

The Weekly Journal.

Volume 2.

CHICOPEE, Mass., SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1854.

Number 6.

Poetry.

An Old Romish Legend.

It chanted within a cloister's wall,
A pious monk, one day
Entered his darkened cell,
In solitude to pray.
While fervent to the Holy one
His earnest prayer arose,
Within his lowly, darkened room,
A light unearthly glows.
Before him stands a God-like form,
With outstretched hands and looks of love;
His heart beats high, with rapture warm;
Surprised and woe, he cannot move.
While thus he stands with joy elate,
The convent bell rings clear;
The poor are crowding to the gate,
And duty calls him there.
And must he quit that holy spot,
For the dull round of daily care?
Go where the Saviour followeth not,
His loneliness to cheer?
An instant paused he, full of woe,
The next he turned away;
To do the Saviour's work I go,
I must not dare to stay.
The duty done, the poor relieved,
The work of charity complete,
With heart full sorely tried and grieved,
He turns him from the gate.
And doubting not the vision fair
Had vanished from the place,
With lingering steps and bow of care,
Eaters his cell, with saddened face.
But to his joy, it was there still,
And with a smile benignant, said,
"Well hast thou wrought thy Master's will,
For hast thou tarried, I had fled!"

Sketches of Travel.

HISTORY OF A RUSSIAN PASSPORT.

Immediately after the Polish revolution of 1831 the Russian Government issued several decrees relative to the granting of passports which rendered it a very difficult enterprise to travel from Russia to any country of Western Europe. True to a policy of allowing all its oppressive measures to be put so gradually into force as not to awaken any great degree of public attention, the Government did not, however at first carry out the system in its full stringency; but by degrees new decrees were added, until it was rendered almost impossible for any unimportant subject of his autocratic Majesty to leave Russia without being especially favored by the Government; and even around the wealthier subjects the net was drawn so closely that none could escape without being marked. The minimum sum of thirty Prussian dollars was fixed for the Government stamp on a passport, to be increased at pleasure to five times that amount, according to the rank and riches of the applicant. In addition to this, the officials in the various departments through which applications for passports are made, have secret orders to place as many difficulties in the way of the applicant as circumstances will admit, so as to tire out his patience and exhaust his means. If, therefore at any time an uncommonly great number of Russian subjects are found travelling on the Continent, we may feel assured that the Government has for some reason of its own granted unusual facilities for leaving the country.

The following sketch of an attempt to obtain a passport, made a few years ago by a gentleman, who, though of foreign parentage, was born in the south of Poland, gives a correct view of the system, and at the same time affords a deep insight into the general character of Russian administration.

This gentleman was desirous of visiting Germany in the ensuing summer; and being well aware of the difficulties with which he would have to contend, began his operations in the middle of the winter by applying to a lawyer, an intimate and trusted friend, for advice how to proceed. The lawyer assured him that, however diligently he might work at the matter, he would for a very long time remain in a state of uncertainty as to whether or not he had progressed at all, but that the officials with whom he would have to deal would, in the meanwhile, take care to drain his purse. If, however, he was to proceed with any chance of success, it would not be sufficient to state in his application for the passport that he was desirous of visiting his relatives in Germany; but if he could not produce a written attestation that he was to take possession of an inheritance abroad, it would be necessary to secure the kind offices of some

doctor—in preference the head surgeon of some Russian regiment, and obtain from him a certificate that the waters of some German bath or other were necessary for his health.

Acting in accordance with this advice, and thinking he would manage very cleverly, Mr. N—— called in a civilian doctor whom he knew to be very intimate with one of the military surgeons, and assured him that he was suffering very much from a bad liver. The doctor prescribed for some time, until at length the patient ventured to suggest that nothing but the use of certain German waters would do him any good. The peculiar emphasis which he laid on the words conveyed his full meaning to the doctor, who on his next visit presented the poor patient with a certificate, recommending the use of the Carlsbad water for eight months, accompanied by a bill of twenty ducats for attendance. The patient, who was desirous of being quite sure that the cure would prove efficacious, now asked the doctor to procure him a similar certificate from a Russian regiment surgeon. This was promised, but of course it became necessary that the surgeon also should be called in and consulted, and Mr. N—— thus obtained two certificates, a Polish and a Russian one, but not without paying liberally for both.

The next step was to have these certificates verified by the military authorities, for otherwise they would not be recognized in the various departments through which they would have to pass. This cost very little trouble, and but one silver ruble in money. Without the assistance of this ruble it would scarcely have been possible to persuade the official concerned to sign the certificates. Mr. N—— had next to apply to the municipal council for an attestation that he had always proved himself a good citizen, and of his insignificance in a political point of view. The offices of the municipal council, which are situated in the top story of a house in the only square of the little town, were empty when the applicant presented himself, although hours had already long begun; but the officials were at length discovered in the tavern on the ground floor, where they were taking as hearty a meal as their own appetites and other peoples money would allow.

