

# Weekly



# Journal.

Volume 1.

CHICOPEE, Mass., SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1853.

Number 9.

## Poetry.

### THE IVY IN THE DUNGEON.

BY CHARLES MACRAY.

The ivy in a dungeon grew,  
Unfed by rain, uncheered by dew;  
Its pallid leaflets only drank  
Cave-moistures foul and odors dank.  
But through the dungeon grating high  
There fell a sunbeam from the sky;  
It slept upon the grateful floor  
In silent gladness evermore.  
The ivy felt a tremor shoot  
Through all its fibres to the root;  
It felt the light, it saw the ray,  
It strove to blossom into day.  
It grew, it crept, it pushed, it clomb—  
Long had the darkness been its home;  
But well it knew, though veiled in night,  
The goodness and the joy of light.  
Its clinging roots grew deep and strong,  
Its stem expanded firm and long,  
And in the currents of the air  
Its tender branches flourished fair.  
It reached the beam—it thrilled, it curled,  
It blessed the warmth that cheers the world;  
It rose towards the dungeon-bars,  
It looked upon the sun and stars.  
It felt the life of bursting spring,  
It heard the happy skylark sing;  
It caught the breath of morns and eves,  
And wooed the swallow to its leaves.  
By rains and dews and sunshine fed,  
Over the outer walls it spread;  
And in the day-beam waving free,  
It grew into a steadfast tree.  
Upon that solitary place  
Its verdure through adorning grace;  
The mating birds became its guests,  
And sang its praises from their nests.  
Would'st know the moral of the rhyme?  
Behold the heavenly light! and climb;  
To every dungeon comes a ray  
Of God's interminable day.

## Select Tales.

From Dickens' Household Words.

### THE SICKNESS AND HEALTH OF THE PEOPLE OF BLEABURN.

IN THREE PARTS.—CHAPTER V.

There was little comfort in the service, unless, as the bystanders hoped, the sick woman was too feeble and too much absorbed in her own thoughts to notice some things that dismayed them. Mrs. Billiter was, indeed, surprised at first at the clergyman's refusal to enter the chamber. He would come no further than the door. Mary saw at a glance that he was in no condition to be reasoned with, and that she must give what aid she could to get the administration over as decently as possible. Happily, he made the service extremely short. The little that there was he read wrong; but Mrs. Billiter (and she alone) was not disturbed by this. Whether it was that the deadening of the ear had begun, or that Mr. Finch spoke indistinctly, and was chewing spiced all the time, or that the observance itself was enough for the poor woman, it seemed all right with her. She lay with her eyes still shining, her wasted hands clasped, and a smile on her face, quite easy and content; and when Mr. Finch was gone, she told Mary again that she saw it all now, and was quite ready. She was dead within an hour.

As for Warrender, he was more disturbed than any one had seen him since the breaking out of the fever.

"Why, there it is before his eyes in the Prayer-Book," said he, "that clergymen shall diligently from time to time (but especially in the time of pestilence, or other infectious sickness) exhort their parishioners to the often receiving of the holy communion; and instead of this, he even shuts up the church on Sundays."

"He is not the first who has done that," said Mary. "It was done in times of plague, as a matter of precaution."

"But, Miss, should not a clergyman go all the more among the people, and not the less, for their having no comfort of worship?"

"Certainly; but you see how it is with Mr. Finch, and you and I can not alter it. He has taken a panic; and I am sure he is the one most to be pitied for that. I can tell you too, between ourselves, that Mr. Finch judges himself, at times, as severely as you can judge him; and is more unhappy about being of so little use to his people than his worst enemy could wish him."

"Then, Ma'am why does not he pluck up a little spirit, and do his duty?"

"He has been made too soft," he says, "by a fond mother, who is always sending him cordials and spices against the fever. We must make some allowance, and look

another way. Let us be thankful that you and Ann are not afraid. If our poor neighbors have not all that we could wish, they have clean bedding and clothes, and lime-washed rooms, fresh and sweet compared with anything they have known before."

"And, thought Warrender, though he did not say it, but only touched his hat as he went after his business, "one as good as any clergyman to pray by their bedsides, and speak cheerfully to them of what is to come. When I go up the stair, I might know who is praying by the cheerfulness of the voice. I never saw such a spirit in any woman,—never. I have never once seen her cast down, ever so little. If there is a tear in her eye, for other people's sake, there is a smile on her lips, because her heart tells her that everything that happens is all right."

This night, Mary was to have slept. She herself had intended it, warned by the strange feelings which had come over her as she walked up the street; and it would gratify Aunt's feelings that the corpse should not be left. She intended to lie down and sleep beside the still and unbreathing form of the cousin whose last hours had been so beautiful in her eyes. But Aunt's feelings were now tried in another direction. Unable to move, Aunt was sorely distressed by Jim's moanings and restlessness; and Mary was the only one who could keep him quiet in any degree. So, without intervals, she went to her work of nursing again. Next, the funeral of Mrs. Billiter, and two or three more, fixed for the same day, were put off, because Mr. Finch was ill. And when Mr. Finch was ill, he sent to beg the Good Lady to come immediately and nurse him. After writing to his own family, to desire some of them to come and take charge of him, she did go to him; but not to remain day and night, as she did with the poor who had none to help them. She saw that all was made comfortable about him, gave him his medicines at times, and always spoke cheerfully. But it was as she saw from the beginning. He was dying of fear, and of the interperate methods of precaution which he had adopted, and of dissatisfaction from himself. His nervous depression from the outset was such as to predispose him to disease, and to allow him no chance under it. He was sinking when his mother and sister arrived, pale and tearful, to nurse him; and it did no good that they isolated the house, and locked the doors, and took things in by the window, after being fumigated by a sentinel outside. The doctor laughed as he asked them whether they would not be more glad to see him, if he came down the chimney, instead of their having to unlock the door for him. He wondered they had not a vinegar bath for him to go over head in, before entering their presence. The ladies thought this shocking levity; and they did not conceal their opinion. The doctor then spoke gravely enough of the effects of fear on the human frame. With its effects on the conscience, and on the peace of mind, he said he had nothing to do. That was the department of the physician of souls. (His hearers were unconscious of the mournful satire conveyed in these words.) His business was with the effect of fear on the nerves and brain, exhausting through them the resources of life. He declared that Mr. Finch would probably have been well at that moment, if he had gone about as freely as other persons among the sick, more interested in getting them well than afraid of being ill himself; and, for confirmation, he pointed to the Good Lady and the Warrenders, who had now for two months run all sorts of risks, and showed no sign of fever. They were fatigued, he said; too much so; as he was himself; and something must be done to relieve Miss Pickard especially; but—

"Who is she?" inquired the ladies. "Why is she so prominent here?"

"As for who she is," replied he, "I only know that she is an angel."

"Come down out of the clouds. I suppose."

