

CHICOPPEE

Weekly

Journal.

Volume 1.

CHICOPPEE, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1853.

Number 1.

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.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee,
A beautiful and tireless hand,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour the glittering treasures out
Which in the deep birth,
And chant their awful hymns about
The watching hills of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up
From every mountain-shrine,
From every flower and dewy cup
That greeteth the sunshine.

The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wing of prayer;
They lean above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.

The forest-tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit pass'd
On nature as on men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world,
E'en as repentant love;
To the blessed breeze unfurld,
They fade in light above.

The sky is as a temple's arch,
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit-march
Of messengers at prayer.

The gentle moon, the kindly sun,
The many stars are given,
As shines to burn earth's incense on,
The altar-fires of Heaven!

Select Tales.

From Chambers' Repository.

A STORY OF TWO LIVES.

I think we are not wholly brain,

Magnetic mockeries.—In Memoriam.

—

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-esteemed 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 à manger*. Had he known also that there was a very elegant suite of drawing-rooms above, and a numerous and efficient corps of servants below stairs, he must have conjectured that there was some especial reason for the family spending the evening in the room where they had dined.

A girl of sixteen, just bursting out of childhood—with the bloom of her early womanhood rather to be guessed at than acknowledged—was presiding at the tea-table; her next sister, the junior by a year or two, was busily engaged on some wool-work, perhaps manufacturing slippers for papa; little Willy was cutting the leaves of his prize-book; and Mrs. Irton was leaning back in her arm-chair, eying the party with quiet, maternal satisfaction, and every now and then dropping some pleasant words—like flowers thrown upon a stream—into the murmuring babble of their family talk. Opposite to her, in the fellow arm-chair, sat her beloved husband, with their youngest treasure—golden-haired, blue-eyed darling of four years old—on his knee; but for the father was no longer the blessing of beholding the dear faces around him. Mr. Irton was blind, and it was on account of his bereavement that the family so often occupied the room with which he thought himself the most familiar. As the child on his knee clasped its arms round his neck, played tricks with his cravat, and showered kisses on his cheeks with baby prattle, and restless, infantile glee, there was something pathetic in the manner in which the father passed his hands across the face of the child he had never seen! The gesture was all the more touching, because it was only loving, not sad.

Willy put down his new book, and handed Mr. Irton his tea, with a gentle care not to have been looked for in a school-boy; while she of the embroidery-needle hastened to lift down baby, as the youngest was still called, from her father's knee. It was the delight of Mr. Irton's children to watch and wait upon him; and they felt jealous every time a servant approached him. At this moment there was

a loud knock and a ring at the street-door. "I wonder who it can be?" said Mrs. Irton, after a moment's pause; "we are not expecting any one this evening, and it is a most unusual time for visitors."

Meanwhile the door was opened, and the quick hearing of the blind man instantly recognized well-known voices. He exclaimed: Only Frances and Edward. I think they are inquiring if we are alone. How good of them to come round!"

The next moment, Mr. Irton's married daughter, Mrs. Crawford, and her husband, entered the room. They were a noble-looking pair; he a handsome man of about thirty, with that best air of high-breeding which is alike removed from petty affectations or cold indifference of manner, and the principal charm of which will be found to consist in its perfect ease and naturalness; this manner, as it observed, rising readily enough whenever occasion requires, to generous enthusiasm, but never betraying self-consciousness about trifles—a manner almost always demanding the rare combination of circumstances which includes nobility of character, large and clear intellect, and a worldly position that keeps far away depressing cares and anxieties.

Mrs. Crawford, the wife of three months, and barely yet one-and-twenty, must be rather more elaborately described. Considerably taller than the medium height, her finely-moulded figure was erect and yet pliant; and some inner spring of thought or feeling gave such grace to her movements, that her slightest and most careless gestures impressed the beholder with an idea of beauty. Features far more lovely than those of the passionless Greek ideal, were Francis Crawford's, though of the character to invite comparison with it; and

the same laws and follow the same impulses. But a river that glides and sparkles among flowers and meadows, parts its waters when shoals and rocks are near. So alike in person were William and Pembroke Irton, that dear friends mistook them for each other; so alike in tastes had they been, that books were common property between them; pictures, it is true, were sometimes called "mino" and "chime," but as the brothers never dwelt apart, this had little signified. Ordinary friends of the amateur artists knew not their respective drawings, though, to be sure, certain connoisseurs had lately announced that William had the true and higher genius; and yet it was William who, after a few days of wrestling thought, abandoned the pursuit of art forever.

Not so Pembroke; he had borne the loss of fortune less nobly than his brother, for he had fretted, and fumed, and reproached over it. William had buried his regrets as in a grave, and only relaxed the iron firmness of his lip when comforting and counselling his venerable and heart-broken father. Quickly, too, he had addressed his betrothed, releasing her from her vow, if so pleased her, and yet beseeching her still to love and trust him, and wait, but a little space till he could decide how independence was to be won, that he might claim her. And when, upon "this hint," her true heart replied, loosening as it did so some folds of prudery, and she crept one day invited to his side, and there, with smiles and tears, re-registered her vows, he felt and knew that he had chosen well, and that the fulfilment of near duties commonly brings about our choicest blessings.

William Irton abandoned once and for all the dreams of fame, and devoted himself to lead the Human Life—to toil diligently and cheerfully for those who depended upon him. He cheered the last days of his aged father; he married the woman he loved; he threw his talents, his energies, into business; reared the fallen fabric of mercantile honor, paid off old debts, and established a new firm of such noble repute, that its name is a synonym for upright dealing.

Pembroke, on the contrary, devoted himself to Art—that jealous mistress who, now that he had determined to live by his pencil, he discovered could bear no rival near her throne; and so he broke off his engagement with the girl whose heart was wholly his; and when William remonstrated with him on the manner in which this was done, he quarrelled with his brother, as he who is in the wrong commonly does with his reprobate. The breach widened. Pembroke once more went abroad, but failed to correspond with

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. As if to crown their felicity, these almost inseparable brothers had attached themselves to two sisters, whom they were on the eve of being united, when the fearful money-panic of 1825 shook the mercantile classes to their centre.

The banking-house of which old Mr. Irton was the head, and which was like a prop to a score of others, fell, involving countless families in its ruin; and even the private fortunes of the twin-brothers, which had been invested in the bank, shared the general fate. The elder brother, the man of business whose stern integrity had all gathered round one point of honor, bowed beneath the shock; his reason gave way, and in an hour of horror and madness, he destroyed himself. And when the absent pair, who had been recalled from Italy at the crisis of pecuniary ruin, arrived in London, they found their poor bereaved father in a yet deeper and darker agony than that for which they were prepared.

Now was applied the test to two characters which had hitherto seemed to obey the same laws and follow the same impulses. But a river that glides and sparkles among flowers and meadows, parts its waters when shoals and rocks are near. So alike in person were William and Pembroke Irton, that dear friends mistook them for each other; so alike in tastes had they been, that books were common property between them; pictures, it is true, were sometimes called "mino" and "chime," but as the brothers never dwelt apart, this had little signified. Ordinary friends of the amateur artists knew not their respective drawings, though, to be sure, certain connoisseurs had lately announced that William had the true and higher genius; and yet it was William who, after a few days of wrestling thought, abandoned the pursuit of art forever.

