



Poetry.

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER. The ocean looketh up to heaven, As 'twere a living thing; The homage of its waves is given In ceaseless worshipping.

Select Tales.

A STORY OF TWO LIVES.

The scene was a London fireside about the middle of December. A family group were assembled round the tea-table, in the dining-room of a convenient substantial house, in a pleasant and well-estimated quarter; evidences of comfort and wealth were abundant, and perhaps a stranger would have observed that the apartment bore more the appearance of a commodious general sitting-room than of a mere salle a manger.

the will of a maternal relative, had for some joyous years followed pretty nearly the bent of their inclinations. Their according tastes had led them to travel, and chiefly in the south of Europe; and there had been fostered and cultivated the intense love and appreciation of art which seemed with both of them to be a master-passion. For a little while bright indeed appeared their human destiny. Blessed with health, youth, and fortune, they seemed free to follow art for its own pure sake, to woo it in its loftiest and noblest moods, without regard to the "jingling of guineas" or instant present fame.

William, because it was said there was an inmate of his family before whom his name had better not be mentioned. But that inmate died—the broken-hearted girl, the wife's sister: her death was a lesson of faith, and full of beauty and pathos; and there was a sweet message of love and forgiveness to be written to the absent one, which was done very gently; and yet Pembroke Ireton took no heed. Years had rolled on, William was the affluent banker-merchant, secure, humanly speaking, from the ills of fortune, when his sight—which, from an attack of inflammation experienced under peculiar circumstances in early life, had long been failing—showed the most alarming symptoms. The terrible affliction of blindness fell on him; but he bowed to it, meekly calling it the only hard trial of his happy life; and now indeed, he blessed the loving kindness which had given him so many dear ones to be eyes and hands for him.

She is the realization of the Princess Ida; I cannot accept any other countenance for her; and if you deny me, I must work from that shifting, imperfect memory bequeathed to me by two transient glances. For the love of art, do not refuse me; and if to this entreaty I may add another, it is that you will except from me the finest portrait of Mrs. Crawford that can be painted by Pembroke Ireton. "Edward, you will not refuse?" exclaimed Mr. Ireton with visible emotion. "Dear Frances, of course you will sit for this picture? and I foretell that my lonely brother will at last be restored to our knowledge and affection."

strength of his being ten years her junior, she still called a lad, and whom, soon after her own engagement, she recommended for her fellow-servant. "Hannah, what am I to have for dinner to-day?" was the prosaic question the artist asked of his cook and house-keeper. "A steak to-day, sir," she replied; "you had some chops yesterday; and to-morrow is the day for a roast-fowl." "Ah, true, true; but I expect visitors—a sitter, to whom I should like to offer some refreshment. "Cake and wine, sir—I can buy a beautiful cake at the pastry-cook?" suggested Hannah. "Hang cake and wine! No, I mean something dainty, and yet substantial—fit to offer to the queen herself."

But the second sitting was more eventful than the first had been. Now, Frances placed in the exact pose required for the great picture; and to complete the effect, a light drapery was thrown over her velvet robe, and fastened after the antique style on the shoulder. For this purpose, Pembroke Ireton selected from his stores, a rare cameo, to which belonged a history. It was one of the undoubted works of Benvenuto Cellini, and had been nearly from his day in the possession of a noble French family, whose last descendant, fleeing from the guillotine in the Reign of Terror, had rescued it, with some other valuables, to which he had added a brooch of great cost from the collector, who had received it from the noble exile's own hand; and this matchless head of Minerva—for such it represented—had, independently of the stamp of its own beauty, an authentic pedigree of its possessors. Perhaps to gratify the taste of some belle of the eighteenth century, it had been gorgeously set round with brilliants; but though these were included in the price which Pembroke Ireton cheerfully paid for the brooch, he had ruthlessly broken them away, leaving his treasure in its original chaste simplicity.

Very earnest and very honest were Mr. and Mrs. Crawford's expressions of admiration of this exquisite work, and they were discriminating expressions too, so that the painter felt that his guests understood what they praised; and his pale cheek flushed and his eye sparkled with pleasure as this sympathy declared itself. By this time the dusty cobweb-festooned parlor had been something more than "swept out." Pembroke Ireton had felt the incongruity of entertaining his beautiful guest in a lumber-room, and had taken care that needful renovations and preparations should be made; and, on this second occasion, it was with every appointment of elegance and comfort that the trio sat down to their repast. Now, a party of three, where two of the number are a really united married pair, while enjoying the ease and confidence of close companionship, are usually more animated and conversational even than a *tele a trois* party. Thus, merely as a pleasant, social meeting, this second sitting was to be marked with white in the calendar; but after dinner, when the bright fire, and the soft lamp-light, and the presence of his guests, threw a home-charm around Pembroke Ireton, to which he was little accustomed, his nature seemed to melt, and his voice modulated to a tone, as if to speak his long pent-up emotions were become a necessity to him. "Not unless I tell you a heavy secret," he exclaimed, addressing Frances, "can you estimate my gladness at discovering you, or my gratitude for your compliance with my wishes?" "I feel it an honor," replied Mr. Crawford, "that Frances should be immortalized by so great a painter. Dear Pembroke, never mention gratitude again!" "But I must," continued Pembroke Ireton with visible emotion—"I must: every one year hence might have been too late. The great painter—what a mockery! in a little while to be the desolate, afflicted old man! My friends," he added with force, "I am losing my sight—physi-



The Journal.