"Something very like it. She dropped into our hollow one August evening—no body knows where nor why. As for her taking the lead here, I imagine it is because there was nobody else to do it."

"But has she saved many lives, do you think?"

"Yes, of some that are too young to be aware what they owe her, and of some yet unborn. She could not do much for

those who were down in the fever before she came: except, indeed, that it is much to give them a sense of relief and comfort of body (though short of saving life) and peace of mind, and cheerfulness of heart. But the great consequences of her presence are to come. When I see the change that is taking place in the cottages here, and in the clothes of the people, and their care of their skins, and their notions about their food, I feel disposed to believe that this is the last plague that will ever be known in Bleaburn."

"Plague! O horrid!" exclaimed the shuddering sister.

"Call it what you will," the doctor replied. "The name matters little when the thing makes itself so clear. Yes, by the way, it may matter much with such a patient as we have within there. Pray, whatever you do, don't use the word 'plague' within his hearing. You must cheer him up; only that you sadly want cheering yourselves. I think an hour a day of the Good Lady's smile would be the best prescription for you all."

"Do you think she would come? We should be so obliged to her if she would?"

"And she should have a change of dress lying ready in the passage-room," declared the young lady. "I think she is about my size. Do ask her to come."

"When I see that she is not more wanted elsewhere," replied the doctor. "I need not explain, however, that that smile of hers is not an effect without a cause. If we could find out whether we have anything of the same cause in ourselves, we might have a cheerfulness of our own, without troubling her to come and give us some."

The ladies thought this odd, and did not quite understand it, and agreed that they should not like to be merry and unfeeling in a time of such distress, so they said a great deal when they were not in the sick room. They derived some general idea, however, from the doctor's words, that cheerfulness was good for the patient; and they kept assuring him, in tones of forced vivacity, that there was no danger, and that the doctor said he would be well very soon. The patient groaned, remembering the daily funerals of the last few weeks; and the only consequence was that he distrusted the doctor. He sank more rapidly than any other fever patient in the place. In a newspaper paragraph, and on a monumental tablet, he was described as a martyr to his sacred office in a season of pestilence; and his family called on future generations to honour him accordingly.

"I am sorry for the poor young man," observed the host at the Plough and Harrow; "he did very well while nothing went wrong; but he had no spirit for trying times."

"Who has?" murmured farmer Neale.

"Any man's heart may die within him that looks into the churchyard now."

"There's a woman's that does not," observed the host; "I saw the Good Lady crossing the churchyard this very morning with a basket of physic bottles on her arm."

"Ah! she goes to help to make up the medicines every day now," the hostess explained, "since the people began to suspect foul play in their physic."

"Well; she came across the bit of grass that is left, and looked over the rows of graves—not smiling exactly, but as if there was not a sad thought from top to bottom of her mind—much as she might look if she was coming away from her own wedding."

"What is that about 'sweet hopes,' in the newspaper?" asked Neale; "about some 'sweet hopes' that Mr. Finch had? Was he going to be married?"

"By that, I should think he was in love," said the host; "and that may excuse some backwardness in coming forward, you know."

"The Good Lady is to be married, when she gets home to America," the hostess declared. "Yes, 'tis true. Widow Johnson told the doctor so."

"What will her lover say to her risking her life, and spending her time in such a way, here?" said Neale.

"She tells her aunt that he will only wish he was here to help her. He is a clergyman. 'O!' says she, 'he will only wish he was here to help us.'"

"I am sure I wish he was," sighed Neale. "I wonder what sort of a man will be sent us next. I hope he will be something un-

like poor Mr. Finch."

"I think you will have your wish," said the landlord. "No man of Mr. Finch's sort would be likely to come among us at such a time."

### CHAPTER VI.

The new clergyman was, as the landlord had supposed he would be, a very different person from Mr. Finch. If he had not been a fearless man, he would not have come: much less would he have brought his wife, which he did. The first sight of this respectable couple, middle-aged, business like, and somewhat dry in their manner, tended to give sobriety to the tone of mind of the Bleaburn people; a sobriety which was more and more wanted from day to day; while certainly the aspect of Bleaburn was enough to discourage the new residents, let their expectations have been as dismal as they might.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirby arrived when Bleaburn was at its lowest point of depression and woe. The churchyard was now so full that it could not be made to hold more; and ten or eleven corpses were actually lying unburied, infecting half-a-dozen cottages from this cause. There was an actual want of food in the place—so few were able to earn wages. Farmer Neale did all he could to tempt his neighbors to work for him; for no strangers would come near a place which was regarded as a pesthouse; but the strongest arm had lost its strength; and the men, even those who had not had the fever, said they felt as if they could never work again. The women went on as habitual knitters do, knitting early and late, almost night and day; but there was no sale. Even if their wares were avouched to have been passed through soap and water before they were brought to O—, still no one would run the slightest risk for the sake of hose and comforters; and the worst of it was, that nothing was sold; and at last, that it would be better not to send any more knitted goods. In the midst of all this distress, there was no one to speak to the people; no one to keep their minds clear and their hearts steady. For many weeks, there had not been a prayer publicly read nor a psalm sung. Meanwhile, the great comet appeared nightly, week after week. It seemed as if it would never go away; and there was a general persuasion that the comet was sent for a sign to Bleaburn alone, and not at all for the rest of the earth, or the universe; and that the fever would not be stayed while the sign remained in the sky. It would have been well if this had been the worst. The people, always rude, were now growing desperate; and they found, as desperate people usually do, an object near at hand to vent their fury upon. They said that it was the doctor's business to make them well; that he had not made them well; that so many had died, that anybody might see how low means had been used; and that at last some of the doctor's tricks had come out. Two of Dick Taylor's children had been all choked, by some doctor's physic; and they might have died, if the Good Lady had not chanced to have been there at the moment, and known what to do. And the doctor tried to get off with saying that it was a mistake, and that that physic was never made to go down anybody's throat. They said, too, that it was only in this doctor's time that there had been such a fever. There was none such in the late doctor's time; nor now, in other places—at least, not so bad. It was nothing like so bad at O—. The doctor had spoken lightly of the comet; he had made old Nan Dart burn the bedding that her grandmother had left her—the same that so many of her family had died on; and though he gave her new bedding, it could never be the same to her as the old. But there was no use talking. The doctor was there to make them well; and instead of doing that, he made two out of three die of those that had the fever. Such grumbles broke out into storm; and when Mr. and Mrs. Kirby descended into the hollow which their friends feared would be their tomb, they found the whole remaining population of the place blocking up the street before the doctor's house, and smashing his phials, and making a pile of his pill-boxes and little drawers, as they were handed out of his surgery window. A woman had brought a candle at the moment to fire the pill-boxes; and she knelt down to apply the flame. The people had already broken bottles enough to spill a good deal of queer stuff; and some of this stuff was so queer as to

blaze up, half as high as the houses, as quick as thought. The flame ran along the ground, and spread like magic. The people fled, supposing this the doings of the comet and the doctor together. Off they went, up and down, and into the houses whose doors were open. But the woman's clothes were on fire. She would have run too; but Mr. Kirby caught her arm, and his firm grasp made her stand, while Mrs. Kirby wrapped her camel cloak about the part that was on fire. It was so quickly done—in such a moment of time, that the poor creature was not much burned; not at all dangerously; and the new pastor was at once informed of the character of the charge he had undertaken.