Not so Pembroke; he had borne the loss of fortune less nobly than his brother, for he had fretted, and fumed, and reproached over it. William had buried his regrets as in a grave, and only relaxed the iron firmness of his lip when comforting and counselling his venerable and heart-broken father. Quickly, too, he had addressed his betrothed, releasing her from her vow, if so pleased her, and yet beseeching her still to love and trust him, and wait, but a little space till he could decide how independence was to be won, that he might claim her. And when, upon "this hint," her true heart replied, loosening as it did so some folds of prudery, and she crept one day invited to his side, and there, with smiles and tears, re-registered her vows, he felt and knew that he had chosen well, and that the fulfilment of near duties commonly brings about our choicest blessings.

William Irton abandoned once and for all the dreams of fame, and devoted himself to lead the Human Life—to toil diligently and cheerfully for those who depended upon him. He cheered the last days of his aged father; he married the woman he loved; he threw his talents, his energies, into business; reared the fallen fabric of mercantile honor, paid off old debts, and established a new firm of such noble repute, that its name is a synonym for upright dealing.

Pembroke, on the contrary, devoted himself to Art—that jealous mistress who, now that he had determined to live by his pencil, he discovered could bear no rival near her throne; and so he broke off his engagement with the girl whose heart was wholly his; and when William remonstrated with him on the manner in which this was done, he quarrelled with his brother, as he who is in the wrong commonly does with his reprobate. The breach widened. Pembroke once more went abroad, but failed to correspond with

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 Irton 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.

Meanwhile, Pembroke Irton, still estranged from his brother's family, had returned to England, and was established as a painter of singular, but very high repute. His pictures brought him large sums of money, but little was really known of the artist as a man, though many and curious were the stories of his eccentricity which circulated among the lovers of anecdote and gossip.

"Bessy and Lotty can keep a secret, I suppose?" exclaimed Mrs. Crawford, as soon as Willy's last good-night was said, smiling and looking as she spoke interrogatively at the two girls.

"Sister, of course we can," replied the younger, answering for both, and seeming by her tone as if the dignity lately acquired by having officiated as bridemaid was tarnished by a doubt being entertained of her discretion.

The frequent beautiful smile parted Mrs. Crawford's lips as she observed the manner; but addressing herself more particularly to her parents, she proceeded: "Uncle Pembroke has made our acquaintance without in the least suspecting the relationship. He wants my face for his model n a grand picture he is painting;" and then, as if a sudden consciousness came upon her, that she could not describe the circumstances she had to relate without some laudation of her own person, a flush rose to her cheeks, and turning to her husband, she added: "Edward, will you tell the story as briefly as you can?"

"It is a very simple affair," said Mr. Crawford. "Yesterday we were riding on horseback in the Park, when happening to turn my head, I saw that my groom had stopped for a moment, and was in conversation with a gentleman. I fancied that something was wrong with the horse, and that the stranger had called his attention to it; and as the man galloped on after the next instant, and moreover, we met a couple of friends who joined us, the whole thing slipped my memory till this morning, when I received a letter from Mr. Pembroke Irton. Shall I read it aloud?"

As "Pray do" was repeated on every side, he read as follows:

"Sir—Two years ago, I composed a sketch of a picture illustrating of Tennyson's poem, *The Princess*, but I have delayed the completion of my design from my inability to find a living realization of the poet's ideal. Feeling convinced that my true model, if discovered at all, would be found among my countrywomen, I last spring visited those places of public resort where beauty and intellect would be likely to congregate, with my search solely in view. One night, at the Opera, I beheld Mrs. Crawford, and from that hour she has been the only Ida in the world for me. She must have sat back in the box during the early part of the evening, for it was only towards the close that I beheld her; and though I made my way to the door as quickly as possible, intending to follow the carriage home, in the crowd and confusion of the occasion she was lost to me. Since then, I have made many inquiries; but without a clue to her name or abode, how could they be other than fruitless? Late

terly, I have stolen an hour from every day's short daylight, with the hope of finding her among the equestrians in our parks; and that I succeeded yesterday, and learned from your servant your name, proves how true was my instinct. Sir, I beseech you, condescend to permit and persuade Mrs. Crawford to sit for my pic-

ture. 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

PENMBROKE IRETON."

"Edward, you will not refuse?" exclaimed Mr. Irton with visible emotion. "Dear Frances, of course you will sit for this picture? I foretell that my lonely brother will at last be restored to our knowledge and affection.

"We have forestalled your wishes," said Mr. Crawford, "by appointing to-morrow to call on him. How well," he continued, "I remember that night at the Opera! Frances did sit behind my mother, who rebuked us more than once for clattering."

"Frances is a little like her namesake, my lost sister," said Mrs. Irton, after a musing pause; "though the likeness is clearly apparent when she speaks and smiles—the tones of her voice are like too. I wonder if Pembroke will trace these resemblances, and awaken to the memories of his youth?"

II.

Pembroke Irton was accustomed to receive certain connoisseurs of art, and wealthy patrons, which by the way, he usually did with an air of indifference, that amounted to churlishness; but the visitors whom he was now momentarily expecting, aroused in his mind feelings of delight that were quite new to him. To have a true, perfect, living model for his grand picture, was the realization of one of his dearest hopes; for the man was to all appearance so merged in the Painter, that it seemed as if nothing connected with his merely human life could arouse his sensibilities in a degree to be compared with the influence of circumstances concerning his art.

It was a large, roomy house which Pembroke Irton inhabited, just on the outskirts of the now fashionable part of London. Long ago, in the days of the two first Georges, it had been the scene of many a stately festivity; its wide hall had accommodated the sedan-chair, and its staircases been acquainted with hoops and trains; the spinet and harpsichord had resounded in its chambers, where courtly-powdered beaux, sword-girded and star-blazoned, had moved in solemn minutes, with patched and painted ladies. But all these things belonged to the "long ago" of a past century; the old house had survived many vicissitudes, and now, for nearly twenty years, had been the abode of a bachelor artist. And as Frances Crawford appeared now in a robe of dark velvet, with an Indian Cashmere—whose size, though twice folded, was more than commonly ample—drawn gracefully round her, and furs of the rare, costly, peerless Russian sable, she looked, if far too lovely to have stepped—as the phrase is—out of a picture, yet notably worthy a painter's half-adoring study.

Pembroke Irton's admiration and delight showed themselves in the flush of his sallow cheek, and in the cordial grateful greeting he awarded to his guests. The occasion seemed so much less connected with the relations of social life than with the circumstances of his art, that he lost, in a great measure, the shyness which had for years been gradually increasing itself round his manners; while his early good-breeding of course prevented the iteration of personal compliments to Frances, which, added once more: "Never mind what it costs."

Possibly the last words were heard by the Crawfords as they ascended the stairs. Surely there is no costume in the world more becoming to a woman of radiant, queen-like beauty, than a rich winter outdoor attire. And as Frances Crawford

had gained her 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 sister, 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."

"Lor' sir, you quite frighten me! I haven't cooked a great dinner these twenty years."

