





TRADE

MARK

# MARK TWAIN'S SCRAP BOOK

REGISTERED APRIL 23<sup>rd</sup> 1878

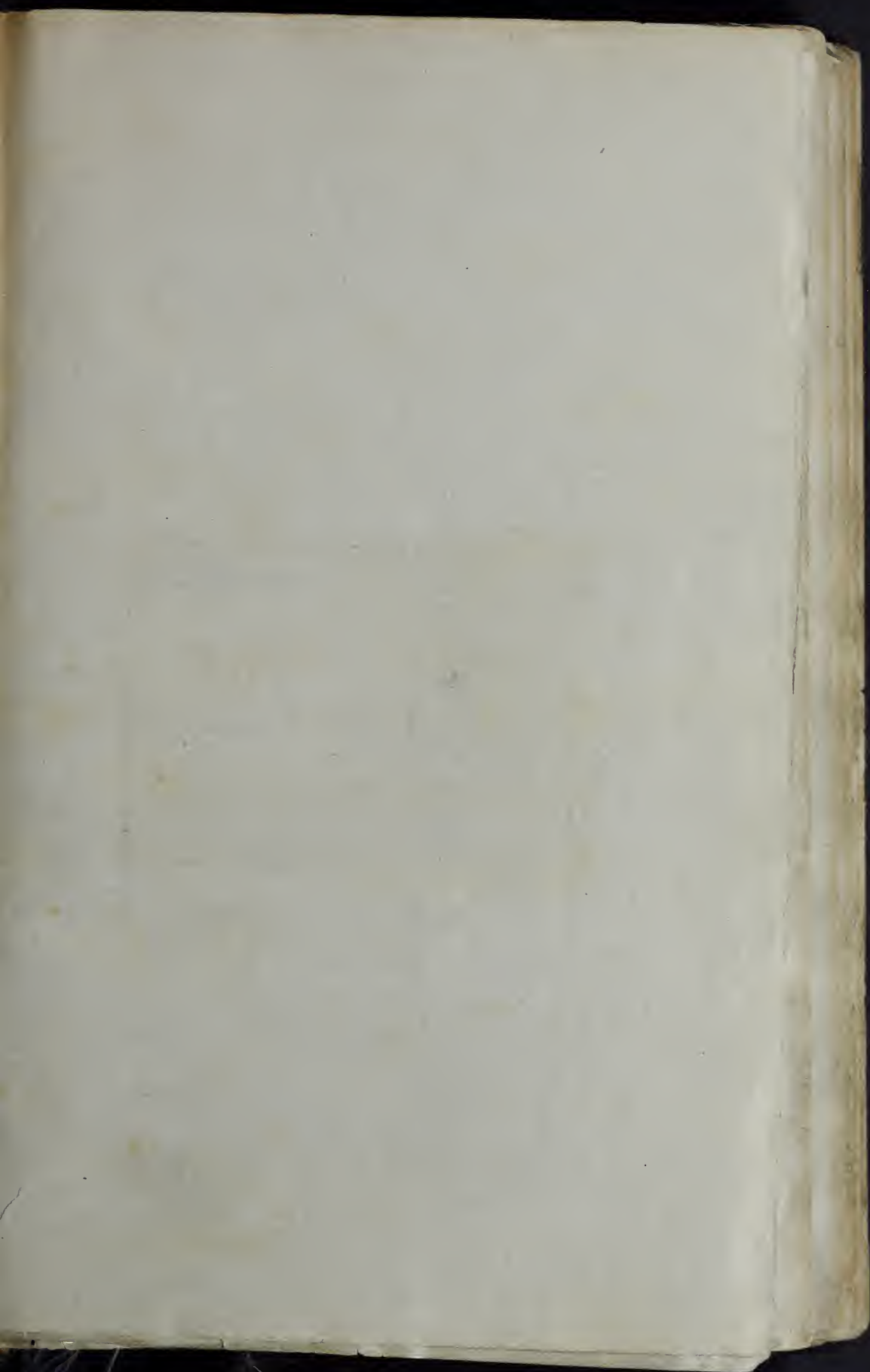
ENGLAND UNITED STATES FRANCE  
MAY 16<sup>th</sup> 1877 JUNE 24<sup>th</sup> 1873 MAY 18<sup>th</sup> 1877

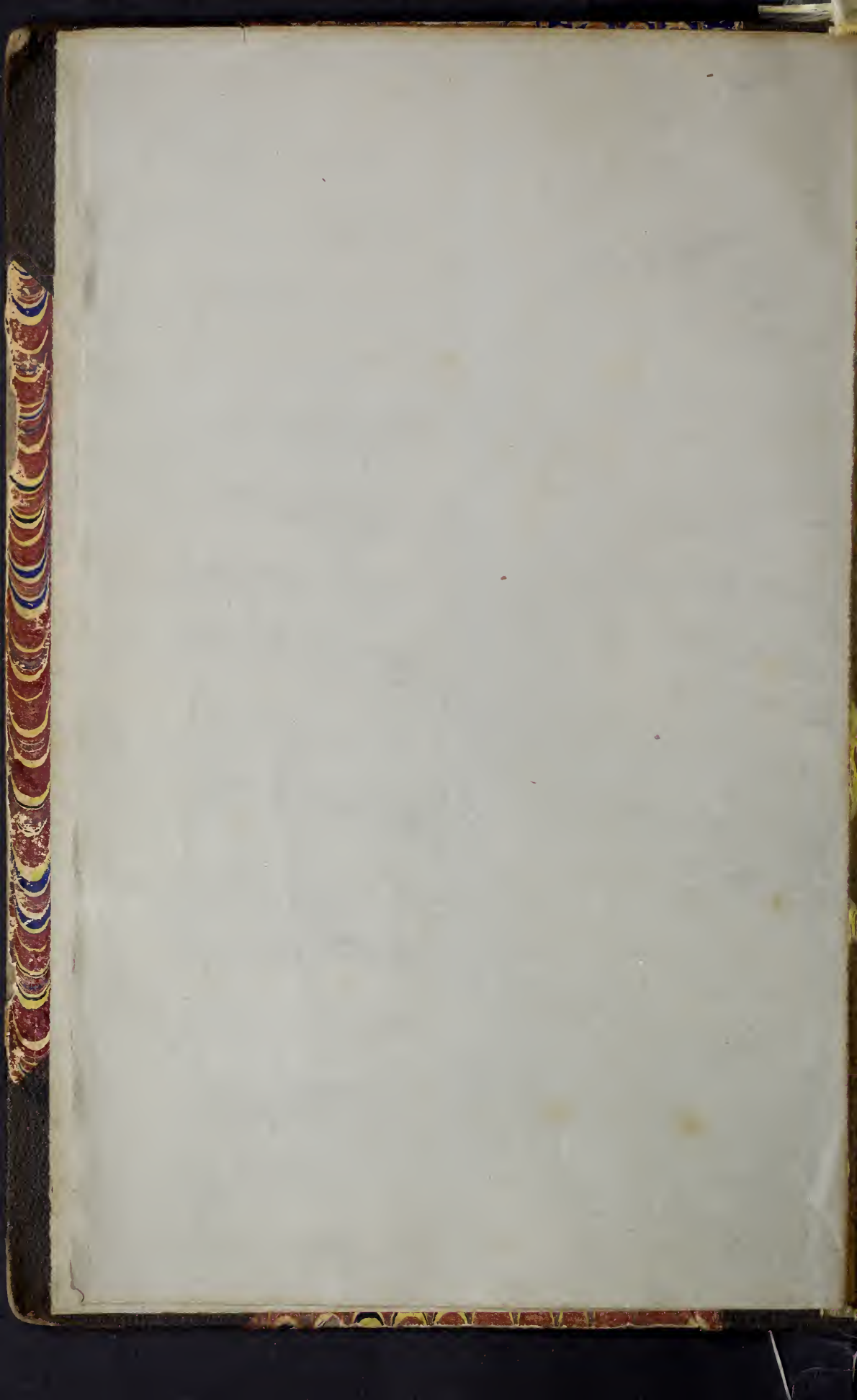
PATENT BACK NO. 189,791

PUBLISHED BY

DAVID G. BROWN & CO.  
NEW YORK.

**DIRECTIONS:** USE BUT LITTLE MOISTURE AND ONLY ON THE GUMMED LINES.  
PRESS THE SCRAP ON WITHOUT WETTING IT.







### HATFIELD.

DIED.—In Hatfield, Jan. 13, 1879, Miss Maryanne Billings, aged 67 years and 7 months.

The life thus closed was no ordinary one. Large-hearted, generous, and unselfish in thought and deed, ever ready to lend a helping hand, full of earnest interest in all that interested others or that could elevate the community in which she lived, enthusiastic in her loyalty to Christ and his cause, our departed friend was a constant inspiration and blessing, not only to the large circle of her family friends, but to all who came within the sphere of her influence. And now that this beautiful and noble life on earth is ended and the still more beautiful and noble life in heaven begun, we cannot but rejoice and give thanks both for the past and the future, while our tears must fall and our hearts bleed for our own irreparable loss, and for the sad vacancy made in her home, the Sunday-school and the church by her sudden departure from these places, which have long known her, but shall know her no more forever. \*

### HATFIELD.

The farmers are making their plans for the spring work. There will probably be a larger acreage of potatoes, oats and corn and less of tobacco, and a buckling on of armor in preparation for the creamery enterprise which promises to be successful. It is expected that Major Alvord will soon initiate us into the most improved method of managing a creamery. Like all new enterprises, this must run the gauntlet of unkindly criticism in these times; faith and confidence are elements of slow growth, needing careful culture, and yet they are necessary to win successful results.

Mr. O. C. Wells has commenced fitting up the buildings on the homestead he recently purchased of Mr. E. Brainard. The latter having bought the George Waite farm, has moved to the same, and intends to make the necessary repairs and improvements for a pleasant home.

At the adjourned town meeting Monday, 29th, Frank E. Porter was chosen to fill a vacancy in the board of selectmen. An appropriation of \$200 was made for the town library.

The concert of Mr. Whiting's class last Tuesday evening, was marred by the sickness of the leading soprano, Mrs. C. K. Morton, so that one of the best pieces on the programme had to be omitted. The selections as a whole were not of the highest order of music, but they appeared to give good satisfaction to the audience. Without going into particulars, permit us to say that Miss Ida Shapleigh's singing was highly enjoyed for its power of compass and sweetness, and its artistic finish, she has all the tricks of the voice of a prima donna. The cornet solo playing of Mr. Little was very fine. Mrs. A. H. Graves and Mr. F. H. Bardwell of the local choir did themselves great credit. We are satisfied that the Hatfield singers are capable of better things in music than was attempted on this occasion. After the concert the people assembled in the vestry rooms and enjoyed an excellent repast prepared by our public spirited young ladies.

There will be a Republican caucus at the Town Hall Tuesday evening, the 6th inst., to choose delegates to the state convention to be holden at Worcester next week.

### HATFIELD.

Death has been rapidly thinning the ranks of the old people of this town during the past four months. In the death of Mrs. Justin Hastings, April 15, at the age of 79 years, another has been added to the number of those who have passed beyond the river. She was loved and respected by a large circle of friends. Her long life has been filled with good works to alleviate the sufferings of the sick, to smooth the dying pillow, and to perform the last sad duties to the dear ones departed. She always showed a kindly interest in the progress of every good work in the community and the church, of which she has been a consistent member for 45 years.

Rev. J. W. Lane of North Hadley supplied our pulpit last Sabbath, by exchange with Mr. Woods, our pastor. Mr. Lane is always cordially welcomed by his many friends in Hatfield.

### HATFIELD.

The Institute meeting of the Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden Agricultural Society will meet at the Town Hall, Wednesday, March 3d. The subjects for the morning will be "Rotation of Crops" and "Fertilizers." John M. Smith of Sunderland, will read an essay on the latter subject, followed by discussions of both subjects. A free lunch will be furnished at noon for people from other towns, and in the afternoon the subject of "Creameries" will be treated by Major Alvord of Easthampton, followed by discussions. Farmers, bring out your best thought and experience to the meeting. We will promise you old-fashioned hospitality.

Two of our oldest people have died during the past two months, Moses Morton, Esq., aged 90 years, and Henry Wilkie, aged 91. They were both active and prominent citizens 50 years ago, and our last surviving soldiers in the war of 1812.

One of their early associates, John Hastings, Esq., now living in Onondaga, N. Y., is a remarkable specimen of hale and vigorous old age. He is now in his 90th year. I am permitted to give you the following extract of a letter he recently wrote to his brother, Justin Hastings, the oldest man now living in Hatfield.

"ONONDAGA VALLEY, N. Y., Feb. 23, 1880.

Dear Brother.—It is now some time since I wrote to you, and thinking you would like to hear from me, I have taken this Sabbath evening, the anniversary of Washington's birth, to write. We are having a very mild winter, had about two inches of snow yesterday, but it has all disappeared to-day. Last Tuesday was our annual town meeting, and I was elected town clerk for the 22d time. We had a pretty long session, commenced at 8 A. M., and ended at 12 at night. We polled near a thousand votes. The tickets were scratched and split badly. We vote for our town officers all on one ticket, like the one enclosed. The session was continuous for 16 hours, no adjournment. We had our lunch sent in to us. I was able to stick by until the last, and make up the record of the day's work.

I see by the Hampshire Gazette that the old people of Hatfield are dropping off fast; but few are left that used to go to parties with me when I was young."

That session of 16 hours would be considered a full day's work for a man in his prime, but it appears that Mr. Hastings suffered no inconvenience from it.



## MISCHIEF.

A lovely child with hazel eyes,  
Brown hair, a wealth of tangled light,  
Soft cheeks, as warm as summer skies,  
And mouth all puckered with delight;  
A double chin with dimples sweet,  
Fat, chubby hands and naked feet,  
A bit of childish, merry glee,  
Curled up beneath the apple tree.

A shaggy dog with silky hair,  
As white as daisies on the lea;  
Bright eyes awake with watchful care,  
One paw upon the baby's knee.  
The choicest ivy, which was laid  
Beneath the tree's protecting shade,  
The child had twined into a wreath,  
Smoothing with care each glossy leaf.

She decks her shining, tumbled hair,  
And both her arms she winds it round,  
Then drapes it o'er her shoulders fair,—  
A laughing rogue with ivy bound.  
Another tending now she binds  
Around the dog, and deftly winds  
The precious strands around his fur,  
Then laughs to see him bound like her.

She claps her hands in merry glee,  
When lo, the dog, with eager bound,  
Breaks all the glossy wreaths, which she  
Around his shaggy form had wound,  
The baby springs to catch her friend,  
Regardless of the ivy's end.  
The apple bosoms gently fall  
Upon the ruins;—that is all.

NETTIE MORTON.

Hatfield, Dec. 12, 1879.

WATER, AGED 73.

In Hatfield, April 15, Mrs. Dolly W. Hastings, aged

73.

## HATFIELD.

The grass looked green in many places on the last day of the year, and the month of December made a remarkable record of mild and even temperature. One of our observing citizens noticed on his premises in the open field a live and festive butterfly, which, after showing itself a short time, flew away; whether this Christmas specimen was left over from last summer's crop, or had just emerged from the chrysalis, warmed into a new life by the mild and genial conditions characteristic of this unique December, we are unable to say. When not prevented by rain, farmers might be seen all through the month plowing in their fields. Cellar windows were kept open much of the time without inconvenience, as in midsummer.

A fair audience assembled in the rain of Thursday night last to see the "calcium light illuminations of the Shepard Illustrated Lecture and Entertainment Bureau." This entertainment was very instructive, beautiful and entertaining to the children old and young.

The concert noticed last week was successfully repeated to an appreciative audience last Friday night at Academy hall.

Miss Ella T. Bray of Clinton, Iowa, a student at Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and the daughter of Rev. Wm. L. Bray, a former pastor in Hatfield, has been spending the holidays here with her friends.

Mr. A. E. Hyde met with an accident last week Monday. His left hand came in contact with a circular saw, badly wounding several of the fingers, so that he is disabled for violin practice, perhaps for the remainder of the winter, to his own and the public disappointment.

As we take a retrospective view of the past year some painful and mysterious events will come across the mental vision, yet the black cloud now shows a silver lining, and we rejoice that a kind Providence seemingly overrules the evil, and good comes forth to bless the nation.

## THE LATE ISRAEL MORTON OF HATFIELD.

In quiet and prosperous rural communities, like that at Hatfield, people live long, but even there they are not immortal, and one after another the old citizens are borne from their homes to the village church, (it is a remarkable fact that there is but one church in this town of 1600 inhabitants), and thence, in the good old friendly way, on the shoulders of neighbors and friends, to the beautiful and well-kept cemetery. Thus was carried on Tuesday,—after fitting and comforting religious services, conducted by Rev Mr Woods, the village pastor, and followed by a large concourse of mourning relatives and friends,—Mr Israel Morton, who died quite suddenly Saturday night, though he had been in feeble health all Winter, and had not been able to leave the house for some months. Mr Morton was born on the homestead where he died, and where he had lived all the seventy-five years of his life, with brief intervals of absence teaching school, when a young man. Like most of his neighbors he was a farmer, and no man in the community was more highly esteemed for those qualities which make a man a good neighbor, a good citizen and a good Christian. Rather reserved in manner and studious in habit, he never put himself forward in public affairs, but he was deeply interested in all public questions, and could always be relied on to perform his full personal duty; and in every relation of life it could be truly said of him that those who knew him best esteemed him most. Mr Morton was the son of the late William Morton, and the last survivor but one of an old-fashioned, patriarchal family of twelve children. His youngest sister, Mrs Pomeroy, wife of Rev. J. Pomeroy of South Deerfield, alone remains of this large family, and she is now over 70. Mr Morton leaves no children himself, but the companion of his long and useful life, whose maiden name was Miss Lucy Lyman, of Southampton, still survives him, and it is hoped may long live to dispense the grateful hospitalities of the old Morton home to the descendants of its founder, who, many in number and scattered all over the country, may occasionally be drawn thither on pilgrim feet. Mr Morton always felt much interest in and kept track of these descendants, and even generously remembered them all with small legacies in his will, though the most of his comfortable property, gathered by industry and thrift, was given, as it ought to have been, to his widow.

—Willard Hastings, aged

28 years, son of Ephraim L. Hastings, who lives on the Burrows farm in the South meadows, near the farm of the late Augustus Clapp, was drowned Saturday evening, between 7 and 8 o'clock, in the old bed just below the outlet to the Danks pond. He went there to bathe, and was accompanied by a boy of 10 years. He plunged into deep water, and soon, as is supposed, was seized with cramps. The lad could do nothing to help him, and he immediately drowned. His body was recovered the next morning. He had been hard at work all that day, and was probably tired and overheated. Young Hastings was the oldest of the family, and was a young man much esteemed by a large circle of friends, both at home and in Hatfield, where the family formerly lived. His funeral was attended yesterday A. M., and the remains taken to Hatfield for burial.—



## HATFIELD.

The average rate of taxation during the past two years in this town is \$5.50 per \$1000 of valuation. Probably there is no town in the Commonwealth that can make so favorable a showing.

The number of tramps on the road has largely increased since work has been commenced on the new railroad, very much to the annoyance of our people.

The ladies of the Grange have organized a leap year sleigh-ride, to culminate with a supper and dance at the Aldrich House, South Deerfield. The gentlemen who have been favored with invitations appear to be very happy in the prospect.

The prospect of the ice crop looks more favorable because of the recent cold weather.

Dr. Gleason, of Philadelphia, has been giving our citizens a very interesting and instructive course of lectures on Physical Culture, fully illustrated by manikins, models and oil paintings. His business agent is Mr. Benj. C. Bliss, formerly of this town. Crowded audiences have attested their interest in the lectures. Dr. Gleason is to lecture in other towns of this county during the month. We can safely say, it will be for the benefit of all to attend Dr. G.'s lectures, and hope he may have crowded houses wherever he goes. His lecture on temperance, Sunday evening of last week, was well attended and many serious and excellent truths were presented.

Elisha Hubbard has a full blood Jersey heifer worthy of mention, not only because she has all the fine points of that noted breed, but especially because of her superior qualities as a butter cow. She is two years nine months old; calved Jan. 13, 1880. The writer was informed by Mrs. Hubbard that about the last week in the month of January, her milk was saved separate from the other cows for five consecutive days with results as follows:—Fifty-six and five-eighths quarts of milk, which made 10 lbs. 10 oz. of gilt-edged butter; therefore 5½ quarts of her milk produces one pound of butter, showing her present production to be 14 lbs. 14 oz. per week.

While the minister was out of town last Friday, his premises were invaded by a party of his parishioners and his ice-house well stocked with ice. He is very complaisant over the result, but cannot refrain from saying that he regards the whole affair as a rather "cool proceeding."

## HATFIELD.

It is now the 10th day of May and vegetation is making rapid strides of growth. Our farmers, mostly finished their planting of potatoes in April, and last week quite extensive areas of corn were planted. Some fields of rye are now assuming stalwart proportions. Early apple trees are in full bloom. The humming bird is here sipping the nectar from the cups of the open flowers. The Baltimore oreole, scarlet tanager and bobolink have arrived thus early to unite with the other numerous tribes of songsters in their morning anthem of praise. If one wishes to be lifted above his daily cares and humdrum duties for a little season of communion with nature, let him arise with the early morning aurora and enjoy this free concert of the birds.

The Partridge family, so prominent in the history of the town for 200 years, have no living representative now, residing in town. Samuel D. Partridge, Esq., of Orange, N. J., buried his only son in the cemetery here, Saturday, the 8th inst.

## HATFIELD.

Parties from New York have bought several lots of tobacco in town, during the past week, at very fair prices.

We understand that the old board of selectmen have declined running again for that office. They have served the town faithfully and intelligently during the past three years. The town will be certainly fortunate if their successors prove equally honest and trustworthy.

A new feature appears in the annual report of the town officers in the report of the library committee. A still further improvement might be added in the shape of reports from our assessors and town clerk, so that the voters and tax-payers can have a better knowledge of what is being done in all the various departments of town affairs, such as is given to the citizens of Northampton in that model document, the "Reports of the Town Officers of Northampton for the year ending Feb. 1, 1880." The report of the town clerk is full of interesting vital statistics, filling six pages, showing also the amount of money received and paid out by the clerk, and properly audited by the auditing committee of the town. The reports of Easthampton are models of correct methods of showing up the town accounts; their auditor evidently knows his business. An interchange of documents of this kind between towns would, in our opinion, help to improve the character and value of town reports throughout the county, and give the people a better knowledge of accurate and correct methods of doing town business.

E. S. Warner has sold his '79 seed at 12½ cents through. David Billings sold his at 13 cents through. The prospect is that better prices will be paid. Business in all its branches has undergone a change; wages are much higher than they have been for the last few years. The farmer must decide on two points, he must either get more for his crop or else stop raising tobacco.

The Butlerites held a full caucus, Saturday night, nominating a full ticket for town officers, and appeared at the town meeting with printed ballots. The Republicans were caught napping, as they did not expect a political contest on town officers. The result was a Butler victory on all the officers chosen, excepting school committee and treasurer. The vote was very close on selectmen. The officers chosen are as follows:—Clerk, W. D. Billings; selectmen, R. P. Smith, Champion Dickinson, C. L. Warner; assessors, Geo. L. Marsh, W. D. Billings, S. D. Porter; school committee for 3 years Alfred H. Graves, 1 year Oscar Belden; elector, J. S. Graves; treasurer, Roswell Billings.

## HATFIELD.

The decision in the case of Henry S. Porter vs. C. S. Shattuck before the Superior Court, was just the other way from what was stated last week. The decision was given for the plaintiff, Mr. Porter.

Tax collector J. E. Doane has settled with the town; all taxes have been collected. The rate of taxation last year was \$6.40 per \$1,000.

Town meeting next Monday. Our warrant is much longer this year than usual. Article 12 is to see if the town will take action, or choose a committee to look after the interests of the town in regard to the railroad crossings in the town. Article 13 is to see if the town will choose a special police for protection against tramps.



D. W. Wells lost a valuable ox by colic, Saturday night.

The robin and the bluebirds have come to announce the advent of Spring. Welcome Spring, with its balmy breezes, song of birds, opening flowers, and its old but ever new mysteries of germinating life, in the fields, in the woods, and everywhere. Mother Earth is being rapidly unlocked from the icy embraces of winter, and is hastening to put on the livery of Spring; but memory raises its warning finger at this point in our reveries, and suggests at this early date, that the frost king may not be so far away as we in our anticipation so gladly thought, but may possibly return and give us another touch of winter, such as we have not experienced for a twelve month.

The boom of business success, so welcome to the manufacturers and merchants, has not yet reached our farmers; we are still patiently waiting and hoping for better times, working hard in many instances to pay the interest and taxes and keep the wolf from the door.

The farmers meeting, March 3d, in the vestry of the Congregational church, was well attended and pronounced a success. Quite a large number of people were present from the river towns. Henry C. Haskell, Esq., President of the Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden Society, presided. Our young townsman, W. H. Porter, a graduate of the Agricultural College, opened with a well written essay on "Rotation of Crops," followed by John M. Smith, Esq., of Sunderland, with an essay on "Fertilizers." The farmers by their responses showed the great interest taken in the subjects presented. The forenoon was too short to discuss the points of interest brought out in the essays. After dinner, Major Henry E. Alvord of Easthampton gave a very instructive essay on "Creameries," giving full statistics of the results of co-operative creameries and the reasons of their great success.

There is already talk of establishing a creamery in Hatfield. We understand that one of our enterprising young men proposes to erect a building with the necessary appliances to carry on the business of a butter creamery, with a 350-cow capacity, provided the farmers are ready to take hold of the matter in earnest.

Our annual town meeting will come off next Monday, the 15th. In the intervening time it will be in order, as usual, to make up slates for the town officers. We hear no special grounds of objection to any of the present town officers, except on the ground of location. Perhaps one or two have increased their demands on the town treasury. The town reports are not yet out, but we understand that the selectmen make a favorable showing of economy in their management of town affairs and a reduction on the small amount of town indebtedness.

It has been a custom here for many years to make the selectmen auditors of town accounts, a practice which ought to be reformed, for very obvious reasons. While the selectmen are expected to keep a full account of all contracts and expenditures on town account by the town officers under them, a separate office is that of auditor, whose duty it should be to examine all accounts and certify the results. If such officer is competent, his work will be correct. Some of the towns in this state have been great sufferers by the defalcation of town officials, through their negligence in not having a proper annual auditing of town accounts.

Roswell Billings has purchased of E. M. Graves his interest and stock, and is having the store painted. He intends to put in a complete stock of groceries and dry goods. Success to the new merchant.

A Happy New Year and the compliments of the season to you all. This is the week of prayer. It can be profitably spent in self-examination and a study of the demands of the higher life. Then we may perhaps realize in our own experience the precious promises of God, and move along more hopefully in our round of daily duties.

#### HATFIELD.

The Catholic denomination contemplate the organization of a society and the building of a church for the better accommodation of their people in this town. They have hitherto worshipped in Northampton.

The co-operative creamery association will meet May 7th, at the town hall, to complete their organization by the adoption of a constitution and by-laws and the choice of the officers.

Our new cemetery abounds in costly and elegant monuments. One is now being erected by the brothers Stephen G. and Edward Curtis, which is beautiful and unique in design and artistic in its finish. It represents the trunk of a white wood tree broken off 12 feet from the ground, entwined with vines and leaves clinging to it for support, modeled in stone from nature. The work is a very clever imitation of the natural trunk of the tree as sometimes seen in the track of the tornado which levels and twists off the tops of giant trees in the forests.

There is considerable building, repairing and painting going on in town. Mr. O. C. Wells is making thorough repairs and improvements on his house and grounds; when completed the place will look very inviting and attractive. Mr. E. Hubbard has bought the Benj. Morton place and has repaired the buildings. Mr. J. S. Wells has bought several lots of South Meadow land, and is enlarging his farming facilities. Mr. W. H. Dickinson is adding to the beauty of his grounds by the erection of a summer house on his extensive and beautiful lawn.

The contractors on the new railroad are making good progress with their work; most of the laborers employed in grading are Italians. Mr. J. Crafts, of Northampton, agent of the railroad company, is in a fair way to make an early settlement of all the land damages through the town.

There has been an abundant fall of rain during the past month. Each rainstorm was followed by cold, drying winds, which are not favorable for the growth of early vegetation. We have but little faith in weather predictions, however some of the wise ones say, "look out for heavy frosts about the 16th and 26th of May, as there were heavy fogs on the corresponding days of February."

M. E. Warner has sold his tobacco for 12½ cts. through.

About the same amount of tobacco will be raised here this year as last. More corn will be planted. The clover-fields were nearly all winter killed. Less Havana will be raised, and probably more sugar-beets, as too farmers who cultivated them last year were perfectly satisfied with them as first class feed for young stock.



## HATFIELD.

The new road over Slough hill, now nearly completed, to take the place of the Hatfield road about to be discontinued, is destined to be a monument of somebody's incompetency on the board of County Commissioners. Earnest protests were made in the Gazette against this action early last spring, and also by citizens of the county, without effect. A free pass over a railroad is more to the point.

## HATFIELD.

### History of Hatfield's Libraries.

If, as Carlyle remarks, "the true university of these days is a collection of books, and all education is to teach us how to read," the importance of cherishing and extending these aids to civilization can hardly be over-rated. The people of Hatfield early felt the importance of having a good collection of books. A proprietary library was started about 80 years ago, on Main street, with about 40 proprietors, who paid an annual assessment to purchase new books, and from this beginning, libraries have been continuously supported down to the present time. The books of the old time were standard works, mostly of English authorship, and included cyclopedias, histories, ancient and modern, English literature which included all the famous authors of the two previous centuries, and works of the time, like the Federalist and others relating to constitutional government. About the year 1828, another library was started in the Hill district. The books were selected by Rev. Dr. Waterbury, then acting pastor of the church. It included all the better known works of history, travel, science, theology, poetry and fiction. The list of unobjectionable works of romance and novels was quite small compared with those now found in our libraries. Then, the "Scottish Chiefs" was a wonderful book to the young, and perhaps more often read than any other. The Waverly novels were then fresh, and exercised a powerful interest upon the young imagination. Many of the characters were real persons; and people read Hume and other historians, to know more of them, and thus was cultivated a taste for other history, and the whole range of ancient and modern history became familiar. If the modern novels of Bulwer, Thackeray, Dickens, Hawthorne, and a host of others more modern, give a better knowledge of human nature, it is yet a question whether they produce as healthy an influence upon the young as did the earlier historical romances, which, as we have seen, had a tendency to create a thirst for knowledge more substantial. One fact to-day is evident, that nearly all the books taken from our library are works of fiction, while the readers of history are few and far between. The same fact would probably hold true where libraries are kept in other towns and cities throughout the country. The men that framed that marvel of wisdom, the Constitution of the United States, were certainly familiar with the history of other nations, their successes and failures; and were able through this knowledge to make that government so perfect. All their writings abound in lessons and illustrations drawn from a familiar knowledge of all past history, and particularly of that relating to the Grecian and Roman Republics. How many of our statesmen and politicians at this time are as well fitted to apply the teachings of history to these our own times, to the end that a thorough reconstruction and reunion of the people in one great brotherhood, may be established throughout this broad land.

But to return to our subject: Miss Sophia Smith, about the year 1862, gave \$500 to establish a library for the benefit of the Y. M. C. Associations; this library was kept at the store of Mr. J. S. Wells. An Agricultural library of about 300 volumes was started about 25 years ago, and was afterwards merged in the Old Social Library first mentioned. In the year 1871 Smith Academy was built, and a large room on the first floor was made expressly for the use of a free town library, the town accepted the proposal of the Trustees of Smith Academy, and all the libraries above mentioned were consolidated with the present town library, free also to the students of the academy.

The Hampshire, Hampden and Franklin Agricultural Society are to hold their third institute meeting at the town hall in Hatfield on Wednesday, March 3, at 10 o'clock, with an all-day session.

## Feb HATFIELD. 1880

The winter term of Smith Academy closed Tuesday the 16th. The examination exercises showed evidence of thorough instruction on the part of the teachers, and earnest and faithful work on the part of most of the scholars.

The classes in drawing by their work on the blackboard in the presence of visitors, showed great progress in this department of practical study. Miss Houghton appears to be specially fitted for her work as a teacher of drawing, French and mathematics, and Miss Emma Porter, a graduate of the academy, is equally deserving of mention for her success as a teacher in her department of instruction. Mr. Harding, the Principal, is well known as one of the most experienced teachers in the county.

"The Gleaners," under the charge of Miss Fanny Graves, had a very successful exhibition in Academy Hall, Tuesday evening. The children showed they could sustain their parts so as to give much pleasure and enjoyment to the old and the young. The music of Miss Hattie Brown and Mr. Hyde, piano and violin, was of a high order of excellence. There was a good audience notwithstanding the night was stormy.

The singing school that has been under the instruction of Mr. Whiting of Springfield, during the past winter, promise a grand concert to come off at the Congregational church the 30th inst. It is understood that they have secured the services of accomplished singers from abroad for the occasion, which added to our local talent will undoubtedly furnish a rich treat, and make an entertainment worthy of patronage by all lovers of good music.

The Trustees of Smith Academy held their annual meeting at the house of their President, J. D. Billings, Esq., on Saturday P. M. All of the old officers were re-elected. The finance committee showed that the finances of the institution were in a prosperous and healthy condition, that notwithstanding the great depreciation of real estate, and all classes of securities, and the constantly diminishing amount of interest and dividends received from the same since the year 1871, the time when the fund of \$75,000, was turned over to the Trustees, and the large amount of money that has been annually expended, and the present reduced basis of valuation, the property of the institution now inventories more than the amount of \$75,000, which shows that the bulk of this fund has been fortunately invested and wisely and economically managed by the Trustees.



H. S. Hubbard is now feeding about forty head of three year old steers, which are pronounced by a well known cattle dealer from abroad, the fattest lot of steers in the Connecticut Valley. Our farmers, during the past winter, have been feeding a larger number of cattle and sheep than usual, and we understand with a fair degree of success.

Should you ask, how do our Republicans stand on the presidential question? we think a fair answer for a large majority would be: not Grant and a third term; not Blaine, with thimble-rigging in railroads and politics; not any of the whole set of schemers who are so ready to become the tools of the railroad kings to help on their grand schemes of monopoly. We want an honest man, if possible, a man of brains and large experience and statesmanship. Such a man stands first and foremost in the U. S. Senate in the person of Senator Edmunds of Vermont.

#### Hatfield Highway.

There is but one county road between Northampton and Hatfield; it is therefore a very important avenue of travel to us and all the towns northerly. We assume that it is much easier and far safer for the public travel to pass *under*, than to pass *over*, a railroad wherever it is practicable. At the point northerly of Slough Hill where the new railroad crosses the county road, favorable conditions are found for the county road to pass under the railroad, so that in order to give the requisite 14 feet, a cut of not more than six feet will be required in said county road at a very favorable point: therefore we hope and trust that our County Commissioners will not discontinue any part of the present road and lay out a new one, as proposed, over the hill, with a bridge 23 feet above the railroad. In the absence of any petition from citizens of the county in favor of such a change, and with the wishes and interests of the people of Hatfield and other towns opposed to the change, we trust that our county officers will move slowly in their decision of this important matter. The wishes of the managers of the new railroad alone ought not to control the action of our Honorable Board of County Commissioners.

HATFIELD.

#### IN DEATH IS LIFE.

Written for THE NEW ENGLAND HOMESTEAD

Leaves are falling, beauty fading,  
Trees are standing grim and bare,  
Monuments of autumn's dying,  
By the roadside everywhere.

Where the golden rod stood gleaming,  
Blackened sentinels now stand,  
Blue-eyed asters brown and withered  
Catch the eye on every hand.

By the brook-side in the hollow,  
Where the soft green mosses grow,  
Even here Jack Frost's cold fingers,  
Touch the tiny ferns below,

Till they droop their sprays of beauty,  
Scarcely finding strength to nod,  
As they curl their leaves together,  
Sink to sleep upon the sod.

Oh, it is not death we witness,  
Nature's sleep is not in vain,  
In the spring time, fresher, brighter,  
We shall see our flowers again.

And we know that we shall waken,  
From our brief and dreamless rest,  
Wake to life in brighter glory  
In the kingdom of the blest.

IDA M. ALDEN.

**BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.**—The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without monuments. All other grave-yards, in all other lands, show some distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in the ocean cemetery, the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike distinguished. The same waves roll over all—the same requiem by the minstrels of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats and the same sun shines, and there, unmarked, the weak and powerful, the plumed and unhonored, will sleep on until awakened by the same trump.

#### HATFIELD.

There were several new features attendant upon our recent town meeting worthy of notice. Eight of our prominent women, second to none in character, influence and intelligence in the town, appeared in the meeting and voted so far as the law allows them, without any disastrous effects yet visible in this good old town. It seems to us natural and fitting that woman should vote, although in doing so, she disturbed the smooth current of old customs and prejudice.

Our young ladies of the "Real Folks," did themselves great credit by the "lunch" they had prepared in the rooms of the vestry for the special accommodation of the voters. The hot oysters, coffee and other delicacies gave evidence of their culinary skill, and were enjoyed by more than two-thirds of the voters present at the town meeting. We learn that they made a fair profit on the enterprise to the benefit of the "Real Folks" society. We hope they will be encouraged to repeat the experiment for the benefit of future town meetings.

#### A CREAMERY PROJECT.

The adjourned creamery meeting was fully attended last Thursday evening. The committee reported that the cream of 360 cows could be obtained to start the creamery. They also reported the amount of capital necessary to put the same in full running order. One-half the stock was subscribed on the spot. It is understood that the stockholders will call a meeting at an early day to organize the company on a business basis. We feel confident that if the company make a good selection of managers and are harmonious in their action, success will be assured from the start. We shall report further when something more definite is done, as the experiment will be of value to other butter-making communities in the state. Should this project prove to be a success, the time is not far distant when our farmers and their wives will not be harrassed with the labor of making butter, and the cares of finding an uncertain market.

#### LARGE SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Mrs. Alford of Brooklyn, N. Y., has sold to J. E. Porter all of her real estate on the south side of Mill river, it being the Hatfield mill property. She reserves the factory and buildings on the north side, and one-half of the water power. The property sold includes the grist-mill, four dwellings and other buildings, and eight acres of land. The property sold is valued at \$11,000.

Mr. C. S. Shattuck is receiving large orders for his new patent swing-out revolver, invented by Mr. Hyde; their business outlook is quite promising.

The Hatfield Grange has been highly prosperous during the winter, and the meetings have been fully attended.



