

Poetry.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

Night's shadows rest upon the plain, While sunlight crowns the low rising hills...

Select Tales.

COUSIN LETTY.

"Is this the highest?" asked a lady, making her way amongst a knot of idlers...

"It is all over with us," "Oh!" exclaimed an affected young miss in the fourth corner, strangely reversing her little knowledge of traveling...

Mr. Leslie now discovered that his patient was going to Chestnut-Cottage, just in the suburbs of the town where he resided...

as they passed through the principal street of the little town, Letty excited almost as much admiration as the more youthful beauty of Mary Middleton.

"Why—why is he not considered clever?" asked Letty. "Oh, very," he replied, "and highly esteemed. He supports an aged mother and a poor blind sister by his practice, which, however, they say, yields but a meager income."

"But my poverty has made me so fearful, mother, lest my motives should be attributed to mercenary views, that I have scrupulously avoided every opportunity of eliciting her sentiments towards me—I doubt even whether the devotion I feel can justify my supposing that any woman would consent to share my poverty?"

"A hindrance, mother! Rather than you should think so, or that my present project should give you one pang, the words that were to decide my fate forever shall remain unspoken. Though her love is a blessing I covet above all others; I will forego the chance of obtaining it. I tell you mother, there is not any sacrifice I would not make to secure your happiness and that of my dear helpless sister."

ment is somewhat severe; but suppose Mary loves him as— I do!—Oh, then, tis far better that I should suffer, than that her young heart should be wrung by any preference for me; and let me be thankful that he does not even grieve at my folly. Just at this moment, Cousin Letty, whispered the sweet voice of Mary, as she knocked for admittance. "Heaven help me!" ejaculated Letty, as unable to frame any excuse for refusal, she summoned up courage to open the door for her young and unassuming rival. "Dear Cousin Letty, that you will be glad to hear Mr. Leslie— But you look sad, cousin, what is the matter?" "Nothing but fatigue," said Letty, forcing a smile. "I think Mary, I can guess what you have to communicate. Mr. Leslie has declared his love for you, has he not?" "Ah, he told me you knew all," said Mary, "and were his friend; but I would not listen to him until I had your sanction, dearest Letty."



WHIG NOMINATIONS.
FOR GOVERNOR,
EMORY WASHBURN,
OF Worcester.
FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,
WILLIAM C. PLUNKETT,
OF Adams.
FOR SENATORS,
Hampden County—JOSEPH L. REYNOLDS
OF Monson; **EDWARD SOUTHWORTH** OF West Springfield.

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.
V. B. PALMER is the Agent for this paper in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and is duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His receipts will be returned on request. His office is at No. 22 Broadway, Boston, Tribune Building, No. 150 Nassau Street, New York, and 10 State Street, Boston.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION.
Shall proposition Number One, containing the Preamble, Declaration of Rights and Frame of Government, stand as the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts?

The above is the first question put to the people of the Commonwealth by the Convention. As we stated last week, this proposition includes fourteen chapters, and is intended to be a complete Constitution, in and of itself, so that if the people adopt it, and reject all the other propositions, the old Constitution will be entirely swept away and the several subjects embraced in this proposition will take its place. Is it then better for us to keep the old Constitution than to accept the new? Will the varied interests of the whole people be better guarded and protected by the proposed instrument than by the one under which we have become a great and prosperous Commonwealth? Does the new Constitution come up to the expectations of the people, or to the spirit of the age? Now it seems to us that, in considering these questions we ought to be governed by the most enlarged and liberal views for we are acting not for ourselves alone, but for posterity. The Constitution of a State is the basis upon which it stands, and of all laws, and should be as near perfection in all its provisions as it is possible for man or a body of men to make it. We have carefully and we think candidly compared the propositions of the Convention with the present Constitution, and we are led to the conclusion that the old is better, less defective and more democratic than the new. We willingly admit that the present Constitution needs revision in many important particulars, such as were pointed out by the coalitionists before the Convention was called, and such as were embodied in the resolutions of the last Whig State Convention, and we are in favor of such amendments. Some of these amendments are found in the new instrument, but they are so overloaded with obnoxious provisions and unequal and unjust systems that we cannot consent to vote for them. We cannot consent to change the foundation of the government, and make it on the whole, worse than it now is, for the sake of obtaining a small improvement in one of its parts. When we have a new constitution, let us have an improved one. The principal evil in the present constitution, or at least the one which had the greatest influence upon the people in inducing them to vote for the convention, is the basis of representation.