"And I don't mean, I don't want a great dinner; only something very elegant, and very choice, to be ready about dusk—say, four o'clock. I will give you some money, and you must go to the people who supply collations. I don't care what it costs. I cannot stay to talk to you. Didn't you hear a carriage? and there's a knock.—Timothy is deaf, I think, not to open the door. And tell him to get the wine from the inner cellar—that tokay that Lord L—sent me—and hock and champagne, and the port that was laid down in '38.—Mind, four o'clock; and sweep out the parlor a little if you can. Here, take the money;" and hurrying out of the room as he put a bank-note into her hand, he added once more: "Never mind what it costs."

Possibly the last words were heard by the Crawfords as they ascended the stairs. Surely there is no costume in the world more becoming to a woman of radiant, queen-like beauty, than a rich winter outdoor attire. And as Frances Crawford

appeared now in a robe of dark velvet, with an Indian Cashmere—whose size, though twice folded, was more than commonly ample—drawn gracefully round her, and furs of the rare, costly, peerless Russian sable, she looked, if far too lovely to have stepped—as the phrase is—out of a picture, yet notably worthy a painter's half-adoring study.

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 Irton 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 *table à deux*.

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 Irton, 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

fans 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 even the dregs of my

being."

"Pembroke Irleton has done enough for

me," said Mr. Crawford.

"Fame! Art has been my mistress; if she brought her handmaiden, Fame, I

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 did not grudge a pair of eyes, that have been but treacherous servants since,

five-and-twenty years ago, they were ex-

posed for two nights and days to the glare

of Alpine snows. You wonder at this, my

sweet young friend: it is the brain that

pains, 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 Irleton.

"He is happy, though blind," returned the daughter, with a sort of cruel kindness 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 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 from the passions, Pembroke Irleton shrank from a display that might have brought about "a scene." Stifled 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 sorrows subject, indeed I would have refrained."

"Nay," replied Frances, "not wholly

warm sympathy, 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 Irleton'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 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 Irleton, passing the cameo to Frances. "I can fancy it is sufficient 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 condition."

"Any that you please."

"Only that you dine with us on Christ-

mas 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 settings; 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 dreams of great price in her jewel-box; therefore, it was not acquisition of

gems now offered to her that touched her heart or affected her to tears. But instinctively felt that, despite his early rroes, this estranged uncle had a fine nature, for no nook or cranny of it enshrouded a meanness. And it is surely one test of nobility, when a man approaches fifty, and

had the discretion to win for him

independence, has yet never sacrificed

as soul to the vice of the old and success-

ful—avarice! Such thoughts as these

through Frances Crawford's heart

and seemed well-nigh to deprive her of thus again their hands met, and most fitly speech; all she could utter was, in a tremor as it seemed. Frances laughed merrily, but releasing herself from this somewhat awkward embrace, kept firm hold of a hand of each.

"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 grooms 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 to 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 Irleton, 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 Irleton," 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 Irleton wound his arms round his young relative, drew her tight to his heart and kissed her cheek with parental fondness. All he 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 these gestures of tenderness went to the heart of the lonely man, who had once thought the intellect able to satisfy the mighty yearning of humanity!

Still holding Frances by his side, Pembroke Irleton 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—"Uncle Pembroke, you will have to love Bessy and Lotty, and my tall brother Herbert, and Willy and Little Charles."

"But, they can never be Idas!"

"Shall you wait till Christmas-day?"

"Not to-night!" asked Edward Crawford.

"Why not?"

"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."

"Our young host can always give the tone to conversation, and whatever were Pembroke Irleton'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 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 Irleton, passing the cameo to Frances. "I can fancy it is sufficient 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 condition."

"Any that you please."

"Only that you dine with us on Christ-

mas 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 settings; 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 dreams of great price in her jewel-box; therefore, it was not acquisition of

gems now offered to her that touched her heart or affected her to tears. But instinctively felt that, despite his early rroes, this estranged uncle had a fine nature, for no nook or cranny of it enshrouded a meanness. And it is surely one test of nobility, when a man approaches fifty, and

had the discretion to win for him

independence, has yet never sacrificed

as soul to the vice of the old and success-

ful—avarice! Such thoughts as these

through Frances Crawford's heart

and seemed well-nigh to deprive her of thus again their hands met, and most fitly speech; all she could utter was, in a tremor 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 life that does upon you, and a quantity of unruly children, that always have their own way, and only pay back for their indulgences by a vast amount of love."

Uncle Pembroke thinks your 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 were high-heeled shoes—which our pride in you will constitute."

"I have felt pride in Pembroke's genius all my life," exclaimed Mr. Irleton, "and I am that the richer of the two."

"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 were high-heeled shoes—which our pride in you will constitute."

"I have felt pride in Pembroke's genius all my life," exclaimed Mr. Irleton, "and I am that the richer of the two."

"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 were high-heeled shoes—which our pride in you will constitute."

"I have felt pride in Pembroke's genius all my life," exclaimed Mr. Irleton, "and I am that the richer of the two."

"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 were high-heeled shoes—which our pride in you will constitute."

"I have felt pride in Pembroke's genius all my life," exclaimed Mr. Irleton, "and I am that the richer of the two."

"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 were high-heeled shoes—which our pride in you will constitute."

"I have felt pride in Pembroke's genius all my life," exclaimed Mr. Irleton, "and I am that the richer of the two."

"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 were high-heeled shoes—which our pride in you will constitute."

"I have felt pride in Pembroke's genius all my life," exclaimed Mr. Irleton, "and I am that the richer of the two."

"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 were high-heeled shoes—which our pride in you will constitute."

"I have felt pride in Pembroke's genius

* * * * *
The first lessons usually impressed upon a girl is that 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. Parents, pulpit and pedagogue commonly teach her the same gospel. If she opens book or newspaper, she finds the same theory: "I forgot from what feeble lady I cut the following:—"A sensible lady writes us as follows:—"Woman's true mission, about which so much has been written, is to make herself as charming and bewitching as possible to the 'gentlemen'." Yet what is this but Milton's "He for God only, she for God in him?" We have but to turn to the books nearest at hand for abundant illustrations of the same thing."

* * * * *
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. An eminent Boston teacher, who has done much for female education, astonished me when I read, in the "School and Schoolmaster," his unequal appeals for the school boy and school girl:

"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? no, but] the future mother of a Washington or a Marshall! By inspiring her heart with the highest principles, you may do much to advance humanity, by forming a sublime specimen of a just man." And so on."

I have heard the indignation expressed by young women on occasions like this; once, especially, after a Normal School examination, when this had been the burden of the addresses of the excellent gentlemen present. "They all spoke," said the indignant girls, "as if the whole aim of a woman's existence was to be married, and we all wished that we might never be married, so as to prove that there were other noble duties in life for us, as well as for young men. They would not have spoken so to them."