The secretary of the office was among the *canaves*, and to him Mr. N—— addressed himself. The young man answered in a very gracious tone, that his application would be attended to that very day, and then continued—"But we have the whole day before us; let us now take a little refreshment. Sit down, my dear sir, and partake of something with me. Call for what you like best."

The petitioner was well acquainted with the officials of his country, and therefore made up his mind to be treated like a real patient, and to let the leeches do their worst. The secretary, good-natured fellow, was not content with feasting himself, but invited his friends and colleagues to partake of the repast; and Mr. N—— paid the reckoning.

In the mean while time advanced and the clock struck twelve. The clerks ran up and down between the office and the coffee-room, but the secretary had not yet stirred from his seat. At length he rose to go to his dinner. Mr. N—— returned home, eased of a gulden, but no further advanced than he was in the morning. At five o'clock in the afternoon he returned to the office and found the secretary engaged in looking over some documents.—On catching sight of Mr. N——, he seized his hat, saying,

"I am very sorry, my dear sir, that I am obliged to go out, but if you will be so good as to accompany me, we may go into some *cafe* and talk over matters there." And taking the petitioner's arm he led him gently to the *cafe*. The secretary was polite enough to order everything that was requisite; but at nine o'clock in the evening he said to Mr. N——,

"You will be kind enough to pay."

Next morning Mr. N's hope rose again, and at an early hour he proceeded to the office. On seeing him, the secretary said,

"I will immediately commence your affair."

And taking up his hat, his papers and an ink-horn, he went into another room. The petitioner waited three hours, and then sent an attendant in to remind the

secretary of his promise. The attendant returned in a few moments with the information that the secretary had already left the office an hour ago. You will wonder that Mr. N—— had not long before this lost all desire to obtain a passport; but he persevered.

In the afternoon the secretary again let him wait several hours; and when at last he turned to him, it was to say that he was perfectly exhausted from working so hard; and to propose that they should adjourn together to the refreshment room on the ground-floor.

In this way matters continued for nine days, when Mr. N——, finding that he had not advanced one step, went to the lawyer to lay his grievances before him.

"Good powers!" said the latter, laughing, "how is it that you have not thought of pressing a ruble into his hand, or of promising him a gift? Besides, your petition must be written on stamped paper, or it will not be accepted. But the secretary will inform you of this when he finds time."

The next day the petitioner pressed the secretary's hand very warmly, and left a silver ruble in it; and now a step forward was really made—that is to say, the secretary told Mr. N—— that he must have stamped paper, and indicated the place where it was to be obtained. With the clerk, who was to draw up the petition, he had to go through the same process.—During five days he stuffed him with meat and drink without any progress being made. At length he complained to the secretary, "My liver," he said, "may be completely consumed before I get my passport."

"Do not be uneasy," answered the secretary, with gentle earnestness; "we will soon settle the matter."

The petition was at length got ready, but only by the aid of a pocket-handkerchief. The clerk had seen exposed in a shop a pocket handkerchief, on which was a picture of the city of Cracow, and this he much desired to possess. A formal agreement was accordingly entered into, Mr. N—— promising to give him the handkerchief if the petition was ready by three o'clock. At the appointed hour the exchange was effected.

Mr. N—— was thus at length in possession of the petition. A remarkable circumstance in connection with this document was, that it was drawn up by one of the persons to whom it was addressed, the clerk being a member of the municipal council.

Some further time and more money was now consumed in new applications to the secretary. At length he set seriously about the matter, and in four days the certificate was granted. The petitioner had passed through the second court.

His next step was to solicit the Government court to recommend his petition for a passport to the imperial passport authorities in Warsaw, in consideration of the medical and municipal certificates which he had obtained.

The Government court is outside the town, in a beautiful building erected by one of the Saxon kings of Poland. Here, also, it was necessary that the application should be made on stamped paper, which cost one and a half gulden. The petition to the passport authorities was to be drawn up here, signed by the chief and registered, while the certificates were to be further verified. When this was done the papers were transmitted to the department that was to lay the petition before the passport authorities in Warsaw, the only persons in the kingdom empowered to issue passports. Each of these departments had to be attacked with golden bullets, for the officials in these did not condescend to be treated at *cafes*. Otherwise the system was very much the same. It took five days to draw up the petition, seventeen to register it; and when the petitioner, after the lapse of ten days more, ventured to inquire whether they had had the extreme kindness to transmit the petition to Warsaw, he answered in a freezing tone that such things could not be done in a hurry.

At length the petitioner, driven to despair, took courage, and ventured to present to the high and mighty official, whose honesty he had not until then dared to suspect, a golden ducat enclosed in an elegant little note. That was a hit; the official's face cleared up, he even invited Mr. N—— to his house, and, among other curiosities, showed him a collection of

pipes—all tokens of remembrance bestowed upon him by various friends.

