

Weekly

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Poetry.

SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

BY ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

Where words are weak, and foes encounter strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feeble part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees, that speech could not amend;
Yet higher powers must think, though they repine,
When sun is set the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range, the silly tench doth fly,
And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish;
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by,
These fleet about, while those do fill the dish;
There is a time even for the worms to creep,
And suck the dew while all their foes do sleep.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase;
The tender lamb will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race.
He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe,
The Lazar blind, while Dives' feast was kept,
Yet he to heaven—to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May,
To grass is green, when flowers do fade away.

Select Tales.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

FROM CHAMBERS'S REPOSITORY.

Midway between the market town of T—and the pretty village of Lisbourne, is a large red brick house with some pretensions to the Elizabethan style of decoration, dwelt a family named Norrys, consisting of a brother and four sisters, the children of an opulent banker deceased, who had carried on business at T—with considerable profit and eclat for nearly half a century. A very substantial and pleasantly situated dwelling was Lisbourne House surrounded with paddocks, orchards, and walled gardens, sloping to the Lis—a clear shallow streamlet, from which the village derived its name, winding through rich pasture-lands, and shadowed by tall old trees, the habitation of ancient weaving colonies. And the oldest authorities said that Lisbourne was older than the old trees which had been cut down before these grew up; old trees, beneath whose spreading branches strange scenes were enacted, when battlement and tower arose beside the peaceful Lis, and the warder's thrilling voice reached afar on the site where now only ivy-covered ruins afforded shelter for bats and owls.

These picturesque ruins were the pride of the village and surrounding neighborhood; the resort of the artist and the antiquary, and the shrine at which Mr. Norrys worshipped; for besides being on the Lisbourne property, they were regarded by him with a species of veneration on their own account; and the worthy gentleman had written and published a neat little book about them; and being a wonderful collector of rare and antique coins, he had bestowed unexampled labor and patience in exploring underground—boring and burrowing like the native conies. His researches had been rewarded by the discovery of a small iron coffin, containing the gems of his museum; but not contented with this, it had become the passion and sole business of his existence to delve about the ruins; and during whole summer days he would sit beneath the shade of some crumbling archway, absorbed in thought as to where his next effort ought to be directed—for tradition had handed down many curious legends respecting the treasures buried there by the warriors of by-gone times. It was not for the gold as gold that Mr. Norrys yearned; no, he had enough of that and to spare, but it was the rare and ancient coins he coveted, wherewith to enrich his already valuable collection.

The two elder Misses Norrys had attained that age which is pronounced uncertain; and being the seniors of their mother by a year or two, they were always much annoyed if he openly mentioned birth-days and such-like data, that led to disagreeable calculations. They were formal and precise in disposition and manner, plain in person, and with an inflated idea of their own social importance, which is frequently to be found in those who have not had their minds expanded by travel or association with their superior. The Misses Norrys had always been the first people in T—, consequently they

never looked beyond T—, and still considered themselves of paramount and exclusive importance; and this conceit was fostered by the deference with which they were treated by their neighbors at Lisbourne, from the clergyman to the doctor—the latter, however, being a most worthy and popular personage, whose frequent services were needed at Lisbourne House.—There were several medical practitioners at T—, but Mr. Medicott, the village apothecary, had secured the good graces of the Norrys family in preference to them all; and the third Miss Norrys being a confirmed invalid whose health required constant supervision, Mr. Medicott had become quite necessary to their comfort, and they regarded him more as a friend than as a mere paid attendant. His wife, too, despite her want of pretension and refinement—despite her fat cheeks and hearty laugh, was well received by the stately ladies of Lisbourne House; and they often condescended to rest in Mrs. Medicott's nice parlor, when tempted by a fine day to stroll over and see "how the villagers got on." But somehow, nobody could patronize little hearty Mrs. Medicott—she was so simple and unpretending, and good-natured and humble; there was nothing obtrusive about her but her pleasant laugh, and that was absolutely infectious.