That very evening Warrender was sent through the village, as acrier, to give a notice, to which every ear was open. Mr. Kirby having had medical assurance that it was injurious to the public health that more funerals should take place in the churchyard, and that the bodies should lie unburied, would next day, bury the dead above the brow, on a part of Furzy Knoll selected for the purpose. For anything unusual about this proceeding, Mr. Kirby would be answerable, considering the present state of the village of Bleaburn. A wagon would pass through the village at six o'clock the next morning; and all who had a coffin in their houses were requested to bring it out, for solemn conveyance to the new burial ground; and those who wished to attend the interment must be on the ground at eight o'clock.

All ears were open again the next morning, when the cart made its slow progress down the street; and some went out to see. It was starlight; and some of the east came enough of the dawn to show how the vehicle looked with the pall thrown over it. Now and then, as it passed a space between the houses, a puff of wind blew aside the edge of the pall, and then the coffins were seen within ranged one upon another,—quite a load of them. It stopped for a minute at the bottom of the street; and it was a relief to the listeners to hear Warrender tell the driver that there was no more, and that he might proceed up to the brow. After watching the progress of the cart till it could no longer be distinguished from the wall of grey rock along which it was ascending, those who could be spared from tending the sick put on such black as they could muster, to go to the service.

It was happily, a fine morning;—as fine a November morning as could be seen.—It is not often that weather is of so much consequence as it was to the people of Bleaburn to-day. They could not themselves have told how it was that they came down from the awful service at Furzy Knoll so much more light-hearted than they went up; and when some of them were asked the reason, by those who remained behind, they could not explain it,—but, somehow, everything looked brighter. It was, in fact, not merely the calm sunshine on the hills, and the quiet shadows in the hollows; it was not merely the ruddy tinge of the autumn ferns on the slopes, or the lively hop and flit of the wagtail about the spring heads and the stones in the pool; it was not merely that the fine morning yielded cheering influences like these, but that it enabled many, who would have been kept below by rain, to hear what their new pastor had to say. After going through the burial service very quietly, and waiting with a cheerful countenance while the business of lowering so many coffins by so few hands was effected, he addressed, in a plain and conversational style, those who were present. He told them that he had never before witnessed an interment like this; and he did not at all suppose that either he or they should see such another. Indeed, henceforth any funerals must take place without delay; as they very well might, now that, on this beautiful spot, there was room without limit. He told them how Farmer Neale had had the space they saw staked out since yesterday, and how it would be fenced in—roughly, perhaps, but securely—before night. He hoped and believed the worst of the sickness was over. The cold weather was coming on; and, perhaps, he said with a smile, it might be a comfort to some of them to know that the comet was going away. He could not say for himself that he should not be sorry when it disappeared; for he thought it a very beautiful sight, and one which reminded every eye that saw it how "the

heavens declare the glory of God;" and the wisest men were all agreed that it was a sign—not of any mischief, but of the beauty of God's handiwork in the firmament, as the Scriptures call the starry sky. The fact was, it was found that comets come round regularly, like some of the other stars and our own moon; and when a comet had once been seen, people of a future time would know when to look for it again, and would be too wise to be afraid of it. But he had better tell them about such things at another time, when perhaps they would let their children come up to his house, and look through a telescope—a glass that magnified things so much, that when they saw the stars, they would hardly believe they were the same stars that they saw every clear night. Perhaps they might then think the commonest star as wonderful as any comet.

Another reason why they might hope for better health was that people at a distance now knew more of the distress of Bleaburn than they had done, and he could assure his neighbors, that supplies of nourishing food and wholesome clothing would be lodged with the cordon till the people of the place could once more earn their own living.

Another reason why they might hope for better health was, that they were learning by experience what was good for health and what was bad. This was a very serious and important subject, on which he would speak to them again and again, on Sundays and at all times, till he had shown them what he thought about their having, he might almost say, their lives and health in their own hands. He was sure that God had ordered it so; and he expected to be able to prove to them, by and by, that there need be no fever in Bleaburn if they chose to prevent it. And now, about these *Sundays and week days*. He deeply pitied them that they had been cut off from worship during their time of distress. He thought there might be an end to that now. He would not advise their assembling in the church. There were the same reasons against it that there were two months ago; but there was no place on earth where men might not worship God if they wished it. If it were now the middle of summer, he should say that the spot they were standing on—even yet so fresh and so sunny—was the best they could have; but soon the winter winds would blow, and the cold rains would come driving over the hills.— This would not do: but there was a warm nook in the hollow—the crag behind the mill—where there was shelter from the east and north, and the warmest sunshine ever felt in the hollow—too hot in summer; but very pleasant now. There he proposed to read prayers three times a week, at an hour which should be arranged according to the convenience of the greatest number; and there he would perform service and preach a sermon on Sundays, when the weather permitted. He should have been inclined to ask Farmer Neale for one of his barns, or to propose to meet even in his kitchen; but he found his neighbors still feared that meeting anywhere but in the open air would spread the fever. He did not himself believe that one person gave the fever to another; but as long as his neighbors thought so, he would not ask them to do what might make them afraid. Then there was a settling what hours should be appointed for worship at the crag; and the mourners came trooping down into the hollow, with brightened eyes, and freshened faces, and altogether much less like mourners than when they went up.

Before night, Mr. Kirby had visited every sick person in the place, in company with the doctor. The poor doctor would hardly have ventured to go his round without the assistance of some novelty that might divert the attention of the people from his atrocities. Mr. Kirby did not attempt to get rid of the subject. He told the disconcerted, to their faces, that the doctor knew his business better than they did; and bade them remember that it was not the doctor, but themselves, that had set fire to the spirits of wine, or something of that sort, in the middle of the street, whereby a woman was in imminent danger of being burnt to death; and that their outrage on the good fame and property of a gentleman who had worn himself half dead with fatigue and anxiety on their account might yet cost them very dear, if it were not understood that they were so oppressed with sorrow and want that they did not know what they were about. His

consultations with the doctor from house to house, and his evident deference to him in regard to matters of health and sickness, wrought a great change in a few hours; and the effect was prodigiously increased when Mrs. Kirby, herself a surgeon's daughter, and no stranger in a surgery, offered her daily assistance in making up the medicines, and administering such as might be misused by those who could not read the labels.

"That is what the Good Lady does, when she can get out at the right time," observed some one; "but now poor Jim is down, and his mother hardly up again yet, it is not every day, as she says, that she can go so far out of call."