The friends of the convention went to the people with the declaration, that the system is unequal and unjust. They declared that any system which gave towns or districts a representation only part of the time, was anti-democratic and could not be founded upon sound principles. They said, and said truly, that if a town was entitled to representation one year in ten, it had the same right for the other nine years, and they promised the people that if a convention should be held such a system should be adopted. They further declared that the House of Representatives ought to be made smaller, and promised to reduce it if they could have the opportunity. Have they remedied the evil? Far from it. Instead of reducing the House, they have increased the number of representatives from 372 to 405. So that if the system is adopted, Massachusetts will have a larger House of Representatives than the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois together. Most Massachusetts with a little over 700,000 square miles of territory, and less than one million inhabitants, have a larger number of law makers than all four of the above named States which contain over 180,000 square miles, and more than eight million inhabitants. Yet such is the proposition. But this, though a most ridiculous feature, is not the worst one.

The proposed system gives to less than one third of the people of the State a majority of the representatives, so that instead of a majority controlling the Government, the old Democratic maxim will be reversed and we under the new Constitution, would be subject to the will of the minority. In How can it be possible that a sane man can advocate such a monstrous doctrine at this age of the world. And this is not to be a mere temporary provision, but it is to endure for all time and to continue to grow worse and worse, till it shall be rooted up by the decree of an indignant people or perhaps by physical force. Thus towns of one thousand inhabitants are allowed to have one representative, but after the first apportionment, the numbers which shall entitle any town or city to two, three, four or more representatives, shall be increased or diminished in proportion as the whole population of the State shall have increased or decreased since the last preceding apportionment.

By this system large towns will be continually losing representatives. Chicopee which is now entitled to three representatives will in 1860 be cut down to two, and so with other places now entitled to more than one; but those that have one representative lose nothing. We cannot believe the people will adopt a system founded upon such inequality and injustice. We were also promised the plurality system, but have only got it in part. The Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Treasurer, Secretary, Auditor and Attorney General, are to be elected by a majority vote, while Senators, Councilors and County Officers &c., are to be chosen by plurality. So the Legislature hereafter will be two or three warring heretofore in organizing the Government. Where is the promised improvement in this respect?

There are other things highly objectionable contained in the first proposition, which we should like to notice, but we have already exceeded our limits and must leave them untouched. And in conclusion we would ask all of whatever party, or sect, to consider well what they are doing, if they intend to vote yea upon this first proposition. The honor and good name of the Commonwealth are in issue, the dearest rights and the most precious privileges of freemen are involved in it, and we trust that no man will be so far from his duty to himself and to the cause of freedom, as to vote for a proposition so manifestly unjust and illiberal, at the dictation of party leaders.

LOOK TO YOUR TICKETS.
Whigs be on your guard! Your opponents know your strength when united, and will contrive all means to distract and divide you. See to it that you are not cheated by split tickets. **WASHBURN AND PLUNKETT!** Old Whig Banner. They are names of good and true men, men who have reached a good position by their native energy, their strict integrity, and their unflinching devotion to principle. Roll up for them a rousing majority, Whigs of Chicopee, and their election may be secured by the popular vote.

SOUTHWORTH AND REYNOLDS. Are our candidates for the Senate. Let five hundred Whigs come up from our farms, and our work-shops, and show by their votes, their confidence in their honesty and in the principles they represent. We cannot give the names of your candidates for representatives, but we ask you one and all, to stand by and elect whoever may be nominated, if they are true to your interests and those of the Commonwealth.

