

THE  
LOWELL OFFERING;

A  
REPOSITORY  
OF  
ORIGINAL ARTICLES,

WRITTEN EXCLUSIVELY

BY FEMALES ACTIVELY EMPLOYED IN THE MILLS.

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“ 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.”

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First Volume.

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## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

In the early part of 1840, an "Improvement Circle," as it was denominated, was formed in this city. The meetings were holden one evening in each fortnight. The entertainments consisted solely of reading communications. Shortly afterwards, a second Circle was formed. In October, 1840, the first number of the "Lowell Offering" was published—the articles, selected from the budgets of those Circles, being exclusively the productions of Females employed in the Mills. Nos. 2, 3, 4, followed at intervals of a month or six weeks. In April, 1841, a new series of the work was commenced. The first Volume, completed, is now presented to the public.

The two most important questions which may be suggested, shall receive due attention.

1st. Are all the articles, in good faith and exclusively, the productions of Females employed in the Mills? We reply, unhesitatingly and without reserve, that THEY ARE, the verses set to music excepted. We speak from personal acquaintance with all the writers, excepting four; and in relation to the latter, (whose articles do not occupy eight pages in the aggregate) we had satisfactory proof that they were employed in the Mills.

2d. Have not the articles been materially amended by the exercise of the editorial prerogative? We answer, THEY HAVE NOT. We have taken *less liberty* with the articles than editors usually take with the productions of other than the most experienced writers. Our corrections and additions have been so slight as to be unworthy of special note.

These statements rest on our veracity. Those who wish to inquire concerning our standing and reputation, are respectfully

referred to His Honor, Elisha Huntington, Mayor ; Samuel Lawrence, Esq. ; Jacob Robbins, Esq., Post Master ; or any of the Superintendents of the Corporations in Lowell.

In estimating the talent of the writers for the Offering, the fact should be remembered, that they are actively employed in the Mills for more than twelve hours out of every twenty-four. The evening, after 8 o'clock, affords their only opportunity for composition ; and whoever will consider the sympathy between mind and body, must be sensible that a day of constant manual employment, even though the labor be not excessive, must in some measure unfit the individual for the full developement of mental power.

Yet the articles in this volume ask no unusual indulgence from the critics — for, in the language of the North American Quarterly Review, “many of the articles are such as satisfy the reader at once, that if he has only taken up the Offering as a phenomenon, and not as what may bear criticism and reward perusal, he has but to own his error, and dismiss his condescension, as soon as may be.”

We requested a correspondent to furnish a concluding article, but we did not specify nor even *suggest* a train of thought. She wrote as she saw fit ; and we are pleased that she considered it proper to notice some of the principal objections urged against our enterprize. She also refers to a period when the feelings of the writers, and of others interested in the welfare of the Offering, were sorely tried. The reference is to the hostility of some narrow-minded, envious persons, who sought by calumny and other unreasonable sorts of opposition, to defeat our novel undertaking. But the day of gloom is past, and we go on our way rejoicing.

# THE LOWELL OFFERING

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## ABBY'S YEAR IN LOWELL.

### CHAPTER I.

"MR. ATKINS, I say! Husband, why can't you speak? Do you hear what Abby says?"

"Anything worth hearing?" was the responsive question of Mr. Atkins; and he laid down the New Hampshire Patriot, and peered over his spectacles, with a look which seemed to say, that an event so uncommon deserved particular attention.

"Why, she says that she means to go to Lowell, and work in the factory."

"Well, wife, let her go;" and Mr. Atkins took up the Patriot again.

"But I do not see how I can spare her; the spring cleaning is not done, nor the soap made, nor the boys' summer clothes; and you say that you intend to board your own 'men-folks,' and keep two more cows than you did last year; and Charley can scarcely go alone. I do not see how I can get along without her."

"But you say she does not assist you any about the house."

"Well, husband, she *might*."