In the age of Newspapers, the appearance of a new one, is a matter of little interest, usually, except to those immediately concerned in its doctrines or its success. The public at large know little of, and care less perhaps, for the reasons which have called into being another member of a family already quite too large. The Journal, although a new paper, arises out of no new found necessity for something of the kind in this particular locality, but comes in to take the place of another member of its great family, which was, but is not. The *Chicopee Telegraph*, under the management of Mr. J. C. Stoever was started something more than seven years since, as a neutral, but after a year or two, changed into a political journal, and continued as such to the close of its career, on the 25th of May last.

The management of the *Telegraph* was assumed by the present publisher of the *Journal*, on the 1st of May, and the reasons for changing the name of the paper were given in the issue of the 25th. The day of publication was changed also, in consideration of the character of the occupations of the majority of the inhabitants of the town. The mills and workshops which give employment to most of our people, demand most of their time during the six working days of the week, leaving Sunday as the only day when much attention can be given to reading. It can hardly be expected that general newspaper reading will not find a place, and quite a prominent one, in the selections of this reading day. The local paper then, should have its place, and of course hope it will. But what is the *Journal* to be? We will now endeavor to answer this question, by stating our purposes and hopes respecting it.

In the first place it is our purpose to try to make the *Journal* a medium of much news, realizing how very soon the newest thing becomes old, to the mind of the impatient, restless inhabitant of New-England. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge," to the million—a thousand presses all over this broad land, send forth their daily messages, gathered from every quarter, by the aid of science, with the speed of lightning. The taste thus excited, gains new strength from that on which it feeds, and thus the thing new, the labor of head and hand to meet this demand, is something which the wonder loving public does not trouble itself to inquire after; if the morning paper follows the cup of coffee regularly, and the evening paper is found upon the table after tea, that's enough; why should thought be given to the why of all this? Wearisome days, and long sleepless nights are bestowed upon this business of furnishing news for the people, and the dizzy brain is worn in, and the oftentimes heavy heart stamped down upon the page. To this work we have not been called—rejoicing in this reflection, we address ourself to another branch of a somewhat similar line of duty—and shall try to furnish our readers from week to week, with such reading matter as in our judgment will please those who may honor us by consulting our paper, not in quest of general news, but for local items worthy of note, and for selections from the current literature of the day, and the standard works of the age.

Politically our paper will range itself on the side of those who go for the true democratic doctrine of the greatest good of the greatest number. Believing as we confidently do, in the doctrine of human progress, we shall advocate according to the measure of our ability, every principle which we consider is tending to the elevation of the masses, and the final redemption of the world from bondage, both of body and of mind.

In government we recognize the necessary machinery, whereby the will of the people is to be made effectual for the good it contemplates. That the principle use of government is to reward the services of this or that individual, who may have devoted his time or money, or both, to the elevation of some person to a position where the patronage of the State is to be dispensed, we have never yet believed, and we hope we never shall. This may be universally denied theoretically, but it most certainly is not practically.

Having hitherto supposed that the Whig party held these doctrines as a part of their creed, we have acted with them, earnestly, heartily. In our new position we shall be likely to be found where it has so long seemed natural for us to be.

At the same time, we shall endeavor to keep our mind open to conviction, and with as little prejudice as our nature will allow us to have, shall judge of the positions and acts of the different parties, and express our approval or dissent according to the view we may take, regardless of the side on which the one or the other may fall.

There being but one paper in town, we do not desire to make that one a strong partisan sheet. Our columns will ever be open

to our democratic friends, and we will try to treat them fairly and honorably, trusting they will give us the credit of honesty of intention, and acting upon that belief in the spirit of good fellowship. We shall devote a column or more weekly, to each of the departments of "Agriculture," "Sunday Reading," and "Youth," and invite contributions to any, and all of these, and to the local news of the town, its various sections. We shall try to produce a paper that will be acceptable to most of those employed in the mills. Having spent nearly ten years, (and those the very last) of our life in the employ of one of the manufacturing companies here, we feel that we are able to judge, in a measure, of their wants in this particular. We trust that we shall not look in vain to this class in our community for that encouragement and support which must ever be a source of sincere gratification.

We have thus at considerable length, indicated something of the course we have marked out by which to be governed in the management of the *Journal*. Our future must depend upon a variety of things, and our success upon the encouragement that the citizens of the town will offer to their local paper.

THE NEW HEADING.
We think our readers will agree with us in the opinion that we have secured a very neat and handsome heading for our paper. The view of the village which it represents, was taken from the north-west side of the "Sand Hill" opposite the *Chicopee Bridge*, by our excellent resident Daguerreotypist, Mr. Ripley Swift. The engraving was executed by Mr. Thomas Chubbuck of Springfield, and in our judgment in a very superior manner. Mr. Chubbuck has already earned an enviable reputation as an engraver on copper, steel and wood. There are some elegant specimens of his work, to be seen at his room, opposite the Exchange Hotel, Springfield.

OUR NEW TYPE.
From the establishment of George W. Duryee, No. 9 Spruce street, New-York, we think speaks for itself, and tells a good story of its own beauty. This may not be very modest in the type, but then, type, although not brass, are something most as hard.