* * * * *
But the question of employments, important though it be, 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. Energetic women will make their way into the avocations suited to them, and the barrier once broken down, others will follow. *La carrière ouverte aux talens*, is the only motto. No one can anticipate the results, and it is useless to dogmatize. "Let them be sea-captains if they will," said Margaret Fuller, speaking only perhaps in some vague memory of readings in Herodotus, and of the deeds of Artemisia; at Sahamis; but soon after, the newspapers were celebrating the name and fame of Miss Betsey Miller, captain for these dozen years of the Scotch brig Cleopatra. Yet woman, it would appear, is constitutionally disqualified for action. It would be pleasant to see the grave author of this phrase on board Capt. Betsy's brig, beating into the port of Belfast in a gale of wind. It is to be feared, however, that he would be constitutionally disqualified for remaining above the hatches.

The test of sphere is success. If Miss Miller can walk the quarter-deck; if Madame Grange can argue cases in court; if Mrs. W.—can conduct the complex business transactions of a great Paris house; if Maria Mitchell can discover comets, and Harriet Hosmer carve statues; if Appollonia Jagiello can fight in one European revolution, and Mrs. Putnam vindicate another (besides having the gift of tongues); if Harriet Hunt can really cure disease, and Lucretia Mott and Antoinette Brown can preach good sermons, and Mrs. Swishelm and Mrs. Nichols edit successful newspapers; then all these are points gained forever, and the case is settled so far.

The complete exclusion of the female half of our nation, from all political rights, is next commented upon. It is shown that in these respects, we are far less democratic than some of the monarchical governments. So that it is not after all an American innovation that is proposed by the advocates for this reform, but the correction of an abuse that to some extent is peculiar to our advanced republicanism. In allusion to this he says:

With the donors there 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 have sustained to them.

With the partiality of friends, a duty is imposed on me to a good and honest man; to one who, in his intercourse with society over manifests the feelings of kindness, and has a word of sympathy for the suffering, a rebuke for wrong doing, a keen sense of his own rights, and a true regard for those of others.—Tis fit that we should honor such an one, and mine is an especial privilege.

With the donors there 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 have sustained to them.

And in conclusion, allow me to add, that in this parting with you, as a friend and brother, with whom we have so long been connected by so many social ties, may we be pardoned for these expressions of deep and painful feeling.—And in exchanging your post, for a more public life, we wish you every blessing which a kind Providence can bestow, and a success commensurate with our opinion of your merit.

REPLY.
It is with no ordinary emotions that I meet you here at this time, my friends. There is always a peculiar interest gathers 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. But on occasions like the present, where friends come together to review an intercourse of many years duration, and to bid each other farewell as fellow-laborers in a similar line of duty, there must arise feelings which it would be ungenuine and unnatural not to entertain. You have come here to night bearing me a rich gift, and with words of unmerited compliment have asked me to accept it, as a token of your esteem.—Anything that bears my testimony of that I will gladly accept, and cherish for, "I seek not yours but you." For more than nine years I have been in daily intercourse, with many of you, and for a considerable period with all, and as I come to this hour, which must witness the dissolution of our business connection, and look back upon the past, it is a source of great gratification to me, that our intercourse has been so uniformly and uninterrupted pleasant. I part from you my friends, and from him in whose more immediate service I have been so long engaged, with feelings of profound sorrow. The uniform courtesy which has characterised the bearing of the agent towards me, will never pass from my memory, or cease to call up emotions of respectful and affectionate gratitude. And as I bid you good bye, I pray you not to withdraw the kindly interest you have ever been so ready to

for consenting to stand, chanting and enchanting, before three thousand excited admirers; if Madame Sontag could give a full-dress rehearsal (which does not commonly imply a superfluity of costume) for the special ecclesiastic of the clergy of Boston, and be rewarded with duplicate Bibles; it is really hard to see why a humble woman in a Quaker dress—yes, or any other—may not bear her testimony against sin, before as large an audience as can be assembled to hear her."

* * * * *
Often, at conventions of men, amid the roughness and the gruffness of tone, the stamping and the hesitating, when I have recalled to memory the clear, delicious voice of Lucy Stone, "gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman," yet penetrating with its quite fascination to the utmost corners of the largest hall—never loud to the nearest, never faint to the farthest, and bearing on its quiet current all pure womanly thoughts and noble aspirations—I have almost wondered at the tolerance of Paul in suffering a man to speak in public."

* * * * *
But the great anxiety, after all, seems to be for the dinner. Men insist, like the German Jean 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 everywhere; but her heart is uncramped. We need not be produced any "raps" in his presence which he could not trace to a mundane origin. This offer was brought to the notice of Mrs. Ann L. Brown (formerly Fish) who accepted and notified the Professor that she, with her sister Kate Fox, would attend his exhibition on the evening aforesaid, which she did, accompanied by her sister and Mr. Partridge, who (Mr. P.) on Prof. A.'s call, came forward to the platform, and there proposed, as Mrs. Brown had previously done by letter, that a Committee of seven should be chosen from the audience—two gentlemen and two ladies by Prof. A. and two gentlemen and one lady on the part of Mrs. Brown, which Committee should decide whether "raps" were then and there made at Mrs. B.'s desire by some invisible power and without any perceptible or conscious agency therein of the part of any person present. Prof. A. refused to submit the question to any such Committee, though he was to choose a majority of its members, but insisted first that himself and then that the whole audience present should be the arbiters, though it was manifestly impossible that more than half the audience could be brought near enough to determine with any sort of certainty how the "raps" or conussions were produced, while many of them would probably be unable to hear them at all! Finding nothing like a scrutiny and a decision attainable, Mr. Partridge left the platform and sat hearing himself and his party denounced and berated by the Professor, not much to the satisfaction of the auditors, to the close of his performance.

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 then submit this whole matter, of "Rapping," or whatever it may be termed, to a patient and searching investigation. If the "raps" are indeed made by any trick, juggling or collusion—by "ankle-bones," or "knee-joint" or "toe cracking," or "electricity," or concealed machinery, or anything of the sort, it must be easy now to demonstrate that fact, in the blare of light which so many exposures disclosures have shed upon the subject. They therefore invite those who feel an interest, or even in the matter, to unite in some action which shall result in the formation of an impartial committee of men and women whose conclusions will carry weight with the community, and have that Committee look searching and deliberately into the matter, and report their findings to the public. Such an investigation will cost nothing but time, and this good people will readily give in order to explode a delusion which they say is consigning many to the mad house and more to perdition. All that the "rappers" require is that the Committee shall be such as will command general respect, composed of persons not invincibly prejudiced against them, and who will agree to report all the tests resorted to and evidence required by them, with the result in each case, and give these results to the public along with their conclusions. The proposition seems to us a fair one, and we hope it will be fairly met, and that truth thereby established, whatever that truth may be.—*Tribune.*

BORN,
L. H. Brigham has been appointed Clerk and Pay master at the Dwight Mills, in place of J. R. Childs, and joined, Jona C. Bowker, Clerk and Paymaster of the Perkins Mills, in place of Capt. Wm. Briggs, resigned.

