



Poetry.

For the Weekly Journal.

THE MORNING MOON.

In crimson light the western sky Is blushing, as the king of day, Peaceful behind the distant hills, In parting brightness melts away.

For the Weekly Journal.

Lines on the Death of "Little Frank."

Oh! can it be that we no more shall hear The gushing music of thy merry voice; No more behold thy brightly beaming eye, Whose fondlest look, was answering to our own.

Select Tales.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

[From Household Words.]

EDITED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

There is one great fault in most of the novels and romances of my acquaintance, and that is, that all the interesting adventures are limited to persons of extraordinary personal attractions. Can't an ugly fellow meet with surprising accidents by food or field? Must all the people who run up ladders when a house is on fire and save beautiful young ladies from being burned to death—must all the heroes of this sort be six feet high, five-and-twenty years of age, and end with a baronetcy and twelve thousand a year?

men, you may have remarked, are often addicted to very small pursuits. Belton was fond of fishing. We used to laugh to see him affix a small bait to a small hook, and bring out at last a very small trout. But he was as much gratified as if it had been a whale. So every year when his principal, as he called old Jones, had gone for his holiday, and his ships were fairly off on their long voyages, and the homeward-bound ones not expected for a month, he used to pack up his trunk and arrange his fishing-rods, and away he went to his favorite stream in the beautiful county of Hants, and we heard no more of him until a notice from Loyd's summoned him back again to his desk in Riches Court.

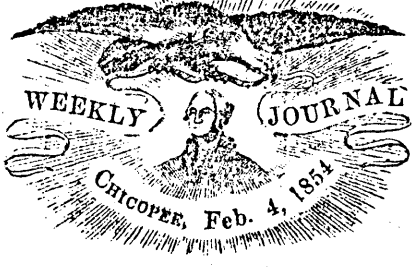
a coldness and firmness in the expression of the handsome features of his companion, which did not accord with the idea of a wedding. The fiery bays stepped out in noble style, Belton was great on horseflesh, as on all other branches of life and art; and guessed the prices of the animals; and told anecdotes of the horrid bargains his friend had made at Tattersall's; and was just in the middle of his famous anecdote of the Lord Mayor's horse which had been in the dragoon, and which horse carried his lordship almost into collision with George the Third, on the trumpet's sounding a charge, when the stranger turned his horses sharp round up a narrow lane, and put them into a hard gallop with an exclamation that he feared they were too late.

own safety, "he aided the horror-struck perpetrator of the crime into the phaeton, mounted the box, and drove off at full gallop across the down. This was too serious a matter to be misunderstood any more. Belton was terrified and shocked—terrified at the prospect of his own fate, and shocked at the dreadful ending of the unfortunate young man. He overcame the instinctive horror which all men have of death, and placed his hand on the victim's breast. There was vital warmth still there; but he could detect no beating of the pulse. The cloth round the jaw became saturated with blood; and sickened with the sight, bewildered with surprise, and utterly unknowing what to do, he was awakened at last from the torpor of his despair by hearing, at a great distance, the voices of some of the shepherds noisily guiding their flocks.

me that this resolution calmed him like a charm. He was now going to be hanged, and knew the worst. He even became jocular. He saw a considerable amount of humor in the rapidity of the change that had taken place in his position. Half an hour had altered it for life. He merely accepted a polite stranger's offer of a seat in his carriage, and had become enveloped in an affair with which he had no original concern, and must make his appearance on a scaffold for the murder of a man he had never seen before. In these meditations many miles were passed over, many byways sought out, many turnings and twistings scientifically performed to put his pursuers off the scent; but at last he felt faint and hungry, and was under the necessity of seeking the haunts of men. Somewhere at a little distance directed him towards a village at the foot of a gentle eminence.

What an ending it would be if he—but then there was that Sir Charles, the actual culprit. It would be an excellent secondary punishment to cut him out. So, at the end of two months, Belton ordered a new suit of clothes; a bright green satin waistcoat with a diamond stud in the frill of his shirt, which would have equalled a king's ransom if it had been real; a pair of boots with fixed brass spurs on the heels; and set off, without consulting anybody, to resume his apartments in the Rue in urbe. The plea of a sudden call to town soon explained to his housekeeper the cause of his disappearance; and he lost no time in making all the inquiries he could venture on without exciting suspicion. With this view he resumed his piscatorial pursuits, and as he discovered that near the scene of the dreadful transaction there was a house of entertainment called the "Isaac's Arms," in honor of old Isaac Walton, he betook himself to his rod, and strolled, in a very unconcerned manner, from brook to brook, till, at the close of a sharp October day, he found himself in the coffee room, or rather the bar of the wished-for hotel.