We dislike to start with an apology, but circumstances render it necessary. In the first place the great amount of labor required to set up the whole paper anew, which has had to be performed amidst the repairs that have been going on in our office, has served to put us back. Next, just as we were feeling that possibly by much extra work, we should be able to publish our paper Saturday morning, as we have all along promised, and intended, our Devil, desiring to be in fashion, made a strike, leaving us to do the best we could. We didn't strike him, but couldn't help feeling that a slight operation of that kind would do something to tranquilize the disturbed state of our feelings.

Under these circumstances, our paper comes out behind time, and not exactly in the condition we had hoped. We trust our readers will overlook all imperfections, and bear with us, hoping for better luck next time.

NARROW ESCAPE.—At the head of the Canal, where the water is taken from the *Chicopee* river, to drive the mills, there is a sluice-way, crossed by a plank, over which it is necessary to pass, to go from the main land, to the house that protects the gates. The waste water in the Canal passes through this sluice into the river, below the dam; and when there is a full supply of water, the current is very strong, over a descending plank floor, which is always very slippery. The rocks where the water pours over, are very sharp and jagged, and the action of the water has produced a deep hole at this point.

On Wednesday last, a little daughter of Mr. Wm. L. Hitchcock's, aged eight years, attempted to cross the plank above spoken of—the current being strong at the time, she became dizzy, and fell into the water on the lower side, and was carried over into the river. Here she remained struggling against the current which was bearing her away, until the alarm reached the shop of Mr. Erastus Stebbins, which is situated not far from the gate-house, and Mr. Samuel H. Atherton, who is in the employ of Mr. S., ran to the spot and succeeded in rescuing her from a watery grave. The child was little injured beyond a number of bruises which she received upon the rocks, as she went over.

We have been thus particular in describing the scene of this accident, for the reason that we have been informed by the man who has the charge of the gates, that he is obliged to send children away from there, almost daily. This should serve as a warning to parents to forbid their young children from frequenting a place so full of danger.

NOISE AND CONFUSION.—The Infant Drummer, the Big Bear, and the Lord's Supper (a singular mixture by the way) lived themselves in a tent, in the middle of the street, in front of the Cabot House, one day this week, and made noise enough to frighten a good many horses, and disgust a good many people, and no one seemed to know (although a great many asked) what right they had to be there.

STRANGE FREAK OF NATURE.—We were invited into the Cabot House a day or two since, by the acting Landlord, Mr. Tuttle, to see a two-headed calf. The animal was of the male gender, and of about the usual size, excepting two perfect and distinct heads, and the necessary breadth of fore-quarter to sustain this extra appendage. We believe he was brought from some of the western towns in the county, by Mr. Adna Bates.

ANOTHER.—Mr. James Lyman has placed a bottle of spirits upon our table, but in hardly a palatable shape, for he had previously inserted therein a small chicken, having four legs. Two being all that said chick considered necessary for the general purposes of locomotion, he concluded it would cost more than it would come too to try to take care of the extras, so gave up living, as a bad job, very soon.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.—The Schools connected with the Baptist Societies of this village and *Chicopee Falls*, visited Springfield on Wednesday the 1st inst., to participate in the doings of a convention called at that place. Over 270 persons from the two villages joined in the convention. The Convention assembled in Dr. Ide's church, and listened to reports from the different schools, with statistics of the same. A fine repast was furnished the assembled multitude, (numbering more than 1200 persons) by the Springfield society, and served up in the basement of the church.

In the afternoon the annual choice of officers took place, and resulted as follows: President—E. Blake, *Chicopee Falls*; Vice President—N. Norton, *Agawam*; Secretary—Wm. Thayer, *Chicopee Falls*; Executive Committee—Rev. G. B. Ide, D. D. Thomas Dowling, and Messrs. French and Lincoln of *Chicopee*.

THE TOWN CLERK. Wm. L. Bemis, Esq., has received a few of the boxes which have been prepared by the sub-committee of the Washington Monument Association, and they will be put up in different places, for contributions. We trust that none will forget how great a debt they owe to the great and good Washington, and will add their mite, to the necessary fund for the erection of his monument.

WARREN SMITH has sent us a bottle of our favorite *Saratoga Water*, from the now becoming celebrated "Empire Spring." The "Empire" will soon vie with the "Congress" in popularity. Mr. Smith has a fresh supply of the above water on hand, and does not suffer his stock to run out.

BOOK NOTICES.—Putnam's Monthly, Living Age, Arthur's Home Gazette, Ladies' Wreath, Forrester's Boys and Girls Magazine, and the School Fellow, are all upon our table, and should receive more of our attention this week, but impossible.

Communications.

[Correspondence of the Journal.]
Boston, June 3d, 1853.

FRIEND CHILDS.—Since the date of my last letter, the Convention has made some progress in the business before them. Contrary to the intimation in my first letter, that the Convention would be delayed by the Committee; several of these bodies were ready with their reports before the preliminary questions of organization were fully settled. The first important amendment which came up for discussion, was the organization of the Senate. The Committee to whom this subject was referred was ready at an early day with a report contemplating some important changes in that branch of the government. It provides that the Senate consist of forty members, to be chosen from single districts of nearly equal population and contiguous territory,—that they be elected on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November annually; and that they have power to adjourn for a term not exceeding three days at any time within the session. A majority is to constitute a quorum for business, but a lesser number may adjourn from day to day and compel the attendance of members. All other matters are to remain as provided for in the old Constitution. This report was adopted in the Convention by a vote that indicates a general satisfaction, and leaves no doubt that these changes will be engrafted in the Constitution to be presented to the people by this Convention.