We publish the following, at the earnest solicitation of many friends, and not in accordance with our own wishes

The "gift" alluded to, in the remarks of the two parties, was a box, containing a gold chain, and thirty three dollars in money, with a note, requesting the recipient to appropriate the same, to the purchase of the "Digestive Fluid" or "Gastric Ulcer," prepared by Dr. J. S. Houghton, of Philadelphia, from the fourth Stomach of the Ox, the cure of Digestion and Dyspepsia. It is a most valuable medicine, and no art of man can equal its curative powers. It renders good eating perfectly consistent with health. See the figure of the Ox, in another part of this paper

Dr. M. Wigglesworth—Dear Sirs—Having been for a year afflicted with a disease of a serous nature, and seeing the name of Deacon E. Brown, of your place; Rev. A. N. Benedict; and James Drew, of White Hill, (persons with whom I am acquainted,) annexed to commendatory notices of your son, I am more than ever inclined to trust in him. I have more than one bottle. I am prepared to express my belief in its efficacy, and if persevered in, it will do me for what all other medicines have to do—viz perform a thorough, radical cure; and further, that it is the best family medicine ever offered to the public.

V. N. RARLOW,
Pastor of the Milplain Baptist Church.
Milplain Ct., Aug. 23, 1852. June 4-3m

27. INFLUENZA AND CONSUMPTION.—It is indeed a melancholy truth, that thousands fall victims to consumption, & of course die, from want of medical knowledge, & the want of sufficient and appropriate remedies. The true Digestive Fluid or Gastric Ulcer, prepared by Dr. J. S. Houghton, of Philadelphia, from the fourth Stomach of the Ox, the cure of Digestion and Dyspepsia. It is a most valuable medicine, and no art of man can equal its curative powers. It renders good eating perfectly consistent with health. See the figure of the Ox, in another part of this paper

Dr. M. Wigglesworth—Dear Sirs—Having been for a year afflicted with a disease of a serous nature, and seeing the name of Deacon E. Brown, of your place; Rev. A. N. Benedict; and James Drew, of White Hill, (persons with whom I am acquainted,) annexed to commendatory notices of your son, I am more than ever inclined to trust in him. I have more than one bottle. I am prepared to express my belief in its efficacy, and if persevered in, it will do me for what all other medicines have to do—viz perform a thorough, radical cure; and further, that it is the best family medicine ever offered to the public.

Mr. CHILDS.—It 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.

By the partiality of friends, a duty is imposed on me to a good and honest man; to one who, in his intercourse with society over manifests the feelings of kindness, and has a word of sympathy for the suffering, a rebuke for wrong doing, a keen sense of his own rights, and a true regard for those of others.—Tis fit that we should honor such an one, and mine is an especial privilege.

With the donors there 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 have sustained to them.

* * * * *
There is fear of undue publicity. * * * * *
But surely, the question of publicity is already settled, to the utmost extent. At least, every man must be silent who acquiesces in the concert, the drama, or the opera. I will not dwell on the exposures of the stage, or the insects of the ballet. But if Jenny Lind is an angel of purity and benevolence,

manifest in all that concerned me, but let me bear with me to 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 Dwight.

This conviction will do much to lighten the burden of care and responsibility which I am about to assume, and for which I feel so little ability. In accepting the present which you offer, let me express my sincere thanks, I know it is an offering of the heart, and my heart responds in generous gratitude. In the future that is before us, may we each strive to do our duty; and in the consciousness of fidelity, receive a reward far surpassing any earthly gift. And now my friends, adieu, and may God bless you all.

The *Spiritual Telegraph* gives a full account, by a reporter for another paper, of a passage on Friday evening last between Mr. Partridge of *Telegraph* and one "Professor" J. H. Anderson, a juggler, who pretends to expose the "Spiritual Rappings" as a part of his evening's entertainment. He finally offered a reward of \$1,000 to any one who would produce or cause to be produced any "raps" in his presence which he could not trace to a mundane origin. This offer was brought to the notice of Mrs. Ann L. Brown (formerly Fish) who accepted and notified the Professor that she, with her sister Kate Fox, would attend his exhibition on the evening aforesaid, which she did, accompanied by her sister and Mr. Partridge, who (Mr. P.) on Prof. A.'s call, came forward to the platform, and there proposed, as Mrs. Brown had previously done by letter, that a Committee of seven should be chosen from the audience—two gentlemen and two ladies by Prof. A. and two gentlemen and one lady on the part of Mrs. Brown, which Committee should decide whether "raps" were then and there made at Mrs. B.'s desire by some invisible power and without any perceptible or conscious agency therein of the part of any person present. Prof. A. refused to submit the question to any such Committee, though he was to choose a majority of its members, but insisted first that he himself and then that the whole audience present should be the arbiters, though it was manifestly impossible that more than half the audience could be brought near enough to determine with any sort of certainty how the "raps" or conussions were produced, while many of them would probably be unable to hear them at all! Finding nothing like a scrutiny and a decision attainable, Mr. Partridge left the platform and sat hearing himself and his party denounced and berated by the Professor, not much to the satisfaction of the auditors, to the close of his performance.

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 then submit this whole matter, of "Rapping," or whatever it may be termed, to a patient and searching investigation.

If the "raps" are indeed made by any trick, juggling or collusion—by "ankle-bones," or "knee-joint" or "toe cracking," or "electricity," or concealed machinery, or anything of the sort, it must be easy now to demonstrate that fact, in the blare of light which so many exposures disclosures have shed upon the subject. They therefore invite those who feel an interest, or even in the matter, to unite in some action which shall result in the formation of an impartial committee of men and women whose conclusions will carry weight with the community, and have that Committee look searching and deliberately into the matter, and report their findings to the public. Such an investigation will cost nothing but time, and this good people will readily give in order to explode a delusion which they say is consigning many to the mad house and more to perdition. All that the "rappers" require is that the Committee shall be such as will command general respect, composed of persons not invincibly prejudiced against them, and who will agree to report all the tests resorted to and evidence required by them, with the result in each case, and give these results to the public along with their conclusions. The proposition seems to us a fair one, and we hope it will be fairly met, and that truth thereby established, whatever that truth may be.—*Tribune.*

28. DR. M. WIGGLESWORTH.—Dear Sirs—Having been for a year afflicted with a disease of a serous nature, and seeing the name of Deacon E. Brown, of your place; Rev. A. N. Benedict; and James Drew, of White Hill, (persons with whom I am acquainted,) annexed to commendatory notices of your son, I am more than ever inclined to trust in him. I have more than one bottle. I am prepared to express my belief in its efficacy, and if persevered in, it will do me for what all other medicines have to do—viz perform a thorough, radical cure; and further, that it is the best family medicine ever offered to the public.

29. DR. M. WIGGLESWORTH.—Dear Sirs—Having been for a year afflicted with a disease of a serous nature, and seeing the name of Deacon E. Brown, of your place; Rev. A. N. Benedict; and James Drew, of White Hill, (persons with whom I am acquainted,) annexed to commendatory notices of your son, I am more than ever inclined to trust in him. I have more than one bottle. I am prepared to express my belief in its efficacy, and if persevered in, it will do me for what all other medicines have to do—viz perform a thorough, radical cure; and further, that it is the best family medicine ever offered to the public.

30. DR. M. WIGGLESWORTH.—Dear Sirs—Having been for a year afflicted with a disease of a serous nature, and seeing the name of Deacon E. Brown, of your place; Rev. A. N. Benedict; and James Drew, of White Hill, (persons with whom I am acquainted,) annexed to commendatory notices of your son, I am more than ever inclined to trust in him. I have more than one bottle. I am prepared to express my belief in its efficacy, and if persevered in, it will do me for what all other medicines have to do—viz perform a thorough, radical cure; and further, that it is the best family medicine ever offered to the public.

