# THE

# LOWELL OFFERING;

A REPOSITORY

OF

## ORIGINAL ARTICLES ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

WRITTEN

BY FACTORY OPERATIVES.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

## No. 2. Price 6¼ cts.

THIS NUMBER WHOLLY WRITTEN

BY FEMALES EMPLOYED IN THE MILLS.

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# THE LOWELL OFFERING,

## FOR DECEMBER, 1840.

### FACTORY GIRLS.

"SHE HAS WORKED IN A FACTORY, *is sufficient to damn to infamy the most worthy and virtuous girl.*"

So says Mr. Orestes A. Brownson; and either this horrible assertion is true, or Mr. Brownson is a slanderer. I assert that it is *not* true, and Mr. B. may consider himself called upon to prove his words, if he can.

This gentleman has read of an Israelitish boy who, with nothing but a stone and sling, once entered into a contest with a Philistine giant, arrayed in brass, whose spear was like a weaver's beam; and he may now see what will probably appear to him quite as marvellous; and that is, that a *factory girl* is not afraid to oppose herself to the *Editor of the Boston Quarterly Review.* True, he has upon his side fame, learning, and great talent; but I have what is better than either of these, or all combined, and that is *truth.* Mr. Brownson has not said that this thing should be so; or that he is glad it is so; or that he deeply regrets such a state of affairs; but he has said it *is* so; and *I* affirm that it is *not.*

And whom has Mr. Brownson slandered? A class of girls who in this city alone are numbered by thousands, and who collect in many of our smaller [redacted] by hundreds; girls who generally come from quiet country homes, where their minds and manners have been formed under the eyes of the worthy sons of the Pilgrims, and their virtuous partners, and who return again to become the wives of the free intelligent yeomanry of New England, and the mothers of quite a proportion of our future republicans. Think, for a moment, how many of the next generation are to spring from mothers doomed to infamy! "Ah," it may be replied, "Mr. Brownson acknowledges that you may still be worthy and virtuous." Then we must be a set of worthy and virtuous idiots, for no virtuous girl of common sense would choose for an occupation one that would consign her to infamy.

Mr. Brownson has also slandered the community; and far over the Atlantic the story will be told, that in New England, the land to which the Puritans fled for refuge from social as well as religious oppression—the land where the first blood was shed in defence of the opinion that all are born free and equal—the land which has adopted the theory that morals and intellect are alone to be the criterions of superiority—that *there*, worthy and virtuous girls are consigned to infamy, if they work in a factory!

That there has been prejudice against us, we know; but it is wearing away, and has never been so deep nor universal as Mr. B's statement will lead many to believe. Even now it may be that "the mushroom aristocracy," and "would-be-fashionables" of Boston, turn up their eyes in horror at the sound of those vulgar words, *factory girls;* but *they* form but a small part of the community, and theirs are not the opinions which Mr. Brownson intended to represent.

Whence has arisen the degree of prejudice which has existed against factory girls, I cannot tell; but we often hear the condition of the factory population of England, and the station which the operatives hold in society there, referred to as descriptive of *our* condition. As well might it be said, as say the *nobility* of England, that *labor itself* is disgraceful, and that all who work should be consigned to contempt, if not to infamy. And again: it has been asserted that to put ourselves under the influence and restraints of corporate bodies, is contrary to the spirit of our institutions, and to that love of independence which we ought to cherish. There is a spirit of independence which is averse to social life itself; and I would advise all who wish to cherish it, to go far beyond the Rocky Mountains, and hold communion with none but the untamed Indian, and the wild beast of the forest. We are under restraints, but they are voluntarily assumed; and we are at liberty to withdraw from them, whenever they become galling or irksome. Neither have I ever discovered that any restraints were imposed upon us, but those which were necessary for the peace and comfort of the whole, and for the promotion of the design for which we are collected, namely, to get money, as much of it and as fast as we can; and it is because our toil is so unremitting, that the wages of factory girls are higher than those of females engaged in most other occupations. It is these wages which, in spite of toil, restraint, discomfort, and prejudice, have drawn so many worthy, virtuous, intelligent, and well-educated girls to Lowell, and other factories; and it is the wages which are in a great degree

to decide the characters of the factory girls as a class. It was observed (I have been told) by one of the Lowell overseers to his superintendent, that he could get girls enough who would work for one dollar per week. I very much doubt whether it would be possible; but supposing it true, they would not be such girls as will come and work for two, three and four dollars per week. Mr. Brownson may rail as much as he pleases against the real injustice of capitalists against operatives, and we will bid him *God speed*, if he will but keep truth and common sense upon his side. Still, the avails of factory labor are now greater than those of many domestics, seamstresses, and school-teachers; and strange would it be, if in money-loving New England, one of the most lucrative female employments should be rejected because it is toilsome, or because some people are prejudiced against it. Yankee girls have too much *independence* for *that*.

But it may be remarked, "You certainly cannot mean to intimate, that all factory girls are virtuous, intelligent," &c. No, I do not; and Lowell would be a stranger place than it has ever been represented, if among eight thousand girls there were none of the ignorant and depraved. Calumniators have asserted, that *all* were vile, because they knew *some* to be so; and the sins of *a few* have been visited upon *the many*. While the mass of the worthy and virtuous have been unnoticed, in the even tenor of their way, the evil deeds of a few individuals have been trumpeted abroad, and they have been regarded as specimens of factory girls. It has been said, that factory girls are not thought as much of any where else as they are in Lowell. If this be true, I am very glad of it; it is quite to our credit to be most respected where we are best known. Still, I presume, there are girls here who are a disgrace to the city, to their sex, and to humanity. But *they* do not fix the tone of public sentiment, and their morals are not the standard. There is an old adage, that "Birds of a feather flock together;" and a Captain Marryatt could probably find many females here who do not appear like "woman as she should be"—but men of a better sort have found females here of whom they have made companions, not for an evening or a day, but for life. The erroneous idea, wherever it exists, must be done away, that there is in factories but one sort of girls, and *that* the baser and degraded sort. There are among us *all sorts* of girls. I believe that there are few occupations which can exhibit so many gradations of piety and intelligence; but the majority may at least lay claim to as much of the former as females in other stations of life. The more intelligent among them would scorn to sit night after night to view the gestures of a Fanny Elssler. The Improvement Circles,* the Lyceum and Institute, the social religious meetings, the Circulating and other libraries, can bear testimony that the little time they have is spent in a better manner. Our well filled churches and lecture halls, and the high character of our clergymen and lecturers, will testify that the state of morals and intelligence is not low.

Mr. Brownson, I suppose, would not judge of our moral characters by our church-going tendencies; but as many do, a word on this subject may not be amiss. That there are many in Lowell who do not regularly attend any meeting, is as true as the correspondent of the Boston Times once represented it; but for this there are various reasons. There are many who come here for but a short time, and who are willing for a while to forego every usual privilege, that they may carry back to their homes the greatest possible sum they can save. There are widows earning money for the maintenance and education of their children; there are daughters providing for their aged and destitute parents; and there are widows, single women, and girls, endeavoring to obtain the wherewithal to furnish some other home than a factory boarding-house. Pew rent, and the dress which custom has wrongly rendered essential, are expenses which they cannot afford, and they spend their Sabbaths in rest, reading, and meditation. There may also be many other motives to prevent a regular attendance at church, besides a disinclination to gratify and cultivate the moral sentiments.