An effort was made during the debate to substitute the legal voters as the basis of Senatorial representation instead of population, but it made little show except in the matter of speech-making, and here the struggle was long and earnest, but of no general interest. One question however, of universal interest and unmeasured importance to the whole community entered largely into, and indeed constituted the soul of the whole debate. This was no less than the abstract question, what constitutes the people? This question was asked and reiterated, and an answer loudly demanded. Answers attempted were numerous; though so diverse in character, that the cry was still who are the people? In the opinion of some gentlemen, the responsibility of the government rested on the legal voters; they alone were represented, and therefore constituted the people; others disposed to improve on this argument, thought that those only who voted for the successful candidate were represented, and of course they constitute the people. But there were men of more comprehensive vision who thought that rateable polls and tax payers were to be included, while others audaciously comprehended women and children,—little children forsooth, in that debatable body, even though not allowed to vote. Each debate appeared to circum- scribe the popular element within the limits of personal or local interest, and wished to drive down the best bargain possible as a Constitution maker. The principle seemed to be that coinci-

dent purpose and local advantage were the criterion by which they ascertained who were the people. Altogether the debate was neither interesting to hearers, nor creditable to the speakers in a body convened for the grave purpose of amending the Constitution of the State.

That part of the Constitution which relates to Governor has been reported upon by the Standing Committee, and considered in Convention. The result of the debates and votes indicate that the property qualifications will be stricken out, and perhaps the requisition that he shall be thirty years old added. In all other respects the requisite qualification will be as in the old Constitution. In regard to his duties they will depend on the action of the Convention in other matters. The reports of Committee contemplate important changes in the apportionment to that office and consequently in its duties. But all this is deep in the future, and probably will vanish in fog. The proposition to dispense with the Council in the form of a report of the committee to whom this subject was referred, and is every way worthy of its fraternity, which I take to be the great soldier of fortune. There is also an effort in progress to strike the office of Lieutenant Governor, and these matters are now blending in the discussions of the Convention. But the end is not yet.

[Communicated for the Journal.]
WOMAN AND HER WISHES.
AN ESSAY: INSCRIBED TO THE MASSACHUSETTS CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION. BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. MINISTER OF THE WORCESTER FREE CHURCH. "Millions of throats will bawl for civil rights;—No woman named." TENNYSON

Such is the title of a pamphlet which I would like to call the attention of your readers. Smart little squibs are daily being exploded by facetious editors against the movement for reform in regard to the legal and conventional rights and wrongs of woman; very small wit about wearing the trousers and going to the polls while the husbands stay at home to tend the babies; thread bare fun about crowing hens and stale moralizing concerning the appropriate sphere of the female sex, sometimes running into poetical rhapsodies on the tender, confiding, shrinking delicacy that is so lovely in the gentle creatures who are born to be the mothers of men, to grace the homes, mitigate the hardships and mollify the natures of the superior beings for whose good they and all the rest of creation exist. Beyond this subject gets but little notice from the newspaper press, and so of course, from that large class of persons who either lead or are led by that mighty controller of the public sentiment.

But here is a little pamphlet, of quite a number that have appeared of late, to show that some smart things can be said on the other side. Mr. Higginson accomplishes a great deal more than this. He brings a strong force of common sense, backed up by the heavy artillery of facts, enough to sweep away the greater part of the ridicule most current against this reform.

There are several ways by which the agitation of this subject is likely to do good, though it should never produce any result in legislative action. It may awaken woman to higher aims for her self-culture and usefulness, and give to both sexes a juster notion of the true dignity of womanhood.

Our young women should be enlightened to see the degrading character of a great part of the attentions and homage offered them by the other sex. If they understood their own nature and capacities, they would not be content to become by turns the petted playthings and menial drudges of men. To a great extent it is undoubtedly their own fault that this is so; but back of that lies the general misconceptions, the unjust exactions and disabilities of our laws and social customs.

To show what woman may be, and what it has been appropriate and praiseworthy for her to be, Mr. Higginson refers to the long list of illustrious scholars of the female sex who gained immortal fame from the time of Ancient Greece to those of our own day. The public lecturers and Royal secretaries who were among the chief conservators of learning during the dark ages. Among these was Ayesha, daughter of Ahmed ben Mohammed ben Kadim, of Condova, who was reckoned the most learned woman of her age, in poetry, mathematics, medicine and other sciences.

In the words of the Moorish historian, "She was beautiful like the rising sun, fine and slender like a young aloe bending its head to the Southern breeze; if she ran, she looked like an antelope disappointing the sportsman by her rapid flight; and if occupied in study or meditation, her eyes resembled the soft and melting eyes of the gazelle, looking from the top of the rock upon the burning sands of the desert. She was a well of science, a mountain of discretion, an ocean of learning." This was the Arab definition of what enlightened and chivalrous Anglo-Saxons would call factiously a "blue stocking" or, more seriously, "an unsexed woman."