FORM OF THE VOTE. Below we give the form of the ballot upon the several Constitutional propositions. This ballot is to be enclosed within a sealed envelope. Let all good citizens be sure to vote No, upon the first proposition, for it hath within it, gross injustice and the elements of future discord and strife. If any one wishes to vote in favor of either or all the others, he can do so by inserting Yes in place of No.

For some time the perpetration of different villanies has denoted the presence among us of a band of deprecators. In April, the Junction Depot was broken into, in July, Crafts Store; in August, the Depot again, and later, the store of Wm. Beach in West Springfield.

October 31st, an officer learned that Luke R. Vibbard and Hiram Vibbard had been arrested in Uxbridge, for breaking up by the decree of an indignant people or perhaps by physical force. Thus towns of one thousand inhabitants are allowed to have one representative, but after the first apportionment, the numbers which shall entitle any town or city to two, three, four or more representatives, shall be increased or diminished in proportion as the whole population of the State shall have increased or decreased since the last preceding apportionment.

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CONSTITUTIONAL PROPOSITIONS.
Shall Proposition Number One, containing the Preamble, Declaration of Rights and Frame of Government, stand as the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts?
YES.
NO.

Shall Proposition Number Two, respecting the *Habeas Corpus*, stand as a part of the Constitution?
YES.
NO.

Shall Proposition Number Three, respecting the *Rights of Jurors*, stand as a part of the Constitution?
YES.
NO.

Shall Proposition Number Four, respecting *Claims against the Commonwealth*, stand as a part of the Constitution?
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Shall Proposition Number Five, respecting *Imprisonment for Debt*, stand as a part of the Constitution?
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For the election of men to the high stations of the Commonwealth has hardly been thought of. The election is at hand. The great question of new and old Constitutions has so engrossed the public mind, that the election of men to the high stations of the Commonwealth has hardly been thought of.

But the fact that we have Representatives to elect, was called to my mind this morning by the announcement that the "Coalition Democracy" of this town last night nominated for election, Messrs. Benning Leavitt, William Barnes, and Theodore Williams. One of these candidates, Wm. Barnes, who is a Deacon, and of course is expected to be backed with an scrupulous regard for pledges, promises, expressed opinions and general consistency of character as ordinary men, is in my opinion and the opinion of all with whom I have conversed, set up as a decoy for the Maine Law votes and the votes of the most rigid, exacting and fanatical of the men who preach and practice its doctrines. The whole purpose of this letter is to relate some incidents of this man's life, showing his fitness for his position and the grace with which the Deacon can ask for the "Maine Law" support. It happened that not many years ago, and at the time when the "Maine Law" was a greater test of manliness and fitness for heaven and earth than now, this same "Deacon" was nominated for Representative under what was deemed most happy auspices. Previous to the meeting of the caucus he was talked of and his opinions canvassed. A "liberal" goes to a certain Democratic "tavern keeper" who has goodly influence in the Democratic ranks, and asks him, what he thinks of Deacon Barnes. He answers that he thinks the Deacon "rather blue." The "liberal" replies, "I tell you the Deacon is all right—you go and talk with him." The "tavern keeper" refused to trouble himself in the matter, and at the caucus the Deacon was nominated, and together with many of the leading Democrats (among them the "tavern keeper") went to the Cabot House to commemorate the great event with a congratulatory "drink all round." The Deacon appeared in due time, and the party "walked up to smile" the "Maine Law" Deacon with the rest. But the Deacon perceived that the "tavern keeper" looked sour, and he thought he must satisfy him. So he went to him and said, "come Mr. Jones, let's take another drink; I am a temperance man, but then I don't think a glass of brandy hurts a fellow now and then. I keep it in my house and when I feel like it, I take a drink. I don't hold to men getting drunk, but if a man wants a glass now and then, why I say let him have it." The glasses were filled, and down went the brandy. The Deacon soon took another "horn" with his constituency, and all retired, the tavern-keeper satisfied that the Deacon was all right, and no "blue skin." Election passed, and the "Deacon" was up a "Spring River." Spring came and the Deacon thought he would make a good selection, and he goes to a Whip here, and thinks that all parties ought to unite upon the "Maine Law" men for town officers. As for himself, he was a "Maine Law" man. The whip was not an active "Maine Law" man. The whip was a "Maine Law" man. Another fall comes and a liberal Democrat runs for Representative, who, if the Deacon's story to the "tavern-keeper" was correct, was more of a temperance man than he, and the Deacon held him for not being a "Maine Law" man, and even then, and at all times, the Deacon has been accredited as an active, "worthy" "Maine Law" man.