There have also been nice calculations made, as to the small proportion which the amount of money deposited in the Savings Bank bears to that earned in the city; but this is not all that is saved. Some is deposited in Banks at other places, and some is put into the hands of personal friends. Still, much that is earned is immediately, though not foolishly, spent. Much that none but the parties concerned will ever know of, goes to procure comforts and necessaries for some lowly home, and a great deal is spent for public benevolent purposes. The fifteen hundred dollars which were collected in one day for Missionary purposes by a single denomination in our city, though it may speak of what Mrs. Gilman calls the "too great tendency to overflow in female benevolence," certainly does not tell of hearts sullied by vice, or souls steeped in infamy. And it is pleasing to view the interest which so many of the factory girls take in the social and religious institutions of this place,

who do not call Lowell aught but a temporary home. Many of them stay here longer than they otherwise would, because these institutions have become so dear to them, and the letters which they send here after they do leave, show that the interest was too strong to be easily eradicated. I have known those who left homes of comfort and competence, that they might here enjoy religious privileges which country towns would not afford them. And the Lowell Offering may prove to all who will read it, that there are girls here whose education and intellect place them above the necessity of pursuing an avocation which will inevitably connect them with the ignorant and vicious.

And now, if Mr. Brownson is *a man*, he will endeavor to retrieve the injury he has done: he will resolve that "the dark shall be light, and the wrong made right," and the assertion he has publicly made will be as publicly retracted. If he still doubts upon the subject, let him come among us: let him make himself as well acquainted with us as our pastors and superintendents are; and though he will find error, ignorance, and folly among us, (and where would he find them not?) yet he would not see worthy and virtuous girls consigned to infamy, because they work in a factory. A FACTORY GIRL.

* A social meeting, denominated Improvement Circle, was established in this city about a twelve-month since. At the sessions of this Circle, which have been holden one evening in a fortnight, communications (previously revised by the gentleman in charge) have been read, the names of the writers not being announced. The largest range of subject has been allowed, and the greatest variety of style indulged: Fiction and fact; poetry and prose; science and letters; religion and morals:—and in composition, the style has been humorous or otherwise, according to the various taste or talent of the writers. The reading of these articles has constituted the sole entertainment of the meetings of the Circle. The interest thus excited has given a remarkable impulse to the intellectual energies of our population.—At a social meeting for divine worship connected with one of our societies, communications, chiefly of a religious character, have been read, during several years past. The alternate weekly session of this conference was appropriated mainly to communications, and denominated Improvement Circle, soon after the institution of the one above mentioned; and the interest has thereby been greatly increased. A selection from the budgets of articles furnished to these circles, together with a few communications derived from other sources, constitutes THE LOWELL OFFERING, whereof the two gentlemen in charge of the meetings aforesaid are the Editors.

We have been thus particular, partly to gratify the curiosity of our readers, and partly to call attention to the advantage of such social institutions for improvement in knowledge and in the art of composition. The meetings being free to all who are disposed to attend, they may be likened to so many intellectual banquets; the writers furnishing "the feast of reason," while all present participate in "the flow of soul." EDITORS.

## THE SPIRIT-FLOWER TRANSPLANTED.

Before us lies an extensive and splendid garden, overarched by the bright blue sky, with its myriad hosts, all-radiant with beauty and instruction; while beneath this glorious canopy are gathered all the pure, the lovely and beautiful things of the glowing earth. Lured by a scene of so much splendor, we would enter and revel amid nature's wealth; but our steps are arrested as we observe at the entrance an altar erected to the "Genius of Beauty," bearing this inscription, "Wanderer in search of happiness, it is well thou shouldst seek it amid the loveliest of nature's gifts; but forget not there is a far deeper, holier beauty than that of the dazzling hues which meet thine eye. Within even the lowliest flower is a temple-shrine of holy teachings, mightier far to reach the soul than all the eloquence of man. Tread lightly, thoughtfully, that their gentle tones may be heard by thee, and select the loveliest object here as an offering at the shrine of beauty."

We pass on, but have found it no light thing to choose amid such bewildering variety.—Bright flowers are here, from the lowliest wildling to the splendid exotic. And of these I asked a fadeless gift, but a mournful change passed over them, and then on each petal of earth's flowers was written, "Fading away;" and reproachfully they seemed to say, "Ask not of earth unfading beauty; seek not amid her transient bloom the priceless flower of immortality." Then there is naught in the wide world which may tell of beauty without blight, of loveliness which cannot fade and die? Father, hast thou given us all the beautiful of earth but for life's brief hour? A thousand voices around us answer, *No*—and from the fading flowers of earth, I have chosen one which in their hour of beauty, I had thought a kindred blossom; but the blighting tempest which swept over them, with the breath of decay, has left all undimmed the brightness of this sweet flower which, amid the wreck of loveliness around, shines with tenfold splendor. It seems a spirit of some purer sphere, smiling over the sad visions of earth. It is indeed an exotic—not from the rich gardens of the east, or the sunny vales of the south,—but from the bowers of paradise it came, and heaven is its native clime. It is a spirit enshrined within a flower of earth; and it would seem that nature, aware of its purity, had brought her choicest offerings to make beautiful its dwelling.

But as I gaze on this pure one, a dim shadow seems gathering over its brightness; for in earth's pathway lie temptation, sorrow and guilt; and stern must be their conflict with purity and truth.

But He whose watchful eye has guarded this opening bud, has kindly sent his angel to take it back before the trials of earth could breathe aught of blight over its stainless beauty; and ere sin had power to veil its purity, it is sealed in all its loveliness for heaven. Like a meteor light it has passed through earth, luring us upward to the day-spring of purity on high.—Visions too bright are these to dwell with mortals; for in their light earth's beauty is dim, and too deep would be the yearnings they awaken in our hearts for that spirit-land.

A lovelier offering I cannot bring to the altar of beauty than this pure spirit, which for a moment shone upon earth, then passed in all its innocence and purity, to bless its brighter home above. What more beautiful, more instructive than this can be sent to teach us of Heaven?

MARY.

---

## A SISTER'S TOMB.

She has gone to her rest,—but 'tis not where the willow
Is mournfully sighing a hymn o'er the blest;
No stone is erected to point out the pillow,
Where, sleeping in death, she is gathered to rest.

Down, down in some cave of the fathomless ocean,
Where the sea-monster dwells in his green-mantled lair,
Where billows are raging with fearful commotion—
The form of our sister is slumbering there!

Tho' terrors surround her, still sweetly she's sleeping,
And loud-roaring waters are thund'ring in vain;
For the purified spirit OUR FATHER is keeping,
And we in His presence shall meet her again.

AGNES.

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## THE HILL-SIDE AND THE FOUNTAIN RILL.

Wearied with the dull monotony of a factory life, I sought relief from the flying machinery in the many-toned sweetness of nature's melody. And a happy change to the pent-up spirit it was; from the walled enclosure to the glad, fresh air; from beholding the perfection of art, to a companionship with the free children of nature—the woods, the streams, the flowers. Like a long-caged bird once more on the wing, I wandered from sweet to sweet, enjoying in each a livelier satisfaction than I had ever known until deprived of them; yet disposed to choose out for myself the most beautiful. So I looked aloft to the dispenser of light and heat, not deeming it irreverent to ask friendship of the sun. But his majesty put on his most dazzling array, and I durst not behold, for he seemed to shine in splendid mockery of my insolence. Then I thought of the silver moon whose pale image smiles in purity on the lover and the beloved, and I seemed to feel her soft light like a genial mantle o'er me. But, fairy queen, she is fickle and inconstant as the world she shines on. She steals upon us like the shades of evening, and anon like the evening shadow she vanishes. I asked for a faithful friend, and the unchanging stars came up in bright vision before me. I loved their mild radiance and illumined glow. They outshone the rich gem, the sparkling diamond, the crystal pearl in kingly courts; and seemed more attractive ornaments in the diadem of night. But they were cold and distant, far above me in the blue regions of space, and I wished for a presence to cheer me mid things so fair, for I could not investigate their nature, analyze their beauty, or scan their doings. How could I hold converse with evening's bright train?