#### DOUBLE TAXATION.

The existence of double taxation can be easily proved. It is well known that "Smith's Charities" have loaned hundreds of thousands of dollars to farmers and business men up and down the valley, and also that every dollar of that fund is heavily taxed at full rates of taxation in the eight towns, where it is mostly loaned, and secured by mortgages nominally of twice the value of the sums loaned. Now this mortgaged property is valued and assessed and taxed the same in the several towns as mortgaged property. This is clearly an example on a large scale of double taxation to the full amount of the loans. Savings banks are also taxed by the State three-fourths of one per cent, and the income from this source pays the running expenses of the State, and this is applied to the benefit of all the towns in the Commonwealth in the reduction of State taxes; therefore it is shown that if in the case of a farm taxed for \$5,000, and there is a mortgage of \$2,000 to a savings bank—the said \$2,000 being already taxed by the State, thereby making another example of double taxation to the amount of \$2,000. Therefore as the savings bank has already paid a tax on the \$2,000 loaned the farmer, the latter should in justice, fairness and equity be taxed for \$3,000, it being the full value of his ownership in the farm, the apparent loss of \$2,000 in valuation on the assessors' list is offset as shown by the State tax on savings banks. The present burdens of double taxation are imposed upon that class of men who are more or less involved in debt, and are carrying heavy mortgages on their property, and have seen the values of property of all kinds rapidly shrinking during the last six years, the interest and taxes have been paid, they have struggled manfully with fate, in the unequal contest, thousands of hard-working men have become poor, and have been forced to give up the old homestead to their creditors. This is the class of men who are asking the Legislature for more just and equitable laws relative to taxation.

Tobacco worms are numerous, particularly so in South meadow. A few farmers have begun the tobacco harvest. S. F. Billings commenced Aug. 12th, Jacob Carl the 13th, J. T. Fitch and C. L. Warner the 15th. The early-set tobacco now looks the most promising for a good uniform crop.

#### THE BACHELOR'S LAST HOURS.

Not a laugh was heard, nor a joyous note,  
As our friend to the bridal we hurried;  
Not a wit discharged his farewell joke,  
As the bachelor went to be married.

We married him quickly to save his fright,  
Our heads from the sad sight turning,  
And we sighed as we stood by the lamp's dim  
light,  
To think him not more discerning.

To think that a bachelor, free and bright,  
And shy of the sex as we found him,  
Should there at the altar, at dead of night,  
Be caught in the snares that bound him.

Few and short were the words we said,  
Though of cake and wine partaking;  
We escorted him home from the scene of dread,  
While his knees were awfully shaking.

Slowly and sadly we marched him adown  
From the top to the lowermost story;  
And we have never heard from nor seen the poor  
man  
Whom we left alone in his glory.

#### A Remarkably Cold Wave—32 below Zero!

It was intensely cold in Northampton last week. Wednesday it was cold and snow fell nearly all day, five or six inches accumulating, and Thursday it was clear and colder, and fortunately there was little wind. It was several degrees below zero early Thursday morning, and hardly more than four degrees above at any time during the day. Friday morning was cold again, but it seemed to grow warmer during the day, only to give greater unexpectedness to what came Saturday morning. Saturday's weather makes the oldest inhabitant scratch his head to recall the like of it, but in vain. It was, according to locality, all the way from 19 to 32 degrees below zero, the latter extraordinary figures being recorded by the thermometer of Luther A. Clark, on Pomeroy avenue, off Bridge street, and Prest. Seelye's at the College. Hospital hill scored 25 degrees below, Maple street region 22 and 23, Elm street from 19 to 24, Florence 25 to 26, and Williamsburg 25. At 9½ o'clock Saturday morning the thermometer on the front of Washburn & Banks' hardware store marked 18 below, and only 20 rods below, Gen. B. E. Cook's thermometer stood squarely at 23 at the same hour. Saturday morning's air was filled with particles of frost, and trees, and walks, and human faces took on a very frosty look, and yet, with all this weather, it did not seem particularly cold, and certainly not as uncomfortable as if there had prevailed a strong wind with the mercury at 10 degrees above.

On the hills in Western Hampshire the cold was intense. In Worthington, Thursday morning, 16 below, and at Levi Bryant's on the ridge one mile south of Chesterfield center, 10 below. In West Chesterfield, Friday morning, 33 below. Saturday morning, at sunrise, at Levi Bryant's, 10 below, and at Orin Bisee's, one mile distant, but in a hollow, 30 below at sunrise and 20 at 8.30.

Although Saturday was the coldest morning, Sunday and yesterday were by no means warm. Sunday morning the mercury was from 4 to 8 below zero, and Monday morning from 8 to 15 below.

This is very cold weather, and, as commonly reported, the coldest we ever had, but a search among our files gives us some different figures. On Jan. 31, 1873, the mercury ranged from 18 to 37 below zero, being the coldest, 37 below, at Walter Pease's house on Maple street. At Ansel Wright's, on Maple street, 36; Prospect street, 24; South street, 32 to 34. Again, on Jan. 8, 1866, it was cold, and the Gazette's account said it called up the times of the fathers. It was then from 15 to 22 degrees below zero, Elm street giving the lowest figures.

HELP YOUR MOTHERS, BOYS.—We know a very noble and influential man who used to help his mother by scouring knives and forks every day before he went to school, and wiping dishes as well. It would do our boys good to know how to sweep, to sew, and be helpful about the house. No boy ever lightened too much his mother's daily duties. There is no danger of his getting weak or girlish. The more of a girl's gentleness he combines with a boy's strength, the nobler man he will become. Be polite to your mother; lift your hat to her, open the gate for her, bring a chair for her, save steps for her, be proud of her.



## HATFIELD.

We flatter ourselves that the school facilities of this town are unsurpassed by any town of its size in this part of the State. The school buildings of the town, with one exception, are all two story structures, built of brick. Smith Academy with its rich endowment and fine corps of teachers, is giving thorough instruction and fitting girls and boys for business, for teaching, and for college. The rich and the poor have equal advantages of education in this school. The town has also a large free library, supported by annual appropriations of money, this with the low rate of taxation and low price of real estate, one united religious society and a model pastor, we think presents strong inducements to dissatisfied capitalists and others that think of going West to better their condition, to come and locate in Hatfield and

### DIED.

In this town, July 7, Thomas, youngest son of Daniel Garvey. July 6, Geo. Proux, aged 14. July 11, Capt. Simeon P. Jones, aged 76. July 12, Willard Wells Hastings, oldest child of E. L. Hastings, formerly of South Hadley and Hatfield, aged 28 years and 8 mos. The funeral was attended Monday P. M., at Hatfield, where the remains were buried.

In this town, June 19, Bessie, daughter of J. H. and C. A. Watts, aged 2 years 1 month 2 days.

Sleep, darling Bessie, sleep,  
Safe on the Saviour's breast,  
There no suffering, pain nor death  
Can disturb your peaceful rest.

Quite a number of our people have had their vacation from farm and household duties this summer, some by the seaside and more on the hills nearer home. Mrs. C. K. Morton is with friends in Boston, Mrs. W. H. Dickinson, Mrs. J. D. Brown, Mrs. Montville and Miss Murdock intend to board a while with Mr. Street on Mt. Tom. Miss Carrie Warner and others are spending the hot season on the high hills of West Whately.

Mr. and Mrs. Snow of Topeka, Kansas, are visiting their Eastern friends and relatives, making their headquarters here with their mother, Mrs. S. F. Knight.

There are still some cases of malarial fever in town; otherwise the general health is good.

Rev. Dr. Field, pastor of the College church, Amherst, supplied the pulpit last Sabbath. Rev. R. M. Woods, our pastor, and his wife are now having their annual vacation, which they will improve by visiting points on the sea shore, Saratoga, and perhaps the mountains.

Henry S. Hubbard has made great improvement in the outward appearance of the well known Roswell Hubbard homestead, by the removal of the front fence and the grading of the ground. The house, with its elevated location, ample verandas and fresh coat of paint, looks very attractive, showing its age only by the large chimney laid in clay mortar. This is one of the very few old houses in the town built by Thomas and John Meekins some 200 years ago, in the times when the Hatfield people suffered so terribly from Indian raids. When first built this was the only fortified house on the Hill, a central point where the people of that part of the town rallied in times of danger from the savages. The old oak in front, that has withstood the storms of more than two centuries in the same spot where nature planted it, still stands, hale and vigorous, and no doubt is older than any of the large old elms now standing in the town. Thomas Meekins built and owned the Hatfield mill. The sword he carried is now in the possession of Dr. T. W. Meekins of Northampton, a lineal descendant of Thomas Meekins who died in 1637.

Last week we noticed a proposed leap-year sleigh-ride to South Deerfield; it came off on Thursday night according to programme, under the energetic management of the ladies. The party numbered about sixty persons. Another and still larger leap-year sleigh-ride and ball of other of our good people to the number of more than thirty couples, went to the same place on Tuesday night, this was also a success; our ladies never do things by halves.

The great subject of interest at the present time, is the new railroad extension of the New Haven and Northampton line. The people of this town are dissatisfied with the proposed manner of crossing the roads of the town. We cannot see any reasonable objection to crossing all our roads at grade. There has never been, to our knowledge, any accident from this cause at any of the crossings in this town, since the latter road was built, more than thirty years ago. We cannot imagine any other adequate reason to exist in support of such a scheme for making the travel of the town so inconvenient, unless the projectors of the road propose to cut us off entirely from all railroad accommodation. The idea of making sharp grades and artificial gullies for our most important roads to pass over at points where nature has provided a natural level, is too preposterous to be thought of. The bare possibility of this wrong, awakens a feeling of indignation among our people. We also feel deeply interested in the crossings of the same railroad in Northampton. The proposed discontinuance of the county road from a point near the old canal, as it runs northerly of Slough Hill to the gully, and the laying of a new road over the highest point of said Hill, is very objectionable to travel. The present road was laid more than thirty years ago by the County Commissioners, at much cost, in order to avoid that Hill. We think it absurd that the whole traveling public should be put to this inconvenience in order to gratify the whims of a corporation made up of a dozen persons; besides, at the point where the new line crosses this road, the grade appears to be ten feet above the said county road; therefore all that will be necessary is, simply to cut down the county road ten feet at that point, so that the same shall pass under the railroad. We trust that the County Commissioners in their good judgment will see the importance of guarding well the interests of the people. This is a very important road; it is the great avenue of travel for Hatfield, Whately, and all the other towns north of Northampton.

Dea. D. W. Wells is fattening the largest cattle in town. He has five pair; the lightest will weigh 3,200 pounds and the heaviest 5,000. They are the largest that have been fattened here for a number of years. Their total weight will be made known after they are disposed of.

F. W. Prince has captured nine foxes this far this winter, and expects to get as many more this season. He has also trapped 32 skunks, and one day in the last week of January, he shot and captured 29 muskrats. One of the foxes that he captured, measured four feet 11½ inches from tip of the nose to tip of the tail, and weighed 14 lbs. 10½ ounces. Supposed to be the largest killed in this locality for a number of years.



## HATFIELD.

### Golden Wedding in Hatfield.

The event of last week was the celebration of the fifty anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Philos Doane. Some of the many friends of this respected couple who have lived so long together, thought it would be a good thing to celebrate, in a quiet way, this interesting event. The friends and relatives contributed the sum of \$75 as a testimonial of love and good will, and to enable them to keep this occasion in pleasant remembrance. The arrangements were made by Mrs. C. K. Morton, who evidently has a genius for such things. The company moved in a body to the house of this bride and groom of 50 years ago, taking them completely by surprise. Rev. R. M. Woods made the presentation speech, which was happy in its allusions to their active and useful lives, and in its expressions of the respect and affection with which they are regarded. On account of the illness of their daughter, Mrs. J. H. Sanderson, with whom they reside, the company was restrained from the jubilant manifestations of the feelings which generally will come out on such occasions. In behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Doane, C. K. Morton made a very neat and appropriate speech. Mrs. M. E. Miller read a poem, prepared for this anniversary, a gem of beautiful thoughts and appropriate expression, for which she is notably gifted. The amateur poetry, by some unknown author, was full of good things with some sharp points on a son, who once was a soldier boy in Company K, 52d Reg. Mass. Volunteers. John says he will some time get even with the author.

The farmers of this town, with some three or four exceptions, are all tobacco growers. The late tobacco has come on splendidly during the last week, and much of it bids fair to equal the early growth in quantity and quality. If the weather is favorable most of it will be cut this week. The crop in this town is estimated at about 700 acres, which will probably produce nearly 3000 cases, of which at least, one-fourth is Havana seed.

A private letter from Chicago a short time ago gave an account of an exhibition in that city of a number of horses that only weighed from 85 to 95 lbs. each. A letter of later date says, "Chicago's heaviest horse is owned by the Wilson Packing Co., and weighs 2230, and the tallest horse is 6 ft. 4 in. to the top of shoulders and weighs about 1900 lbs., and is thin in flesh.

### THE INNER SIGHT.

Follow thine intuitions.

They always lead thee right;  
In all of thine ambitions  
Heed thou the inner sight.

Whatever to that vision  
Seems duty, for thee, do;  
No matter what derision  
The doing leads thee through.

And derision it will bring thee,  
Ere the world shall understand,  
And their tardy praises sing thee  
Whom they had gladly banned;

They who would joy to shame thee  
And chill thy heart with fright,  
Did not thy grit proclaim thee  
Superior to their might.

Brave one, thine intuitions  
Shall always lead thee right;  
In all of thine ambitions  
Heed thou the inner sight!

Directed by that vision  
Thy duty bravely do;  
The glow from thy decision  
Shall light and lead thee through.

AELLA GREENE.

## The Extraordinary Summer.

The "dark day" of last week, so strange in its complexion, so altogether unlike anything that has been recorded within our time, served to frighten many superstitious people as if it were an omen of ill fate, and to fill the general talk with wonder and speculation, while it draws attention also to the fact that this is in every respect, over large regions of the earth, an exceptional summer, marked by extraordinary weather and by "signs in the sky" as extraordinary. The visits to our system of two comets long seen in the northern heavens, and one still seen dimly, would distinguish the season,—even a solitary comet makes a year notable. But whether a comet has any effect upon our earth is altogether problematic; it is supposed that we have often had a brush from some comet's tail, leaving behind it as it goes trails of meteors, that circle and return again and affect us no more than the falling of autumn leaves. The time has gone for our western civilization when comets affright

"For fear of change perplexing sovereigns,"—but two of them in a summer, and in such a summer, make something of an impression on the timid, who have read prophecies of "signs 'in the sun and moon and stars," and that "the powers of heaven shall be shaken."

The dark day of last week was much rarer than a comet, for in this generation we have seen a good many of those mysterious visitants, but no other such day. The phenomena of the day, as they are described by various observers in the regions it covered, deserve some examination, for it is probable that out of all the data furnished we shall be able to extract some definite conclusion as to their cause. In the "dark day" of our forefathers, May 19, 1780, which extended over almost the same country, there were few observers and little facility of communication; but the recorded appearances and effects correspond very closely with those of Tuesday, the 6th inst., and the preliminary conditions appear to have been similar. Both days were preceded by a period of extremely warm weather, during which the atmosphere was heavily charged with moisture, which did not precipitate itself upon the heated earth, but constantly drew from its water-courses and springs, at night in visible mists. In May, 1780, as on this occasion, there were burning and had been burning for some time large forest fires to the north and west, sending up vast masses of smoke. It is in the combination of these two elements of thick vapor close to the earth, and dense smoke clouds borne high in masses seaward by the upper currents that we shall probably have to look for the complete conditions necessary to produce the strange complexion of the cloudy canopy with its weird effects of color, and the peculiarly oppressive and unnatural atmosphere.

Messrs. J. F. Cook & Co. have lately sold a large Scotch granite monument to Mr. A. J. Jones of North Hatfield, for \$1200.00; one to Mr. Justin Hastings of Hatfield for \$1000.00; one to Major L. G. Robbins of Great Barrington, for \$1000.00; also one to L. B. Chapin, Esq. of Williamansett. They are doing a large business in importing Scotch and English granites.



## MARRIAGE BELLS.

A lovelier day than last Wednesday could not have been asked for the pleasant wedding which occurred at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of that day at the house of Mr. Josephus Crafts on Market street, where about 35 relatives and friends had assembled to celebrate the marriage of Mr. Charles A. Jones of North Hatfield, son of Austin Jones, to Miss Carrie E. Cady-Phillips, adopted daughter of the late Allen Phillips of the Ashfield House, Ashfield, and niece of Mr. Crafts. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Isaac Clark of the Edwards church. The bride was becomingly attired in a tasteful costume of myrtle green silk, handsomely embroidered. The wedding presents were numerous. The most substantial of all was from the father of the groom, being a deed of the farm at North Hatfield upon which the bridegroom has lived for several years. Other valuable gifts were a silver ice pitcher and cup, two pickle castors, berry dish, one dozen each of silver knives, forks, fruit knives and nut-picks, a pair of silver tablespoons, a pair of silver napkin rings, silver jewel casket, a beautiful hand-painted satin fan, music cabinet, ebony pedestal, two handsome engravings, the subjects of which were "The Deer Pass" and "Enfin Seuis," a painted plaque and case, two toilet sets, lace pillow and sheet shams, two lace handkerchiefs, hand-painted necktie, table d'oyleys, satin work bag, album, suit of under-clothing trimmed with darned lace, a wall banner decorated with "Kate Greenaway" subjects, pictures, vases, and other articles. The bridal pair left on the 6 o'clock train for a week's trip to New York, lighted on their way by the full hunter's moon, which made the night even more glorious than the day had been, if that were possible. Showers of rice were thrown by friendly hands as they departed from the house, and they have the kindest wishes of a large circle of friends for future happiness in their married life, so auspiciously begun.

## GO WORK IN THE MASTER'S VINEYARD.

Go work in the Master's vineyard,  
He calleth for willing hands;  
Already the day is passing away,  
And waiting the Saviour stands.

Without, in the early morning,  
The workers are hurrying on;  
Amid the whirl of a busy world,  
Your life work must still be done.

You wish, with anxious longing,  
For something that *you* may do;  
And fold your hands, while the Saviour stands,  
And lovingly calls to you.

Then work in the Master's vineyard,  
Before it shall be too late;  
For why will you stand with the careless band  
Of idlers about the gate?

And if, in your busy toiling,  
Your head and your heart grow faint,  
And you turn away in the grey day,  
It may be with sad complaint,

Look back, in the busy vineyard,  
At the vines you have trained so well,  
And tell me again, if the toil and the pain  
Are recalled, in the joy you feel.

Each vine that your busy fingers  
Shall train for the Master there,  
Perchance, some day, in his own right way,  
Its cluster of fruit shall bear.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

E. H. S.

## WILLIAMSBURG.

Death with its unrelenting grasp has again visited our neighborhood, taking from us our much-loved friend, Mrs. E. R. Graves. The associations of many years have endeared her to us by learning her many noble Christian qualities. Her one great purpose of life was not to live for self alone, but was ever mindful of all whom she could in any way relieve in hours of sorrow or destitution. Her heart was one of love and sympathy, and her warm and genial greetings will long be remembered by those who recall the many pleasant and profitable hours spent in her company. The past few months gave signs of declining health; but her natural spirit of endurance enabled her in a measure to shield from those around her the many ills of the flesh until her last sickness, which was accompanied with indescribable suffering, only to be relieved by death, which found her in perfect reconciliation to God's will, if He thought her earthly work was done.

Wife and mother, sister, friend,  
Thy life work's done, thy journey  
Was slowly met with willing feet  
To cross the river, thy Saviour meet.

Long has thy gentle smile been ours;  
Shall we condemn death's mighty powers?  
No, for we know thou hast been borne  
From earth's dark night to Heaven's morn.

Resting gently at the feet  
Of thy Saviour, gentle, meek;  
Thy spirit trusting to his care;  
Oh! may we meet thee over there. V. S.

## HATFIELD.

Sales of land in Hatfield:—The executors of J. D. Billings' estate have sold  $8\frac{1}{2}$  acres to J. S. Wells; also, two acres to David Billings; price \$200 per acre; land in Great Ponsit and Middle Division, S. F. Billings six acres—stone pillars—to Jacob Carl, about \$500 for the lot.

## NORTH HADLEY.

More than fifty spectators were in attendance at the examination of the primary school in North Hadley village, Friday, under the veteran teacher, Mrs. Elizabeth Baker, known as "Aunt Betsy," who began to teach more than forty years ago. She was 75 years old last Sunday, yet retains her vigor and her interest in children, and works for them with an enthusiasm for which it would be hard to find a parallel.

## GARFIELD'S FAVORITE HYMN

Sung at his Funeral.

Ho, reapers of life's harvest!  
Why stand with rusted blade,  
Until the night draws round thee  
And day begins to fade?

Why stand ye idle, waiting  
For reapers more to come—  
The golden morn is passing;  
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

Thrust in your sharpened sickle  
And gather in the grain;  
The night is fast approaching,  
And soon will come again.

Thy Master calls for reapers,  
And shall He call in vain—  
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered  
And waste upon the plain?

Mount up the heights of wisdom  
And crush each error low;  
Keep back no words of knowledge  
That human hearts should know.

Be faithful to thy mission  
In service of thy Lord,  
And then a golden chaplet  
Shall be thy just reward.



## HATFIELD.

The Republican Senatorial convention selected Mr. Alvan Barrus of Goshen as their candidate for Senator. The friends of Mr. Barrus can safely guarantee his special fitness for the Senate, and the farmers of old Hampshire will honor themselves by giving their votes to one of their number who will so worthily represent them. We supposed the decision of the convention would settle the questions of local claims, but we again find it revived by your worthy correspondent in the last Gazette. "L. M. B." is no doubt historically correct as to the long service of John Hastings of Hatfield as Senator and Councillor 100 years ago and later, but that was not to our point. All candid minds will agree that fifty years is far enough to go back in order to make a fair comparison of the representation of the several towns of Hampshire county in the State Senate, and our position of only one year's representation of the town of Hatfield in that time will stand unimpeached. What does it concern us of the present age from whence came the law-makers of William the Conqueror, or of Queen Elizabeth, or of a later age? To the oldest of us memory is so lost beyond a half century ago that the old musty records of the past must be consulted in order to post ourselves as to the civil service of a time when a different, perhaps a better, system prevailed than that which is in force at the present time. The doctrine of rotation in office has since obtained, and is now the established custom, often standing in the way of the best grade of public service. No matter how competent the new member shows himself to be, he is generally retired after one year's service as representative in the country districts. In these days of better pay, there is such an itching and scramble for office that party caucuses are sometimes packed, and bolting candidates are run; men of good character are slandered and their fair names are smirched and blackened in the heat of a personal canvass, all to obtain votes.

Quite in contrast were the olden times. It appears by the records that the town of Hatfield voted not to send a representative in the years 1817 to 1823 inclusive. The town was then fined by the General Court for failing to be represented. It was voted to pay the fine, but even then they did not elect in 1823, and the town was not represented for a period of seven years.

The Bay State Telephone Co. offer to extend their wire from Northampton to Hatfield provided seven persons will engage to take instruments, costing annually \$30 each, and \$150 is raised to erect the necessary wire to connect the center of the town with the Hatfield depot. The benefits of the telephone in connection with the telegraph are well understood; its establishment here would save many fruitless trips to Northampton and other towns, and much valuable time in expediting business; it would make the town more inviting to strangers as a desirable place of residence. We understand that an opportunity will soon be given our citizens to test their enterprise and public spirit; a paper will be circulated to secure the \$150 necessary to establish the telephone in this town.

## HATFIELD.

The matters of public interest from this time until the 7th of November will be largely political. All people are more or less interested in having the representative government and executive affairs of the state administered by honest and safe men. It is desirable that the farming interests of the state should be represented by a larger percentage of intelligent, practical farmers than heretofore—men with ability to rebuke the sneering Browns of Boston and egotists of their kind, who think it good sport to ridicule the farmers of the state, when the farmers, so few in numbers in the last Legislature, sat in dumb helplessness, while their interests in sheep husbandry and necessary protection from dogs were lampooned and ridiculed by the glib-tongued Brown. When the farmers become more self-respecting and united, they will command more respect under the "gilded dome."

At the Republican caucus last Friday evening, W. H. Dickinson, Henry S. Hubbard, C. S. Shattuck and Eurotas Morton were chosen delegates to the Representative district convention. It was understood that they will present the name of Thaddeus Graves as a candidate for Representative. The caucus was a full one and unanimous in its choice, each of the delegates receiving fifty votes. Mr. Graves is a large farmer, a man of unquestioned ability, and has for years successfully advocated economy in town expenditures. Such a spirit in the halls of legislation could be made useful in the line of reducing state taxes.

Mrs. F. D. Billings is visiting friends in New York city. Mrs. W. H. Dickinson is called to her afflicted sister's family in Stamford, Connecticut.

## THE COMET.

O gorgeous stranger in our sky;  
Thought vainly yearns, and asks of thee,  
What are thy splendors flaming by?  
On what high mission dost thou fly  
From, and unto eternity?

We saw thee dawn in depths of space—  
Depths so profound that eye or mind  
Is lost, thy mighty arch to trace;  
We view thee now in "pride of place,"  
And ask what hast thou left behind?

What hast thou seen as thou hast passed  
By orbs and systems rolling round?  
From other worlds are glances cast  
On thee and thy bright train so vast?  
Seem'st thou to them with grandeur crowned?

Hast thou the gates of morning seen?  
Looked on the Zion built above?  
We look by faith; but thou hast been  
Afar, yea haply in the sheen  
Of angels round their home of love.

Like an armada stretching far  
O'er boundless blue of unknown seas,  
Art thou an arm of peace or war,  
Now hastening to some troubled star  
That wanders from divine decrees?

O, where's thy home, where thou dost play  
With shorter revel,—wilder mien?  
No more!—we know thy splendid ray  
Must even like viewless notes, obey  
The law that launched thee on the scene.

Fill then thy task, whate'er it be,  
Since the great Builder of the skies  
With what we see, and cannot see,  
Directs them all, and heedeth thee,  
And He is strong, and good and wise.

W. D.



## HATFIELD.

Last Sabbath the interior of our church was heavily draped on all sides with mourning emblems in token of the common sorrow for the nation's loss. A large national flag was festooned and tastefully draped behind the pulpit and in front of the organ. The flowers so nicely arranged, added symmetry to the other tasteful decorations. The service was solemn and impressive, memorial of the life, character and services of the loved and honored Garfield. The choir opened with the anthem "Rest Spirit, Rest," which was sung before on a like occasion after the death of the lamented Lincoln. The sermon of Pastor Woods was an eloquent and touching tribute to the character of the dead President, portraying in just and glowing colors the life-struggles and achievements of the noble dead, with the moral and political lessons which are the logical sequence of such a life and death. There were but few dry eyes during its delivery. The people sorrowed as for the loss of a near and dear friend. The bell was tolled a half hour on Monday, at the time the last funeral service was being held at Cleveland, followed by further exercises at the church in memory of our much lamented Chief Magistrate.

This year has been a remarkable one in many respects. When the thermometer records 90 degrees in the shade on the 25th day of Sept. we can hardly realize that "Summer is over" and that the season of cattle shows has come.

## LINES

Suggested by MRS. COLEMAN on going home the Sabbath after Mother's death.

'Twas Sabbath, near the close of day,  
I wandered to that hallowed place  
Where Mother never failed before,  
To meet me at the open door  
With love's fond kiss or an embrace.

But now her welcomes have ceased,  
The rooms re-echo not her tread;  
And there's a void that nought can fill,  
A hush so terrible and still,  
The home has now o'erspread.

I sat me in her easy chair  
Where she so oft had sat by me,  
And breathing words of tenderest love  
In tones that vied with those above—  
Oh! Mother, can it be!

With tearful eyes I glanced around,  
Some handiwork of hers I sought;  
In every room, in every place,  
Some impress of herself I'd trace,  
Work which even time can scarce efface,  
Those loving hands had wrought.

And as we 'round the table met,  
Oh, what emotions swelled my breast,—  
That vacant place, that empty chair,  
And she who long presided there  
With queenly grace, with loving care—  
Gone to her last, long rest.

Gone—gone—oh, words of import dread;  
Gone, never, nevermore to come.  
Hard 'tis to drink this bitter cup  
And yield thee our dear Mother up,  
And say "Thy will be done."

Mother, thy great life-work is done,  
And thy reward is given?  
Now free from all that grieves and harms,  
From all life's sorrows and alarms,  
Safe in the everlasting arms—  
Sweet rest is thine in Heaven.

Dear Mother, though we bow in tears,  
We'll hope again to meet  
Upon the bright and shining shore  
With thee, and loved ones gone before,  
When life's rough changeful voyage is o'er,  
Our joy full and complete.

S. W. C.

## HATFIELD.

The busy season has come to our farmers. The roads are now in good order, the fields are in a fine condition for the plow, and everything is favorable for farming operations. A large majority of the growers have sold their tobacco, and they are taking hold of the spring's work again with renewed vigor, and a hopeful trust in Providence for abundant crops to reward their labors, and hoping still that the boom of business success may crown their efforts with ready markets for their products at fair prices. Some are disposed to think the farmer's life is undesirable because of its hard work and small profits. It also has its bright side, like other employments. The farmer gets near to mother earth and learns her secrets. He deals with the mysterious forces of nature, as seen in the germination of seeds which, under his fostering care, grow into plants and ripen into waving harvests to furnish food for the millions of toilers. Such employment should develop the true nobility of man. What other calling furnishes better opportunities for a practical knowledge of affairs, and a healthy development of the mental, moral and physical powers that God has so pre-eminently endowed the human race? It is an acknowledged fact that farming prosperity is the basis of prosperity to all classes of our country. Then farmers, as a class, should be more self-respecting, and claim to be the peers of other men, no matter what their occupation or profession.

## HATFIELD.

The first meeting of the P. of H. to organize plans for the coming winter will be held at the house of Worthy Master Thaddeus Graves, Esq., on Monday eve, Nov. 28.

Thanksgiving day will be generally observed in the old-fashioned way, with family reunions wherever practicable. Notable among these family gatherings will be that at the home of Deacon Porter, when probably some six or seven families will meet around the "old hearth stone."

Esq. Houghton and wife of Putney, Vt., are visiting with their daughters, Mrs. W. B. Harding and Mrs. H. S. Hubbard.

Among the arrivals in town last week was Mrs. Dr. Smith of Terrehaute, Ill. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. Elisha Hubbard. Owing to the pressure of business the genial Doctor was unable to come.

The fall term of Smith Academy will close to-day with the examinations, and the dramatic exhibition of the students in the evening. They have an excellent program and will be likely to draw a full house.

Our pastor, Mr. Woods, after preaching a very impressive sermon last Sabbath morning, mentioned the day as closing five years of his labors in Hatfield. The five years will be memorable in the history of the church as a period of union, harmony and progress in spiritual things; certainly a cause for thanksgiving in this community that we as a people have been so highly favored, notwithstanding the years of business depression.

## HATFIELD.

The winter term of Smith Academy closed Tuesday, March 15th. The examinations passed off very creditably; the school is growing, perhaps slowly, but surely in the confidence of the people. Its future never looked more flattering than now. Academy Hall was packed with people in the evening to witness the play "A Thorn among Roses" and "Fireman," presented by the students with much credit to themselves, giving pl



The "Reports of the Selectmen and School Committee," is a very modest document of twenty pages. The Selectmen let the figures tell their own story without explanation or comment, on their part. The Report of the School Committee is short, yet contains some practical suggestions which should be acted upon by parents, especially those who have children attending the public schools.

The Selectmen report that after deducting unpaid orders and outstanding bills, there will remain in the treasury a balance of \$626.81. One year ago there was a balance of \$435.25, so that there has been an actual reduction in outstanding indebtedness of the town during the year of \$1,191.56. The present indebtedness of the town is, \$4,873.-19—taking the last valuation of the assessors as a basis—a tax of four mills on a dollar would wipe it out.

Parties have been quite busy in buying up tobacco in town at prices that will not pay the farmer in some cases, the fair living profit he ought to receive. Parties who get twelve cents and upwards, as a number have done, ought not to complain.

#### HATFIELD.

Rev. Mr. Colton of Easthampton gave us a very acceptable sermon last Sabbath. Before the prayer he made pathetic mention of the low condition of President Garfield, which moved many to tears. His prayer was earnest and tender, appropriately expressing the desires of many hearts.

Wm. Belden of North Hatfield had the misfortune to fall from the third tier of his tobacco barn last Thursday, which injured him severely, and he is still suffering from the effects of the fall. On the same day, while Wm. Lyons was killing hogs for Theodore Baggs, he slipped down and in his efforts to recover his balance, his right hand came in contact with the butcher knives in a pail, thereby cutting his hand in such a peculiar way that it was a hard matter to staunch the flow of blood.

Rev. R. M. and Mrs. Woods are expected home this week, after a four weeks' absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Snow will return to Topeka, Kan., this week.

In our youth we noticed that turkey gobblers took great offence at a prominent display of bright red colors. So now to some readers of the Gazette tobacco is an unpalatable subject. At the risk of offending such we feel called upon occasionally to refer to it while it remains the leading crop in the Connecticut valley. Of those who have completed the tobacco harvest are David Billings, S. F. Billings, Jacob Carl and Fred Carl. Some others have nearly finished, while quite a number are just beginning the harvest. The weather has been considered quite favorable for the bringing out the late tobacco during the past ten days.

Written for the Hampshire Gazette.

#### A GOOD MAN GONE.

O good man and wise ruler gone;  
The thought of thee  
Comes like a voice, on every tone,  
From land and sea;  
And though we know thee lifeless clay,  
Thy silent presence day by day,  
Still with us walks our darkened way;  
Our good man gone.

Lo! still another martyr tomb  
Ajar we see;  
Again a Lincoln falls in gloom;  
And shudderingly  
We view another murder scene,  
Which will not pass—for it hath been,  
And wrings the soul with anguish keen!  
O good man gone.

Like some strong bough by tempests riven,  
We long did see  
Thy prostrate form, and looked to heaven  
And wept for thee;—  
Wept with love's zeal not yet resigned,  
And midst high mysteries gazed, to find  
Some Gilead balm, some healing kind,  
Good man, for thee.

But, Love divine denied our prayer,  
And called thee home;  
And now our restless visions dare  
Even there to roam;  
Yea, in two worlds we look on thee,  
And know that henceforth thou wilt be  
In each beloved eternally;—  
Our good man gone.

Thus wilt thou stay, immortal one!  
Ages shall see  
Columbia wreath another son;  
And thou wilt be  
A martyr voice, a beacon ray,  
To guide the land in wisdom's way,  
Through twilight on to perfect day,—  
O, good man gone.

W. D.

#### Lines SUGGESTED ON NEW YEAR'S DAY BY THE DEATH OF OUR MOTHER.

'Twas New Year's, and bright the sun  
Shone o'er the cold snow-mantled earth,  
And many hearts with joy elate,  
Were welcoming its glad some birth.

But in our band the mirth and song  
Were silenced, for there death had come  
And stricken out the Central Light—  
Our Mother loved—the joy of home.

The Mother whom we loved in youth,  
And cherished till maturer years,  
Who shared our sorrows and our joys—  
Who even wiped our falling tears.

Her Christmas greetings joined with ours  
On Christmas morn with joy and cheer;  
But silent was that voice in death  
The morning of the glad New Year.

Vainly we tried to catch again  
Some tones from those silent lips,  
Some recognition from the eyes  
Which curtained were by death's eclipse.

Though three score years and ten had passed,  
Lightly their touch had marked her brow;  
It seemed to us she ne'er in life  
More needed was, more loved than now.

But unexpected came the call,  
And darkened suddenly the home  
Where tender welcomes of love  
Have to us each so long been shown;

Where our reunions have so oft  
Occasions been with joy replete,  
Where tender ministries of love  
We've never failed from her to meet.

Oh! we shall miss thee, Mother loved,  
The morning hours, the noon and night,  
When Summer flowers renew their bloom,  
And seasons speed their onward flight.

But, Mother, in our hearts enshrined,  
Shall live thy memory evermore,  
Thy love shall be our beacon light,  
Our guiding star to yonder shore.

O, beautiful the time indeed  
Thy heavenly summoning to hear,  
To enter thy eternal rest.  
The morning of the glad New Year.

"A Happy New Year" then to thee,  
Dear Mother, in thy radiant home,  
"Happy New Year" with loved ones there,  
Where separations are unknown.

S. W. C.

#### HATFIELD.

The tobacco crop is immense in growth,  
nothing like it since the famous crop of 1864,  
which the older farmers will remember.

Some of our most enterprising young farmers are turning their attention to the rearing of colts from fast stock. The pedigrees of St. Julien and other equally noted horses are being canvassed, and horse talk is now in order.



Mr. P. Doane, an old man of over 70 years, who had a very serious fall in the tobacco barn of T. Baggs some two weeks ago, has recovered from his injuries and is about again.

Smith Academy has opened its fall term with some 50 scholars, one-third of them from neighboring towns on the west side of the Connecticut river.

The pulpit last Sabbath was not occupied, and yet the church services on that day were quite satisfactory, with good music and one of Spurgeon's best sermons read by Prof. Harding. The pastor, Mr. Wood, will return from his vacation this week.

We are assured that some of the prominent Butler men will fall into line with their old Republican comrades and vote the Republican ticket this coming election, to secure the results of the war in which many of them participated. Sensible men.

The recent performance of the Democrats at the election in Alabama is a set-back to one's faith in Southern honesty and fairness in counting the votes. Admitting that the Republican is not what it should be, an ideal party, are there not many young men now voters for the first time in a national election, pondering the question how to vote? We think every intelligent young man will hesitate somewhat before he decides to cast his first vote for the candidates of the Democratic party who will certainly be controlled by the unscrupulous Southern element of that party, those "born leaders of men," as Judge Tourgee describes them in his famous book "The Fools Errand."

The quarterly meeting of the Hampshire County Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held at Hatfield on Wednesday P. M., Sept. 8, at 2 o'clock.

#### NORTH HADLEY.

About 23 young people, mostly from this place, had a straw ride, oyster supper and dance, Monday eve, Dec. 27, going to Sunderland, at Swan's hotel, and arriving home early the next day. Many thanks to the drivers, fiddlers and prompter.

Ta Ting Kin, a Chinese student, of Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., spending his vacation at his first home in this country, lately took the place of the grammar school teacher, out on account of illness; "keeping school" to the satisfaction of all concerned. Here is a new field for the opposition of Sandlots & Co.