ment was produced by the unusual quantity he drank to explain the extraordinary incident which occurred that night. I am not superstitious; but it is useless to deny that persons under strong agitation of the nervous system have their senses so sharpened that they see strange, unearthly appearances which it is impossible to account for by the ordinary laws of nature; and, however difficult it may be to bring ourselves to a belief in these startling departures from the usual course of human affairs, I think that the evidence that "such things be," is irresistible and conclusive. The "Isaac's Arms" was a long, rambling, old-fashioned inn, with a narrow passage running through it from end to end. The bedrooms lay to the south of this passage, while a window or two looked northward over some quiet fields, by the side of which lay the parish road. With the candle in his hand, Belton paused a long time on his way to bed, and looked out of the window. The night had grown wilder than before—the wind was louder—the obscurations of the moon darker—more frequent. In one of the sudden clearings of the sky he thought he saw something in motion on the narrow road, but the light of his own candle confused him, and he laid it on the floor of the passage and looked out again. The quick tramp of a horse now met his ear, and, wondering who could be in such rapid motion at that time of night, and in that retired situation, he slipped down stairs and went out by the northern door, which commanded the road by which the traveler must pass. The traveler pulled up and dismounted within a yard of where he stood. The moon was under a cloud—he could see very distinctly. "Is the chaise ready? They are close at hand," said a voice he did not recognize. "I really don't know," said Belton. The speaker started—and by a rapid motion pulled the cloak closer round. "Are you a gentleman?" resumed the voice hurriedly. "I should think I was," replied Belton. "Then I am safe. You will be secret—pass on." The clouds dispersed for a moment.—The stranger was a lady of tall and graceful presence, closely muffled, but revealing enough of shape and motion in the riding habit in which she was dressed; to complete the conquest which her musical voice had begun. But Belton had no time for the display of his admiration. The stranger disappeared, and the horse, when left to itself, celebrated his recovered liberty by some well directed kicks in the immediate proximity of Mr. Belton's eyes, which made him beat a rapid retreat towards the house. The clatter of the emancipated animal's gallop was shortly lost in distance, and Belton, after ten minutes inefficient search for the mysterious lady, gave up the attempt to discover her retreat; and, wearied more than ever, chilled with the night air, and puzzled at the strange event, he went once more up-stairs and entered on the long narrow passage which conducted to his room. His candle was still on the floor; and, on going forward to lift it up, he saw as distinctly as if it had been in open day a figure standing silent and erect at the other end. It was not fancy that conjured up the terrible appearance. It was the form of a tall and handsome man—resting the left elbow on the right hand, and smoothing the moustache—there was the same firm expression of the eyes and mouth, and round the jaw was roiled a white cloth concealing the cheek, and sustaining the chin exactly as he had seen it applied by the surgeon on the morning of the death. Belton gazed, horror-struck, for some time. The figure made no movement.—There it stood, fixed and rigid, still playing with the moustache, and looking with those unearthly eyes, as if expecting to be addressed by the witness of his fate. Belton could stand the sight no longer, but made a forward rush to seize his candle. In his terror and agitation he overturned the light, and the dublet and his second were left in total darkness. Ever through the long hours of that awful night Belton, who groped his way to his bed, saw nothing but the features of the murdered man; near him—near him they seemed to come. If sleep for a moment closed his eyes, clearer and clearer the phantom rose to



AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

V. D. PALMER is the Agent for this paper in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia...

SLAVERY EXTENSION.

The Union, which was so miraculously saved in 1850, through the exalted patriotism of so many eminent Statesmen...

The Governor had rested his left elbow in his hand, and was smoothing his moustache. There was a visible scar on his left cheek...

But Belton was overcome with astonishment. On arriving in town he looked at one of the biographical compilations of the day...

"Sixes" or the Times.—Events occur every now and then which lead us to doubt whether the nineteenth century is entitled to all the credit...

AN EXTINCT AMERICAN RACE.—Amidst the plains of North America, some powerful nation, which has disappeared, constructed circular, square and octagonal fortifications...

CAREFUL USE OF HORSES.—An acquaintance lost his horse a few days ago, in a manner that would suggest an habitual caution in driving...

The weather for the last few days has been such as to remind us of those good old times, when the lads and lassies of "our set" were wont to pay a visit to that prince of maple sugar manufacturers...

Samuel O. Lamb has resumed the editorial chair of the Franklin Democrat.