Then the green earth smiled, all decked in verdure and wreathed in flowers. The zephyrs stirred the thick foliage, and I found myself surrounded with life animate and inanimate, and surpassingly beautiful. The feathered songsters poured out music, and the lilac and wild rose flung their fragrance on the breeze. I gathered the choicest flowers from nature's garden, and sat down to weave into a chaplet the fragrance of the pink, the blush of the rose, the half-hid innocence of the mountain daisy, the meekness of the modest violet, the emblematic purity of the water lily, the richly-varied hue and simple sweetness of the forest wild flower. The stately oak reared its head, my only symbol of dignity, and spread out its long sturdy arms in my defence. Happy in such society I congratulated myself that I had need to seek no farther—for nature's best self was present. So I hastened to twine my garland, triumphing in the anticipation of placing a purer than a kingly crown on a nobler than royal brow; for I had designed to bestow my treasure on the friend I loved best.

Indulging in dreams of elysian bliss, I lived many a long hour in that little moment.

When I awoke from my reverie it was to gaze on a faded wreath. My heart sunk within me at the sad reality. The light breeze shook sympathising tear-drops from the petals of the surviving, and we wept together. Grief shared with such companions was almost sweet. I held the pale things till they expired; and the breath of heaven swept o'er nature's harp-strings a milder harmony than Æolian's soft voice. It was her voluntary offering—a requiem to the departed, and fearfully ominous was the tale it told of the fate of their companions. And the harp of humanity, strung by the same hand in my own bosom, told a sad response to every plaintive strain. The laurel put on its deep green, the willow bent in grief over their early tomb, and even the lofty oak looked as if it would say, Adieu.

I gazed again on the wreck of my hopes, but it was a vacant look, for thought was far away. Memory was busy with the records of the past. The home of my childhood came back to my view, and I seemed to live over again the days spent upon its sunny hill-side. A lovelier spot would have been too near akin to paradise. It was here in the deep-drawn and indelible picture of my early home, that I discovered now in nature's haunts her most beautiful, most instructive child. Not in her smooth green fields, or far-reaching woodland; not in the deep extended vale, or frowning mountain's brow, or in the richly-curtained canopy of heaven's lofty dome, did I find the object of my search.

On the sloping hill-side, pure and free and noiseless as the soul of charity, a bright and joyous fountain pours forth a sparkling rill. There has the ruby lip oft kissed the sweet stream, and the bright eye laughed to see itself reflected back from the fountain mirror. There has childhood bathed its ruddy cheek, then hied away to brush the pearl-drops from morning's brow. There has infancy laved its little foot, then bounded in sportive glee to chase the gay butterfly, or dance o'er the orchard's silken carpet. My fancy saw the streamlet still flowing silently on, and the gentle flowers still looked gratitude for its purity, its kindness and constancy. The grass-plat beneath waved in fresh luxuriance, and the fruit trees around sustained a richer burthen. The old and weary have drank from the spring and been refreshed.—Youth and innocence have been made happy by its presence. The fruitful earth and lovely landscape owe their charms to that little rill. The majestic river and mighty ocean have received tribute thence. The thick fringe of the vapor cloud is but incense gone up from that and sister streams. The dew-drops of summer, the shining frosts of autumn claim kindred there. The refreshing shower and the beautiful white snow-flake are allied to the fountain and the rill; and the many-colored bow, the signet-ring of heaven, is the fountain's daughter. Like the heart of mercy, that fount is ever full, and that stream like humility's self is well content, though born to flow unseen.

So I surrendered my withered flowers to the cold lap of earth, and gathered instruction from the lips of nature. I rejoiced in one unchanging friend, and sighed for home and the *Fountain-rill.*

ADELAIDE.

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[In the subjoined number of the Recollections of an Old Maid, it will be perceived that two characters are introduced by way of contrast. Let the moral of each be attentively regarded.]

## RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD MAID

### NUMBER II.

CAROLINE B. was the beauty of our village. In almost every town the beauty is considered the female of most consequence; and seldom can town or city boast of a girl so lovely as Caroline. There is much of beauty in our earth, but there is no other like that which sometimes shines forth in a female countenance; and so thought all our young beaux, for they all loved to look at Caroline. In talents, education or sprightliness, she was not superior to her companions, yet before she was eighteen years of age she had received an offer from every young man in the village who dared aspire to such loveliness. They were all refused, for the idea had been early instilled into her mind that her beauty was given to make her fortune; that though a poor country girl, she was designed by nature to be the wife of some very rich man; and she waited very impatiently for his appearance. At length a young merchant from Boston, who had been reconnoitering among the White Mountains, came to our village to visit some relatives. He saw Caroline, and of course fell in love with her—an offer quickly followed, which was as quickly accepted, and I was sent for in haste to assist at the bridal preparations.

I loved Caroline too well to be satisfied with all this, but I could say nothing—the bridegroom was evidently in love, and the bride I knew to be so amiable, modest and gentle, that I thought his kindness must always continue. With a proud heart he carried her to a city home, and there she fluttered in plumes and satins for one short year. During that time she was the admired slave of fashion and etiquette—she was in bondage to a set of laws, the basis of which seemed to be, that nature was always vulgar, and that to be polite and refined was to act, look and speak as unnaturally as possible. Had this continued long she must have become a heartless, despicable woman; but she was delivered from it by the failure of her husband, which was attended by so many suspicious and mortifying circumstances, that it determined him to leave the city, and seek his fortune elsewhere. Meanwhile Caroline was to return to her country home—yet she would rather have gone with *him*, she cared not whither. She had shared his prosperity, and why, she asked, should she not be with him in adversity—she had been nurtured in poverty—she could bear it any where—she could enjoy it with him, and to return in such a manner to the home she had so proudly left, O she woud rather go and live with him in a miserable cabin, or in no cabin at all. But her

entreaties were of no avail. Her husband was determined to go unencumbered, and Caroline returned to her parents. In the long nervous fever which followed her arrival I was her constant attendant, and when she was slowly recovering, I encouraged her in the bright hopes she had formed of future peaceful days with the husband she still so fondly loved. But she has been sadly disappointed. Years have passed, and not even a letter has come to tell of the welfare of him she cannot forget. She who was once the village beauty is now the village tailoress; she looks forward to a life of privation and toil, cheered only by the sympathy of early friends, especially of the one who is now an old maid. As for her villain of a husband, no one knows any thing about him, excepting the members of our Female Samaritan Society, who all say that he is in Texas.

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The next who occurs to my memory is Jane C.; and I think of her now because she was the ugliest looking girl amongst us. She was as rough and brown as a ploughed field—her face was short and her nose was long; her eyes were light and staring; and as for her mouth, I do not know but it would now be all the fashion, for it was *a la* Victoria. Before she was a dozen years old, she was taught to consider herself as cut out for an old maid, and that there had been no mistake in the making. She entered society young, and immediately put her old-maidship upon her as a garment, which was to cover all defects of person and manners. She was of a gay, joyous disposition, and none could see her without observing that if she had got to be an old maid, she was determined to enjoy herself while she was a young one. She laughed and chattered and frolicked with the beaux, in a manner which was half-way between the freedom of a sister, and that of a betrothed bride; yet she was innocent withal, as the truly light-hearted must ever be. No young man avoided her, for her very looks seemed to say, "I am very conscious that I am the plainest mortal that ever lived, and I do not expect you to fall in love with me; and I shall take especial care that I do not fall in love with *you*." She was very much liked by our bashful young bachelors, especially those who had just entered the frolicking circle, and hardly knew how to take care of *themselves*, much less of a *partner*. But Jane could take care of herself and of them too; and she never wanted attendants, tho' she had neither beauty, talents or accomplishments to recommend her—no, not even the magic of a little foot and hand.