The Fellowship Meeting on Tuesday, Dec. 28th; was well attended and deeply interesting. Eleven churches were represented of the thirteen invited. The general topic was: The relation of the family to the church. Rev. Dr. Ayres, and others, spoke forcibly and feelingly on Family Worship; its origin, purpose, and influence on the church service. Rev. Mr. Hatch of "Amherst City" M. E. Church, led a praise service, and preached. Rev. Mr. Fisher read a paper, and Rev. Mr. King of the M. E. Church, of Amherst, and others spoke, on: How can the family be made a more efficient aid to the church? The next meeting is with the church in East Amherst.

At the annual meeting of the church, the old board of officers was re-elected, and Francis P. Russell was chosen deacon for five years, to succeed himself.

The Sunday-school chose the officers recommended by the joint committee of the church and school, viz: James Spear, superintendent; O. W. Prouty, assistant and librarian, with the committee of last year.

The ice crop bids fair to be up to the average, though very mindful of last winter's

#### HATFIELD.

The Republican Representative caucus last Thursday evening was well attended. A ballot was taken for a candidate for Representative, resulting in the choice of C. S. Shattuck, he having 21 votes to H. S. Hubbard 15. Delegates to the convention, W. H. Dickinson, H. S. Hubbard, J. S. Wells and J. E. Porter. There is some disappointment here because the claims of Hatfield were overruled in the convention. The nominee, Rev. Rowland Ayres of Hadley is well known here, and we see no reason why he should not receive the Republican vote of Hatfield, and if elected, be an honor to the district and add power and dignity to the delegation of men who will represent the intelligence and business interests of Old Hampshire at the State House this winter.

Among the best farmers in this town are the Carl brothers. In addition to their farm work they do quite a large business in buying and packing tobacco for New York and Connecticut parties. They are also connected with F. C. Linde & Co., the well-known tobacco inspectors of New York. Jacob and Philip Carl sampled over 7,000 cases of tobacco last year in Massachusetts and Connecticut. Their business is constantly increasing, and they are now among the prominent business men of the town. About 25 years ago they were poor boys, and left Saxony, their native country, which is now a part of the German Empire, to seek their fortunes in the New World, landed at New York, found their way to Hatfield where they have since lived, and learned a new language. Each of the three brothers is now in the full tide of prosperity—all this in spite of adverse circumstances. What an example to poor boys.

As the farmers have, with few exceptions, finished their fall harvests, the rain-storm of Saturday came in timely for the tobacco interests. Quite large quantities of tobacco were taken down, and "stripping" will be the leading business among farmers during the present month.

It is noticeable that the church attendance has been largely increased during the last six months. Rev. R. M. Woods preached a most excellent sermon last Sabbath, from Acts 26: 29. His subject was Self-Sacrifice.

#### HATFIELD.

The students of Smith Academy will give a dramatic exhibition at Academy hall on Tuesday, Nov. 22. The exhibition will consist of the drama entitled "Breach of Promise" or "Second Thoughts are Best," and the farce "Deaf as a Post." Music will be furnished by the Armory Hall Orchestra of this town, it being their first appearance before the public since their reorganization. Reserved seats now on sale at the post office and store of J. H. Howard.

Benjamin Baggs returned last week after two years' absence in Wyoming Ter., engaged in herding cattle. Herds of 40,000 head of cattle are quite common there.

Rev. R. M. Woods exchanged with Rev. W. E. Knox of Northampton last Sabbath.

The Sunday school concert passed off very pleasantly. The quartet, duet and solo singing were excellent. The animated voices of the infant class were sweet and pleasant as they sang "Little Pebbles." The vestry was well filled. Superintendent A. H. Graves is quite successful in getting up enjoyable Sunday school concerts.



## HATFIELD.

Things have glided along so smoothly in this quiet hamlet during the past week, that there are but few passing incidents known to the reporter, worthy of record. Strangers who have visited our cemetery in the rear of the church, have expressed their surprise at finding in a country village so large a number of elegant and costly monuments as it contains. While such expressions are gratifying to our pride, it cannot be denied that the beauty of the place and the improvements made are greatly marred by the narrow avenues and the rectangular arrangement of the grounds, with only one entrance for five parallel avenues, and that at the southeast corner of the rectangle. The town or proprietors should own additional lands which will soon be needed for burial purposes; land is needed at the east end in order to get direct access with teams to each of the avenues; land is needed at the west end, partly for a circular driveway which could be made ornamental and useful for turning the teams so that they can enter the narrow avenues without trespassing upon private lots. With such additional lands, the details of a plan could be easily arranged that would add greatly to the convenience and beauty of the cemetery without any changes in the old part. The grounds are enclosed by a vigorous and well kept hedge of Norway firs which contribute greatly to the retirement and beauty of the sacred enclosure. It is fitting that those "aeres of God," the appointed home of dead and living generations, should be adorned and beautified and made more and more attractive, a "Field of Peace," as the Moravians loved to call their cemeteries.

The Sunday school was reorganized last Sabbath with Mr. A. H. Graves as superintendent. Rev. J. W. Lane of North Hadley preached in exchange with Mr. Woods, from the words, "for the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." Mr. Lane has many friends here who are always glad to welcome him.

It is rumored that Mr. M. N. Hubbard has purchased the homestead of Mr. C. I. Graves.

## WHO SETS THE FASHIONS?

Who sets the fashions, I'd like to know,  
For the little people beneath the snow?  
And are they working a weary while,  
To dress themselves in the latest style?

There's Mrs. Primrose, who used to be  
The very picture of modesty.  
Plain were her dresses, but now she goes  
With cramps and fringes and furbelows.

And even Miss Buttercup puts on airs  
Because the color in vogue she wears;  
And as for Dandelion, dear me!  
A valmer creature you ne'er will see.

When Mrs. Poppy—that dreadful flirt—  
Was younger, she wore but one plain skirt;  
But now I notice, with great surprise,  
She's several patterns of largest size.

The Fuchsia sisters—those lovely belles!—  
Improve their styles as the mode compels;  
And, though everybody is loud in their praise,  
They never depart from their modest ways.

And the Pansy family must have found  
Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe underground,  
For in velvets and satins of every shade  
Throughout the season they're all arrayed.

Pinks and Daises and all the flowers  
Change their fashion, as we change ours;  
And those who knew in olden days  
Are mystified by their modern ways.

Who sets the fashions, I'd like to know,  
For the little people beneath the snow?  
And are they busy a weary while  
Dressing themselves in the latest style?

*New York Independent.*

## HATFIELD.

Like all new enterprises, the creamery project will encounter some opposition. A few are skeptical as to any good results of co-operation in this town. The creamery will not probably be placed in running order before cool weather sets in. Its direction is placed in efficient hands. Its friends claim that it is not an experiment, as it has already been demonstrated by the experience and uniform success of similar enterprises in other parts of the country, and that similar systematic business management will produce the same results here. This expectation certainly has a reasonable basis, and the friends of the project are very sanguine of its ultimate success.

The "Real Folks" young ladies have provided an elegant flower stand for use in the Congregational Church. It is loaded every week with floral treasures, beautifully and artistically arranged by the lady members of the R. F. This is a labor of love. May they have their reward. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

The vulgar potato bug is more numerous and destructive than ever before. Not content with making the usual provision for the billions of its voracious progeny that will soon make their appearance in the form of "slugs," they have gone to work on their own account, sucking out the life juices and eating off the plants, making what remains look sickly and forlorn. Verily, "eternal vigilance" will be the price of potatoes this year.

After the long dry spell and the extreme heat, how pleasant the cool atmosphere and the soothing sound of the rain pattering on the house top all day Sunday. The farmers are improving this moist condition of the ground in setting their tobacco.

The season is uncommonly forward. Many acres of corn and potatoes were hoed last week.

## AD ODD LOT.

In Burlington, Mass:

Sacred to the memory of Anthony Drake,  
Who died for peace and quietness' sake;  
His wife was constantly scolding and scoffing;  
So he sought repose in a twelve-dollar coffin.

Ellon (Eng.) churchyard:

Here lies my wife of earthly mould,  
Who when she lived did naught but scold,  
Peace! wake her not, for now she's still;  
She had—but now I have my will.

East Tennessee:

Here lies H— A—, born May 10th, 1830,  
died June 4th, 1851.

She lived a life of virtue, and died of cholera morbus caused by eating green fruit, in the full hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of 21 years, 1 month.

"Reader, go thou and do likewise."

In Hereford cemetery:

WOMAN:

Grieve not for me, my husband dear,  
I am not dead, but sleeping here;  
With patience wait, prepare to die,  
And in a short time you'll come to I.

MAN:

I am not grieved, my dearest life,  
Sleep on, I have got another wife;  
Therefore I cannot come to thee,  
For I must go and live with she.



## HATFIELD.

Our Mill river, known to the early settlers by its more euphonious Indian name of Capawonk, is remarkable for furnishing a uniform and abundant supply of water all through the dry seasons of this and past years. There is no artificial reservoir except what is created by the dam across the river between the grist-mill and the pistol factory, supplying an un-failing power to both mills.

Judging from present indications we shall soon have a railroad station at "Cutter's Crossing" to accommodate a part of the large freight and passenger business furnished by the growing industries and traffic of this town. Its effect upon the business and popularity of his road Pres. Yeamans will fully appreciate.

The selectmen are slating the roof and making some needed repairs to the town hall. The voters' list contains 274 names with more to be added, which will swell the number to about 300.

The county commissioners, last week Thursday, viewed the road crossings of the New Haven and Northampton Co.'s railroad in this town, and after hearing a frank expression of the town committee's opinions, decided to put off their acceptance of the roads on account of the uncertainties of the drainage at several points. As the open drain at Doppmann's crossing runs seventy rods or more nearly level the committee claimed that it would be liable to fill up again, as it did last winter, when the frost and snow caused the water to set back into the road, and made it impassable much of the time during winter and spring.

In consequence of the heavy frosts of Oct. 5 and 6, it was feared that our "forest landscapes would be robbed of their usual autumnal beauty," but Dame Nature has not forgotten to put on her brilliant drapery so delightful in a New England landscape; the purple, scarlet, crimson, orange and green, with all their inimitable shades of color are visible on every hand, where trees, shrubs and vines abound, gladdening our senses with the usual glorified October scenery.

The following are considered good yields of potatoes: W. H. Dickinson & Son had 350 bushels of Houlton Rose on one acre; H. S. Porter & Son's two lbs. of White Elephant produced 124 lbs; C. K. Morton obtained 49 bushels of Burbank Seedlings from one bushel seed, and 19 bushels of Mammoth Pearls from one peck of seed; J. A. Billings & Son claim 98 bushels as the product of one-fifth of an acre of Burbank Seedlings, and Eugene Morton from less than forty rods of ground obtained 84 bushels of merchantable Orange County Whites.

The series of Wednesday evening lectures, given by Rev. R. M. Woods, on the ten commandments, are made exceedingly interesting by his colloquial methods, offering abundant opportunity for questions and suggestions from the audience. The subject for to-morrow evening is the tenth commandment.

It is hoped that efforts will soon be made to set in motion the usual weekly meetings of the Grange and Armory Hall Lyceum which flourished so famously last year in furnishing a variety of social and intellectual entertainments for the long winter evenings.

Lines, Affectionately Dedicated to Mrs. S. G. Hubbard, Suggested by the death of her Sister.

Weeping sister, have thy footsteps  
Lately in the furnace trod?  
Hast the Father spoken to thee  
"Pass thou underneath the rod?"  
Yes, a Father, one who loves thee,  
Though he's cut thy loved one down;  
Yes, he loves with love that even  
"Many waters can not drown."

He has known each pang of sorrow  
That hath wrung thy bleeding heart,  
He has seen each bitter tear-drop  
From its hidden fountain start;  
His own heart is moved with pity  
For each grief his child doth feel,  
And his consolation proffers,  
Though he's torn, he longs to heal.

Round these sister hearts how strongly  
Did affection's chords entwine,  
And how darkly fall the shadows  
Since her light has ceased to shine;  
Thou of all that joyous circle,  
Now alone art weeping left,  
Yes, alone, for God hath surely  
His afflicted child bereft.

Nevermore in hours of darkness  
Shall her voice thy spirit cheer,  
Nevermore her tones of gladness  
Fall upon the listening ear,  
And though spring and birds and flowers,  
In their season will return,  
Nevermore will come the loved one  
For whom thou so long will mourn.

She no more will come to solace  
Those afflicted and distressed;  
Years will roll their silent marches,  
Undisturbed shall be her rest.  
Green will grow the grass of summer  
O'er thy loved lamented dead,  
And the birds their mournful requiems  
Chant above her narrow bed.

Sister, bring the choicest flowers  
That the God of nature gave,  
And with tears each garland moistened,  
Strew them o'er her grassy grave;  
And in all thy varied duties,  
May thou be sustained and blessed,  
Till like her thou shall be summoned  
To thy everlasting rest.

Hatfield.

S. W. C.

## Death of Henry Roberts.

Seldom is the announcement of a death received with a feeling of more universal regret than was that of the decease of Henry Roberts, cashier of the First National Bank of this town, which occurred at his North street residence at half past five yesterday afternoon. Mr. Roberts came to this town from Amherst, his native place, in 1857, to act as teller of the old Holyoke Bank. When the latter was merged into the First National in 1864, Mr. Roberts became its cashier, and has retained the position ever since. Of a remarkably even temperament, always pleasant and obliging, of a retiring disposition, a true gentleman in the best sense of the word, and of unquestioned ability as a bank officer, Mr. Roberts held a high place in the esteem and confidence of the community, and will be sadly missed.



He attended to his business until the middle of week before last. On Friday, he went to Providence to consult an oculist concerning trouble he had with his eyes. Coming home, he was obliged to give up, and after a little more than a week, died. The physicians do not agree as to the cause of his death, some attributing it to kidney disease and others to congestion of the brain. It was undoubtedly brought on by very close application to business upon a constitution never very robust. Mr. Roberts was a member of the First Church. He leaves a wife, two daughters, and a younger son, who will receive the heartfelt sympathy of all in their bereavement. The funeral will take place at his late residence to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock.

#### HATFIELD.

Many of our people picnicked at the Agricultural College Grove, Amherst, last Friday. The ride over through North Hadley to the college was very pleasant and enjoyable. The landscape was clothed in the full glories of a bright August day. The fields were dotted with a heavy growth of corn and tobacco: apple trees were loaded down with fruit, and the waysides were lined with a rich profusion of the golden rod and other wild flowers of the season, and the grounds of many a rural home were decked with a bright array of more brilliant cultivated flowers. We noticed forty Hatfield people seated at an impromptu dinner table gotten up under the superintendence of William Porter, a former graduate of the college. The grove on the hill, easterly of the plant house, was just the place for a picnic; the speaking was admirable and appropriate for such a farmers gathering, and the Southampton Cornet Band furnished most excellent music. It was estimated that there were 800 people present. One of the speakers brought out the fact that there was a larger percentage of the graduates of the Agricultural College now engaged in farming, than there were graduates of our Normal schools engaged in teaching; and yet, it is generally admitted that the Normal schools, so long under the fostering care of the State, are doing a good work in fitting teachers for their calling. The college was established by the State to develop the agricultural interest; a Normal school in the interest of the farmer's calling, which at least is equal in importance to society with our public schools. Then, why should this latest child of the State be abandoned in its infancy, while the other is still fostered and maintained? We think, in all fairness, that the college is worthy of encouragement and support from the State. If the farmers were united in demanding such support, then our legislators, in the near future, would be quite ready to grant the comparatively small sum needed to make this institution a success, an honor to the State, and a blessing to the people of the Commonwealth.

Some of our farmers have commenced the tobacco harvest. The crop bids fair to be an excellent one.

The summer vacation has thinned the ranks of our church choir. Prof. Montague of Amherst college, preached with general acceptance last Sabbath.

The weather is fine, with abundant showers—hot days and cool nights. Even the most chronic grumbler ought to be satisfied and be happy.

#### HATFIELD.

There is some building in progress in town. Elisha Hubbard is erecting a tenement house near the new factory; others are making repairs, and a large quantity of shingles have been laid on many of the numerous buildings that were erected some fifteen and twenty years ago in all parts of the town for tobacco purposes.

The rain of last Friday came in seasonable time to the rescue of late tobacco, giving it a new impetus of growth.

The family of Mr. Samuel Curtis, and Mrs. Harrington of Manchester, N. H., have been staying a few weeks at the old home of Mr. Curtis, who is now in town, and will be cordially welcomed by his old friends.

Rev. Mr. Mallery, who formerly supplied our pulpit, preached two very excellent sermons last Sabbath.

Playing cards in the olden time were very often turned to practical purposes. They were made with plain white backs, which made them convenient for use in printing the invitations to thanksgiving and election balls. Selectman C. K. Morton has several such in his possession that were used during President Madison's administration, and upon which were printed the dates, place, and names of the managers, and among the latter appear such familiar names as Austin Smith, Joseph Smith, Chester Hastings, John Hastings, John Fitch, S. M. Maltby and others known as leading citizens of the town in their day. The place, in every instance, was Dr. White's tavern, now the residence of Deacon D. W. Wells.

#### HATFIELD.

Mr. Graff, business manager of the Tobacco Leaf, made a visit during the last week in August to the tobacco-growing sections of New England. He says of the crop in this town:—"In Hatfield we saw little else than promising crops. They are exceptionally good; no better coming under our observation anywhere. The acreage there is about one-sixth less than last year. E. Hubbard has 20 acres, J. D. Billings 20 acres, and J. S. Graves 30. Probably 1500 cases will be grown in the town, whereof one-fourth will be Havana seed. Mr. Hubbard has the finest Havana seed leaf crop we ever saw. He also has 27 cases of the same variety raised last year. One or two others have some for sale."

The Fall term of the Smith Academy has opened very auspiciously with sixty students. Miss Mary E. Houghton has resigned the position of preceptress, which she has so acceptably filled during the past three years, and Miss Anna H. Billings has been installed in her place. Miss Billings is known to be an accomplished scholar, and it is expected she will do credit as a teacher to this institution of which she is a graduate.

Two months have passed and still the daily bulletins issued from Long Branch are scanned with the same eagerness as were those from the National Capital the first week after the President was stricken down by the assassin's bullet. This fact shows his growing strength in the affections of the people. It is noticeable that people, even in the humble walks of life, manifest a deep interest in President Garfield's welfare. Perhaps it may arise partly from the fact, that, like Lincoln, he came from their class, and his early life was a struggle with adverse circumstances.



## HATFIELD.

Last Saturday this town, like others reached by the great network of telegraphs, was startled by the news of the attempted assassination of Pres. Garfield. Rev. R. M. Woods made some just and feeling comments upon it in his sermon Sabbath morning. It was also made the subject of the evening prayer meeting. The idea dwelt upon was that God overrules all things; that there are notable examples in modern times that he hears and answers the prayers of his people. Washington and Lincoln, the martyr President, and Garfield, the last victim of the would be assassin, are notable examples of true Christian patriots and statesmen, who had the best good of their country at heart. It is now more apparent than ever before that reform is needed in the civil service of the country, so that our Senators and Representatives in Congress should attend and learn the duties of statesmen, not mere machine bosses and office brokers as now.

The closing exercises of Smith Academy, last Tuesday evening, were of so great interest to the friends of the graduating class, that the large hall was packed with people, who apparently were well pleased with the exercises. Mr. T. H. Meekins of Northampton furnished the music.

Principal Harding has received the \$100 microscope which he was authorized to purchase by the trustees. The instrument has a magnifying power of 550 diameters, which can easily be increased by an additional glass to over 1,000 diameters. Its high magnifying power reveals a world of wonders in microscopic organisms in nature around us, so near and yet beyond the reach of unaided vision. It is intended for practical use in the illustration of botany and natural history as taught in the academy.

Lyman Klapp, Esq., and family, of Providence, R. I., are on a visit to their relatives in Hatfield.

## HATFIELD.

Messrs C. S. Shattuck, H. S. Hubbard and W. C. Dickinson spent a few days last week on the eastern coast fishing for cod. We think they must have had good sport, as D. speaks of one weighing 36 pounds, which he brought home. Such old-experienced sportsmen never return empty handed.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Greenwood, our former pastor and his wife, have been visiting a few days at the parsonage. They have received warm greetings from their numerous old friends in town. They have been traveling on the Eastern Continent during the past year.

Politics continues in "statu quo," and one can hardly realize that it is Presidential year, but the signs are ominous of stirring times before the second of November. The Democratic leaders appear quite amiable since the Maine election. Some of them are interested in having Dr. S. T. Seelye nominated for Congressman, claiming thereby another surprise party in prospect. We think they will find it a hopeless task to endeavor to overcome the large Republican majority in the district, but we remember six years ago, and think "history sometimes repeats itself." Moral; Don't give the bad Democrats their coveted opportunity for mischief.

C. S. Shattuck, firearms manufacturer, has purchased of J. E. Porter all the mill property real estate on the north side at the Hatfield mills, which includes the old mill site, eight acres of land and one-half the water power. The sale was completed last week, and Mr. Shattuck has already planned to commence building a factory at once. It is certainly a compliment to the people and the town that Mr. Shattuck, after having so many flattering offers to induce him to locate his business elsewhere, should decide after carefully looking over the field, to rebuild in Hatfield. This being the only manufacturing enterprise of any magnitude in the town, thoughtful people, whether real estate owners or not, are not slow in perceiving it to be in the nature of a public benefit, and it is expected that they will show their appreciation and well-known public spirit by helping on this enterprise with good words and good works in aid thereof. This old mill site has an interesting history. Its importance as a water power was early discovered by the first settlers of Hadley, and Thomas Meekins, the only mill-wright among them, built the first grist-mill there. The town of Hadley voted to give Meekins the mill site and twenty acres of land adjoining, and further voted that they would have all their grain ground at his mill, "provided he would make good meal," so that Hatfield had the first mill and furnished the meal, when Hadley had the first meeting-house and furnished the preaching. Hadley was incorporated as a town in the year 1660, the "West side," now Hatfield, being a part of Hadley. The mill and the meeting-house were built the next year. Whether the meal was better than the preaching, the chronicles do not say; at all events the Hatfield people appeared to be the only party dissatisfied with the arrangement and the "West side" inhabitants early petitioned the General Court for incorporation as a town, which was hotly contested by Hadley East side. This contest commenced in 1665, and continued by petitions and hearings before the General Court in Boston, was finally ended in 1669 by articles of agreement for a separation, signed by the committees representing the "East Side" and the "West Side"—parties so long in controversy. In May, 1670, Hatfield was incorporated as a town and built a meeting-house. The same year Wm. Goodwin built a corn-mill at North Hadley, so that after this each town was independent of the other in meal and preaching until 1675, in King Philip's war, when the Indians burnt the mill at North Hadley and killed Thomas Meekins, the Hatfield miller, and the people of the two towns were compelled to feel their mutual dependence as never before. Thomas Meekins built his first grist-mill on the north side of the river, and his saw-mill adjacent thereto eight years after. The two mills, afterwards rebuilt, were continued on the same spot for nearly two hundred years, until the "Hatfield mills" property came into the possession of Harvey Moore, now of West Whately; he removed the old buildings, built the present grist-mill on the south side, and the saw-mill on the old-site on the north side. This latter was afterwards changed into a factory where vegetable ivory buttons were made. Subsequently, when it became the property of the Messrs. Porter, it was enlarged, extended and fitted up for the manufacture of firearms, which business has been carried on there by different parties up to the time of the fire.



## HATFIELD.

At the annual town meeting a new plan was adopted for the repair of highways. Instead of choosing six highway surveyors, as heretofore, the town contracted with N. T. Abells, to make the ordinary repairs to highways and bridges, to be done to the acceptance of the selectmen, at a sum of money much less than is usually expended for that purpose. The plan is working well thus far, and Mr. Abells shows a commendable diligence in performing his part of the contract. The roads at the points of the four new railroad crossings being outside of town control are yet in bad condition; however, we have confidence in the good intentions of the railroad authorities to put them in good condition as speedily as possible. We are assured that the County Commissioners, who have supreme power in this matter, will, so far as it is practicable, guard the rights of the public travel and the interests of the town, which will no doubt require the raising of the bridges at the Doppmann crossing and at the crossing below the premises of H. R. Graves, from three to four feet, as it is apparently impossible otherwise to make them passable at all seasons of the year.

Fred Witt, a worthy young man in the employ of A. M. Peck, met with a serious accident last Saturday. While loading his wagon with lumber, he had his leg broken in two places and was otherwise injured.

There are more buildings projected in town this season than has been known for the past six years, which we hope is an indication of returning prosperity. Mr. Shattuck's new factory will double the facilities for business at that point, and in addition to his business, it is expected that a new manufacturing enterprise will be introduced here.

We are assured that the town has not begun a suit against the New Haven and Northampton railroad, last Tuesday's item in the Springfield Republican to the contrary notwithstanding.

## HATFIELD.

We are glad to notice that our school authorities are impressing upon our school children the importance of the cultivation of good manners. No doubt it will pay to cultivate good manners, for with them one can easily win the love and respect of others; and the boy who goes out into the world to make his fortune, will find his good manners to be a passport to success, which will admit him to the charmed circles of culture, refinement and wealth to which his boorish school-mate will be denied admittance. It costs nothing to show respect to age and say a kind word to another, it pays to see that countenance light up with pleasure and happiness in consequence thereof. On the other hand, it is so easy to say an unkind word which causes pain and sorrow and often kindles the fires of the malignant passions sometimes doing infinite mischief.

The teachers and students of Smith academy were given a reception at the parsonage last Thursday evening.

The seven days' rain-storm which closed on Friday, the 4th inst., gave the farmers a remarkably good opportunity to take down and strip their tobacco, which has been improved by them to the fullest extent, and now more than one-half the farmers have finished this work. There is some pole sweat but otherwise the crop is a very good one. Some crops that were harvested late are not yet sufficiently cured and will improve by remaining on the poles a few weeks longer.

The following beautiful poem has more than once appeared in the Gazette, but we publish it again by request.

## THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore;  
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers  
To golden grain or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize  
To feed the hungry moss they bear;  
The forest leaves may drink daily life  
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,  
The flowers may fade and pass away—  
They only wait, through wintry hours,  
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,  
He bears our best loved things away,  
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate—  
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;  
Transplanted into bliss they now  
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice whose joyous tone  
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,  
Sings now in everlasting song  
Amid the tree of life.

And where He sees a smile too bright,  
Or hearts too pure for taint and vice,  
He bears it to that world of light  
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,  
They leave us but to come again;  
With joy we welcome them—the same,  
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us though unseen,  
The angels tread the air  
For a  
Is li

## THE FARM FOR SALE.

With weary heart and trembling hand  
I guide the team afield;  
Good horses—ah, they seem to see  
The grist I try to shield.  
The skies are low'ring overhead,  
Misfortune blows a gale;  
Put up a board and write thereon  
These words: "This farm for sale."

What! sell the homestead broad and fair—  
The dearest spot on earth?  
Shall strangers sit where I have sat,  
Around the family hearth?  
The farm where mother took the vows  
That made her father's bride?  
The place where laughing Nell was born—  
The spot where Willie died?

What! must I part with memories  
So very dear to me?  
The mossy spring, the purling brook,  
The leaving apple tree?  
The shadows of departed ones  
Rise up and touch my arm;  
I hear their pleading voices now:  
"Do not desert the farm!"

Enshrined within my heart of hearts  
The house where I was born,  
One summer night, when heaven's rain  
Beat down the growing corn;  
The room where I have often passed  
Beneath the chaf'ning rod—  
Where father laid me early on  
The altar of his God!

While I have strength to swing the axe,  
While I can guide the plow,  
While I can toil and bring the sweat  
Of labor to my brow,  
I'll keep misfortune's wolf at bay!  
Love triumphs over gold!  
Take down the board and break it up—  
The farm shall not be sold!



### Teachers' Convention at Hatfield.

On Friday morning last the convention assembled in the Congregational Church, the house being well filled. In the morning there was a discussion of "Language Teaching in Primary Schools," and Principal W. B. Harding, of the Hatfield Academy, spoke about the needs of a teacher in order to attain success. He advocated common sense and not too much of "method," and also named culture as an important aid. Among the pleasanter features of the convention were the exercises in singing by Northampton and Florence scholars, conducted by Prof. Henry Jones, which reflected credit upon both instructor and pupils. In the afternoon Principal W. H. Smiley, of New Salem, read an essay on the teaching of writing and drawing, in which he advocated sketching from nature and criticised industrial art drawing as it now exists in schools. Prof. Geo. A. Waiton spoke of the "Lessons to be derived from the Examinations in Norfolk County." The result of the examination of the 5,000 pupils of the county showed an average of only 57 per cent of perfection, and how to raise this low average is an important problem. In the evening Prof. M. Stuart Phelps, of Smith College, Northampton, gave an interesting lecture on a "Teacher of the Old School," in which he considered the life and characteristics of Rev. Dr. Samuel Taylor, well known to the alumni of Phillips Academy at Andover. On Saturday Secretary J. W. Dickinson, of the State Board of Education, delivered a valuable address on the principles of teaching, and Mr. Jackson of Powers Institute at Bernardston, Prof. Hall of Hinsdale, N. H., Prof. Hitt of the Arms Academy at Shelburne Falls, and Prof. J. Y. Bergen of the Dickinson Academy of Deerfield, participated in the exercises. About 200 teachers were present, the people of Hatfield were very generous in their hospitality, and the convention proved altogether very successful. Prof. W. B. Harding, of Hatfield, was elected president, and Prof. J. M. Hitt, of Shelburne Falls, vice-president.

### HATFIELD.

The spring term of Smith Academy will open on Wednesday, April 6. Mr. Harding has ordered an expensive microscope of very high magnifying power to be immediately imported from England, which he expects to make useful in teaching the natural sciences. The things which occupy the greatest minds in our day are the little sparks of electricity, the little wayside shells, the blossoms and the living creatures invisible to the naked eye that live in a single drop of water. Down in the little lowly things men find the great secrets of the world. So far as their resources will permit, the trustees intend to spare no pains in making this institution take a high rank among the better class of preparatory schools. Mr. Harding and his able assistants have in many respects shown themselves to be model teachers. They have had but little trouble in discipline, and have never failed in inspiring the students with an honorable ambition to excel in their studies, and the true "*esprit de corps*" is not lacking, as evidenced in the conduct and customs of the students, who have in their way shown honor and respect for the memory of the founder of the Academy.

Since the establishment of the creamery, a spirit of inquiry and investigation has been developed, so that careful experiments are being made to determine the much mooted "points" of good butter and the best butter cows. A prominent patron of the creamery has procured a milk-tester. He has already obtained some surprising results. Such practical experiments, accompanied with careful observation, cannot fail to throw some new light on these questions.

It is a singular fact that with all their experience, farmers often suffer loss in the sale of farm productions by inattention to market quotations. For instance, during the past two weeks, rye has been selling here at 85 cts per bushel, while during the same time it has been selling at \$1 in Illinois and \$1.10 in Boston. The farmer's success often depends upon his ability as a salesman.

It is curious sometimes to note the changes in the value of property for a period of years. While bank stocks through the valley maintain the values of years ago, real estate has here depreciated in value from 50 to 80 per cent. What it will be in the next decade, no one can tell with certainty, but the tables are quite as likely to be turned in favor of real estate.

Quite a number of Hatfield men, formerly employed in Shattuck's pistol and gun works, have since the fire located in Florence, some finishing work for Mr. Shattuck in Couch's shop, and others are employed in the sewing machine works.

Rev. R. M. Woods' sermon Sabbath morning was given from the text "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." The subject was the new translation of the Bible. After stating the prominent objection to any new translation, as reasons in favor, he said that many words in the King James version now in use have either become obsolete or so changed in their meaning as to suggest ideas entirely different from what they did to readers 250 years ago; that the present translators have procured earlier copies of scriptures in the original Greek, which are freer from interpolations which crept into copies made later, and used in the King James translation, and became in one or two instances a part of the text. The inference was that our reverence for the Bible, when received in the new translation, ought to be increased.

### HATFIELD.

It is estimated that over one thousand acres of woodland were burnt over by the late forest fire. The smoke was so dense that the sun was obscured most of the time, and the light at night was reported to have been seen for more than twenty miles around. The cottages at the camp-ground were in great danger, requiring the efforts of over 300 men to check the flames from making their destructive march over the grounds.

The Butler rally at Memorial hall, Friday evening, the 17th, was a brilliant success. Dyer D. Lum of Washington, D. C., formerly of Northampton, delivered an address, which was listened to with great enthusiasm by the audience for more than an hour. After the lecture, a club was formed with F. J. Waite, president; Ed. Powers, Chas. Potter, and John Fitzgibbons, vice presidents; Wm. Richtmeyer, L. J. Powers, B. P. Dole, E. F. Proulx, Ed. Eldridge, executive committee. Another rally will be held in the town hall this week.



A social hop will be held in the Town Hall this evening; proceeds for benefit of the brass band. All lovers of good music should not fail to attend this concert and dance.

During the damp weather of last week, many of our farmers were engaged in taking down tobacco. The crop is pronounced first-class, and old-time prices are expected.

Several hunting parties have left this town during the last few weeks, to tramp through the forests of some far-off hill towns, carrying provisions with them. The first party returned after a week's loading and firing, with one single chipmuck. The other parties' game could be more easily counted.

Peter Carter barely escaped with his life, Wednesday, while unloading barrels in Wm. H. Dickinson's yard. His feet became entangled and he fell between the two horses, bringing the springseat with him, frightening the horses, which started on a run, but were stopped by Mr. Dickinson, who reigned them into the hedge close by the barn. Carter was then taken out from between the horses covered with blood, having received frightful gashes about the head and face. He was layed upon a blanket insensible. Dr. C. M. Barton was immediately called upon to dress the wounds. Mr. Carter is now doing well, with fair prospects for his recovery.

HOW SOJOURNER TRUTH GOT HER NAME.—I didn't get that name till I had been freed in 1817, along with all other New York slaves, and had been in New York city for some years. I wanted to be good when I got there, and also to get some money. I had found out that I was a poor sinner, and it was a greater proof to me than ever to find out how people may be miserable with all their religion. I thought I would work and put some money in a savings bank. Well, I lived with the best people in the city; and though I was only careful of my earnings, it came to me that I had robbed the poor. My industry had doubtless kept some poor wretches from paying work. I felt it, and I said, 'Lord, I will give all back that ever I have taken away.' I wanted to give everything away. and I cried, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' And it came to me, 'Go out of the city.' And I said, 'I will go just; just go.' And that night—it was night—I said, 'Lord, whither shall I go?' And the voice came to me just as plain as my own now, 'Go East.' And I just put a change of clothes into a pillow-case and started. All the money I had with me was 25 cents, given to me by a good man at prayer-meeting. My outstanding moneys, which I had meant to put in the savings bank, I never thought of any more. And just as I was taking leave of Mrs Whiting, where I had such a pleasant home, it came to me that I must have a new home. And I said: "The Lord is going to give me a new home, Mrs Whiting, and I am going away." "Where are you going?" "Going east." Said she, "What does that mean?" "The Lord has directed me to go east, and leave this city at once." Said she: "Bell, you are crazy." "No, I ain't." And she said to her husband: "Why Bell's crazy." Said he: "I guess not." "But I tell you she is; she says she's going to have a new name too; don't that look crazy?" "Oh, no," he said; and urged me to have breakfast. But I would not stay, and I went down to the boat and over to Brooklyn, just a landing place then. I paid my fare out of the 25 cents and started on afoot with my pillow case. As I started, it came to me that the name was Sojourner. 'There,' said I to myself, the name has come and I walked on about four miles, and I felt a little hungry, and a Quaker lady gave me a drink of water, asking me my name. I said my name is Sojourner. I can see her now. 'What is thy name?' said she. Said I, 'Sojourner.' Where does thee get such a name as that?' Said I, 'The Lord has given it to me.' 'Thee

gavest it to thyself, didn't thee?' said she, 'and not the Lord: has that been thy name long?' Said I, 'No.' 'What was thy name?' 'Bell.' 'Bell what?' 'Whatever my master's name was.' 'Well, you say your name is Sojourner?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Sojourner what?' 'Well, I confessed I hadn't thought of that; and thereupon she picked that name to pieces and made it look so different that I said, 'It don't seem to be such a name after all. But I said I must go, and replied pettishly that I couldn't tell where my friends were until I got there. And so I plodded on over the sandy road, and was very hot and miserable. And in my wretchedness I said: 'Oh God, give me a name with handle to it; oh that I had a name with a handle to it!' And it came to me in that moment, dear chile, like a voice, just as true as God is true, 'Sojourner Truth,' and I leaped for joy. 'Why,' said I, 'thank you, God; that is a good name; Thou art my last master, and Thy name is Truth, and Truth shall be my abiding name till I die.'

#### HATFIELD.

Father Barry of Northampton held religious services on Christmas morning at Academy Hall. The room was well filled; it was noticeable that a large majority of the audience were young people and children. After the service an infant was baptized and a marriage ceremony was performed. The sum of \$186.75 was collected, then Father Barry announced that there would be a religious service held here on Easter Sunday. The Catholic population is making a healthy growth in this town, among their number are some of our best citizens. Their increasing numbers and convenience will evidently soon require a house of worship.

Christmas is being more and more observed by Christians of all denominations. What can be more appropriate than for the Christian world to unite in observing Christmas as a holy day to mark the anniversary of "God's best gift to man?"

Rev. Edward Tead, a pastor from near Portland, Me., is stopping a few days with Dea. J. S. Graves, father of Mrs. Tead.

Mrs. Artemas Owen, formerly of Belchertown, met with a serious accident at the house of her daughter, Mrs. G. L. Marsh, on Saturday last. She had a fall on the ice, breaking and dislocating her hip.

The "Mock Court" at Armory Hall last Tuesday was carried out successfully and afforded much amusement to the crowded audience. The stars of the occasion were prominent members of the lyceum. The question for discussion next Tuesday is, "Which has received the greatest wrong at the hands of the white race, the Negro or the Indian."

J. E. Porter has purchased the pistol factory—real estate and machinery—of Mrs. Alford of Brooklyn, N. Y., price understood to be \$7000. This will not interfere with the fire-arms business carried on by Mr. C. S. Shattuck, who will continue as before.

The forest fires that have been so numerous during the past ten years in the westerly part of the town, and on the plain comprising the "First Division of Commons," have done immense damage to the growing wood and timber; hundreds of acres have been repeatedly burned over and quite large tracts of young trees of from 20 to 30 years growth have been entirely ruined, at a loss of from \$20 to \$40 per acre in some instances, making quite a loss in town valuation and a serious one to holders of real estate.



