



Transcription of *The Woodside Gazette*, a manuscript newspaper, 1858.

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The Woodside Gazette

January, 1858

"Despise not the day of small things."

Poetry

A New Year's Greeting.

We bear you a greeting both old and sincere,
Tis a merry Christmas, and happy New Year;
And though of repeated t'will [i.e., it will] never decay
Till we and our paper have long passed away.
Then hear us kind friends, and each error forget.
Look with favor we pray on the Woodside Gazette;
For the sake of its parent the Parsonville Times
That has lately deceased with its drawings and rhymes.
And though 'tis cold winter, and frozen the ground,
On the trees and the fences the moss may be found.
And thus with some tendrils of moss may you meet.
While perusing the columns of this little sheet;
And on the wood-side in the season of spring
May anemones greet you, and violets cling.
But now we must close, and when next we shall meet,
Stormy March will be here with its wind and its sleet.
Till then may all pleasures and blessings be yours,
May no minor or greater misfortune befall,
And once more we repeat Happy New Year to all.

M.P.

Prose

To our Subscribers.

It may seem presumptuous for us in the present state of financial affairs to launch upon the tide of public opinion our little sheet, but it is rather to give gratification to some of our friends, and to improve ourselves, than for the sake of worldly gains, that we make this humble attempt. Our patrons have looked upon our former efforts with indulgent eyes, and we trust that they will continue their favor as heretofore.

The Editors.

Advertisement.

For Sale or to Let. A set of brains supposed to be in good condition. The owner of the above-mentioned articles having no use for them since he has lately retired from business, will sell them at 25 percent discount to suit the times. For further particulars, apply to Timothy Snooks, Idiot Hall.

A Crownological Fact.

And it came to pass on the 9th day of December, 1807, that the kind of the northern crows made a decree that all his subjects should come together at the old dead apple tree, for a solemn meeting to consider on the hard times, and what was to become of them through the winter. And slowly they assembled—first the old black raven which is ever creaking of misfortunes, and the whole family of northern crows followed him with a melancholy caw, caw, will they arrived

at the place of meeting. And all their relations were there, and then the business commenced. The king of the crows arose, and made known his commands, and they were these "Since the late dire calamities of the banks have broken the hearts of many mortals, it befits us my brethren that we should economize, and no more indulge ourselves with such luxuries as the clans of the distant south. Therefore do I issue this decree "That all who shall taste of the forbidden shell-fish for the space of sixty days, shall be hanged on this very tree which we now occupy, and I do command my secretary to write it down as my royal order." And then the aforesaid officer approached and with his crow-quill pen he inscribed some quaint characters on the dried leaf of a hickory tree. And when the king had set his royal seal to the proclamation it was affixed to the trunk of the tree by the thorns of the roses bush. And then the crows departed, and silence reigned over their village for many days.

But on the 29th day of the month again was sent an order for them to assemble at the former place. And lo! not many months had elapsed ere there appeared a clack body winging its flight from the far distant south. And nearer and nearer it approached, and behold! The form of the secretary was visible, accompanied by the old black raven. And the first had his claw on the neck of the latter as though the venerable individual had committed some act of desperation. For, when he was dragged into the assembly, his countenance (usually of an [ebow?] hue) was of an ashy white; which circumstance caused the suspicions of many of his former crownies. And then his conductor addressed them with a sad heart, for he was loth that the old raven should be suspended to the tree through his help. And the words that fell from his lips were these "My friends, alas! For virtue surely sleepeth, when he in whom we placed such confidence has tasted of the forbidden fruit, for how otherwise shall I style it? Even as I took my journey homewards, I perceived him feasting on the shores, and as I drew nearer I found that he had not been able to withstand the temptation, and therefore, according to the laws of our most gracious sovereign he must die." And one vast Caw was heard in the assembly, and they took the patriarch and hanged him on the topmost branch of his ancient home, a warning to all delinquent crows.

M.P.

Every thing hath an end, and a pudding hath two.

Village Items.