"Who is this Good Lady?" inquired Mr. Kirby. "I have been hardly twenty-four hours in this place, and I seem to have heard her name fifty times; and yet nobody seems able to say who she is."

"She almost overpowers their faculties," I believe," replied the doctor; and, indeed, it is not very easy to look upon her as upon any other young lady. It comes easier to one's tongue to call her an angel than to introduce her as Miss Mary Pickard, from America."

When he had told what he knew of her, the Kirbys said, in the same breath.

"Let us go and see her." And the doctor showed them the way to Widow Johnson's, where poor Jim was languishing, in that state which is so affecting to witness, when he who has no intellect seems to have more power of patience than he who has most. The visitors arrived at a critical moment, however, when poor Jim's distress was very great, and his mother's hardly less. There lay the Good Lady on the ground, doubled up in a strange sort of way; Mrs. Johnson trying to go to her, but unable; and Jim, on his hands and knees, in the most agonizing position something was clearly the matter."

"What's to do now?" exclaimed the doctor.

Mary laughed as she answered, "O nothing, that I can't get up. I don't know how I feel, and I can't get up. But it is mere fatigue—want of sleep. Do convince Aunt that I have not got the fever."

"Let's see," said the doctor. Then, after a short study of his new patient, he assured Mrs. Johnson that he saw no signs of fever about her niece. She had had enough of nursing for the present, and now she must have rest.

"That is just it," said Mary. "If some body will put something under me here, and just let me sleep for a few days, I shall do very well."

"Not there, Miss Pickard," said Mrs. Kirby, "you must be brought to our house, where everything will be quite about you; and then you may sleep on till Christmas, if you will."

Mary felt the kindness; but she evidently preferred remaining where she was; and, with due consideration, she was indulged. She did not wish to be carried through the street, so that the people might see that the Good Lady was down at last; and besides, she felt as if she would die by the way, though really believing she should do very well if only let alone. She was allowed to order things just as she liked. A mattress was put under her, on the floor. Ann Warrender came and undressed her, lifting her limbs as if she was an infant, for she could not move them herself; and daily was she refreshed, as she had taught others to refresh those who cannot move from their beds. Every morning the doctor came, and agreed with her that there was nothing in the world the matter with her; that she had only to lie still till she felt the wish to get up; and every day came Mrs. Kirby to take a look at her, if her eyes were closed; and if she was able to talk and listen, to tell her how the sick were faring, and what were the prospects of Bleaburn. After these visits, something good was always found near the pillow; some firm jelly, or particularly pure arrow-root, or tallow; odd things to be dropped by the fairies; but Mrs. Kirby said the neighbors liked to think that the Good Lady was waited on by the Good People.

Another odd thing was, that for several days Mary could not sleep at all.—She would have liked it, and she needed it extremely, and the window curtain was drawn, and everybody was very quiet, and even poor Jim caught the trick of quietness, and lay immovable for hours,



when the door of his closet was open, watching to see her sleep. But she could not. She felt, what was indeed true, that Aunt's large black eyes were for ever fixed upon her; and she could not but be aware that the matter of the very first public concern in Bleaburn was, that she could go to sleep; and this was enough to prevent it. At last, when people were getting frightened, and even the doctor told Mr. Kirby that he should be glad to correct this insomnia, the news went softly along the street one day, told in whispers even at the further end, that the Good Lady was asleep. The children were warned that they must keep within doors, or go up to the brow to play; there must be no noise in the hollow. The dogs were not allowed to bark, nor the ducks to quack; and Farmer Neale's carts were, on no account, to go before the Plough and Harrow. The patience of all persons who liked to make a noise was tried and proved, for nobody broke the rule; and when Mary once began sleeping, it seemed as if she would never stop. She could hardly keep awake to eat, or to be washed; and, as for having her hair brushed, that is always drowsy work, and she could never look before her for two minutes together while it was done. She thought it all very ridiculous, and laughed at her own laziness, and then, before the smile was off her lips, she had sunk on her pillow and was asleep again.

#### TO BE CONTINUED.

**ILL DO IT WELL.**  
There lives in New England a gentleman who gave me the following interesting account of a portion of his own life. He was an apprentice in a tin manufactory. When 21 years old he lost his health, so that he was entirely unable to work at his trade, and wholly destitute of means. With his imperfect health, he was thrown out upon the world, to seek any employment for which he had strength. He said he went out to find employment with the determination, that whatever he did, he would do it well. The first and only thing he found, that he could do, was to black boots and scour knives in a tavern. This he did, and did it well, as gentlemen now living would testify. Though the business was low and servile, he did not lay aside his self-respect, or allow himself to be made mean by his lucre. The respect and confidence of his employers was secured, as a matter of course, and he was advanced to a more lucrative and less laborious position.

The health of this young man was restored, and he returned to his legitimate business, which he now carries on very extensively. He has accumulated an ample fortune, and is training an interesting family by giving them the best advantages for moral and mental cultivation. The gentleman in question stands high among the givers to every benevolent object. It would be superfluous to say, though naturally very modest and retiring, he holds an elevated place in the community where he lives, and is to his minister what Jonathan was to David.

Young men, who may chance to read the above statement of facts, should mark the secret of the above named success. It is often and truly said, the whole system of the Sabbath School instruction commenced in the little word "try." So the man's whole character, of whom I have spoken, was formed and directed by the determination to do whatever he did well.

**Poverty and servile labor are no disgrace**, when persons in these circumstances do not disgrace themselves by feeling that because they have inferior clothes and lower employment than others, therefore they need not be particular about their character. This is the mistake, the ruin of thousands. Do the thing you are doing so well that you will be respected in your place, and you may be sure it will be said to you, "Go up higher!"—*Evangelist.*

**THE WINE GLASS.**  
"Who hath won? Who hath sorrow?  
Who hath contentions? Who  
hath wounds without cause?  
Who hath redness of eyes?  
They that tarry long at  
the wine! They that  
Go to seek mixed wine!  
Look not thou upon  
the wine when it is  
red, when it giveth  
its color."  
IN THE  
CUP  
when it  
moveth itself  
aright;  
At  
the last  
it biteth like a  
serpent and stingeth like an adder."