## WHAT TEMPERANCE DID.

My story, marm? Well, really, now, I have not  
much to say;  
But if you'd called a year ago and then again to-day,  
No need of words to tell you, marm, for your own  
eyes could see  
How much the Temperance Cause has done for my  
dear John and me.

A year ago we hadn't flour to make a batch of bread,  
And many a night these little ones went supperless  
to bed;

Now look into the larder, marm,—there's sugar,  
flour and tea;

And that is what the Temperance Cause has done  
for John and me.

The pail that holds the butter, John used to fill with  
beer;

But he hasn't spent a cent for drink for two months  
and a year;

He pays his debts, is strong and well as any man can  
be;

And that is what the Temperance Cause has done  
for John and me.

He used to sneak along the streets, feeling so mean  
and low;

And he didn't like to meet the folks he used to know;  
But now he looks them in the face, and steps off  
bold and free;

And this is what the Temperance Cause has done  
for John and me.

A year ago these little boys went strolling through  
the streets,

With scarcely clothing on their backs, and nothing  
on their feet;

But now they've shoes and stockings and garments  
as you see;

And that is what the Temperance Cause has done  
for John and me.

The children were afraid of him—his coming stop-  
ped their play;

But now when supper time is o'er, and the table  
cleared away,

The boys all frolic around his chair, the baby climbs  
his knee;

And this is what the Temperance Cause has done  
for John and me.

Ah, those sad days are o'er of sorrow and of pain;  
The children have their father back, and I my John  
again!

I pray excuse my weeping, marm—they're tears of  
joy, to see

How much the Temperance Cause has done for  
my dear John and me.

Each morning when he goes to work, I upward look  
and say:

'Oh, Heavenly Father, help dear John to keep his  
pledge to-day?'

And every night before I sleep, thank God on bend-  
ed knee,

For what the Temperance Cause has done for my  
dear John and me.

## IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heartache  
Waiting for us down the road,  
If our lips could taste the wormwood,  
If our backs could feel the load,  
Would we waste the day in wishing  
For a time that ne'er can be?  
Would we wait with such impatience  
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers,  
Pressed against the window-pane,  
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—  
Never trouble us again—  
Would the bright eyes of our darling  
Catch the frown upon our brow?  
Would the print of rosy fingers  
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers,  
How they point our memories back  
To the hasty words and actions  
Strewn along our backward track!  
How these little hands remind us,  
As in snowy grace they lie,  
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,  
For our reading by and by!

Strange we never prize the music  
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;  
Strange that we should slight the violets  
Till the lovely flowers are gone;  
Strange that summer skies and sunshine  
Never seem one-half so fair  
As when winter's snowy pinions  
Shake their white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of silence  
None but God can roll away,  
Never blossomed in such beauty  
As adorns the mouth to-day;  
And sweet words that freight our memory  
With their beautiful perfume  
Come to us in sweeter accents  
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams  
Lying all around our path;  
Let us keep the wheat and roses,  
Casting out the thorns and chaff;  
Let us find our sweetest comfort  
In the blessings of to-day,  
With the patient hand removing  
All the briars from our way.

## HATFIELD.

What adds more to the beauty of the coun-  
try than the great variety of trees that nature  
provides to adorn the landscapes? Strip off  
the trees and you would have a barren and  
unsightly waste. They add more to the  
beauty of our streets than fine buildings; then  
who can overestimate their value? There  
are still vacant places on our streets where  
trees can be planted with great advantage.  
Some sections of our main street are lined  
with maples, and these have their admirers;  
in our opinion the common white ash makes  
a more desirable shade tree, and its growth is  
much more rapid and vigorous, and yet it is  
but rarely seen except where nature plants it.  
The poplar and buttonwood with but a single  
exception of the latter have disappeared; one  
still stands on the premises of W. H. Dickin-  
son, a large and noble specimen of its kind.  
There is one rare and noticeable tree, a hack-  
berry, standing in front of the M. C. Porter  
house, hardy and vigorous, nearly as large as  
the elm. It was struck by lightning about  
eight years ago, and it was thought at the  
time that it was permanently injured, but it  
has now apparently outgrown the injury.  
Although the hackberry is but rarely seen  
and its name even so little known, yet it is a  
native of the Connecticut valley and it has  
merits of its own that make it worthy of  
notice as an ornamental tree, now nearly ex-  
tinct. This town is noted especially for the  
beauty of its elms. Some of the largest spec-  
imens are on Hill street, which is lined with  
large and beautiful elms. There is one elm  
on Main street that has a remarkable spread  
for the size of the tree; the longest diameter  
of the area which it covers is over 120 feet.  
Our streets have many grand and noble trees,  
extending their giant arms as if to guard and  
protect our homes from the excessive summer  
heat and the fiery shafts of thunder storms.  
When one is prostrated as it sometimes hap-  
pens by the fury of the cyclone, a feeling  
comes over us that we have lost an old friend,  
of which we are continually reminded when  
we pass the vacant spot where it once stood  
in its beauty and majesty. Our experience  
confirms us in the belief that the elm has the  
highest value as a shade tree because of its  
rapid growth, under the same conditions of  
soil, making more than double the growth in  
a given number of years than that general  
favorite, the maple.

Prof. Neill, of Amherst College, preached  
here with great acceptance last Sabbath. He  
was received with increased interest when it  
was known that he was the son of a former  
beloved pastor, Dr. Henry Neill, now de-  
ceased, and born in Hatfield.

Rye, corn and potatoes are looking well.  
Insects of all kinds were never more plenty  
and destructive to useful vegetation.



### HATFIELD.

After the news came of the President's death, and the tide of the nation's sorrow flowed so freely, every patriotic heart was touched afresh, when the telegraphic wires flashed across the Atlantic the sorrow and sympathy of peoples in other lands. Our martyr President, although dead, occupied the throne, and in all the civilized world three hundred millions of people, from the highest prince to the lowest peasant, bowed their heads with us in a common sorrow. And now we shall accept this spontaneous expression of all the civilized world as the highest and noblest tribute ever paid to our system of government and the principles upon which it rests, the ripe fruitage of the seed planted by the Puritans, which alone in the world could make such results possible as are illustrated in the life and career of James A. Garfield. The exercises in our church last week Monday in memorial of the President were highly interesting. Rev. R. M. Woods presided and made appropriate remarks, followed by Prof. W. B. Harding, S. G. Hubbard, Dr. Barton, Dea. Porter, and Mr. C. G. Wait. The speech of Prof. Harding was very fine and worthy of permanent record, and all were highly fitting and in good taste.

The regular weekly offering, Sept. 25th, amounting to \$64.50, was devoted to the Michigan sufferers.

Grass is now as green and vigorous as at any time during the summer. Several farmers have mowed a third crop, and others might do the same with profit.

While some fields of potatoes turn out well, others yield but light crops.

Tobacco has had a boom. Nearly all of the '80 crop has been bought up, and there is a less amount of old tobacco held by farmers than at any time during the past eleven years. O. C. Wells and several others have sold new crops now hanging on the poles.

Selectman C. K. Morton, C. S. Shattuck and W. C. Dickinson are off on a fishing excursion with headquarters at Lynn. We shall no doubt hear of their exploits in due time.

The interesting event of this week is expected to come off at Putney, Vt., on Thursday, after which a former preceptress of Smith Academy will preside over the domestic arrangements of a certain well-known young man of this town.

Miss Hattie Brown is about starting for Lasalle, Ill., on a visit to her sister, Mrs. S. D. Porter, where she is expected to remain for several months.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is true of old boys as well. The Cattle Show at Northampton this week ought to be well patronized by old and young. Not the least among its advantages is the opportunity of greeting old friends and renewing acquaintance.

Mrs. Clara Wood and children of Milwaukee, Wis., is in town on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Morton. Her old friends are pleased to welcome her.

### MY LITTLE SUNBEAM.

There's a wee little girl, and I know who,  
With a curly head and eyes of blue,  
Who climbs each night to her mother's knee,  
And asks, "Mamma, does you love little me?"

This dear little girl is fair and sweet,  
From her golden head to her dancing feet;  
And the cheery voice of my little pet  
Is music the heart can ne'er forget.

All day long while the sunbeams last,  
Till the beautiful daylight all is past,  
This little sunbeam shines for me,  
As bright as a sunbeam could ever be!

But when the shadows of night fall down,  
And take away from the day its crown—  
Ah, then the birdies fly home to rest,  
And snuggle down in their own wee nest.

And the wee little girl with eyes so blue,  
And hair so golden, and heart so true,  
Climbs lovingly up to her mother's knee,  
And asks, "Mamma, does you love little me?"

MARY D. BRINE.

### HATFIELD.

The M. N. Hubbard homestead was sold at auction, Thursday last, for \$3,600 to Mr. E. Curtis. It could have been sold a year ago for over \$4,200 to a New York party, but the sale at that time was postponed with the expectation of getting a better price, but unfortunately for the creditors, the demand for first-class residences has not increased during the year.

Corn and potatoes are mostly above ground. The advance guard of the grand army of potato bugs have made their appearance in force, and have commenced operations for a vigorous summer campaign.

Tobacco plants in open beds appear to be quite forward, which will require early setting.

Should this present drouth continue ten days longer, the grass and oats will be light crops.

The principal topic of interest during the past week was the convention of the Teachers' Association of Franklin and Hampshire counties, held in this town Friday and Saturday. The audience room of the Congregational Church was well filled on both days. More than 150 teachers from abroad were present. The subjects presented and illustrated by the distinguished educators present were highly instructive and suggestive to all interested in common school education. Could parents be induced to attend these conventions, their interest in our common schools would be increased and they would have better ideas of school work, and what the teachers are endeavoring to accomplish for their children, then they would be more ready to second the efforts of the teacher, and much better results would be secured in our schools.

I think many callas are managed entirely too much. They are certainly a water plant, and the process that some are subjected to is enough to cause the dilapidated specimens we so often see. I do not believe in drying the bulb. Through the summer let them grow, giving them only a little water until August. Then dig out the dirt around them and fill up with new rich earth, watering profusely. My calla is eight years old; it stands four feet high and measures 22 inches around at the base. It produced last winter 38 blossoms; this winter, so far, it has had nineteen, there being eight buds and blossoms and 40 leaves on it at present. I keep it in a five-gallon jar, and it takes a large pitcher full of water every day to quench its thirst. I seldom enrich it, but give it all the sunshine and water it wants, and am amply repaid with luxuriant foliage and many sweet white lilies. ALICE F. C.  
Hatfield, February 3, 1880.



### The Wife's Claims.

You are a man of business, and have no time to show attention to your wife—few opportunities to converse with her; at least you make few. She submits to this unsocial state of things because she must, but is she happy? Probably not; no woman likes to be considered a cipher. Your wife ought to be your best adviser. She ought to be your most confident counsellor. The chief conceit of man amounts to genius. There are many husbands who would as soon think of taking advice of their children as their wives. But it is only the fool who is too wise to seek counsel. A woman, you say, knows very little about business; nevertheless, her intuition is often better than a man's judgment. Your wife is your partner. You have earned the money, but she has saved and sacrificed and pinched and worried and worked to help accumulate it. She has done her fair share toward making your property what it is; she has a right to be consulted how it shall be used. A double right has she to have her judgment weighed and measured in all questions relating to the disposition of the family and the training and culture of the children. Talk to your wife on all occasions. When you come home at night, tired with cares of the day, to find her equally fatigued, bring her the news of the day; bring the latest, freshest thought. In buying your paper, or subscribing for your magazine, or renewing your religious weekly, get what suits her needs and meets her tastes. There is more in that patient, quiet wife of yours than you think; do not freeze her very individuality by your practical contempt of women.—*Selected.*

### HATFIELD.

Smith Academy finished a very successful term last Tuesday. The winter term, with the same corps of teachers, will commence Dec. 8. It was our good fortune to witness the closing exercises of examination. They reflected much credit upon the students, and the results of a thorough system of instruction and good government with the smallest amount of friction in its work. The teachers are deserving of great praise for earnest and faithful labor in every department of the school. Instruction in drawing, but little taught in our schools ten years ago, and that little without system, is here made a specialty. If all cannot become artists, they can at least receive an invaluable training to the cultivation of habits of observation, and skill of hand and eye, which will be of great practical benefit.

Prof. Mather of Amherst supplied our pulpit in exchange with the pastor. He preached on "The Importance of little Things." Prof. Mather has many friends in Hatfield.

Our pastor, Rev. Robert M. Woods gave us a very interesting discourse Thanksgiving day, illustrating the facts of the progress of Christianity, and through its influence the wonderful march of the Anglo-Saxon race, as shown by the history of the last 300 years throughout the world.

Amateurs are having rare sport in hooking up suckers through the ice on the mill pond. Fifty pounds were taken in a short time Saturday.

John E. Doane, Michael Larkin, Geo. A. Billings and Roswell Billings have been drawn as jurymen for the Supreme Court. C. S. Shattuck is still on duty as jurymen at the U. S. Court at Boston, where he has been since the 25th of October.

### HATFIELD.

The Lyceum held weekly on Tuesday evenings at Armory Hall, and started mainly by the operatives of Shattuck's fire-arms company, is well sustained and largely attended by both sexes. The debates call out the best talent of the mechanics and farmers; even the local lawyer is a prominent figure. A committee of ladies is generally selected to decide the weight of argument. The ladies also furnish an original paper, full of good, pleasant and witty things. President Gordon is a model presiding officer, and Secretary Lew. Kingsley is prompt and efficient.

It is claimed for this town that the average rate of taxation for a term of years is much less than any town in the state, amounting to more than one per cent annually less than the average of towns. To holders of real property who are in debt, this means practically that they are paying one per cent less on borrowed capital than is paid by borrowers in many towns in the Connecticut valley.

The Ladies Benevolent Society met for the first time in the rooms connected with the church which they have recently fitted up. Quite a full attendance of gentlemen were present by invitation, ample provision was made to supply the wants of the inner man by Mrs. J. D. Porter and Mrs. S. G. Hubbard, providers for the entertainment, the time was passed very pleasantly, and the remarks of the pastor, Deacons Cowles and Porter and C. G. Waite, added spice to the occasion. The ladies of this society are doing a good work and are deserving of patronage and encouragement. They will hold these social entertainments once in two weeks.

The young ladies' "Real Folks" are to hold a sociable at the rooms above mentioned on Thursday eve, Dec. 9. Supper to be served from 6 to 9.

### Hatfield.

As compared with other sections of the country, the farmers of New England are this year highly favored. They find that their produce is in better demand at higher prices, owing to the drouth and consequent short crops of the south and west. Their hay and grain crops turned out bountifully. As a sample of production in this town, E. Hubbard reports that on his four acre stone pits lot, land not the best, devoted to wheat, the product was 140 bushels of first class Clawson wheat with about ten bushels more, good only for feed. From the same field he took last week by estimation five tons of good hay, the result of last spring's seeding in the wheat. It is possible that several other farmers in town have done as well, and probably could make a better showing on smaller fields in the yield of grain, as Mr Hubbard might have done had he selected one or two of the best acres on this field. This is a remarkable yield, taking into account the character of the soil; at least one half of this field is a high sandy ridge generally considered by farmers unfavorable for the production of wheat. This land had been highly manured in previous years for tobacco.



## HATFIELD.

It is said that the most valuable works in the town library are but little read, while the newest novels are the most eagerly sought for by our reading public. A majority of these works are worse than worthless. In them, men and women in the common walks of life, like the majority of those around us, are held up to criticism and ridicule, or become tolerable only as they become necessary and useful to the heroes and heroines of the story, who become more interesting as they are surrounded with wealth, beauty and leisure. Morbid views of life are in this way created and fostered, and the young reader becomes impressed with his own superiority, and dissatisfied with his country life and every day duties and surroundings.

The fellowship meetings held at the church, last week Tuesday, were very interesting; large numbers were present from other towns. The time was fully occupied during the day, and the interest was intensified by reports of spiritual progress in the different towns represented in the gathering. These meetings are, no doubt, highly useful in cultivating acquaintance, fellowship and brotherly feeling among the churches.

The Armory Hall Lyceum will close for the season, Thursday eve, Feb. 17. The exercises will, no doubt, be of a highly entertaining order, as our "African brother" and the champion of "woman's rights" will speak in costume, with other exercises of a valedictory nature. To close with a debate on the comparative merits of Prohibition and License.

It is understood that friend C. S. Shattuck will soon move his business to the factory of Chas. A. Maynard, Northampton, for the purpose of completing unfinished work, saved from the fire. His many friends will be sorry to lose him as a citizen of Hatfield, and they sincerely hope that sufficient inducements may be offered him to start his works again in this town.

The long cold spell is broken at last. The warm weather and rain of last week gave our farmers the opportunity, so long coveted, of taking down their tobacco, which they mostly improved, to the fullest extent—many large crops now ready for the buyers.

The most eminent clergyman of our name who has yet appeared was

### Dr. Joseph Lyman of Hatfield,

who became pastor there in 1775, at twenty-three years of age, and continued in the pastorate fifty-six years, to the end of his life. He was a natural leader of men, and acquired and wielded an immense influence among the Congregational Churches of Massachusetts. It is said that there was scarcely an ecclesiastical council for years where his services were not considered indispensable. Over such councils he was generally called to preside, and "whether in calm or in storm, he was equally self-reliant and successful." He took an early and active interest in missions, laboring efficiently as President of the Hampshire Missionary Society. He was from the beginning a corporate member of the American Board, and for a time its President. A large number of his sermons on public occasions were published. "He was a master builder," says his successor Dr. Waterbury, "whose influence for good is to be understood, not by one generation, nor even from time's amplest records, but in the more enduring influences of an interminable future."

## HATFIELD.

### Former Residents of this Town now Living Elsewhere.

Some of the old residents of the town now scattered widely through the country are not forgotten here. The following, by no means a full list, are some of the names of people now living who removed from Hatfield and beyond New England during the last fifty years. The brothers, Rev. J. L. Partridge and Rev. G. C. Partridge, now of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Illinois, were grandsons of Dr. Joseph Lyman, pastor for 56 years in Hatfield. John Hastings and Obadiah Dickinson with their families located in the Onondaga valley when that section of Central New York was new, and where a remnant of the once powerful tribe, the Onondagas, still lives on a reservation of lands. Samuel D. Partridge, Esq., a worthy descendant of the Samuel Partridge who was so prominent among the leading men of his time, pioneers in the first settlement of Hadley and Hatfield, now lives in Milwaukee, Wis. Harvey Graves and family moved to Janesville, Wis., more than forty years ago, where he lives on his farm. Hon. Edward C. Billings, a judge of the U. S. Court, has been located in New Orleans about twenty years. H. W. Hubbard, for some time assistant clerk of the U. S. Court at New Orleans, is connected with the Custom House there. A. F. Billings and his brother, Jos. Billings, who served this Representative district in the General Court five years ago, are doing business as commission merchants in St. Louis, Mo.; their brother, Charles Billings, M. D., is practicing his profession in Iowa. Chas. D. Johnson is located on a farm in Northern Iowa. J. E. Waite is also living in Iowa. Geo. W. Waite is now superintendent of schools in Ashtabula, Ohio, where he has been located in business for many years. James Morton has lived the last eighteen years in Shipman, Ill., a bank director and prominent in the county. L. G. Hitchcock, a number of years in business in Lawrence, Kansas, now lives in Chicago. C. W. Billings is in business at Brooklyn, N. Y. Samuel D. Porter is connected with the coal mines in Oglesby, Ill. Henry H. Childs, who was on board the unfortunate steamer "Central America," when she was lost in a storm before the war, was one of the seven survivors, and furnished a thrilling account of the disaster, published at the time in the New York papers, where he then and since has resided. The brothers Josiah and H. L. Morton are located in business in Milwaukee, Wis. All of our towns have contributed some of their best stock of men and women to swell the great tide of emigration that has been steadily moving towards the setting sun, moulding states in their grand onward march and carrying the principles of freedom and equality, free education and religious liberty, and building them into the superstructure of the new states of the country, so that now we have lived to witness the triumph of New England ideas, and to see them incorporated into the constitution of our country.

### DON'T SLAM THE GATE.

Now Harry, pray don't laugh at me,  
But when you go so late,  
I wish you would be careful, dear,  
To never slam the gate.

For Bessie listens every night,  
And so does teasing Kate,  
To tell me next day what o'clock  
They heard you slam the gate.



'Twas nearly ten, last night, you know,  
 But now 'tis very late—  
 (We've talked about so many things,)  
 O, do not slam the gate!

For all the neighbors hearing it  
 Will say our future fate  
 We've been discussing, so I beg  
 You will not slam the gate.

For though it is all very true  
 I wish that they would wait.  
 To canvass our affairs—until—  
 Well—pray don't slam the gate!

At least not now. But by and by,  
 When in "our home" I wait  
 Your coming, I shall always like  
 To hear you slam the gate!

## HATFIELD.

### GOLDEN WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cutter celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage Jan. 1st, 1879, assisted by friends from Hatfield, Northampton, Williamsburg, Conway, and other towns, filling their spacious residence with a very merry company. Rev. Mr. Gould of Northampton, made the presentation speech, humorously alluding to the bride's-loaf, a mammoth specimen of compounded indescribable materials, bearing in huge raised sugar-mounted letters the dates 1829—1879, the work and offering of Mrs. Arnold M. Peck of Hatfield, tastefully adorned with evergreen and flowers by Mr. Peck's daughter. Mr. Alonzo Cutter responded in behalf of his parents, with a few heart-felt appropriate words of appreciation and gratitude. Rev. Mr. Woods of Hatfield, followed with a cheerful little speech, indicative of his entire ignorance of all such affairs, saying that this was the first golden wedding he ever attended, but he believed in weddings of all kinds, and hinted that he should like one of his own, and affirmed his belief that some day he would also have a golden wedding. Here Mr. Gould unceremoniously interrupted the speaker by exclaiming "You never will have one unless you commence pretty soon," convulsing the entire assemblage, Mr. Woods included, with laughter. However, Mr. W. recovered himself, and taking up some of Mr. Gould's ironical expressions, handling them in a masterly manner, much to the merriment of the company. Then followed the reading of a Golden Wedding Rhyme, by Mrs. Chas. C. Clapp, of Northampton. Rev. Mr. Gould did some fine singing, and also offered prayer. Reading of the Scriptures by Rev. Mr. Woods of Hatfield. Tea was served in the afternoon for the out-of-town friends, while in the evening refreshments were provided for all. Mr. and Mrs. Peck presided over the bride's-loaf, which seemed like sacrilege to deprecate. The presents consisted of both gold and silver. Conspicuous on the list was a ten-dollar gold coin; also, one dollar silver coins, besides many other useful gifts. Noticeable in the company was a young looking, active, elderly lady, Mrs. Vining of Williamsburg, mother of Editor Gere, of the Hampshire Gazette. None of the original guests were present. Mr. and Mrs. Cutter were married in New Hampshire, and shortly after their marriage came to Hatfield, where they have lived ever since, rearing a large family, implicitly obeying the Divine injunction, "Be fruitful and multiply." Five of their children have preceded them to the eternal world. Many of their motherless grandchildren came to do homage to their kinsfolks. Three generations were represented. Mr. Hartwell of Florence hav-

ing a grandchild present, which is a great-grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. Cutter. The evening passed too soon, as the company dispersed, all hoped that both bride and groom might yet call their friends together to make merry at a diamond wedding twenty-five years hence.

### GOLDEN WEDDING RHYME, INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. CUTTER.

Fifty years ago this New Year's day  
 These two expectant hearts were made one;  
 Of that event I have naught to say,  
 For it was before I'd seen the sun.

The first bright years of their-married life  
 So long ago were unknown to me,  
 Probably with joy and sorrow rife,  
 The same as every couple must see.

I well know they worked from day to day,  
 Caring for the little ones that came,  
 Thus much I safely venture to say,  
 For the story is ever the same.

Light and darkness, yea, sunshine and cloud  
 Belong to those in the married state,  
 Be they rich or poor, humble or proud,  
 Discipline surely comes, soon or late.

Seventeen years ago this time  
 The ground was well protected with snow,  
 The flowers were dead, buried the thyme,  
 And winter's cold winds fiercely did blow.

'Twas then I was employed to teach  
 Their two daughters, young ladies grown,  
 To guide knowledge within their reach,  
 And have only the good seed sown.

A most agreeable task to me;  
 Watching the developing of mind,  
 Ellen and Florence, I could see  
 Loved study and were two sisters kind.

Where now are those girls, who bid so fair  
 For future usefulness here on earth?  
 The chain is broken that bound the pair,  
 Ellen has left the home of her birth.

Others of the family have gone,  
 Dropping one by one like autumn leaves,  
 Leaving mourning hearts looking for morn  
 Where there is nothing that ever grieves.

Only a few of you remain here,  
 Many have crossed the flowing river,  
 Their presence is often very near;  
 Almost we feel their garments quiver.

Could you possibly live fifty years  
 In this daily changing world of ours,  
 Without shedding many bitter tears?  
 Always treading on perfumed flowers?

No! joy and sorrow go hand in hand,  
 The pathway sometimes down, sometimes up,  
 You were closely bound with an iron band;  
 You must drink from one, and the same cup.

This New Year's day these friends gather here,  
 Bringing to memory the nuptial hour  
 Your hearts with kind words and deeds to cheer,  
 Lingering in memory's bower.

May peace and plenty be your lot  
 During the remainder of your life;  
 May the burden of old age press not,  
 And forever be ended all strife.

You have commenced to go down life's hill,  
 'Tis too true, you cannot the fact hide,  
 May you pass along without a rill  
 To disturb the inevitable ride.

Ring! oh! ring most loudly, bells of gold  
 Upon this glorious festal day,  
 Without reigns the monarch snow, so cold,  
 Within these walls dwells the warmth of May.

Thus may your hearts be warm an I true,  
 Though storms should beat against your door,  
 The pledge of youth you can renew,  
 Thereby growing rich instead of poor.

Stay O, Time, this wedding feast prolong,  
 We bring to these our friends good cheer,  
 Love is the true burden of our song  
 Around you always, forever near.

When the Reaper forbids you roam,  
 May you be ready for the call  
 That bids you leave your earthly home,  
 'Tis a summons that comes to all.



## HATFIELD.

The Creamery Association has been organized by the choice of J. D. Porter, J. S. Wells, W. C. Dickinson, A. L. Strong, and Edwin Field as Directors; J. D. Porter, President; W. C. Dickinson, Secretary, and J. S. Wells, Treasurer and General Manager.

The busy season is upon us in earnest, and the planting of corn, potatoes, and sugar-beets is nearly completed. Most of the farmers that planted sugar-beets last year, are planting them again this year, being satisfied that it is a paying crop for feeding to stock, even if they were not wanted for sugar purposes.

Tobacco is still the leading crop, and the growers are now busy with weeding the plant beds and fitting their tobacco grounds. Soon the plants must be set, the corn, potatoes and root crops must be hoed, haying, and harvesting of wheat, rye, and oats will rapidly follow, and must be mostly accomplished before July 20.

Our methods of farming have been changed in many respects during the past twenty-five years, from what they were previously. By the introduction of agricultural machinery, horse-power has taken the place of man-power in planting, spreading manure and fertilizers, sowing grain and all kinds of seeds. The mowing machine and harvester, horse rake, tedder, and horse hay fork have worked a complete revolution in the labor of haying and harvesting to the great relief of the farmer. Have we made as much progress in other respects? It is an open question whether the farmers of to-day understand the principles of crop rotation as well as their fathers did thirty years ago.

Our fathers, the first settlers in old Hampshire county, suffered untold hardships and privations in establishing themselves here and building up happy homes and securing for us, their descendants the free institutions which now are our boast and pride. Then is it not well to recall their virtues and hold their names in the highest honor and respect? Those towns in the Connecticut valley, like Hadley, which have a full and complete printed history culled from public records and private papers, now in the hands of almost every family, are highly favored; such an example is worthy of imitation. Many a town is rich in material now in scattered fragments, which are liable to be swept away by fire in a single night, and with no possibility of restoring the frail and perishable materials which make up its valuable and only authentic record.

The interest in the lyceum at Armory Hall continues unabated. The question of "Prohibition and License" will be discussed at the next Tuesday evening, Feb. 1. They will give also the usual variety of recitations, declamations, and the "paper." Quite a number of our people are in the habit of patronizing the better class of concerts and plays at Northampton. Yet we are not by any means lacking in home amusements, the offspring of local talent. The "Real Folks," who met with Miss Eunice Morton last Thursday evening, had a "Mother Goose party" and charades, which were highly enjoyed by the few who were privileged spectators. Many social gatherings help in giving opportunities to enliven and brighten the long winter evenings, and add much to alleviate the daily round of duties and cares, and make people happy.

## EXPRESSIONS THAT ARE HEARD AGAIN AND AGAIN AT NUPTIAL EVENTS.

The New Orleans Democrat says the following remarks have mostly been said time after time at all our "tony" weddings, and will be said again and again on every such occasion:—

Here she comes!  
 Pretty, isn't she?  
 Who made her dress?  
 Is it Surah, silk or satin?  
 Is her veil real lace?  
 She's white as the wall!  
 Wonder how much he's worth?  
 Did he give her those diamonds?  
 He's scared to death!  
 Isn't she the cool piece?  
 That train's a horrid shape!  
 Isn't her mother a dowdy?  
 Aren't the bridesmaids homely?  
 That's a handsome usher!  
 Hasn't she a cute little hand?  
 Wonder what number her gloves are?  
 They say her shoes are fives.  
 If his hair isn't parted in the middle!  
 Wonder what on earth she married him for!  
 For his money of course.  
 Isn't he handsome!  
 He's as homely as a hedge-hog!  
 He looks like a circus-clown!  
 No, he's like a dancing-master!  
 Good enough for her anyway.  
 She was always a stuck-up thing.  
 She'll be worse than ever now!  
 She jilted Sam Somebody, didn't she?  
 No, he never asked her.  
 He's left town, anyway.  
 There, the ceremony has begun!  
 Isn't he awkward?  
 White as his collar!  
 Why don't they hurry up?  
 Did she say she would "obey?"  
 What a precious fool!  
 There, they are married!  
 Doesn't she look happy?  
 Pity if she wouldn't!  
 (Wish I were in her place!)  
 What a handsome couple!  
 She was always a sweet little thing.  
 How gracefully she walks.  
 Dear me, what airs she puts on!  
 Wouldn't be in her place for a farm!  
 I'll bet those jewels were hired.  
 Well, she's off her father's hands at last?  
 Doesn't she cling tightly to him, though?  
 She has a mortgage on him now!  
 Hope they'll be happy.  
 They say she's awful smart.  
 Too smart for him by a jugful.  
 There, they are getting in the carriage!  
 That magnificent dress will be squashed!  
 The way she does look at him!  
 I bet she worships him.  
 Worship he's hanged! she's only making believe!  
 It's kind o' nice to get married, isn't it?  
 No, it's a dreadful bore.  
 Wasn't it a stupid wedding?  
 What dowdy dresses!  
 I'll never go to another!  
 I'm just suffocated!  
 Tired to death!  
 Glad it's over!  
 Oh, dear.



## HATFIELD.

Mrs. Charissa Hubbard had a gathering of her children and grandchildren at the old homestead to celebrate her eightieth birthday last Tuesday. The roast turkey never tasted better, and it was a very enjoyable occasion to old and young. Such reunions bring back pleasant reminiscences of the old home, the patient and self-sacrificing mother in her ceaseless round of duties, caring for her loved ones in sickness and in health. No one can take her place in our hearts when she has gone, no one has loved us in spite of our ingratitude and other serious faults as she has done. A mother's disinterested love! We see nothing like it on earth—through it we come to a better understanding of that Love which is Divine.

It is remembered that the Armory Hall Lyceum of last winter furnished a pleasing variety of entertainment. A full attendance is expected at its reorganization on Thursday evening of this week.

The meetings of the Grange are fully attended and maintain their former reputation for the cultivation of the social virtues. There is decided dramatic talent among its large membership, which it is hoped and expected will be made available for the entertainment of the public early this winter.

The musical talent of the town is to be brought out under the direction of Mr. O. D. Hill, in one or more public concerts. A first class musical treat is anticipated.

With the Grange, Lyceum, Real Folks, Gleaners, and the proposed theatricals and concerts in full tide of glory, there will be no lack of entertainments for the long winter evenings in this town, and consequently less occasion than usual to go abroad for expensive amusements.

About seventy students are already reported at the Academy; this insures a full attendance for the winter.

Mr. Arendt, of Arendt & Fringent, N. Y. dealers in tobacco, was in town last week for the first time, to examine the new crop of tobacco. He speaks highly of it, and to show the sincerity of his favorable opinions, he purchased during the two days while here seven lots in the bundle, about two hundred cases in all, at prices ranging from 10 to 20 cents. Mr. Levi Pease of this town is his agent, and will superintend the assorting and packing of the tobacco.

Dr. Smith of Terre Haute, Ill., is on a visit with his wife at the home of her father, Mr. Elisha Hubbard.

**A SAND BAG FOR THE SICK-ROOM.**—One of the most convenient articles to be used in a sick-room is a sand bag. Get some clean, fine sand, dry thoroughly in a kettle on the stove, make a bag about eight inches square of flannel, fill it with the dry sand, sew the opening carefully together, and cover the bag with cotton or linen cloth. This will prevent the sand from sifting out, and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in the oven, or even on the top of the stove. After once using this you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or a brick. The sand holds the heat a long time; and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags and keep them ready for use.—*Evening Post.*

## HATFIELD.

The Hatfield creamery is to be supplied from Whately with cream enough to make 100 pounds of butter daily. It is already making about 200 pounds.

The recent hot weather was very bad for horses. Mr. J. S. Graves lost a valuable one from the effects of the heat, and other horses were seriously affected.

The ground has been thoroughly soaked by the heavy rain storm, which has been continued at intervals from day to day for the last ten days. The streams have risen to a higher point than at any time this season. Grass is coming on finely and there is promise of a heavier hay crop than has been known for years.

Mr. L. M. Moore, on Main street, is remodeling and repairing his house. It was originally built by Dr. John Hastings, 75 years ago, for an office and store-room for roots, drugs and medicines, which the village doctor was obliged to compound for himself in the olden time before the days of the modern drug store. Hon. Israel Billings occupied the south room in the days of his early law practice, for a law office.

There were large audiences drawn out last Sabbath to hear Rev. W. S. Leavitt of Northampton. He gave a very thoughtful sermon in the morning, and his well-known description of the "Passion Play" in the evening.

The lecture of Miss Mary E. Eastman on "Our Public Schools and Woman's Opportunity to Improve Them," called out a good audience last Friday night at the Academy Hall. The thoughts presented were full of interest to the friends of education. She held the attention of the audience for two hours, largely dwelling upon the defects of school books and wrong methods of instruction, which are permitted through the incompetency of school boards to direct needed reforms, and partly through the lack of the proper training of teachers, who, if they understand the natural way of interesting and teaching the child, are not encouraged to put it in practice, but are expected to cram the mind with words, words from the spelling books, many of which they will never use or understand, even when they arrive at an adult age. Then, too, the manner in which reading is taught to the child before he can understand the meaning of half the words he is compelled to use. Her illustrations in this connection were full of just and scathing criticisms of the prevailing methods of instruction. Her ideals of excellence were the Kindergarten and the School of Technology. From the fact that the early training of the child depended almost entirely upon the mother, she showed her superior ability to rightly understand how to develop the mental, moral and physical powers of the child, and also because nine-tenths of our teachers in the public schools are women she has greater opportunities to observe and know the defects of our school system and to apply the necessary reforms; therefore, she is better fitted for the general superintendence of the public schools than men. The lecture was bristling with good common-sense ideas and a practical knowledge of the subject, the results of a widely extended observation of the best schools in the country.

The teachers' convention to be held at Greenfield next Friday and Saturday promises to be one of unusual interest. Prof. Harding of this town, president of the association, has taken great pains to secure an attractive list of speakers for the two days' session of the convention.



## WIDDER GREEN'S LAST WORDS.

"I'm goin' to die," says the Widder Green,  
 "I'm goin' to quit this airtly scene;  
 It ain't no play for me to stay  
 In such a world as 'tis to-day.  
 Such works and ways is too much for me,  
 Nobody can't let nobody be.  
 The girls is fionced from top to toe,  
 An' that's the whole o' what they know.  
 The men is mad on bonds and stocks—  
 Swearin' and shootin' and pickin' locks.  
 I'm real afraid I'll be hanged myself  
 Ef I ain't laid on my final shell.  
 There ain't a cretur but knows to-day  
 I never was lunny in any way;  
 But since the crazy folks all go free,  
 I'm dreadful afraid they'll hang up me.  
 There's another matter that's pesky hard—  
 I can't go into a neighbor's yard  
 To say 'how be you' or borry a pin  
 But what the papers have it in.  
 'We're pleased to say that Widder Green  
 Took dinner a Tuesday with Mrs. Keene,'  
 Or, 'Our worthy friend Miss Green has gone  
 Down to Barkhamsted to see her son.'  
 Great Jerusalem! 'an't I stir  
 Without a-raisin' some feller's fur?  
 There ain't no privacy—so to say—  
 No more than of this was the Judgment day.  
 And as for meetin'—I want to swear  
 Whenever I put my head in there—  
 Why, even 'Old Hundred's' spilled and done  
 Like everything else under the sun,  
 It used to be so solemn and slow—  
 'Praise to the Lord from below.'  
 Now it goes like a gallopin' steer,  
 High diddle diddle, there and here!  
 No respect to the Lord above,  
 No more'n ef he was hand and glove  
 With all the creturs he ever made,  
 And all the jigs that ever was played.  
 Preachin' too—but here I'm dumb.  
 But I tell you what! I'd like it some  
 Ef good old parson Nathan Strong  
 Out o' his grave would come along,  
 An' give us a stirrin' taste of fire—  
 Judgment and Justice is my desire.  
 'Taint all love an' sickish sweet  
 That makes this world nor 't'other complete.  
 But low! I'm old. I'd better be dead.  
 When the world's a-turmin' over my head,  
 Sperits talkin' like tarnal fools,  
 Bibles kicked out o' deestrick schools,  
 Crazy creaturs a-murderin' round—  
 Honest folks better be under ground.  
 So fare-ye-well! this airtly scene  
 Won't no more be pestered by Widder Green."

## DEAR LITTLE TROUBLE.

She tears all my books,  
 And breaks all my toys.  
 She always needs tending  
 When the rest of the boys  
 Are off for a frolic,  
 And I want to go too.  
 Sometimes I'm so vexed  
 I don't know what to do.  
 And yet she's so wonderfully cunning and sly  
 I couldn't help loving her if I should try,  
 That dear little troublesome sister of mine!