"Maine Law men," do you put trust in the specious promise of a man who "taunt such a cussed blue skin" to the liberals. Liberal men, do you trust one who in four months after his professions of liberalism to you is a rank "Maine Law" man. Can anyone but detect the trucking two-facedness and duplicity of the "Deacon." This which I have related is all true, and told for no mean purpose, but that the true character of a man may be revealed, who asks, the suffrages of the people as a true, consistent man.

We should not admit the above communication to our columns if it related merely to a matter of personal character. But the person to whom it refers is before the public as a candidate for office, and therefore his character has become a proper subject for public discussion. On this principle we have always acted in allowing to all the liberty to make their statements concerning the fitness of any candidate for the offices to which they are nominated; when, as in this case, the author declares his readiness and ability to substantiate the charges which he makes. We would not be understood as willing to vouch for the accuracy ourselves.

TRY, TRY AGAIN.
In the month of May, 1853, a new family moved into the village of Saintes, in France. The father, Bernard Palissy, was quite celebrated for his paintings on glass. They lived comfortably and happily. Bernard was industrious, and earned enough to provide for all the wants of his family. After they had been two years at Saintes, Bernard one day saw a very beautiful cup, and was determined to make a vase similar to it, but stronger and more useful. So he went to work and mixed different kinds of earth, and kneaded it, and baked it, but it was not what he meant it should be. He laid aside the painting of glass, which had supported his family so comfortably, and spent all his time trying to make this vase, which he was very sure he could do.

Every day his family grew poorer and poorer, but he comforted himself by saying that tomorrow he should have more gold than his strong box could hold. To-morrow came, but it brought no relief to the suffering household. Many to-morrows passed away, but still the strong box was empty. His starving wife and children clasped their thin hands, and with streaming tears besought him to return to his trade; but he would not. Twenty years glided on in poverty and suffering. Bernard's hair was gray, and his form bowed, but still he thought only of his darling object. His children were scattered here and there, to earn their daily bread. His neighbors called him a mad man, a fool, and a villain.

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Suddenly, the apprentice, who had served him patiently for many years, declared he would not remain another hour. Poor Bernard was obliged to give him part of his own clothing in payment of his wages, and was now obliged himself to attend his oven. It was in the cellar, and he anxiously gropes his way down the dark staircase.

"More wood! more wood!" There is none in the little shed; there is none beside the cottage door. What is to be done? Almost wild, Bernard tears down the frail garden fence, and hurries into the fire. The flames rise high and hot, but still there is not enough. A chair, a stool, a table, whatever the frantic man can seize, is thrown into the glowing furnace. Suddenly, a loud shout rings through the heated cellar. His trembling wife hastens to obey the call. There stands Bernard, gazing in mute joy on the case so long desired, at length obtained! The news of his discovery spread far and wide. Henry III., then King of France, sent for him to come to Paris, and received him in his palace. Here he lived for many years, a rich and honored man. At length, a persecution arose against the Protestants. Bernard refused to give up his religion, and was therefore placed in prison, where he died in 1589.