There was a merry twink in Mr. Medicott's eye a furtive humor, which, however, was veiled beneath an exterior scrupulously respectful and polite, yet having no tinge of obsequiousness. Mrs. Medicott was a great reader of romance during her spare moments; it was a weakness of hers; she loved romance both in books and in reality, and a love-tale always excited her readiest sympathy. Notwithstanding a good and regular practice, Mr. Medicott did not amass money as he might have done; nobody knew exactly why he continued in almost poor circumstances; but it was whispered that near and needy relatives were a constant drain upon his purse, and a source of vexation to his heart. It was a hard, toilsome life, the village doctor's; but Mr. Medicott was a hearty and contented man, and if he could have enjoyed a little more of his own dear humble home, he would have been very grateful and glad; but he made the best of necessity, and went on his way beloved and respected by all. But though the good doctor did not possess much of the current coin of the realm, he was a professed admirer of ancient coins, consequently, with Mr. Norrys he was a man of judgement, and a prime favorite; and when the marriage of the fourth Miss Norrys was celebrated at Lisbourne House with much pomp and ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Medicott were among the invited guests. To be present at a marriage, and such a marriage; was the greatest felicity that could be afforded to Mrs. Medicott.—Lisbourne was not a place given to matrimony, and T—was a dull town in that particular line, and, moreover, the Misses Norrys had always been set down as old maids in Mrs. Medicott's private cogitations; so that it became a doubly delightful surprise to have a marriage in such a quarter. Nor was it a matter of surprise to Mrs. Medicott only, when Miss Adelaide Norrys accepted young Mr. Brandon, a London merchant, at the head of the oldest-established firm of Brandon & Co. Mr. Brandon and Miss Adelaide Norrys first met at the T— race-ball, and being mutually pleased with each other, and afterwards meeting more frequently at the house of mutual friends, the liking ripened into an affection, which speedily terminated in matrimony. It was one of those common-place marriages which happen every day—the bride was not interesting, nor very young nor very pretty; the bridegroom was merely well-dressed, and well-to-do in the world; and the Norrys family neither withheld consent nor bestowed any warm approval Mr. Brandon was rich and respectable, and Adelaide seemed glad to exchange the monotony of Lisbourne House for a town-life; the elder sisters hoped it would turn out for Adelaide's happiness, but for their parts, it seemed wiser to remain content at home; but if Adelaide was determined to marry, why then, indeed, there appeared no positive objection to Mr. Brandon. There was one who looked on and said nothing, and that one was the sick and suffering Anna Norrys; but then it was not her way to offer many

remarks on the passing occurrences of daily life, although she was a keen observer and a sound reasoner. Anna's observation and judgement were much respected by her brother and sisters, and they often appealed to her for advice and direction when uncertain how to act; but Anna disliked such appeals, and had seldom been known to express her opinions, except in cases where she could materially assist others. And in the case of her sister's marriage, Anna seemed to think it a matter of course, that when Mr. Brandon proposed he would be accepted; and after congratulating Adelaide in her usual quiet manner, she relaxed into the silent and thoughtful mood induced probably by her frail state of health. It was a well-conducted handsome ceremonial from first to last, the marriage being duly celebrated with feasting and ringing of bells, and the happy pair setting off on their bridal tour in a carriage and four.

Twelve months passed away, and Mr. Brandon was left a widower with a little daughter, named after its deceased mother. This was a heavy blow, doubtless; but Mr. Brandon was immersed in the cares of business, and scarcely knew how to realize the stunning fact until called upon to think of the delicate baby. And when Anna Norrys proposed to her sisters that they should take charge of the poor motherless infant, she was listened to with attention; it was a "serious responsibility," the elder Misses Norrys contended, and Anna candidly allowed it was; but then what a comfort for Adelaide's child to be brought up at Lisbourne House by them. So, when the matter was finally arranged amongst themselves, and Mr. Norrys had given his consent, it only remained to ascertain Mr. Brandon's sentiments, and if he would be willing to part with all that remained to him of his lost love. Being an active and indefatigable manager of his own vast concerns, Mr. Brandon felt really grateful to his sisters-in-law for taking the baby off his hands, and willingly confided it to their care; they had seen very little of him since his marriage, though Adelaide had always boasted of her perfect happiness, poor thing! And as Mr. Brandon had mourned her death with all due outward decorum good feeling existed between his late wife's family and himself, notwithstanding his readiness to part with the infant—a readiness he took no pains to conceal, for Mr. Brandon was gifted with fine sensibility. He promised, indeed, to visit Lisbourne frequently—as frequently as his avocations would permit; and during the two following years he kept his promise faithfully, and had the pleasure of seeing his little daughter daily improve in health and vigor, and grow so like her mother that the Misses Norrys declared, that when contemplating the graces of their pretty Adelaide, they hardly felt as if they had lost a sister.