"Yes, she might do a great many things which she does not think of doing; and as I do not see that she means to be useful here, we will let her go to the factory."

"Father, are you in earnest? may I go to Lowell?" said Abby; and she raised her bright black eyes to her father's, with a look of exquisite delight.

"Yes, Abby, if you will promise me one thing, and that is, that you will stay a whole year without visiting us, excepting in case sickness, and that you will stay but one year."

"I will promise anything, father, if you will only let me go; for I thought you would say that I had better stay at home, and pick rocks, and weed the garden, and drop corn, and rake hay; and I do not want to do such work any longer. May I go with the Slater girls next Tuesday? for that is the day they have set for their return."

"Yes, Abby, if you will remember that you are to stay a year, and only one year."

Abby retired to rest that night with a heart fluttering with pleasure; for ever since the visit of the Slater girls, with new silk dresses, and Navarino bonnets trimmed with flowers, and lace veils, and gauze handkerchiefs, her head had been filled with visions of fine clothes; and she thought if she could only go where she could dress like them, she should be completely happy. She was naturally very fond of dress, and often, while a little girl, had she sat on the grass bank by the road-side, watching the stage which went daily by her father's retired dwelling; and when she saw the gay ribbons and smart shawls, which passed like a bright phantom before her wondering eyes, she had thought that when older she too would have such things; and she looked forward to womanhood as to a state in which the chief pleasure must consist in wearing fine clothes. But as years passed over her, she became aware that this was a source from which she could never derive any enjoyment, while she remained at home, for her father was neither able nor willing to gratify her in this respect, and she had begun to fear that she must always wear the same brown cambric bonnet, and that the same calico gown would always be her "go-to-meeting dress." And now what a bright picture had been formed by her ardent and uncultivated imagination! Yes, she would go to Lowell, and earn all that she possibly could, and spend those earnings in beautiful attire; she would have silk dresses,—one of grass green, and another of cherry red, and another upon the color of which she would decide when she purchased it; and she would have a new Navarino bonnet, far more beautiful than Judith Slater's; and when at last she fell asleep, it was to dream of satin and lace, and her glowing fancy revelled all night in a vast and beautiful collection of milliners' finery.

But very different were the dreams of Abby's mother; and when she awoke the next morning, her first words to her husband were, "Mr. Atkins, was you serious last night when you told Abby that

she might go to Lowell? I thought at first that you was vexed because I interrupted you, and said it to stop the conversation."

"Yes, wife, I was serious, and you did not interrupt me, for I had been listening to all that you and Abby were saying. She is a wild, thoughtless girl, and I hardly know what it is best to do with her; but perhaps it will be as well to try an experiment, and let her think and act a little while for herself. I expect that she will spend all her earnings in fine clothes, but after she has done so she may see the folly of it; at all events, she will be rather more likely to understand the value of money when she has been obliged to work for it. After she has had her own way for one year, she may possibly be willing to return home and become a little more steady, and be willing to devote her active energies (for she is a very capable girl) to household duties, for hitherto her services have been principally out of doors, where she is now too old to work. I am also willing that she should see a little of the world, and what is going on in it; and I hope that, if she receives no benefit, she will at least return to us uninjured."

"O, husband, I have many fears for her," was the reply of Mrs. Atkins, "she is so very giddy and thoughtless, and the Slater girls are as hair-brained as herself, and will lead her on in all sorts of folly. I wish you would tell her that she must stay at home."

"I have made a promise," said Mr. Atkins, "and I will keep it; and Abby, I trust, will keep hers."

Abby flew round in high spirits to make the necessary preparations for her departure, and her mother assisted her with a heavy heart.

## CHAPTER II.

The evening before she left home her father called her to him, and fixing upon her a calm, earnest, and almost mournful look, he said, "Abby, do you ever think?" Abby was subdued, and almost awed, by her father's look and manner. There was something unusual in it—something in his expression which was unexpected in him, but which reminded her of her teacher's look at the Sabbath school, when he was endeavoring to impress upon her mind some serious truth. "Yes, father," she at length replied, "I have thought a great deal lately about going to Lowell."