Wherever I go  
 She's right at my heels,  
 And if there's a chance  
 My apple she steals.  
 She drops all my nails  
 Through a hole in the floor,  
 Till I think I can't stand her  
 A single day more.

But then she's so sweet and so pretty and gay,  
 I never could spare her for even a day,  
 That dear little troublesome sister of mine!

If I cut my finger,  
 She wipes my eye,  
 And kisses the hurt place,  
 And looks very wise,  
 As if she had cured it.  
 And when at night  
 She puts up her arms  
 And hugs me so tight,  
 I think she's every bit sweet and good.  
 You may think you could spare her, but I never  
 could,  
 his queer little comforting sister of mine!

—Juliet H. Brand.

## THE ANNUAL TOWN MEETING.

And now the time approaches for the Annual Town Meeting,  
 And to the doughty Constables the Selectmen send greeting;  
 And thus the Fathers of the Town blow the official horn:  
 "You are hereby directed to notify and warn  
 The inhabitants, who're qualified to vote in town affairs,"  
 On——— to leave all other cares,  
 And promptly to assemble, responsive to the call,  
 At the usual place of meeting, in the spacious old  
 Town Hall.  
 At nine o'clock in the forenoon the hour of meeting is,  
 And then and there you'll meet for the following purposes, *viz*:  
 First, for the said meeting you will choose a Moderator,  
 Th' election of Town Clerk will come a little later;  
 Firewards, School Committee, and Surveyor of Highways,  
 A Collector of the Taxes, to see that each one pays;  
 A Town and County Treasurer to hand the money round,  
 With Selectmen and Overseers and Keeper of the Pound;  
 And before the orators begin their everlasting jaw,  
 You may choose such other officers as are required by law.  
 Then will come the good old music—the same, with variations,  
 On the same old subjects calling for such large appropriations.  
 There is money for the Public Schools (this always makes hard talk.)  
 Money to mend the highways, lest those who ride  
 or walk  
 Should be victims of a smash-up, or trip and tumble down,  
 Then put their cases into the courts and prosecute the Town.  
 "The poor ye've always with you"—let them be supported well;  
 And don't forget the town clock and the ringing of the bell.  
 We want to light the streets with gas, after the modern plan,  
 And money to pay the firemen, six dollars to each man;  
 Money for the engines, cisterns and apparatus,  
 For interest on the town debt and various other matters.  
 And whoever saw a warrant without that mysterious section  
 About the prisoners in the jail and Houses of Correction?  
 Then hurrah for Annual Meeting! and may its seed increase!  
 For every man there has a chance to speak his little piece.  
 Yet we're so very modest that we have not even hinted  
 That 'tis time for rival candidates to have their tickets printed.

## GROWING OLD.

At six—I well remember when—  
 I fancied all folks old at ten.  
 But, when I'd turned my first decade,  
 Fifteen appeared more truly staid.  
 But when the fifteenth round I'd run,  
 I thought none old till twenty-one.  
 Then, oddly, when I'd reached that age,  
 I held that thirty made folks sage.  
 But when my thirtieth year was told,  
 I said: "At two score men grow old!"  
 Yet two score came and found me thrifty,  
 And so I drew the line at fifty.  
 But when I reached that age, I swore  
 None could be old until three score!  
 And here I am at sixty now,  
 As young as when at six, I trow!  
 'Tis true, my hair is somewhat gray,  
 And that I use a cane to-day;  
 'Tis true, these rogues about my knee  
 Say "Grandpa!" when they speak to me;  
 But, bless your soul, I'm young as when  
 I thought all people old at ten!  
 Perhaps a little wiser grown—  
 Perhaps some old illusions down;  
 But wonder'ing still, while years have rolled,  
 When is it that a man grows old?



## HATFIELD.

### Celebration of the Thirtieth Wedding Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Porter.

Mr. Jonathan D. Porter and Miss Eliza P. Morton were married thirty years ago. Tuesday, April 4, was the anniversary of their wedding day. On that occasion were assembled brothers and sisters with their families from Hatfield, Amherst, and Sunderland; and cousins and friends from Hadley, South Hadley and Springfield. Among them we noticed Eleazar Porter, Esq., from Hadley, Mr. and Mrs. Ingraham of South Hadley, and Dr. C. S. Hurlbut and wife and Mr. W. H. Allis of Springfield. Resolute Grange, of which the honored couple are prominent members, were out in full force. Mr. Porter made a neat and feeling address of welcome to the large company of guests, to his near relatives, and lastly to his brothers and sisters of the grange. Rev. R. M. Woods responded happily for the assembled company, and Deacon James Porter spoke fitting words for the relatives. Worthy Master Thaddeus Graves responded with his accustomed readiness for the adopted brother and sister of the grange, paying a glowing tribute to the high character and commendable life of the happy pair, presenting a valuable ebony clock and silver cake basket, as tokens of esteem and affection in which they are held by their brothers and sisters of the order. Numerous other presents, valuable for use and beauty, the gifts of their friends, adorned a table in one of the rooms. Mr. and Mrs. Porter bore their honors with characteristic modesty and dignity. The poetry read by Mrs. H. S. Porter and Miss Nettie Morton on this occasion, are presented herewith; also, another, sparkling with humor and pointed with pleasant things, was read by Mr. W. H. Allis of Springfield, of which we failed to obtain a copy. After grace was said by the pastor, a feast of good things was served to the company, which filled the principal rooms of the house. Afterwards the company was favored with fine music, by members of the grange, assisted by Mr. Woods. Everybody appeared happy. This pleasant occasion will be long remembered,

#### TO OUR SISTER,

The bride of thirty years ago, the following lines are affectionately inscribed:

BY MRS. H. S. PORTER.

“Backward, turn backward! Oh, time in your flight,  
Make me a child again just for to-night.”  
These friends will bear with me kindly, I know,  
If my thoughts wander back to the dear long ago.

I would revel again mid childhood's bright scenes,  
I would roam in the fairyland of maidenhood's dreams,

I would linger awhile in those scenes of delight;  
Oh memory! bring back those fond dreams tonight.

Bright visions of gladness, they float o'er me now;  
The breezes of childhood are fanning my brow;  
I am sitting again 'neath the old shady tree—  
But where are the children who played there with me?

Where are the friends of my girlhood tonight?  
They have left the old hearth-stone, they have  
passed from our sight;  
Some have found rest in their own loving homes,  
And some we have laid down to rest in the tomb.

Where are the fathers who blessed us that night  
When the marriage vow sealed the lovers' troth-  
-plight?

The dear loving mothers, Oh where have they gone?  
Have they passed away with the years that have  
flown?

One yet remains, though feeble and old;  
Her tottering steps are nearing life's goal;  
We will cherish her tenderly, guard her with care,  
For what love can e'er with a mother's compare?

Of the brothers and sisters who gathered that day,  
One loved one we miss, she long since passed  
away;

Other links have been added to love's golden chain,  
But those links have been severed again and again.

The man of God, who the solemn words spoke,  
Whose joined hearts and hands by vows ne'er to be  
broke,

He, too, has passed to the heavenly home,  
And the welcome received “Servant—well done.”

Sister, just thirty year ago  
You stepped within these doors—a bride;  
To reign a queen within these walls,  
Perchance to rule him at your side.

If that be so—you've ruled him well,  
And he's a willing subject been,  
Since naught but peace and harmony  
Within these walls is ever seen,

Together you have shared life's joys,  
Together all its griefs sustained;  
A husband's arm has been your stay  
When sorrow's bitter cup you've drained.

Life's summit you've together reached,  
And, as its downward grade you tread,  
May love still brighten all your days,  
And o'er your path its halo shed.

When old age comes creeping o'er you,  
And the way grows dark and drear,  
May children's children gather round you,  
Your faltering steps to guide and cheer.

When the scenes of earth are ended,  
And you lay this body down,  
May a home in heaven await you,  
And a bright immortal crown.

1852—1882.

To Mr. and Mrs. JONATHAN PORTER, on their thirtieth anniversary of their wedding day, April 4, 1882.

Long ago, when April sunshine  
Sent a thrill of joy to every heart,  
In the pleasant, hopeful springtime,  
Loving hands were joined no more to part.

This the preface of the story,  
Old and dear, like many told before,  
And for thirty years you've written  
In this book of quaint and mystic lore.

Of your life it tells the story,  
Since that April day the tale began;  
Let us turn the pages over,  
Reading of the good true life hath done.

First we find a charming picture;  
Meadows fair make glad the farmer's heart;  
Goodly barns, a cozy homestead  
In a village rich with Nature's art.

Shadows dark, and flashing sunbeams,  
Falling leaves and song of birds;  
Then we catch a glimpse of home life,  
With its quiet grace and kindly words.

Ready hands and tender watching,  
Guard with love the baby's winsome way;  
Totting feet and household duties,  
Fill the moments of each passing day.

Then, anon, we miss the lisping accents,  
And our thoughts in scenes of sadness roam,  
For we read with moistened eyelids,  
Of a vacant place within that home.

Gently now we turn the pages,  
But the dear one we shall see no more;  
Baby's gone to live with Jesus,  
Lonely hearts are watching by the shore.

And there was another dear one,  
Who had shared their home—*lie* for a time;  
He, too, at the Saviour's calling,  
Left them in his manhood's early prime.

Clouds, and then a silver lining,  
Changing seasons with their smiles and tears,  
Other children came to bless them,  
And to love them in the coming years.

Thus the book is full of pictures,  
Of a loving home and Christian gain;  
Carefully we've turned the pages,  
And we find they have not lived in vain.

“Life is real, life is earnest.”  
This has been your motto, brave and true;  
Steadfast hearts and honest doing,  
Teach their lesson all the pages through.

Thirty years you've wrote the story,  
Hand in hand, but still it holdeth thee,  
And you daily turn the pages,  
Trustingly, not knowing what the end will be.



For the book is still unfinished;  
Many years their treasures must unfold,  
Many pages must be written,  
Ere the book is closed, the story told.

Fairer far than words of fiction,  
Is this tale of Christian life and love;  
Wondrous fair will be the sequel,  
When together you shall meet above.

May your circle be unbroken;  
Precious memories bind the chain of years;  
Health and happiness attend thee,  
Joy and gladness chase away the tears.

May you reap with hand of plenty,  
When the fruitful harvest day shall come;  
Golden sheaves of richest blessings,  
Is the heartfelt wish of ev'ryone.

Children, home and many friends,  
God hath given unto thee;  
Pearls of friendship and of love,  
These our offering shall be.

They are pearls of richer worth  
Than a jeweled crown can show,  
And among the gold and diamonds,  
Will with purest luster glow.

M. NETTIE MORTON.

It is thought that the birds first inaugurated the custom of having a winter residence in the sunny South, and a summer home in this latitude—a custom which has since been copied by the fashionable world. Many of the birds have returned to their summer homes and receive our hearty welcome, as they commence anew their housekeeping in our vicinity. They already make these beautiful spring mornings lively and vocal with their melodies of song.

Rev. R. M. Woods gave his people a vigorous sermon on Fast-day, taking for his themes, "divorce" and the "Chinese question," advocating healthy views as to the sanctity of marriage, and sustaining the American principle of welcome to people of all nationalities on American soil.

Several farmers in town have been victimized by a Springfield meat dealer, who is said to have departed to parts unknown, without paying his bills. It is rumored that farmers in other towns have suffered in like manner by the same party.

Our veteran potato-grower, Mr. J. D. Brown, planted his first acre of potatoes last Friday.

Mr. H. Rosenwald purchased several lots of tobacco in town last week. Price reported about 12c. through for seed leaf.

The spring term of Smith Academy commenced last week Wednesday, with about the usual number of students.

At a Parish meeting held the 3d inst., it was voted to authorize the Parish Committee to repaint the church. The adjourned town meeting held the same day passed off more quietly than was expected. There was a small breeze started among the old members of the Library Committee, which was quietly set down upon by the meeting, after three of their number had been re-elected.

At the annual church meeting held on Fast-day, the following officers were chosen: Dea. James Porter, clerk; Dea. Alpheus Cowles, treasurer; Dea. Porter was also re-elected Deacon for the term of four years; A. H. Graves, supt. of the Sabbath-school, G. A. Billings, assistant supt.; Oscar Belden and G. A. Billings, church committee.

Easter Sunday service was held in Academy Hall by Father Barry for the accommodation of his Catholic parishioners in this town. The Congregational Church was beautifully decorated with flowers on Easter Sunday: the music—

## HATFIELD.

There have been several sales of real estate in town this month. Levi L. Pease has bought the Orsamus Marsh farm at the upper end of Main street, price \$6,200. F. H. Bardwell has bought five acres of land in East Division of Theodore Baggs. John Ryan has bought seven acres in North Meadow, long lots.

"Neighbor Jackwood" had a full house on Thursday evening; the play worked smoothly and the actors performed their parts well.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Flagg, Jr., of Guilford, Vt., are visiting their numerous relatives and friends in this town and vicinity.

The young ladies of the "Real Folks" provided a dinner as usual in the vestry, for the accommodation of the voters at the annual town meeting on Monday, which was well patronized.

The trustees of Smith Academy held their annual meeting March 18. All the old officers were re-elected. The financial affairs of the institution were shown to be in a healthy condition, the several funds now amounting to the sum of \$78,501.

The annual printed reports of the selectmen, assessors, treasurer and school committee show a marked improvement in some respects over any previous document of the kind that has been issued. The addition of a report from the town clerk giving a resume of the vital statistics and business of that office, would make the annual reports still more perfect and valuable.

Rev. E. G. Cobb of Florence preached here last Sabbath, in exchange with Rev. R. M. Woods.

## HATFIELD.

Our farmers have begun their spring work in earnest. In order to expect good crops, they realize the importance of dealing liberally with the soil in the way of manure and fertilizers. The following are some of the fertilizers that will be used this year. Our soils being generally deficient in lime, it is thought that the most economical way of supplying this deficiency is by the use of lime kiln ashes, which are largely made up of lime. Their effect upon the soil is to make a growth of tobacco that will burn with a white ash, which is now considered an essential quality in leaf by manufacturers of cigars. Several carloads of lime ashes will be used for this purpose. Tobacco stems will also be largely used. The theory of their value is founded on the fact that they must restore to the soil the elements of fertility in nearly the same proportions that they have been taken from the soil by previous crops of tobacco. They are valuable in growing potatoes and grass because of the large amount of lime and potash they contain. Cotton-seed meal is rich in nitrogen and phosphoric acid, and is thought to impart a rich color and glossy surface to the leaf, and will be largely used on the tobacco fields. Canada ashes have proved valuable for corn and grass and will be used to some extent. Various manufactures of fertilizers will also be used to give the crops a start, as the farmers say. The glory of Peruvian guano has departed since the valuable deposits of the Chincha Islands, once so famous, have long since been exhausted, and the poor substitutes sold at high prices to farmers, are not worth their cost, being inferior to some of the manufactured fertilizers that can be obtained at a less cost per ton.



## HATFIELD.

We understand that the Co-operative Creamery is giving general satisfaction to the farmers who patronize it. Several of them received over \$100 each for cream furnished last month. The creamery is a very popular institution with the ladies, because it relieves them from the hard work and care of making and marketing the butter. Superintendent Wells has frequent calls to lecture upon the creamery system beyond the county limits. His last lecture was given in Granby, Conn.

Miss Kate Fairbank, a sister of Mrs. R. M. Woods of this town, and her cousin, Miss Ruby Harding, have appointments as teachers in the seminary for girls in Ahmednuggur, India. These young ladies were born in that country, their parents being missionaries of the American Board. Their knowledge of the Mahratta language, obtained when they were children, will be of great advantage to them in teaching the natives of that populous land. They expect to take their departure for this field of labor next May.

The snow-storm of last Tuesday accumulated with uncommon rapidity, between the hours of 6 and 10 P. M. Wednesday morning we found ourselves pretty effectually snowed in with about two feet of light, feathery snow. The first labor of breaking out the roads was not difficult. The strong wind of Friday has drifted the snow badly in some places.

Allow us to suggest the propriety of forming a county historical society with headquarters in Northampton. That town contains gentlemen of culture and influence whose leadership in such an organization would insure its success. The advantages of such a county society are very obvious to all who feel interested in developing and collecting the valuable records and documents so liable to become scattered and lost. Franklin and Berkshire counties have such societies, in successful operation for a number of years, and their meetings are very attractive and useful in cultivating a taste for historical investigations.

Another heavy snow-storm on Saturday night blockaded the roads and sidewalks, rendering it very uncomfortable in trying to get about on Sunday. The amount of snow-fall during the week was over three feet. In some cases, roofs are heavily weighted with snow which, if not speedily removed, will endanger their safety. There has been no such body of snow on the ground here since 1873.

During the past week many people have been filling their ice-houses.

The Armory Hall Lyceum, on Tuesday night, will debate the question, "Resolved, That the morals of New England people are on the decline." A serious question, certainly, and worthy of thoughtful consideration in every town. There will be an oyster supper at Armory Hall on Thursday evening, for the benefit of the lyceum. The public are invited. Tickets 50 cents a couple.

The year 1857 is remembered as being remarkable for its great snow-storm. A storm the first week in January of that year was so heavy that it took sixteen hours to get an express train through from Springfield to Boston. The snow-drifts were so deep late in March of that year that in many places the roads were impassable.

## IN MEMORIAM.

There is a time for falling leaves,  
A time to garner ripened sheaves;  
So too a time for touch of age,  
To end the long, long pilgrimage.

Life's ocean crossed, an anchor lay  
In quiet rest, till break of day;  
A glorious sun then lit the brow,  
And heaven-born truths are real now.

So peacefully he crossed the track,  
We could not, would not call him back;—  
Rejoicing more for peaceful rest,  
With others loved and long since blest.

On memory's page will linger here  
The love, the look, the word of cheer;  
His social spirit warmed the heart,  
A holier love he'd fain impart.

Thrice welcome was the Sabbath light,  
God's people long were his delight;  
Nor came too oft the eve of prayer,  
The time appointed found him there.

With earnestness of soul his plea,  
That richer harvests we might see;  
That old and young be gathered in,  
That God's word prove a critek to sin.

To service of the trusting one,  
Our God will add the living Sun;  
Will bid His aged servants come,  
Thrice welcome to His heavenly home.

From earthly cares and trials free,  
The soul soon finds sweet rest in Thee;  
All burdens at the cross laid down,  
And ripened age receives the crown.

K.

## SMITH CHARITIES.

### The Trustees and the Rate of Interest on Loans.

There will no doubt be a contest for the position of president of the board of trustees which will manage the future of Smith Charities, and in their selection the eight electors have an important duty to perform. If one town has any claim above another for consideration in the management of the charities, what more proper than the town from which the funds came originally? Oliver Smith, the giver of the charities, as is well known, accumulated the money in Hatfield, where he was born, lived, died and was buried. Because of its low rates of taxation, this same town has received far less from these funds than any other of the eight towns. These considerations aside, we are confident that there are citizens in that town who are as well fitted by natural ability, education, financial knowledge and practical judgment as any from the other towns.

In our opinion, there are other important things to be considered relating to their future management. The towns interested will be fortunate indeed if they are as ably and honestly managed in the future as they have been in the past. The results we now see in the rapid accumulations at compound interest, quadrupling the original sum bequeathed. After all, is it right, is it just to the people and the funds to continue the squeezing out process, taking the last dollar from the hard earnings of the farmers and business men who, during the last ten years, have lived to see their property depreciate in value fifty and seventy-five per cent, and even more; honest and intelligent men, struggling in the forlorn hope of holding on to the old homestead? There are some painful and stubborn facts in this connection, which stare thoughtful men in the face. While the savings banks have the interests of their depositors to look after, they are justified in getting the best rates of interest possible, but half of the savings banks of the state have been compelled to reduce their rates of interest to five per cent, in order to keep their money loaned out during the past year.



In the light of these facts, is it good policy to keep up the rate of interest to six per cent on all loans on real estate securities, and to invest the accumulations of money in Govt. bonds, paying only three per cent? We claim that such a policy is suicidal to the best interests of the towns concerned and unjust to their citizens who are borrowers from the charity funds. Reasons were given in the Gazette about a year ago why this rate of interest should be reduced to five per cent at that time. To show the soundness of the policy suggested, about one-half the savings banks of the state have since adopted a similar policy. Some of the best loans in Smith Charities, in the meantime, have been carried away and taken by savings banks at 5 per cent and we understand that a large amount of money has been accumulated in consequence, now on deposit in the national banks, and paying not over 3 per cent per annum. It certainly is against the interest of the towns to allow these accumulations to be invested in Govt. bonds, which are not taxable, and besides pay but a small interest. A reduction of the rate of interest to five per cent in towns where Smith Charities have large amounts of money loaned, would raise the value of real estate and so strengthen the securities held, and at the same time relieve the borrowers and encourage them with a better prospect of paying the principal. Therefore the following desirable benefits would be accomplished by such policy:

*First*, All the funds could be readily loaned at five per cent on good solid securities.

*Second*, The securities now held would be strengthened by such a policy; the real estate increased in value.

*Third*, Mortgageors could feel that justice had been done them and they would take hold with new life to pay principal and interest.

*Fourth*, As all such loans are taxable, their increase adds more to the funds to be taxed in each of the eight towns.

S. G. H.

### A JUDGE'S SENTIMENT.

BY WM. H. BISHOP.

In sentencing a murderer to death, Judge John Stone, of California, made use of the following language: "I would not be the owner of a groggery, for the price of this globe converted into precious golden ore."

I would not own a groggery,  
Nor keep a liquor store,  
For all the value of the globe  
In precious golden ore.

I would not deal the poison cup  
To damn my fellow-men.  
And turn their happy, peaceful homes  
Into the drunkard's den.

I would not sell the poisoned dram,  
To raise the murderer's knife,  
To make a maddened drunkard seek  
To take his brother's life.

I would not dwell in wealth and ease  
Through such ill-gotten gain,  
And know of wives' and children's cries,  
Of tears and prayers in vain.

I would not meet the Judgment Day,  
And God's approval crave,  
And face the many thousands there  
Who filled the drunkard's grave.

I would not vote for license laws,  
And thus protect the trade;  
Lest at the judgment seat of God,  
Guilty with him I'm made.

Sooner than keep a liquor shop,  
I'd beg from door to door,  
Or die an honest pauper,  
To be numbered with God's poor.

### HATFIELD.

The town schools will commence the spring term this week.

Jacob Carl has bought two lots of land in Little Meadow. Thaddeus Graves has bought two lots of 20 acres each under Horse Mountain.

The adjourned town meeting was held Monday, April 3d.

Last week was too cold to work tobacco beds. The weather Sunday was more balmy and springlike.

Two new two-horse Concord wagons were brought into town last week, by L. L. Pease and J. Carl. Fred Pease has a span of fine horses brought into town by A. S. Jones & Sons, from Canada. Quite a number of new horses have been shown on the street, recent purchases, some of them fine steppers, and said to be fast.

The following children have attended school the entire year without being absent or tardy: Eddie Warner, Lida Kingsley, Hattie Kingsley, Harry Howard, Fred Howard, Grace Marsh, Henry Carl, Adeline Remillard, Delia Remillard.

President Jonathan D. Porter celebrates the thirtieth anniversary of his marriage this Tuesday evening. That many years of happiness and prosperity may be his to enjoy is the wish of his many friends.

Thoughtful people are being more profoundly impressed with the importance of our public schools; and the recent agitation of questions which affect the welfare of our schools, in the town meeting and outside, ought to result in better schools and a higher standard of attainment. When the best, wisest and most experienced citizens are selected to make up the board of school committee whose duty it is to select teachers, and when so selected by them according to their best judgment, without prejudice or favor, parents, guardians and all good citizens ought to co-operate with them and the teachers selected if good schools are desirable. It is important to have good teachers in every school, teachers trained for that calling, fertile in resources to enforce good government, interest and instruct children. The law against truancy ought to be enforced; to this end, the town has adopted a system of by-laws in conformity with the public statutes, appointing truant officers and providing a place where truant children can be locked up and punished. There appears to be a strong pressure among parents to get their children into the Academy while yet too young to get the full benefit of its supposed higher advantages; this certainly is a mistake and will work to the disadvantage of the town schools by drawing away their best scholars at too early an age. It is now understood that it will be a more difficult matter in the future for applicants under twelve years of age to pass the ordeal for admission to the Academy. This idea of fixing a higher standard for admission it is thought will be an added stimulus to the scholars and result in the improvement of the common schools.

### THE LITTLE BEGGAR'S BUTTON-HOLE BOUQUET.

'T was on a bitter winter's day,  
I saw a strange, pathetic sight;  
The streets were gloomy, cold, and gray,  
The air with falling snow was white.

A little ragged beggar child  
Went rumbling through the cold and storm;  
He looked as if he never smiled,  
As if he never had been warm.



Sudden, he spied beneath his feet  
A faded button-hole bouquet;  
Trampled and wet with rain and sleet,  
Withered and worthless, there it lay.

He bounded, seized it with delight,  
Stood still and shook it free from snow;  
Into his coat he pinned it tight,—  
His eyes lit up with sudden glow.

He sauntered on, all pleased and proud,  
His face transformed in every line;  
And lingered that the hurrying crowd  
Might chance to see that he was fine.

The man who threw the flowers away  
Never one half such pleasure had;  
The flowers best work was done that day  
In cheering up that beggar lad.

Ah me, too often we forget,  
Happy in these good homes of ours,  
How many in this world are yet  
Glad even of the withered flowers!

#### WANTED A MINISTER.

We have been without a pastor  
Some eighteen months or more,  
And though candidates are plenty—  
We've heard at least a score,  
All of them "tip top" preachers,  
Or so their letters ran—  
And yet we can't exactly hit  
Upon a proper man!

The first who came among us  
By no means was the worst,  
But then we didn't think of him,  
Because he was the first;  
It being quite the custom  
To sacrifice a few  
Before the church in earnest  
Determines what to do.

There was a smart young fellow  
With serious, earnest way,  
Who but for one great blunder  
Had surely won the day:  
Who left so good impression,  
On Monday one or two  
Went round among the people  
To see if he would do.

The pious, godly portion  
Had not a fault to find;  
His clear and searching preaching  
They thought the very kind,  
And all went smooth and pleasant  
Until they heard the views  
Of some influential sinners  
Who rent the highest pews.

On these his pungent dealing  
Made but a sorry hit;  
The cost of gospel teaching  
Was quite too tight a fit;  
Of course his fate was settled,  
Attend ye, parsons all,  
And preach to please the sinners,  
If you would get a call!

Next came a spruce young dandy  
Who wore his hair too long;  
Another's coat was shabby  
And his voice not over strong;  
And one New Haven student  
Was worse than all of those—  
We couldn't here the sermon  
For thinking of his nose.

Then wearying of candidates,  
We looked the country through,  
Mid doctors and professors  
To find one that would do;  
And after much discussion  
On who should bear the ark,  
With tolerable agreement  
We fixed on Dr. Park.

Here then we thought it settled,  
But were amazed to find  
Our flattering invitation  
Respectfully declined.  
We turned to Dr. Hopkins  
To help us in the lurch,  
Who strangely thought that college  
Had claims above "our church."

Next we dispatched committees  
By twos and threes, to urge  
The labors for a Sabbath  
Of the Rev. Shallow Splurge.  
He came. A marked sensation—  
So wonderful his style—  
Followed the creaking of his boots  
As he passed up the aisle.

His tones were so affecting,  
His gestures so divine,  
A lady fainted in the hymn  
Before the second line.  
And on that day he gave us,  
In accents clear and loud,  
The greatest prayer was e'er addressed  
To an enlightened crowd.

He preached a double sermon,  
And gave us angel's food  
On such a lovely topic:  
"The Joys of Solitude,"  
All full of sweet descriptions  
Of flowers and purling streams,  
Of warbling birds and moonlit groves,  
And golden sunset beams.

Of faith and true repentance  
He nothing had to say;  
He rounded all the corners  
And smoothed the rugged way;  
Managed with great adroitness  
To entertain and please,  
And leave the sinner's conscience  
Completely at its ease.

Eight hundred is the salary  
We gave in former days;  
We thought it very liberal,  
And found it hard to raise;  
But when we took the paper  
We had no need to urge  
To raise a cool two thousand  
For the Rev. Shallow Splurge.

In vain were all our efforts,  
We had no chance at all;  
We found ten city churches  
Had given him a call;  
And he in prayerful waiting  
Was keeping all in tow;  
But where they bid the highest,  
'Twas whispered, he would go.

And now, good Christian brothers,  
We ask your earnest prayers,  
That God would send a shepherd  
To guide our church affairs—  
With this clear understanding,  
A man to meet our views  
Must preach to please the sinners,  
And fill the vacant pews.

#### HATFIELD.

The assessors have finished their work, and the rate of taxation will be \$7.30, a little higher than last year, owing to the loss of between \$40,000 and \$50,000 interest money. The rate last year was \$6.40, and \$4.50 in 1878.

The insolvent estate of Marshall N. Hubbard has been settled, with a dividend of 48 cents on a dollar.

The town schools will close this week.

The graduation exercises at Smith Academy will be held Tuesday evening.

A large portion of the hay crop will be in the barn on the first of July. The long-continued drought has enabled the farmers to make hay rapidly, and to secure it in perfect condition.

The drought begins to tell on the wells and springs. They were never before known to be so short of water in June. There is consolation in the thought that the "rain wave," which started in California and has moved gradually eastward as far as Ohio, may reach us in its progress, furnishing an abundance of water as it has elsewhere. Its advent here will be gladly welcomed by man and beast.

The daily routine of farm labor in this the busy season of the year furnish but scanty items that will be of interest to the general reader, who has lived the past month on a diet of startling surprises of official dishonesty, steamboat collisions, and such as has been furnished by the great national conventions held at Chicago and Cincinnati. We rejoice at the outcome of both. Good men are nominated by both the great political parties for the highest office in the gift of the people.



## HATFIELD.

Smith Academy has a larger number of students in attendance, than at any previous spring term since its organization.

Father Carroll of Northampton, held Easter services at 9 A. M. last Sabbath, for the Catholic people of this town. Academy Hall was beautifully arranged and decorated with evergreens and flowers for the occasion. The hall was well filled.

The new factory of C. S. Shattuck is well started; the Bartlett Brothers of Whately have the building contract. The building will be one hundred feet long and three stories high, heated with steam, generated by a thirty horse power boiler, and the whole to be lighted with gas. The building will be very thoroughly and substantially constructed, and with its new shafting, machinery, and all the improved appointments, will be first class.

Should the present cold weather continue much longer, the farmers will be late in starting the spring work. It is remarked that the floods formerly so regular, that overflowed the meadows in the spring, have not occurred for several years; the effect is noticeable in the greatly diminished amount of hay cut in Indian Hollow, and other low lands, whose fertility depended upon these annual overflows, which left a deposit of fertilizing material. The most notable flood occurred about the 20th of April, in the year 1862; at that time the weather was remarkably clear and hot for three days so that the great body of snow at the time in Vermont and New Hampshire was so rapidly melted, that the Connecticut river rose to a height never before known in the annals of the town, the water overflowed the lower part of Main street, and came up to a point in the street opposite the church. Three-fourths of the cellars, on Main street, were more or less filled with water. The flood of water made a clean sweep over the North and South meadows, forming a vast lake and leaving but little land in sight. The good effects of the flood were seen in the increased fertility of the meadow lands for several years afterwards.

## A WISE PRECAUTION.

When diphtheria is prevailing, no child should be allowed to kiss strange children nor those suffering from sore throat (the disgusting custom of compelling children to kiss every visitor is a well-contrived method of propagating other grave diseases than diphtheria); nor should it sleep with nor be confined to rooms occupied by or use articles, as toys, taken in the mouth, handkerchief, etc., belonging to children having sore throat, croup, or catarrh. If the weather is cold, the child should be warmly clad with flannels.

When the great Jonathan Edwards was out riding one day a little boy opened a gate for him. "Whose boy are you, my little man?" asked the great theologian. "Noah Clark's boy, sir," was the answer. On the return of Edwards soon after, the same boy appeared and opened the gate for him again. The great theologian thanked him, and asked: "Whose boy are you, my little man?" "Noah Clark's boy, sir; the same man's boy I was a quarter of an hour ago, sir."

## HATFIELD.

In compliance with the vote passed at the last annual town meeting, the selectmen have promptly completed the improvements they were instructed to make on the Northampton road by carting about 2,000 loads of hardening material, which will make a firmer road-bed from a point near the house of H. S. Porter to Banks Corner, a distance of one mile. This section of the road has been in bad condition every summer for several years.

The social event of last week was a party given by Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wells. Their large house was filled with their friends in response to the invitations given out.

Among our present wants is a good country store on Main street. Since the closing out of R. Billings' store at the south end of Main street one year ago, there has been no store kept in this part of the town, a condition of things not previously known in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. In the mean time our good people are not allowed to suffer for such necessities of life as are supplied by the merchants, Mr. Howard on the Hill, Mr. Martin of North Hatfield, and at least two firms in Northampton, kindly take orders and send teams to deliver goods from door to door. One hundred and fifty years ago Obadiah Dickinson kept a store where W. H. Dickinson now lives, and ever since that time there has been from one to three stores in more or less successful operation on Main street until within a short time. Previous to the Revolutionary war, Benedict Arnold sold goods to Hatfield Merchants. West India rum appears to be a large factor in the old bills of lading. Most of the heavy goods were taken by boats from Saybrook up the Connecticut river.

## Death of Mrs. Geo. H. Burrows.

A loving, precious, useful life closed this morning at 6.30, Mary E., wife of George H. Burrows, Superintendent of the Western Division of the Central Hudson railroad, having died at the family residence, 39 Sophia street, after an illness of a severe character, of only a few days, although for a year or two her health had been impaired. The summons came not fully unexpected, and she passed into rest in the hope of a glorious immortality. Mrs. Burrows was 54 years of age. She had lived a life full of noble deeds, the poor and the suffering having always found a friend in her. A devoted and affectionate wife, a fond, loving mother, her husband and children—a son and daughter—her idols, her home the center of all that was pure and worth living for, she could have lived for those dear to her; but it was otherwise ordered, and her departure leaves a void never to be filled. The skill of eminent physicians, the devotion of a fond husband, the prayers of the children were in vain, but the recompense is in a blessed name, a life well lived. Mrs. Burrows was a native of Northampton, Mass., where her father, Gen. B. E. Cook, and two or three sisters reside. She had been married over thirty years and first became a resident of this city twenty-nine years ago. The remains will be conveyed to Northampton for interment on the First Atlantic, Tuesday afternoon, at 4.35. Prayer will be had at the house at 3.15. The sympathy of all friends is extended to the bereaved family.—*Rochester Express.*



#### HATFIELD.

Elbridge Kingsley, a native of this town, artist and engraver for the "Scribners," has located his peculiar movable summer-house at present on the margin of the Capawonk, about one mile, as the river runs, above Shattuck's factory. The point selected is quite retired and convenient for work, and for sketches of water and foliage, in which the region abounds.

The subject of Rev. R. M. Woods' morning sermon last Sabbath was the "Prodigal Son's Brother," wherein he gave some new and pointed delineations of character, with a moral that no one could mistake.

Mrs. W. H. Dickinson is visiting relatives in Stamford, Ct. Dea. G. W. Hubbard and wife have returned from their trip to Rome, N. Y.

Nature has remained in *statu quo* during the past week. All kinds of plants, even weeds, seemed to wait, hesitating what to do next. A few days like Sunday will make amends and decide the question of progress. Marvels of growth and change will soon be shown from day to day. "The seed-time and the harvest" are a sure promise that never have failed us in the years that are past.

Among those in this town who make efforts to beautify and adorn their grounds with flowers, none are more successful than Dea. D. W. Wells. His hyacinths and tulips are now in their glory.

The weather of the past month, unusual for the season, has had the effect of developing a number of cases of rheumatism and malaria.

#### HATFIELD.

The winter term of the academy and town schools commences this week. But few changes have been made among the teachers of the town schools. Teachers are assigned to the seven schools as follows:—Miss Mary Waite and Miss Lilla Peck to the Center schools, Miss Carrie Warner and Miss Carrie Porter to the Hill, Miss Emily Billings to West Hatfield, Miss Mary Dodge to North Hatfield Depot, and Miss Nellie Waite to North Hatfield Farms.

There have been several narrow escapes from fires in town during the past two weeks, one on Sunday evening, from the overturning of a kerosene lamp, when no one was present except children; one of them had the presence of mind to throw a blanket over the flames, which effectually smothered the fire and prevented serious results. The two other instances were the results of the careless practice of storing ashes in flour barrels in or near buildings; by their timely discovery serious conflagrations were prevented. Had the buildings in the two latter instances been destroyed by fire, the cause would have been ascribed to incendiaries.

There have been several sales of real estate in town. Jacob Carl has sold 14 acres of land to J. Smith and P. Carl, for \$2,000. The land is situated southwesterly from the Hatfield depot. Several other sales of meadow land have been reported.

Father Barry of Northampton proposes to hold religious services at Academy Hall once a month during the winter, and not only once during the winter, as printed in the Gazette last week.

#### HATFIELD.

##### The Farmers' Institute at Southampton.

The people of Southampton did themselves great credit by the ample provision made to supply the wants of the "inner man" at the Farmers Institute of the three counties' Agricultural Society held in that town on Saturday last. The fair ladies of the town graced the occasion by their presence to a considerable number. The successful manner in which the whole program of entertainment in the Hall and the church was carried out, the pleasant welcome, and kindly hospitalities, will be cherished by all those from other towns who were so fortunate as to attend this notable gathering of farmers. We called on our friend Mr. F. K. Sheldon, inspected his model barn, well kept premises and thoroughbred stock of Shorthorns and Jerseys, which, in their comfortable quarters, made a fine display. We met there on a similar errand, farmers from Northampton, Holyoke, Chicobee, Sunderland, Hadley and Hatfield. Our time being limited we were unable to visit other farmers. Our day at Southampton will be held in pleasant remembrance.

It has been proposed by some of our enterprising young men to bring the center of Hatfield into communication with the outside world by a line of telephone wire, running from the depot to Shattuck's factory and thence to some central point on Main street. It is expected that this enterprise will be in successful operation at an early day.

#### HATFIELD.

The storm of last Thursday night did not prevent the friends of the Lyceum to the number of seventy-five, from carrying out their programme of an oyster supper at Armory Hall, closing with a dance. The Lyceum on Tuesday evening will debate the question: Resolved, that the educational system of fifty years ago, was better than the present.

The play of Uncle Tom's Cabin is advertised for exhibition by a traveling company at Academy Hall Friday evening of this week.