"The land of your fathers," he observed to Mr. N——, "is also the land of tobacco-pipes. As you are going to undertake a journey that will cost you a good deal of money, I dare say you will not mind a few dollars more or less; and if you would bring me back a pipe in remembrance of you, I should be greatly beholden."

Mr. N—— promised this with the greatest readiness, and then inquired whether he thought it likely that he would obtain a passport.

"Why not?" answered the official in a most friendly tone of voice; "that is to say, if you will but set about the matter in the right way. You must spare no pains, and must present yourself in person at the various *bureaux*."

The next day, when Mr. N—— again presented himself at the office of the Government court, he was informed that the recommendation in favor of his petition, had been forwarded to Warsaw, and indeed the books were shown him to prove the fact. "But," added the chief of the office, "several months will probably elapse before you get the passport, for even should it be speedily issued from the passport office, it will be necessary to submit it to the Governor, Prince Paskiewitch, as it is required for a longer period than six months; and in Prince Paskiewitch's office they are not noted for dispatch, and there are no means of urging them on."

With the patience of a true Russian, Mr. N—— waited six weeks, and then inquired if an answer had been received. The reply was in a negative, and so also to his second inquiry. Summer having by this time commenced, Mr. N——, in despair went again to the lawyer.

"Well, I told you how it would be," exclaimed the latter, laughing; "and indeed you may have to wait ten years longer, for the passport has not been sent to the Government court, and never will be. You had better write to the passport office, or better still, go to Warsaw yourself."

Mr. N—— first made a written application to the passport office in Warsaw, but finding that he got no answer, proceeded thither, in person, in the month of July. Here he showed money upon various officials, until they at length promised to inquire into the matter. However, the day that the promise was made they had no time to give to it, nor either the following day; but on the third day, when he returned again to the attack, Mr. N—— was informed that his passport had been forwarded to the Government court in R—— as long as four weeks ago.

Mr. N—— was of course greatly surprised, and not without reason; but, as happy as a king (that is to say, as a king in the good old times), he took a place in the diligence, and set out at once for R——. Immediately on his arrival, he went to the Government court and communicated the joyful intelligence he had received at Warsaw. However, the officials assured him that it was quite a mistake. Full of consternation, and not knowing what to believe, he succeeded, by dint of golden arguments, in getting one of the subordinates to look through the records, and all the places where documents were stowed away, to make sure that the passport had really not been received. The fact of its non-arrival having thus been proved, he set off again for Warsaw. He now addressed himself to the chief of the office with complaints and supplications. This official who ranks with colonels in the army, turned him over to the very person who had before dismissed him with the false information. By the latter he was kept waiting a long time, and then answered,—

"I do not understand what you want; your passport was expedited to the office of the Government court in R——, on such and such a date."

The fixing of the date, together with the imposing gravity of the official, again misled poor Mr. N——. He again returned to R——, and received again the same answer.

His friend, the lawyer, having assured him that they would continue to let him travel from R—— to Warsaw, and from Warsaw back again to R——, until his hair grew hoary with age, only to spare themselves the necessity of declaring right out that they would not grant him a passport, he was induced to remove altogether

to Warsaw, and this move the lawyer declared to be "to the purpose," for he might thus be enabled to form a friendly connection with some official belonging to the passport office, and to make his application direct.

During the operations detailed above, a year has elapsed; but now Mr. N—— really did remove to Warsaw, and began the business over again there. It would be tedious to detail all the checks which he experienced; we will only mention that the Police District Commissariat Secretary made him attend thirteen days at his office for the purpose of getting his certificate of qualification; and during this whole period, treated himself, at Mr. N——'s expense, to all kinds of good things in the *cafe* at the corner of Holy Ghost Street, and the New World Street. Mr. N—— declares that in the way of consuming cups of chocolate, he never knew an equal to that fellow, the Russian's appetite costing him heaps of money.

At last Mr. N—— succeeded in getting an introduction to the passport office.—Here he was seized upon by four officials at once; but after having bestowed very liberal "lapowe" on all of them, he discovered that neither of them had anything to do with the matter about which he was concerned. One of them was, however, honest enough to indicate the proper person to whom he should address himself. This latter was a gray-haired Russian, who, although he could speak both Polish and German, was too proud to speak anything but Russian. The petitioner greeted him with a handful of gold, and he was in consequence induced to read through the petition at once. Having done this, he declared that the certificates were very good, but not sufficient. Mr. N—— was still liable, he said, to be called upon for military service, and he must therefore give security, and obtain an attestation from the commissioners of taxes that the security had been duly given.

N—— answered that he was exempted from military service, and that he could prove this; but the Russian interrupted him, pointing, with a smile, to the certificate, in which stood, not "exempt, for the time being, from military service." He was quite sure of this, for the certificates are never issued in any other terms. It was only after the attainment of a certain age that the exemption was definitive.—This age Mr. N—— had not attained, and he was, therefore, obliged to give security for three thousand gulden.