For two years the Misses Norrys declared Mr. Brandon to be an exemplary and pattern father—so regular and frequent in his visits to the little motherless child, even extending his patronage to Mr. Medicott, and holding dissertations in Mrs. Medicott's parlor concerning the numerous ailments to which little children are liable. This was very amiable and paternal; but somehow Mr. Norrys the coin-fancier and his brother-in-law did not get on together so cordially as might have been expected; whether it was that Mr. Brandon looked with contempt upon all coin save that in his own coffers, or from some other unknown cause, only the fact is certain, that Mr. Norrys did not welcome the widower so warmly to Lisbourne as he had been wont to do in former times.

At the end of two years Mr. Norrys alone expressed no surprise at the turn of affairs; he dug and groped in his beloved ruins more sedulously indeed than ever, and told his sisters they must have been blind, not to have seen what was going forward.

At the end of two years Mr. Brandon publicly announced his intention of entering a second time into the holy estate of matrimony. And with whom? Ah, there was the puzzle. To choose Mary Ringles, the humble niece of Mrs. Medicott, for a successor to the proud bride who had condescended to change the name of Norrys for the less ancient one of Brandon!

But so it was; and the elder Misses Norrys too late discovered that Mr. Brandon's regular visits to Lisbourne had not been so entirely disinterested as they, in their

simplicity, had imagined. However, there was no preventing the marriage; Mr. Brandon had a right to please himself; and all that the injured ladies did was to look cool on Mrs. Medicott and her offending niece, and to gain Mr. Brandon's promise not to remove little Adelaide from their care in order to place her with a step-mother.—This promise, after some trifling demur, Mr. Brandon gave; he thought of his daughter's interest in a pecuniary point of view, and besides, his heart was not particularly twined round the child, though he did not say so, and no one knew it. The Misses Norrys had fine fortunes at their own disposal to bequeath to whom they would. Mr. Norrys, too—there was small likelihood of his marrying now, for Mary Ringles had helped him to sort his old coins, and they looked bright beneath her smile, and her gay laugh had made the old ruins of Lisbourne seem alive again. No wonder Mr. Norrys had looked askance on the young widow, for he was thinking of falling in love with Mary himself. His energies, however, slumbered, and he thought there was time enough to come forward; but Mr. Brandon, meanwhile, secured the prize, and Mrs. Medicott, in a flutter of joy and bewilderment, though very sorry to offend the "Lisbourne House folks," did all she could to reconcile the worthy doctor to Mary's good fortune.—Mr. Medicott, however, would rather things had gone so; his services were too valuable to be dispensed with at Lisbourne House; but he felt himself more tolerated than sought for, under the existing circumstances, and this unsettled a little his equanimity.

It was about a year subsequent to Mrs. Brandon's death that Mary Ringles came to reside with the Medicotts. It was generally reported that Mr. Medicott had been a loser to a considerable amount by the Misses Norrys's pleadings. The wrath of the Misses Norrys was greatly kindled at the idea of their niece leaving Lisbourne House and all its glories, to sojourn, even beneath a father's roof, in the vast Babel, where vulgarity jostled rank on every side. No indeed! They did not wish to keep the girls apart, as they told Mr. Medicott, and they hoped that Mr. Brandon would be equally liberal to both his daughters—though Adelaide needed it not, Heaven be thanked!—as they heard on all sides the great merchant was a millionaire. So taking this fact into prudential consideration, the Misses Norrys condescended to express a wish that Fordyce might sojourn at Lisbourne with Adelaide, instead of Adelaide staying in London with her.—Mrs. Brandon was too unselfish, and too eager for the meeting of the sisters, to suffer her own private feelings to interfere with this arrangement; though with a throbbing heart and tearful eyes the fond mother parted with her only treasure. It was but for a time, and it was on the path of duty; but Fordyce was a sensitive, timid child, and she, too, wept at going among strangers, and almost unwept Mrs. Brandon. It is but justice to the Misses Norrys to say, that they strove all in their power to be kind, and to render the sweet girl's absence from home a summer holiday; but all would not do; and had it not been for Anna Norrys and Mr. and Mrs. Medicott, Fordyce would have pined herself thin. She had been a star at home, all in all to her doting mother; she had never heard a cold word nor seen a reproving look; and Adelaide was cold and hard—Adelaide, who was a star at Lisbourne, where there was not room for the two little suns to revolve without coming in contact. But how different they were! Fordyce, absent from her mother's side for the first time, affectionate, gentle, confiding, truthful, and unselfish, like her own dear mother; Adelaide, on the contrary, dictatorial, self-conceited, the conscious heiress of Lisbourne, regarding her sister with dislike, because every one spoke of her beauty; and because she herself discovered that Fordyce was her superior in knowledge and accomplishments. Fordyce was but a child, and Adelaide was three years her senior; but the former had a little bit of pride notwithstanding her sensitive timidity, and she could not endure to be patronized at Lisbourne by Miss Brandon, so that a sort of coolness grew between the girls imperceptibly; and ere this first visit ended, Fordyce had written a letter, all blotted with tears, to her dear mamma, praying that it might be the last, and begging to come home.