31. DR. M. WIGGLESWORTH.—Dear Sirs—Having been for a year afflicted with a disease of a serous nature, and seeing the name of Deacon E. Brown, of your place; Rev. A. N. Benedict; and James Drew, of White Hill, (persons with whom I am acquainted,) annexed to commendatory notices of your son, I am more than ever inclined to trust in him. I have more than one bottle. I am prepared to express my belief in its efficacy, and if persevered in, it will do me for what all other medicines have to do—viz perform a thorough, radical cure; and further, that it is the best family medicine ever offered to the public.

32. DR. M. WIGGLESWORTH.—Dear Sirs—Having been for a year afflicted with a disease of a serous nature, and seeing the name of Deacon E. Brown, of your place; Rev. A. N. Benedict; and James Drew, of White Hill, (persons with whom I am acquainted,) annexed to commendatory notices of your son, I am more than ever inclined to trust in him. I have more than one bottle. I am prepared to express my belief in its efficacy, and if persevered in, it will do me for what all other medicines have to do—viz perform a thorough, radical cure; and further, that it is the best family medicine ever offered to the public.

33. DR. M. WIGGLESWORTH.—Dear Sirs—Having been for a year afflicted with a disease of a serous nature, and seeing the name of Deacon E. Brown, of your place; Rev. A. N. Benedict; and James Drew, of White Hill, (persons with whom I am acquainted,) annexed to commendatory notices of your son, I am more than ever inclined to trust in him. I have more than one bottle. I am prepared to express my belief in its efficacy, and if persevered in, it will do me for what all other medicines have to do—viz perform a thorough, radical cure; and further, that it is the best family medicine ever offered to the public.

34. DR. M. WIGGLESWORTH.—Dear Sirs—Having been for a year afflicted with a disease of a serous nature, and seeing the name of Deacon E. Brown, of your place; Rev. A. N. Benedict; and James Drew, of White Hill, (persons with whom I am acquainted,) annexed to commendatory notices of your son, I am more than ever inclined to trust in him. I have more than one bottle. I am prepared to express my belief in its efficacy, and if persevered in, it will do me for what all other medicines have to do—viz perform a thorough, radical cure; and further, that it is the best family medicine ever offered to the public.

35. DR. M. WIGGLESWORTH.—Dear Sirs—Having been for a year afflicted with a disease of a serous nature, and seeing the name of Deacon E. Brown, of your place; Rev. A. N. Benedict; and James Drew, of White Hill, (persons with whom I am acquainted,) annexed to commendatory notices of your son, I am more than ever inclined to trust in him. I have more than one bottle. I am prepared to express my belief in its efficacy, and if persevered in, it will do me for what all other medicines have to do—viz perform a thorough, radical cure; and further, that it is the best family medicine ever offered to the public.

36. DR. M. WIGGLESWORTH.—Dear Sirs—Having been for a year afflicted with a disease of a serous nature, and seeing the name of Deacon E. Brown, of your place; Rev. A. N. Benedict; and James Drew, of White Hill, (persons with whom I am acquainted,) annexed to commendatory notices of your son, I am more than ever inclined to trust in him. I have more than one bottle. I am prepared to express my belief in its efficacy, and if persevered in, it will do me for what all other medicines have to do—viz perform a thorough, radical cure; and further, that it is the best family medicine ever offered to the public.

37. DR. M. WIGGLESWORTH.—Dear Sirs—Having been for a year afflicted with a disease of a serous nature, and seeing the name of Deacon E. Brown, of your place; Rev. A. N. Benedict; and James Drew, of White Hill, (persons with whom I am acquainted,) annexed to commendatory notices of your son, I am more than ever inclined to trust in him. I have more than one bottle. I am prepared to express my belief in its efficacy, and if persevered in, it will do me for what all other medicines have to do—viz perform a thorough, radical cure; and further, that it is the best family medicine ever offered to the public.

38. DR. M. WIGGLESWORTH.—Dear Sirs—Having been for a year afflicted with a disease of a serous nature, and seeing the name of Deacon E. Brown, of your place; Rev. A. N. Benedict; and James Drew, of White Hill, (persons with whom I am acquainted,) annexed to commendatory notices of your son, I am more than ever inclined to trust in him. I have more than one bottle. I am prepared to express my belief in its efficacy, and if persevered in, it will do me for what all other medicines have to do—viz perform a thorough, radical cure; and further, that it is the best family medicine ever offered to the public.

39. DR. M. WIGGLESWORTH.—Dear Sirs—Having been for a year afflicted with a disease of a serous nature, and seeing the name of Deacon E. Brown, of your place; Rev. A. N. Benedict; and James Drew, of White Hill



Agriculture.

HOW TO MAKE ONE FARM EQUAL TO THREE.

G. T. Stewart, Esq., in recent Address before the Ohio Agricultural Society, thus speaks on this subject.

Many farmers who are destroying the productiveness of their farms by shallow-work, as they find that their crops are diminishing, think only of extending their area by adding acres of surface, as if they supposed that their title deeds only gave them a right to six inches deep of earth. If they will take those deeds, study their meaning, and apply the lesson to their fields, they will soon realize in three-fold crops the fact that law has given them three farms where they supposed they had but one—in other words, that the sub-soil brought up and combined with the top-soil enriched with the atmospheric influences, and those other elements which agricultural science will teach them to apply to their ground, will increase three-fold, the measures of its productiveness. To show to what extent the fertility of the soil can be increased, I refer to a statement in the last Patent Office Report. In the year 1850, there were nine competitors for the premium corn crop of Kentucky, each of whom cultivated 10 acres. Their average crop was about 122 bushels per acre. At that time the average crop of wheat per acre in the harvests of Great Britain, on soil cultivated for centuries, is about double that produced on the virgin soil of Ohio. Why is this? Simply because British farmers are educated men, and apply work wisely. They pay back to the earth what they borrow; they endeavor by every means in their power, to enrich their ground, and in return it enriches them. If our farmers, instead of laboring to double their acres would endeavor to double their crops, they would find it a vast saving of time and toil, and an increase of profits.

Many of them never think of digging 10 inches into the soil, unless they have dreamed about a crock of gold hid in the earth; but if they would set about the work of digging in earnest, every man would find his crock of gold, without the aid of dreams and divination.

We have a great advantage over the British farmers in the fact that our farmers nearly all hold the lands which they cultivate, in fee simple, while in England they are chiefly tenants, hiring the lands, of the nobility, paying enormous rents to the proprietors, besides heavy taxes to government. Taxes here are comparatively light, and our farmers are their own landlords. Hence they have been able to pay three-fold wages for labor to those paid in Europe, pay the costs of transportation, and yet undersell the British farmers in their own markets. [Ohio Farmer.]

GREEN CROPS FOR BARN USE IN SUMMER.