The regular meeting of the P. of H. held at the house of S. G. Hubbard on the evening of the 6th inst. was fully attended. The exercises were of a literary character, comprising essays and select readings by ladies and gentlemen previously appointed. The next meeting the evening of the 20th inst. to be held at the house of W. H. Dickinson, Esq. promises to be of a highly interesting character, in fact an event in social circles.

The lecture given in the church last Thursday evening by Rev. Mr. Stocking, a native of Orooniah, Persia, was made very interesting and instructive by his introduction of six ladies and gentlemen dressed in oriental costumes and further illustrated by numerous pictures, articles of dress, utensils, and implements of war, which added much to convey a true idea of the manner and customs of the people who inhabit that interesting land.

The excellent sermon of Pastor Woods last Sabbath invited the attention of his people as he most touchingly delineated the teachings of the Divine Master as adopted to all conditions of humanity. The annual sale of pews in January made a more than usual change from one part of the church to another of families.

Father Barry of Northampton held services in Academy Hall last Sabbath, to accommodate his numerous people in this town.



## HATFIELD.

Collector Doane means business in collecting the taxes for last year. He gives notice elsewhere of what he will do, and when he will do it.

The severe and continuous cold weather of the past two months and the great body of snow sadly interferes with the progress of all kinds of business in which farmers are interested.

The local grange is in a highly prosperous condition. Several prominent names have been added to its membership. Its aims are partly for social and intellectual culture.

The death of Ruth D. Hubbard, wife of Israel W. Billings, Esq., of Deerfield, last week, was saddening news to her numerous relatives and friends in Hatfield. She was an exemplary Christian, a kind and affectionate wife and mother, and was loved by all who knew her. We feel that she is "not lost but gone before" to her reward in the better land. Her life and example are a rich legacy to her children.

Mr. Douglas S. Hubbard, of New York, is looking up the genealogies of the descendants of George Hubbard, of Weathersfield and Guilford, Ct. George was born in England, 1595. His son John was among the first settlers in Hadley; he was allotted house lot No. 9, on the east side of the street. He left it to his son Daniel and removed to Hatfield about 1683, where he remained the last twenty years of his life with his son Isaac. The descendants of John include all the Hubbards who afterwards settled in Western Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire. Mr. D. S. Hubbard's collection numbers over 3,000 branches of Hubbards, largely in Connecticut. They are massed in form of an immense tree, with its numerous branches of Hubbards, with place and date of birth and death, to whom married. When complete this family tree will be photographed.

## HATFIELD.

The tenement house of Mr. L. S. Bliss, situated at the ferry, was burned at one o'clock Sunday morning. The house has been unoccupied since Nov. 27. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

Mrs. Wm. B. Langdon entertained the Ladies' Benevolent Society last Thursday afternoon. These meetings are usually held at the house of some member of the society once in two weeks. The "Real Folks" and "Gleaners" are two societies of young ladies and misses, organized for benevolent purposes. All are well sustained, and in union and harmony are doing a good work.

Mr. Wm. Barnes is drawn as juror for the December term of the superior court.

Mr. A. Michelson of Conn. was in town last week, and purchased some four or five lots of tobacco in the bundle. Mr. C. K. Morton will superintend the assorting and casing of the tobacco.

Nothing better is suggested as to the proposed meeting of the Gazette correspondents so anxiously desired by a number of the fraternity, we would propose the day of the annual meeting of the Hampshire, Hampden and Franklin Agricultural Society; time, 10 o'clock A. M., place, the Gazette office; when your esteemed Plainfield correspondent, as the original inventor of the idea, should be master of ceremonies, and then if he should get a little out of Gerc, would still be able to call the roll of members, who would, no doubt, be all present in the editorial sanctum. Then what a revelation! It would require, at least the pencil of a Nast to do the subject justice.

## WHITTIER'S TRIBUTE TO LONGFELLOW.

### LOW.

#### The Poet and the Children.

With a glory of winter sunshine  
Over his locks of gray,  
In the old historic mansion  
He sat on his last birthday,

With his books and pleasant pictures  
And his household and his kin,  
While a sound as of myriads singing  
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,  
From the prairie's boundless plain,  
From the Golden Gate of sunset,  
And the cedar woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him,  
And his moistening eye grew dim,  
For he knew his country's children  
Were singing the songs of him:

The lays of his life's glad morning,  
The psalms of his evening time,  
Whose echoes shall float forever  
On the winds of every clime.

All their beautiful consolations,  
Sent forth like birds of cheer,  
Came knocking back to his windows,  
And sang in the Poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,  
The music rose and fell  
With a joy akin to sadness  
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened  
To the voices sweet and young:  
The last of earth and the first of Heaven  
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer  
For the wonderful change to come,  
He heard the Summoning Angel  
That calls God's children home!

And to him, in a holier welcome,  
Was the mystical meaning given  
Of the words of the blessed Master:  
"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven!"

*The Wide Awake.*

#### What I Have Seen.

I have seen a young man sell a good farm,  
turn merchant, and die in an insane asylum.

I have seen a farmer travel about so much  
that there was nothing at home worth looking  
after.

I have seen a man spend more money in folly  
than would support his family in comfort and  
independence.

I have seen a man depart from truth when  
candor and veracity would have served him a  
much better purpose.

I have seen a young girl marry a young man  
of dissolute habits, and repent it as long as she  
lived.

I have seen the extravagance and folly of children  
bring their parents to poverty and want,  
and themselves to disgrace.

I have seen a prudent and industrious wife  
retrieve the fortunes of a family, when her husband  
pulled at the other end of the rope.

I have seen a young man who despised the  
council of the wise and advice of the good, and  
his career was in poverty and wretchedness.

#### A RECEIPTED BILL.

O ring not this receipt away,  
Given by one, who trusted thee.  
Mistakes will happen every day,  
However honest folks may be.  
And sad it is, sure, twice, to pay—  
So, cast not this receipt away.

Ah, yes; if, at some future day,  
When we this bill have all forgot,  
They send it in again for pay,  
And say that we have paid it not,  
How sweet to know on such a day  
We've never cast receipts away.



## HATFIELD.

Rev. Edward S. Tead and family, settled at Cumberland Mills, near Portland, Me., have been spending a short vacation in town, at the house of Dea. J. S. Graves, father of Mrs. Tead. We were deprived of the privilege of hearing him preach while here because of the condition of his health. His preaching has been blessed in the conversion of some forty adults, mostly heads of families, during the past six months. Mr. and Mrs. Tead have many warm friends in this town.

Rev. H. W. Lathe and Rev. R. M. Woods exchanged pulpits last Sabbath. It was Mr. Lathe's first Sabbath in Hatfield. He preached two excellent sermons and produced a very pleasant impression. We think the Old Church of Northampton have been very fortunate in their selection of a pastor.

Miss Ellen Miller of this town has spent most of the last six months in New York, much of the time at the Academy of Design, in the study of the fine arts, and perfecting herself in painting and drawing, in the latter of which she is quite an accomplished proficient.

The old saying, "there will be one white Sunday in May,"—white with apple blossoms—has come but partially true this year, as the blossoms of winter apple trees will not be fully developed for several days yet, perhaps not until the first Sunday in June.

The late condition of spring vegetation and the long continued rainy weather has very much delayed the usual routine of farm work in May. Corn planted as usual the first week of the month, which generally comes up within two weeks after the planting, and is hoed the first time during the month, is now not yet above ground; in many instances, after four weeks' planting, some fields have been already harrowed over again and replanted. It is feared that much of the seed in other fields has rotted in the ground. Potatoes and peas are about the only seeds planted that have made their appearance above ground. There is a general complaint of failure with many kinds of early planted garden seeds.

## HATFIELD.

The Fall term of Smith Academy will commence this week Wednesday, with good prospects of a full school. Prof. Harding and his able assistants, will, no doubt, make it a successful one as usual.

The opening of the town schools will be deferred until Sept. 6; most of the old teachers are retained.

Some of the farmers are jubilant, having completed the harvest of an extra good crop of tobacco.

The executive officers of the Creamery Company are fitting up the tenement house of W. C. Dickinson, on Main street, which was formerly occupied by Caleb Dickinson, as the place to start the Creamery; and they are making it complete in its appointments for the expected business of the company.

There have been, during the past two months, several cases of fever ague in the westerly part of the town near the line of the New Haven and Northampton railroad excavations. The town has been free from anything of the kind, arising from local causes, in previous seasons according to the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

## THE EDITOR'S WAGER.

[At the annual meeting of the Rhode Island Press Association, Mr. E. P. Tobey, of the Providence Journal, read the following poem, in which he happily illustrates the influence of the weekly journal.]

The editor sat in his chair alone—  
A busier person there never was known—  
When in came a farmer, a jolly old soul,  
Whose name for long years had been borne on the roll

Of paying subscribers. He had come into town  
To bring his good wife and some farm produce  
down,

And having a moment or two he could spare  
Had run in as usual, to bring in a share  
Of his own inward sunshine, to lighten the gloom  
Of the man of the press and his dull cheerless room.  
The editor's smile, as he lifted his eyes  
And saw who was there, was of joyful surprise;  
And he greeted his friend with a deal of glad zest,  
For a good chat with him was like taking a rest.

\* \* \* \* \*  
When at length, the old farmer got ready to leave,  
He said, with a sly little laugh in his sleeve,  
"My dear friend, there is one thing I just want to say—

Now, please don't get vexed, for you know it's my way—

But what makes you put in each paper you print  
So much that is worthless—do you take the hint?  
Well—petty misfortunes—and little misdeeds—  
And lots of small matters that nobody reads."  
The editor looked at him square in the face,  
At first with a frown, then a smile took its place,  
"My dear friend," he replied, "I'm surprised you don't know

Every line in the paper is read—but it's so;  
And now, if you wish, I will make my words good,  
And prove what I say, as every man should.  
I'll put in the very next paper a line  
Or two about you—in coarse print or fine  
Whichever you choose, and just where you may say,

And if you don't find on the very next day  
That your neighbors all read it, I promise to give  
Free subscriptions to you, just as long as you live."  
"Agreed," said the farmer, "you shall sing a new song;

Put it right in the middle of one of those long  
Fine-type advertisements—I never yet knew  
Any person of sense to read one of those through;  
If I hear from it twice, I will bring down to you  
The best load of garden sauce I ever grew."  
Then the "good days" were passed, and the farmer went out,

And the editor laughed to himself without doubt,  
As he thought of his wager and how it would end,  
And the nice little joke he would have on his friend;  
Then he wrote just two lines, and he ordered them set

In the smallest of type—thinking, "I'll win that bet."

And he placed them himself, to be sure and not fail,  
In the midst of a close agate real estate sale.  
For, to better succeed in his little designs,  
He'd selected a place where to put these two lines  
And have them connected with what followed and make

A sentence complete in itself, without break.  
These the lines that he wrote: "Our old friend,  
good James True,  
Who is one of the best men the world ever knew,  
Of the well-known Hope Farm"—that was all that he said

About James, but the line next below these two read

"Will be sold very cheap,"—then went on to unfold  
The beauties and bounds of the estate to be sold.

The paper was printed. The next day but one,  
The farmer came in, with his eyes full of fun;  
"You have won," he began, "just as sure as you're born"

Why, before I'd got breakfast ate yesterday morn,  
Two or three of my neighbors called, purpose to see  
What that meant in the paper they saw about me.  
(I hadn't seen it yet.) Then, during the day,  
Every neighbor that met me had something to say  
About my being sold. I was sold very cheap,  
And you did it well, too; it was too good to keep  
So I've told the whole story, and come with all speed

To bring you the garden sauce, as I agreed."  
The editor looked from his window and saw  
His friend had brought in all his horses could draw—

All for him; he declined to accept it, but found  
That his friend would not listen, and was off with a bound,

Saying, cheerfully, as he went out—"In your next  
Just say Jim True's preaching, and this is his text:  
There is naught in the paper—fruit, flowers or weeds—

Not a line in the paper that nobody reads."



## HATFIELD.

The cold weather of the present month has been unfavorable for progress in some kinds of farm work. The farmers are later than ever before known in setting tobacco. Corn is very backward, some fields look very unpromising. Early planted potatoes look well and some fields are making a vigorous growth; some complain that the tubers of the late planted ones to some extent rotted in the hill. Other crops that do not require a hot sun, are looking well.

John Hastings, Esq., of Onondaga, who moved from Hatfield about 50 years ago to central New York, and his sister, Miss Sophia Hastings, are now on a visit here; his ninety years appear to set lightly upon him, his nerves are steady and he still writes a beautiful hand. The people of Onondaga polled more than 1500 votes at the last Presidential election. Mr. Hastings is the town clerk and attends to all his duties as faithfully as any man sixty years younger, and besides does all the writing for the town assessors. Perhaps it is proper to say that he does not use tobacco, and is a remarkable example of what a temperate life and habits will do to keep up the health and vigor of body and mind. He says he must be home next Monday to meet the supervisors to draw jurymen and to complete his work of copying for the assessors.

Mr. and Mrs. Dexter Allis of Springfield, who were married in Hatfield in 1824, are visiting their children and friends here. Mr. Allis is in his 85th year and is another example of health and vigor in old age.

## AN ALARMING EPIDEMIC.

### Adams and Other Berkshire Towns Suffering From a Strange and Sudden Sickness.

Adams was a place of mourning yesterday, for a mysterious sickness, and as sudden and severe as strange, fell upon the town Tuesday night, when over one-third of the population was stricken down with a violent form of cholera morbus. Strangely enough the sickness began in most cases about 10 o'clock in the evening, when the people were attacked with a dizziness, and a feeling of deathly sickness, followed by severe vomiting and purging lasting several hours, and accompanied by a gripping pain, which in some cases made the sufferers delirious. Most of the patients were better yesterday, though very weak, but some are still confined to their beds, and fears are expressed that there may be fatal results. Dr Riely was one of the victims, and Drs Burton and Holmes counted up over 500 cases during the night, besides lots which they were unable to attend. In fact hardly a family escaped, and in some cases whole families were prostrated. Between 200 and 300 mill hands and others were unable to attend work yesterday, and the town was literally a sick-looking place, for very few residents escaped one phase of the epidemic. Some new cases appeared yesterday, but it was in a milder form, and the danger is now believed to be past. The cause of the sickness is a mystery. At first it was believed to be an effort to poison the town's water supply, but many who do not use the town water, including farmers, were sufferers; and this theory was still further disproved yesterday afternoon by the news that the disease had struck Savoy and other hill towns. It is now believed that the sudden change in the weather is at the bottom of the trouble, though a difficulty in the way of accepting this theory is that North Adams, near by, has thus far wholly escaped. Adams has been generally considered a very healthy place.

## LONGFELLOW'S LAST POEM.

### Mad River in the White Mountains.

TRAVELLER.

Why dost thou wildly rush and roar,  
Mad River, O Mad River?  
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour  
Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er  
This rocky shelf forever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?  
Why all this fret and flurry?  
Dost thou not know that what is best  
In this too restless world is rest  
From over-work and worry?

THE RIVER.

What would'st thou in these mountains seek,  
O stranger from the city?  
Is it perhaps some foolish freak  
Of thine, to put the words I speak  
Into a plaintive ditty?

TRAVELLER.

Yes; I would learn of thee thy song,  
With all its flowing numbers,  
And in a voice as fresh and strong  
As thine is, sing it all day long,  
And hear it in my slumbers.

THE RIVER.

A brooklet nameless and unknown  
Was I at first, resembling  
A little child, that all alone  
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,  
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,  
For the wide world I panted;  
Out of the forest dark and dread  
Across the open fields I fled,  
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,  
My voice exultant blending  
With thunder from the passing cloud,  
The wind, the forest bent and bowed,  
The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean's call,  
Implying and entreating;  
Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall  
I plunged, and the loud waterfall  
Made answer to the greeting.

And now, beset with many ills,  
A toilsome life I follow;  
Compelled to carry from the hills  
These logs to the impatient mills  
Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms  
The rudeness of my labors;  
Daily I water with these arms  
The cattle of a hundred farms,  
And have the birds for neighbors.

Men call me Mad, and well they may,  
When, full of rage and trouble,  
I burst my banks of sand and clay,  
And sweep their wooden bridge away,  
Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,  
As of thine own creating.  
Thou seest the day is past its prime;  
I can no longer waste my time;  
The mills are tired of waiting.

## HATFIELD.

At the annual church meeting on Fast-day, Mr. D. W. Wells was re-elected deacon for the term of four years; Deacon Cowles was chosen church treasurer; A. H. Graves was re-elected superintendent of the Sabbath-school, J. S. Wells assistant superintendent, and C. L. Graves S. S. treasurer.

Delegates to the state convention: Rev. R. M. Woods and Henry S. Hubbard. The sentiment of the caucus last Tuesday evening, was very strongly expressed as in favor of Edmunds for President.

Four of our young men have gone West to try their fortunes, Eddie Billings and Myron Porter to Illinois. Bennie Baggs and Geo. Thayer have been heard from at Cheyenne. They have the best wishes of their many friends.



### HATFIELD.

Some of our good and most useful women firmly believe that the raising and using of tobacco is morally wrong. One at least has made the matter a subject of prayer for a long time, and she improves every opportunity of presenting the subject before the devotees of tobacco; especially those who are members of the church, using every argument available against its use and cultivation, and it is now a subject of serious consideration with some thoughtful people. It must be admitted that it is not a necessity of life, and that whole nations have lived for ages without its use. Its advocates class it as a luxury like tea and coffee, and like them it stimulates the nervous system, and when used to excess, it must be admitted it has an injurious effect upon the nervous system. What beneficial effect in moderate use it has, is not exactly known, but the use of narcotics and nerve stimulants is a modern growth among civilized nations. If tobacco, now used by so vast a number of mankind, has such a deleterious influence upon the human race, how can it be explained that the average of human life has been doubled, since its introduction into England by Sir Walter Raleigh 300 years ago.

The cold weather has delayed farming operations; snowbanks are quite common on the north side of buildings, and in some places there is still considerable frost in the ground; roads are in fair condition, and in fact quite good for the season; farmers are now making their tobacco beds, a week, at least, later than usual; some fields are now in good condition for ploughing; winter grain and newly seeded grass begins to look green and promising; a good warm rain now would greatly change the appearance of things; these cold, dry winds are decidedly unpleasant and depressing in their effects upon sensitive mortals, tending to clip the wings of fancy, and to create a spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction in minds that have not cultivated the virtues of patience and contentment; the vernal sunshine, the birds and the flowers will come in due time.

### HATFIELD.

The town meeting of last week was not lacking in features of general interest. An effort was made, partially successful, which resulted in the ousting of certain town officers, Richard P. Smith taking the place of James Porter on the board of selectmen. Henry G. Moore taking that of E. C. Waite on the board of assessors. Otherwise the two boards remain the same as last year. Samuel P. Billings was chosen elector of the Smith Charities, by a vote of 120, to 54 for D. W. Wells. C. L. Graves was chosen collector of taxes, with a salary of \$100. The friends of license carried the town by a majority of ten votes. The motion to pass over the article on woman suffrage, was carried by a small majority. There was a general interest manifested in the question of improved roads; the system of last year was finally adopted, and N. T. Abells will again have the contract of making ordinary repairs to roads and bridges for \$550; a further sum of \$450 was voted to draw material suitable for hardening the Northampton road, and the Plain road leading to Westbrook. The meeting stands adjourned two weeks.

The town passed an almost unanimous vote instructing the selectmen to rigidly enforce the provisions of the license law. The selectmen in pursuance of that vote have been taking steps toward its enforcement which it is thought will result in closing some public places, and restrict the sale of intoxicants in this town to places that will be licensed.

### My First Drink.

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG MAN, A PATIENT IN  
THE INEBRIATE'S HOME.

I am looking back thirty-one years to-day. I can picture to myself a dear, loving mother looking into the face of her first-born son, and realizing that if God should spare her boy's life the day would come when he would have to go out into the great business world and encounter the temptations of life; that then and there she consecrated both her own life as well as her boy's to the service of a Divine Master.

So the years rolled on, and at sixteen I left home to go out into the great business world. The first morning I left home, in the prime of youth and health, how kindly my mother looked at me as she kissed me, and as I went on my way with the good resolutions I formed; and the pride and pleasure I felt as I brought home my first-earned money! I had reason to be happy, for I had a happy Christian home, loving father, mother, brothers, sisters, and a good employer. During my business career I became acquainted with young men of my own age. I had noticed that at dinner they often took a glass of ale. Having an invitation from one of them to take a drink, I yielded, thinking it looked manly. It was only a glass of ale, but my *first drink* and the first step towards sin, disgrace and misery. Day by day I continued to indulge moderately, deceiving those around me. I could not see any harm in doing what I did, as others did the same. Nor did I ever believe it would get the upper-hand of me, as it did in years after; but, as I look back to-day on a wasted life of sin and shame, I see it all—it was my *first drink*.

As I write this to-day, I am looking out on an assembly of young men, who would be an honor to themselves as well as to society, were it not for this demon. I have talked to each one of them, and they say as I say, it was the first drink that brought them to what they are. A few days ago a gentleman left this home, who three years ago stood among the first merchants of New York city, was rich, had a loving family and a happy home. Now he is penniless, friendless and homeless—no one to care for him—a wanderer on the face of God's earth. What caused it? The first drink. A few days ago a merchant entered here greatly under the influence of drink. Three days later I stood by his death-bed. He had known no one since the day after his arrival here. During his delirium he tried to speak, but could not. Never shall I forget the scene; a loving sister on her knees by his bedside, and a weeping mother, but he knew them not. His soul passed away to meet its Judge unprepared. What caused this? The first drink. To those of you who hear or read this, take warning! If you have commenced to drink, stop at once. It will save you from a life of sin and trouble. It will make you happy in this world; it will fit you for a better world above. Therefore, I say stop now, with God's help.



## HATFIELD.

More real estate has changed hands in this town during the past six months than for several years previously. Mr. Lowell of West Springfield has bought the A. H. Graves homestead for less than \$6,500. The house is one of the most attractive in its proportions in Hampshire county. The price realized is only about one-fifth the original cost and undoubtedly a good investment. It is not to be occupied until next spring.

There are several other homesteads with desirable modern houses now on the market, and quite convenient to the church and the academy, that can be bought at very low prices. Our pleasant and healthful town, our strong religious society, superior educational advantages, two through lines of railroad which connect us with the outside world, the lowest rates of taxation of any town in Western Massachusetts, and the present low prices of real estate, ought to offer the all-sufficient inducement to capitalists when they find that all these claims for the town can be verified, to settle in Hatfield.

The houses of David Billings and J. S. Wells have received new coats of paint, which add much to the beauty of their appearance.

C. S. Shattuck's new factory will be finished and ready for occupation some time this month.

J. E. Porter is about to remodel his grist-mill with modern improvements, which will add much to its facilities and convenience for business, in which we all feel interested, as good flour and good meal are ranked among the prime necessities of life.

The Stockbridge fertilizers appear to be in high favor with some farmers as a dressing for grass. Fish and potash and wood ashes are being largely used on the corn lands. Cotton seed meal, C. S. ashes and Peruvian guano in connection with stable manure are mostly used for tobacco.

In honor of the faithful, but untitled, let me read a part of Dr. Holland's most felicitous poem presented at the Bi-Centennial at Hadley, in which voice is given to the nameless.

Children of the old plantation,  
Heirs of all we won and held,  
Give us grateful celebration—  
Us, the nameless ones of old.

We were never squires and teachers,  
We were never wise and great;  
But we listened to our preachers,  
Worshipped God, and loved the state.

Blood of ours is on the meadow,  
Dust of ours is in the soil;  
But no tablet casts a shadow  
Where we slumber from our to-l.

Unremembered, unrecorded  
We are sleeping side by side;  
And to names is now awarded,  
That for which the nameless die.

We were men of humble station,  
We were women pure and true;  
And we served our generation,  
Wrought, and fought, and lived for you.

We were maidens! we were lovers!  
We were husbands! we were wives!  
But oblivious mantle covers  
All the sweetness of our lives.

Praise the men who ruled and led us;  
Carry garlands to their graves;  
But remember that your meadows  
Were not planted by their slaves.

We were free men; we were neighbors;  
Each the minister of all;  
And ye enter on our labors  
As on theirs whose names ye call.

## HATFIELD.

The graduating exercises of the class of 1880, at Smith Academy, took place last Tuesday evening. This is the fourth class that the academy has graduated since its establishment. The class numbers six young ladies, whose names, together with the subject of their essays, are as follows:—Fannie A. Allis, Mary, Queen of Scots; Nellie G. Hubbard, Contentment; Alice R. Woodard, None to Himself; Bertha M. Fobes, Plymouth Rock; Clara S. Hawkes, Society; Annie A. Allis, Plea for Classical Education, with valedictory address. The graduates of Smith Academy now number 23, about half of whom either are or have been engaged as teachers. Herbert Spencer has said that education is truly tested by a capacity of using knowledge. Judged by this test, the education given at Smith Academy, as it appears in the methods of instruction and results attained, is a success. The class of '80 presents a new feature, two young ladies prepared for Smith College. It is peculiarly fitting that Smith Academy, founded by the same woman who founded Smith College, should be a preparatory school to the college. Under the conduct of Prof. W. B. Harding, Smith Academy has taken high rank among the scientific and classical schools of the Connecticut valley. There is no better school for preparing young men and women for the colleges than this. '76.

Prof. Hervey Porter of Beyroot College, Syria, has been spending a few days among friends in Hatfield. Last Sabbath he gave a very interesting sermon on Educational and Missionary Work in Syria. Prof. Porter has been connected with the college ten years, teaching and preaching in the Arabic language. Beyroot is situated at the foot of Mount Lebanon on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. It is an ancient city and at the present time has a population of about 100,000. The English, French and Austrian governments have lines of steamers running to Beyroot, which keep it in constant communication with the Christian world. Syria includes the land of Palestine, and has been for centuries a province of the Turkish Empire.

## HATFIELD.

Rev. R. M. Woods being absent in New York last Sabbath, Prof. Tyler of Smith College supplied his pulpit, giving an excellent sermon from 1 Sam'l xv. 22, His subject, "To obey is better than sacrifice," was treated in a very practical and pointed manner.

The present Legislature will be remembered by the tax payers for the prospective large increase of the state tax brought about by legislation during the present session of the General Court. Our state presents a clear case of over-legislation annually,—most of it of no earthly benefit to the people at large. Before there is time to half know the big annual volume of "Acts and Resolves," passed by one Legislature, another is elected and assembled to commence anew the endless round of passing "Acts and Resolves," which is likely to go on indefinitely so long as the dear people can be persuaded that reform is not needed in the premises.

The original James Fisk was in town last week, with his company, selling lightning rods. He rodded the academy, Shattuck's factory, and the dwellings of W. H. Dickin-son and Elisha Hubbard.



## THE GOOD THAT YOU CAN DO.

"What good can I do?" you ask, my friend;  
Is that what you want to know?  
You can do good in ways without end,  
Do good wherever you go.

A kindly word, or a loving deed,  
May lift from some heart its care;  
And many there are who feel this need,  
You can find them everywhere.

There are hungry ones who lack for bread,  
Who can find no work to do;  
Who have struggled on till hope is dead,  
They perhaps may ask of you.

There are erring ones whose lives are dark,  
Who travel the paths of sin—  
Go, gather them into Virtue's ark,  
Tenderly gather them in.

There are those who lie on beds of pain,  
In need of your care and love;  
Who perchance can ne'er find health again,  
You can point to life above.

There are mourning ones throughout the earth  
Who are weeping bitter tears;  
You can tell them of the higher birth,  
You can soothe their foolish fears.

Where e'er you go there is work to do,  
You can find it anywhere;  
The Master will show it unto you  
In answer to your prayer.

## LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom  
Lead Thou me on;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead Thou me on;  
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.  
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead Thou me on;  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!  
So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!  
Meanwhile, along the narrow, rugged path  
Thyself hast trod,  
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in childlike faith,  
Home to my God,  
To rest forever after earthly strife,  
In the calm light of everlasting life.

*Cardinal Newman.*

## I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why it is that some  
Through all their days and nights and years,  
Gather the sunshine of this life,  
And others only clouds and tears?  
I wonder why it is that some  
Dance, laugh, and jest, while others weep?  
That some no wakeful hours see,  
While some know not what 'tis to sleep?  
I wonder why it is that balm  
Into some lives is always poured,  
While others know not what it is  
'To hear a sympathetic word?  
Think not I jeer or murmur at  
This mixture of life's bliss and woe.  
Think not I grumble or repine,  
I only wonder that it's so.  
For many a heart when touched by grief  
Would bask in sunshine like its mate,  
And could appreciate a change  
Although its coming might be late.  
But long as life goes on there'll be  
For some, rich bliss, for others, woe;  
And though I murmur not or sigh,  
I wonder that it must be so.

In Ashtabula, Ohio, March 13, Mrs. Sophia Dickinson, widow of the late Geo. Dickinson of Hatfield, aged 50.

Lines dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard on the death of Gracie.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe pillowed on his breast,  
Your precious child fond mother  
Is now secure at rest.  
Safe folded in his bosom,  
The little one shall share  
More than a mother's tenderness,  
Or her most watchful care.

But Oh! what bitter longings  
And yearnings for the lost,  
Words cannot speak the anguish  
Nor tell the grief it cost.  
Words can't portray the shadows  
That overcast the home,  
Since so much light and gladness  
And sunshine are withdrawn.

With childish gleeful prattle,  
She'll greet papa no more,  
With pattings on the window  
Or shouting at the door.  
No more at morn and even  
Upon his knee she'll climb,  
Nor when oppressed and weary  
Her arms his neck entwine.

Mother, now fold the garments  
Your little daughter wore,  
And gather up the play things  
Once scattered on the floor.  
And put away the cradle,  
The crib and little chair,  
For Gracie, weeping mother,  
Will need no more your care.

Ah! no one but a parent  
Can tell how deep the shade,  
A grave so short and narrow  
Within the home hath made.  
Nor can they tell the gladness  
The life so transient gave,  
Nor what high hopes are blighted  
And hidden in the grave.

You've now two shining angels  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
Two little ones already  
Chanting the "new, new song."  
Two little ones to greet you  
With arms extended wide,  
When life's rough journey's ended  
And you've passed o'er the tide.

O what a glad reunion  
The household gathered home!  
What strains of rapturous music  
Will swell the heavenly dome!  
Parents and children gathered  
Upon that radiant shore,  
When life's stern conflict's ended  
And the strange drama o'er.

S. W. C.

Hatfield, March 19, 1874.

## HATFIELD.

The letters of acceptance of Candidates Garfield and Arthur are considered very wise, able, and statesmanlike documents by independents here. They fail to see the point of the carping and petulant criticisms of the Springfield Republican.

The Sabbath School, under the direction of their efficient superintendent, Mr. A. H. Graves, propose a basket picnic at Sylvan Grove, Bernardston Thursday, 29th, fare at excursion rates. The invitation to join the excursion is extended to others not members of the school. No doubt the old as well as the young will have a good time.

The festive, affectionate and persistent fly is getting to be a first-class nuisance, in the house, in the church and everywhere.

The music of the insect tribe is now being overpowered by the incessant churr, churr, churr of the cricket, which has taken a prominent place in the chorus on these lengthening midsummer evenings.

Early set tobacco is very forward. Many acres have been already topped, an indication that it will be ready to harvest by the 10th of August.



### HATFIELD.

There were about forty people present at the house of W. H. Dickinson, last week Monday, to enjoy the rich forensic treat provided by members of the grange. The next meeting will be held at the house of Dr. Barton. The grangers are having in rehearsal the play, "Neighbor Jackwood," by Trowbridge, which will be given to the public, in the near future, at Academy Hall.

The town officers are having in preparation their annual reports of the business of the town, during the past year. We understand that the selectmen have kept the expenditures substantially within the appropriations, and will make a very satisfactory showing for the year now about closing.

We are sorry to learn that the Hon. G. W. Hubbard, formerly of this town, feels called upon to give up his duties as President Trustee of the Smith Charities, which position he has so ably filled for many years. The eight towns will find it a difficult matter to make his place good.

### HATFIELD.

As our Hatfield correspondent has not been heard from for some time, the readers of The Homesiad may think that we are all asleep in this quiet old town on the banks of the Connecticut, but there is a little life left here yet. The ladies improved the privilege allowed them once in four years last week, by getting up two leap-year sleighrides up to the Aldrich house at South Deerfield. There were 60 couples in both of them, and all had a good time.

The farmers are getting interested in the institutes that are held in different places in the valley this winter, and are beginning to study what crops it is most profitable to raise. Although tobacco will be king, there will be quite a number of acres of roots raised the coming season.

The topic that especially interests our people just now is the railroad that is being built from Northampton to Bardwell's Ferry. The road crosses the traveled roads in such a way that it is going to discommode the travel very much. The traveled roads, instead of crossing at grade, as they ought, go either over or under the railroad, making it very hard crossing with loaded teams.

Nearly all the farmers are through sorting tobacco, and it is ready for the buyer.

Those that have not filled their ice-houses yet are beginning to feel a little shaky just now about getting them filled.

There was quite a pleasant gathering, one evening this week, at the house of L. S. Bliss, it being the reception for his son B. C. Bliss, who came home with his bride.

The old Hampshire, Hampden and Franklin agricultural society are to hold their third institute meeting at the town hall in Hatfield on Wednesday, March 3, at 10 o'clock, with an all-day session.

### FUN AT THE CAMP GROUND.

The Springfield and Chicopee Methodists who are camping at Northampton are evidently not devoting all their time and attention to meditation and seclusion, but on the contrary, if we are correctly informed, they make life endurable by various devices. The chief recreation is croquet, as this affords relaxation for both sexes, which is far pleasanter than "stag" games. It could not be expected however, that the legal and ministerial lights of the denomination could be made to shine for the effeminate game of croquet alone, and so this recreation is occasionally supplanted by the sturdier and manlier national game. Then what a brilliant display of double and otherwise scientific playing is exhibited, only those to whom the prowess of the players is known can imagine. Indeed, it is said, that not even the "forest primeval" around the camp could furnish a bat strong enough to withstand the terrific batting which some of the more muscular brethren occasionally give samples of, and some extra strong willows had to be imported for the purpose, and now the way the "shacks" have to "hunt the leather" up and down the meadows in that vicinity is fatiguing to think of.

Another after-dinner pastime is guessing conundrums, and some of those that are perpetrated are enough to make a newspaper paragrapher go and hang himself, as for example the following: "When is a man a vegetable time piece?" "When he's up at eight o'clock," (a potato clock); or this: "Why is a rum shop like the sidewalk outside?" "Because there's a 'b' in 'both.'"?! The next is old but served its purpose, nevertheless. A prominent Sunday school superintendent propounded it to a few friends after several hours' laborious thinking: "What is the difference between a watermelon and a cabbage?" After some unsuccessful guesses the brothers in the party one after another saw the point and evaded a direct answer; but one sister, a well-known Springfield lady, became so absorbed that she overlooked the point and gave herself completely away. "I don't know," said she at last. "Don't you?" inquired the superintendent, "then I don't want you to do any marketing for me." This was the last heard about conundrums.

A good story is told of the presiding elder. At dinner the other day he was asked what kind of pie he would have, whether berry or apple. "I hardly know which I should prefer," he replied, "as I am pretty fond of both," and a plate of each kind was placed before him. Seizing the opportunity for a joke, a good brother remarked, "Doctor, you are now like a certain animal in the fable." "Oh no, I am not," replied the doctor seeing the joke, "I am not so much of an ass as that," and proceeded to help himself to the pie nearest to him.



UNCLE JACK'S MELONS.

[Written by FRED E. WOODWARD for The Sunday Republican.]

'Twas the fall of the year, October was near,  
The robins had pecked the last cherries.  
About a mile back lived old Uncle Jack,  
Whose melons were clustered like berries.

Every year in the fall, the boys would forestall  
Uncle Jack in his harvest of melons,  
And often he'd shoot at the stealers of fruit,  
And chase, without catching, the felons.

But boys are alike, and over the dike  
That led from his barn-yard so dusty,  
They often would vault, with a leg full of salt  
From his flintlock enormous and rusty.

One dark night three boys, with the least bit of noise  
Climbed over the stone-wall so lowly;  
Uncle Jack soundly slept, so on tip toe they crept,  
To the coveted melon patch slowly.

'Twixt the cup and the lip, there is many a slip;  
And it came from an unforeseen quarter,  
For prone in a ditch, they all three did pitch,  
Well up to their necks in the water.

Then old Uncle Jack, with a man at his back,  
Wide awake, as they found, and not sleeping,  
Took them, dripping with wet and with many a threat,  
To his kitchen, in spite of their weeping.

Affrighted and chilled, to a table well filled  
They were led by their captors, unwilling.  
With melons 'twas piled, but the boys never smiled,  
For a horror their bosom was filling.

"Now, boys, eat your fill. You can't? But you will."  
And Jonathan not to be beaten,  
Locked the door with a snap, and says, "Not a chap  
Leaves the room till the melons are eaten."

The first two or three were good as could be,  
But soon they were full to overflowing;  
They saw with surprise, and could not disguise,  
The fact that their stomachs were growing,

"Enough, O, forbear," their cried in despair.  
"No! eat till you're bursting," he muttered,  
"Or I'll horsewhip you so, you never will know,  
On which side your bread has been buttered."

Uncle Jack never winced till he was convinced  
They were full to the brim running over;  
For they looked just about like an alderman stout,  
Or a cow in a rich field of clover.

"Now travel," he cried, and the door opened wide,  
As he pointed the way to the village;  
"If you take my advice, you'll think of it twice,  
Before you again come to pillage."

East Boston, May, 1882.

A WILL WHICH PUZZLED THE EXECUTOR.—  
A man died, and by his will bequeathed 17  
cows to his three sons, as follows: To one  
1-2, to the second 1-3 and to the third 1-9,  
and a provision forbade that any of the ani-  
mals should be killed. The executor was at  
his wit's end for some time how to carry out  
the intent of the will, but finally added one of  
his own cows to the 17, and then divided the  
lot as was specified, thereby giving one son  
nine, another six and the third two, which  
disposed of the 17 cows and did not affect the  
18th. The executor having divided the cows  
drove home his own cow, whose presence  
had done such good service. It will be seen  
that each son received more cow than would  
have fallen to him but for the thoughtfulness  
of the executor.

HATFIELD.