After his second marriage, Mr. Brandon seldom visited Lisbourne House, probably feeling he was no longer a welcome guest; while Mary, who had made several efforts to win favor and affection, particularly on account of the little Adelaide, received such decided repulses from the Misses Norrys, that even her gentle nature shrank from further appeal. With Anna Norrys, indeed, Mary continued on friendly terms, so far as correspondence went; but Mr. Norrys had not forgiven Mary for the slight she had put upon him, in preferring Mr. Brandon; and all things considered, perhaps it was the best and wisest course for the two families to hold as little intercourse as possible. Mary, moreover, presented her husband with a daughter, whose appearance aroused the jealousy and ire of little Adelaide's two aunts, who declared "it was a shame of Mr. Brandon to bring forward a second family, and rob their niece; but Adelaide should be cared for, that she should!"

Mary heard many of these details through Mrs. Medicott, and it pained her kind heart to think that Mr. Brandon's eldest born, and her own Fordyce, the daughters of one father, should be brought up not only as strangers to each other, but, she feared, with an admixture of animosity on one side at least. Fordyce, who continued to be an only child, for Mary had no more little ones, required the most watchful and tender care during her childhood; but as years glided on, so did health and love-

ness increase, and Mrs. Medicott rapturously declared that "Fordyce Brandon beat her sister Adelaide all to nothing in looks and cleverness!" Not that Mrs. Medicott said this at Lisbourne House, but she said all she dared, and hinted more; so that a constant feeling of rivalry and pique was kept up in the bosoms of the irritated Misses Norrys, who, whenever they heard of Fordyce being tall and beautiful, and clever and gay, considered a comparison was drawn with their niece, who, as the elder sister, ought to be far more considered than the daughter of a mere Mary Ringles. No such unamiable feelings were cherished by Mrs. Brandon, who heard with regret that her step daughter inherited the pride, and coldness, of heart, and forbidding demeanor of her aunts. Her personal attractions, too, were of an inferior order; but then she was brought up as the heiress of Lisbourne, the idol of the whole family; and Mrs. Medicott said "Miss Adelaide carried herself like a duchess."

As to Mr. Brandon, he never troubled his head about his eldest daughter—she was provided for in every way, he knew; and, in short, he was immersed in the cares of business, and had small leisure to devote to other thoughts. As Fordyce grew strong and tall, so did Mrs. Brandon's motherly heart yearn to bring the alienated sisters together; and through the intervention of Mr. Medicott, she determined to effect her wishes. She wrote also to Anna Norrys on the subject, earnestly petitioning her to use all her influence and persuasion to induce the aunts to consent that Adelaide might come and pass a few weeks beneath her father's roof.