It is the great number of cattle that a British farmer keeps on his farm which by furnishing so much good manure enables him to raise such good crops. The turnip crop, occupying one-fourth his farm, furnishes him the grand means of keeping so large a stock during the winter months; and the practice of soiling his horses and cattle, enables him to keep more animals than he otherwise could during summer.

By soiling is meant the system of feeding cattle in sheds and stables on green food grown for the purpose, instead of allowing them to graze the fields at pasture. That more food can in this way be obtained per acre, few will question. That we can adopt soiling, except in some few cases near large cities, admits of some doubt. One of the great objections to the practice is the greater amount of labor required in mowing and carrying to the barn the green food, than in letting the cattle cut it themselves. Another objection is that our climate is not so well adapted for the production of succulent summer food as the cool moist climate of the British Isles. Yet, as we have often said, we obtain heavier crops of red clover than do British farmers, and red clover is there considered one of the best crops for soiling purposes; and could it be grown with as much certainty and in such quantity as in Western New York, it would be much more extensively used.

We believe it would pay every farmer to take an acre or two of clover, as contiguous to the barn as possible, and manure it lightly in the fall or spring. It would be found of great advantage to cut and feed to the horses in the stable at noon, and for an hour or so before turning them into the field in the evening. A few acres so manured and cut early, would afterwards yield a splendid crop of clover seed; or it might be mown twice, as green food for the horses and cattle.

We do not know what Italian ryè grass will do for soiling purposes in our climate; it is certainly worthy a trial. If any of our readers have had any experience with it, they would greatly oblige by giving their views.

Indian corn is perhaps the best food we can grow for green food in summer. It stands drought better than any other crop; and if the soil be rich, an immense amount of nutritious food can be obtained per acre—certainly more than from any other summer crop. For this crop the soil should be either naturally very rich or be well manured. Let it be prepared as you would your other corn land. The deeper it is plowed, and the mellower it is made, the better four bushels of seed should be sown broadcast per acre, as soon after corn planting as possible. If the soil is moist and in good, fine order, soak the seed corn for twenty-four hours previous to sowing. In this way it will be up in two or three days, and will get the start of the weeds; and if the corn is sown thick, and grows well, it will smother them all, and leave the land in good condition for the following wheat crop. Perhaps, however, it would be best to sow the corn in rows twelve or fifteen inches apart, and hoe it once or twice; the corn would grow more rapidly, and the soil would be cleaner.

Lucerne answers well for soiling purposes, but its cultivation is attended with considerable labor in keeping the soil free from weeds. It is a perennial plant, and does not reach its full growth till the third year. On a rich, sandy loam, well under-drained, plowed, and subsoiled, immense crops of lucerne can be grown. Guano is a splendid manure for this crop, and possesses the advantage of being free from weeds. Lucerne is sown early in spring, in rows one to two feet apart; eight or ten pounds of seed per acre. It must be frequently hoed and kept free from weeds, and should be cut but once the first year; in after years it will afford three or four crops in a season. [Genesee Farmer.]

Humorous.

ANEASY PREDICAMENT.

We were the witness of a very ludicrous incident which occurred in this city a few days since, for relating which we crave the indulgence of the gentleman directly concerned—deeming it too good a joke to bestow.

While sitting at our desk and laboring assiduously, with pen, scissors and paste, to make out a readable paper for our patrons, we were suddenly frightened from our propriety, by the hasty entrance of a gentleman, exclaiming, "For God's sake, help me to see what's the matter! I've got some dreadful thing—scorpion or tarantula—in the leg of my pantaloons! Quick—quick—help me!"

We instantly rose from our chair, half frightened ourselves. Our friend had broken in so suddenly and unexpectedly upon us, and was so wonderfully agitated, that we knew not whether he was indeed in his senses or not. We looked at him with a sort of surprise mixed with dread, and hardly knew whether to speak with, or seize

and confine him for a madman. The latter, we came near attempting. There he stood quivering and pale, with one hand tightly grasped upon a part of his pantaloons just in the hollow of the knee.

"What's the matter?" asked we at last. "The matter!" he exclaimed. "Oh, help me! I've got something here, which just ran up my leg! Some infernal scorpion or lizard, I expect! Oh, I can't let go; I must hold it. Oh, there!" he shrieked. "I felt it move just then! Oh, in our friend there has a fine horse; George! how fast he trots!"

The countryman did wait, received the bill, and paid £4 7s. 6d. for his cheese. He then flung the bag into the wagon—jumped in and drove off, with a face glowing like ignited charcoal. Mr. S.—remained in the door until he had bowed his customer out of sight, then turning round he coolly observed to the person within, "Our friend there has a fine horse; George! how fast he trots!"

"Feel what?" we inquired, standing at the same time, at a respectful distance from the gentleman; for we had just been reading our Corpus Christi correspondent's letter about snakes, lizards, and tarantulas, and began to imagine some deadly insect or reptile in the leg of our friend's unmentionables, as they are sometimes called.

"I don't know what it is," answered the gentleman; "help me to see what it is. I was just passing that pile of rubbish there in front of your office, and it did up my leg as quick as lightning;"—and he clenched his fist more tightly. If it had been the neck of an anaconda, we believe he would have squeezed it to a jelly.

By this time two or three of the newsboys had come in; the clerks and packing boys hearing the outcry, stopped working, and editors and all hands stood around the sufferer with looks of mingled sympathy and alarm.

"Bring a chair, Fritz," said we, "and let the gentleman be seated."

"Oh, I can't sit," said the gentleman; "I can't bend my knee!"—if I do it will bite or sting me; no, I can't sit."

Certainly you can sit," said we; "keep your leg straight out, and we'll see what it is you have got."

"Well, let me give it one more hard squeeze; I'll crush it to death," said he, and again he put the force of an iron vice upon the thing. If it had any life left this last effort must have killed it. Then cautiously seated himself, holding out his leg as stiff and straight as a poker. A sharp knife was procured; the pants were cut open carefully, making a hole large enough to admit a hand; the gentleman put on a thick glove, and slowly inserted his hand, but he discovered nothing. We were all looking on in almost breathless silence to see the monstrous thing—whatever it might be; each ready to scamper out of harm's way should it be alive; when suddenly the gentleman became, if possible, more agitated than ever.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, "it's inside my drawers. It's alive, too, I feel it—quick! give me the knife again!" Another incision was made—in went the gentleman's gloved hand once more, and lo! out came his wife's stocking!

How the stocking ever got there we are unable to say; but there it certainly was; and such a laugh that followed, we haven't heard for many a day. Our friend, we know, has told the joke himself, and must pardon us for doing so. Though this is about a stocking we assure our readers it is no Yarn. [New Orleans Pic.]

ANECDOTE OF OLDE TIME.

The following good story is taken from a New Hampshire paper, bearing date nearly twenty years ago.

Mr. S.—, a reputable and thrifty merchant of the last century, was possessed of a great deal of natural shrewdness, together with a tact for turning every circumstance to his own advantage. We have heard many anecdotes of him, and among others the following, which, perhaps, will better show off his peculiarities than a laborious description. He kept a grocery store near Spring Hill, which, like the grocery stores of that period, was filled with a variety of notions; among other things, he was famous for the good quality of his cotton, an article, which at that time was very scarce and high. One day a customer from the country drove up to his door, and inquired the price of his cotton.

