

Poetry.

MY NEW ENGLAND HOME.

BY REV. A. HOWLAND.

I love the great and glorious West, The land of hope and toil; Its forests dark, its prairies broad, Its rich and fertile soil; But, oh! I love more dearly still, Wherever I may roam, Each mountain, valley, plain and hill Of my New England Home.

Select Tales.

THE COUNTER-STROKE.

Criminal Weakness and Felonious Deception.

Just after breakfast one fine spring morning in 1837, an advertisement in the Times for a curate caught and fixed my attention. The salary was sufficiently remunerative for a bachelor, and the parish, as I personally knew, one of the most pleasantly situated in all Somersetshire. I instantly wrote, enclosing testimonials, with which the Rev. Mr. Townley, the rector, was so entirely satisfied, that the return post brought me a positive engagement, unclouded with the slightest objection to one or two subsidiary items I had stipulated for.

tion, a kind gentleness of mind and temper, was evidenced in every line of her face, in every accent of the low pitched, silver voice, that breathed through lips made only to smile. Let me say that I was greatly struck by so remarkable a combination of rare endowments; and this, I think, the sharp-eyed rector must have perceived, or he might not perhaps have been so immediately communicative with respect to the near prospects of his idolized grandchild, as he was the moment the young lady, after presiding at the breakfast-table, had withdrawn. "We shall have gay doings, Mr. Tyrrel, at the rectory shortly," he said. "Next Monday three weeks will, with the blessing of God, be Agnes Townley's wedding day."

her husband gives up his corn speculations, she will not, I think, have that much longer. "Corn speculations! Surely Danby has no means adequate to indulgence in such a game as that?" "Not he. But about two years ago he bought, on credit, I believe, a considerable quantity of wheat, and prices happening to fly suddenly up just then, he made a large profit. This has quite turned his head, which by-the-by, was never, as Cockneys say, quite rightly screwed on." The announcement of a visitor interrupted anything further the rector might have had to say, and I soon afterward went home. A sad accident occurred about a month subsequent to the foregoing conversation. The rector was out riding upon a usually quiet horse, which all at once took it into his head to shy at a scarecrow it must have seen a score of times, and thereby threw its rider. Help was fortunately at hand, and the reverend gentleman was instantly conveyed home, when it was found that his left thigh was broken. Thanks, however, to his temperate habits, it was not probable that the lusty winter of his life would be shortened by what had happened. Unfortunately, the accident threatened to have evil consequences in another quarter. Immediately after it occurred, one Mathews, a busy, thick headed lout of a butcher, rode furiously off to Elm Park with the news. Mrs. Arbuthnot, who daily looked to be confined, was walking with her husband upon the lawn in front of the house, when the great burly blockhead rode up and blurted out that the rector had been thrown from his horse, and it was feared killed!

handwriting; but from her no doubt. "Merciful God!" I impulsively exclaimed, as I suddenly lifted my eyes to his. "What is the matter?" A mortal pallor had spread over Mr. Arbuthnot's before animated features, and he was glaring at the letter in his hand as if a basilisk had suddenly confronted him. Another moment, and the muscles of his frame appeared to give way suddenly, and he dropped heavily into the easy chair from which he had risen to take the letters. I was terribly alarmed, and first loosening his neckerchief, for he seemed choking, I said—"Let me call some one," and I turned to reach the bell, when he instantly seized my arm, and held it with a grip of iron. "No—no—no!" he hoarsely gasped. "Water—water!" There was fortunately some on a side-table. I handed it to him, and he drank eagerly. It appeared to revive him a little. He thrust the crumbling letter into his pocket, and said in a low quick-whisper—"There is some one coming! Not a word remember—not a word!" At the same time, he wheeled his chair round, so that his back should be towards the servant we heard approaching. "I am sent sir," said Mrs. Arbuthnot's maid, "to ask if the post has arrived."