There has been quite an excitement lately in our quiet little county village on the subject of burglars. Among other robberies, the house of a distinguished resident was entered one evening about a month since by two persons of the baser sort who came for plunder. They walked into the kitchen but by reason of the bolts affixed to the doors of said kitchen they could proceed no further. However, they wreaked their vengeance on two innocent pies, and also upon some pickle juice which (it is supposed) they mistook for cider. It is thought they did not much relish the latter, as the next morning some vestiges of it remained on the floor. Hearing the steps of a corpulent ghost (in the shape of the old negro cook) on the stairs, they made a precipitate retreat. But in their hurried flight one of them forgot the aids of his understanding, and in the morning they still remained on the piazza, a memorial of their bootless visit. We have attempted to illustrate their performances, and in conclusion would advise our subscribers one and all to be prepared.

N.B. Nothing more has lately occurred.

J.B.P.

Anecdote.

A certain youth was trained up carefully in the right way by an elder sister, and among other virtues that of cleanliness was especially enjoined. This admonition (necessary to all boys) was particularly so to him, for dust and dirt seemed at all times to cling to him with true brotherly love; so much so that before going to school he was frequently advised not to open his mouth for fear it might become soiled. On one occasion when a few friends were invited to spend the

evening, he came in, his face and hands shining with soap and water, and probably feeling quite elated. Just then however there happened to be a dead stop in the conversation., and his sister observed to the person next her "What an awful pause!" "I have just washed them." The scene which followed can be better imagined than described.

For illustrations see next column. They are designed and engraved by our artist J.B. Parsons.

Scene 1st

[Illustration 1]

Designed and drawn by JBP

Scene 2nd

[Illustration 2]

Designed and drawn by JP

The Woodside Gazette

March 1858.

Vol. 1 No. II

"Despise not the day of small things"

Poetry

A Poet in Distress.

With pen in hand, and wrinkled brow
An eager poet mused one day,
Striving on the liquid words to cloth
The thought which still would flit away.
But all in vain line after line
He tried with little more success.
This was too short, and that too long,
Those would not rhyme, which pleased him best.
And thus he labored from the morn
[Even?] till the setting of the sun,
Like patience on a monument,
But even then it was not done.
And the poor melancholy man
Hung away paper, ink, and pen,
Resolving till he felt inspired
Never to write a verse again.
Then blame him not, kind friends we pray
If he from poetry would roam,

We pity his unhappy fate,
For "Charity begins at home."

M.P.

Prose

The Legend of St. Roman's Well.

Long, long ago, even before the persecuted Puritans had crossed over from Europe to America, there lived in the woods now designated by the appellation of St. Roman's Well a poor hermit who though of very mean estate at the time we are speaking of; had sprung from one of the highest families in England. He had been for some time attached to the court of James II, but on his expressing an interest in the affair of a nobleman which was at the time in disgrace with the king he was banished from England, and wearied by the lasting resentment of James, no knowing where to rest his head he came to this place. His name was Ronald Bruntfield and whilst in his native country he had fondly loved a young lady called Alice de Clairmont, who died of grief, on hearing of his being exiled forever from his native shores. The Indians greatly revered the hermit who built himself a hut near the place where the well now stands. Here every day he taught his ignorant neighbors many useful arts. They regarded him in the light of a superior being and a large crowd daily assembled before his miserable door to hear his instructive teachings. Probably many persons have noticed the scarcity of brooks or springs in Flushing and its vicinity. The Indians were much troubled by this evil, and to remedy it the good recluse with the help of his disciples dug a well near his hut, where those who assembled to hear his discourse, could at the same time fill their vessels with pure water. The Indians in their gratitude for the service he had performed for them, called it by his name "St. Ronald's Well." In the course of time, this name became corrupted into the title it now bears, but what would be the astonishment of the founder, were he suddenly transported to his ancient dwelling some summer's day when picnic parties frequent the sacred precincts of St. Roman's Well.

The Sailors' Adventure.