"But I do not believe, my child, that you have had one serious

reflection upon the subject, and I fear that I have done wrong in consenting to let you go from home. If I was too poor to maintain you here, and had no employment about which you could make yourself useful, I should feel no self-reproach, and would let you go, trusting that all might yet be well; but now I have done what I may at some future time severely repent of; and, Abby, if you do not wish to make me wretched, you will return to us a better, milder, and more thoughtful girl."

That night Abby reflected more seriously than she had ever done in her life before. Her father's words, rendered more impressive by the look and tone with which they were delivered, had sunk into her heart as words of his had never done before. She had been surprised at his ready acquiescence in her wishes, but it had now a new meaning. She felt that she was about to be abandoned to herself, because her parents despaired of being able to do anything for her; they thought her too wild, reckless, and untamable, to be softened by aught but the stern lessons of experience. I will surprise them, said she to herself; I will show them that I have some reflection; and after I come home, my father shall never ask me if I *think*. Yes, I know what their fears are, and I will let them see that I can take care of myself, and as good care as they have ever taken of me. I know that I have not done as well as I might have done; but I will begin *now*, and when I return, they shall see that *I am* a better, milder, and more thoughtful girl. And the money which I intended to spend in fine dress shall be put into the bank; I will save it all, and my father shall see that I can earn money, and take care of it too. O, how different I will be from what they think I am; and how very glad it will make my father and mother to see that I am not so very bad, after all.

New feelings and new ideas had begotten new resolutions, and Abby's dreams that night were of smiles from her mother, and words from her father, such as she had never received nor deserved.

When she bade them farewell the next morning, she said nothing of the change which had taken place in her views and feelings, for she felt a slight degree of self-distrust in her own firmness of purpose.

Abby's self-distrust was commendable and auspicious; but she had a very prominent development in that part of the head where phrenologists locate the organ of firmness; and when she had once determined upon a thing, she usually went through with it. She

had now resolved to pursue a course entirely different from that which was expected of her, and as different from the one she had first marked out for herself. This was more difficult, on account of her strong propensity for dress, a love of which was freely gratified by her companions. But when Judith Slater pressed her to purchase this beautiful piece of silk, or that splendid piece of muslin, her constant reply was, "No, I have determined not to buy any such things, and I will keep my resolution."

Before she came to Lowell, she wondered, in her simplicity, how people could live where there were so many stores, and not spend all their money; and it now required all her firmness to resist being overcome by the tempting display of beauties, which met her eyes whenever she promenaded the illuminated streets. It was hard to walk by the milliners' shops with an unwavering step; and when she came to the confectionaries, she could not help stopping. But she did not yield to the temptation; she did not spend her money in them. When she saw fine strawberries, she said to herself, "I can gather them in our own pasture next year;" when she looked upon the nice peaches, cherries, and plums, which stood in tempting array behind their crystal barriers, she said again, "I will do without them *this* summer;" and when apples, pears, and nuts were offered to her for sale, she thought that she would eat none of them till she went home. But she felt that the only safe place for her earnings was the savings bank, and there they were regularly deposited, that it might be out of her power to indulge in momentary whims. She gratified no feeling but a newly-awakened desire for mental improvement, and spent her leisure hours in reading useful books.

Abby's year was one of perpetual self-contest and self-denial; but it was by no means one of unmitigated misery. The ruling desire of years was not to be conquered by the resolution of a moment; but when the contest was over, there was for her the triumph of victory. If the battle was sometimes desperate, there was so much more merit in being conqueror. One Sabbath was spent in tears, because Judith Slater did not wish her to attend their meeting with such a dowdy bonnet; and another fellow-boarder thought her gown must have been made in "the year one." The color mounted to her cheeks, and the lightning flashed from her eyes, when asked if she had "*just come down*;" and she felt as though she should be glad to be away from them all, when she heard their



sly innuendoes about "bush-whackers." Still she remained unshaken. It is but for a year, said she to herself, and the time and money that my father thought I should spend in folly, shall be devoted to a better purpose.