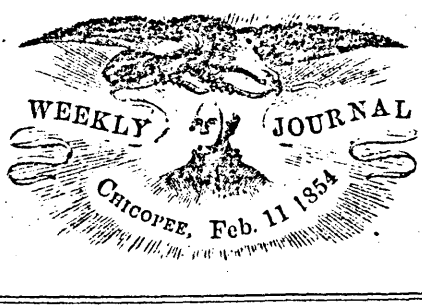
he opened only one letter that morning, and had sent a message to his wife that the child was well! Mrs. Danby remained at Park till the little Robert was weaned, and then was dismissed very munificently rewarded. Year after year rolled away without bringing Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot any additional little ones, and no one, therefore, could feel surprised at the enthusiastic love of the delighted mother for her handsome noble-promising boy. But that which did astonish me, though no one else, for it seemed that I alone noticed it, was a strange defect of character which began to develop itself in Mr. Arbuthnot. He was positively jealous of his wife's affection for their own child! Many and many a time have I remarked, when he thought himself unobserved, an expression of intense pain flash from his fine, expressive eyes, at any more than usually fervent manifestations of the young mother's gushing love for her first and only born! It was altogether a mystery to me, and I as much as possible forbore to dwell upon the subject. Nine years passed away without bringing any material change to the parties involved in this narrative, except those which time brings ordinarily in his train. Young Robert Arbuthnot was a healthy, tall, fine looking lad of his age; and his great-grandpapa, the rector, though not suffering under any actual physical or mental infirmity, had reached a time of life when the announcement that the golden bowl is broken, or the silver cord is loosed, may indeed be quick and sudden, but scarcely unexpected. Things had gone well, too, with the nurse Mrs. Danby, and her husband; well, at least, after a fashion. The speculative miller must have made good of the gift to his wife for her care of little Arbuthnot, for he had built a genteel house near the mill, always rode a valuable horse, kept, it was said, a capital table; and all this, as it seemed, by his clever speculations in corn and flour, for the ordinary business of the mill was almost entirely neglected. He had no children of his own, but he had apparently taken, with much cordiality, to his step son, a fine lad, now about eighteen years of age. This greatly grieved the boy's mother, who dreaded above all things that her son should contract the evil, dissolute habits of his father-in-law. Latterly, she had become extremely solicitous to procure the lad a permanent situation abroad, and this Mr. Arbuthnot had professed should be effected at the earliest opportunity. Thus stood affairs on the 16th of Oct., 1846. Mr. Arbuthnot was temporarily absent in Ireland, where he possessed large property, and was making personal inquiries as to the extent of the potatoe rot, not long before announced. The morning's post had brought a letter to his wife, with the intelligence that he should reach home that very evening and as the rectory was on the direct road to Elm Park, and her husband would be sure to pull up there, Mrs. Arbuthnot came with her son to pass the afternoon there, in some slight degree anticipate her husband's arrival. About three o'clock, a chief clerk of one of the Taunton banks rode up in a little gig to the rectory, and asked to see the Rev. Mr. Townley on pressing and important business. He was ushered into the library, where the rector and I were at the moment rather busily engaged. The clerk said he had been to Elm Park, but not finding either Mr. Arbuthnot or his lady there, he had thought that the Rev. Mr. Townley might be able to pronounce upon the genuineness of a cheque for £300, purporting to be drawn on the Taunton Bank, by Mr. Arbuthnot, and which Danby, the miller, had obtained cash for at Bath. He further added, that the bank had refused payment, and detained the cheque, believing it to be a forgery. "A forgery!" exclaimed the rector, after merely glancing at the document. "No question that it is, and a very clumsily executed one, too. Besides, Mr. Arbuthnot is not yet returned from Ireland. This was sufficient; and the messenger, with many apologies for his intrusion, withdrew, and hastened back to Taunton. We were still talking over this sad affair, although some hours had elapsed since the clerk's departure—in fact, candles had been brought in, and we were every moment expecting Mr. Arbuthnot—when the sound of a horse at a hasty gallop was heard approaching, and presently the pale