I cannot make a better use of the space allowed me in your columns, than by giving some further extracts upon the essay before us. Speaking of the evil results from the want of an aim in the education of young women he remarks: "Nothing can hide from me the conviction that an immortal soul needs for its sustenance something more than visiting, and gardening, and novel-reading, and a crochet-needle, and the occasional manufacture of sponge-cake. Yet what else constitutes the recognized material for the life of most 'well-educated' young ladies from eighteen to twenty-five—that life so blameless and aimless." "It is a sad thing for me," said an accomplished female teacher, in my hearing, "to watch my fine girls after they leave school, and see the expression of intellect gradually fade out of their faces, for want of an object to employ it." "Why do you dislike to leave school?" said one young lady once, within my knowledge, to another. "Because I shall then have nothing to do," she answered. "Nothing to do?" was the astonished reply; "why, there is plenty to do; cannot you stay at home and make pretty little things to wear, as other girls do?" "But don't care for that," pleaded the spirited and thoughtful maiden; "I don't think I was created and educated merely to make pretty little things to wear."

own it to me; unless I give up painting, I shall be blind in two or three years." "Then," exclaimed Frances in a thrilling tone of entreaty—"then, in pity to yourself, paint no more; cease from this hour. What is art to sight?"

"Never!" replied the painter vehemently. "For Art, long years ago, I gave up more than life and sight, though in my young, hot enthusiasm, I knew not what I relinquished; and to the last, Art shall have me—it claims every drop of my being."

"Pembroke Ireton has done enough for fame," said Mr. Crawford. "Fame! Art has been my mistress; if she brought her handmaidens, Fame, could not help it. It is a noisy busybody, hindering as often as helping. But life is not long enough to do true service to Art. Surely I do not grade a pair of eyes, that have been but treacherous servants since, five-and-twenty years ago, were exposed to two nights and days to the glare of Alpine snows. You wonder at this, my sweet young friend; it is the brain that paints, not the eye and the hand."

But Frances was overcome by a deeper emotion than wonder. That same perilous journey of early life which had laid the foundation of her father's affliction, had similarly affected the twin brother; and thus that apparently inseparable pair, whom yet strange circumstances had divided, seemed still to be mysteriously united by a common misfortune. "I am not wondering," she replied, trying to speak calmly; "I am only sorrowing, and thinking of a strange coincidence. My own dear father is blind—thus afflicted in consequence of a similar accident to yours—being lost in the snows of Switzerland when traveling in his youth in search of grand scenery."

"How strange!" mused the painter. "You must know him," continued Frances in trembling tones; "you are formed to be—friends, companions to each other. Ah, you must know my father; he, too, loved Art most dearly." "And now?" asked Pembroke Ireton. "He is happy, though blind," returned the daughter, with a sort of cruel triumph towards her hearer—"happy, because our love, that seemed before too vast for increase, still grew as his sight waned; and the wealth of the heart outweighs the wealth of the senses. It seems to me a beautiful dispensation of Providence, that this heavy affliction has fallen where every surrounding circumstance lightens and alleviates it. Had my father been lonely and childless, how much more terrible would have been his lot!"

There was a minute's silence. With the morbid sensitiveness of a recluse, and the keen perception of one who, if only for the purposes of his art, had been accustomed to anatomize the passions, Pembroke Ireton shrank from a display that might have brought about "a scene." Stilled sobs made thick his breathing, and assuaging tears were rising to his eyes, but he controlled these evidences of emotion, and suddenly, and with a sort of set phrases, changed the discourse. "Your father must indeed be a happy man," he exclaimed with forced calmness; "despite his bereavement; yet had I known, dear madam, that my selfish outpourings would have led to this sorrowful subject, indeed I would have refrained."

"Nay," replied Frances, "not wholly warm sympathy, a consolation to you?" "I am not sure—perhaps not. do not think me ungrateful; but I will not speak of my own trouble again. A little more wine, Mrs. Crawford; pray, half a glass, and let me prepare an orange for you." A resolute host can always give the tone to conversation, and whatever were Pembroke Ireton's faults, want of resolution was not one of them. Thus he once more drew round the discourse to anecdotes of travel and art; a portfolio of curious engravings was brought forward, and shown to his appreciating guests; and the marvellous Cellini cameo was once more admired, and the effect of the *relievo* examined by lamplight. Frances was holding it; but after one or two attempts to return it into the artist's own hand, she laid it on the table. After a little while, the owner took it up; but he seemed awkward and confused, as if he knew not what to do with it. Presently he stammered out: "If Mrs. Crawford would do me the favor to accept this *Minerva's* head, as a slight memorial of these sittings, I should be more gratified than I can express."

"So valuable a gift!" exclaimed Frances. "Indeed, you do me too much honor, are too generous; how can I accept it?" "I must appeal to you, Mr. Crawford," returned the painter, "to use your influence, and not to disappoint me. I know no one else worthy to wear such a gem." "It is a magnificent gift," replied Mr. Crawford, "and it would be churlish indeed to refuse the acceptance of it. Yet you lay us under deep obligation." "I am obliged," said Ireton, passing the cameo to Frances. "I can fancy it is so important enough to know that it has only now found its true mistress."

"If I wear it though," said Frances, holding forth her hand, and grasping that of the artist very warmly, "it must be on a coalition." "Any that you please." "Only that you dine with us on Christmas day, to meet dear papa," and Frances smiled as only the Ida could. "You are most kind; I shall be proud and happy. But, ah me!" continued the artist, "I had nearly forgotten: you must have the stones that belong to the brooch, in case you prefer the sittings; I do not; perhaps you will like them, though, for a ring or a clasp, and they are utterly useless to me;" and while he was speaking, the artist pulled out the drawer of a cabinet, in which, among ends of string and sealing wax, old coins, steel pens, worn pencils, bits of India-rubber, and heaps of other heterogeneous refuse, there rolled about some twenty or thirty large diamonds of the finest water.