Well, a young man took up his abode in our village as a merchant—so he styled himself—that is, he kept an assortment of calico and molasses, thread-lace and board-nails, Jews-harps and spelling-books, Russia-linen and stick-liquorice, black satin and brown sugar, white muslins and blue crockery, hard soap and fish-hooks, pins, needles, tobacco, brooms, handkerchiefs, ribbons, candles, and as his advertisement stated, many other articles too numerous to mention. He was one of those who are resolved never to marry unless they can find some one who is perfect, and not even then if they have not made their fortune. But though not a marrying man, yet he wished to enjoy the society of the ladies; and if I ever disliked a man it was him. He came among us with a perpetual grin, which seemed to say, "Well, ladies, you perceive that I am yet in the market, and I expect to enjoy myself finely while seeing you pull caps for me." But others besides myself now avoided him, and as he had no sister or cousin, to *whom* should he direct his particular attentions but to Jane C.? whom he thought he could trifle with as much as he pleased. But he soon found that he had *caught a Tartar*, or rather that a Tartar had caught *him*. How Jane managed the affair I know not, being of course unskilled in such matters; but she kept up the flirtation till it concentrated into a downright courtship, and this finally consolidated into a marriage. The bridegroom looked rather sheepish at first, but he got over that, and also his former faults, which had been merely those of manner, and of which marriage has wrought an entire cure. Jane's upright and useful course of life has made her a respected woman throughout the neighborhood; her pleasant disposition has rendered her husband's home a happy one; her economy and good management have made him as rich as he could have been had he remained single; and now that she wears a cap, collar and high-necked dress, I am confident she looks as well as half our married women. Her husband, at least, has become so accustomed to her looks, that he appears to be totally unconscious of their lack of beauty; and he is probably now as happy with Jane, as he would have been had he married the *beau ideal* of his youthful fancy.

BETSEY.

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## FLOWERS.

*On the question, What is the most beautiful and instructive object in nature? and why?*

Amidst the infinite variety of objects which nature in all her various moods presents to our view, perhaps none can be selected, which, to the pure in heart will not possess something of beauty; and none that will not yield instruction to the contem-

plative mind. Even in those things, which, to the ordinary observer, appear mean and useless, the careful student of nature's works will discover many splendid revelations of the wisdom and goodness of the great Original of all things; and he will also be led to feel the truth of the declaration made by one of old, that "God hath made every thing beautiful in its time." But notwithstanding the whole creation may present one boundless prospect of harmonious beauty to those whose minds and hearts have been properly cultivated, and they may have learned to

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing,"

yet we are not to infer thence, that to them all things are alike beautiful; nor are we to suppose that the teachings of every object in nature will be alike deeply impressed upon their minds.

Again; it must be evident to every one who has given the subject a moment's reflection, that, as there cannot be found two persons who will think and reason precisely alike upon the same subject, so in answering the question before us, it is scarcely to be expected that any two of our number will select the same object. And even should they so far agree as to make the same choice, and start from the same goal, the probability is that they will soon separate,—if not to travel in opposite directions, at least to wander in paths widely diverging from each other; and the one will discover many beauties which will be entirely overlooked by the other, and read many revelations to which the other will still remain a perfect stranger.

But methinks I hear some impatient one asking, "And what have you chosen as the most beautiful and instructive object in nature?" I have, gentle querist, selected the Flowers, as possessing beauty that is not surpassed, and at the same time, yielding instructions not to be excelled, by any production of nature. Say not that they are too common to engage your attention. It is for this that I love them. It is because they are every where around us with their soothing and hallowing influences, that I would call your attention to a consideration of some of the lessons which they teach. But that we may be alone with them, come with me, and we will walk in the garden of Flora.

It is a lovely morning in midsummer. The sun is shining from an unclouded sky, and on either hand his beams are cast upon blossoms of every hue, from the delicate tints of the blush-rose, to the rich crimson of the dahlia, and the deep purple of the garden violet. And the scene is rendered still more magnificent by the transparent jewelry with which every object is now adorned; while the air seems heavy with the incense that is continually ascending from these humble, yet fragrant offerings, on the great altar of nature. And amid all this beauty are there no lessons of humility, of confidence and holy trust, to be learned from these presence-tokens of the wisdom and benevolence of God?

But we have come to the Rose tree; and as this has ever been a favorite with me, we will pause for a moment to consider its beauties; and I trust, also, that we may glean from it some instructions which it may be well for us to heed. At the first glance it seems to be almost entirely covered with flowers, blushing, not with shame, but with modesty as if half conscious of their own loveliness. But I look again, and I perceive that there are also many buds upon the tree. Some of these are blighted ere they have begun to expand; and others are withering just as their leaves are opening to share, with their lovely companions, the genial influence of the summer sun, and the admiration of the passer-by. Some that have bloomed but a day, are scattering their leaves to the passing breeze, while others remain until slow decay robs them of their beauty and fragrance. So it is with us; and our life has well been compared to the flowers of the field. Frail and fading though they are, yet they are not "frailer than our own frail life"—for, like them, we also fade and perish. Some, like the rose in its budding, are cut off ere their minds have begun to expand; others are called away in youth, while all things are fair and bright, and earth seems to them a paradise of glorious beauty; others again in the prime of life bid adieu to the scenes of earth; while a few linger on until old age robs them of their strength, and the grave invites the weary pilgrim to a welcome resting place.

But we will now leave the garden, for yon silvery lake hath daughters that will teach us yet more of wisdom, and inspire us with confidence in the watchful care of Him in whom we live.—See the lilies thickly scattered over its surface, and reposing upon its bosom like the innocent child sleeping upon the breast of its mother. That they are beautiful I need not say, for none will question this: and that much may be learned from them, will also, I think, be as readily granted. For my own part, I confess that I never gaze upon their placid beauty, without being forcibly reminded of the language of our Saviour to his disciples, though he spake of the lilies of the field, and probably while standing near some place where these silent yet eloquent ministers of nature, were uttering their impressive lessons.

"Behold," said he, "the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin;

and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.—Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Thus it was, that he sought to inspire them with confidence in the protection of the Supreme Being. And in the spirit of this testimony of the great Teacher, are the beautiful lines of one who has well been called "Nature's own poet." They are so very beautiful that I cannot forbear to introduce them here. Listen, then, to the breathings of one who ever seemed to revel, like the bird or the honey-bee, amid the flowers.

"God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

"Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed in rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Up-springing day and night?

"Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth.

"To comfort man — to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whoso careth for the flowers,
Will care much more for him!"

I shall offer no apology for the length of the quotation which I have here introduced, for I am confident that none can listen to it without being profited thereby. We have already spent a long time with the flowers, and have but just commenced learning their lessons. But the oblique rays of the sun remind me that the day is fast waning, and other duties call for our attention. Leaving, therefore, the flowers behind us, yet treasuring their instructions, we will return to the busy scenes of active life, until another opportunity shall be offered for us to hold communion with the beautiful children of nature. EMELINE.

## CONTENTMENT.

When I hear people complaining of unhappiness and misery, and imputing all the misfortunes which a restless state of mind entails upon them, to the injustice of Providence, I pity them for their blindness in so sadly mistaking the source whence arises their trouble. Little do they think that the foe lurks within their own bosom, that the bane of happiness is a discontented mind. Would such persons allow themselves that time for sober reflection, which they employ in finding fault with their Maker, their error might very easily be detected. But instead of looking within for the causes of their wretched state of mind and heart, they are ever wandering abroad, and complaining of the neglect or injustice of Providence.