## CHAPTER III.

At the close of a pleasant April day, Mr. Atkins sat at his kitchen fireside, with Charley upon his knees. "Wife," said he to Mrs. Atkins, who was busily preparing the evening meal, "is it not a year since Abby left home?"

"Why, husband, let me think: I always clean up the house thoroughly just before *fast-day*, and I had not done it when Abby went away. I remember speaking to her about it, and telling her that it was wrong to leave me at such a busy time, and she said, 'Mother, I will be at home to do it all next year.' Yes, it is a year, and I should not be surprised if she should come this week."

"Perhaps she will not come at all," said Mr. Atkins, with a gloomy look; "she has written us but few letters, and they have been very short and unsatisfactory. I suppose she has sense enough to know that no news is better than bad news, and having nothing pleasant to tell about herself, she thinks she will tell us nothing at all. But if I ever get her home again, I will keep her here. I assure you, her first year in Lowell shall also be her last."

"Husband, I told you my fears, and if you had set up your authority, Abby would have been obliged to stay at home; but perhaps she is doing pretty well. You know she is not accustomed to writing, and that may account for the few and short letters we have received; but they have all, even the shortest, contained the assurance that she would be at home at the close of the year."

"Pa, the stage has stopped here," said little Charley, and he bounded from his father's knee. The next moment the room rang with the shout of "Abby has come! Abby has come!" In a few moments more, she was in the midst of the joyful throng. Her father pressed her hand in silence, and tears gushed from her mother's eyes. Her brothers and sisters were clamorous with delight, all but little Charley, to whom Abby was a stranger, and who repelled with terror all her overtures for a better acquaintance. Her parents gazed upon her with speechless pleasure, for they felt that a change for the better had taken place in their once wayward

girl. Yes, there she stood before them, a little taller and a little thinner, and, when the flush of emotion had faded away, perhaps a little paler; but the eyes were bright in their joyous radiance, and the smile of health and innocence was playing around the rosy lips. She carefully laid aside her new straw bonnet, with its plain trimming of light blue ribbon, and her dark merino dress showed to the best advantage her neat, symmetrical form. There was more delicacy of personal appearance than when she left them, and also more softness of manner; for constant collision with so many young females had worn off the little asperities which had marked her conduct while at home.

"Well, Abby, how many silk gowns have you got?" said her father, as she opened a large, new trunk. "Not one, father," said she; and she fixed her dark eyes upon him with an expression which told all. "But here are some little books for the children, and a new calico dress for mother; and here is a nice black silk handkerchief for you to wear around your neck on Sundays; accept it, dear father, for it is your daughter's first gift."

"You had better have bought me a pair of spectacles, for I am sure I cannot see anything." There were tears in the rough farmer's eyes, but he tried to laugh and joke, that they might not be perceived. "But what did you do with all your money?"

"I thought I had better leave it there," said Abby, and she placed her bank book in her father's hand. Mr. Atkins looked a moment, and the forced smile faded away. The surprise had been too great, and tears fell thick and fast from the father's eyes.

"It is but a little," said Abby. "But it was all you could save," replied her father, "and I am proud of you, Abby; yes, proud that I am the father of such a girl. It is not this paltry sum which pleases me so much, but the prudence, self-command, and real affection for us, which you have displayed. But was it not sometimes hard to resist temptation?"