**TEST FOR LINEN GOODS.**  
The adulteration of linen has reached such an extent that it must be quite a treasure to know the means of discovering without fail a spurious article from the genuine. An unimpaired process is founded upon the well established fact that sulphuric acid exerts a destructive power more readily and quicker upon the cotton fiber than on flax. After depriving the sample to be tested by repeated washing and boiling (without soap) of all starch and finish, lay the same for one or two minutes, (according to the thickness of the linen,) in concentrated sulphuric acid. Remove the acid by repeated washing in water, and dry the piece by pressing it between blotting paper. If there has been any cotton in it, it will have disappeared, while the linen will be left.—*Exchange paper.*

**ENVELOPED LETTERS.**—When letters are enclosed in an envelope, the address should be inscribed as well on the letter itself as on the envelop; otherwise, the loss of the envelop may cause grave mistakes and serious confusion—or may leave the letter for an anonymous claimant. We heard a deceased Chancellor say that he knew an important law case which came very near being lost to the party, ultimately successful, by the loss of an envelop, leaving it uncertain to whom the missive had been addressed. Recently, too, we learn from an exchange paper, that a stolen mail had been recovered, with all the envelopes torn off the letters, and the Postmaster knew not where to send any of them.—*Charleston Courier.*



**AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.**  
V. B. PALMER is the Agent for this paper in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and is duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His receipts will be regarded as payments. His offices are in Scollay's Building, Boston, Fyffe Building, New York, and North-West corner Third and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

**MONOPOLY.**  
The cry of "no monopoly" is one of the favorite humbugs in constant use by a certain class of minor politicians and their satellites. A very good declaration in its place, but often most improperly applied. There is however, such a thing as a monopoly; and the community is sometimes made to feel its presence, and its severe exactions. We look upon the New-Haven, Hartford and Springfield Railroad Company, as of this genus. We have hopes of a Legislature sometime, that will heed the prayer of an outraged people, and grant a charter for the building of the "Canal Railroad." The "pennywise" policy, which is one of the characteristics of this Road, was exhibited at the time of the recent Fireman's Parade at New Haven, in its refusal to reduce the regular price of fare. We are convinced that hundreds, who otherwise would have witnessed the display, were prevented from this cause, and the road suffered the consequent loss of fares.

**AMERICAN AND FOREIGN AGENCY IN WASHINGTON, D. C.**  
Joseph C. G. Kennedy advertises that he will attend to the prosecution of all claims before Congress and the several Departments, and other legal matters requiring attention at the Capitol.

He offers a long list of highly honorable references, and claims to be familiar with all matters around the seat of Government. Those in search for some one to serve them in that vicinity, would do well to look to Mr. Kennedy's claims.

Wonder if he has the private ear of Gen. Pierce, and could be of service to some of our neighbors who emigrated hither from New Hampshire, and have been in daily expectation of some token of friendly recognition, ever since his Inauguration? If so, we think we could secure him one or two jobs, and make our friends feel a little more comfortable.

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.**—"During our brief experience as a soldier," we well remember the familiar "Roll call" of the clerk, and among the names, that of Sylvester Scott, and also, the invariable response—"Here!"—Yes! Scott was always there, and one of that old "Front Section" of tall ones, now alas! scattered, to be gathered no more on earth. We don't know whether he is a relative of "the greatest of living generals," which, if he was, might account for his being so good a soldier; but we do know, that he raises some of the very best PRANS, and that he handed us in a specimen of the Blood-Good variety, which we think it would be hard to beat, at any rate we shall consider that they can't be beaten, until some one convinces us to the contrary.

Mr. SNEYD CHAPIN, of Chicopee street, has presented us with a Broom, so excellent in its manufacture, that we are convinced that a great amount of "elbow grease" can be saved in the floor cleaning process, by its use. Good as it is as a Broom, we value it more for something else, and that is, for its practical teaching of the doctrine of Internal Improvements. The brush from which it is made, was grown in five different States of the Union, viz: South Carolina, Massachusetts, Illinois, Wisconsin and Ohio. The handle was made in Cummington, Mass.; the wire in Hadley, and the twine in New Jersey. Mr. Chapin's principle market for his brooms, is Boston, from whence they are scattered all over the world, by land and by sea. By no extra effort, the products of these various, and widely separated localities, are brought together, and wrought into articles of necessity and usefulness, and afforded at a price, marvelous for its cheapness. And no surprise is excited that this should be so, or scarcely a thought given to the fact. Yet it is a great argument for that system of internal improvements, through which our country must work its way to wealth and influence, until it stands at the head of the nations of the earth. The blindness of partisan bigotry, cannot always clog the wheels that would roll us on to the position which of right to us belongs, for the

eyes of the people will from time to time be opened by some fact as simple as this, which will work a revolution at the ballot-box, by which the right shall triumph.

**A PAIR OF INCIDENTS.**  
A few weeks ago, as we were seated by a window, we observed a Ground Sparrow, or "Chipping Bird," gathering materials for its nest. We watched with interest its busy employment, and careful skill. Soon however, our attention was called to another feature of this work of construction. A beautiful Golden Robin had come and joined his little friend of another order, and was helping her build her place to lay her young. Steadily and lovingly they pursued their task; the Robin carrying the material, and the Sparrow weaving it into a nest. We left the window with a sermune within on our heart, and the text kept ringing in our ears—"Ye are of more value than many Sparrows."

As we went from the scene, to us so new and full of interest, we called at the house of a friend, and of course, related the incident, and remarked, "Such an act is worthy of imitation by those who have been called 'better than many Sparrows.'" Our friend smiled, and said he had just experienced something which, compared with what we had related, did not substantiate the doctrine of the text:

He occupied a yard jointly with another; a little patch of ground lying between the house and the fence which divided it from the street, was planted with a variety of shrubbery; among the rest a beautiful rose. His little girl, a child of six summers, had, as she left home for school, plucked one of the roses which grew by the door. The joint occupant witnessing the act, took his knife and cut all the shrubbery down—"Why," said we, "he must certainly be crazy!" "Oh, no!" said our friend, "he is not; but he is a member of the Christian Church, and loud in his denunciation of all heresy!" Surely, thought we, either man or the Sparrow must have changed very much since the days of the Savior.

**THE FIREMAN'S PARADE AT NEW-HAVEN.**—It is rather late in the day to say anything about the Fireman's gathering at New Haven, yet we have a word to say touching the matter, of some local interest, and therefore give an abstract of an account of it, as we find it in the *Daily Republican*:

The day was a charming one, and the streets of the city were crowded at an early hour with Firemen and spectators, and enlivened with the music of the numerous bands.

Four States were represented, viz: New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and, of course, Connecticut.

Twenty-two companies entered the competing lists, and were divided into two classes, those of nine inch cylinders and over, coming under the head of the first class, and those of the eight inch and over, under that of second class, later.

The prizes were two Silver Goblets and Salvers, the gift of the City of New Haven, for which the companies from abroad only were allowed to compete. The first class prize was borne off by the Gaspee Company of Providence, R. I., their engine being a "double decker," and its stream reaching 143 feet. The second class prize was taken by the Niagara Co., of New Britain, Ct., their engine being a 7-4 inch cylinder of the Waterman build, which threw her stream 149 feet. The Naumkeag Company of New London, were in a fair way of victory, when their hose burst. The Niagara Company of this city had reached 125 feet, when their hose burst. Each company drew their own water, and played through 150 feet of hose, with such a sized nozzle or tip as they chose, and were allowed to play one minute.