Frances Crawford was used to costly ornaments and elegant attire, and had diamonds of great price in her jewel-box at her service; it was not acquisition of gems now offered to her that touched her heart or affected her to tears. But she instinctively felt that, despite his early errors, this estranged uncle had a fine rare, for no look or cranny of it eschewed a meanness. And it is surely one test of nobility, when a man approaches fifty, and is independent, but yet never sacrificed his soul to the vice of the old and successful—avarice! Such thoughts as these, through Frances Crawford's heart

and seemed well-nigh to deprive her of speech; all she could utter was, in a trembling voice, this strange rejoinder: "You would dine with us on Christmas-day, 'o meet papa?"

"O yes, of course with pleasure," replied the artist; but the changes which passed across the beautiful face he had studied that day for hours could not be unobserved by him, and though without a suspicion of the truth, his curiosity was aroused, and he said smiling: "May I ask who your father is? Perhaps an old acquaintance, or some patron of art, whom I ought to know? I need hardly say, I asked no questions of your groom save your name and address."

There was again a pause, the painter wondering what could have occurred to cause the agitation he perceived; yet amid all, congratulating himself at having caught a new expression for his *Ida*. "Pardon me," he continued, "if I have given pain: if this is to be an acted charade, I can await the solution." "We meant it so," said Frances; "but I find I cannot act out my part. Ah, you have promised, and you will not recant?"

"The name!" asked Ireton, still smiling for the fancy possessed him that it was some rival painter whom he was to meet, and towards whom rumor had fabricated some story of jealousy or envy. "William Ireton," said Frances very softly, yet looking, though timidly, at her uncle as she spoke. "His eyes drooped beneath her gaze, and he sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. The sobs that once before that evening had been stifled, refused again to be driven back, and the large tears dropped through his fingers. Even Edward Crawford's manly spirit was moved, but he felt himself powerless to act in the drama which was going forward. Frances, too, was weeping freely now, but not tears of sorrow. She approached her uncle, and moving his hands from his face, as she stooped over him, printed a gentle, loving kiss upon one of them. Her action broke the spell of coldness and restraint. Pembroke Ireton wound his arms round his young relative, drew her tight to his heart and kissed her cheek with parental fondness. All the said was: "And you must be my child henceforth—always."

It was enough. Frances laughed amid her own April tears, and wiped away those of her uncle herself, parting the thin locks which had fallen over his forehead, as she might have done the rich tresses of a pet child. Oh, how those gestures of tenderness went to the heart of the lonely man, who had once thought the intellect alone to satisfy the mighty yearning of humanity! Still holding Frances by his side, Pembroke Ireton stretched out his hand to her husband, saying, with a sort of cheerful happiness: "A trick; but I forgive you, for it has made me a new man. Only remember, she is mine as well as yours; you must let her be my daughter."

"But, Uncle Pembroke," replied Frances, and the words ran together as if they had been often coupled—"if Uncle Pembroke, you will have to love Bessy and Lotty, and my tall brother Herbert, and Willy and Little Charles." "Ah, but they can never be *Idas*!" "Shall you wait till Christmas-day?" asked Frances in a whisper. "No, the sooner the better." "Why not to-night?" asked Edward Crawford. "Why not, indeed? I am feverish—restless till it is over?"

Again the family group are seated round the blind merchant's fireside, only now the tall brother who is succeeding him in his business of the party. Again the knock at the evening hour, so unusual a time for chance visitors; again the quick ears of the blind man recognize well-known voices, and he exclaims: "Frances and Edward—but they are not alone. If—if—it should be—"

And then the door opens, and in a few brief moments the brothers, separated for five-and-twenty years, are face to face. "At this instant, there was something curiously 'regal' in the deportment of Frances Crawford. The artist's quick appreciation of her qualities had been true and deep; whenever it seemed to her worth while to lead or to govern, she did so with an authority that became her so much, and which she assumed so naturally, that no one ever thought of disputing it. Accordingly she passed her arm through that of the tall brother, and motioning to the younger children to follow, led them out of the room before they had time to question her will.

"Now, stay up stairs till you are wanted," she exclaimed with her beautiful smile; "and don't detain me with questions, for they cannot do without me a moment longer. Ah, Edward!" she continued, seeing her husband and her mother close by, "that is right; take dear mamma into the little drawing room. I know," and this Frances whispered to her husband—"I know mamma is thinking of my namesake, and I give you the charge to melt her to forgiveness." Then retracing her steps, she gently opened the door of the dining-room. "It is Frances," said her father. Come in." "My *Ida*!" exclaimed the artist almost simultaneously with the other. "Yes, come to us."

The blind father was leaning one elbow on the chimney-piece—a favorite and familiar attitude with him—while the other hand rested on his brother's shoulder; for Pembroke had sunk into a chair that stood near. The light of a shaded lamp fell softly on the two countenances, showing them in full relief; and Frances was almost startled at the different expression which shone through features singularly alike in their outline. That placid expression, so often remarked in the blind, seemed ruffled, it is true; but rather as a clear stream is stirred by the summer breeze in the summer sunlight, and so shines the brighter, by any harsher cause. He looked ten years the younger of the two.

thus again their hands met, and most fitly as it seemed. Frances laughed merrily, but releasing herself from this somewhat awkward embrace, kept firm hold of a hand of each.