Having deposited his three thousand gulden in the State Bank, he went with the receipt to the commissioners of taxes; and after having here also made use of golden argument, he received the attestation, and presented himself with this to the old Russian, who, after the delay of a week, and a present of a handsome lamp, declared himself willing to issue the passport.

"Your affair is settled," said the old gentleman, laughing; "you have now only to apply for your passport."

In order to avoid application to Prince Paskiewitch, Mr. N—— had abridged the period of his absence to six months; and when, after the lapse of a week, he applied at the office for his passport, he was told that it would be forwarded the next day. The next day the messenger of the passport office made his appearance with a great sealed document. Having demanded a Polish gulden for his trouble, he left the room. Mr. N—— now broke the seal, and read as follows:

"The authorities of the passport office are of opinion that a visit to the German spas would not be beneficial to the petitioner's health at this time of the year, and in consequence they reject the petition."

To come to this result, it had cost two years of trouble indescribable, and nine hundred Polish gulden.

Senator Douglas's handsome house in the neighborhood of the capitol was struck by lightning in half a dozen places during the last storm. The fluid tore the plaster from several of the rooms, nine of which it entered, broke sundry windows, chandeliers and did a good deal of mischief. Mr. Douglas says he has been burnt in effigy, hung in effigy, denounced by the clergy, and that he is now struck by lightning.—But he adds, "I wasn't at home." And so he thinks that, surviving all this, Providence is on his side.

ANECDOTES OF PICTURES.

That most magnificent of aristocratic residences, Warwick Castle, possesses the original of Rubens's picture of "Lions." It is said that Rubens, when painting from the only living specimen of the king of the forest, he had ever had in his power to study from, expressed a desire to see the animal while in the act of roaring. Anxious to please the great artist, the keeper plucked a whisker of the lion, and with such success, that he daily repeated the experiment. Rubens, however, perceived such deadly wrath in the countenance of the animal, that he begged the keeper to desist. His hint was at first regarded, but too soon neglected. The consequence was dreadful; the enraged lion struck down the keeper, and lay upon him the whole day. In the evening, he was shot by a body of guards, but in the agonies of death, horrible to relate, the keeper was torn in pieces.

The next drawing that presents itself, is a copy of a portrait of a Lady Kenyon, executed by Sir Thomas Lawrence when only five years of age.

Lord and Lady Kenyon, on their way to Bath, happened to stop a day at the Black Bear, at Devizes, in Wiltshire, of which hotel Thomas's father was landlord. In the course of the afternoon, their privacy was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Lawrence, who immediately—almost without giving himself time to make suitable apologies—began to expatiate on the genius of his son, who, although only in his fifth year, "could recite poetry or speeches, or take their likenesses, whichever they chose." Lady Kenyon was inclined to be annoyed at the man, but there presently capered into the apartment, straddling upon a walking stick, one of the most lovely and spirited children she had ever beheld. His beautiful face was flushed with exercise, and neither she nor her husband felt the slightest inclination to put a stop to his gambols: As soon as the child could be induced to stand still, Lady Kenyon took him up in her arms.

"My little dear," said she, "do you think you could take the likeness of that gentleman?" pointing to her husband.

"Yes that I can," replied the boy, looking with an impatient earnestness at Lord Kenyon; "yes, that I can, and very like too."

Whilst the requisite materials were sent for, the child resumed his play; but when all was prepared, throwing his little legs from over his stick, he was lifted on the table, and seated in an arm-chair, from which he took the future Lord Chancellor's likeness, with a rapidity, a spirit, and a correctness perfectly astounding. That done, he was impatient to be gone. But his lordship was not yet done with him.

"Do you think, my dear," he said, in a coaxing tone, "that you could make a portrait of Lady Kenyon?"

"Yes," replied the young artist, "that I can, if she will only turn her side to me, for her face is not so neat."

This reply produced so hearty a burst of laughter as seldom such fashionable folks indulge in; for the lady, by accident, had a slight curvature of the nose.

The child took the lady's profile; and her friends, to whom she was proud to exhibit it, bore witness to the truth of the resemblance.

During my last trip into Yorkshire, I copied the portrait of Sir William Hewet, preserved at the seat of the Leeds family—Kiveton house. It is what artists call a "half-length," painted on board. Sir William is represented in his robes of office as Lord Mayor of London—a black gown a furred, a red vest and sleeves, and gold chain and a bonnet.

In the year 1846, Sir William Hewet, a wealthy cloth worker, or manufacturer of woollens, lived in one of the houses that then stood upon London Bridge. One day a servant maid leaped out of one of the high back casements of this house, holding an infant, her master's daughter and only child, in her arms; when, in one of its bounds of delight, it suddenly sprang from her arms; and dropping into the rushing tide below, would have been lost, but for an apprentice, named Edward Osborn, who instantly leaping in after it, caught hold of it, and brought it safe to shore.