"Yes, father, *you* can never know how hard; but it was the thought of *this* night which sustained me through it all. I knew how you would smile, and what my mother would say and feel; and though there have been moments, yes, hours, that have seen me wretched enough, yet this one evening will repay for all. There is but one thing now to mar my happiness, and that is the thought that this little fellow has quite forgotten me;" and she drew Charley to her side. But the new picture-book had already effected won-

ders, and in a few moments he was in her lap, with his arms around her neck, and his mother could not persuade him to retire that night until he had given "sister Abby" a hundred kisses.

"Father," said Abby, as she arose to retire, when the tall clock struck eleven, "may I not sometime go back to Lowell? I should like to add a little to the sum in the bank, and I should be glad of *one* silk gown!"

"Yes, Abby, you may do anything you wish. I shall never again be afraid to let you spend a year in Lowell." LUCINDA.

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### RETURN OF SPRING.

THERE is no change in the whole revolution of nature with which there are associated so many pleasing, sober, and reflecting sensations, as that of spring-time. The change from the rough and discordant notes of winter to the gentle, sighing melodies of spring, is calculated to awaken the deepest and holiest feelings of the soul.

How sweetly refreshing to the mind, and how admirably pleasing to the eye, after having passed through the dreary lapse of winter, to hail the gentle harbingers of spring, the sweet restorer of the glories of earth! It is then, for the time being, we seem to partake of the exhilarating influence of nature, and forget our own frail mutability, amidst the smiling pleasures that surround us.

And again, there are painful emotions linked with humanity, which the return of spring has the magic power to arouse. After the first burst of joy has subsided, we return to ourselves, and find that our internal desolations have not been restored by the power which has recalled inanimate nature to life, and clothed it with freshness and beauty. We find in our own hearts waste places, where once blossomed the first bright flowers of youthful hope, faded forever! A vacuum of joys past, to return no more! There we trace the meanderings of once pure streams, whose waters have become stagnant and impure, or whose fountain the draught of misfortune has exhausted. Such are the lessons of moral desolation which spring-time brings with it; and while we scan the pages of memory with the inward eye, we feel miserable indeed, till we

glance again at nature's kingdom, and behold the renovating influence of spring, in giving life and beauty to all her offspring. Wherever her footsteps have before been marked, there she passes not by, though her predecessors have dealt out mildew and blighting, and robed her children in sackcloth. At the voice of her calling, they spring up from their ruins, with a more enchanting beauty than when they yielded to the unrelenting frost of autumn.

"If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, will He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

DOROTHEA.

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### THE SNOW-STORM.

"THERE is no beauty in winter," said Fanny Clarendon, as she stood looking out of her window upon the drifting snow, one cold stormy day. Fanny possessed many amiable traits of character, but she had not trained her mind to bear disappointment with resignation. With a clouded brow, she seated herself by the fire, indulging in gloomy thoughts and useless repinings. As night came on, and the family gathered around the fire, each in turn relating the incidents of the day, Fanny's cheerfulness returned.

Their conversation was soon interrupted by a stranger, who requested shelter from the storm. His thin white hair and tattered garments, evinced age and poverty. Mr. Clarendon admitted the suppliant, and Fanny quickly prepared him refreshments. "You appear too old and infirm to be travelling at this inclement season," said Mr. Clarendon. "Yes," replied the stranger, "but I hope soon to rest with my relatives." "Where do they reside?" inquired Mr. Clarendon. "Forty years since, I left them in the village of N., whither I am now hastening; but I fear I shall find myself a stranger there, as well as elsewhere," replied the old man, in a tremulous voice. "What is your name?" eagerly demanded Mr. Clarendon. "William Clarendon," was the reply. "My long absent brother!" exclaimed Mr. Clarendon, seizing the hand of his guest; "you have found a relative sooner than you imagined. I am Frederic, your only remaining brother, and henceforth you shall

find a home within my dwelling. To-day is the anniversary of my birth, and I have for many years invited my brother and sisters and their families, to spend this day and the following week with me. The storm has prevented them from coming to-day, but they will doubtless come as soon as the weather will permit. Our brother has departed to that 'better land,' within the past year, and I have felt that our meeting would be sad; but Providence has kindly sent you at this time, that we might feel that, although we have been deprived of one brother, another has been restored to our society."

