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Original Poetry.

For the Weekly Journal.
"E'en as thy day thy strength shall be."
BY KATE CAMERON.

A weary time must come to all—
A time of pain and grief,
When faded hopes around us fall
As falls the autumn leaf;
When storms have rent the fairy sail
Which we so gaily spread,
And youth's bright flowers lie crushed and pale
'Neath Time's relentless tread,
Then come the words o'er life's dark sea—
"E'en as thy day thy strength shall be."
When care's dull chain hath bound the heart
With many a heavy coil,
And fancy's golden dreams depart
At the stern voice of toil;
When of the mysteries of fate
This one alone seems sure,
That we must learn, or soon or late,
To labor and endure,
How cheering then God's own decree—
"E'en as thy day thy strength shall be."
Oh! aching heart and drooping head,
Hope on, nor yet despair—
The bitter tears which thou hast shed
Shall turn to jewels fair,
And in a diadem of light
Will crown thy sainted brow,
Beyond the shadows of this night
That shrouds thy vision now;
Thy Father's smile still beams on thee—
"E'en as thy day thy strength shall be."

KATE BRADY.

A Romance of Ancient Sunbury.

CHAPTER I.

On the eastern bank of the Susquehanna, at the confluence of the north and west branches of that beautiful river, stood fort Augusta; and at the time of which we are writing, one of the frontier military posts. It was built like most of the military posts of that day, and was garrisoned by troops under the command of the king's officers. The country surrounding it was very thinly settled, and the inhabitants were daily exposed to the ravages of the Indians. On all occasions of alarm, they fled to the fort for protection, leaving their log cabins a prey to the savages, who always retreated to the wilds of the mountains after their depredations, and troubled the settlers not again until such a time had elapsed as would lull them into security. About a mile below the fort, and on the same side of the river, was situated the town of Sunbury, then composed of two or three log cabins. The inhabitants were comparatively secure from the attack of Indians on account of their proximity to fort Augusta. They gave themselves no uneasiness on account of their families while they were absent; and scarcely would the thought of an Indian enter their minds, except when their sympathy was awakened by the lurid glare of the evening sky as it glared over the burning home of the slaughtered family of some unhappy settler.

On a beautiful evening in September, just before the sun retired behind the glowing mountains of the west, a young girl emerged from the low doorway of a solitary log cabin on the bank of the river, and entered a grove of lofty pines that echoed the sweet murmur of the waters of the Susquehanna. She wore a closely fitting robe, and from beneath her straw hat, flowed over her neck and shoulders, long, rich golden curls, that wanted in the soft zephyr. She wandered along the river bank, stooping here and there to cull the wild flowers that gemmed the forest, until she reached the spot where the low stump of a pine, covered with thick moss and bedecked with flowers, formed an inviting resting place. Here she seated herself, and throwing aside her hat, began to weave a wreath from the flowers she had gathered. So deeply was she occupied that she did not perceive the approach of a youth habited in the lieutenant's uniform of colonial troops. He might have been twenty, and was of a slight nervous frame. His dark curling hair shaded a handsome face; but an expression of firmness, so unusual at his age, was increased by the slight but jetty moustache that curled upon his lip. He stood some time gazing upon the flowers, to her surprise, as they wreathed the flowers, to her snowy brow and finely marked features, with a rapturous intensity. And then, as if some sudden thought had crossed his brain, his face assumed an expression of pain, and in spite of his efforts, a deep sigh escaped from his bosom, that caused the bright form before him to spring to her feet like the graceful fawn, at the tongue of the deep-mouthed hound.

"Oh, Harry! how you did startle me," she exclaimed, as soon as she saw the cause of her fright, her pale cheek coloring like the snow-clad hills, when the morning sun tinged them with his rosyate breath.

"You must pardon me, Kate, for not apprising you of my approach; for, really, I could not find it in my heart to disturb a reverie that must have been delightful, else it could not have spread such a sweet smile over your face. But come back to your moss-cushioned chair, and, perhaps, you will permit me to partake of the pleasures your thoughts seemed giving you." Thus speaking, Harry Hunter led back the trembling girl to the rustic ottoman, and seating himself by her side, made an effort at some trivial remark, which ended in a deeper sigh than the one that had so much alarmed his fair companion a minute before.

"What in the world is the matter with you, Harry? you, who are always so merry, have been sighing here as if your heart really meant to burst. Come, you wished just now to know my thoughts; now I insist on knowing what troubles you; has your rifle missed fire, or your favorite hound lost his appetite, that your spirits are so sadly depressed?"