Rev. Francis Tiffany of Springfield, gave the first of a series of lectures, in the Unitarian Church in this village last Wednesday evening.

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE CONNECTICUT RIVER RAILROAD.—ALMOST.—As the train North was approaching the depot at the Junction yesterday afternoon, it was met by an enterprising son of Erin...

How ennobling is a dog fight! In it what food for thought; how are the noblest feelings of our natures awakened, and the heart purified and exalted.

Mr. J. O. D. Abouret entertained our citizens with electrical experiments, and the administration of Laughing Gas in Cabot Hall, last Monday evening.

On Thursday, the 21st inst., about sundown, as an ox team, belonging to Eliab Brooks of West Springfield, was crossing the Connecticut river on the ice, a few rods below the Cabot and West Springfield Bridge...

Legislatures.—We have not been in the habit of giving detailed accounts of the doings of Congress and our own Legislature...

FOREIGN NEWS.—The foreign news of the past week indicates new victories on the part of the Turks; and renders the prospect of a general war, more probable.

Considerable excitement is said to exist in West Springfield, in consequence of the recent cases of hydrophobia manifested there.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—At Udina, in Friole, a poor man suffering under the tortures of hydrophobia, was cured by draughts of vinegar given him by mistake, instead of another potion.

Moses W. Chapin, of Willmamssett, fed into a hay cot three of his fingers, in connection with his thumb, that was going through the shortening process, and as a consequence, the end thereof were found among the "feed" below.

Mr. Moses Chapin, of Chicopee Street, has a steer calf eight months old which weighed on the 1st inst., 525 lbs.

ANOTHER.—John Chase, Esq. of this village has a bull calf five months old, which weighed on the 2d, inst., 540 lbs.

COMMUNICATIONS.—Boston, February 2d, 1854. FRIEND CHILDS.—Last Friday the two branches of the Legislature in joint convention, filled the vacancies in the Board of Overseers of Harvard University.

Both branches are beginning to work in right good earnest, and unless something shall turn up of an unlooked for nature, I think the session will close by the middle of April.

Nothing of very general interest has yet been done. Most of the bills and resolves reported and acted upon, have been of a private nature, and of course would not be of sufficient interest to your readers...

AN EARTHQUAKE.—On Tuesday and Wednesday mornings last, shocks of an earthquake were very sensibly felt throughout this village.

HIGH PRICES OF FOOD.

Only three times within the present century, namely, in 1816, in 1836, and now in 1854, has the current price of wheat reached two dollars a bushel...

Within the past year, owing to the heavy importations of gold from California, there has been a very large increase in the price of land, and farm products have generally felt its influence.

It is a fact not generally known or sufficiently appreciated in this country, that the summer of England is at best barely sufficient to ripen wheat, which does not reach maturity till autumn, and large quantities are frequently lost through unfavorable weather for harvesting.

By far the most important question, both to producers and consumers of bread stuffs in this country, is this: What effect will the crop of 1854 have upon the prices to which these articles have never yet unexpectedly attained?

We say, and we hear it said all around us, that more labor ought to be devoted to the production of human food since those who produce it are so universally well fed in America.

As a nation we are best with unbounded agricultural resources, with the largest body of low-priced lands ever offered to any people; while tens of thousands of able bodied laborers are barely able to procure food enough at present prices to sustain life...

There seems to have been quite a blow up in Geneva College, Lima, N. Y. The President and Professors have resigned, the greater part of the members of the three upper classes moved off to Amherst College.

Concerning the first part of the above statement, we know nothing. That Amherst College has recently received a large accession from the aforesaid institution, is true.

The Senate of Ohio has covered itself with glory. A colored man, named W. H. Day, editor of a newspaper published at Cleveland, entitled The Alien American, had been permitted to enter the Senate Chamber to report for his journal.

DOUGLASS IN A FIX.—A correspondent from Washington writes, "Mr. Keaton will oppose the Nebraska bill with all his might. He says the North will knock Douglas's brains out if it passes, and the South will kick him if it does not."

APPALLING CALAMITY.—EXPLOSION OF A CARTRIDGE FACTORY.—GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.—The ball cartridge factory of Mr. French at Ravenswood, Long Island, exploded on Saturday afternoon, causing a terrible loss of life, blowing the bodies of the workmen into fragments and scattering them in every direction.

The scene at the ruins was terrible. The building itself was blown to atoms, the fragments and mangled limbs of the human victims being scattered about the fields.

Mr. French, the proprietor of the factory was in the employ of Hitecock & Co., of New York, dealers in munitions of war.