"I see clearly," she exclaimed with mock gravity, "that there is no such thing as contentment in the world; and this, I suppose, because the prizes in life are more fairly divided than we would have them. Here is Uncle Pembroke, with a fame not second to that of any living painter; that is his price. You, dear papa, have drawn from fortunes wheel a wife that dotes upon you, and a quantity of unruly children, that always have their own way, and only pay you back for their indulgence by a vast amount of love—Uncle Pembroke thinks you prize the more precious of the two, and, ridiculous as the idea is, we must humor it, I suppose."

"It is hardly kind to say that he is right," exclaimed the blind man with much feeling. "But it is true," sighed the artist.—"Princess! I hear but to obey." "Of course. But if I consent to be your child, and papa and Edward give me away to you, it is to be quite understood that the whole family shares in your artist-glory. Henceforth, we are all to walk inches taller, in fact, as if we wore high-heeled shoes—which our pride in you will constitute."

"I have felt pride in Pembroke's genius all my life," exclaimed Mr. Ireton, "and I am thus the richer of the two." "But not the pride, open, joyous, and triumphant we shall feel now. Half our acquaintances do not know of the relationship; and, by the way, I must now revise my visiting list, and Frances tossed back her head, as if she were rehearsing the part of a newly-made duchess.

Beneath her playful manner she had spoken truths, which brought a host of healing influences with them—truths, too, which bridged over all the rough places of the reconciliation. It was said that Francis Crawford had never acquired a nick-name; but it is the case no longer, for her husband and her uncle at least call her "*Ida*," and in their merriest moods, address her as "*Your Highness*." This is not to be wondered at, seeing that Pembroke Ireton has already painted three pictures of the "*Princess*," contriving by the way, to introduce the heads of Lotty and Bessy among his "*violet-hooded doctors*." This, however, is all that he has done for a long time, for the entreaties of affection have prevailed, and he spares his eyes as much as possible, and follows the instructions of his medical advisers, who give him more hope than he before entertained of preserving the blessing of sight. Once more the brothers are fondly united; and the past is not always a prohibited subject. Pembroke Ireton confesses his belief, that with the fulcrum of domestic happiness, he should have achieved even greater things in Art than he has done; that, as the heart withers, the intellect contracts; and that no belief in a vocation is any real excuse for the omission of one near human duty; moreover, that the Human Life is the fountain of inspiration to poets and painters, and that to act poetry, is far nobler than to write or paint it. Long years of loneliness were the penalty of his former fatal mistake; but through his brother's family the blessing of domestic life.

POLICE REPORT.

Commonwealth vs. John Kinney.—Coram, William L. Bemis, Deft. was arrested by officer Converse, on complaint of Mary McCarty, for malicious mischief in cutting down a clothes line belonging to complainant. After hearing witnesses on part of prosecution and defense, the court decided that the prosecution was maintained and fined Deft 50 cts. and cost. Stems for Commonwealth, Severance for defense.

James Lyons, John Lyons, John Murphy, William Cronin and Timothy Tuell were arraigned before Justice Smith, on complaint of Levi Bradley, for stealing sugar from the cans in this town. John Murphy was discharged in default of evidence. James Lyons was discharged on account of extreme youth, and the others found guilty and paid 50 cts. each and costs. Severance for prosecution.

Patrick Dimen was brought before "his honor" Justice Bemis, by officer Wheeler, by virtue of a warrant issued upon complaint of Amory Doolittle, for an assault upon him as an officer. Deft. plead guilty and was committed to jail for want of sureties for his appearance at the next Criminal term of the Court Common Pleas to answer to the charge. Stems for prosecution.

William Burns was brought before Justice Smith by officer Doolittle to answer to a charge of assault upon John Young, and was found guilty and fined \$1.00 and costs. Severance for prosecution.

David Tuell was arrested by officer Dodge and was brought before Justice Smith for stealing from Phillip Brady in a dwelling house, ninety dollars in money. He was heard in defense and the Court decided that the evidence was insufficient to hold to bail and he was discharged. Stems for Commonwealth, Severance for defense.

Edward Young was brought before Warren Smith, Esq. by constable Wheeler, on complaint of Elam Mills, for assault and battery. Young plead guilty and was fined one dollar and cost. Severance for prosecution.

June 1. David Tuell was brought before his honor, Justice Bemis, by officer Doolittle, upon complaint of Peter Gilligan, who complained that Deft would kill him or do him bodily mischief. A hearing was had and the court decided that the complaint was sustained, and ordered him to recognize with sureties to keep the peace for six months, and pay costs of prosecution, which he did. Stems for prosecution, Severance for defense.

June 4. Daniel Manning came before the court, by virtue of a warrant served by officer Doolittle, and issued by Justice Smith, on complaint of John Reardon, charging him with an assault upon Reardon, with a battery. Evidence was introduced on both sides. The counsel then objected, that it did not appear when the crime was committed. The Court sustained the objection and the Deft was discharged. Stems for defense.

YOUNG... The first lessons usually impressed upon a girl... the object of her instruction is to make her more pleasing and ornamental; but of her brother's to make him more wise and useful.