Though Kate Brady said this in a playful manner, either from the proximity of a sad companion, or some other cause, she permitted a half suppressed sigh to accompany the conclusion of what she had just said. These reciprocal sighs produced, as is their custom, a painful silence, which neither knew how to break, or rather, both were afraid to trust themselves to speak, for fear of repeating those very interjections that had interrupted their previous conversation. After a few minutes had elapsed, Harry took Kate's soft hand and wand within his own, and said, "Kate, I sought you here to bid you a short farewell at this spot where I have enjoyed so many happy hours in your society. The governor has ordered me to Philadelphia, and I may be sent to England. Can I—will you think of me, dear Kate, when the ocean separates us? Long have I cherished the hope that I might some day call you mine, but oh! I fear to tell my love, lest my bright visions of happiness should be dispelled. Does my love wake an echo in your heart?" And encircling her slender waist, he drew her towards him, and pressing her to his breast, their lips met in the thrilling kiss of love, and their pulses beat with wild, rapturous delight, as their throbbing bosoms pressed each other, till there seemed to be but one heart bounding in both. The nectar dew of love's first kiss had scarcely evaporated from their lips, when the sharp twang of a bow-string broke the stillness of the wood, and an arrow striking Hunter's tall cap which was fastened under his chin by leather clasps, prostrated him on the mossy carpet of the river bank. Bojnding from his hiding-place behind a fallen pine, came a giant Indian, hideous in all the paint of the war path, his long knife clutched in murderous aim. In a moment Harry was on his feet, and ere the Indian could draw the knife, his sword clashed with it. With a moment's pause he dealt his blows upon his antagonist, with the skill of an experienced fencer, the Indian warded them off with his long knife, and slowly retreated towards the thickest part of the forest. Kate, who had at first sunk to the ground in fear, now stood watching the combatants, her eyes involuntarily following each cut and parry. Although her lover repeatedly called her to fly, she remained chained to the spot, unable even to turn her eyes from the bright blades as they clashed against each other incessantly. Suddenly the savage darted behind a tree to avoid a stroke of Hunter's sword that he could not parry, and running around it, sprang like a tiger upon Harry, and bore him to the ground before he could use his sword. Quick as lightning, the knife descended full at his foe's throat. But it glanced aside from the lieutenant's strong leather stock, and buried itself up to the hilt in the sod. Before he could draw it forth, Kate sprang forward with a wild cry, seized the tomahawk which had fallen from the Indian's belt in the struggle, and struck it so deep into his skull, that the hot mixture of blood and brains was splashed over her face and bosom. The Indian clutched her hand with a convulsive grasp, and rolled beside his foe. Kate stood with staring eyes gazing on the body as it lay quivering before her, and could not with-

draw her eyes from the dreadful sight, until the dropping of the jaw, and the fixed and strong glare of those hideous orbs told her that the victory of death was certain.

Hunter, who had been severely stunned by the fall, now raised himself on his elbow. When he saw the skull of the savage split by the tomahawk, and Kate bending over him with her face and person disfigured by gore, he at once comprehended all that had taken place. He raised himself to his feet by help of a sapling and tried to speak; but the stroke of the knife, although its deadly effect had been warded off, had so injured his throat, that he was unable to speak above his breath. Laving his neck in the waters of a cool spring that gushed from the bank of the river, he soon reduced the inflammation, and his speech was restored by the tonic influence of the water. While Kate washed the blood from her face, he examined the body of the savage. The paint showed that he belonged to the Delaware tribe; his light arms, consisting of a small, but strong bow, a few arrows, a tomahawk and knife, plainly indicated that he was a runner sent to scour the country. As his pouch was empty, Hunter concluded that the party to which he belonged could not be far distant. Having made the observations, he returned to Kate. And as the shades of evening were falling, they returned along the sand at the water's edge, lest they should fall in with other savages that might be lurking in the neighborhood. When he had seen Kate safely lodged in her father's house, Hunter returned to the fort and reported to the officer of the day, the events of the evening. A sergeant was sent out with a file of men to bring in the body of the Indian, and the sentinels were doubled for the night.

CHAPTER II.

The fire blazed cheerfully on the hearth of John Brady's cabin, and the pine light fell on as comfortable a scene as a settler in those days could wish. The house of the spinning-wheel filled the room with a music that rarely cheered the families on the wild frontier. The joke and laugh went round right merrily, and each recalled the scene of last autumn's wild deer hunt as he brightened his rifle, or rolled the gay billet from the hot mold. The sons of Brady meant to have a royal hunt on the morrow, and each cleansed his piece and made his ball with glee, for they loved to chase the wild deer among its native hills. Brave hunters were they, too; for oft as the panther had crossed their path, he had never escaped their unerring aim. Tall and muscular, they feared neither man nor beast. The large hounds stretched along the floor with eyes half closed, watching the preparations for next day's hunt, with an interest that showed they, too, loved the forest sports. In the farthest corner of the room, sat, in his rude arm chair, an old man whose long white hair hung over his shoulders, and on his knee he held a beautiful girl whose golden tresses mingled with his gray locks as she rested her head fondly on his shoulder.

"Kate," said the old man, "it seems but yesterday that I held you in my arms a laughing babe, and now you've grown almost a woman. I used to dread the approach of old age, and think that when the hair became gray, the spring of love dried up, and no more joy could be felt like that within the breast of youth. But I find it strengthens with my years, and I love all my offspring with the same ardent affection I have for their mother." And he parted the glowing gold on her forehead and imprinted a kiss on her lovely cheek. She threw her white arms around her father's neck and clung to his breast like a beautiful vine entwining the aged oak in its tender folds.

Suddenly the door burst open and a tall man springing in, closed it with violence, and turned the bolts into their sockets with a rapidity that betokened something more than ordinary. His dress was in the wildest disorder, and his face was covered with huge drops of perspiration.

"What's the matter, Gray? What has scared you?" exclaimed the elder Brady.

"The Indians," gasped Gray, as he sunk into a chair and wiped the sweat from his hot brow; "fifty whooping, yelling red dev-

ils on the other door. They may pay us a visit and we'll be prepared for them. Kate, bring down my pouch and gun. I wish Sam was here, for we may need his strong arm and keen eye. Be cool, boys, and don't hurry too much."

These orders had scarcely left old Brady's lips when a rush against the door, that made it tremble on its hinges, told that the savages were upon them. But the stout oak door resisted all their efforts to force it open.

"Now," cried Gray, who had by this time recovered his breath, "now look out for fire, for them Injin devils will be sure to burn the door down."

"Do you suppose they're fools enough for that, make a light and alarm the fellows at the fort? I thought you knew better," responded one of the young Bradys. "Let them give us some light and we won't show them a trick not bad; oh no!"