ROBBERY AND LYON LAW.—The Custom House at Astoria was lately robbed of \$3000 by an Irishman, who was subsequently arrested, and taken by some of Collector Adair's friends to the woods back of the town, where he was suspended by the neck for a time...

THE NEW POSTAGE BILL.—The project for changing the rates of postage under this Government, reported by Mr. Olds a few days since from the House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, contemplates making it obligatory to pre-pay all letters sent in the mails, and proposes also to fix the rates of postage at three cents per half ounce for all distances up to three thousand miles...

Colt's Patent in Congress.—We had been under the impression that the patent of Col. Colt, the extension of which is now sought to be obtained by Congress, was the same for which an extension had been refused by commissioner Mason...

Mr. and Mrs. Uria Clark are giving a series of Shakspearian entertainments at Hope Chapel, New York, on a somewhat novel plan. The lady reads the speeches of the female characters, and the gentleman those of the male.

QUEER REMEDY.—An agricultural paper recommends a quart of brandy to cure the staggers. We have thought that brandy was the cause of staggers.

A correspondent says: "My name's Somerset. I'm a miserable bachelor. I cannot marry, for how can I hope to prevail on any young lady possessed of the slightest notion of delicacy to turn a Somerset?"

The house of a man named Parker, in the township of Orion, Oakland Co., Mich., was burned on Sunday night, the 22d ult. while the family were absent at church, and four children perished in the flames.

Wm. Stowe, Esq. of Springfield, the present popular clerk of the Mass. House of Representatives, was one of the guests at the Boston Scotchman's festival, on Burns's birth day, Jan.

The coroner's jury in the explosion affair at Ravenswood, L. I., have brought in a verdict censuring the proprietor, Mr. French, and he has been held to bail in \$2,000.

Two boys, 14 years old, skated through a hole in the ice in Conesus lake, N. Y., last week on their way to school, and were drowned.

ALABAMA.—The ground at Huntsville was covered with ice and snow to the depth of six inches on the 15th of Jan. Had the whole been of light snow, it would have measured twelve inches—an unprecedented occurrence in that region.

Luther Crocker of Nantucket has been committed to the insane asylum at Worcester, a victim to spirit rappings.

COLD AT THE NORTH.—At Montpelier Vt., on Sunday morning Jan. 29, the thermometer stood at thirty deg. below zero; at Concord N. H., it stood at 28. At Boston, Monday, Jan. 20, at noon, the weather was moderating, and cloudy, and flakes of snow falling.

The American car company's works in Chicago, Ill., were partially destroyed by fire on Sunday. The iron foundry, blacksmith and moulding shops were wholly consumed. Loss heavy.

Accident.—We understand that a pupil of Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary, fell down a flight of stairs, in that institution, last week, and slightly fractured her skull.

John Clark, Esq., President of the Holyoke Bank, Northampton, presented the Deluge and Torrent companies with \$10,000 each, and the Hook and Ladder and Saak and Bucket companies, with \$5,000 each, as acknowledgments of their services at the late fire in the Bank premises.

Swearing and reviling were formerly punished among the Puritans by making the offender stand for a certain time with his tongue in a cleft stick.

The health of ex-Governor Seymour of Connecticut, American minister to Russia, was seriously affected by his voyage across the Atlantic.

A new clipper-ship at Boston has been named after T. Starr King.

John McGrath died at South Boston on Friday of lock-jaw, induced by a slight wound in the eye from a whip-lash.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS has been appointed to address the Literary Societies of Western Reserve College, (Hudson, O.) at the next Commencement, in July, 1854, and has accepted the appointment.

A blacksmith was sold last week at Augusta, Ga. for \$1,525, and a brick layer for 1250 dollars.

A monument has been erected at Beverly to the memory of the late Mr. Rantoul. It cost \$500, which was raised by one dollar contributions among the friends of the deceased.

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The widow of Alexander Hamilton, tho' 98 years old, still retains her faculties in an astonishing degree and converses with ease and brilliancy.

QUEER REMEDY.—An agricultural paper recommends a quart of brandy to cure the staggers. We have thought that brandy was the cause of staggers.

VIRTUE AND VICE.—Every tear shed by a child for judicious correction, waters the amaranth of Virtue, while every smile of triumphant impunity, hastens the nightshade of Vice.

In Sunderland, Mass., there is an association of young men, whose object is to cultivate a piece of land by the gratuitous labor of its members, the avails from the sale of the crop being appropriated to various benevolent objects.

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