and haggard face of Danby shot by the window at which the rector and myself were standing. The gate-bell was rung almost immediately afterwards, and but a brief interval passed before "Mr. Danby" was announced to be in waiting. The servant had hardly gained the passage with leave to show him in, when the impatient visitor rushed rudely into the room, in a state of great, and it seemed angry excitement. "What, sir, is the meaning of this ill-mannered intrusion?" demanded the rector, sternly. "You pronounced the cheque I paid away at Bath to be a forgery; and the officers are, I am told, already at my heels. Mr. Arbuthnot, unfortunately, is not at home, and I am come, therefore, to seek shelter with you." "Shelter with me, sir?" exclaimed the indignant rector, moving, as he spoke, towards the bell. "Out of my house you shall go this instant." The fellow placed his hand upon the reverend gentleman's arm, and looked with his bloodshot eyes keenly in his face. "Don't!" said Danby—"don't, for the sake of yourself and yours! Don't! I warn you; for the sake of me and mine." "Yours, fellow! Your wife, whom you have so long held in cruel bondage through her fears for her son, has at last shaken off that chain. James Harper sailed two days ago from Portsmouth to Bombay. I sent her the news two hours since."

could not find it in his heart to undecieve his wife. Every year it became more difficult, more impossible to do so; and very generously, I must say, has he paid in purse for the forbearance of the nurse's husband. Well, now then, to sum up: the nurse was Mrs. Danby; the rich, weak husband, Mr. Arbuthnot; the substituted child—that handsome boy my son? A wild scream from Mrs. Arbuthnot broke the dread silence which had accompanied this frightful revelation echoed by an agonized cry half tenderness, half rage, from her husband, who had entered the room unobserved, and now clasped her passionately in his arms. The carriage-wheels we had heard were his. It was long before I could recall with calmness the tumult, terror, and confusion of the scene. Mr. Arbuthnot strove to bear his wife from the apartment, but she would not be forced away, and kept imploring with frenzied vehemence that Robert—that her boy should not be taken from her. "I have no wish to do so—far from it," said Danby, with gleeful exultation. "Only folks must be reasonable and not threaten with the hulks—" "Give him anything, anything!" broke in the unhappy lady. "O Robert! Robert!" she added, with a renewed burst of hysterical grief, "could you deceive me so?" "I have been punished, Agnes," he answered, in a husky, broken voice, "for well intending, but criminal weakness; cruelly punished by the ever present consciousness that this discovery must one day or other be surely made. What do you want?" he after a while added, with recovering firmness, addressing Danby. "The acknowledgement of the little bit of paper in dispute, of course; and, say a genuine one to the same amount." "Yes, yes, exclaimed Mrs. Arbuthnot, still wildly sobbing, and holding the terrified boy strained in her embrace, as if she feared he might be wrenched from her by force. "Anything pay him anything." At this moment, changing to look towards the door of the apartment, I saw that it was partly opened, and that Danby's wife was listening there. What might that mean? But what of helpful meaning in such a case could it have? "Be it so, love," said Mr. Arbuthnot soothingly. "Danby, call to-morrow at the park. And now, begone at once." "I was thinking," resumed the rascal, with swelling audacity, "that he might as well at the same time come to some permanent arrangement upon black and white. But never mind; I can always put the screw on; unless, indeed, you get tired of the young gentleman, and in that case, I doubt not, he will prove a dutiful and affectionate son—Ah, devil! What do you here? Begone, or I'll murder you? Begone, do you hear?" His wife had entered, and silently confronted him. "Threats, evil man," replied the woman, quietly, have no terrors for me now. My son is beyond your reach. Oh, Mrs. Arbuthnot, she added, turning towards and addressing that lady, "believe not—" Her husband sprang at her with the bound of a panther. "Silence! Go home, or I'll strangle—" His own utterance was arrested by the fierce grasp of Mr. Arbuthnot, who seized him by the throat, and hurled him to the further end of the room. "Speak on, woman; and quick, quick, what have you to say?" "That your son, dearest lady," she answered throwing herself at Mrs. Arbuthnot's feet, "is as truly your own child as ever son born of woman." That shout of half-fearful triumph seems even now as I write ringing in my ears. I felt that the woman's words were words of truth, but I could not see distinctly: the room whirled round, and the lights danced before my eyes, but I could hear through all, the choking ecstasy of the mother, and fury of the baffled felon. "The letter," continued Mrs. Danby, "which my husband found and opened, would have informed you, sir, of the swiftly approaching death of my child, and that yours had been carefully kept behind the reach of the contagion. The letter you received was written without my knowledge or consent. True it is that, terrified by my husband's threats, and in some measure reconciled to the wicked imposition by knowing that, after all, the right child would be in his right place, I afterwards lent myself to Danby's evil purpose."