By this time the boys had loaded their rifles, and the mother and the daughter stood by to reload them. Brady and Gray had become odious to Indians on account of their hatred to them and deadly aim of their rifles. More than one of their braves had paid with his life for rashly attacking these frontier men. Gray had been hunting over the Shamokin hills that day, and was surprised by a party of Delawares to whom he was particularly an object marked for revenge. They were conducting him towards their camp, when he seized a favorable moment, darted from his guards, and ran for fort Augusta. They could easily have killed him with their rifles, but that was not their purpose. The stake, with all its accompanying horrors, was to be his portion. They succeeded in getting between him and the fort, and they were sure of their victim, when he dashed into Brady's cabin. Their exultation was unbounded when they discovered that their old enemies were so near within their grasp. But their band did not amount to more than thirty men, and the greatest care was necessary lest the troops from the fort should be brought down upon them. While the savages were deliberating upon the mode of attack, Brady and his sons were not idle. Each took his station at a loop-hole, of which a number were left on each side of the house, with his rifle ready for execution. They did not wait long before the light of a small torch was visible among the trees. As the bearer of it drew into the open space in front of the house, a party of savages, in all their horrid war guise, were revealed by its light. A tall Indian, with a long black plume in his hair, dashed the torch from the hand of his imprudent follower in an instant, but it was too late. Seven of the marauders fell before the rifles of the defenders of the cabin.

"Let them show us some more light and we'll give them another salute," cried old Brady, "keep your eyes open, boys; if that noise don't bring down aid from the fort, we'll have sharp work yet."

The word had scarcely left his lips, when a noise in the upper story of the house attracted his attention. Again and again the noise is repeated. Again the muffled sound is like the stealthy tread of a moccasined foot. In a moment he was at the bottom of the rude stairs, but his foot had not touched the first step before a tomahawk had cleft his skull, and his dark-plumed warrior sprang over his body, followed by the whole band. They had climbed upon the roof and descended through the trap-door. Drawing their knives, the young braves rushed upon them. Fierce was the contest for a short space. But what could those few avail against the fearful odds? A few minutes beheld the savages triumphant tearing the bloody scalp from the mangled bodies of the parents and five sons. Gray was seized by the black-plumed warrior and hurled to the floor before he could draw his knife. Now he was bound hand and foot upon the bloody hearth. Kate was firmly held by two savages, and struggled fiercely with them as they bore her from the house. At the door stood her father's horses, held by some of the Indians. Raven Wing, the chief with the dark plume, mounting a noble black charger, and placing the half-animate body of Kate before him, dashed along the river shore. After him came his band, some on horseback and others on foot, just as "to arms" pealed from the garrison drum over the stillness of the

night. Two powerful savages yet remained, who after firing the cabin, placed Gray before them, and galloped after their companions.

The flames darted their forked tongues above the cabin's roof, and fanned by the wind, they played over the perishing building as fiendish men exult and rejoice over their ruined and fallen fellows.

CHAPTER III.

After a long season of cloud and storm the return of sunshine and calm is doubly grateful. When the buoyant spirits of youth have been crushed down by the weight of adversity, they spring up in all their elasticity when the cause is removed, and if a few clouds do linger about the horizon, they are gorgeously arrayed in the purple and gold of youthful hopes, by the ascending sun of prosperity. Two months ago we saw Harry Hunter depressed in spirits, in spite of the happy interview with Kate. He was then on the eve of departure for head quarters at Philadelphia, whither he had been summoned to answer a high charge preferred against him by an envious rival. On the morning after the night on which Brady and his family were massacred, he was within half a day's easy march to fort Augusta, at the head of a company of mounted rangers. He had been at head quarters, proved his innocence, and established such a high reputation that he was immediately promoted to the high rank of captain, and appointed to the command of fort Augusta. The morning was one of those when nature seems to summon all her powers to deck the earth in brightness and beauty before stern winter reigns. The men and horses felt the influence of the bracing air, and dashed along at a pace that made the frosty earth tremble. They halted at the top of a high hill overlooking the valley of the Susquehanna, to breathe their horses. Harry rode forward to the brow of the hill, for his spirits were high, and he could ill brook delay. The sun had been up but a few hours and a gentle air rippled the surface of the broad river as its tiny waves danced in the sunlight. The few leaves that lingered on the trees were of the richest hues. The heavy frost which had fallen during the night covered the branches with silver.

"Look," said Capt. Hunter, calling his lieutenant to his side, "look at the landscape! Did you ever see anything more beautiful, Wallace? See, far down in the valley, the bright crimson leaves of the hickory and maple, scattered abroad on the bright silvered branches. They seem to me, as they move in the breeze, like the wands of a myriad of fairies beckoning us to their beautiful solitude. Let us go on." And the loud tones of a military command rang through the wood as he turned, and they galloped swiftly down the descent.

"I think you told me of some pretty woman of yours in these wilds," said Lieutenant Wallace, as he spurred his steed to the side of Hunter.

"So I did," answered Harry; "Kate Brady is a beautiful girl, Gus, and one that would not be thrown into the shade among the brightest belles of the city. We are not far from her father's house now. Look there; the smoke is curling above the tops of the trees. Over this hill, and in a moment we will be there."

"And you will see your fair lady," returned Wallace.

Onward they rode; over the little hill across the plain, and they wheel around the corner of the road. How Harry spurred his charger as they neared the corner of the road by which the cabin stood. How his heart leaped and his pulse thrilled as in imagination he already beheld the form of his beloved Kate flying to meet him. With a swift leap the steed turned the angle of the wood, and as quickly was he thrown on his haunches by the sudden curb of his rider.

"God of heaven," exclaimed Hunter, as instead of the cheerful cottage, the smoldering ruins met his eye. All grew dark before him, and he would have fallen from his horse had not Wallace sprung to his side and supported him. Claspings his hands convulsively over his forehead for a moment, he dashed them from him, as if to tear the dreadful sight from his memory. Then striking the spurs into his horse's flesh, he rode madly into the fort. He leaped from the saddle as soon as he had entered the gates and wildly sought of the soldiers the fate of the Bradys. The tale

was soon told.

"All gone—gone forever," he groaned, as the sad tidings were finished.

