets' in the branches of a thorn-bush."

The U. S. Government have steadily refused to acknowledge the independence of Hayti, though obtained more than fifty years ago.—The part which is still owned by the Spanish Oracle, which is likewise independent, Mr. Douglass proposes to recognize as a nation and to form a commercial treaty with it. "The reason is evident: 'there is a nigger under the other wood pile.'"

The established Church of England has within the last twenty years, without the assistance of the State, built 2,000 churches, at a cost of \$5,500,000 or \$27,000,000. The Church of England also receives enormous revenues from the State.

A raft floated by Alton, Ill., a few days since, which contained 800,000 feet of lumber, besides 200,000 laths and 289,000 shingles. It was the largest raft that ever floated down the Mississippi.

The Newport cotton mill in Kentucky, owned by Thos. O'Shaughnessy, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday afternoon.—Loss \$100,000, partially covered by insurance. Over 100 persons are thrown out of employment. The fire was caused by some sparks from the furnace entering a

A RARE SIGHT.—Two trees of the rare and beautiful Virginia or Cladrastis of Tennessee, are now in full blossom at the botanic garden of Harvard University.—The garden is freely open to the public every day of the week except Sunday.

A western paper is enthusiastic in its praise of the fire department of that place, on the occasion of a late fire. The department consists of a wash tub, seven pails, and a large sized syringe.

A man complaining of being turned out of a concert-room, said he was fired with indignation. "If you were fired" remarked a bystander; "perhaps that was the reason they put you out."

The San Francisco Sun is responsible for the following:—"We met a grammarian, who had just made an unsuccessful tour, through the mines, conjugating, or rather cogitating, thus: "Positive mine, comparative mine, superlative minus."

The editor of the Levistown (Pa) Aurora says:—"If the young gentleman who subscribed for our paper some months ago, and directed the same to be sent to his lady-love, does not settle for it shortly, he will see his name in print. It's no fault of ours that she did jilt him."



Agriculture

The Poetry of Agriculture. The principles of Agriculture are exceedingly simple. That they might be made so, God himself was the first great planter.

A Tramping Printer. Among the prisoners before the Mayor this morning, was one Washington Frank Thompson who was found by a city officer, sleeping in an open lot.

A Country Home. Mr. N. P. WILLIS, who, much to his credit, loves a "country home and a little farm," though sprouted in the hot-bed of a large city, expressed, in a late communication of his some excellent ideas of what a country home ought to be.

Removal. NEW STORE—NEW GOODS. Great Cloth, Clothing, Furnishing, Goods, AND TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.

Important. Farmer, Farrier & Stage Proprietor. GEO. W. MERCHANT'S CELEBRATED GARGLING OIL.

New Boot and Shoe Store. The subscriber has just opened a Store in Mrs. Stevens' Block, at the head of Dwight and Perkins Streets, on Exchange where may be found a good assortment of

Boots & Shoes. Consisting in part of Ladies' Black and Fancy Gaiters, Jenny Lind, Congress, Enameled, and Polka Boots.

Kid Bunks and Kid Slips. Misses' and Children's shoes of all kinds, Men's, Boys', and Youth's Calfskin Boots, Men's, Boys', and Youth's Calf and Goat shoes.

An Epitaph. The following is the epitaph placed on the tomb of Peter the Great by the Empress Catharine.

The Chief Evil of War. What distinguishes war is not that a man is slain, but that he is slain, spoiled, crushed by the cruelty, the injustice, the murderous hand of man.

A Plaster Discovery. The Lynchburg Virginian contains the following: "A singular inquiry was addressed, a few days since, to the President of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad Company, by a contractor who is employed in constructing the Salt Works branch.

A company of native Chinese, twelve in number, recently passed through Dankirk on their way to Cincinnati, to test the practicability of growing tea in that vicinity.

EASTMAN'S Infallible Sick Headache REMEDY.

Prepared by E. P. EASTMAN, M. D., of Lynn, Mass. HAS been used in private practice for the last 10 years, with the greatest success.

WILSON FAIRBANK & CO. General Agents, to whom all orders should be addressed for sale by all the Druggists throughout the country.

Barrett's. Veto on Tooth-Ache. Headache, Neuralgia, & Corns.

Great Cough Remedy. Dr. J. B. ROGERS' SYRUP OF PLEURISY AND BRONCHITIS.

Consumption. THE above Expectoration, prepared by an experienced Physician and Chemist, has now become a standard Preparation, and is offered for the COMPLETE CURE of these diseases of the THROAT and LUNGS.

J. Priestley, House & Sign Painter, Paper-Hanger, &c. Successor to H. CUNNINGHAM.

Auctioneer's Notice. THE subscriber having been appointed by the Selectmen of Chicopee as Auctioneer, hereby gives notice, that he will be ready at all times, to receive goods to be sold at public auction, at his office on Merchant's Row.

REMOVAL. NEW STORE—NEW GOODS.

HOWARD & AMSDEN will open their new and splendid establishment in Blake's Building, on Wednesday, March 18th, with new goods, selected with much care from the principle manufacturing and importing houses in the country.

YOUTH'S AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING. A large assortment always on hand, and made to order under the supervision of a lady of long experience.

They can't keep house without it. Experience of more than sixteen years has established the fact that Merchant's Celebrated Gargling Oil, or Tonsorial Family Gargle, will cure most cases, and relieve all.

Mexican Mustang Liniment. Every hand has talked with Xcay this preparation whose intrinsic merits has introduced its Curative powers to the notice of the whole American people.

Carpetings! WM. P. TENNY & CO., RAILROAD HALL, Haymarket Square, Boston.

Commissioner Notice. WARREN SMITH, Esq., of Chicopee, Hampden County, Mass., has been appointed by Gov. Seymour, of Connecticut, a Commissioner to take acknowledgments of Deeds, Depositions, &c. in the State of Massachusetts, to be used in the said State of Connecticut, and valid in any Court in that State.

Notice. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the subscriber are requested to call and make payment immediately. J. P. BUCKINGHAM.

DOCTOR YOURSELF. THE POCKET ESCULAPIUS.

THE Fortieth Edition with One Hundred Engravings, showing Diseases and Malformations of the Human System in every shape and form.

George Keep, Springfield Marble Works, On Main Street, South of Bridge Street, SPRINGFIELD, Mass.

Devine's Compound Pitch Lozenge. The great remedy is at last discovered! Dr. J. D. CONNOR and Co. the parents of that fell disease that so often brings woe to the homes of our land, vanish, as if by magic, before the

English Carpetings, of the following descriptions viz: Superior and Medium Velvet Pile, Brussels, Tapestry Brussels, Bristol, Floor Oil Cloths, Rugs, Mats, &c.

Tubbs & Smith, Building Movers. BUILDINGS moved or raised, with chimneys standing, and without disturbing the inmates—Frames raised for Churches, or other large buildings. Work done in any other part of the country.

Wm. L. & J. W. Hitchcock. MANUFACTURERS of Ladies', and Gentlemen's BOOTS and SHOES in all their varieties.

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