One fine summer afternoon Bill Jones, Sam Brown and Tom Smith of the good ship Victoria sat on the shore of an island in the Indian Ocean. They had been hard at work all day filling the empty water casks and now refreshed themselves with a little rest; enjoying a smoke and a glass of grog before returning to the ship. They were talking about matters at home and how soon they might expect to see Old England's shores again when they were startled by an unlooked for and not altogether pleasant visitor who was not very prepossessing in his appearance. This was a ferocious Bengal tiger who emerged from the woods near at hand and judging by his low growls he evidently seemed determined to make mince meat of our poor friends but they contrived to dodge around the casks until a bright thought shot through the mind of Tom Smith (who be it remembered was a Yankee) and he exclaimed "I have it! I have it! Let's put this old cask that ain't got no top to it right over the beast's head." This was no sooner suggested than acted upon. Tom Smith (who was thought the most proper person for the deed) raised the cask in his arms and awaited the coming of the tiger a little nervously it must be confessed, and not without a few misgivings. The animal suddenly gave a spring and alighted right in the middle of the cask. "Put it down! Put it down!" "Now for it!" "That's the ticket!" And many other exclamations of a similar nature were uttered by Bill and Sam, but Tom knew how to fix it and he did fix it for he put the cask bottom upwards on the ground, and then with his companions he leaned upon it with all his might to prevent the tiger from escaping. But then—how were they to get back to the ship? They could not remain forever in this situation. However this did not seem much of a difficulty to the never failing invention of Tom. He told his companions to hold on tight to the tiger's prison (which was likely to make them prisoners for life) whilst he thoughtfully scratched his head to bring to light some new expedient. As he walked around the cask in a melancholy state of mind the tiger's tail whisked through the [lug-hole?]. Suddenly a bright idea flashed

across his brain. Quick as thought he tied a knot in it, and then called to his companions to let go their hold upon the cask. They did so, and the strange spectacle of a tiger half walking, half rolling, presented itself to their wondering gaze. They did not want to remain long however in such a dangerous vicinity and set off for the ship as soon as they were able where they related their adventures to their astonished companions. Tom Smith being something of an artist made a sketch of the scene from memory which we have copied for the benefit of our tiger-loving friends.

J.B.P.

A Few Words about Valentines.

The favored month of St. Valentine has passed, but the billets for 1858 have been neither so numerous nor so finished as those of the last few years. Often had I wondered how it was that this popular custom arose, and many as are the answers to this question that one sees in the newspapers none of them seem entirely satisfactory. Some say, St. Valentine was a beautiful of the court of Louis IX who being troubled with innumerable letters from her various lovers, determined to retire from the world and therefore entered a convent where she helped to finish her days in peace. But such delight awaited her, for after enduring her seclusion for a short time she became tired of it and heartily wished that she might again return to the gay court and receive the notes with which she was formerly so disgusted. However it was too late now, and she was obliged to remain in her new home but when on her death-bed she called the nuns around her and told the that if made a saint she would be the patron and friend of distressed lovers. Others say it was a custom instituted by the Roman youths and maidens in the month of February; and we might continue telling the various suppositions, but we will content ourselves with wishing long life and prosperity to the good old custom whatever be its origin.

M.P.

Conundrums.

The Answers will be published in the may number.

No 1. Who was the first man mentioned in the Bible who had a free ticket to the theatre?

No 2. Why is a coachman like the clouds?

No 3. What did the cat say as she looked out of the window when the ark got aground?

No 4. Who are the most disinterestedly good people?

N.B. All answers to the above questions will be thankfully received.

The Sailors' Adventure

[Illustration 3]

The Woodside Gazette

May 1858.

"Despise not the day of small things"

Poetry.

Newspapers

The sun to rise had first began
When through the streets of Flushing ran
A youth who bore of countless price
A bundle with the strange device

Newspapers.

Dirty his face—his nose beneath
Soared up his brimless cap to greet
And like a cracked hand organ rung
The accents of that Irish tongue

Newspapers.