"No, hunter, not all; one remains to avenge their murder," said a solemn voice, and Sam Brady stepping forward took Hunter by the hand.

"Have the Indians been pursued?" eagerly demanded Harry.

"We dare not send a detachment of sufficient strength in pursuit, for our garrison is small, and none would be left to defend it," answered the officer on duty. "We traced them as far as the mouth of the creek, and from the marks on the other side, they must have gone down the river."

"Then I'll follow him," said Hunter, and he ordered fresh horses to be brought from the stables.

In a short time the horses were ready, and Hunter, selecting a dozen men on whose skill and courage he could rely, set off at a gallop down the bank of the river, accompanied by Wallace and Brady. They soon reached the banks of the creek, which was about two miles from the fort, and, to their great satisfaction, discovered the trail of the retreating Indians, which was broad and easy to be followed; for, mad with joy at having their old enemy again, they had neglected their usual precaution of concealing their track. As soon as they had crossed the creek, Brady proposed to be their advanced guard, for he said there might be some of the "red devils scouting about yet." His request being granted, he went swiftly forward and was soon lost sight of among the trees. With Brady in advance they had nothing to fear; for he was skilled in all the wiles of Indian warfare, and could follow a trail or detect a trick as readily as the most cunning of the tribes. The party had followed the trail at a rapid rate for five or six hours, and the sun had already descended midway in the western heavens, when they were suddenly brought to a halt by discovering that Brady's track was no longer visible. After a little search, they found that he had wheeled his horse abruptly from the trail, and had taken his course along the sandy shore of the river. They had not proceeded far before they found his horse concealed in a thicket of young willows, and soon saw his tall figure on a rock, making gestures to them in a vehement manner to stop. As soon as the party stopped, he sprang from the rock and ran swiftly toward them. They knew by the joy depicted on his countenance that the objects of the search were found, for his face shone with light, and the fire of his eye was like that of the tiger when the prey is in its power, and it has nothing to do but spring upon it and look upon its writhings in the agonies of death.

"Come on!" he cried, as he approached, "here they are; twenty red hell cats all setting around old Gray and holding a council over him. Squaws too; a regular camp of 'em; and Kate in the middle, and they are patting her cheek and playing with her hair just as if she was a pet deer. Hurra! let's get at it. I feel myself scalping some of them already!" and he brandished his hunting knife, and danced upon the shore in ecstasy.

"Captain, the man is insane," whispered Wallace; "his affliction has upset his brain. If we don't take care he'll certainly spoil our game."

"Come! Brady, keep cool," said Hunter; "if the Indians bear you, we will not be able to rescue the prisoners. Show us the spot where you saw them."

"Cool, captain, I'm as cool as a rattlesnake. Come on, boys; look to your flints and priming, and look how you tramp on rotten sticks. Hark at the devils; they are bringing Gray; look at the smoke. Hurra!" and away flew Brady, followed by the rest.

The bank, at the place they then were, was about five feet high, and covered by small bushes; but further down, the river flowed along the base of a mountain whose side was almost perpendicular; and here and there small trees grew on the scanty soil left by the fissures of the rocks. Along the shores, behind the low bank, the soldiers, led by Brady, crept silently. At a motion from him they halted and looked in the direction of the Indian camp. There were a few bark wigwags; and in front of them a crowd of Indians of both sexes were gathered around the victim. Two saplings were stripped of the branches, were bent, and their tops lashed together so as to

form a most perfect arch. Suspended in a horizontal position between these, with his face downward, was old Gray; and beneath him a fire of green pine blazed and smoked. At each side stood an Indian armed with a long pole sharpened at the end; and with these they swung him slowly through the fire, inflicting a deep wound each time they touched him. Each time he passed through the fire and smoke he writhed in agony, but not a cry escaped him, and an expression of disappointment was visible on the savage countenances of his torturers as they saw a white man endure their ordeals without a groan. The quick eye of Harry soon detected the form of Kate Brady amid the group. Raven Wing held her half lifeless form as she turned in horror from the sight. But he twined his huge arm around her waist and would not permit her to leave the crowd, although a lovely Indian maiden of her knees begged to have charge of the fair burden. Scarcely had the beholders recovered from the first shock of horror, when Gray, in attempting to free himself, broke the grape-vine which suspended him and fell into the fire below. A wild shout of exultation broke from the savages as they closed around the old man, who struggled on the bed of burning pitch.

"Now is the time," cried Hunter, "rest your muskets on the bank and take deliberate aim. Ready, fire!"

Shrill cries of agony and the wild war-whoop rang through the forest, mingled with the roar of musketry, and ere the smoke had cleared away, the loud "charge" sounded, and Hunter rushed forward at the head of his men. There was little use for the bayonet; for fourteen of the Indians lay dead upon the ground, and all the rest were flying through the woods. Brady, leaping upon the body of a fallen savage, tore the reeking scalp from his head, and, dipping his hands in blood and lifting them towards Heaven, vowed eternal vengeance on the red man's race. "Well did he keep his vow; for never afterwards did he see an Indian without feeling his vengeance. Kate was gone and no vestige of her was visible. At length Wallace discovered a piece of her dress hanging on a bush, and a few hundred yards in advance, the gigantic Raven Wing, flying with Kate thrown over his shoulder to shield him from the bullets. Instant pursuit was given, yet the Indian, hardened as he was, gained rapidly on his pursuers. Suddenly he staggered and fell, and Kate Brady disengaged herself from his grasp, stood up. She had taken his knife from his belt and stabbed him to the heart. As Raven Wing struggled with death, Kate stood gazing upon the fearful working of his face as though his eyes, which started from their sockets, had the power of fascination. Hunter gently tore her from the scene and pressed her to his bosom. Gray had been dragged from the fire a mangled, half-burned corpse and was buried under the place which had been the scene of his late suffering.