The readiness with which they pronounce the ways of God unequal, arises from misjudging happiness, and believing it inseparably connected with ease and affluence. But did they know how little could be rightly gathered from extrinsic circumstances, they would resort to some more correct source of information.

Though one be surrounded by wealth and splendor, with all the luxuries which appetite craves, and riches can bestow; though unbounded territories be his, and he sway his lordly sceptre over thousands; though fame may have woven around his head a wreath of greenest laurels, and he stand upon the highest summit which human effort can ever reach,—yet could the veil be drawn aside, and we be allowed to penetrate the deep recesses of his heart, we might be more inclined to pity than envy his condition. While all without bespoke unclouded skies and undisturbed felicity, within might be rankling some deadly poison, some desecrating passion, or corroding care. How little, then, can we judge of the heart from external appearances. They no more make a part of happiness, than our apparel makes a part of our body. The mind, and that only, is the receptacle of happiness. Sorrow and discontent can no more be quelled by wealth and rank, than pain and disease can be cured by an outward garment. We cannot, therefore, determine the proportion in which happiness and misery are distributed among men, without gaining access to the heart.

There is no condition in life, from the lowest degree to which poverty and want have reduced, or wrong and oppression have subjected, over which mind cannot triumph, and be conscious of a felicity far more permanent than that which wealth and all the advantages of fortune can bestow. Numberless examples stand on record to establish this fact beyond dispute. Captivity, exile, and slavery, with all the attendant ills of want, disease and outrage—so far from destroying, have often expanded and invigorated the mind, and brought to light those hidden powers which, perhaps, affluence and ease would have buried in the vortex of dissipation.

There is no connecting link between riches and happiness, nor between misery and poverty; for both riches and poverty are indiscriminately distributed among men, without reference to virtue or vice. And what are termed the inequalities of fortune, should not be considered as rewards of merit on the one hand, nor as the consequences of

neglect or injustice on the part of the Creator, on the other. A single glance at the world of mankind, will furnish us with sufficient evidence that happiness is not the offspring of wealth. Were this the case, then might we with more propriety fancy the desired boon beyond our reach, or attribute the causes of our woe to the unequal distribution of fortune.

But it is not so. There is a peace of mind which the sunshine of fortune cannot bestow, nor its darkest shadows obscure; and this internal wealth can be estimated only by its possessor. It is a legacy which our Heavenly Father has inalienably attached to VIRTUE, whether buried in the caverns of oppression and want, or exalted to an eminence whence its sacred influences are shed on all around. In whatever condition this gem is found, its value is the same; poverty will never diminish, nor wealth increase its lustre.

Since, then, there is a happiness "which nothing earthly gives or can destroy," and this prize is within our reach, to whom is our happiness to be attributed? Are we not, in a certain sense, the artificers of our own destinies? Though we have not power to control the tide of life's events, though poverty, and toil, and weariness may be our lot, still we *can* cultivate those intrinsic virtues which will yield us a rich supply of all that is needful to our best interests, and secure for us "the soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy."

With these views, and by the cultivation of kindred feelings, we may rise above the sordid and grovelling desire for wealth, and be happy in whatever situation Providence has placed us.

DOROTHEA.

## PLEASURES OF FACTORY LIFE.

Pleasures, did you say? What! pleasures in *factory* life? From many scenes with which I have become acquainted, I should judge that the pleasures of factory life were like "Angels visits, few and far between"—said a lady whom fortune had placed above labor. [Indolence, or idleness, is not *above* labor, but *below* it.—EDS.] I could not endure such a constant clatter of machinery, that I could neither speak to be heard, nor think to be understood, even by myself. And then you have so little leisure—I could not bear such a life of fatigue. Call it by any other name rather than pleasure.

But stop, friend, we have some few things to offer here, and we are quite sure our views of the matter are just,—having been engaged as an operative the last four years. Pleasures there are, even in factory life; and we have many, known only to those of like employment. To be sure it is not so convenient to converse in the mills with those unaccustomed to them; yet we suffer no inconvenience among ourselves. But, aside from the talking, where can you find a more pleasant place for contemplation? There all the powers of the mind are made active by our animating exercise; and having but one kind of labor to perform, we need not give all our thoughts to that, but leave them measurably free for reflection on other matters.

The subjects for pleasurable contemplation, while attending to our work, are numerous and various. Many of them are immediately around us. For example: In the mill we see displays of the wonderful power of the mind. Who can closely examine all the movements of the complicated, curious machinery, and not be led to the reflection, that the mind is boundless, and is destined to rise higher and still higher; and that it can accomplish almost any thing on which it fixes its attention!

In the mills, we are not so far from God and nature, as many persons might suppose. We cultivate, and enjoy much pleasure in cultivating flowers and plants. A large and beautiful variety of plants is placed around the walls of the rooms, giving them more the appearance of a flower garden than a workshop. It is there we inhale the sweet perfume of the rose, the lily, and geranium; and, with them, send the sweet incense of sincere gratitude to the bountiful Giver of these rich blessings. And who can live with such a rich and pleasant source of instruction opened to him, and not be wiser and better, and consequently more happy.

Another great source of pleasure is, that by becoming operatives, we are often enabled to assist aged parents who have become too infirm to provide for themselves; or perhaps to educate some orphan brother or sister, and fit them for future usefulness. And is thereno pleasure in all this? no pleasure in relieving the distressed and removing their heavy burdens? And is there no pleasure in rendering ourselves by such acts worthy the confidence and respect of those with whom we are associated?

Another source is found in the fact of our being acquainted with some person or persons that reside in almost every part of the country. And through these we become familiar with some incidents that interest and amuse us wherever we journey; and cause us to feel a greater interest in the scenery, inasmuch as there are gathered pleasant associations about every town, and almost every house and tree that may meet our view.

Let no one suppose that the 'factory girls' are without guardian. We are placed in the care of overseers who feel under moral obligations to look after our interests; and, if we are sick, to

acquaint themselves with our situation and wants; and, if need be, to remove us to the Hospital, where we are sure to have the best attendance, provided by the benevolence of our Agents and Superintendents.

In Lowell, we enjoy abundant means of information, especially in the way of public lectures. The time of lecturing is appointed to suit the convenience of the operatives; and sad indeed would be the picture of our Lyceums, Institutes, and scientific Lecture rooms, if all the operatives should absent themselves.

And last, though not least, is the pleasure of being associated with the institutions of religion, and thereby availing ourselves of the Library, Bible Class, Sabbath School, and all other means of religious instruction. Most of us, when at home, live in the country, and therefore cannot enjoy these privileges to the same extent; and many of us not at all. And surely we ought to regard these as sources of pleasure. S. G. B.

We have taken the liberty to change several sentences in the preceding article, and to transpose two of the paragraphs. The hints of the writer might be amplified in a series of illustrations. Who will undertake it? Eds.

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LOWELL—A PARODY ON HOHENLINDEN.

When Lowell once desired to show
What factory girls had power to do,
Her heaps of cloth as white as snow,
She largely piled, and rapidly.

But Lowell saw another sight,
When intellect proclaimed her right,
And operatives by her clear light,
To Science brought their OFFERING.

By pen and pencil fast arrayed,
And scheme, by thought's deep doings laid,
On reason's rock, in fancy's shade,
They wrought their spirit's imagery.