In pockets deep he heard the change
Jingling in music sweet & strange
And then his patrons to amuse
He shouted "Tribune, Times and News"

Newspapers.

The night had come but still he strode
From car to car upon the road
While through the smoke so deep & dark
A voice came like a railroad spark

Newspapers.

M.P.

Prose.

Our Arctic Correspondence.

One of our reporters having been left in Greenland by Dr. Kane writes to us occasionally and his last communication is as follows.

Messrs. Editors

Since my arrival in this frozen country I have been engaged in various pursuits. Among others I may mention that I have first returned from hunting the Polar bear which is very numerous around here. We had a visitation a few days ago in the shape of a Nantucket whale ship which created quite a sensation in our little town so far removed from the civilized world. Among other valuable things with which the captain presented [sue?] was the first number of your highly entertaining and amusing Gazette which contained much interesting information relative to your "pleasant little country village" of Flushing. I also received a letter from your junior editor. Amongst its contents was an account of the strange disappearance of Meriam the constant reporter of the state of the weather—no doubt he was overcome by the wild winter which probably had a consuming effect on him and I dare say he has by this time dwindled down to a mere nothing. However the late cold suep in the spring that I heard of, reanimated him I don't doubt. I think he had better come and live with us where he will enjoy cold weather to his heart's content; I have found it quite difficult to keep warm in the long moths of December, January and February. The natives, it is true, do not think it has been very cold—they say it is quite mild, for the thermometer usually falls to be on 40 below zero. I made a journey about a month ago with few of the inhabitants of the town in the direction of the North Pole. After travelling for nearly a week the weather grew warmer and the next day we arrived in sight of the open sea. Of course

we were very much surprised and when I bathed in it which I did that very afternoon I found the temperature of the water [maily?] as warm as that of the Gulf stream, and tasting much like melted ice cream. Numerous flocks of curious wild fowl were flying over the water. Some of them we shot and when wasted they made I assure you a very nice supper. The next day we journeyed along the coast for several miles and, strange to say, discovered a lake a few miles inland much resembling in general appearances what travellers [i.e., travelers] tell us of the Dead Sea. In its banks was an image of salt which we supposed to be one of the distant relations of [Lot's?] wife who had migrated to this place and looking back to the land he had left, had been turned into his present state. After wandering round the shores of the lake for about a week we returned home fully determined to investigate further these strange regions at some future time. Should anything more of importance transpire I will speedily let you know.

Yours truly,

H.Z.P.

Extract from a Lady's Journal.

The following extract was discovered not long since, and being so appropriate to the season we have determined to insert it with the accompanying sketch which was found quite near it.

May 1st 185- At length we are settled in our new home, and I have made up my mind never to move again on the first of May. Even though we were a young couple we might have known better, have we only considered for a few minutes but we thought it would be more romantic to leave our lodgings today and we have paid for it dearly; however we shall learn wisdom by experience. Part of our goods and chattels were removed yesterday but we were ourselves too take charge of the remainder today, and for that purpose started on foot with the cart containing our household possessions in front of us about nine o'clock. No room had we got out of our own street than Charles remarked to me "Why! What a quantity of people! Surely they cannot be

coming to bid us good bye." Poor man! He flattered himself rather too much as he soon discovered for the crowd pressed closer and closer and soon we were quite in danger of being suffocated. Charles rushed ahead to see what was the matter and even the old horse became restive and dashed on in frantic style whilst to crown the whole. I was so overcome by the scene that I fell into violent hysterics and had to be removed to the stall of our aged apple woman. The latter endeavored to revive me by every means in her power and when at last I recovered I became sensible of loud shouts, and in short everything seemed in a state of confusion. On one side some small boys were crying "Oranges! Fine oranges!," on another a man was cleaning a youth's teeth grates to show the power of this new tooth powder while some persons were gazing at me in utter amazement. Soon Charles appeared looking quite exhausted and from him I learned that we could not proceed for an hour, if then. To add to this new misfortune we had the modification of seeing our furniture all tumble down while the horse rushed off in an opposite direction. By dint of much labor we got it all together again and at length arrived at our own house about four o'clock being very tired and exceedingly hungry. The dinner was ready however and we got a loaf of bread from the bakers with the wise resolve "never to move again on the first of May."