Many years have passed since the massacre of the Brady family. A beautiful town surrounds the spot where their rude cabin stood. Before it extends the Susquehanna, on whose broad, placid bosom the adjacent country is reflected like the whole surface seems one grand panorama. It matters not what way the eye is turned, a scene of beauty and magnificence presents itself. Walk through the wide streets of the town, see its shady bowers; its walks on whose grassy carpet the rain-drops sparkle like diamonds, in the moonlight. Ascend Mr. Pleasant's lofty top and view the landscape that is stretched out for miles in every direction, so beautiful, so grand, so lovely and magnificent, that volumes could scarcely do it justice. Near the town stands a large and handsome house, almost hidden by lofty elm and lind trees. Around it are broad rich fields, on which the golden grain and waving corn smile in profusion. On the lawn you may sometimes see a party of young persons dancing in the mellow sunset, or beneath the silver moon, while a man whose long snowy hair floats on the wind, draws from the violin its sweetest tones. A smile of calm delight illumines his face as he gazes on the group before him; and occasionally a tear glistens in his eye when the recollections of his early life pass through his mind, but he sees before him the living images of his early friends. You might recognize in him the firm and true friend of Harry Hunter Wallace. Here live the descendants of Harry and Kate. A chaste marble shaft, half hidden among a grove of arbutus, points out the spot where they repose in the same grave. They lived in happiness and wealth, and "went down to their graves calmly, and without fear. There were tears for their death when their spirits were with God."

SQUIRRELS.—The mayor of Boston has procured a lot of gray and red squirrels from Vermont, and let them loose upon the trees in Boston common—to amuse the young folks and add to the attractions of the common.

CIDER.—In 1745, a part of the contract of settlement between Rev. Mr. Porter, and the society of Ipswich, Mass., over which he was settled, was a grant of eight barrels of cider annually.

EFFECTS OF WAR.—"Seven years' fighting," says Jeremy Taylor, "sets a whole kingdom back in learning and virtue to which they were creeping, it may be, a whole age."

CROPS AT THE SOUTH.—The Petersburg Intelligencer gives flattering accounts of the tobacco and wheat crops in that region, and in Warren county, North Carolina.

FACTORY OPERATIVES.—All of the corporation agents in Manchester, N. H., were once operatives, and all married factory girls.

If a good act benefits no one else, it benefits the doer.

The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPPEE, SATURDAY, June 30, 1855

S. M. PETERS & 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.

JAMES C. PRATT, Editor.

UTAH.

Difficult political questions are constantly arising in every great nation, requiring the most profound wisdom of accomplished statesmen to meet them. The question as to what shall be the future of the Mormon territory is certainly a difficult one; but, nevertheless, it must be met. Emigrants from all parts of the world are flocking to the dominions of Brigham Young. Utah has now about fifty thousand inhabitants, and this number will soon be doubled, and all of them will be blind adherents of their spiritual and political ruler. Our statesmen will be perplexed in attempting to decide the Utah question.

It would be useless to endeavor to polish the incongruities and monstrosities of Mormonism. It stifles individualism, reduces woman to the lowest kind of vassalage, destroys family relations—in short, degrades man, and obliterates all his finer feelings.

But what shall be done with the territory? If she is not admitted as a state, she will, in all probability, become an independent nation. Here is a dilemma, with two horns, and we must take one of them. Evils would flow from her admission as a state, but would not still greater evils result from there being an independent nation, great in extent, between the Atlantic and Pacific states? The question is simply a choice of evils.

All history fully demonstrates that nothing will help any religious sect—no matter how absurd its pretensions—so much as persecution. For that reason, it would be exceedingly unwise for our government to send an army to Utah, to keep her in colonial vassalage—unwise, for it would increase the very evils which we want to see checked, as such a course would make the followers of Young a perfect unit, determined to propagate their faith by every means which ingenuity can suggest—while, on the other hand, if we do not meddle with them in the manner spoken of, and do not refuse to admit Utah into the confederacy, Mormonism may explode, owing to its own internal dissensions.

GOV. REEDER.—Seven months ago, Gov. Reeder speculated some in land in Kansas. The governors of other territories have done the same, and never been removed, or even reprimanded, for so doing. Mr. Stoecker, who is well acquainted with governor Gorman of Minnesota, informs us that he knows that Gorman has speculated in Minnesota lands to the amount of many thousands of dollars. But, because Reeder has discharged his duties like a man, and not obeyed Atchison and Stringfellow, President Pierce now threatens to remove him, upon the flimsy pretext of land speculation. Why has not Pierce thought of this matter before? It happened seven months ago. And why does he not remove Gorman, and other territorial governors, for the same reason?

Reeder, in reply to the letter written by secretary Marcy threatening removal unless he gives a satisfactory explanation, states that while he was in Washington not a word was said to him upon the subject, and that he will answer the charges brought against him as soon as he arrives in Kansas.

If Reeder is removed, we hope the people will elect him for Pierce's successor in the presidential chair.

IN WANT OF MEN.—Both England and Russia appear to be hard pushed to find human food for powder in the present sanguinary war they are waging, for while England is enlisting foreigners in America and Germany, Russia has brought into Europe the barbarous hordes of Asiatic Tartary, and are forcibly incorporating into their army the Armenians and Kurds.

STATE ELECTIONS.—State elections will take place on the first Monday of August in Alabama, Arkansas, Iowa, Kentucky, Missouri and Texas; in Tennessee on the first Thursday of the same month, and in North Carolina on the second Tuesday thereof; in Maine on the second Monday of September, and in Vermont on the first Tuesday of the same month.

NEWSPAPERS FREE OF POSTAGE.—Canada is getting ahead of the United States in some things. Newspapers are to pass through the mails free of postage after July 1st. This will lead to a large increase of the circulation of the provincial journals, and confer a real blessing upon the people.

Two lines are sometimes required to fill out a column.