Some eighteen years after, this preservation from a watery grave, the young lady was given in marriage by her grateful father to him to whose gallantry she was on his side.

The Weekly Journal.

CHICOPEE, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1854.

S. M. PETERSVILLE & 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 122 Nassau street, New-York, and 10 State Street, Boston.

AN EDITORS' CONVENTION.

Last week, we briefly alluded to the communication in the Springfield Republican, written by "J. C. P.," of Deerfield, urging a convention of editors of this State, without distinction of party, to discuss the question as to what shall be done to stay the progress of that southern current, which threatens to deluge the morality, religion, and social position of the free states. Perhaps a few more words upon the subject will not be out of place.

We earnestly hope such a convention will be called; it certainly will result in no harm, and an immense amount of good may be the product. We would have the whig, free-soil and anti-slavery democratic editors meet, and discuss the subject in a kind manner, without reference to what this or that party has done in times past,—but only what is to be done now, yes now; nearly every one acknowledges that something should be accomplished by the north.

It is of no use to wait for the politicians to move; we are sick of the great share of them. The three parties have been controlled by these politicians, and led into divers many labyrinths, subject to crevices, pit-falls and obstructions. The editors have generally succumbed to the machinations of the leaders—often reluctantly.

The editors can control the slavery question if they will—can construct an anti-slavery platform, give a name to the new organization, and then say to the leaders—"Here, you must give your assent to what we have done, or political annihilation will be the result! you have had things your own way for a great many years; now we propose to take our turn!" The following is the article alluded to in the Republican:—

A Convention of Editors.

To the Editors of the Springfield Republican:—

DEERFIELD, June 25, 1854.
These are the days that try men's souls!—So said Thomas Paine in 1777, and the remark is certainly more applicable now than it was then. The simple question to be decided is, whether the anti-slavery men of Massachusetts shall forget their old, petty, nonsensical squabbles about nothing, close up their ranks, and march to certain victory over the slave power, or continue, as they have in times past, fretting and fussing over former differences. The latter course seems to me to be boyish in the extreme. If old Massachusetts should assume the position which the present crisis calls for, it would do more to make a North than anything else. What if England and France should refuse to unite, on account of old hatreds and prejudices? We should surely call them fools. It was owing to the internal dissensions of the Aztecs that caused the victorious march of Cortez and his little army to the city of the Montezumas. Shall the slave power be permitted to march rough-shod over our liberties and our highest aspirations, because, forsooth, the specters of an exploded coalition are before the eyes of some? If you cannot keep them off any other way, put on goggles, and "go it blind!"

I do not ask the whigs and anti-slavery democrats to come over to the free soil party—far from it. Let the old names be entirely dropped, and the new organization called the "people's party," or the "republican party," or the "northern party," or the "reform party."—The people are ready—but they want leaders. A few of the humbug politicians alone stand in the way. Have we not submitted to the dictates of the politicians long enough? They are indebted to the editors for their fame and their fortunes. Very well, then let the editors take the matter into their own hands, and call a convention at once, of all true anti-slavery men belonging to the fraternity,—discuss the matter fairly and rationally, "forgetting the things that are behind," and looking only to the future—and see if they are not able to meet the subject as it should be met. The press is really "the power behind the throne"—if it chooses to be. If the newspapers and voters are right, we need have no fears as to the rest. If some of the politicians of every party could be gently removed, the interests of the North would not suffer thereby.

The South is united; it will be no longer of any use for the northern whigs to look in that direction for assistance. You will admit this fact. As the southern whigs have united with slavery propagandists, will not the northern ones unite heart and soul with the friends of freedom? This would be an excellent subject for a convention of editors to discuss. Shall there be one called?
J. C. P.

We shall wait anxiously to see what the newspapers say upon the subject.—May the editors of the State not forget that the course of Massachusetts in the coming fall campaign will have a great influence in shaping the political course of other northern states.

The Cabot and West Springfield bridge Co. have declared a semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent payable at the Cabot bank on and after the 1st inst.

The anniversary of the declaration of independence has again come and gone. As is almost always the case, the weather was intensely warm; the thermometer ranging from 98° to 103° in the shade. We should judge from the accounts given in the newspapers that large celebrations were not as general this year as in some previous years. Chicopee had no demonstration beyond that of the parade of the "Quixotic Knights of Poverty." This company, numbering about 50 mounted men, paraded on the common, at about 4 o'clock in the morning, and proceeded very promptly, under the command of the 1st Lieut. of the Chicopee House, to receive their "glorious commander," this being his head quarters. Owing to some misunderstanding as to the hour, his steed did not arrive, and the consequent detention made it nearly 5 o'clock before the company marched for Springfield. There is no use in trying to give any description of this band of redoubtable knights, and we shall therefore not attempt it. In order to be fully appreciated they must be seen, and any one who lost sight of them, lost more than would commonly be supposed. Every conceivable oddity was manifested in costume and trappings; and added to all, a solemn gravity of demeanor among the members of the company, which was not the least of its many merits. We are glad that the fearful croaking predictions of some of our over virtuous people, who were afraid that some horrid outrage upon decency was to be perpetrated, have not, in this instance been verified.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."
And a man who has no laugh for a good joke, and looks upon all fun as a waste of time, and a desecration of the powers of a man, is a more dangerous member of society than many who perhaps do not stand as high in community as he.