The elder brother raised his eyes to heaven in thankfulness, and wept from mingled emotions of joy and sadness. After his feelings became composed, he briefly narrated the events of his life during his long absence.

"In every situation in life I might have been happy, had it not been for a restless, dissatisfied spirit, which deprived me of enjoying what I possessed, in the anticipation of a greater degree of happiness in some other situation than that in which I was placed. I left New England, dissatisfied with her variable climate and the toilsome life of her sons, to obtain wealth and happiness beneath the warm skies of India. While there, I was disgusted with the manners of the inhabitants, oppressed with heat and lassitude, and sighed for one breath of the clear, cold air of my native mountains, and the society of friends. In Europe I was still unhappy. Continued change made me poor. Old age came upon me, and I resolved to return to my country, and spend the remainder of my days with those I had loved in my youth. Since I landed upon my native shores, I have subsisted upon charity. An over-ruling Power directed me to your dwelling, and has given you a generous heart to receive your aged and care-worn brother."

The family retired to rest, while Fanny pondered over the events of the day, and she resolved never again to repine and murmur at what for the present seemed evil. The morning came, fair and beautiful; their expected friends arrived, the pleasure of their ride having been greatly enhanced by the new-fallen snow; all were happy in the mansion of Clarendon, and none more so than Fanny. Through life she regarded that snow-storm as a most fortunate event. From the lesson it conveyed to her mind, she was enabled to meet the trials and disappointments of life with resignation and confidence in the superior wisdom of God.

s. w. s.

## APPEARANCES.

“Judge not by the appearance—but judge righteous judgment.”

“APPEARANCES are often deceitful.” This old saying, in my apprehension, embodies much truth, as most of us can affirm from experience or observation. It is impossible always to judge correctly of those who are entire strangers to us, concerning their character or condition in life, by external appearance. If dressed richly, we are apt to conclude that they are rich in this world’s goods, whereas they may be indebted to the merchant and tailor for all their finery. Or if polite and polished in their manners, we are favorably impressed, and take it for granted that they are really as they seem to be, good and pure-hearted. But frequently, on farther acquaintance or inquiry, we find ourselves in an error; they prove to be the very reverse of all that is good and great, and we are left the victims of disappointment and mistaken judgment.

I once knew an instance similar to this in my native place. About ten years ago, a young gentleman made his appearance there, and was soon employed as clerk in one of the stores. He was a very genteel, good-looking person, rather tall and well proportioned, with black eyes and dark hair. He dressed far better than the young men of that town generally did, and being very intelligent, social, and easy in his manners, he became, ere long, a universal favorite, especially with the young ladies. It was not long before it was rumored that he was quite partial to Helen, (as I shall designate her, although not her real name.) She was considered one of the best and prettiest girls in our village. She was above the middle height, of a full and well turned form; her dark hair contrasted well with her high and polished brow; but there was an intellectual beauty in her bright, expressive eye, that far exceeds the charm of the fairest complexion or most regular features. It showed that she was a being of thought and feeling, as well as of superior loveliness. Her parents were wealthy, and of great respectability. As Edward, her reported admirer, appeared every way worthy of her, he in time became an accepted lover, and sleigh-rides, parties and balls were the order of the day.

But alas! for human happiness! in the course of a few months other rumors were afloat, not quite so much to the credit of Edward, nor so gratifying to his friends. The substance of the stories in

circulation was this: that Edward had been seen reeling under the effects of strong drink; nor was this all—it was farther stated that it was a habit of long standing. He was a victim of intemperance, and the knowledge of this fact sent a chill to the hearts of all acquainted with him; for he had been highly esteemed. But to none did it come with so startling a sound, as to her who had become so deeply interested in his welfare. It was a death-blow to her fairest hopes; all her bright expectations were destroyed.