CHICOPPEE NEWS.

Hot weather has at last come, in good earnest. Our soda-fountains are doing a good business; and every body is trying to "keep cool." Inflammatory discussions should now be avoided, for the heat of the sun is sufficient. In the words of the poet:—

"Now all day long the locusts sang
Among the leafless trees;
Three new hotels warped inside out,
The pumps could only wheeze;
And ripe old wine, that twenty years
Had collobbed o'er in vain,
Came spouting through the rotten corks,
Like Joly's best champagne!"

A young man by the name of Patrick Jennings was drowned in the "canal" in this village last week; his body was found on Saturday, opposite No. 4 Perkins mill. He was formerly in the employ of Amasa Bullens, who gives him an excellent character. His age was about 20. A coroner's inquest was held, and the decision was that it was impossible to decide whether it was a case of accidental drowning, suicide, or murder.

Of course, nothing will be done in this village on the 4th—unless by the boys, who will have a chance to give vent to their youthful patriotism, by burning fire-crackers and discharging miniature artillery. A pleasant way to celebrate is to form a company, composed of both the stern and gentle elements, retire to a grove, and have a picnic. Refreshments, short speeches and sentiments go well together.

On Monday afternoon, our voters accepted the police court bill, by a vote of 191 to 55. Owing to rain, or something else, the vote was very light. We hear M. D. Whittaker, Esq. of Chicopee Falls mentioned for justice. He is every way qualified for the office, and his appointment will give universal satisfaction.

J. D. Ashton has just completed three locomotive boilers—their aggregate weight being eight tons; also, two water flumes, weighing about thirty-three hundred lbs. each; and has considerable unfinished work on hand. He has recently made a contract with a company in Manchester, N. H., to make a water-flume weighing thirty tons. Mr. A. informs us that he has made arrangements to have a part of his work done in New York city, Lowell and Springfield.

It is unpleasant enough to see a man intoxicated, but to witness a woman in that state is— we can not find language to express the idea. On Wednesday afternoon officer Swift might have been seen wheeling a buxom Irish lass to the lock-up, which act he performed in a very dignified manner. The day was hot, the woman heavy and in the last stages of intoxication, but the undaunted constable overcame every obstacle, and carried his freight to the lock-up, where she remained until she became sober, and was then allowed her liberty. It was a pity that some skillful painter was not standing near, to sketch the scene upon the glowing canvas. But, thank fortune, a poet was looking on, and, well knowing how to put in the lofty touches, has furnished us the following. "Amicus" is "always ready":

Though much be said about the harrow,
Comment us to a good wheelbarrow;
We made a note of admiration
On seeing one wheeled to "the station."
We thought that driver pretty strong
Who wheeled that cargo right along.
"Skip!" folks are proud of their horse power,
They're landed there within the hour;
Their glory is now sent adrift—
The barrow is by far more swift.
The novelty is in the team—
Ere long 'twill take the place of steam.
If we should make so swift a passage,
We'd like to get some bread and sausage,
And take a bite lest we'd "grin out!"
Should the power pause upon the route,
Procurer's bed was like the harrow—
We'd rather choose a good wheelbarrow.
—YE CONSTATABLE.

The woman says she drank only one glass of cider, and must have been drugged.

A house on School st., belonging to R. E. Bemis, Esq., and occupied by John Brainerd, and supposed to be used for the sale of liquor, was searched by officer Whittaker on Wednesday. One bottle was found under a floor, in a mud hole; another bottle under the cellar stairs, in mud and shavings; a large three gallon jug and a pint bottle in a cupboard—all containing liquor. The case will come before Justice Ladd.

On Sunday morning, at about 5 o'clock, two young women entered the front doorway of John A. Denison, plucked all the flowers therein and badly mutilated a beautiful rose-bush. A member of the family heard the noise caused by the shutting of the gate, and looked out in time to see the interesting ladies take their departure.

Bishop Lee, of Iowa, preached in Grace church last Sabbath. He is brother to the wife of Dr. J. B. Bridgman, of this place.

Last Sunday, Bishop Fitzpatrick was in town, and confirmed 395 persons.

Chicopee is again to be invaded by the Indians. On Tuesday, there will be another exhibition. Those who like variety will probably attend.

There is in this office a map of the new city of St. Peter, in Minnesota, where J. C. Stoecker resides, and furnished us by

him. Those who wish information concerning Minnesota should apply to Henry M. Kenty, of St. Paul, who probably knows as much about the territory as any man in it.

On Monday, Wm. Bigelow was arrested by officer Whittaker, and brought before A. Doolittle, Esq., charged with being a common drunkard. Found guilty, and sent to the house of correction for 5 months. He appealed, and was ordered to furnish sureties in the sum of fifty dollars, which he did, and was discharged.

We understand that Mr. Leonard, who has faithfully served the district as a teacher in the Grammar school of this village, has decided to close his labors here with the present term.

It is generally acknowledged that the most palatable fruit is the strawberry. As we were wearily plodding at setting type on Thursday forenoon, half disconsolate with fatigue, and feeling somewhat inclined to look upon the world as a magnificent humbug, friend J. C. Bowker made his appearance, holding in his right hand a quart bowl, filled to the brim with strawberries of the largest size, which he presented to us, with the respects of his "better half." After looking at and tasting of them, and especially taking into consideration the kind feeling which prompted the gift, the fact became evident that "life has its sunny side."

Any one wishing to subscribe for the "Ladies' Enterprise"—a valuable paper for females—can do so by calling at the residence of Mrs. Wm. Reed, on Park st., or at this office. We shall be happy to receive names for it, provided those wishing to subscribe will not hinder us from our business too long in talking over the matter.

For the Weekly Journal.