Children, did you know that the invention of our common crockery cost a wise and good man so many years of toil?—*Child's Paper.*
MRS. SWISSHELM IN THE CRYSTAL.
Mrs. SWISSHELM PALACED her residence in the Crystal Palace, and is publishing in her paper, the *Pittsburg Visitor*, some shrewd and sensible criticisms on what she saw in that world of wonders. We subjoin a few specimens.

HUMAN APPOINTMENTS.
The perfection of beauty, in table ornament, is attained in a fruit dish of crystal glass, supported on the stem of an Egyptian obelisk, in chased silver, slightly relieved with burnish. It is exquisite and relieving one, after looking at the tiresome designs in the French department, where human figures bend under bread baskets, and stand with strained muscles, all day and night and the next day, and forever, holding lamps, candle, clocks, fruit baskets, and other fixings.

The habit of employing human figures in table and mantle ornaments, or in any situation where they are represented as bearing any weight, is barbaric, and must have originated in the minds of slaves or slaveholders. It might be tolerable or even agreeable to an Oriental ruler, accustomed to the attendance of a set of motionless slaves, to have the idea carried into inanimate nature, but to people with any just sense of the value of human bodies, it is excruciating to have four stand on the table holding a bread basket all the time one eats. We should never be able to take a full meal with such a thing before us, or to work beside a light similarly supported. It makes our arms ache to go into a room where the curtains are tucked back on brass rollers, screwed to the window frame, with a hand protruding through the folds, as though imploring help. In a celebrated ice cream saloon of our city, they have these fixtures, and we cannot rest while taking our cream, looking at their weary hands.

The French designs abound in these fixtures, and thus, instead of being ornamental, are painfully disagreeable. One castor given a congregation of cats, spitting and quailing below the mustard pot, and another above on the handle.

On the English ward, the human figures are small and set as in historical paintings, grouped to tell a story or recall a moral. The supporting is done by something inanimate, though always beautiful, and we shall be glad when this taste shall become universal, when the bronze and gilt men and women, who now hold candles on parlor mantels, the wooden lions that hold up pianos and fountains, the little boys, nymphs, swans, &c., that vomit water for the public amusement, and similar monster creations of diseased brains, shall rest in their graves without prospect of resurrection.

PORTRAITS OF CHINA WARE.
The China in the palace is a great curiosity. One French set has the portraits of the beauties of the time of Louis the 14th, exquisitely painted on the plates. A portrait on each plate; the value of this set is something enormous. It occurred to us that we would rather have had the painting on something intended merely for ornament, and of a more durable texture, and had the plates plain. We should hesitate very much about putting a spoonful of hot gravy right down on the face of a noble Duchess, and as to plastering madame somebody's hair with a bit of butter, and then eating it—the butter not the hair—it is, not, to be thought of.

On the side of a tea cup, one might chat with a fair mademoiselle, while sipping one's tea; but to put a lady in one's plate, and bombard her with apple sauce, hung her eyes with bread crumbs, and pollute her face with hot biscuits, is certainly treating a distinguished stranger rather badly. We have got used to bathing Chinese Mantarins, their temples and towers, bridges and boats, in one common deluge of boiling broth, but the mandarins look sufficiently verdant to pass for vegetables, and will not be more likely to resent the insult, than will their inanimate accompaniments; but these portraits, glowing with life and beauty, are quite out of place on a plate.

The machinery room is not yet fixed, and we saw nothing in motion, except a gold washer, and a sewing machine, with a young lady in gala dress attending it. We could not see the machine, for we did not like to look at her. She was one of many women we saw, who dress as for an evening party, to do business in public. A young lady sloop keeper, with bare neck and arms, face, frills, bracelets and jim cracker. Took very much as if it were she who is for sale, instead of her goods.

A young gentleman shop keeper often err in the same way, by dressing for show, and suggesting the idea of changing places, with their ribbons and getting into a case. The young lady who took parasols at the place door, had the same "look at me" appearance, and we would seriously suggest the propriety of ladies in public business, dressing in business fashion, instead of piping stage supernumeraries.