It is strange to see that when men try to rise highest in their advice to women, they seldom rise beyond this thought, that the position of woman is but secondary and relative.

That boy on yonder bench may be a Washington or a Marshall. That fair-haired girl may be [what?] not a Guion or a Roland, an Edgeworth or a Summerville?

But the question of employments, important though it is, is still a secondary one. Indeed, it will ultimately settle itself. It is not apparent that men have anything to do with it, except to secure fair play, which is less difficult here than in some other matters.

It sounds strange to American ears to hear of a woman as head of a nation. But our English ancestors, three centuries ago, living under the government of a woman, would have been equally astonished to hear of a commoner as being at the head of a nation.

Mr. Childs is the desire of some of your many friends to express their kind regards to you, for the very faithful and courteous manner in which you have discharged the various duties devolving upon you in the relations you have sustained to them.

With the donors these are no unmeaning words, but the honest expression of our hearts; and not ours alone, for humanity everywhere pays homage to attributes like these; and in the name of these your friends, I present you this gift; accept it as an expression of our appreciation of the faithful manner in which you have discharged the duties of the post which you now vacate.

It is with no ordinary emotions that I meet you here at this time, my friends. There is always a peculiar interest gathered about the last time. Even in matters of comparatively trifling importance, to which our attention may have been directed for any considerable period as we approach the closing scene, there must always be reflections tinged with sadness.

There is something respectable to the frank barbarism of the old Russian nuptial consecration. "Here, wolf, take thy lamb." But we cannot easily extend the same charity to the civilized wolf of England and America, clad in the sheep's clothing of a volume of Revised Statutes—caressing the person of the bride, and devouring her property.

manifest in all that concerned me, but let me bear with me my new field of labor, the cheering assurance that I have some warm friends in the world, and none more so, than my old associates, on the Down.

The Spiritual Telegraph gives a full account, by a reporter for another paper, of a passage on Friday evening last from Mr. Partridge of said Telegraph and one "Professor" J. H. Anderson, a juggler, who pretends to expose the "Spiritual Rappings" as a part of his evening's entertainment.

But the great anxiety, after all, seems to be for the dinner. Men insist, like the German Jeap Paul, on having a wife who shall cook them something good. I confess to some sympathy with these. I, too, wish to save the dinner. Yet it seems more important, after all, to save the soul.

Woman, as a class, may be deceived, but not wholly depraved; society may impair her sense, but not her self-devotion. Her foot has been cramped in China, and her head every where; but her heart is uncramped.

Mr. Partridge has had enough of Professors of Jugglery, &c., but he authorizes us to state that he, with Mrs. Brown and her sister, are not only willing but desirous to appear before any competent and impartial committee of citizens whose conclusions will command general respect, and there submit this whole matter of "Rappings," or whatever it may be termed, to a patient and searching investigation.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber, will find it a melancholy truth, that thousands fall victims to consumption every year from no other cause than neglected colds; yet we find hundreds, say thousands, who treat such complaints with the greatest indifference, and let it run on for weeks, and in some instances, without thinking of the danger. At first, you have what you consider a slight cough or cold; you allow business, pleasure, and other avocations to run on giving it any attention; it then settles upon your chest, you become hoarse, have pain in the side of the chest, a difficulty of breathing, coughs, and in some cases, a profuse and bloody expectoration.

WEEKLY JOURNAL. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER. J. R. Childs, Editor & Publisher. OFFICE IN THE ROOM UNDER CABOT HALL.

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MILLINERY. MRS. HUBBARD will return from New York in a few days with Fashionable Summer Millinery.

THE NEW STORE. WILSON & CO. ARE daily opening NEW GOODS. We have now in Store the largest and best assortment of DRESS GOODS.

Carpets. THIS DAY received from New York Auction—100 ROLL LINEN CARPETING for 17 cts. per yard.

NOTICE. MARY ANN, the wife of the subscriber, having, without just cause, left his bed and board; this is to notify all persons that no debts will be paid by him.

NEW BOOK I ndery in Springfield. H. S. TAYLOR has opened in connection with his Printing Office, a Book Bindery, for the manufacture of all kinds of Blank Books, and the binding of Periodicals, &c.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS. HAVING made different arrangements in business, it becomes necessary that all notes and accounts due me should be paid forthwith.

REMOVAL. THE subscriber owing to the large increase of business, and for the better accommodation of his customers, has removed to the new premises, and commenced business at No. 27 Exchange Street, Chicopee, Mass.

FIRE WORKS. SANDERSON & LANERGAN, PYROTECHNIST TO BOSTON. ATNA LABORATORIES.—East Cambridge & South Reading, Mass.

HERE IS YOUR REMEDY. HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT. A MOST MIRACULOUS CURE OF BAD LEGS, AFTER 13 YEARS SUFFERING.

A DREAMTOLD BAD BREAST CURED IN ONE MONTH. Extract from a Letter from Mr. Frederick Turner of Philadelphia, Pa., dated Dec. 13th, 1850.

To the Citizens of Chicopee, AND ALL PURCHASERS OF READY MADE CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, Boys' and Children's Clothing, &c.

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NOTICE. JOHN S. DODGE, Dealer in FISH AND OYSTERS. M. J. SEVERANCE, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

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MONEY SAVED IS MONEY MADE! POLKA PROCKS, a new article, for sale at Boston One Price Clothing Store, No. 5 Merchant's Row, Chicopee, Mass.

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