This number will probably be the last we shall publish in Flushing at present as we contemplate a change of residence for the next few months. We shall however continue to send out our paper from whatever region we may occupy, and we trust that new scenery and habits may cause it to become more interesting and original. At any rate we hope that our Flushing friends will remember us as well as we shall them, and we would modestly suggest that any conversation from this portion of the world will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.

Answers to Conundrums.

No 1. Joseph, whose brothers put him in the pit for nothing.

No 2. Because he holds the rein.

No 3. Is that or 'ar a rat?

No 4. Those who see good for nothing.

Puzzle.

A man wishes to purchase 100 chairs for \$100.00, he pays as follows.

Arm chair \$10.00

Sewing chair \$2.00

Small " \$.50

How many chairs can he purchase, and what is the price of each?

[Illustration 4]

The Woodside Gazette

July 1858

"Despise not the day of small things."

Vol. I. No. IV.

Poetry.

The Whooping Cough.

We read of painful sickness and of the marvellous [i.e., marvelous] arts

That doctors tried in ancient times to cheer their patients' hearts,

But all unsung since disease from which few can beg off,

And all unknown its pedigree—it's little whooping cough.

We are not told if in the times of Adam and of Cain,

Their children suffered with this sad & most distressing pain,

Of if when the ark floated on the ever-swelling tide

Thence is issued whoops of volume vast and most undignified.

But this we know, that in our day when hoops are all the rage

The cough attacks the young, and can e'en pay no respect to age.

From sad experience we speak, for but too well we know

This trouble that must needs attend our journey here below.

At least we thought it would have spared our editorial chair

But no alas! Our hopes were false, and e'en Litchfield air
Although it has somewhat relieved, has not performed cure,
But still one pleasure now is ours, of which we're almost sure
That when unto our native town we shall with joy return,
Our future will no more be black with this dark phantom stern
And this we wish for all our friends in cottage or in hall,
To have the whooping cough when young or have **neorat** all.

M.P.

Prose.

Litchfield and its Environs.

We arrived at Litchfield late on Tuesday evening in the month of June after a ride of several miles in the cars, and sundry bumpings and joltings in the stage coach, which we took at the station about six miles from the town. My first impression that night were not very perfect, as might be inferred from the fact that it was very dark, and my thoughts part of the time were in the land of Nod. The next morning when I arose and pushed aside the curtains from my window, the view from it was beautiful. In the south west lay Bantam lake its waters glittering in the sun, and further toward the north was the far famed Mount Tom proudly rearing its lofty summit above its companions whom it seemed to look down upon almost with an air of disdain. Still further to the south was Mount Prospect belted around with trees. In front of the house were two magnificent elms whose lofty boughs overshadowed the room where I slept. But I was obliged to attend to the duties of life and a call to the breakfast table put an end to my meditations and my admiration of the beauties of nature. That afternoon I took a walk to

Prospect Hill in the company of the senior editor of this paper. The view from the top is very fine. We went on to Echo rock which is very large, about four feet by three. Formerly it echoed seven times but since a neighboring barn has been removed it is only capable of echoing four. The next day we went to Bantam river the banks of which are very beautiful. There are two islands in the stream which are very pretty and a favorite resort. After this last jaunt we returned home a little tired it must be confessed but with excellent appetites for supper.

J.B.P.

To be continued.

A Rainy Day.