There seems to be considerable feeling in this vicinity, that the Pacific Company was not treated with that courtesy that is usually considered as belonging to the Fire Department Universal. Of course the New-Haven Companies had a perfect, and unquestioned right to invite such other companies as they chose, to participate with them in their Jubilee, and they very likely intended to be generous in the disposal of their favors. The opinion is entertained here, among the Pacific Boys, that they are indebted to the Niagara's of Springfield, for being thus left out of the ring, from a fear on the part of the latter that the prize would not go to Springfield. We know nothing about the affair, farther than this, there are quite a number of Cabot "natives" at present residing in New Haven, engaged in mechanical employments; and it is reported that they were invited to contribute towards defraying the expenses incident to the gathering, but refused, on the ground that the company from here, was not to be there. The answer made to this was, that the Niagara Co. was charged with the duty of selecting companies in this vicinity, to be invited, and had only sent the name of the Torrent Co. from Chicopee, which company had been invited in proper form. We regret the accident to the Hose of the Torrent, for we believe the boys had made arrangements to bring home the Goblet.

The communications of our Boston correspondent "Mike" have been discontinued for two or three weeks, for the reason, we are sorry to say, that our worthy Delegate, Sherman, is detained at home by illness. We are happy to learn however, that his health is improving, and we trust he may again be able to take his seat in the Convention, and allow our readers to know of its sayings and doings, over the familiar cognomen of Mike.

The individual who broke the ice with his maiden speech, was drowned by applause.

**LIFE INSURANCE.**  
The subject of Life Insurance is one in which a great majority of the community, and particularly a community like our own, should feel an interest. The following certificate from one who has recently experienced the benefits arising from it, tells its own story. The Massachusetts Company deserve great credit for the promptness manifested in adjusting the claim. Our readers who knew Mr. Hitchcock, will not need to be told, that he was one of the very last who might expect to benefit his family by such means, for he was an unusually healthy man; yet he died, and his careful forethought is now manifested by the comfortable condition in which his family is left. The officers of this Company, are men well known in this vicinity and their names are a sufficient guaranty for its soundness and respectability.

**CHICOOPEE, July 11th, 1853.**  
I hereby acknowledge the receipt of Three Thousand Dollars, being the amount of a Policy of Insurance issued by the Mass. Mutual Life Insurance Co., of Springfield on the Life of Hiram Hitchcock, late of this town, said Policy being expressed for the benefit of his wife and children.

**HARRIET A. HITCHCOCK.**  
THE STATE MUTUAL COMPANY OF WORCESTER, IS another excellent Life Assurance Company, and the agency has been entrusted to our hands. We should be very happy to receive applications, and will use our best endeavors to please any who may favor us with a call; and at the same time assure them that this Company is ready and willing to meet all its engagements as promptly as any other. See advertisement in another column.

**BOOK NOTICES.**  
**MARK HURDLESTONE, OR THE TWO BROTHERS.**—Is the name of a new novel, by Mrs. Moodie, author of "Roughing it in the Bush," etc. Published by De Witt & Davenport, New York. From a very shrewd examination of this book, we are led to believe that it is a work of considerable merit, and of a good moral tone. Mrs. Moodie is a writer of spirit, and her works will always command admiring readers.

Fowler and Wells, Boston, have published a small book, called Rappo-Mania Overthrown—the object of which is, to keep the Sacred Scriptures and the Christian Religion from being harmed by the Spiritual Rappers—a work which in our judgment, a little patience would have saved the author the trouble of writing. It only needs time to allow this Spiritualism to die a natural death. Mr. Henry Wickliffe, the author, evidently thinks differently, and so has written a book. Any who believe with him may be interested in its perusal.

Stringer & Townsend, New York, have sent us Part II of "The Practical Draughtsman's Book of Industrial Design, &c." The appearance of this book is very much to be regretted, we could, however, judge better of its merits by looking at Part First.

**GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST.**—Is on our table. The number contains a beautiful mezzotint engraving by Sartain, 'Household Treasures,' with quite a number of wood cuts, and a good table of contents.

**ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.**—The August number of this excellent periodical, is received. Our readers do not need that we should again tell them that it is second to none in its claims to a place on the Library table of every home.

Mr. E. F. Brown has placed upon our table a copy of THE ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF THE INDUSTRY OF ALL NATIONS. This work is published by Geo. P. Putnam, New York—and is to contain engravings of the principle articles on Exhibition at the World's Fair in the Crystal Palace, together with a history of them, and a catalogue.

From the appearance of the present number, we should judge that the complete work would be well worth perusing. Mr. Brown would be happy to furnish the numbers at his Store, No. 4 Merchants' Row.

**Nos. 79-80 LIVING AGE.**—Are on our table, with their usual excellent variety of reading.

**INTERESTING COMMUNICATION.**  
We have been favored with a few anonymous communications, since our connection with the Journal, and have (very properly as we think) placed them where they will make a light sometime—but not in the columns of our paper. The following however, is so good in its way, that we think our readers should not be denied the perusal of it. It has reference to the late legal destruction of liquor in this village. We are not aware who our friend and correspondent can be, but trust he will be satisfied with seeing his communication appear this week. We give it *verbatim et literatim*:

**Friend Childs**  
(Please Insert the following)  
I am sorry to learn by unquestionable Authority that their could be found in The precincts of this village, three men that would be mean enough, to take and destroy a man's property, as was done in our village last week, and that too without his knowledge, which property they had bought and deposited secretly, in his cellar, to sell for the good of his respected citizens, thinking no Doubt, that the former ex-Cabot boys, had come to an end, as the Same gentleman, I have been informed About one year ago, deposited for safe keeping, in one of our depots, a number Of kegs of ale, until the excitement Was over, which property he likewise Lost, for the kegs and Ale both stole a March to Baltimore, from whence it came, Without his knowledge or consent, now friend Childs I think for one, that the Good Gentlemen is dealt with rather Roughly. A SUBSCRIBER

We are requested to state that the Selectmen of Chicopee have re-appointed the former Town Agents for the sale of Spirituous Liquors, who are Amariah Bulens and Henry H. Jewell.

**CHOLERA—ITS SYMPTOMS AND TREATMENT.**  
During last week a stranger to us called at our office, and stated to us that the preceding night a member of his family was suddenly taken ill, the symptoms resembling those of the common type of Cholera. He rose from bed, dressed, and went to a druggist's, where he procured "The Sun Cholera Medicine." He hastened home, and administered it. It gave almost immediate relief, and by morning, the patient was perfectly restored. The object of his visit to our office was to inform us of the fact; as, he said he would not be doing his duty if he did not do what he could to publish the merits of so successful a remedy against a dreaded disease.

We have yet to learn of the first failure of this "recipe," in any case in which timely resort was had to it. Cholera, in its incipient stages, may be ranked with ordinary summer complaints, and will yield to proper medical treatment. Its first symptom generally is, looseness of the bowels, and to remove this, and prevent the progress of the disease, the "Sun Cholera Recipe" is the most efficacious as well as the most harmless remedy yet discovered. Any druggist will prepare it—though some take more pains than others—and we consider it of the first importance that every family, office, and workshop should be supplied with it.