Fordyce had an accomplished governess and first-rate masters, and the country girl might share, and profit by these advantages, and the sisters might learn, too, the sweet lesson of love. But vain were Mrs. Brandon's pleadings. The wrath of the Misses Norrys was greatly kindled at the idea of their niece leaving Lisbourne House and all its glories, to sojourn, even beneath a father's roof, in the vast Babel, where vulgarity jostled rank on every side. No indeed! They did not wish to keep the girls apart, as they told Mr. Medicott, and they hoped that Mr. Brandon would be equally liberal to both his daughters—though Adelaide needed it not, Heaven be thanked!—as they heard on all sides the great merchant was a millionaire. So taking this fact into prudential consideration, the Misses Norrys condescended to express a wish that Fordyce might sojourn at Lisbourne with Adelaide, instead of Adelaide staying in London with her.—Mrs. Brandon was too unselfish, and too eager for the meeting of the sisters, to suffer her own private feelings to interfere with this arrangement; though with a throbbing heart and tearful eyes the fond mother parted with her only treasure. It was but for a time, and it was on the path of duty; but Fordyce was a sensitive, timid child, and she, too, wept at going among strangers, and almost unwept Mrs. Brandon. It is but justice to the Misses Norrys to say, that they strove all in their power to be kind, and to render the sweet girl's absence from home a summer holiday; but all would not do; and had it not been for Anna Norrys and Mr. and Mrs. Medicott, Fordyce would have pined herself thin. She had been a star at home, all in all to her doting mother; she had never heard a cold word nor seen a reproving look; and Adelaide was cold and hard—Adelaide, who was a star at Lisbourne, where there was not room for the two little suns to revolve without coming in contact. But how different they were! Fordyce, absent from her mother's side for the first time, affectionate, gentle, confiding, truthful, and unselfish, like her own dear mother; Adelaide, on the contrary, dictatorial, self-conceited, the conscious heiress of Lisbourne, regarding her sister with dislike, because every one spoke of her beauty; and because she herself discovered that Fordyce was her superior in knowledge and accomplishments. Fordyce was but a child, and Adelaide was three years her senior; but the former had a little bit of pride notwithstanding her sensitive timidity, and she could not endure to be patronized at Lisbourne by Miss Brandon, so that a sort of coolness grew between the girls imperceptibly; and ere this first visit ended, Fordyce had written a letter, all blotted with tears, to her dear mamma, praying that it might be the last, and begging to come home.

Her happiest moments had been those passed beside the silent, suffering Anna, to whom she would read aloud, and prattle all about the wonderful sights she was sometimes allowed to visit in the great city—the pictures, the flowers, the birds, and the music; "not but that I could be happy anywhere, if papa and mamma were with me," always added Fordyce.

Anna Norrys studied this sweet child's character; it seemed a study which well repaid her; and there was something prophetic and searching in the gaze with which she dwelt on the fair and rather melancholy beauty that distinguished Fordyce, the child having one of those faces which seem to tell of coming sorrow, for, says Richter, "either the future or the past is written in every face." Such contemplation it might be which made Anna Norrys one day exclaim involuntarily to Mr. Medicott when the latter had dismissed Fordyce from the sick chamber, previous to the daily medical examination:

"O, Mr. Medicott, I have had strange misgivings lately—dreams maybe, but sad and singular for all that. I hope, I fervently hope, that my brother-in-law, Mr. Brandon, has secured a *cure* provision for Mary and this sweet child, Merchants are sometimes unfortunate, as we know—sometimes ruined."

"Nay, nay, my dear Miss Anna," replied Mr. Medicott, smiling; "you are weak and low. What puts such thoughts into your dear head? Why, Mr. Brandon is reputed to be worth hundreds of thousands."

"Oh, that may be, but many others, that have died in poverty. Mr. Brandon is speculative, and I cannot help wishing and praying that he may have secured a provision for Fordyce. I cannot help these feelings. But she is such a sweet, affectionate, unworshipful child, that were reflections come—were she to lose, for instance, both parents and fortune, and to be cast on the wide cold world, how would such a tender plant endure the storm?"

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, my dear Miss Anna," replied the doctor, seriously; "but may He grant such contingencies as you allude to never may happen in the case of these dear ones! No doubt Mr. Brandon will take all proper care of his wife and child; but there never has been any settlement made, that's true, and I will make a memorandum of the fact; and when I next run up to town to see our dear Mary, I'll speak openly of it to Brandon over our wine; for he is a good fellow in the main, and very fond of Mary, as he ought to be, for she's been a good, loving wife to him, prince-merchant though he be!"

And the good doctor did speak to Mr. Brandon over their wine; and Mr. Brandon laughed and pook-looked, and declared that he intended to follow Mr. Medicott's advice on the very first opportunity.

Fordyce at length returned home, and her mamma promised her that they should never be parted again.