es. But I chiefly feared for my son, whom I fully believed he would not have scrupled to make away with in revenge for my exposing his profitable fraud. I have since, I can hardly hope to be forgiven, but I have now told the sacred truth.

All this was uttered by the repentant woman, but at the time it was almost wholly unheard by those most interested in the statement. They only comprehended that they were saved—that the child was theirs in very truth. Great, abundant, but in the moment, bewildering joy!



AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL. V. B. PALMER is the Agent for this paper in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia...

S. M. PATTENSON & Co. are the Agents for this paper in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia...

SLAVERY EXTENSION. In our article last week upon the question of the extension of Slavery, as connected with Mr. Douglas's Nebraska-Bill...

to favor or encourage the further extension of Slavery upon this Continent. Such a storm of applause as followed these words, we have never witnessed elsewhere.

We take pleasure in inviting the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Goodale, the agent for Fanning's United States Gazetteer.

Mr. J. C. Bowker, who does the Base for the Philharmonians, has written a piece of music which he calls "My New England Home."

The Dissolving Views and Chromotopes, exhibited with a hydro-oxygen light, by Brown and Billings, in Cabot Hall...

The news by the Pacific, which arrived at New York Friday morning, indicates increased probabilities of a general war.

The Pickers Room of No. 2 Perkins Mills took fire on Thursday morning, about 8 o'clock; but fortunately the fire was extinguished without doing a great amount of damage.

We understand that three thousand bushels of Wheat passed through this place a few days since on the Connecticut River Railroad.

The Town Library will be reopened this (Saturday) afternoon for the delivery and return of books...

We are glad to notice that a Petition is in circulation in Chicopee, praying Congress to use every Constitutional means to preserve the National Honor as pledged in the Missouri Compromise act of 1820.

The parishioners of Rev. Warren Lincoln, (Baptist) of this village, assembled at the house of their Pastor on Friday evening the 3d, ult. in addition to many kind words, left him \$115 in gold...

Periodicals. PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.—The February number has been upon our table for some days. We have spent some of our most pleasant hours in getting acquainted with its contents...

THE SCHOOLMATE. Published by George Savage 58 Fulton St. New York, and Morris Cotton and Co., 120 Washington St. Boston...

A HOUSE BLOWN UP WITH GAS.—A boarding house on the India Head Corporation, Nashua, N. H. was blown up by the ignition of Gas on Tuesday evening of this week.

POLICE. Francis Harvey was arrested on the 9th inst., on complaint of Charles Dean, for being drunk.

Hiram Austin, was arrested on the 8th inst., by officer Hogan, charged with being a common drunkard...

FOREIGN NEWS. The news by the Pacific, which arrived at New York Friday morning, indicates increased probabilities of a general war.

A telegraphic dispatch from Vienna states that it has transpired that the Czar's final reply will be a contemptuous refusal to the Vienna note of the four powers...

A wag observing a fellow steal a fish and put it under his jacket, which was too short to conceal the theft, hallooed to the policeman to wear in future, a longer jacket, or steal a shorter fish.

Com m e i c i a l s.