The following is the recipe:  
Take equal parts of—  
Tincture of Laudanum,  
" Cayenne pepper, treble strength,  
" Rubarb,  
Essence of Peppermint, treble strength,  
Spirits of Camphor.  
The dose is from 5 to 30 or even 60 drops, according to the age of the patient and the violence of the symptoms, and it should be repeated every 15 to 30 minutes until relief is obtained.  
N. Y. Sun.

#### THE MORMONS AT SALT LAKE.

From recent accounts of the progress of the Mormons at Salt Lake, it appears that they are like the Gentiles in other parts of the world, and exhibit a large amount of human nature in their internal dissensions, schisms, backbiting, and struggles for individual power and supremacy. The general idea of their little saintly settlement in the wilderness beyond the Rocky Mountains, is that they are a "band of brothers" and sisters—closely knit in the bonds of fraternal affection, despising the follies and pomp of the world, and looking only to the spread of the true faith, and the extension of spiritual wisdom. We are sorry to say that this flattering picture is only the distant view of the heavenly scene; a nearer approach shows that there are persecutions for opinions' sake, bitter heart burnings, apostasy, and repudiation of the doctrine of polygamy, which the prophet Joseph, surnamed Smith, introduced as one of the divine institutions. A writer, who has been among them, says a more discordant set of harmonies than they, were never combined. A very short acquaintance with them, with some knowledge of their history, exhibits a very curious accumulation and loss of members constantly going on in the Mormon community. It seems to require a very small number of converts to make them, as to make them. Many of these new-born saints very soon lose, the soda-water enthusiasm which is first experienced, and fall away; and many who have zeal enough to start on the great journey towards the modern Zion, cool off, and lodge, like drift wood, by the way. Each emigrating body tapers off something like the body of Peter the Hermit in the first great crusade. The Mormons have, in reality, more backsliders and apostates, and for the length of time since their commencement, are divided into more sects than any religious body known.—*Phil. Ledger.*

A young boy in Marietta, about four years of age, we are informed by a gentleman of that place, who had been in the habit for some time past of procuring bread from his grandmother to feed his "long tailed monkey," was recently discovered petting a snake, holding its head in one hand, and dropping crumbs of bread into its mouth. Of course his pet was destroyed, but he alleges that he has "another long-tailed monkey which they shan't find out."

#### Home Gazette.

**A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.**—M. A. Townsend writing from New Brighton, Pa., under date of June 27, says: "A little boy, blind from birth, aged about four years, died in this village a few days ago with scarletina. About an hour before he died, he was taken to bed, and he died, holding his head in one hand, and dropping crumbs of bread into its mouth. Of course his pet was destroyed, but he alleges that he has "another long-tailed monkey which they shan't find out."

**A SUSPICIOUS MIND.**  
It is difficult to tell who suffers most from suspicion; he who entertains it, or he who is its victim. There are few evils more intolerable in life than the coldness and distrust of friends and acquaintances. But the pain of discovering an unworthy trait or a vile deed in those whom we have trusted is hardly less distressing. God has made us social beings, and the social instinct cannot be outraged without pain. There is hardly any habit more unfortunate than that of readily taking up an evil report, or of easily imbibing a suspicion of the conduct or character of our fellow-men.

**A DISCOVERY.**—A Paris letter in the New York Commercial says that the attention of men of science has been drawn to an extraordinary discovery made in a neighboring department. A grave-digger, in throwing up some earth, came upon a body in a state of perfect preservation. On examination, it proved to be that of an individual buried thirty-seven years ago. He had died from the effects of the bite of a mad dog. The shroud and coffin had fallen to dust, but the body remained intact. This is the third exhumation made within twenty years, of bodies of the victims of hydrophobia, under similar circumstances; and it would really seem that they are beyond the reach of decomposition. The registry of deaths was consulted, but no mention of the embalmment of the body was found.

**HEROIC ACT OF A JAIL KEEPER.**—We lately mentioned that, on the 4th inst., the prisoners confined in the Cincinnati Jail attempted to make their escape. A Cincinnati paper gives the annexed account of the scene:—

On the evening preceding the Fourth of July an attempt was made by the chain gang to escape from "durance ville," by cutting a hole through the ceiling of their cell, climbing from thence to the garret, and then cutting another hole through the outer wall, near the roof. This they had nearly effected before they were discovered. However, their noise awakened Mr. Millage, one of the turnkeys, who, seizing a club, immediately hastened to the roof, where he encountered one or two who had already made their way through the aperture made, preparing to descend outside the wall. A blow from the club in the hands of Mr. M. laid one of them low, while the other was brought to terms by a well directed shot in the arm. Following up his advantage, he sprang to the edge of the roof, immediately above the aperture, assuring the frightened birds that the first one who protruded his head would most assuredly lose what little brains he had left. By this time assistance arrived, and the whipped scoundrels, one of whom is Billy Adams, the notorious thief, were escorted to safe quarters.—*Boston Eve. Traveller.*

**Rev. Mr. Hubbell**, who has been dismissed from the ministry of the Congregational Church in Avon, because his wife wrote a book called "Shady Side," has received and accepted a call at North Stonington. The book spoke in general terms of certain New England characters, to be found in every village, who were very self-righteous, and abominably mean in the transactions of every day life. The coat seemed to fit certain people of Avon so well that they charged the authorship upon Mrs. Hubbell, and the fact not being denied, these very consistent, liberal minded and pious church members succeeded in effecting the dismissal of the offending lady's husband from his place as pastor of the village church. She probably drew a true portrait of the mean ones of Avon.—*Hartford Times.*

**MISUNDERSTANDING A MISSIONARY.**—Sam Slick says the following story is true:—  
"These wise men of Goshen sent a missionary once to the Burmese. Well, one day he built a bamboo tent near one of their temples, and as the heathens were going to idolatry, he stood at the door to preach to them, and convert them. He took for his text that passage that refers to livin' water that quenches thirst for ever. Well, it was a capital text, if they could have understood it but they didn't and off they ran as hard as they could lick, and what was his horror when he saw them all return with cans, cups, gourds, calabashes, and what not, for the fluid; and when they found he hadn't it, they pulled down his bamboo camp, and took the sticks and thrashed him a most to death. In fact, he never did get over it. He died from the heat he bore. They called him a Yankee cheat, and it lowered our great nation amazingly—*fact, I assure you.*

**CREDITABLE TO THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.**—Corporations are said to be soulless.—Some of the Officers of this road did an act on Sunday which proves that they have souls, and noble ones too. The parents of young Sanford, who was killed on the Empire, and brought to this City, were desirous to take his remains to the family burial place somewhere up the river, but felt too poor to incur the expense. The fact being made known to the gentlemen having charge of the Sunday evening train, they promptly offered to take the body and mourners through to Troy free of charge.