The examinations at the close of the Fall term of Smith Academy last Tuesday passed off very creditably to teachers and students. We noticed that the eight trustees were represented by three of their number. They advertised in their annual catalogue that "a public examination of all the classes is held at the close of each term under the inspection of the trustees." Perhaps their absence is owing to their unbounded confidence in Principal Harding, who has so successfully managed the school for twenty-seven terms, a period of nine years, and his accomplished assistants, former graduates of the Academy, who thoroughly understand his system and methods of instruction. There was a good attendance of parents and friends of the institution. Miss Emma L. Wardfield of Conway stood at the head of the school in rank of scholarship. The dramatic exhibition in the evening was heartily enjoyed. The hall was well filled, the parts perfectly committed, there was some good acting, and the music of Hyde's orchestra received high praise. Everything went smoothly, except the stage curtain, which appeared somewhat obstinate and unmanageable at times.

We noticed a new departure in the church on Thanksgiving day. In place of the flowers to which we have been so pleasantly accustomed, the space in front of the pulpit was appropriately adorned with a pyramid of the fruits of the soil. At the base were pumpkins, squashes and trusses of golden corn; higher up were autumn fruits, surmounted with waving grain.

The Thanksgiving gatherings of families included two interesting celebrations, one the seventeenth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Warner; the other, the silver wedding of Dea. Porter and wife at the old homestead, where thirty relatives gathered from five towns were seated at the bountiful tables. The numerous and valuable presents of silver received by the Deacon and Mrs. Porter from their friends will help to keep the day in pleasant remembrance.

Father Barry of Northampton held a religious service at Academy Hall last Sabbath morning. It is announced that services are to be held here once during the winter. This will be a great convenience to our large Catholic population.

Rev. Mr. Hussey of the Baptist church of Northampton preached an excellent sermon here last Sabbath, in exchange with Rev. R. M. Woods.

There were several sales of tobacco made in town last week, at paying prices. Those who have not sold are waiting, Micawber-like, "for something to turn up."

The "beautiful snow" which spread its mantle of spotless white over the face of nature last Wednesday night, and the cold weather that has succeeded it, are reminders to us that grim Winter has come again.

WORK.

Lord, send me work to do for Thee;  
Let not a single day  
Be spent in waiting on myself,  
Or, wasted, pass away.

And teach me how to work for Thee;  
Thy spirit, Lord, impart,  
That I may serve Thee less from fear  
Than from a loving heart.

And bless the work I do for Thee,  
Or I shall toil in vain;  
Mine is the hand to drop the seed,  
Thine to send sun and rain.



## SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

Life has a burden on every one's shoulder—

None may escape from its trouble and care;  
Miss it in youth, and 'twill come when we're older,

And fit us as close as the garments we wear.

Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited,

Robbing our heart of its treasure of song;

Lovers grow cold, and friendships are slighted,  
Yet, somehow or other, we worry along.

Every-day toil is an every-day blessing,

Though poverty's cottage and crust we may share;

Weak is the back on which burdens are pressing,  
But stout is the heart that is stronger by prayer.

Somehow or other, the pathway grows brighter,

Just when we mourn there was one to befriend;

Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter,

And, somehow or other, we get to the end.

## HATFIELD.

Very much interest is manifested in the approaching election of the trustees of Smith Charities. It is thought the subject of reducing the rates of interest will be made prominent at the first meeting of the electors, and will be decided so far as they have the power, before the new board of trustees is chosen. The people of the "eight towns" will sharply watch the proceedings of this important body of men whose decisions will affect their interests in so many ways.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society, at their annual meeting last Thursday, at the house of Mrs. James Porter chose the following officers for the year ensuing:—Mrs. James Porter, president; Mrs. J. D. Brown and Mrs. H. S. Porter, vice presidents; Miss Fanny Graves, secretary; Mrs. Alpheus Cowles, treasurer; Mrs. D. P. Morton, Mrs. David Billings, Mrs. S. G. Hubbard and Mrs. R. P. Smith, directresses. This society is doing a quiet and useful work in this town. Their next meeting will be on Thursday, at the house of Mrs. Alpheus Cowles.

The Gleaners will meet this week Saturday at the house of Mrs. M. N. Hubbard.

Rev. R. M. Woods last Sabbath gave his people an excellent practical sermon from Psalms 51: 10.

Some of us enjoyed the hospitalities of the Old Church society of Northampton, last Wednesday, on the occasion of the installation of their new pastor, Rev. Mr. Lathe. The beautiful new church was made especially attractive by the unusual array of Congregational talent there assembled.

Parties of ladies seeking "May flowers" in the Hatfield woods have been quite common during the past three weeks.

The cold, raw weather of the last half of the month of April has greatly delayed vegetation.

Landlord Baggs of the Capawonk has taken down his sign, and will not apply for a further hotel license.

Landlord Bliss is the only person in town who has applied for a license to sell liquor. We are assured that the Selectmen will enforce the penalties of the law against all persons who sell liquors in its violation.

The grangers held their last meeting for the season at the house of W. H. Dickinson, Esq., on Monday evening of last week. In addition to the regular exercises, an English play of a high order, with five female characters, was the treat of the occasion. The exquisite delineation of the several characters represented was highly enjoyed by all. Mrs. W. B. Harding, Mrs. J. S. Wells, Mrs. D. W. Wells, Mrs. H. S. Hubbard and Miss Mary L. Hubbard, who presented the several parts of the play, did themselves great credit. The fine hall in Mrs. Dickinson's mansion is well adapted for the purposes of amateur theatricals.

L. S. Bliss has given up the ferry at the north end of Main St., and the town adjacent to the ferry, Hatfield and Hadley, will be interested in maintaining it for awhile. Men enough can be found to run the ferry for the proceeds, if the town will furnish a good boat. The town officials have examined the old boat and consider it unfit for further service. A new boat will probably be built at a cost of about \$300. They will also make efforts to have the ferry roads newly located by the County Commissioners to the old landing above the mouth of the brook on the North Hadley side, and to a point opposite on the Hatfield side, some fifty or sixty rods northerly of the present ferry road, thus avoiding the sand bar, which in times of low water obstructs navigation across the present ferry.

## HATFIELD.

Died in Hatfield the 15th instant, Mrs. Temperance McCulloch Morton, aged 88 years and 4 months. Mrs. Morton was at the time of her death the oldest person in town. In early life she was a teacher of note in several towns of Franklin county. Fifty years ago she became the wife of Mr. Jeremy Morton of this town, long since deceased. She leaves a widowed daughter, Mrs. S. F. Knight, who has been the staff of her old age; she has been a great sufferer during the past three years, but has borne all with remarkable patience and fortitude. Mrs. Morton was a genial, kind hearted Christian lady of the old school; her dignified manners, well poised mind, and general intelligence in conversation, impressed one with the idea of her fitness to adorn in her day any station in life.

The cemetery near the church would be much improved by the summary removal of the few remaining hedges around private lots, and the earlier cutting of the grass throughout the grounds, which is anything but ornamental in the sere and yellow stage of its growth.

L. S. Bliss of the Hatfield House, has six regular city boarders, and claims to have a largely increased business this season.

Has the potato beetle found a new enemy? We noticed for the first time in our potato field last week in several places what is thought to be a new insect, or beetle; it has a bluish color, and is fully as large as the Colorado beetle, and was making deadly onslaughts upon full grown beetles of the latter kind. In every instance this new species appeared very shy, and retired quickly from sight when approached, preventing the more particular examination we should be pleased to give this new insect friend.



## HATFIELD.

The drouth is the all absorbing subject of discussion; touching us in so many vital ways, it has become a serious and alarming question. It is the opinion of the oldest farmers that this drouth will prove more disastrous in its effects upon the corn crop in this section of the state than any previous drouth in the last fifty years. While there are some fields of corn on heavy meadow lands that are looking well and not yet much affected, in other places there are large fields of corn well manured and cared for, which looked very promising ten days ago, in the full glory of its rich green foliage, have now become sere and wilted and look as if past redemption and gone to the shades.

One farmer has dug and sold from four acres of land about five hundred bushels of potatoes, another dug 100 bushels from one acre, land of the best in both cases, which shows a very light yield. Late potatoes are admitted to be almost a total failure. The profits of potatoes to farmers this year will be small, even at the high prices that are likely to rule because of a short crop. The crop of potatoes in this town, it is estimated, will not be one-third of what was expected a month ago.

The roads are like beds of ashes, and the very dust so finely pulverized, floating above the surface of the highways, becomes incorporated with the air we breathe. Lawns and patches of grass in places exposed to the full blaze of the torrid sun, look as if they had been scorched with fire. Tobacco appears to stand the drouth better than any growing crop; even that is suffering from its effects in many places. The seeding of grass in corn, so generally practiced in July except in some low grounds, is a failure this year, and many have deferred it to a more favorable season. This Monday morning the weather indications are more favorable for rain now so sadly needed.

Rev. R. M. Woods is having his annual vacation this month. The following named clergymen will supply the pulpit during his absence: Rev. L. R. Eastman of Framingham, who gave two excellent sermons last Sabbath, will preach again the 13th; Dr. Sturtevant of Grinnell, Iowa, the 20th, and Rev. E. S. Tead, Cumberland Mills, Me., the 27th.

The Hatfield Sabbath school will have a basket picnic and excursion by the New Haven and Northampton railroad to Southwick ponds, Tuesday, Aug. 15. Tickets will be on sale at the post-office and at Howard's store; price 90c for the round trip, children 60c. The Sunday school at North Hatfield and friends generally are invited to join them.

## THE HEART WISH.

"I wish you a Merry Christmas;"  
"I wish you a Happy New Year."  
Aye, these we have breathed so often,  
It is now "second nature" I fear.

To prove that our wishes are real,  
That the heart such expressions feel,  
Just see if along life's journey  
The kind word or deed sets its seal.

But little may be the wherewith  
To purchase our tokens of love,  
Yet the looks or the words of sunshine,  
As fully the kindness will prove.

Did we know how many dark shadows  
Are scattered from life's rougher way,  
By the look or the word of kindness,  
It could but be ready alway.

Did we see the burdens thus lifted  
From the souls often fraught with pain,  
Our hand would withhold not its pressure,  
And our heart light our brow again.

So too, as the kind words strengthen,  
Will the bitter increase one's pain,  
Here reserve of the tongue proves healing;  
Oh, wound not again and again.

Hard words are truly "heart-bruises,"  
Hard to mend are their rents severe!  
And shall we not wonder in Heaven,  
That we wounded so often here?

Then wish you the "Merry Christmas,"  
And wish you the "Happy New Year;"  
But let the looks and words of sunshine,  
Set truth to your wishes here.

Northampton, Dec. 20, 1881.

K.

## HATFIELD.

Miss Kitty Fairbank, a sister of Mrs. R. M. Woods, will take passage from Boston harbor for India, on Saturday of this week. She in connection with Miss Ruby Harding, will take charge of the girls' school at Ahmednagar, India. Miss Kitty will be pleasantly remembered by her many friends in Hatfield, long after she takes her place at the post of duty in a foreign land. She will take her youngest sister, Mary, a child of four years, with her. The eight children, six sisters and two brothers, so soon to be again separated, are spending the present week together at the parsonage. The two sisters will sail in company with Rev. Charles Harding, wife, and three daughters. Mrs. Fairbank, the mother, died in India three years ago. Mr. Fairbank is still laboring as a missionary in India, and has not seen any of his children for two years, and the two eldest for eleven years. These facts enable us to realize some of the hardships of missionary life.

We say amen to the proposition of your Plainfield correspondent for the proposed meeting at Northampton, but beg to differ from him as to time, and place. Why put off the time to the sultry days of August? What could be better than a morning's drive in June at the time when strawberries and roast lamb are at their best; would not Round Hill better suit the esthetic tastes of the "fraternity" as the place for the proposed meeting and dinner?

The cold, dry weather continues with frosts every night—potatoes and even peas that were planted a month ago, have not yet appeared above ground. Potatoes are nearly all planted and some farmers have finished planting corn; if this cold weather continues much longer, some of the seed will be liable to rot in the ground, but it is an old "say" that one extreme is liable to follow another; if so, look out for hot weather soon. So say the weather wise.

J. D. Brown planted ten acres of potatoes early in April, which is a much larger acreage than last year; other farmers are planting about their usual amount of the esculent.

## HATFIELD.

The severe cold of last week Monday night did not detain the most resolute of the "Resolutes" from their appointed meeting at the house of Bro. G. A. Billings. Those who attended were amply repaid by the pleasures provided for them on that occasion.

We would call the attention of our young townsmen to the opportunities presented by the Armory Hall Lyceum for self improvement in the art of public speaking. The Lyceum is held every Tuesday evening. Some live question is generally debated, calculated to call out the latent ability of all who are willing to do their best in the arena of debate.



The mercury touched bottom Tuesday morning at 25 degrees below zero, and then on Thursday we had a genuine thaw. Friday the weather continued warm, the morning was ushered in with a hurricane of wind which left its marks in all parts of the town. It carried away a strip of slating from the roof of the church, took off a chimney top from the house of Mr. E. Billings, nearly destroyed the summer house W. C. Dickinson and cut up various mischievous pranks in blowing down trees, breaking off limbs and stripping all loose boards from sheds and out-buildings. We certainly experienced all the extremes and varieties of weather during the week for which our New England winters are so widely famed.

There is a class of very worthy people in every community who firmly believe that usage and custom make right. To that class the world cannot hopefully look for leadership in progress and the reform of old abuses. Theodore C. Bates of Worcester County, a director of the Boston & Albany railroad, is evidently not one of that class. What is better, he has the courage of his opinions. He comes out squarely in favor of reducing the local passenger fares of the road to two cents per mile, and gives unanswerable reasons for such a step. It certainly is not fair, that after the people of the state have done so much by legislation, taxation, and in other ways to help the railroads of the state, that the officers of these roads should discriminate against them in freight and passenger rates. The difference between *through* and *local* rates is often so great that it amounts to injustice.

Wm. H. Dickinson Esq, has in his possession numerous ancient relics, heirlooms of the Waites, Mortons, Smiths, and Dickinsons, from whom he descended. Among them are thirteen bureaus and several very old chests, and all are more or less ornamented with carved work. That which is supposed to be the oldest of this collection is a chest about four feet long, according to the traditions of the family, was brought over from England about the year 1634. It is made of English oak and has some carved work on its front. There is an ancient bureau, one of the thirteen, which would attract attention in any place. The front of this is also made of English oak, and very elaborately ornamented with carved work over the entire front; in its general outlines and proportions, it is similar to the Eastlake styles of the present time. It contains a central monogram artistically carved in the wood with the letters "J. S. M." supposed to be a wedding present to Jonathan Morton and Mary Smith who were married in 1710. They were the grandparents of Oliver Smith on his mother's side. Among these relics is the long gun brought from England and used by that famous scout and Indian fighter Sargt. Benjamin Wait, carried by him all through the earliest Indian wars, carried in his last fight with them when he was killed in Deerfield meadows in 1704 at the time when that town was destroyed by the French and Indians. Mr. Dickinson has also the commission of his grandfather, Lt. Samuel Smith, signed by John Hancock. Lt. Smith did honorable service for his country during the war of the Revolution. Mr. Dickinson's acquisitions in this would start a respectable museum of

ancient curiosities. These ancient relics link us to the past and call to mind the hardships and trials of our ancestors in those early times, who then laid foundations deeper and broader than they knew, upon which a glorious superstructure has since been builded to elevate and bless mankind.

#### HATFIELD.

Mrs. Lucy W. Love of Liberty, Mo., was in town last week. She is now on a visit among her friends and relatives in Massachusetts, where she expects to remain until the return of her husband from his travels in Europe and the Holy Land. Mrs. Love, formerly Lucy Ward, was a successful teacher in this town, and was among the first pupils of Mary Lyon at South Hadley in 1837. After completing her studies she made teaching her life work. In the year 1841 she went to the then far West to pursue her vocation as a teacher. Inspired by the example and teachings of Miss Lyon, she established a boarding school for girls in Liberty, Mo., then on the frontier of civilization, which she carried on successfully until the war of the Rebellion broke out in 1861. In that troublous time of the reign of anarchy the school was broken up. She had previously married Mr. Love, a gentleman in the place, a native of Kentucky, who was associated with her in the management of the school. He, being a Union man, was compelled by the rebel element who controlled that part of the state, to leave for a time the home he had made, and Mrs. Love remained alone to guard their treasures. Mrs. Love was a pioneer in educational work in Western Missouri. The difficulties with which she had to contend can be but imperfectly understood by people who have always lived in New England. Missouri, like most of the other slave states, did practically nothing for free schools before the war, and not until about the year 1870 did the State Legislature pass a law to establish free schools in every township of the state.

Mr. Lyman Klapp and family of Providence, R. I., are now stopping at the home of Mrs. Klapp's sisters in this town.

Miss Rosa Miller, who has been for several years a teacher of the State Institution at Normal, Ill., is at the home of her parents in Hatfield on her annual summer vacation.

An unusual amount of building repairs are in progress in various parts of the town. Louis Reboin is erecting a new barn.

The year 1882 is destined to be an exceptional year in several respects. Apple blossoms in June are not often seen in this latitude.

Several farmers in town who forced their plants in hot-beds, commenced setting tobacco last week. As a general thing plants are about two weeks later than usual on open beds. The late setters will be in a majority this year, and they comfort themselves with the reflection that late set tobacco did best last year, and also that the expense of raising the crop will be less, because the season for fighting the cut worm will be so much shortened by late setting, and they consider the risk of frost less than the risk of pole sweat, which latter is so liable to overtake early harvested tobacco.

It is noticeable that there is an unusual amount of grubs, worms and insect larva in the soil, and the inevitable potato bug was early out in full force in some localities, patiently watching each hill for the first appearance of foliage, all ready to deposit their eggs. These pests demand our immediate attention.



## HATFIELD.

We have noticed as a marked feature of the landscape that large numbers of oaks in our forests are stripped of their foliage, with nothing left but skeletons of the leaves, by the ravages of what is familiarly known as the oak caterpillar, which Harris names the *Dryocampa*. The eggs from which they proceed are laid in large clusters on the under side of the leaf near the end of the branch. The caterpillars are hatched out towards the end of July, and do their destructive work mostly in the month of August. Early in September, they crawl down the trees and go into the ground to the depth of four or five inches; where they are changed to crystals, and remain in that condition until the next summer. These crystals may often be seen sticking half way out of the ground, under oak trees, about the first of July, at which time the moths burst forth and make their escape. From the cause named, this autumn's foliage must be shorn of much of its accustomed beauty, as the oak forms an important factor in Nature's brilliant October coloring, and its leaves generally hold out longest against the frosts and winds of November.

At the Republican caucus held the 13th inst., Rev. R. M. Woods and W. H. Dickinson, Esq., were chosen delegates to the state convention at Worcester. J. S. Wells, S. G. Hubbard, Roswell Billings, L. S. Dyer and H. G. Moore were chosen town committee.

The street lamp in front of the Academy was found broken on Sabbath morning, and the street and sidewalk strewn with fruit taken from neighboring orchards. In this connection we are tempted to give some suggestions upon morals and manners for the benefit of the rising generation, but forbear, as the subject more properly falls within the line of duty of parents, teachers and town officials.

C. C. Dickinson of North Hatfield, 78 years old, was found dead in a bath-tub at the Eureka sulphur spring, Saratoga, last Saturday. He had walked from the village about two miles, and was somewhat heated when he went to bathe and is supposed to have been chilled. He was a bachelor, and a little eccentric in his habits. He leaves an estate estimated at \$75,000 or more, which it is supposed he disposed of by will. Telegrams were sent to North Hatfield and Northampton, Saturday afternoon, announcing his death, and several of his friends went there at once. It seems that he died while in the bath-tub. When he entered the bath-room, there was another man in the adjoining room, and the two talked with each other for awhile. After a little time it was noticed that Mr. Dickinson was silent, and when the man in the room next to him came out he informed the keeper of his suspicion that something was wrong with Mr. D. On entering his room he was found in the bath-tub with his head bent forward, dead. A coroner's jury was summoned, and an inquest held. A post-mortem examination showed that his heart was in a healthy condition, and it is supposed that he died in a fainting spell. His body was brought to his home yesterday.

## HATFIELD.

### Comments on C. C. Dickinson's Will.

When our people visit the county seat they are sometimes tantalized with such inquiries as this: "What rich old fellow in Hatfield will die next and leave his money to Northampton?" That inquiry has been answered again by the will of the late C. C. Dickinson, and no doubt others will follow suit, and, like those who have gone before, leave their bones and tombstones in our cemeteries as the only mementoes to Hatfield of their large estates which were accumulated here and transplanted to another town. Spongelike, they absorbed a large portion of the wealth of the town where they were born and lived, to be left when they died for the unnatural purpose of building up a great charitable institution elsewhere, leaving to their relatives, friends and neighbors and the town of their birth only the memory of penurious lives and unfulfilled promises. We mean no unkindness or disrespect to the memory of the dead in our comments, as their noble charities will live to bless mankind. We are "native to the manor born," and the Gazette must pardon us for thinking "what might have been" to Hatfield. We do not wish to be understood as blaming Northampton people for feeling good over their great gifts from Hatfield, as it is not in human nature to feel otherwise. It would no doubt be the same with us if the tables were turned. After all this we should be slow to believe, as some have intimated, that Northampton people are ungrateful and inclined to turn the cold shoulder, or give us taffy instead of substantial favors, which they reserve to bestow with more freedom elsewhere.

Rev. J. W. Lane of North Hadley, who is always welcome in Hatfield, exchanged with our pastor last Sabbath.

Thaddeus Graves and Major Shattuck were chosen delegates to the Congressional convention.

The harvest shows that corn and potatoes are largely a failure on light soils, while producing heavy crops on lands not affected by the drouth.

Nine-tenths of the cases of malaria in town during the last three years are located within one-half a mile of Mill river. This fact would tend to confirm Bishop Huntington's opinions.

About ten o'clock last Tuesday night was noticed an immense circle of unusual brightness around the moon. We judged it to be 40 degrees in diameter, reaching almost one-half the distance from the horizon to the zenith.

Hon. E. A. Hubbard of Springfield will move his family into town this week.

Dea. J. S. Graves and wife are visiting their children, Rev. E. S. Tead and wife, at Cumberland Mills, Me.

Mr. John Strong of West Hatfield has taken the contract of gathering cream for the Hatfield creamery. Webster Pease, who has been in the employ of the company for two years, is engaged as butter maker with the Amherst creamery company. His experience will be of great value to the company in starting their new enterprise. We shall be sorry to lose our genial friend Webster and his much esteemed wife from our neighborhood and social circles.



### C. C. DICKINSON'S WILL.

#### He Found a Hospital at Northampton for the Sick Poor of Northampton, Hatfield and Whately—Small Annuities to Relatives.

In the name of God, Amen. I, Caleb C. Dickinson of Hatfield, in the county of Hampshire, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, do on this twenty-eighth day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, make and publish this my last will and testament, disposing of my worldly estate in manner and form as follows, to wit:

*First.* I give and bequeath to my niece, Mary Ann Parmenter, an annuity of thirty dollars a year, during the period of her natural life.

*Second.* I give and bequeath to Caroline A. Crafts, widow of Sylvanus Crafts, an annuity of twenty dollars a year, during the period of her natural life.

*Third.* I give and bequeath to James D. Donnell, who formerly lived with me, an annuity of fifteen dollars a year, during the period of his natural life, if he shall be in want and need the same.

*Fourth.* I give and bequeath, in trust, to such trustee as shall be appointed by the Judge of Probate for the county of Hampshire, five bonds of the state of Missouri, of the par value of five thousand dollars, to pay so much of the income of the same, to such of my nephews and nieces, who are of sober and industrious habits, as shall be in needy circumstances.

*Fifth.* After the payment of my just debts and funeral charges, and the foregoing legacies, I give, devise, and bequeath all the rest, residue and remainder of my property, and estate, real, personal and mixed, wherever situate, or of whatever the same may consist, to John Whittelsey and George W. Hubbard, both of Northampton, in said county, and to William H. Dickinson of said Hatfield, their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, and to the heirs, executors, administrators and assigns of the survivor of them, and to such person as may be appointed trustee in the place and stead of either of them, and to his heirs, executors and administrators and assigns, but in trust nevertheless, to establish and put in operation in the town of Northampton a hospital for the sick poor of the towns of Hatfield, in the county of Hampshire, of Whately, in the county of Franklin, and Northampton, in the county of Hampshire, where they may receive such care, nursing and medical attendance as their diseases and sicknesses may require, either gratuitously or at moderate charges, according to the circumstances of each.

It is my design, with the property which a kind Providence has given me, to found a hospital where the sick among the poor of said towns shall be tenderly and kindly provided with such care and treatment as their condition needs, and which in numerous cases it is impossible for them to receive in their homes, and the same to be wholly or in part free of charge. Also, patients from the more wealthy classes in the community may be received into the hospital for treatment upon the payment of reasonable compensation. All applications to be received into said hospital, and the terms on which they shall be received, shall be at the discretion of

the trustees for the same. In case of a vacancy on the board of trustees, it shall be filled by the Judge of Probate for the county of Hampshire, on the application of the survivors, or in case of their failure to apply, on the application of any person interested. I recommend to said trustees as soon as may be, after the probate of this will, that an act be obtained from the Legislature, incorporating said hospital, containing suitable provisions for the security and management of the funds, for the administration, conduct and government of the hospital and for carrying into full and complete effect the benevolent and charitable purposes of this will. It is my request to the Judge of Probate, that no bonds with sureties be required of the trustees appointed by this will, or of any trustee that may be appointed in the place and stead of either of them, unless from a change of circumstances he shall become satisfied that the safety of the trust funds is endangered by the omission, in which case he is requested to require bonds with adequate sureties, or to remove the delinquent trustee or trustees, and to appoint other trustee or trustees in their stead.

*Sixth.* I hereby constitute and appoint George W. Hubbard of Northampton the executor of this will.

In witness whereof I have hereunto signed my name and affixed my seal the day and year before written.

CALEB C. DICKINSON and seal.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the said Caleb C. Dickinson, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who at his request, and in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto signed our names as witnesses.

CHAS. DELANO.

F. N. KNEELAND.

WINTHROP DELANO.

A true copy. Attest.

GEO. W. HUBBARD.

### MR. DICKINSON'S WILL.

The will of the late C. C. Dickinson of Hatfield appears in full in the Gazette to-day. He gives nearly the whole of his estate, estimated at about \$100,000, for a hospital for the sick poor in Northampton, Hatfield and Whately. The details of executing the trust are left with the trustees, Geo. W. Hubbard and John Whittelsey of this town, and Wm. H. Dickinson of Hatfield. With the income of this fund, which cannot be more than \$5,000 a year at most, and may not be more than \$3,000 or \$4,000, if a building is purchased, there will not be a great amount to be distributed in charity; and of that amount, officers, attendants, etc., will absorb a considerable sum. As the sick poor are not very numerous, the hospital will do good, as far it goes. It will be a relief to the treasuries of the towns, for all such cases of sickness would otherwise have to be attended to by the overseers of the poor. This will is evidently an outgrowth of the wills of Oliver Smith and Whiting Street. The heirs at law cannot be expected to admire this disposition of an estate which they may have thought would come to them, and a contest over the probate of the will is not improbable.

Justice Peck of Northampton bound over Anthony Allaire of Hatfield in \$200 for keeping a liquor nuisance. Hyde, Shattuck & Co. say that if his place, which is near their pistol factory, cannot be shut up they must leave town, the effect on their workmen being so bad.



## HATFIELD.

### The Institute at Cummington.

The very cordial invitation received by the officers of the H., F. & H. Society given by the farmers of Cummington and vicinity, to hold one of their farmers' meetings in that town was accepted. The atmosphere last Wednesday morning, with thermometers ranging at 15 degrees below zero, we found to be quite bracing after the previous mild weather. We took the train at Northampton and soon found ourselves at the Williamsburg depot. A part of our company stepped into the sleigh of our friend, E. J. Warner. The commodious sleigh, warm robes and fleet span of bays, and genial cordiality of their owner, whiled away the time, and before we expected, two of us found ourselves landed and enjoying the hospitalities of a home the like of which can rarely be found outside of New England. Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Pettigill soon made us forget that we were strangers by their courtesy and attention. The dinner found ready for us was thoroughly enjoyed after our long ride. We found the hall at the first meeting in the afternoon well filled by the farmers of Cummington and adjoining towns. President West of the Society presided with his accustomed dignity and ready ability. The essay of Mr. H. C. Comins of Hadley, on "The Economy of the Farm," was listened to with quiet attention. After its conclusion he was kept busy for a while in answering as best he could the questions raised by the many practical and intelligent farmers present. In the absence of J. M. Smith, the essayist, the president called out C. T. Parsons of Northampton, to tell what he knew about "Grass Crops," and kindred subjects. This led to a general discussion very interesting, and in which the farmers of Cummington showed their ability to talk as well as entertain us. In the interval before the evening meeting we had the pleasure of looking over the model barns of F. J. Orcutt, examining his herd of blooded stock and flock of breeding ewes, 250 in number, which we venture to say cannot be matched in Hampshire county. We found a still larger audience attending at the evening session, with quite a large number of ladies, who appeared to take great interest, like all the farmers present, in the essay of E. H. Judd, on Potatoes—a valuable paper because giving the result of his careful experiments, running back as far as eight years, as to seed, distance and depth of planting, fertilizers used and quantities grown of the different popular varieties now before the public. The essay was filled with valuable hints and suggestions. After this topic was well discussed and the collateral questions answered as fully as possible, Mr. Judd gave an example of how he prepared the seed for planting by cutting the tubers in pieces. H. C. West of Hadley read a paper giving his experience with potatoes during the past year. J. D. Porter of Hatfield entertained the audience with some facts about creameries. The farmers of the vicinity took a prominent part in the discussion, and some of their questions remained unanswered. The time was pleasantly and profitably spent by us and we obtained some new and valuable ideas. Even after the exercises were over we found our modest friend, J. D. Porter, of the Hatfield creamery, surrounded by a bevy of ladies plying him with

questions relating thereto, endeavoring to get further information in regard to the subject of creameries. We are sorry that we took no notes on the ground; had we done so we should have been able to report the names of the various speakers of Cummington and adjoining towns, to whom so much credit is due, and to whom the success of this meeting was greatly owing. We have evidence in this beautiful town, with so many pleasant homes and far famed for the intelligence and enterprise of its people scattered through the country, that the people here are public-spirited and progressive. Cummington has the high honor to be the birth-place of the most distinguished man that old Hampshire County has yet produced. The fame of William Cullen Bryant's genius, and his contributions to our poetry and literature now belong to the country and the world. Cummington has another distinguished son of a late generation, who has been prominent in the national councils during the past twenty years, and now represents our Commonwealth with great credit in the Senate of the United States. This same town of Cummington has reason to be proud of her contributions of men whose names stand so high in the literature and statesmanship of the country. The grandest product of her soil is her noble men and women.

### AUNT NANCY'S MIND ON THE SUBJECT.

And this is the new New Testament,  
And 'tis come in the sweet o' the year,  
When the fields are shining in cloth of gold,  
And the birds are singing so clear;  
And over and into the grand old text,  
Reverent and thoughtful men,  
Through many a summer and winter past,  
Have been peering with book and pen,

Till they've straightened the moods and tense; out,  
And dropped each obsolete phrase,  
And softened the strong, old-fashioned words  
To our daintier modern ways;  
Collated the ancient manuscripts,  
Particle, verb and line,  
And faithfully done their very best  
To improve the book divine.

I haven't a doubt they have meant it well,  
But it is not clear to me  
That we needed the trouble it was to them,  
On either side of the sea.  
I cannot help it, a thought that comes—  
You know I am old and plain—  
But it seems like touching the ark of God,  
And the touch to my heart is pain.

For ten years past, and for five times ten  
At the back of that, my dear,  
I've made and mended and toiled and saved,  
With my Bible ever near.  
Sometimes it was only a verse at morn  
That lifted me up from care,  
Like the springing wings of a sweet-voiced lark  
Cleaving the golden air:

And sometimes of Sunday afternoons  
'Twas a chapter rich and long,  
That came to my heart in its weary hour  
With the lilt of a trumpet song.  
I studied the precious words, my dear,  
When a child at my mother's knee,  
And I tell you the Bible I've always had  
Is a good enough book for me.

I may be stubborn and out of date,  
But my hair is white as snow,  
And I love the things I learned to love  
In the beautiful long ago;  
I can not be chagging at my time;  
'Twould be losing a part of myself.  
You may lay the new New Testament  
Away on the upper shelf.

I cling to the one my good man read  
In our fireside prayers at night;  
To the one my little children lisped  
Ere they faded out of my sight.  
I shall gather my dear ones close again  
Where the many mansions be,  
And tell them the Bible I've always had  
Is a good enough book for me.



It was a very pleasant surprise party which assembled at the house of Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Morton to the number of 100 or more, last Tuesday evening, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of their marriage. Woman's wit readily divined the situation, but to Selectman Morton, from the advent of the advanced guard, and the filing in of the great company of his friends, to his frantic efforts to cut the "groom's loaf," so beautifully frosted and trimmed, which, later, he found to be a fraud in shape of an inverted tin pan, his surprise could have hardly been more perfect. The ladies who were in the secret greatly enjoyed his unsuccessful efforts. The conspirators came amply provided with refreshments and not forgetting the "bride's loaf." A table was loaded with the "tin," mementos of friendship, to keep this happy event in pleasant remembrance. The evening was pleasantly enlivened with music and social enjoyment, "and all went merry as a marriage bell."

The Creamery Company are getting advanced prices for their butter. Supt. Wells will soon give a lecture on the subject in Bernardston by invitation of the farmers there.

The Armory Hall Lyceum is prospering finely. Question this week—Resolved, that the great railroad and telegraph monopolies are detrimental to the best interests of the country.

The early records of this town give evidence that the writers were men of good education for the times in which they lived. The first volume commences the record in the year 1659, which was eleven years before it was incorporated by the General Court as the town of Hatfield. Previously it was a part of Hadley, known as the West Side.

Miss Louisa Hubbard of Hatfield, now nearly 86, is the youngest of four cousins who were all living the first of January, 1882. Another, Elisha Allis of Milwaukee, Wis., 97; his sister, Mrs. Euros Dickinson, 95, is now living in Conway; and Mrs. Lucretia Champion Bacon, who died in New Haven, Ct. Jan. 19, aged 99. She was the widow of Judge Asa Bacon, a prominent man in Connecticut sixty years ago. Mrs. Bacon was the only daughter of Gen. E. Champion of East Haddam, Ct. The General, her father, was prominent in the war of the Revolution as one of Washington's quartermaster generals, whose principal business during those stirring times was to procure supplies of beef cattle through the Connecticut valley and forward them to the army. One of his headquarters during the war was at the tavern of Widow Lucy Hubbard, on the Hill in Hatfield, where he made the acquaintance of her daughter, Lucretia Hubbard, whom he married soon after the close of the war. Subsequently he represented his district in Congress for thirty years. He was intimate with Washington and many of the distinguished men of that day, and afterwards he was a great admirer of Henry Clay, who began his brilliant career in Congress when Gen. Champion was a veteran there. He was never heard in the arena of debate, noted rather for his business ability and good common sense. Being engaged in the West India trade, he managed a large business and became a man of great wealth. He is remembered as, when he made his last visit to his relatives in this town, an old man of majestic presence, a giant, of fine physical proportions.

## LINES

DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. S. W. LONGLEY ON THE DEATH OF ELLA.

'Tis ever thus, the loveliest flowers  
Have always been the reaper's choice,  
The fairest buds the earliest culled,  
The first to heed the Father's voice.

My friends, the light that has for years  
With radiance in your dwelling shone,  
Is now withdrawn, and, Oh, how deep,  
How dense the gloom that shades the home!

The eyes that sparkled once with love  
In death's eclipse are shadowed o'er  
The voice that swelled in tuneful lays  
Will wake sweet melodies no more.

Sealed are the lips that parted once  
In love or with affection's kiss,  
O death why hast thou o'er the home  
Cast such a withering blight as this?

Her work is finished, Oh! too soon,  
Her books and music lain aside,  
Her place is vacant, and the void  
With you can never be supplied.

The spring has come and soon the flowers  
Will bud and blossom by the door,  
And singing birds will soon be here,  
But the loved daughter comes no more.

Her rare accomplishments and grace  
Could not exempt her from the grave  
Nor could the parents' tenderest care  
Their child from the destroyer save.

Words are inadequate to speak  
The anguish of this bitter hour,  
And feebly they portray the grief  
That doth the parents' heart o'erpower.

Neither can words the gladness speak,  
The life the dear departed gave  
Nor tell of the unfathomed love  
And hopes now hidden in the grave.

Too beautiful she seemed for death!  
Too sweet a blossom for the tomb,  
Too soon alas the light of home  
Is changed to desolating gloom!

But in the parents' heart enshrined  
Will live her memory evermore,  
And now their beacon light and star,  
She beckons them to yonder shore.

Then lift your eyes, O sorrowing ones,  
Beyond these shades of deepening gloom,  
For a reunion shall be yours  
In brighter realms beyond the tomb.

And may the everlasting arms  
Support you in this night of grief,  
And be the consolation yours  
That gives afflicted ones relief.

S. W. C.

Hatfield, April 1st, 1874.

## IN MEMORIAM.

In Worthington, March 23, EDWARD L. BRYAN, aged 21.

You have carried him gently, comrades,  
And laid him beneath the sod;  
But the angel of Death has borne him  
Up into the light of God.

You have carried him over the threshold,  
Away from the dear home nest;  
And grief has become an inmate,  
Who was never before a guest.

There's a vacant place at the table,  
And a vacant chair by the hearth;  
They will listen in vain for his foot-steps,  
And be sad in the midst of mirth.

Sometimes they will almost call him,  
Ere memory makes them dumb;  
And the wee ones will say "Where's Eddie?"  
"Why doesn't poor Eddie come?"

We have buried him sadly, schoolmates,  
He is first of our ranks to go  
To the city beyond the shadow  
Of our mortal grief and woe.

Thank God that he said he was ready  
E'er his well-known voice was mute;  
That he wears in the city celestial,  
Immortality's freedom suit.

Let us all so walk in our journey,  
By the help of God's infinite love,  
That none of the circle be missing  
From the great reunion above.

March 28, 1892.

A SCHOOLMATE.



### THE TOBACCO TAX.

President Cleveland's message to Congress, and stump-speech to the country, dated December 6th, contained this statement:—

"It must be conceded that none of the things subjected to internal revenue taxation are, strictly speaking, necessities; there appears to be no just complaint of this taxation by the consumers of these articles, and there seems to be nothing so well able to bear the burden without hardship to any portion of the people."