Then felt the land the impulse given,
Then rushed each pen impetuous driven,
And bright as meteor of heaven,
Far flashed the mind's artillery.

And brighter yet these minds shall glow,
'Mid Lowell's drifts of mimic snow:
And swifter yet shall be the flow
Of genius, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce can Truth's bright sun
Undo what slander's night has done;
Yet time shall write the victory won,
Upon a truth-lit canopy.

The world is gazing. On, and save
Your name from ignominy's grave.
Wave, Science, thy bright banner wave,
Above each Lowell factory.

Here poetry and prose shall meet
Upon the Offering's flying sheet,
Till blushing calumny retreat—
Then lock her in her sepulchre. L. S. H.

THE NATURE OF MAN.

Man is a complex being, possessed of a threefold nature—animal, moral and intellectual. A combination of these has made man what he *is*, and a cultivation of the powers of each, will make him what he *should be*, to fulfil the end designed by his Creator.

When we consider man merely as an animal being, we behold him on a level with the brute; both are of the earth earthy, and having lived their appointed time, they will both return again to their kindred dust. But God has impressed upon man His own image, and it is the spiritual nature we possess which constitutes our superiority over the animal creation.

But are there not some persons who have so far neglected the cultivation of their moral and intellectual powers, that, were they not made after the similitude of men, they would scarcely be recognised as belonging to the race of intelligent beings? O! how has man abused that precious gift, intellect! and with how much more ardor does he pursue the things which are merely worldly, and which soon pass away, than the rich treasures of knowledge, which know no decay, but grow brighter as earthly pleasures vanish from our sight! I cannot believe that the man who says, in sincerity of heart, there is pleasure in sin, and that to pursue a vicious course of life is productive of happiness, knows aught of the pure pleasures which the devotee at the shrine of knowledge enjoys, or has ever felt the kindling emotions of the soul which rest in the bosom of the man of science.

Mankind are very apt to allow their moral and intellectual powers to be overruled by their animal and selfish propensities. But how much misery has thus been brought into the world! It has led men to seek after wealth and power, as the best means of promoting their happiness; and this feeling has set nations at variance with each other, and given rise to wars which have converted some of the fairest portions of the globe into waste-wilderness places. But how different the state of things, when we behold men rising above their animal nature, and allowing their higher powers to bear the sway. It is then a better and more glorious prospect meets our view. Instead of beholding man going forth into the battle-field to war against his brother man, we see him marching to the field of science, armed with the sword of wisdom, to defend himself against the hosts of ignorance and superstition, which beset him on every side. Although the army of truth has been of long standing, and many have been the faithful soldiers who have enlisted under its glorious banner, and mighty the victories they have achieved, still the enemy

lurks in our midst, and is constantly making depredations on the peace and happiness of community; and nothing save the constant action of all the moral and intellectual forces, will ever enable us to overcome this enemy of man's highest interests, and effectually banish him from our land. MARIETTE.

## TO A KINDRED HEART.

Oft when the sweetly sacred hour,
Of Sabbath eve draws near,
And contemplation's magic power
Bids heavenly scenes appear,—

When seraphim and cherubim,
With songs to earth descend,
And in my rapt'rous angel-dream,
Pure, sainted lov'd ones blend,—

When hallowed peace breathes all around,
And when the closing day,
With nature's mildest glories crown'd,
In beauty dies away,—

When faith's clear sight gives wings to prayer,
And sets my spirit free,
From chains of sin, from earthly care,—
I 'll gladly think of thee. E. A. *.

## CELESTIAL SCENERY.

What a world is this we live in! filled with wonders, both animate and inanimate! and the most wonderful of all is, that biped, man! What boundary, what limit, has his ambition? What object is beyond his desire to accomplish? And what is there which he may not investigate and examine, even with the confined faculties of human perception? Science has investigated and explained the natural laws of our habitable globe —has weighed the other planets, and determined their distances, and explored the mysteries of etherial space. This, man *has* accomplished, and that which he *will* do, reason dare not prophecy; and when reason fails, we fly on the airy wings of imagination over hill, dale and desert; we descend to the depths of the earth, to find the sibyl who can predict with truth, all that man shall accomplish—all that his faculties can perform. But we find her not. Then we direct our course upward;—for if beings exist with intelligence superior to man, they must exist above.

Swifter than the lightning's speed, is our rapid flight; faster than the light, we travel on. The curve, the flash, which marks the explosion of electricity, may be seen; the speed of light may be computed,—but what, or who, can measure the course of imagination's flight? To this star, and to that orbit, our thoughts extend—but the time may not be computed.——On the richly variegated lawns of Venus we alight, in search of the oracle, to inquire the boundary of man's ambition. Beautiful beyond the power of description is the scene! The pure atmosphere is more fragrant than incense! The rich and mellow light arrays each beauty of coloring, prospect, and distance, in the most glorious blending. Before us, the surface descends in a gentle slope to the margin of a graceful, sinuous stream, of the purest, most sparkling liquid, each drop glittering under the mild beams, like dew-drops in the sun's rays. From the river there arises a gentle acclivity, until in the far distance, the mountain-tops gradually appear to bound the perspective. On the right, the river, weary of its devious way, loses itself in a lake, pure as its own waters. On the left, the river's way is screened from view by intervening shades of tree, shrub and flower. The most delicious fruits hang from their pendant branches, and flowrets of the most perfect form and coloring are found almost literally covering the landscape.—In so sweet a place as this, dwells there no being of thought, feeling and action? Yes; creatures as lovely as their own delightful residence. On the hill side, and in the meadow's fragrance, they spend their happy and innocent existence, free as their own bounding thoughts.—Here comes one, who accosts us, not in the language of words; it is the language of expression. Kindness, affection and welcome, are all blended upon that face. But we may not tarry—our search is for a definite object—let us perform our errand, and decide whether our mission ends here. Say, fair stranger, can you tell us where resides the oracle, who can define or explain the utmost capabilities of man's powers? Your face tells us, that if you expressed youself in sounds, your reply would be, We know of no such oracle.—Then we must away—for time is precious. and we seek knowledge.

Propelled by a power more mighty than steam, we travelled onward, amid stars and satellites, surrounded by scenery so varied, novel, and beautiful, that we were almost tempted to forget the object of our journey. On the *terra firma* of Mars, and Jupiter, we met beings of mind and body; but they were so differently constituted from us that we appeared to them, as they did to us, objects of unfeigned curiosity. Besides, our language could not be interpreted by them, although theirs was perfectly intelligible to us. Their meaning was not, like that of the inhabitants of Venus, impressed on their countenances; —they communicated by signs, or rather by the language of action. Quietness was predominant within their territories. To describe the rich scenery, the language of earth is inadequate. We could view it, and now remember it in detail, but to describe with words the variety of its trees

and flowers, is impossible. New words denoting the grand, sublime and lovely, must first be added to our catalogue of written signs.

We next proceeded to the Moon, hoping that the "man" who resides there could give us the required information. We traversed the whole surface of that satellite, without meeting with aught which betokened animate existence. The general appearance of the surface is more like that of earth, than any of the planets that we visited. It had trees, shrubs and grass, much of the same variety as that of earth. There were mountains, and of course valleys; rivers and lakes. Some of the mountains were volcanic; and others were covered at the summit with ice and snow. There was, apparently, much of mineral substance in the soil, and the growth of trees and verdure looked stunted and of great age. The peculiar lack of living and creeping things, suggested the idea that St. Patrick had not only banished snakes, toads, and other venomous reptiles, but that the *man* of the moon was included in the "notice to quit."