Of late years we appear to have been favored with an abundant supply of rain in the early summer; the time which of all others seems the one for pleasant weather. But it is not so now, for you get up in the morning to hear the slow ceaseless drip-drip of the rain drops, and at night when you retire the same sound is the last one that breaks upon your ear. And thus it is day after day until perchance a change of the moon indicates clear weather for about a week to be again followed by a storm. But now let us look on the bright side of the picture, and endeavor to see if even through the clouds we cannot discern a light streak to cheer us in our [researches?]. in the first place a rainy day is exceedingly nice if there is any indoor labor to be accomplished, any painting to be done, or scrap book to be filled. To be sure after a while, even these pleasures become exhausted, but we may generally find something to take their places if we only have the will. But to the pleasures of a rainy day there is one very great drawback if there are any boys in the family for then it is that they are particularly active racing to and fro and vainly seeking in the house those pleasures which they are accustomed to find outdoors. Wo be to any of those unfortunate members of the household who wish to take a nap, for no sooner to they get comfortably settled in the embrace of Morpheus, than an unsettled tramp on the stairs announces a visitor, and soon a voice is heard at the door in inquiring if they may go fishing, or

downtown, or some other equally unattainable place in unpleasant weather. Of course the answer is no, and the disappointed supplicant retraces his steps, as if his sorrow added to his weight, while the persecuted being above turns over, and endeavors to seek a little sleep. But in vain, for a noise down stairs tells but too plainly the tale of a rumpus among the juveniles, and the unfortunate nap seeker is aroused, to slumber no more for the present. To us humble travellers [i.e., travelers] in the path of editorship, however, rainy days a great blessing, for it is really wonderful how much faster we got along then, provided we fell in editing order. We at least then would be thankful for a rainy day—at all events occasionally; we appreciate the blue sky so much better after it, and the sun seems to shine all the brighter, as though cleared of its extremists, it was rejoicing in the removal of the burden. "Sufficient into the day is the evil thereof" and the rain too; therefore let us be thankful for clear weather when it does come, and make the best of that which precedes and follows it.

M.P.

Answer to Arithmetical Puzzle in the May number.

1 arm chair @ \$10
 27 sewing ""@ \$54
 72 smaller ""@ \$36.
 100 chairs @ \$100

The illustrations for this number are sketches from nature around Litchfield. The first is a faithful representation of a field of scarecrows; such a number together one seldom sees about Flushing, but it is very common near our present residence The second is a rustic tall gate on the road to Wolcottville. We think we have never saw it equal in economy and convenience, and we

must say that if we owned such a remarkable and valuable article we should certainly take out a patent for it. It was probably invented during the times of Noah or Abraham.

J.B.P.

N.B. We would call particular attention to the quiet satire upon the fair sex with their expansive and multitudinous hoops, represented in the scarecrow illustrated. It will be observed that there is a barrel with a lady's bonnet perched upon it in the left side of the picture.

Scarecrow Arrangements near Litchfield.

[Illustration 5]

A Rustic Tall gate on the road to Wolcottville.

[Illustration 6]

The Woodside Gazette

September 1858

Vol. I No. V.

Despise not the day of small things.

Poetry.

The Atlantic Cable.

Far, far beneath the billow's crest
Where fomes of the brave and lovely rest,
Where treasures vast around are spread,
Unnoticed all by the silent dead;
And quiet reigneth evermore,
Broken alone by the ocean's war,
Passes a small but mighty line
Joining two worlds in its mystic twine
And who shall tell what doubts and fears
It shall allay in future years!
Many a message it shall bear
To the merchant never free from care,
Of news to him with interest rife,
Making him happy or sad for life,
It tells the exile of friends and home,
Words ever dear to the absent one;
And kindly news from land to land
It bears o'er the ocean's hidden sand.

May it ever thrive, and love and peace
Rest with us and our sister race!
And those to come, in our behalf
Shall bless thee Atlantic Telegraph.

M.P.

Prose.

To our Subscribers.

We trust that our ever indulgent friends will excuse the delay in this number as it was unavoidable on account of the illness of the junior editor. Sickness is a thing over which we have of course no control and we find that the shakes (a feeling never before experienced) seem to have almost as much power in the quiet streets of Litchfield as in the more bustling ones of our former home. We hope that the November and probably last number will not be so behind hands, as we shall endeavor, in the anticipations of soon returning to keep off the chills, at least till the paper is out and we are once more settled in our own residence.