The quiet way in which we spent the 4th, in company with a few friends, in the midst of one of "God's first temples," calls for no particular mention, except to thank one of our friends for furnishing our very primitive table with a valuable luxury.

"A dinner of herbs where love is, is better than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith," so said the author of the Proverbs; and we say, amen. Uncle Titus will please accept our thanks for the superior herb from his garden which took a prominent place in our love-feast.

The 4th of July.

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Our Public Schools.

The public schools in this town closed yesterday (Friday), one week earlier than usual for the schools in district No. 4; but the weather had become so very warm as to effect the attendance, and the committee came to the conclusion that nothing would be lost, by closing the schools now. The vacation will continue six weeks. In this connection we will now say what we purposed to say last week about a very pleasant affair which we were invited to witness a few days ago.

Two of the Primary Schools, under the charge of Misses Frances Pember, and Mary A. Fitz, and numbering respectively about 50 and 48 members, assembled in the grove, in the rear of Dr. Morgan's place, for a social picnic. The invited guests together with the members of the schools made a company of about 150 children. The exercises consisted principally of singing, which was well performed by the children. A table was spread in the grove, and covered with every variety of nice looking things to eat, which received the undivided attention of the multitude for about half an hour; and then commenced preparations for going home. There is no earthly sight better calculated to lead the heart away from thoughts of the various engrossing interests of every day life, than that of a gathering of children, for purposes of social recreation; they give themselves up to the pleasures of the hour with such a perfect abandon, with no thought or care but to extract every particle of joy from the passing moments, that one in beholding them is led back to the days of his own childhood, and can scarcely believe, but through comparison, that time, and the world's bitter lessons have so wrought upon the soul.

Miss Pember and Miss Fitz are deserving of great praise for this children's festival which they arranged and carried out alone. We hope their example may be imitated by others.

Another item of interest connected with the public schools is the retirement of Mr. Martin, the teacher of penmanship, who is about to assume a similar position in Springfield. Mr. Martin has been engaged in the schools of Chicopee for a long time, and in addition to being a superior teacher of the art of penmanship, he has the faculty of making himself dearly beloved by his scholars. At Chicopee Falls, on the 3d, inst. the High and Intermediate schools assembled in one room, and Miss Gleason, in behalf of the

scholars, presented Mr. Martin with one of those beautiful silver cake baskets, manufactured at the Ames', accompanying the same with a few graceful and appropriate words, expressive of the affection entertained for Mr. Martin by the scholars, and asking him to receive the present as a token thereof. Mr. Martin was too much affected to admit of any reply further than simply to return thanks for their kind consideration. He has therefore handed us a card of acknowledgment, which we place below this article. Some members of Mr. Leonard's school, in this village, presented Mr. Martin with the memoirs of Dr. Judson, in two handsome volumes, an acknowledgment of which is included in his card. A shade was cast over the proceedings in connection with this affair at Chicopee Falls, by the absence of the principal of the high school, who was detained by a recent domestic bereavement, which was most touchingly and beautifully alluded to by Miss Gleason, in her presentation remarks. The cake basket above alluded to, bears the following inscription.

PRESENTED TO
JOHN A. MARTIN,
By the members of the
CHICOPEE FALLS HIGH & INTERMEDIATE
SCHOOLS,
July 3, 1854.

The undersigned takes this method to return his sincere thanks to the members of the high and intermediate schools at Chicopee Falls, for the very elegant present made him on the 3d inst. on the occasion of his dissolving his connection with the schools. He will never cease to remember with sentiments of sincere affection, those who have contributed so much to his happiness during the time that it has been his good fortune to be acquainted with them. And he would embrace the present opportunity to express "like" sentiments towards those of the schools at Cabotville who have been mindful of his happiness.

LEO L. LLOYD will deliver his celebrated lecture on Life among the wild Africans! on this (Saturday) evening in Cabot Hall. Leo L. Lloyd is the only son of the well-known "King Leo, of Nubia," who was murdered on the High Seas, in the year 1830, while on his way to New York to buy fire-arms to carry on the Nubian Wars. There is no man in America who has traveled so extensively in Africa as L. L. Lloyd, who was a member of the Van Kouten Exploring Expedition from 1842 to 1848, and will speak from personal experience.

The proceeds of the lecture will be devoted to procuring a collegiate education for the lecturer.