Weary with our search for his presence, our companion suggested that we should return to earth for information; "for," said he, "Col. Stone of New York knows more about the man in the moon than any other created intelligence." We accordingly retraced our steps to our own terraqueous globe; but before reaching New York, we incidentally mentioned our wanderings to a venerable sage, whom we met by the way, and also informed him why we so soon returned to this mundane sphere. 'Foolish children,' said he, 'the Power ye seek is everywhere —yet ye can not see Him. The Being who gave man existence, only can tell the extent of his faculties, or prescribe the limits of his discoveries.'—We were rebuked before our mentor, and curiosity was silenced. LISETTE.

## UTILITY OF OBSERVATION.

Observation is the notice we take of material objects and of occurrences in life, and is a very important method of instruction; for, if we except the Holy Scriptures, every item of knowledge we possess, whether of material or immaterial objects, relating to ourselves or others, was at first obtained by the simple practice of observation.

The situations of men in human society are various. All have not the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of books. But the source of instruction we refer to, every one is permitted to enjoy. The volume of nature is spread open before us, and we are called upon to improve the means which Heaven has bestowed upon the most lowly. History informs us of persons of limited privileges, who, by the practise of observation, have risen to stations of honor, and had their names hailed with rapture, as the benefactors of mankind. What American heart does not beat with exultation and pride, at the name of Franklin,—who, from being a printer's boy, rose to fill one of the highest stations in our country! His name is recorded among those of the greatest philosophers, and will be remembered with gratitude as long as the lightnings flash, and the thunders utter their voice, in the heavens.

The intellectual mind, as distinguished from the merely carnal, takes delight in gaining useful knowledge from any source whatever; but the knowledge derived from observation is most pleasurable, because it is the result of self-discovery.

We often see a vast difference in the appearances of persons. One is listless and dull; if he travels, he sees nothing worthy of notice, and we find him to be a very undesirable companion;—while another, with the same privileges, has always something pleasing and profitable to communicate. By observing men and things, he has acquired a fund of information, which is ever ready for the amusement and instruction of his associates.

We should practice the observation of nature, as an antidote to care and anxiety. Who has not admired the words that fell from the Saviour's lips, when he directed the attention of his disciples to the lilies of the field and the fowls of the air, in order that they might not distrust the care and goodness of our Divine Father.

When wearied with the toils of the day, or the cares and perplexities of business, how soothing it is to the mind to gaze awhile on the beauties of nature; to behold the glare and bustle of day give way to the sombre shades and quietness of night; and as the stars come forth one by one, and shed their silvery light on the quiet earth, the music of nature calms the troubled breast, and leads the mind to the Author of all good; and he exclaims, in the language of the Psalmist, "O Lord! how manifold are thy works! in wisdom Thou hast made them all." A.

## THE BRIDE'S MAID'S APPEAL.

SIR:—I have little personal acquaintance with you; nevertheless I trust you will excuse the liberty I take in addressing you, on account of the intimate friendship existing between your lovely bride and myself.

You, Sir, are probably aware that objections have been made and urged against Ellen's matrimonial choice; and possibly you may also know, that forebodings, dark and fearful fore-

bodings of misery, alienated affection, degradation, and a premature death, have clouded the hearts of many of her friends.

Do you exclaim, in surprise, "How have I given cause for such forebodings?" Oh Sir! although I cannot believe one half that has been told me, I fear that you make a constant use of inebriating drinks. Is it so? Alas! you cannot deny it. Sir, you are the chosen and beloved of a joyous and generous heart. She has refused wealth and honor for your sake, and her heart's purest affections have twined themselves around you, until *your* welfare has become dearer to her than her own.

Will you permit this lovely and confiding one to languish and die? I trust you will not, but rather prove yourself worthy her almost idolatrous love, and wear her "a glory and an excellency upon your right arm." I entreat you to arise, and shake off the manacles which your insidious foe is imperceptibly throwing around you; renounce every thing that can intoxicate. Your only safety is in total abstinence from all inebriating drinks, and from every thing else that can incapacitate you for acting the part of a high-minded and honorable citizen.

Go forth in the strength of a man, and in the fear of God redeem the reputation which has been assailed by the tongue of rumor, not without cause; and triumph over every grovelling appetite. Let such be your course, and it shall never be said, that the flower which you transplanted from the garden of peace and plenty, has faded and died amongst the weeds of dissipation; nor shall it ever be said, that she whom I have adorned to be your bride, was thus prepared by my hands, as a beauteous sacrifice for the altar of abomination. CORA.

## A MERRIMACK REVERIE.

During a leisure moment in the mill, I stepped to the window to examine the plants I am cultivating. My eye glanced out upon the noble Merrimack, flowing in silent beauty and grandeur almost beneath my feet. Being in rather a roving mood, I began to sail up the stream; and, gliding swiftly along, I soon arrived at Lake Winnipisseogee, one of the head waters of this interesting river. Here I stopped to contemplate the beauties of the inland sea. There it lay, calm, clear and beautiful, sparkling in the bright sunbeams, and stretching itself some twenty miles in length, and from three to seven in breadth, interspersed with numerous islands of various magnitude, and its shores indented with many miniature bays and harbors. It was a lovely scene; and as I stood admiring it, I thought of the beautiful name given it by the Indians, when in this placid state. They called it "The Smile of the Great Spirit."

Being obliged to leave this sweet and quiet spot, and return to the city of spindles, I began more leisurely to retrace my course. Passing many tributary streams, and pretty villages pleasantly situated on the banks, I at length arrived at the Pawtucket Falls. Here I again paused, not as before to admire the beauties of nature alone, but to observe also the wonderful works of art in dams, and canals, to raise, receive and carry the water through almost every part of the city, and then causing it to put in motion such a vast quantity of machinery, by which thousands of persons are profitably employed—more so, probably, than they could be elsewhere.

But while our admiration is deeply excited by the contemplation of all these noble works of art, and the readiness with which the powers of nature are made subservient to the use and benefit of the community, we cannot but be forcibly struck with their inferiority, when compared with the sublime scenes of nature. The Pawtucket Falls, though less strikingly grand than many other water-falls in our country, are still interesting. When, from a position on the Pawtucket Bridge, we see this mighty body of water irresistibly foaming, tumbling and dashing from rock to rock, while our ears are almost stunned by the deafening roar, our minds are filled with astonishment. We at once recognise in them the work of the great Architect, who laid the foundation of the earth, and who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand.

When we contemplate the rivers of the world, —(with all their varied scenery of islands, rocks and cataracts—mountains, glens and vales—forests, cultivated fields, and flowery banks,)—all wending their sinuous and ceaseless course to the ocean, we are led to reflect on the course and destiny of man. We see the whole human race embarked on the resistless stream of time, driving with rapid current towards the vast ocean of eternity,—now tossed by the billows of passion and folly, which threaten every moment to dash them against the rocks of contention and strife, or to swallow them in the whirlpool of vice and dissipation; and again sailing pleasantly on the smooth waters of love, peace, and contentment, the helm at the same time under the guidance of virtue and reason. At length each one passes the dark and narrow strait which shall usher us into the boundless ocean of immortality. * * * * *

When I awoke from the deep reverie into which I had fallen, the Merrimack was still moving on in silent majesty and beauty, dispensing health

and happiness; while the machinery in our room was rattling away as merrily as ever. ABIGAIL.

## OLD MAIDS AND OLD BACHELORS.

THEIR RELATIVE VALUE IN SOCIETY.

CHAPTER I. I had seated myself at my table, with the intention of writing a chapter on the good influence which that valuable portion of the community, vulgarly called old maids, exert upon society. Being often called an old maid myself, (because of my eccentricities, to which I have an undoubted right, inasmuch as I honestly inherited them, and also because I have lost my front teeth, by a kick from the wild colt of uncle Obadiah Time,)—it may well be supposed that I shall be on the side of the old maids; and I leave it for those who do not know any better, to write in favor of old bachelors.