The Editors.

Epitaphs.

One of our Litchfield friends has kindly furnished us with some epitaphs for the benefit of those in Flushing; who, we know, will fully appreciate them. The first on the list illustrates forcibly the perils of quotation.

"The epitaph on Dr. Blow the composer in Westminster Abbey has been much admired"—"He has gone where only his harmonies can be excelled." The friends of a deceased pyrotechnist were so struck by the beauty of it that they adapted it to their friend's tombstone as follows—"He has

gone where only his fireworks can be excelled." Sir Christopher Wren was buried in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral his masterpiece. His epitaph is "Si monumentum quaeris circumspice." The doctor in a county village having died, it was though desirable to have a little Latin on his gravestone which was to stand in a central position in the village burying ground and the above having been commended by a waggish scholar the astonished traveller [i.e., traveler now reads under the doctor's name "If you seek a monument look around you!"

A widower's epitaph on his wife. "Blessings brighten as they take their light." The following is inscribed by a bereaved husband on his wife's tombstone in Northfield Mass. "Man should not be moved by these afflictions."

Epitaph from the cathedral churchyard in Glasgow.

"Here lies the corps of

Robert Bunton. John Hart. Robt Scott.

Mathew Patron. John Richmond. James Johnston.

Archibald Stewart. James Winning. John Main.

Who suffered at the Cross of Glasgow for their testimony to the covenant and work of reformation because they durst not on the authority of the then tyrants destroying the same betwixt 1666 and 1688.

Years sixty six and eighty for
Did send their souls home into glory,
Whose bodies here interred lie
There sacrificed to tyranny.
To covenants and reformations
Cause they adhered in their stations,
These nine and others in this yard
Whose heads and bodies were not spared
Their testimonies, foes to bury

Caused beat the drums then in great fury
They'll know at resurrection day
To murder saints was no sweet play.

Litchfield and its Environs Concluded.

In our last number I gave some account of the walks around Litchfield, especially those to Prospect Hill and the Bantam river. The scenery around the banks of the latter above the mill dam is also very picturesque as you glide past it in a boat. About half a mile from the dam is Sleepy Rock which derives its name from the circumstance of a youth's having landed there to fish, and being overcome by Morpheus he remained in a state of blissful unconsciousness for three hours, when he was discovered by some persons who were sent out to search for him by his alarmed and distressed family.* So much for the drowsiness of the air, which causes people to sleep even when out on excursions.

The rides around Litchfield are also many of them very fine, especially those to Mount Tom, Goshen, Lake Waramaug and around Bantam Lake. The scenery on all of them is very beautiful, particularly on the one to Mount Tom. Near Goshen is Joy Mountain which is the highest ground in the state. There is also a large cheese factory near the village, where the pineapple cheeses alone are manufactured. When we visited it there was little going on in consequence of the hard times. But the bells chiming forth their merry peals for the successful laying of the Atlantic Cable, and also an old anvil (which is used as a cannon by the patriotic inhabitants of this primitive town) have knocked all the ideas out of my head and I shall be obliged to conclude with this sentiment "Success to the Atlantic Telegraph."

J.B.P

*A Fact.

Village Items.

Several great events have happened since our arrival here, which have occasioned quite a sensation in this quiet town. Among them were the illuminations in honor of the Atlantic Cable, and also, two Pableaux parties which originated in a large boarding house next door to our editorial residence. The former were quite grand for Litchfield and North and East Streets looked very prettily but there were not enough candles in the place to illuminate South Street so it remained in a state of darkness during the whole evening. The boys had procured some fireworks which were set off on the green together with a cannon that was brought fifteen miles by the patriotic citizens. The tableaux also were very good especially the Game of Life. Among other things I must not forget to mention the painting of the two principal churches in the village, which causes them to appear to much greater advantage.

J.B.P.

[Illustration 7]