Admission for gentlemen, 12 1/2 cents, at the door. Ladies free. Doors open at 7 1/2 o'clock. Lecture to commence precisely at 8 o'clock.

We learn after all, that we might have been believed had we given the dimensions of some of the largest specimens of the strawberries presented to us by our neighbor Mr. Swift; for Mr. Henry Gates furnished us with a generous supply of parallels, in every particular. These are the bright spots that an editor meets, as he travels the dry and dusty road of daily duty; and for these the heartiest thanks are ever felt and given.

R. G. Marsh Esq. of Holyoke was prostrated by a "sun stroke," whilst engaged in some of the active exercises pertaining to the celebration of the 4th, at that place. A report reached this place on the morning of the 5th, that he was dead; but we are happy to learn that he is now doing well.

Michael Sullivan, of Springfield, was tried before Justice Ladd of this town, on the 5th, on complaint of J. L. Briggs, su. perintendent of the C. R. R. charging him with a refusal to pay his fare, on board the cars from Holyoke to Chicopee. The magistrate imposed a fine of five dollars and costs, amounting to something more than twelve dollars; which we presume Mr. Sullivan found it more agreeable and convenient to pay on the 5th, than he would have found the small sum of fifteen cents, on the day of our glorification, when every one feels so perfectly "free and independent."

New Hampshire.
It is a significant sign of the times when New Hampshire repudiates the action of Congress upon a question eminently democratic, and the favorite measure of her favorite son, Gen. Pierce. On the 5th, Anti-Nebraska resolutions were passed by the House of Representatives, and a renewed failure to elect Senators was experienced. "There's a good time coming boys, wait a little longer."

In China, if a young man is not married by the time he is 20, he is drummed out of town. No place for bachelors among the *Fun Funs*.

Charles Sumner.

The more recent efforts of Mr. Sumner, in the Senate of the United States, have done much to place him in that position before his own state and the country where he of right belongs. We think that Mr. Sumner has been underrated by all parties in Massachusetts, excepting the pure unadulterated anti-slavery men; quite an extensive portion of the coalition cared not a fig for him, had no particular love for, or confidence in him, and voted for him only as they were obliged to, in order to make good certain conditions of a very vile contract; but as was the case between the whig party and General Taylor, so now between the coalition and Mr. Sumner, they have more than they bargained for, or expected. Mr. Sumner has been set down as a finished scholar and a polished orator, one who could make a speech replete with classical allusions, and ornamented with poetical conceptions; but he has not been reckoned as one ready for a sudden emergency, or one possessed of great business capacities. On the first of these points he must have satisfied everybody, in his recent meeting of the bull-dog attacks of Butler, Pettit, Toombs & Co. The extreme readiness, manly dignity and fearless contempt with which these scamps were disposed of, showed Mr. Sumner to be a man worthy of Massachusetts, and worthy to be her representative in this particularly trying season. We believe in giving every man his due, and therefore would commend Mr. Sumner in a manner equally strong and sincere as though he held his office through the votes of those belonging to the particular political organization we have recognized as our own.

We are sorry to notice by the last number of the *Clinton Courant*, that its very talented and popular Editor, Edwin Bynner Esq. has dissolved his connection with that paper. The valedictory of Mr. Bynner appeared in the *Courant* of the 1st inst.

There is no paper upon our exchange list that has been a more welcome visitor than the *Courant*; none that has paid us better for the time spent in its perusal; it has been a paper in which our sympathies have always been enlisted; often saying those things which would lead us to exclaim—"just what we would say ourselves!" if we only knew how, and had thought of it before. The *Courant* has deserved a generous patronage, which we fear from the tone of the remarks of the retiring editor, it has not received; and which (if true) the people of *Clinton* and vicinity ought to be ashamed of. We never saw Mr. Bynner but once, and that was at the never to be forgotten editorial dinner, at the American House, Springfield, last winter. In answer to a call from the president—

Dr. Holland—
Has Mr. Bynner Eaten his dinner?
Mr. Bynner arose and entertained the company for a few moments with words of wit and wisdom, which gratified, instructed and "brought down the house;" just the style of talk he has been giving the readers of the *Courant* for so long, and of which they are now to be deprived. Mr. John P. Davis is to succeed Mr. Bynner in the editorial chair; and we hope that he will make the *Courant* as good as it has ever been since we knew it, and receive that liberal support which is so justly its due. The outgoing and incoming editors have our heartiest wishes for length of days and every other needed blessing.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.—The July number of Putnam fully sustains the character and reputation it has so long enjoyed, as being the leading American magazine. A portrait of the author of "The Potiphar Papers" embellishes this number.

MARTIN MERRYVALE HIS X—No 5 adds its full share to the interest of the story, which has already added much to the reputation of its author. To be had at Brown's.