I had consulted quite a number of spinsters who are about my own age, (being, as the old song says, "twice six, twice seven, twice twenty and eleven," abating one of the twenty's and the eleven,) and we all agreed, that old maids exerted a better influence on society, than did the old bachelors. I had headed my communication with a quotation from an old Scotch poem. It was the following:

"Auld nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work, she classes O:
Her prentic' han', she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lassies O."

Before I had time to add another word, my chamber door flew open, and in stalked an old woman. She fixed her large saucer eyes upon my face, and then pointing to my paper, said, "You are wrong." Wrong! said I; why am I wrong? "You are wrong," said she, "in supposing that nature had any hand in making either old maids or old bachelors." If nature did not make them, said I, pray tell me who did make them? "*I* made them myself," said she. And pray lady, I replied, tell me who you are, that I may correct my error. "My name," said she, "is Necessity; and I dwell in the Valley of Want." Well, thought I, that is rather queer. But it argues that it is necessary that there should be old bachelors, and also old maids, and I will look around me, and see what good is done by each party; and then I will give my thoughts upon the subject.

On investigating the matter, I found that each class was a benefit to society. I looked back to the days of childhood, and called to mind the whole bevy of old maids who lived in the vicinity of the home of my early years. I called to mind the many good qualities of Miss N., the good old maid who kept house for my father after my mother's death; and I remembered the opinion of old Mr. C., the oracle of the village, who said, that were it not for old maids, the sick would suffer for want of care, the children would have to do without stockings, and the flax would never be spun; the lambs and goslins would all die, and the old bachelors would go ragged. My father said that the old maids were neat and industrious; and that it would be impossible to do without them; but he really thought that hopes of trapping the schoolmaster, (who by the way was an old bachelor,) made them a little more circumspect than they would otherwise have been.

One autumn, Miss N. made a quilting, and according to the custom in all *country* villages, the old bachelors were invited. They were five in number; and it really diverts me now, to think how spruce they looked. They wore high heeled, picked-toed shoes, with enormous copper buckles, grey ribbed stockings, gartered above the knee, courderoy inexpressibles, reaching just below the knee, and fastened with steel buckles about the size of a half dollar, their color a pale drab; their vests were what was called swan-down, striped with all the colors of the rainbow; coats of green cloth, with brass buttons, large as the top of a tea cup, hung loosely on their shoulders; their cravats were white, tied in a huge double bow under the chin, and dangling upon a ruffle bosomed shirtee, which was crimped with all imaginable nicety; their heads were powdered, hair combed back behind, and done up in a cue. My father rallied them for being dressed so much in uniform, and told them he really thought they had a design upon his house-keeper. They assured him that they had not; that they were only careful about their dress to avoid the criticism of the old maids; and the schoolmaster observed, "Were it not for the clapper tongues of the old maids, few bachelors would care how they looked, or what they did." Aye, said my father, I always thought it was *your* influence that made the old maids the amiable, useful beings which they are; bnt I now find that were it not for *their* influence, you would be but dead letters, mere blanks in society.

CHAPTER II. The good precepts, and the better *examples*, of the old maids and old bachelors of the little village of Salmagundi, were not lost; for the children grew up in all the habits of industry which could be desirable. The girls (myself excepted) were all married; and to this day are considered patterns of neatness and humility; and they ascribe all their virtues to the instruction which they received from the old maids in whose society they spent much of their time, when they were children. The boys ripened into

manhood under the instruction of the village *school master;* and many of them are now competent, (in the estimation of their fellow citizens,) to fill the highest offices in a republican government, with credit to themselves and honor to their country.

I cannot drop this subject without giving some particulars relative to the most unpromising boy in the village. This boy's mother was in what is called a bed-ridden state; and the care of her domestic affairs devolved upon an old maid, who was familiarly called aunt Sarah. She belonged to the Society of Friends, and was a universal favorite in the village. One cold morning, little Harry refused to go to school, whereupon aunt Sarah gave him a hearty box upon the ear, at the same time saying, "Harry, thee don't know what is good for thyself; if thee did, thee would never refuse to go to school; mind what I tell thee, Harry—if thee don't pay better attention to thy book, thee will never be A SCHOOL-MASTER, *that* thee never will." Aunt Sarah's words sunk deep into the heart of Harry, (owing I suppose to the fact, that they were boxed into his head;) and from that time he resolved to emulate the old bachelor who taught the village school. Harry is now in the full vigor of manhood; he has been a member of the Legislature for several years,—also Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for the county in which he resides; and I have been told that he will be a *candidate* for Governor, at the ensuing election; and his acquaintances say, that he will yet live in the White House at Washington. Harry has accumulated a large property, and lives in good style. The poor never go empty handed from his threshhold, for he is known and acknowledged as their benefactor; their blessings rest upon his head, and their prayers ascend as incense to Heaven in his behalf.

Harry says he owes his prosperity entirely to the influence of the old bachelor who taught the village school. And the old bachelor would have been (according to his own statement) but a mere blank in society, had it not been for the influence of the old maids.

If I may be allowed to judge from these and many other facts, which have come within the compass of my own observation, I shall give it as my candid opinion, that old maids exert a much better influence on society than do the old bachelors. TABITHA.

The "spinster-sisters" will certainly be obliged to Tabitha for her able plea in their behalf. It is said, however, that one side of an argument may be perfectly conclusive and satisfactory, only because we have not heard the other. We hope to hear something in favor of old bachelors, in season for our next number.

## THE INSTRUCTIONS OF AFFLICTION.

How often does affliction visit us with her serious teachings and admonitions! pressing upon us this truth, that unmingled happiness is not the portion of mortal man, while in this state of transitory existence. She comes to some of us in the midst of prosperity, while surrounded by friends, and all that makes life desirable; and, with an aspect cold, stern, and forbidding, she tells us, that pleasure is short lived, that disappointment is the lot of all, and that our minds should be in constant preparation for reverses and sorrow. It is well if we heed her words; for trials will come, in many various forms; disease, with a palsying hand, may steal our health and strength, and we be thrown on the bed of sickness and languishing; but health may again be restored, and we be allowed to go forth once more from the sick chamber, into the broad sunlight, and enjoy the beauties of nature.

And has not affliction a salutary influence on the heart? has it not taught us to place more dependence on that Being who has all power to save? and do not our hearts glow with joy and gratitude to the dispenser of every good gift, that we are still permitted to sojourn in the land of the living?

But we are called to part with friends, endeared to us by many strong and tender ties—ties which could never be sundered by aught save the relentless hand of death, who heeds not friend or foe, in his work of destruction. Severe as is the trial, in being separated for a time from those we love while here, even with the knowledge that they are prospered and happy; it is as nothing in comparison to the final parting with the cherished ones, whose spirits are about winging their flight to a brighter region, where parting is known no more. We feel that the loss is *ours*. Hope whispers that *they* are but exchanging this troubled state of being for one far more glorious and happy, where they shall be holy and blessed forever. Nevertheless, sad and melancholy tho'ts will obtrude themselves, and time only can soften and partially banish them from our minds.

Many are the garbs of affliction, and mournful are they all. When her visitations are severe and lengthened, we are often tempted to murmur,—even as in prosperity we are led to love the world too well. We should carefully guard against both these extremes. In the more prosperous scenes of life, we should remember that here it is not all sunshine; and in more adverse circumstances, may we have strength to bear nobly up, and come forth from the furnace of affliction, like gold seven times refined. E. E. T.