This matter being talked over at the Cattle Market yesterday, several of the drovers declared that the Company never should lose anything by this noble deed of their Officers, for they would take pains to make the circumstances known and work to their advantage. Thus good deeds reward themselves.

The road is entitled to great credit for similar acts of kindness to the friends of the Henry Clay victims last summer.—*Tribune.*

**THIRST.**  
Thirst is the instinctive feeling by which we are admonished of the necessity of taking liquids into the system to repair the waste which the body has sustained, and to assist in the solution of the aliment that has been taken.—Hence we are thirsty after the use of dry food. This sensation appears to reside in the throat and fauces, but it is not always connected with the dryness of these parts, as in many cases the tongue is perfectly dry, while little thirst is present. In such cases, drink should be frequently offered, although the patient does not ask for it. Thirst is borne with much greater difficulty than hunger. It is evidently much under the power of habit; those who frequently indulge in drink, increase the craving for liquids. Children should not be suffered to take drink every time the fancy strikes them. The intensity of this sensation is morbidly increased in a great variety of diseases especially in feverish complaints, of which it is one of the distinguished symptoms. It is best relieved in fevers, and other ailments, by gruel, toast-water, vegetable acids, or fruits. The state of the stomach, and its contents have much influence on thirst. Severe pain, or great terror cause thirst.

#### MUSIC.

Let taste and skill in this beautiful art be spread among us, and every family will have a new resource. Home will gain a new attraction. Social intercourse will be more cheerful, and an innocent public amusement will be furnished to the community. Public amusements, bringing multitudes together to kindle with one emotion, to share the same innocent joy, have a humanizing influence; and among these bonds of society perhaps no one produces so much unmixed good as music. What a fulness of enjoyment has our Creator placed within our reach, by surrounding us with an atmosphere which may be shaped into sweet sounds! And yet this goodness is almost lost upon us, through want of culture of the organ by which this provision is to be enjoyed.

**Dr. Channing's Address on Temperance.**  
One of Queen Victoria's state halls, it is said, contains an expenditure of half a million of dollars for dresses and jewels.

There is no paper on our exchange list that we are more gratified to receive and peruse than the *New Hampshire Telegraph*. And if we had entertained the shadow of a hope that we should ever be able to produce a paper as fully up to the times, and as readable, as that printed at Nashua, we should not have been so anxious to exchange our *fast name* for something more in character. Brother Beard has a way of saying things that indicates a heart in about the right place, and a head capable of reducing its emotions to valuable lessons. We clip the two following articles from the *Telegraph* of the 23d inst., and are of the opinion that our readers' judgment and ours will coincide respecting their merits:

**MINISTERS.**—There are now three churches here, without pastors. The Pearl Street Church has been without ever since Mr. Swain left more than a year ago; the Unitarian Church has been without since Mr. Bulfinch left more than a year ago; and the Universalist Church has been without since Mr. Brown left, some months ago. There seems to be a lack of desirable ministers in all denominations. There are enough of them, but they are not the kind desired in large places. Our churches here desire able men. It is hardly enough that they are true men, sound men, and perfectly unexceptionable in their doctrine and belief. They must have the talent to attract, quite as much by their manner, as their matter, or some other church, more favored in this respect, carries off the audience, and so the support. This is one of the results of education, taste, and refinement, and it will do little good to grumble at it, even if grumbling were justifiable in the premises. But, after all, we are inclined to the belief, that people are rather difficult in regard to this matter. We believe that any young man of mediocrity talent, with a true soul in his body, can be made a very acceptable preacher. He can't make much of himself, unless he have talent above the common order, and unless his congregation, or his society, are helpers, he had better, by far, turn his strength to digging the earth, than to spend it in fruitless efforts in such a barren field. The want of interest on the part of the congregation, not only in the cause which he preaches, but in the man himself, will keep talent of a high order, below the medium standard, while its exercise will lift a man of humble ability to an exalted position. While men go to church to criticise a sermon, as they would a play, they can never hope to see a useful or a successful minister.

There is another thing in connection with this deficiency of ministers. Very few young men of decided talent choose the ministry for a profession. The highest talent in that department, can command but a salary of about three thousand dollars a year, while in the other learned professions, the same talent can make double or triple that sum.—It is a sad commentary upon human nature, perhaps, but the best of our young men are looking, not so much to the real good they can do their race, as to the money they can make. Even after the profession is chosen, how often we see men leaving the net or plectrum usefulness, for one which will pay better, laying the flattering unction to their souls, that they are enlarging the field of their usefulness. There is no field in which any minister is placed, that is not large enough—larger than he can fill—and all this talk is very apt to be but another phase of the universal love for money, from which the best of us are not exempt.

**AN INCIDENT.** The other day we were riding in the cars, and among the passengers were a man, woman, and six children, all evidently belonging to one family, as each bore unmistakable marks of resemblance with one or the other of the adults. They were evidently poor people, and perhaps were on their way to the far west, in the hope that his generous soil would yield a better prospect of giving bread and butter to the half dozen mouths, which opened around them, and exhibited a good deal of ability in the bestowal of that humble fare. They carried their provision along with them, and when the hour for dinner came, the father—for so he evidently was—brought forth his bag and distributed to each his portion. They ate it with most refreshing relish, though the fare was coarse, and washed it down with the contents of a jug which they had provided themselves with. Such a circumstance excited some attention from the passengers, of course. Up on the seat back of them, sat a boy and girl, nicely dressed, and evidently belonging to a "good family," but they had the rudeness to laugh and giggle right out, at the sight. Now if that girl and boy should, by any possibility see this article, we hope they will see themselves in it, and remember what we say about it. It was a little amusing, perhaps, to see that little boy in coarse clothing, and his sun-burnt, but not inexpressive face, munch his bread and suck away at the jug, relieved in the latter operation by the little girl at his side, as coarsely clad, and as sunburnt as he. But we venture to tell that boy who giggled so rudely, that if we were to express an opinion, it would be that that little boy will make the smartest man of the two. In the far west, fortune may smile upon him, and he may become the honored citizen, the refined gentleman, the accomplished statesman, and even the President of the United States. The road to that lies quite as open to him as to the other. And that girl who joined so heartily in the laughter, she may live to see the rough-looking specimen which excited her mirth, grow up to adorn and grace the stateliest mansion in our land. Such things have happened, and may happen again, and boys and girls, when they are inclined to laugh because others, may not have received the dainty "bringing up" which has been their lot, should remember, not only that they may be laughing at a future great and good man, and future amiable and beautiful woman, but that it is very rude to do so, and is so regarded by all. They would have felt very badly to have heard the remarks which we did about it.

How strange it is that no poet has ever been discovered to draw out a man's virtues so fully as the sod that covers his grave.