Mr. PRATT:—My attention has just been called to an article in your paper of the 9th inst., in which you say the robbers of King's bakery were traced to my house. Now, sir, this is not only false in fact, but has not a shadow of foundation to rest upon. No burglars, robbers, or thieves, have ever been in my house. Officer Porter, with assistants, came to my house on Sunday the 3d, pretending to be after thieves and stolen property, and insolently required all of us to open our trunks and drawers, and expose their contents to their examination and inspection. Though we remonstrated and protested against it, they persisted, searched our beds and the whole house. We demanded again and again to know by what authority they were thus acting, and whether they had a warrant, and if they had, they were requested to read it or state its contents, all of which they refused to do. I am well advised that by this and their conduct, under the law of 1852, they have made themselves liable not only to a fine of \$100, but to imprisonment, and I intend, unless they make some suitable amend, some apology for their insults and rudeness, to seek the remedy the law provides. Your paper says Justice Doolittle issued his warrant on Sunday for the search, arrest, &c. He had better show some of his authority to do this on Sunday before he issues another. He may yet find, though he do little, he had better do less.

The article is calculated to give the public the impression that my house is the harbor of thieves and criminals, and unless you intend this impression shall remain, you will do what you can to remove it by publishing this, and setting the matter right.

DESIRED ELDER.

For the Weekly Journal.

Mr. EDITOR:—I see in your last week's paper a communication signed "G.," referring to me, and I say me for two reasons. 1st—it speaks of the person alluded to as once being constable; 2d—the article says "the initials of his name are not far down the alphabet." The tone of the communication plainly shows who wrote it, as it is slanderously bitter and abusive, and filled with epithets which no high-minded man would indulge in. A depraved mind is always trying to puff others down. I shall not descend so low as to reply in his style, for he is well known to the community, and so am I. He and myself have resided in this town for years, and I am willing to refer the question to the respectable portion of it (not the rowdies) whether I am so mean a person as he attempts to show, and whether, if I am unfitted for magistracy, he is not a great deal more so. The writer says that I am not fit to act as a justice of the peace; it would not become me to say that I am, for self-praise does not look well. He is a justice of the peace, and as he has grossly attacked me as such, I shall speak of his qualifications for that office. He daily blasphemizes God and man, and sometimes uses expressions too horrible to put in print. Take him as he is, he is qualified to act as magistrate?—

The communication written by "G." will injure himself much more than me. I am willing to have people investigate the qualifications of both of us for justice of the peace. AMORY DOOLITTLE.

E. P. Kimball has left in this office a strawberry weighing half an ounce, and 4 5/8 inches in circumference.

THE SLATE QUARRIES OF VERMONT.

On the traveled highway between Greenfield, Mass., and Brattleboro, Vt., in the town of Guilford in the latter state, are extensive quarries of slate, of which brief notice will be interesting to our readers. They lie upon both sides of the road, and rise to a height of more than 100 feet. The strata are very regular, having a direction north, 5 deg. east, and a dip from 70 deg. to 75 deg. west, or 15 deg. to 20 deg. from a perpendicular direction. The quantity of slate in this deposit is inexhaustible. It covers an area of more than 400 acres, and presents a face 20 to 120 feet from below, upward, without going down to the level of the road-bed, and after leaving a sufficient fall for drainage and the dumping of waste material. The slate obtained here is of a dark-blue color, and exceedingly durable. As is well known, the durability of slate is governed chiefly by its power to resist the absorption of water, and in this particular Guilford slate stands preeminent. More than one hundred men are now employed in getting out slate, and the business is constantly increasing. The slate is removed from the quarries in large blocks by means of drills and crow-bars, and in some cases by blasting. These blocks are split into pieces of a size convenient for removal by hand, and wheeled to the buildings where the further processes of manufacture are carried forward to completion. Formerly the process of cutting slate was performed by hand, but it is now done by machinery, whereby a large saving is made and the work is accomplished in a better manner than it was by hand. Fifteen machines are now in operation, which cut about fifty squares of slate per day. It will readily be seen that the slate can be quarried with the greatest facility, but little expense for drainage and none for shafts being necessary. The layers are uniform, and slate of any required dimension can be obtained without difficulty. The quarries are within about two miles of the Vermont and Massachusetts railroad; of course they are easy of access. They belong to the "New England Mining and Quarrying Company."—New York Tribune.

Dr. CLOUGH'S COLUMBIAN PILLS—as manufactured by Wm. Renne, of Pittsfield, Mass., are by no means a new discovery. They are no "Indian Remedy" humbug, neither will their use in any case

"Recreate a soul beneath the ribs of death." We frankly say, they are composed of ingredients which have obtained a world-wide renown among the most intelligent and skillful of the Medical Faculty, as being potent specifics for such diseases as we recommend these Pills to cure. We pledge our honor there is no mineral substance in these Pills!

THE "FAMINE" AT THE WEST.—At Buffalo and Oswego the receipts reported on Monday week, reached 7824 bbls. flour, 82,897 bushels of wheat, 180,027 bushels of corn, and 194,275 bushels of oats. Pretty fair for one day. In the face of the immense receipts of corn, and the export demand but nominal, with a limited distilling business, the present prices of this description of grain can not be maintained.

HENRY CLAY.—Henry Clay, in his last great speech in the United States senate, said:

"I repeat it, sir, I never can, and never will, and no earthly power can make me, vote directly to spread slavery over territory where it does not exist. Never while reason holds her seat in my brain—never while my heart sends the vital fluid through my veins, never!"

This is a very striking remark of De Quincy, in one of his essays: "Russia is a mighty power, as respects the simple grandeur of magnitude, builds her power upon sterility. She puts it in her power to seduce an invading host into vast circles of starvation of which the radii measures a thousand leagues."

TURKS BECOMING LIBERAL.—The duke and duchess of Brabant, on their late visit to Jerusalem, were permitted to enter and examine the mosque of Omar, built on the second site of the temple of the holy city. They are the first Christians who have been permitted to enter this Mussulman church.