"Never to be parted again!" that fond mother and idolized child! Yes, parted again, and parted forever on earth. Fordyce had scarcely completed her sixteenth year, when a short illness deprived her of the beloved parent who had been to her all that a mother can be to an only daughter—tender friend, sympathizing companion, judicious counselor, and wise instructor. Poor Fordyce! Stunned by the heavy and sudden calamity, she remained for many weeks in a state of mental exhaustion and bodily prostration, from which it seemed almost impossible she would revive; but youth triumphed, though she came forth from her sick chamber as one who has looked long and closely on death.

During this trying and terrible crisis, Mrs. Medicott had taken up her abode at Mr. Brandon's magnificent house, and with simple earnestness strove her best to comfort him, and to tend the poor stricken girl who mourned so deeply her irreparable loss. But whenever she saw the time had arrived for Fordyce to benefit by necessary, though painful exertion, then Mrs. Medicott gradually withdrew her support, and by degrees endeavored to reconcile the young mistress of the house to her new position at the head of her father's table.

Fordyce had a vast fund of sound practical sense, and a high standard of duty; and when the first outburst of sorrow passed

over, and she clearly comprehended what was required of her, and that to indulge her own grief would be selfish and reprehensible, when her surviving parent needed cheering and companionship, then Fordyce, by a strong effort, conquered self; and at an age when girls are seldom out of the school-room, became the sole directress of the household, and the sole guide of her own actions. Mr. Brandon, more inextricably engaged than ever in great commercial concerns, rarely interfered with his daughter's arrangements; so that she appeared at breakfast and dinner, the rest of the day was entirely at her own disposal.

With time came healing—but not forgetfulness; and Mr. Brandon, preoccupied as he was, observed the pale cheek and attenuated form of his lovely child with alarm and anxiety. He had great faith in Mr. Medicott—and Mr. Medicott prescribed change of air and scene—and what change of air and scene was so natural as that proffered and pressed on their acceptance by the Misses Norrys? Adelaide wished so much to see her sister again, they urged and they were so desirous of doing all in their power for Adelaide's sister, and for Mr. Brandon; that even if Fordyce had wished to decline the invitation, it seemed like ingratitude to do so. But Fordyce was indifferent where she went, so that she could often see her father; and the fresh terrible sorrow had eradicated from her memory the remembrance of that former visit to Lisbourne, when she had prayed it might be her last. Home was so dreary now, though she tried to bear up bravely for her father's sake; it was desolate to walk out in the dull gloom, and it was hateful to return, and the large rooms looked so gloomy, and she started at the sound of her own footsteps. At Lisbourne, too, she would see so much of the kind, dear Medicotts, and of Anna Norrys, who had always corresponded with her departed mother, and called that dear mother one of her most valued friends; so, upon the whole, Fordyce felt rather more inclined to be at Lisbourne than elsewhere, and oh, what a comfort it would be if she found a sister in heart, to fill up the dreary void which a mother's loss had occasioned.

But there was no change in Adelaide Brandon. At nineteen, she resembled the child—cold in manner, supercilious, plain in person, but vain and perfectly self-possessed. Adelaide entertained so high an opinion of her own qualifications in general, that she could afford to extend patronage towards a younger and less favored sister, whose ancestry on the maternal side did not equal hers—a fact which had been impressed on the mind of Adelaide Brandon since she could comprehend anything. Her mother was a Norrys—a Norrys of Lisbourne House; but as to Fordyce, she could claim alliance only with poor Mrs. Medicott—a nobody!

Mr. Brandon's reputed wealth gained for his daughter a prestige and consideration; though the Misses Norrys disliked her beauty, or rather would not allow it existed; as to her sweet, yielding disposition, they were prejudiced against the mother, and extended the prejudice to the daughter; but the wealth—that was not to be overlooked—that placed Fordyce Brandon more on equality with Adelaide.

In the congenial society of Anna Norrys, the young mourner found so much comfort, that she did not experience the chill which otherwise might have fallen so painfully on her warm confiding heart. Adelaide was distant and polite; but Fordyce thought it might be only her outward manner. The Misses Norrys were very considerate and courteous; and Mr. Norrys betrayed some agitation when he first beheld her, Fordyce had grown so like Mary Ringles! Mary Ringles, who had never, as Mrs. Brandon, been invited to Lisbourne House, and whose name was never spoken, seemed now to revive in her daughter. Little love they had for the mother, and less for the child; but there was a powerful shield around the fair girl; and if she was not quite unconscious of what the shield consisted, she did not attribute to its magic influence all the toleration and urbanity evinced towards her by the proud and heartless family.