The dress worn in business hours, should always be of one color, and reach from the throat to the ankles, and wrists, without any flowing drapery below the elbows to be forever in the way. Any other ornament than a gold or silver brooch to fasten the dress should be highly discarded.

TAKE YOUR COUNTRY PAPER.
People hardly know how much they lose by not subscribing for their country paper. There are always certain matters of local interest, in which it behooves every good neighbor and citizen to be kept duly "posted up." Instead of sending away a hundred miles for a miscellaneous paper, and suited only for the general reader, every man should take first the paper published in his county and pay for it in advance; then if he has any more money to spare for more amusement, or the gratification of his taste let him subscribe for a good city paper containing able reports of popular and scientific lectures, legislative and congressional intelligence, with a general summary of foreign and domestic news, to the latest moment of going to press. Now if this is not good advice we hardly know what is. It is the way we should do; and we are not so selfish as to mourn the loss of a dozen subscribers—if it should come to that—who are perhaps leaving a fellow town man, some poor but worthy printer, to work on the weariness of spirit, for want of that generous support, which would not only cheer his heart but enable him to manage his paper all that his patrons could desire. We know something of this sad experience of those who have the control of country papers from our own connection in years bygone, with a journal of that class. It became a man to be just before he is generous, and to remember that charity begins at home.

Never subscribe for a new paper without paying for it in advance. The man who does his duty in this respect, reads his paper weekly, with increased satisfaction. Everyone knows that his greatest comfort is derived from the consciousness of having done or tried to do right; and it is certainly no more than right to pay the printer, who is constantly incurring large outlays for paper and composition, and who almost invariably pays for every article "set up" for his paper, even before it passes into the hands of the subscriber. Again we say, take your country paper, and pay for it in advance. *American Union.*

A PARODY ON THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.
License Law. This is the house that Death built.
The price of blood. This is the malt that lay in the house that Death built.
King Alcohol. This is the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Death built.
The Maine Legislature. This is the cat that cornered the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Death built.
The wholesale Liquor Dealers. These are the dogs, that barked at the cat that clutched the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Death built.
Political sentimentality. This is the ox, with the lofty horn, that looked at the dog, that growled at the cat, that muzzled the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Death built.
Vacant Jails and Poorhouses. These are the macons all forlorn, that lost their full pails by the upsetting horn, that maddened the dogs, that snarled at the cat, that pulled the screws on the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Death built.

The Tipplers. These are the men all tattered and torn, that courted the macons all forlorn that cursed not the rum, but the Anti-Rum horns that worried the dogs, that barked at the cat, that caught the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Death built.

Retail Rum-sellers. These are the priests of their masks all shorn, that wedded to, rose the malt tattered and torn, that laughed at the macons all forlorn, that lost their cream by the ruthless horns, that tortured the dogs, that frothed at the cat, that died for the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Death built.

Author of the Maine Liquor Law. This is the cock that crowed in the morn, that woke up the priests to behold themselves shorn; that can make no more victims all tattered and torn, that will need no more help from the macons all forlorn, that are now good for naught save to tell of the horn, that mangled the dogs, that were claved by the cat, that outwitted the rat, and swept off the malt, that demolished the house that Death built. *Ohio Wellington Journal.*

There is reason to fear that Samuel Hunt, known for twenty years as the Secretary of the Manufacturer's Insurance Co., Boston, has committed suicide. On leaving his home on Tuesday evening, he left behind him his watch, papers, and a note saying that his body might be found somewhere in the Back Bay, and on Wednesday morning his coat was found in the locality indicated.

A new regulation has been adopted by the druggists of this city, which is that no cigars, fancy articles or confectionery shall be sold at their establishments on Sunday.

The New York and New Haven Railroad Company has been prosecuted for crossing the Norfolk draw without stopping the train, as required by law.

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