OAK HALL, BOSTON.—There is no place where you can get greater bargains in clothing than at Oak Hall, Boston. By purchasing there, you will save enough to buy an extra garment. The simple reason is, the proprietor carries out the system of large sales—small profits. One price only.

TEMPERANCE IN BROOKLYN.—It is stated by the mayor of Brooklyn that over three hundred wives have called upon him since the first of January of the present year, to complain of their drunken husbands, who squandered all their money in rum, and left them without the means of support.

THE KNOW NOTHING STATE COUNCIL, on Thursday, took decided anti-slavery ground and endorsed the course of the Massachusetts delegates at the Philadelphia convention.

SINGULAR DEATH.—The Athens, Ala., Herald says that a youth died there last week from the sting of a locust.

For the Weekly Journal.
Mr. EDITOR:—Will you insert the following account of the celebration of the birthday of Hahnemann, from the New Church Herald:

BIRTH-DAY OF HAHNEMANN.

The first centennial anniversary of the birth of Hahnemann was celebrated by the friends of homeopathy, at the Sanson street hall, in this city, on the 10th inst. The exercises were of an interesting character and produced the most happy effect. They were introduced by the grand chorus from Haydn's "Oratorio of the creation," "chaos" and "there was light." To render the effect more striking, the hall was partially lighted, until after the instrumental introduction, and the masterly vocal performance had preceded as far as the sentence "and there was light," when suddenly the full head of gas was turned on, and every chandelier was made to shed the most brilliant light upon the audience. This was certainly an elegant symbolical representation of the dawning of truth upon the world after an eclipse of dark ages, during which all was obscurity. Next followed an oration from Dr. Edward Bayard of New York on the "discoveries of Hahnemann in medicine," a view of its past and present state. The oration was unquestionably a source of great interest to disciples of Hahnemann and friends of homeopathy, for in their estimation, a disclosure of these discoveries was confirmatory of the belief, that attending Hahnemann's mission, there was light! Immediately after this oration the solo and chorus "He shall feed His flock," and "His yoke is easy," (from the oratorio of the Messiah) was sung in a splendid manner, leaving a delightful impression. The second part of the ceremonies was introduced by a grand chorus, "For unto as a child is born," from the oratorio of the Messiah, after which Dr. B. F. Joslin delivered an oration on "the life, character and investigations of Hahnemann," which proved a source of further interest, as it disclosed the fact that Hahnemann was, least, well prepared and worthy of being the instrument of effecting a mighty reform in medicine. This part of the ceremonies was closed by the grand chorus, "The heavens are telling the glory of God," which was performed in the most majestic manner and with the most thrilling effect. The third part of the exercises was introduced by an overture from a full orchestra, and followed by a chaste and interesting oration giving "a philosophical view of homeopathy," by J. P. Duke, of Pittsburg; after which the exercises concluded by a Quartette and Chorus from a National opera. The whole passed off in a manner becoming the occasion. The conviction of the truth of Hahnemann's doctrines seems to have fastened itself upon the minds of a very large, respectable, and intelligent class of mankind. The cause, without doubt, is the descent of the New Jerusalem whose transforming effect is to "create all things new."

The day was also observed in many of the large cities. In Boston, the meeting was held in Tremont Temple, where a large and interested audience listened to an address and poem—the exercises being interspersed with excellent music—after which all repaired to Faneuil Hall, where a collation was prepared. After doing justice to the eatables, the meeting was called to order by Hon. E. West, M. D., Lieutenant Gov. Brown was then called upon to preside. After making some appropriate remarks, he called upon a number of distinguished gentlemen for remarks, among whom were Hon. John P. Hale, Judge Russell and Rev. Mr. Parker. The meeting adjourned with the feeling that they had commemorated the birth-day of a great man—the discoverer of the only law of cure.

Cox.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

Whereas, certain slanderous reports have been in circulation for a few weeks past respecting two young ladies of this village, we, the friends of these young ladies, after having fully and fairly investigated the cause of these reports, fully and unhesitatingly assert that these reports are base and wicked fabrications, founded on no real ground whatever. We were determined, if possible, to ascertain the truth of these reports, and have had a number of interviews with the two young men who first originated them. And, after having been assured by them that they had told us all they knew of the whole affair, which was a mere trifle, and having been told by us it would be necessary for them to retract what they had reported, and after having been assured by some of their friends, to whom they first reported it, that they had done so, this position, for the sake of their own honor and truthfulness, we thought they would maintain. But, instead of this, the next day they boldly declared to others that they could maintain their first assertions. And they not only did this, but, with other evil minded persons, have invented and circulated other reports equally false, in order to make the first more firmly believed. A little petty scandal is not worthy of notice, but to have one's character thus openly and violently assailed is no trifling matter.

It is well known that there are a few young men or boys in this village, who, at the hour for the Baptist singing school, instead of entering the church, hang around the steps, to watch the movements of other young men, (who are, to say the least, a little more decent than themselves), to ascertain if they can not see or hear something upon which to hang a story for the ensuing week. And then, there are parents among us who talk wisely and well of keeping their daughters at home, whose sons roam the streets for the sake of making mischief, or some other wrong motive. In ascertaining the ground of these reports, we see practically illustrated the truth of the words:—"He that uttereth a slander is a fool, but he that refraineth his lips is wise."

D. MORGAN,
N. S. MORGAN,
H. SEARLE.

OPIMUM EATING.—New York papers state that the use of opium is increasing rapidly in that city, and suggest that as its effects are not less deleterious than those resulting from the sale of ardent spirits, its sale ought to be repressed by law.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, Pres't
 GEO. FAIRCHILD, Sec'y.

Chicago, May 25-4t

Nos. 83 & 85 Cornhill, and 6 & 8 Brattle street
BOSTON.

Sign of Large Watch, Exchange street, Chicago
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