Mr. Brandon was glad to obtain a respite from the cares of his career of anxious money-making, or money-losing, and to snatch a breath of pure air at frequent intervals during Fordyce's stay at Lisbourne. And so well did the visit go off, so affable were they all, that Mr. Brandon readily



Agriculture.

GUANO FOR GARDEN VEGETABLES. The editor of the Southern Farmer says he has been in the habit of using guano...

CABBAGES.—For all the plants of this tribe, including broccoli, spring greens, radishes, &c., we consider guano equal to any other manure.

Guano is also the best manure we have ever tried for raising cabbage plants. Prepare the ground as for turnip or spring greens...

Tomatoes are equally benefited. When the plants are ready to be turned out from the pots or transplanted from the hot beds...

PEAS.—The productiveness of garden peas is greatly increased by the use of guano. The most economical application is in the drill or furrow.

MELONS.—(including the tribe of cucurbits generally.) While we would not like to rely exclusively on guano for the production of these fruits...

"I tell You I Saw it Myself." When any one uses this expression regarding some wonderful thing, adding or not adding "with my own eyes," he is understood to mean that the thing, however incredible it may have previously appeared...

Some of the mystic wonders which have of late years been attracting so much attention, afford in their history from first to last, lively illustrations of the moderate value to be placed on what is thought to be the direct evidence of the senses.

Where there is any inclination to believe in marvellous or extraordinary things, it is surprising how easily one comes to allow himself to be deluded into the conviction that he has witnessed an alleged fact.

Innocence Enchained by Sin. Despite the dogmas of the learned Blacksmith and other philosophers, it is not always true that education and external circumstances are omnipotent in the formation of character.

A stormy morning—in the middle of winter, when the snow was heaped in the streets, she was found in a basket, at the door of a house in which resided a respectable married couple.

NEW GOLD EXCITEMENT.—RUSH FROM AUSTRALIA TO PERU.—The last accounts from Lima announce the arrival there of an English ship from Australia, in 30 days passage...

Headache, Neuralgia, & Cor s. No more sleepless nights with that wicked Tooth ache. No more loss of time. No more anguish and suffering with that worst of all troubles, the toothache.

There are other "children of the snow," who seem born to purity and not to receive a taint—angels like Blanche, whose touch is moral health—

CROWS CAN COUNT THREE.—A few months since we were riding in a stage coach with several gentlemen, when the conversation turned upon the subject of crows, and many interesting anecdotes were related.

The gentleman studying this plan to fail, thought he would deceive them. So he took his son with him to the booth, concluding that when they had seen one go away, the crows would think the coast clear, and descend to the bait.

The gentleman said that this thing had been tried repeatedly, and it was evident that crows could count as far as three, but there their arithmetic ended.

A STRAY COON.—Yesterday morning an employee of the House of Representatives library, on going to an adjoining platform for the purpose of procuring firewood, discovered two bright eyes peering at him from a dark corner.

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NEW GOLD EXCITEMENT.—RUSH FROM AUSTRALIA TO PERU.—The last accounts from Lima announce the arrival there of an English ship from Australia, in 30 days passage...

10,000 DOLLARS wanted in exchange for Boots, Shoes and Rubbers. No. 5 Exchange Street, Chicopee, where may be found a good assortment of Men's, Women's and Children's Boots, Shoes and Rubbers...

STATE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY. OFFICE NO. 88 MAIN STREET, WORCESTER, MASS. Guarantee Capital, \$100,000.

WHICH SHE HAD LAIN IN INFANTILE INNOCENCE. She shunned the society of the degraded beings with whom her foster parents descended to associate—

There are other "children of the snow," who seem born to purity and not to receive a taint—angels like Blanche, whose touch is moral health—

THE above Goods will be sold as low as can be bought this side of Boston or New York. Please call on Mr. J. B. Barrett, the No. 5 Exchange Street.

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THE Charter of this Company protects "widows and orphans" from the avarice and cruelty of mercenary creditors, after they are deprived of their natural protectors.

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CONNECTICUT RIVER RAILROAD.—Winter Arrangement.—On and after Saturday, Oct. 1, 1853, Passenger Trains run daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

WESTERN RAILROAD.—Winter Arrangement.—Commencing MONDAY, OCT. 31, 1853, Passenger Trains leave Boston as follows:—

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