Boston, Feb. 9th, 1854. FRIEND CHILDREN.—The proposed amendment to the Constitution mentioned by me in a former letter, have passed both branches of the Legislature by the requisite majority.

At first thought you will wonder what could have been the objection to this proposition. The reason given by its opponents for voting against it, is, that it provides for only two meetings for the choice of Representatives...

The second amendment came near being lost however, by three of the Coalition acting at 7 1-2 o'clock.

their votes from the affirmative to the negative; under the threats and entreaties of their leaders. Had one other member sacrificed his convictions to the dictates of party, the amendment would have been lost.

There is to be one more convention of the two branches to-morrow, to elect two Directors of the Western Railroad, on the part of the State, and an Auditor of accounts.

Mr. CURTIS.—Being away from the blessed associations connected with home, and that place being not more than a thousand miles from Chicopee, I naturally, having nothing else to do, fell into a serious train of thought...

How beautiful the word Home! It's a blessed word. How many blessed associations cling around the old homestead.

She was very tired, and knew not what to do. Just across the street was an open archway; if she could only get the basket there, it would be safe...

By the time Nelly had finished her dinner, the clothes were all ready; mother had been to the wardrobe too, and found other things besides the bonnet and gown.

By the time Nelly had finished her dinner, the clothes were all ready; mother had been to the wardrobe too, and found other things besides the bonnet and gown.

Kitty washed her very nicely, and her pretty soft hair, wet with the rain, curled as much as Harry's did, and she was a bright and pretty little girl, as you could find anywhere.

Dr. Charles Jewett will lecture in Cabot Hall this (Saturday) evening. Commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock.

THE LITTLE CHIP-GIRL. If you had seen little Nelly Ford, the first time I did, you would hardly know her for the same child she is now.

If a big boy, as they sometimes will, attempts to trouble the little ones, you may be sure some good natured boy or girl will start up to defend them.

Did you ever see a little bit of a boy or girl, with a very heavy basket of chips, which you would consider a load for a stout man?

Mr. CURTIS.—Being away from the blessed associations connected with home, and that place being not more than a thousand miles from Chicopee, I naturally, having nothing else to do, fell into a serious train of thought...

How beautiful the word Home! It's a blessed word. How many blessed associations cling around the old homestead.

She was very tired, and knew not what to do. Just across the street was an open archway; if she could only get the basket there, it would be safe...

By the time Nelly had finished her dinner, the clothes were all ready; mother had been to the wardrobe too, and found other things besides the bonnet and gown.

By the time Nelly had finished her dinner, the clothes were all ready; mother had been to the wardrobe too, and found other things besides the bonnet and gown.

Kitty washed her very nicely, and her pretty soft hair, wet with the rain, curled as much as Harry's did, and she was a bright and pretty little girl, as you could find anywhere.

and Katy clapped their hands, and Mrs. Ford could hardly believe it was the half clothed child who left her two hours before.

Nelly's friends she made in the rain, did not forget her. Harry met her the next day when he was going to school with two of his companions...

A SHORT SERMON ON MANLINESS.—Learn from the earliest days to incur your principles against the perils of ridicule.

The celebrated Andrew Marrel, in his ironical libel on the press, said, "Lead, when moulded into bullets, is not half so mortal as when fashioned into types."

A publisher of a newspaper out West, in the first issue of his journal, returns thanks to those who have loaned him pecuniary means...

THE DARK SIDE OF MATRIMONY.—A slave in the West Indies, who had been married to another slave by one of the missionaries...

No man can do anything against his will, said a metaphysician.

Individual greatness (the foundation of national greatness) is the result of fiery trial, continual struggle, unceasing self-sacrifice, unremitting discipline.

Would you be exempt from uneasiness? do nothing you know or suspect to be wrong; and if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasures, do everything in your power, that you are convinced is right.

Snake Story.—A gentleman in Detroit a day or two since, while making a fire in his stove, placed a stick of wood on the fire, which he observed at the time was hollow...