"Three and sixpence per pound," replied S.

"Weigh me a dozen pounds," says the countryman, at the same time stepping into the store with a large bag to put it in.

The cotton was weighed and put into the bag, and Mr. S.—stepped into the counting-room to make a bill, leaving his customer busily engaged in tying it up. Now, it so happened, there was a small lot of good-looking cheese near the spot, and the countryman, though right from the hand of milk and honey, could not resist the propensity to crib one of them. He made contortions, and his parched lips gasped accordingly took one up, and after looking about for failing breath; then a white shadow crept

slowly over his agonized face, and his distorted features became fixed in a cold and awful rigidity.

Thus the pilgrim burdened with the weight of many years, who had stood for a long time on the very verge of life, and whose spirit had caught the sound of the dark and troubled waves of death beating upon the living shore, was suddenly borne away to the vast mysteries of the infinite. [The School Fellow.]

Sunday Reading.

WE ARE LED BY A WAY THAT WE KNOW NOT.

We are to consider the facts and circumstances which confirm the doctrine that the Lord's providence is at once universal and particular; and indeed that He leads us by a way unknown to ourselves.

And this is what has reflected upon his own life, and carried him to the door of his shop when he stopped.

"This bag is very heavy—I must have made a mistake in the weight of the cotton."

"I—I—I guess not," says the countryman. "But I—I—we must weigh it again."

By this time S.—had it brought back to the counter, and was preparing to untie it. Here was a dilemma. If the bag was untied the theft would be discovered, and if weighed as it was, it would be paying monstrously high for the cheese. The countryman hem'd and ha'd, and scratched his head, but without getting a step out of the difficulty. To complete his consternation, at that moment another person entered the store; this decided him, and, after drawing a long breath he stammered out,

Mr. S.—don't trouble yourself to untie the bag, it weighs just a pound—I've weighed it a hundred times."

"No consequence," said S.—, and he put the whole into the scales—"I know I must have made a mistake. It weight thirty-eight pounds—blockhead that I am! Let me see: twelve that you paid for, and one for the bag is thirteen—thirteen from thirty eight leaves twenty-five."

Twenty-five lbs. at three shillings and sixpence is £4 7s. 6d. Wait a moment; I will make another bill."

The countryman did wait, received the bill, and paid £4 7s. 6d. for his cheese. He then flung the bag into the wagon—jumped in and drove off, with a face glowing like ignited charcoal. Mr. S.—remained in the door until he had bowed his customer out of sight, then turning round he coolly observed to the person within, "Our friend there has a fine horse; George! how fast he trots!"

"What's the matter?" asked we at last.

"The matter!" he exclaimed. "Oh, help me! I've got something here, which just ran up my leg! Some infernal scorpion or lizard, I expect! Oh, I can't let go; I must hold it. Oh, there!" he shrieked. "I felt it move just then! Oh, in our friend there has a fine horse; George! how fast he trots!"

"Feel what?" we inquired, standing at the same time, at a respectful distance from the gentleman; for we had just been reading our Corpus Christi correspondent's letter about snakes, lizards, and tarantulas, and began to imagine some deadly insect or reptile in the leg of our friend's unmentionables, as they are sometimes called.

"I don't know what it is," answered the gentleman; "help me to see what it is. I was just passing that pile of rubbish there in front of your office, and it did up my leg as quick as lightning;"—and he clenched his fist more tightly. If it had been the neck of an anaconda, we believe he would have squeezed it to a jelly.

By this time two or three of the newsboys had come in; the clerks and packing boys hearing the outcry, stopped working, and editors and all hands stood around the sufferer with looks of mingled sympathy and alarm.

"Bring a chair, Fritz," said we, "and let the gentleman be seated."

"Oh, I can't sit," said the gentleman; "I can't bend my knee!"—if I do it will bite or sting me; no, I can't sit."

Certainly you can sit," said we; "keep your leg straight out, and we'll see what it is you have got."

"Well, let me give it one more hard squeeze; I'll crush it to death," said he, and again he put the force of an iron vice upon the thing. If it had any life left this last effort must have killed it. Then cautiously seated himself, holding out his leg as stiff and straight as a poker. A sharp knife was procured; the pants were cut open carefully, making a hole large enough to admit a hand; the gentleman put on a thick glove, and slowly inserted his hand, but he discovered nothing. We were all looking on in almost breathless silence to see the monstrous thing—whatever it might be; each ready to scamper out of harm's way should it be alive; when suddenly the gentleman became, if possible, more agitated than ever.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, "it's inside my drawers. It's alive, too, I feel it—quick! give me the knife again!" Another incision was made—in went the gentleman's gloved hand once more, and lo! out came his wife's stocking!

How the stocking ever got there we are unable to say; but there it certainly was; and such a laugh that followed, we haven't heard for many a day. Our friend, we know, has told the joke himself, and must pardon us for doing so. Though this is about a stocking we assure our readers it is no Yarn. [New Orleans Pic.]

ANECDOTE OF OLDE TIME.

The following good story is taken from a New Hampshire paper, bearing date nearly twenty years ago.

Mr. S.—, a reputable and thrifty merchant of the last century, was possessed of a great deal of natural shrewdness, together with a tact for turning every circumstance to his own advantage. We have heard many anecdotes of him, and among others the following, which, perhaps, will better show off his peculiarities than a laborious description. He kept a grocery store near Spring Hill, which, like the grocery stores of that period, was filled with a variety of notions; among other things, he was famous for the good quality of his cotton, an article, which at that time was very scarce and high. One day a customer from the country drove up to his door, and inquired the price of his cotton.

"Three and sixpence per pound," replied S.

"Weigh me a dozen pounds," says the countryman, at the same time stepping into the store with a large bag to put it in.

The cotton was weighed and put into the bag, and Mr. S.—stepped into the counting-room to make a bill, leaving his customer busily engaged in tying it up. Now, it so happened, there was a small lot of good-looking cheese near the spot, and the countryman, though right from the hand of milk and honey, could not resist the propensity to crib one of them. He made contortions, and his parched lips gasped accordingly took one up, and after looking about for failing breath; then a white shadow crept

slowly over his agonized face, and his distorted features became fixed in a cold and awful rigidity.

Thus the pilgrim burdened with the weight of many years, who had stood for a long time on the very verge of life, and whose spirit had caught the sound of the dark and troubled waves of death beating upon the living shore, was suddenly borne away to the vast mysteries of the infinite. [The School Fellow.]

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

BY HENRY WARE, JR.

To prayer, to prayer—for the morning breaks,

And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.

His light is on all below and above,

The light of gladness, and life, and love.

O, then, on the breath of this early air,

Send up the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer, to prayer—for the morning breaks,

And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.

His light is on all below and above,

The light of gladness, and life, and love.

O, then, on the breath of this early air,

Send up the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer, to prayer—for the morning breaks,

And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.

His light is on all below and above,

The light of gladness, and life, and love.

O, then, on the breath of this early air,

Send up the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer, to prayer—for the morning breaks,

And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.

His light is on all below and above,

The light of gladness, and life, and love.

O, then, on the breath of this early air,

Send up the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer, to prayer—for the morning breaks,