Shas G. Hubbard of Hatfield, Mass., president of the New England Tobacco Growers' association, makes the following statement and explanation:—

"Tobacco is the only product of our agriculture that pays a direct tax to the government. It amounts to twelve cents a pound when made into cigars. When it is considered that the average price obtained by our farmers for the last six years is less than nine cents a pound, it makes a tax of 133 per cent, and looks like oppression upon a class of American citizens. This tax does not come out of the manufacturer, for he says it is for his interest to keep on the tax. I believe that this \$30,000,000 annual tax comes partly out of the farmer and partly out of the consumer. The bond system is a bad feature of the tax law for, while it benefits the rich manufacturer in aiding him to monopolize the business, it curtails the natural rights of the citizens with small capital and thereby creates class distinctions. The bond, the government license and the espionage of revenue detectives prevent all freedom of trade and freedom of manufacture. The law is obnoxious to the farmer, by restricting his sales to the favored buyer who holds a special permit purchased from the government. In a word, it is anti-American in principle and opposed to the spirit of our free institutions. In my opinion it will soon have to go, like the oppressive war taxes long since abolished."

It is very plain that Mr. Cleveland wrote about a matter of which he knew nothing, and it is equally clear that Mr. Hubbard, in discussing the same subject, puts it in an intelligent and comprehensive light, at the same time setting aright the President's blunder.

### HATFIELD.

Rev. C. E. Harwood of Enfield preached last Sabbath. Rev. R. M. Woods is away on his vacation.

Mrs. Isaac Snow, of St. Louis, and her two sons and her mother, Mrs. S. F. Knights, are now visiting together in Hatfield.

Mrs. Henry S. Porter, of Griswold, Ct., is a welcome visitor among her many old friends in Hatfield.

Mr. John Jackson, now of Northampton, was in church Sunday.

Mrs. Avia Clark and Miss Mary Dickinson of New York, and Mrs. E. A. Bardwell of Holyoke, were in town last week.

Mrs. Lucy Wright and her daughter, from Chelsea, and Charlie Jones of Northampton, were among the visitors to Hatfield last week.

Mrs. C. K. Morton and Mrs. Jacob Carl are visiting seaside resorts, with headquarters at Boston.

Miss Clara L. Graves, eldest daughter of Thaddeus Graves, Esq., will enter Mt. Holyoke seminary this week.

The fall term of Smith academy will open Sept. 13. Principal Orr is expected to return from his European trip this week.

There will be a basket picnic of the county Granges at the camp grounds tomorrow. All friends of the Grange are cordially invited.

### HATFIELD.

The auxiliary of the Woman's Board meet with Mrs. J. S. Wells Wednesday afternoon.

The Real Folks meet with Mrs. Arthur Curtis Friday afternoon; sociable in the evening.

Important church meeting at the vestry Wednesday evening to act on a resolution presented last Sabbath.

Hon. E. A. Hubbard and W. C. Dickinson were chosen delegates to the Hampshire West Conference of Churches at Easthampton this week.

Miss Carrie Cutter, daughter of J. A. Cutter of Hatfield, has returned with health improved, after a year's absence visiting relatives in Illinois and Missouri. She has two brothers in the employ of the Nonotuck Silk Co., with headquarters at St. Louis.

### Programme for Smith Academy Commencement 1887.

Friday, June 10.—Prize speaking in Academy hall, 7.45 p. m. Sunday, June 12.—10.45 a. m., Sermon before the graduating class, by R. M. Woods; 7.30 p. m., Founder's Day, memorial services, addresses by Pres. L. C. Seelye of Smith college and Hon. E. A. Hubbard of Hatfield. Monday.—10 a. m., Class Day Ivy exercises; 7.45 p. m., Annual meeting of alumni association. Tuesday.—10 a. m., Class breakfast; 7.45 p. m., Graduating exercises.

Farmers have had three weeks of fine weather for business and have pushed their spring work to the fullest extent. Nearly all have finished their planting. They are beginning to wear long faces because of the extreme dry weather. Pastures and uplands are suffering for lack of rain. Newly-plowed fields dry up rapidly, and every passing team stirs up a cloud of dust.

Early-planted corn and potatoes are up. Tobacco plants are coming on finely and will be ready for setting about the usual time; the acreage of former years will be somewhat reduced.

The dry weather will be likely to have an unfavorable effect upon the hay crop of 1887 in this town.

### HATFIELD.

There will be a social in the church parlors Friday evening. "Reminiscences of Hatfield," by Mr. Samuel Partridge, will be read, and old-time music will be one of the features of the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Morton are on a tour in the West, and will visit their son and daughter in Milwaukee.

Major and Mrs. Longley of Northampton were calling in town last Saturday.

Albert Dyer and wife have moved to Whately, where business will be more convenient for Mr. Dyer.

George Billings has a three-acre lot of onions, the size of which, were it given here, would sound like a regular newspaper story and wouldn't be believed.

Homer Tracy of Cornell university is stopping in town.

Charles Porter spent Sunday in town and will start this week for a business tour in the West. Mrs. Porter will accompany him.



## HATFIELD.

A pleasant party of relatives assembled at the house of S. G. Hubbard June 5, in honor of the birthday of Miss Louisa Hubbard, an aunt of most of the assembled guests, who on that day reached the advanced age of 90 years. She rode over a mile to be present, was in good health, lively and vivacious, with a mind apparently but little enfeebled by age. She is not only the oldest person in town, but the oldest in membership of the Congregational church in Hatfield, which dates back to the year 1816, twelve years before the close of the pastorate of Rev. Joseph Lyman, D. D. On this interesting occasion Rev. R. M. Woods, the pastor, in her presence christened the infant, John Houghton Hubbard, the youngest scion of the Hubbard clan in Hatfield, and a son of Henry S. Hubbard. John is a favorite name that has been common to every generation of Hubbards back 300 years. Of the other persons present were Mrs. Mary Ann Strong, formerly of Northampton, aged 82, and Mrs. Cordelia Hubbard Bodman, formerly of Williamsburg. Miss Hubbard's grandnieces, daughters of Thaddeus Graves, Esq., presented a beautiful loaf of cake, which graced the occasion. It was frosted and tastefully decorated with confectionery, representing the 90th birthday. A beautiful bouquet and card was presented by Miss Nettie Morton.

On the same day was held another birthday party, that of Major C. S. Shattuck, friends being present from Northampton, Holyoke and Lynn.

E. F. Billings did not receive his appointment as postmaster until June 5th. Miss Ella Graves, acting P. M., will probably hold the office until July 1, which begins a new quarter.

The canker worm has again made his disagreeable presence felt among the apple and elm trees on Maple Valley and the south half of Main street. Many apple trees have lost their green foliage and look brown and seared as if by fire. Several elms on Main street are stripped to bare twigs by this destructive pest. The trees in other parts of the town are but little affected, the mischief being confined mostly to the same location as last year.

Most farm crops are well advanced for the season, and our farmers are unusually forward with their tobacco setting; some of our largest growers have completed that disagreeable job.

Rev. Mr. Bruce of South Deerfield preached last Sabbath a very profitable sermon on Loyalty to Christ, John 13:37.

Taking into account the plan of the structure, in our humble opinion, the county commissioners will make no mistake when they locate the new county building as near as possible to the center of the court house lot between Gothic and King streets.

Miss Lou Conkey of Homer, Ill., arrived in Hatfield two weeks ago and will spend several months with her friend, Miss Nettie Morton.

## HATFIELD.

### The Smith Charities Taxes.

The report of the doings of the Hatfield town meeting, which adopted the resolutions that were furnished the Gazette by some unknown person, is incorrect in the sum named in the preamble. It should read \$700,000, and not \$1,700, as printed. The charter of Smith charities is unique, and in its provision for the taxation of all the funds in the several towns, there is probably nothing like it in any other charitable institution of the state. It was argued in town meeting that if the repeal of this valuable franchise was intended it should have been expressly named in the statutes, but it was not so named in the acts of 1881 and 1892. The charter had been a sufficient guide up to May 1, 1882, and even after that. It certainly was as safe a guide as a lawyer's opinion, which was substituted by the trustees, with the liability of its being overruled by the decision of the supreme court. Then why should the trustees attempt to anticipate that the decision of the court would be against the towns? Certainly the action pointed out in the charter was safe until the decision of the court was reached.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Benevolent Society was held April 12th, at the house of Mrs. Dr. Barton, when the following officers were chosen for the year ensuing: Mrs. J. D. Brown, president; Mrs. H. S. Porter and Mrs. M. E. Miller, vice presidents; Mrs. S. G. Hubbard, Mrs. C. M. Barton, Mrs. D. P. Morton and Mrs. James Porter, directors; Miss Fanny Graves, secretary; and Mrs. A. Cowles, treasurer.

What we have so long desired to see has come at last in the warm sunshine and gentle showers of last week. The Connecticut is swollen to the overflowing of its banks, and the frost is mostly out of the ground and the roads are nearly dry and in fair passable condition.

The false and the true way of life, as illustrated in the career of Saul of Tarsus, was very forcibly and clearly presented in the sermon of Rev. R. M. Woods last Sunday morning.

It is an unusual thing in this town to find tobacco hanging on the poles in April, but such was the fact this year. Several large farmers took down the remainder of their tobacco last week, and are now busy in sorting and packing it. Other farmers are active in making preparations for the spring work, hauling out manure and plowing their lands.

R. P. Smith & Son have given up the gristmill with a view to going into other business. J. E. Porter has hired a miller and will carry on the milling business at the old stand.

In one of his lectures on art at Chickering Hall, New York, last month, Seymour Haden said "the engraving in the April Century entitled 'At Sea' is one of the greatest achievements of modern engraving. It was made by the engraver, Kingsley, directly from nature, that is to say, without previously drawing or photographing the scene." Such a tribute to the genius of our townsman is duly appreciated by his many friends in this county.



## HATFIELD.

Mrs. M. J. Shepard, from Boston is visiting her niece, Mrs. B. B. Abbott.

Miss Gertrude Abbott is visiting friends in Holyoke.

Mrs. William Daugherty and daughter leave Tuesday for a two months' visit with friends in Hartford, Conn.

Preparatory lecture Friday afternoon, March 4, at two o'clock.

Mrs. John Porter, Mrs. Chas. Porter and Mrs. S. L. Cutler will entertain the Real Folks at the church parlors Friday afternoon. Gentlemen are invited to supper. There will be a sociable in the evening.

The entertainment last Thursday was a decided success, the house being crowded.

Mrs. A. F. Curtis of Northampton has been spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Wm. Jones.

Miss Abby Dickinson, daughter of the late Solomon Dickinson, died at her home Saturday morning, Feb. 27. She has been for a great many years a consistent member of the church and did a great deal of good in a quiet way. She leaves a brother, Samuel Dickinson, and sister, Mrs. Geo. W. Hubbard.

## NORTH HATFIELD.

### Death of Charles D. Bartlett.

Charles D. Bartlett passed away at 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon, aged 66 years. He had been in feeble health for more than a year, and for some time has been a great sufferer. He leaves a widow and one daughter, Mrs. A. L. Cooley of Orange. Mr. and Mrs. Cooley were with him the last few days of his sickness. Mr. Bartlett had been a life-long resident of Hatfield, with the exception of a short time, when he was in the grocery business at Northampton in company with Mr. Towne. He was a kind husband and neighbor, always ready to visit the sick and afflicted. Mrs. Bartlett has the sympathy of this community in her bereavement. Funeral at Union hall, Saturday, at 1.30 o'clock p. m.

The funeral of Mr. Bartlett was largely attended at Union hall Saturday afternoon. During his sickness he became a Christian, and he enjoyed talking with his friends as they came in, of his great joy and peace. Mrs. Bartlett's daughter, Mrs. A. L. Cooley from Orange, is going to stay with her for the present.

Miss Cynthia Landon is on the gain. Miss Luna Rice from West Hatfield spent the Sabbath with friends here.

Your Hatfield correspondent wonders why there are so few apples after so many blossoms. Here they did not form to apples to fall off. But when many of the trees were in full bloom there were heavy showers which perhaps washed the pollen from the blossoms and prevented their fertilization. If this theory is correct perhaps the bearing year may be changed by artificially drenching trees in full bloom for several of the even years. Where there are water facilities this would be quicker than picking off the blossoms.

## HATFIELD.

### Death of Henry S. Porter.

Henry S. Porter died at Agawam yesterday. Notice of death and funeral elsewhere. He was once one of Hatfield's richest and busiest men, and lost his property when the Fitches went down. The firm was Fitch, Doane & Porter.

He was for a number of years a select man and a representative in the legislature. He was a good farmer, a bright and able man and keenly felt his failure. About seven years ago he removed to Agawam with his son, where they have made a fine farm and prospered. A brother, James, in Hatfield and sister, Sophia Sikes of Sunderland, survive.

### The Crusaders Are Here.

Mrs. Bethiah Packard has sold her homestead to Mr. Chas. L. Graves for about \$1000. Mrs. Packard will board with our general Postmaster, Mr. Webber.

Mr. and Mrs. Sampson and family of North Adams have come to Hatfield to make their home with Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Cowles. Mrs. Sampson was an adopted daughter of Mr. Cowles.

The public schools closed on Friday March 11, for a vacation of three weeks. Smith Academy closed Tuesday, March 15, for two weeks recess.

The concert Friday last, given by the Amherst Agricultural college glee and banjo club, was fully appreciated by a good audience, though the weather prevented many from attending.

Miss Mattie E. Bardwell of Deerfield, is spending two weeks with her grandmother, Mrs. J. D. Brown.

### A Golden Wedding.

About fifty friends of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Moore will help them celebrate their golden wedding on Wednesday, March 16. Rev. Mr. Beaman of Amherst, who married them, is expected to be present, together with about fifteen others of this place, who witnessed the ceremony fifty years ago.

The Real Folks will meet with Mrs. Charles Hubbard Thursday the 17th.

The Christian crusaders are expected to hold meetings in this place the coming week.

## HATFIELD.

The program of the Hatfield reading circle for Tuesday evening, Feb. 23, is as follows: 1, George II, David Billings, Jr. 2, Henry Pelham, Mrs. David Billings. 3, The Pretender, Nellie A. Waite. 4, Scotch Rebellion of 1745 to the Battle of Culloden, C. M. Barton. 5, Reading from Waverly, Mrs. J. S. Wells. 6, Culloden, Mary Dodge. 7, Reading from Henry Esmond, Hattie Carl. 8, Reading from Old Mortality, Grace Webber.

The L. B. S. will meet with Mrs. Fred Carl on Thursday afternoon.

The Real Folks will meet with Mrs. David Billings on Friday afternoon.

S. G. Hubbard returned from Washington yesterday.



## HATFIELD.

We have received a copy of the last catalogue of Smith Academy; it is neatly gotten up by the Gazette Printing Company, printed on tinted paper, and in addition to what is usually found in such documents, contains a list of the books in the Academy Library.

On the night of Dec. 13, a fire was discovered in the barns and outbuildings of Mr. E. A. Hubbard on the Hill, which destroyed all the chain of buildings connected together; originally they must have cost more than \$2500. Mr. Hubbard lost a new carriage probably worth \$350; his whole insurance was only \$1200, which was on the buildings. Chas. E. Hubbard had four acres of tobacco hanging on the premises, which was also a total loss. Insurance \$800.

The work of putting up the wire and setting up seven instruments constituting the Hatfield Branch of the Bay State Telephone Company, was completed the morning of Dec. 16, and was put in active operation at once. Persons at near and distant points were hailed and interviewed in all possible directions and on all sorts of subjects; ladies gossiped, and even babies cried in the telephone, to the great edification of all parties at the several stations, and before night the manager of the central office at Northampton said that Hatfield was doing more business than all the rest of their lines. Young America, with his first tin whistle, was never more jubilant and demonstrative than some of the fortunate possessors of instruments in our circuit, and people are happy in counting up its real and imagined benefits.

This community was saddened by the announcement last Tuesday morning of the death of Miss Frances A. Billings. She had been an invalid for a number of years; when in health she was known as having a passionate fondness for music; was long a member of the church choir, and for a number of years cheerfully gave her services to the society as player on the organ, when it was stationed in the old singers' gallery; her long devotion to this duty at a time when there was no other person in town so well fitted for this work, was thought to be an injury to her health. How characteristic one of her last acts in the dying hours to sing that well known refrain the "Sweet By-and-By," so often employed as expressive of the sad yet exalted feeling when friends are called to separate perhaps for the last time on earth? She sang one stanza and then said she would sing more when she was stronger, but that was the last on the shores of time. Who knows but she will take up the strain anew in Paradise? The pastor alluded to this circumstance and gave it out as the last hymn to be sung at the funeral, and when the choir sang the "Sweet By-and-By" a knowledge of the death-bed scene added a touch of pathetic feeling which intensified the effect upon all who were present in that house of mourning.

## HATFIELD.

The sad news of the death of Prof. Frank D. Hastings at Parkville College, Mo., Dec. 18th, was a severe shock to his relatives and friends in this town, and their sympathies were called out towards his deeply afflicted parents. Mr. Hastings graduated at Amherst College last summer with flattering prospects of a successful career before him. A young man of correct principles, combined with high scholarly attainments, he bade fair to lead a life of great usefulness in the world. Taken away in his budding manhood, he will be sincerely mourned and lamented. The fond hopes of his friends are crushed by his premature death. His funeral was attended at the residence of his parents on Market street, Northampton, and his remains were taken to the family lot in the Hatfield cemetery for burial. The funeral was attended by Rev. Mr. Lathe, President McAfee of Parkville College and Rev. A. M. Colton, his former pastor in Easthampton, taking a part in the solemn and impressive exercises.

This closing week of the year is considered the most favorable time to take the annual inventory. The balance of resources less liabilities compared with the balance of one year ago will show the farmer what progress he has made. If he has kept careful accounts during the year, he will know to a certainty just where the profits and losses come, learn to avoid the mistakes, and gain wisdom for future operations.

Gathering ice made business lively early last week in filling ice-houses. There was found to be about ten inches of clear ice, giving good evidence of the steady cold weather of December up to the 20th of the month. During the three following days of the week the weather moderated, and on Friday we had considerable rain. Tobacco was found to be in excellent condition on Saturday morning for taking down, the first really good day the farmers have seen since the crop was cured to take it down in good condition. The opportunity was improved to the fullest extent, but much of the crop is still hanging on the poles, waiting for another favorable time for the work.

Father Barry of Northampton held high mass at Academy hall, Christmas morning. The day was universally observed by all foreign born people, be they Catholic or Protestant, as a holiday, a day bringing good gifts and rejoicing. Their example is contagious and appears to be growing into the habits of all people of the present age, including the descendants of the Puritans.

The annual meeting of the Hatfield Grange was held Dec. 18th, at the house of Brother D. P. Morton. The next session will be held at the house of Brother D. W. Wells, representative-elect, Friday, Dec. 29.

## HATFIELD.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wells have the sympathy of their large circle of friends for their great loss in the death last week of their little son Joseph, whose bright and winning ways secured the love of all who knew him.

The sermon of Rev. R. M. Woods last Sabbath, was a very practical and pointed application of his subject, "Christian Constancy"; text from Acts 13:13.



## HATFIELD.

Death of John Hastings, aged 95.

The death of the venerable John Hastings, Esq., at Onondago, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1886, in the 95th year of his age, deserves more than a passing mention. John Hastings was born in Hatfield, a descendant of one of the early settlers, Thomas Hastings, town clerk and physician, the first doctor of a long line of Dr. Hastings, from 1670 to 1845, four in number out of five generations. His grandfather, Hon. John Hastings, came into prominence in the time of the Revolution, and was a leading official in the town and county for many years. Judd, in his history of Hadley, says, "he was a magistrate 36 years and a senator or councilor 28 years." His father, Dr. John Hastings, was a practicing physician in Hatfield for about 50 years, and died in 1845. John Hastings, the subject of this sketch, had good advantages of education, and was with possibly one exception, the oldest surviving graduate of Yale college. In his early days he was a school teacher, afterwards a merchant in Hatfield and Heath, when the latter was in the flush of hill town glory and prosperity. He was mentioned at the Heath Centennial gathering, Aug. last, as follows: "John Hastings came from Hatfield and kept a store. He was town clerk for many years, and became so accomplished in the duties of the office that when he removed to Onondago, N. Y., about 45 years ago he was chosen to that office and has held it ever since, although he is now 95 years old." The old gentleman retained his mental faculties to a wonderful degree and was busy in the performance of his official duties on the day of his death. He retired apparently in his usual health, all unconscious of his approaching departure. He had lived an exemplary life, filled with a completed round of duties well performed, and was crowned with peace at last like the prophet of old, "he was not, for God took him." He was an intelligent and studious politician and a man of positive opinions as to questions of public policy and political honesty, yet without personal ambition for political preferments. He lived a peaceful life, much loved, honored and respected by men of all parties and shades of religious belief, he possessed the popular qualities to win high official station had he desired it. He was a brother of the late Justin Hastings of Hatfield, and leaves a sister, Miss Sophia D. Hastings, now living with her niece, Mrs. R. P. Bardwell in Elmira, N. Y., another niece, Mrs. S. G. Hubbard, is the only remaining descendant bearing the name of Hastings now living in Hatfield.

## HATFIELD.

Our pastor, Rev. R. M. Woods, was welcomed home last Sabbath by his people, and he gave them a practical discourse on "spiritual culture." We are assured that his family will return to the parsonage this week, after a delightful month spent in Goshen.

The Republican caucus, Aug. 25, chose the following delegates:—State, W. H. Dickinson, S. G. Hubbard; Congressional, C. S. Shattuck, J. S. Wells. Committee for the year, C. S. Shattuck, chairman, Roswell Billings, Frank K. Porter, Ed. C. Waite, W. C. Dickinson.

Mr. E. L. Hastings, who died in Northampton, Aug. 29th, was a native of Hatfield, where he spent his youth and early manhood. Never in the enjoyment of robust health, yet he served as a model town clerk for a number of years. He was a man of correct habits and a much respected citizen of the town. During the last 25 years he has resided in South Hadley, Easthampton and Northampton. He leaves a widow, a daughter, and a son to mourn their loss; the latter is a member of a successful manufacturing firm in Troy, N. Y. His remains were brought to Hatfield and buried by the side of his two sons in the cemetery. The funeral was attended at his late residence on Market street, the exercises being conducted by his former beloved pastor at Easthampton, Rev. A. M. Colton.

## HATFIELD.

About one-half of the farmers have commenced harvesting their tobacco. They generally report an extra crop. Cutting will be quite general this week.

Mrs. Herder Clark and family of New York are in town, stopping with Mr. W. H. Dickinson.

Mrs. Sprague and son of Boston, are visiting with Mrs. S. F. Knight.

Miss Hattie Brown and Miss Carrie L. Warner are spending a few days on Mt. Tom.

Mrs. Geo. Ware and son of Springfield, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Porter.

A wedding engagement is announced, ceremony to occur soon.

Rev. E. S. Tead preached a very able discourse last Sabbath from Luke 19:10, which commanded close attention.

The four sons of Edward Curtis located in Cincinnati and its near vicinity in business, made their father a visit this month. Mr. Curtis is a native of Hatfield, he went to Ohio when a young man, was successful in business, and returned to this town with his wife about 20 years ago, where he has since lived.

Mr. W. C. Dickinson took a flying trip through the White Mountains last week, stopping on Mt. Washington with his cousin, Lieut. Edward Beals of the U. S. signal service in command at that station during the past year. Lieut. Beals has received a six months' furlough and returned to this town with Mr. Dickinson for a short visit on his way to Stamford, Ct., where his mother resides.



## HATFIELD.

Our pastor gave a well pointed sermon on True Friendship, John 15, 14, Sabbath morning. He exchanged in the evening with Rev. Mr. Lathe of Northampton, who preached an excellent sermon from the words, "Occupy until I come."

The fall term of Smith academy has opened with 40 students. The new class from the town schools numbers 14 scholars. Teachers, S. L. Cutler principal, Miss Emma L. Hubbard preceptress, and Miss Clara L. Graves assistant.

Miss Bertha Thayer of Cincinnati, O., and Miss Rose Fairbank have returned from vacation and joined their classes in the academy.

Miss Frankie Billings, daughter of Mr. A. W. Billings of St. Louis, Mo., formerly of Hatfield, is visiting with her aunt, Mrs. F. D. Billings.

Miss Emily G. Billings, who came on from the West in July to visit her mother and sisters, has returned to her duties in Detroit, where she is engaged teaching music.

Miss Lizzie Billings has returned from a two weeks' visit with friends in Deerfield. E. B. Dickinson brought a fine span of horses from Syracuse, N. Y., last week.

Miss Abbie Fitch of Amherst is visiting her sister, Mrs. B. M. Warner.

Mrs. W. B. Langdon has a moon flower in blossom, which is much admired.

The L. B. S. will meet with Mrs. J. S. Wells Thursday afternoon, gentlemen invited to tea.

Brainard Lyman of Chester and E. Lyman of Northampton spent last Sabbath with their sister, Miss A. P. Lyman.

Mrs. Theodore Baggs with her daughters Nellie and Bertha, have been visiting a week with friends in Springfield and Ludlow.

W. C. Dickinson is finishing a very convenient barn for his standard bred trotters. The barn is 90 feet long with driveway through the center. It has all the modern conveniences of box stalls, running water, etc. Mr. Dickinson has two Daniel Lambert colts, Middlebury and a filly, that are developing speed rapidly under Mr. White's skillful training.

With intelligent culture and care, tobacco still maintains its position as the most profitable crop in Hatfield. There has been a great amount of nonsense and untruth said about losses in Hatfield on account of tobacco. The facts point the other way.

Miss Hattie Brown and Mrs. Warner have been taking a carriage drive through eastern Franklin county, and visiting Mrs. Louisa Chenery of Montague.

Miss Susan Perry of Pittsburgh, Pa., was a guest of Mrs. J. D. Billings for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Morton have been taking a carriage drive to Tariffville, Ct., visiting friends on the way.

Hosea Wheeler, a colored native of this town, died suddenly Saturday, Sept. 8, aged 64 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Curtis of Carthage, Ohio, have been visiting their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Bardwell and Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Curtis.

## "Too Many of We."

"Mamma, is there too many of we?"  
The little girl asked with a sigh.  
"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see,  
If a few of your child's should die."

She was only three years old—this one  
Who spoke in that strange, sad way,  
As she saw her mother's impatient frown  
At the children's boisterous play.

There were half a dozen who round her stood,  
And the mother was sick and poor,  
Worn out with the care of the noisy brood,  
And the fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss no time, no place;  
For the little one least of all;  
And the shadow that darkened the mother's  
face  
O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any she felt more care,  
And pondered in childish way  
How to lighten the burden she could not share,  
Growing heavier every day.

Only a week, and the little Claire  
In her little white trundle-bed,  
Lay with her blue eyes closed and the sunny  
hair  
Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were low,  
Feeling tears that she could not see—  
"You won't have to work and be tired so,  
When there ain't so many of we."

The dear little daughter who went away  
From the home that for once was stilled,  
Showed the mother's heart, from that dreary  
day,  
What a place she had always filled.  
*Woman's World.*

## HATFIELD.

The early frosts have changed the whole appearance of the landscape in the Connecticut valley. The sere and yellow leaves are prominent, and the trees have assumed their October apparel three weeks before the usual time. The recent fires in the woods on the Plain have burned over about 200 acres, mostly a young growth of wood. The same territory was burned over several times previously during the last fifteen years. The Connecticut River railroad runs partly through this tract of land on the west side. The last, and one previous fire, was caused by passing locomotives. Probably \$5,000 worth of forest growth has been destroyed during that time; a serious loss to the owners of the land. Previously when the fires were traced directly to the railroad, the company have taken the honorable course of paying for such damage without resort to litigation.

Prof. Story of Smith college will, sometime before the close of the month, bring out his pupil, Miss Mary Shattuck, in an organ concert in Hatfield. This will be her first public appearance as an organist. Although young she has already attracted considerable attention for her fine ability as a pianist.

The interesting ceremony which unites the destinies of *two in one*, will occur before the month closes. The invitations will soon be out.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dickinson arrived last Saturday after a year's residence in the wilds of Nevada.

The Ladies' Benevolent society will meet with Mrs. Alpheus Cowles Thursday of this week.

S. G. Hubbard is buying Havana tobacco for New York parties; about 175 cases changed hands last week, at prices ranging from ten cents upward. Some are holding for higher figures.



### ALMOST A CENTENARIAN.

Ninety-first Anniversary of an Esteemed Official—An Early Graduate of Yale College.

To-morrow the oldest man holding public office in Onondaga county, and perhaps the oldest in the State, will complete the ninety-first year of his age. This venerable citizen is John Hastings of Onondaga Valley. He was born at Hatfield, Mass., Dec. 22, 1791, and was graduated from Yale College in 1815, under the presidency of Dr. Timothy Dwight. But two other members of the class of that year survive. They are the Hon. Truman Smith, of Stamford, Conn., formerly United States Senator, and the Rev. J. D. Wickham, D.D., of Manchester, Vt., pastor of the Congregational church at that place.

From Hatfield Mr. Hastings removed to Heath, Mass., and after a residence there of nine years he came to Onondaga Valley, in 1842, where he has lived from that time. For sixteen years, covering four terms, Mr. Hastings served as Justice of the Peace at the Valley, and then declined a re-election, finding the duties of the office too onerous. During a part of the same time, and continuously since 1863, "Squire" Hastings, as he is popularly called, has filled also the office of Town Clerk of the town of Onondaga, a position he now holds, having been elected in February last. In this office he has served for twenty-five years, and so acceptably that, probably, as long as he lives and is able and willing to fill the place he will be chosen by his townsmen thereto.

'Squire Hastings is a man of quiet manners of gentle and refined demeanor, and of pleasing address. There is nothing of the demagogue in his composition, and in his case office always has sought the man and not man the office. His papers are models of penmanship and neatness, and well might serve as copies for the boys of this generation. Though his step grows less vigorous, his mind is perfectly clear and his mental and physical faculties are well preserved.

In a recent visit to the city, two youthful graduates of Syracuse University were introduced to 'Squire Hastings' acquaintance, and the three collegians found mutual pleasure in recounting to each other the days of their student life, in the case of two so recent and in that of the other nearly three-score and ten years ago. To an onlooker it was an interesting study to watch the bright-faced youths standing by the chair of the venerable man, deferentially and attentively listening to his remarks and asking questions, while occasionally all would join in a laugh at some sally or the recalling of some college incident. The scene would have been a suggestive one to an artist.

Surrounded by friends and esteemed by all who know him, 'Squire Hastings will be the recipient to-morrow of many congratulations upon reaching such an advanced mile-post in the journey of life, together with good wishes for the future.

### HATFIELD.

In the death of Mrs. Clarissa Hubbard, which occurred April 24th, aged 81 years, her children have lost a mother dearly beloved, of whom there are nothing but pleasant memories. She was known as a woman of quiet yet persistent energy, doing her full duty in ministering, in sickness and in health, to the wants of others. She led a useful and active life to the end, never giving up the management of her household affairs until the last days of her sickness. Her life was characterized by a truly charitable and Christian spirit. She will be remembered for her self-sacrificing devotion to the welfare of others, and her kind-hearted words and good deeds of charity to all who came to her door. Her husband, John Hubbard, died in 1844, and she was left with the care of seven children, two of them not her own, and lived to see them, all but one, settled near her. She was born in Northampton, a daughter of Seth and Thankful Clapp of South street. A brother, James Clapp of Northampton aged 84 and a sister, Mrs. Mary Ann Strong aged 79, survive her. She leaves one daughter, Mrs. Thaddeus Graves, and three sons, Silas G., Roswell, and Henry S. Hubbard, all now living in Hatfield.

Several ladies of the Hatfield W. C. T. Union attended the semi-annual meeting of the organization at Northampton last week, and report as follows: They were very much interested in the exercises and the reports given by the delegates from various towns and cities, in the papers read, addresses given and the discussions which followed. President Seelye's invitation to visit the art rooms at Smith College was thankfully accepted and will be remembered with pleasure, and the generous hospitality of the ladies of Northampton was fully appreciated.

A snow storm the 24th and the ground frozen two inches in depth one morning later somewhat dampened the ardor of enthusiastic planters. The spring comes on too slowly for such, and others in their impatience sigh for milder weather. It should be remembered that only last year the apple trees were not in full bloom until June, two weeks later than the usual time, yet corn and vegetables ripened about as early as usual in autumn. It has been often remarked of late that the spring is more backward than formerly, and that the frosts hold off later in autumn. During the last decade we have experienced extremely hot weather in September, much more so it is thought, than previously to that time.

The selectmen are making substantial repairs on the road from Hill street past the grist mill, carrying out a like policy of thorough work as was done on the road towards Northampton last year.

Hon. E. A. Hubbard is building a new barn and making other improvements on his place on Hill street, which bid fair to make it one of the most attractive homes in town.

Rev. Dr. Dwight of Hadley preached in exchange with Rev. R. M. Woods last Sabbath. The theme of his sermon was, "Obedience exemplified by Christ." Heb. 5:8.



The following notice is taken from a Springfield paper. It is of interest to Hatfield people because the young man is a Hatfield boy, one of three children who, with their widowed mother, Mrs. J. S. Allis, went from this town 15 years ago, and found a home in Springfield: "Dexter Hurlbut Allis has returned from Philadelphia with the degree of D.D.S. given him by the Philadelphia dental college. His thesis on 'Crown and bridge work,' as well as the practical work done in this branch of his profession, earned the special commendation of the faculty. Dr. Allis will continue the practice of dentistry with his uncle, Dr. J. Searle Hurlbut, with whom he has been associated the past three years."

About three years ago H. S. Porter and family moved to Griswold, Conn. They were prominent in Hatfield and well known in all the river counties. The following pleasant notice is from a Griswold correspondent of the N. E. Homestead: H. S. Porter and family, who purchased the Tyler farm in the northern part of the town, several years ago, have removed to Agawam, Mass. They came here strangers to all, but were not long in making friends. The neighbors soon found them an intelligent, active, and exceedingly useful family. Mr. Porter's son and wife have assisted in the management of the large farm. Numerous improvements on the farm have been made, thrift and ingenuity being prevalent everywhere. They have proved themselves good citizens, willing and efficient helpers in every good cause. They leave behind them an influence indelibly stamped on the hearts of a large circle of friends, and many lives will be brighter for having known them. A literary society was organized, largely through their influence. Mrs. Porter has been its honored president since its start. The meetings have been well attended by the young people, and many of those taking part have been benefited. Mrs. Porter gave largely of her well educated mind, making the gathering a place of profit and amusement. A large circle of neighbors and friends met at their residence a few evenings before their departure. The company were treated to a repast of scalloped oysters, biscuit, cake and coffee, and appropriate selections were sung. There were earnest remarks relating to their personal worth as leaders in society, and of the unconscious influence given to other lives. The best wishes of the community go with them.





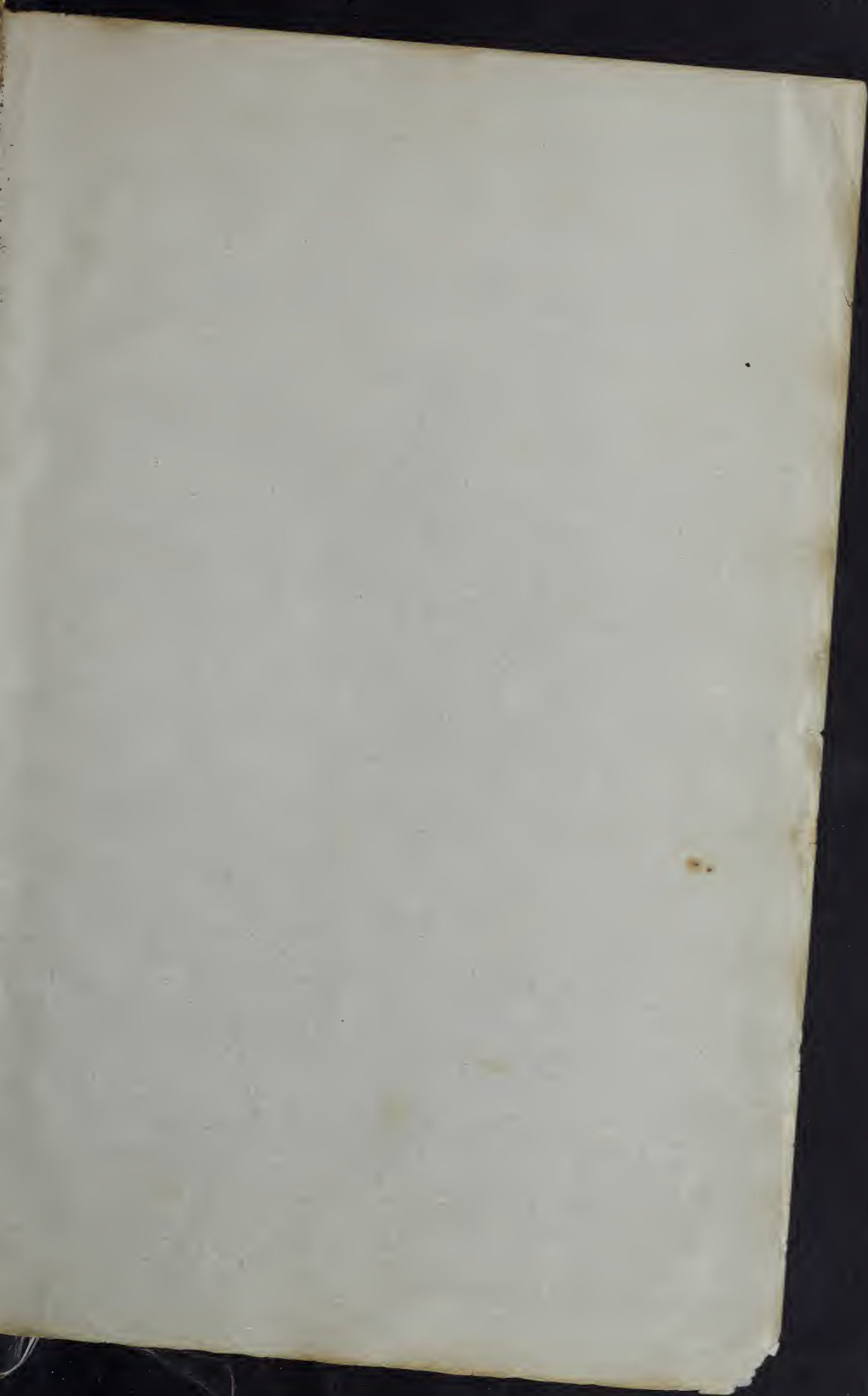














2012-38.01