ACCIDENTS.—A little boy, about two years old, son of Mrs. Cram of this village, fell from the window of the third story of a house on Main street, last Monday afternoon, and received only a slight injury.

Two lads, Emerson Davis, Jr., and Samuel Chadwick, early on the morning of the Fourth, were carrying a pail containing about three pounds of powder, and a boy accidentally threw an ignited fire cracker into the pail, causing an explosion and burning both boys severely.

EFFICACY OF COLD WATER.—On Wednesday, 13th inst., the house of Wm. H. Moody, of Standish, Me., was struck by lightning which demolished the chimney, burst a large hole in the ceiling of the sitting room, smashed the stove and broke the door. It struck a daughter of Mr. Moody's, six years old, on the back of the neck, the side, and leg to the foot, leaving a discolored mark half an inch wide, the whole distance. Cold water was at once copiously applied to the apparently dead girl, who, in twenty minutes from the time she was struck, revived, and is expected to recover.

The following synopsis of the foreign news we clip from the editorial columns of the *Tribune*.

By the Washington and America we have advices from Europe to June 24, one week later than we were previously in possession of. The fact of principle interest is the raising of the siege of Silistria by the Turks alone. The Russians had before suffered continued reverses; Gen. Schilder having lost a leg and Prince Gorchakov suffered a contusion, besides the wound of Prince Paskiewitch, the repeated defeats of assaulting parties and the repeated successes of Turkish sallies. It seems, also, that Mussa Pasha, the commander of the fortress, was killed according to the first report, but that Omer Pasha, by a skillful maneuver, threw in a new General with a reinforcement of 2,000 men at the same time that he brought up a strong relieving party—30,000 men our accounts say—to draw off the Russians and divert the attack from the place. Subsequently the Turks succeeded in completing their first successes by driving the Russians entirely from their intrenchments, forcing them across the Danube and raising the siege—all done without aid from the allies, a result justifying the expectation, which on a careful examination of the earlier proceedings of the siege, we had formed and expressed concerning the affair.—

Next to this event in magnitude is the treaty concluded between Austria and Turkey, by which, in the event of a retreat from the Principalities by the Russian army, the Austrians undertake to occupy and hold the disputed territory against a new invasion. Our London correspondent views this as a step altogether in the interest of the Czar, and denies all sincere opposition to Russian encroachments on the part of Austria. We do not so regard the matter. No doubt Francis Joseph would very greatly prefer not to have any dispute with his Muscovite patron, but it must not be forgotten that the Hapsburgs know nothing of gratitude, and that a permanent Russian occupation of Moldavia and Wallachia would be more injurious to Austrian interests than to those of any other nation. It seems hardly possible to doubt that if Austria can get Russia well and safely out of the Principalities, and keep her out, she will lose no opportunity of doing it, and certainly France and England are disposed to afford her every facility in executing such a purpose. That Austria is treacherous admits of no question; but her treachery is altogether for the benefit of her reigning family.

DISPARITY OF FORTUNE.—An old gentleman once said, in speaking of the bad consequences of fortune, especially on the wife's side, in marriage, that when he married, he had twenty cents, and his wife twenty-five, and that she was throwing out this extra five cents to him ever afterwards.

Copper belts, breast plates, &c., are used in New Orleans as preventives against cholera. A French physician asserts that his observation assures him that dealers in copper, manufacturers of copper and brass, and in general, all persons who habitually handle metallic substances, escape the cholera during the epidemic visitations of that disease.

Rev. Dr. Duff, who recently visited this country, delivered before the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, recently, a speech some five hours in length which was listened to with close attention by a crowded audience, on the subject of what he had seen of America and the Americans. He gave a very favorable account of his visit, which will commend him still more to the affection of the American people.

The government of Harvard College are said to be completely non-plussed by a recent bequest of \$15,000 left by Miss Caroline Plummer, lately deceased at Salem, Mass., for the endowment of a new professorship on the "Philosophy of the Heart." It is said they don't know whether it is to be an anatomical, physiological, or a sentimental chair.

The Richmond Inquirer recommends to the southern people to manufacture their own shoes. Not only should they do that, but if we are obliged to run down their fugitives, they ought to make ours also.

We are convinced of the sincerity of Nicholas in making the avowal, that no one desired the peace of the world more than he did—the piece of the world alluded to being, no doubt Turkey.—PUNCH.

Peter Shoenberger, an iron manufacturer and one of the richest men in Pennsylvania died in Marietta in that state, recently. His property is estimated at over five millions.

Mr. Kavanaugh, one of the recently elected bishops of the M. E. Church south, is a practical printer, and was, several years since, an editor in Kentucky.

The Roading railroad and the Schuylkill canal, this year, have transported 1,241,248 tons, or 250,000 more tons than last year, up to the same date.

Men of the noblest dispositions think themselves the happiest when others share their happiness with them.

Judge Richardson once said that everything was foreknown, except what would be the verdict of a petit jury.