At first Helen could scarcely accredit the report; but when the rumor was verified by her brother, who had himself seen him inebriated, she no longer doubted, nor did she for a moment hesitate in the course she ought to pursue, but at once resolved to part forever with one who had proved himself unworthy her regard.

Edward was soon afterwards dismissed from his business, and having lost the respect and esteem of the good and virtuous, he sought an abiding-place elsewhere. The last time we received any intelligence concerning him, he was in Canada, and had become a worthless, degraded gambler.

Helen is still unmarried, although she has received offers from several of the first young men in that vicinity. She is now on the shady side of thirty, and what may be termed an old maid. It must be allowed, however, that she became one from choice; for, having been so cruelly deceived and disappointed in the character of the early object of her affections, she decided in favor of a life of single blessedness.

ELIZABETH.

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AN ACROSTIC.

Lo! our offering here we bring—	Ours is not a costly gem,
On the altar now it lies!	From the mine of Ophir brought;
We have touched the spirit-string—	Fame's bright jewelled diadem
Even now its notes arise.	Ever here may not be sought.
Lowly is the strain we sing—	Richer far the gift you'll find,
Let none spurn the gift we bring.	If you'll scan its pages o'er;
	Nought but fruits of heart and mind,
	Gathered from the spirit's store.

DORA.

### A VISIT FROM HOPE.

"T was midnight, and the lulling hour  
 Threw o'er my heart its drowsy power.  
 My fire and lamp in languor vied,—  
 In fitful snatches blazed and died.  
 At length their gasping life was closed,  
 And all my sense in slumber dozed."

"PAST twelve!" said a sweet, musical voice, as I was seated by the expiring embers of a wood fire. I turned hastily to see who had thus intruded on my presence, when, lo! I beheld an old man. His thin white locks were parted on his forehead, his form was bent, and as he extended his thin, bony hand towards me, it shook like an aspen leaf. I stirred the fire, and drawing a chair to it, requested him to be seated; but he declined in the same sweet voice, and said he had come to invite me to take a walk with him. "You are no stranger to me," he continued, "and perhaps I am not unknown to you. My name is HOPE. I have followed you, as a friend, from childhood. I have often heard you lament that you were an orphan, and alone in this cold, heartless world, and had I left you, it would have been a dreary scene indeed. But never before this evening have I heard you express the wish that your friends could live on earth again." He offered his arm to support me, but I shrunk back with terror at the thought. Nevertheless, we went forth together. As we stepped into the open air, it seemed like a calm summer evening; and instead of being in a thickly populated city, I was in my own native village. Everything appeared as I had left it many years before. My guide hurried me on with velocity, though he looked old; but as we passed along, his form became erect, and his step firm and steady. He slackened his pace a little, as we came before the old church. It was a beautiful spot, near which was the grave-yard. We entered. There were trees growing in it, and many kinds of flowers were blooming around the different graves, and the only paths were those which had been worn by the slow feet of sorrow and sympathy, as they followed love and friendship to the grave.

He stopped where there were two or three graves in an enclosure, and directing my attention to one that had a fresh garland of flowers laid on the tomb-stone, he thus addressed me: "Do you not remember that garland? the flowers were gathered and twined by yourself! Yes, you remember well—I can see by the tears that flow so fast; and the rose and honeysuckle that blossom here are



no strangers to your eyes; they have often been watered with tears that flowed from a full heart. Beneath that sod repose the remains of one who was dearer to you than father or mother. I have often found you here, when your gay companions have been in the ball-room or crowded assembly. I would then reverse the picture, and present to your view a brighter day, and you would go away holier and better for having communed awhile with the dead. I have cheered you in your darkest hours of sorrow. When friends you loved have betrayed the trust you reposed in them, then I would bid you believe that all were not thus fickle. In short, I have never deserted you, though you have sometimes forgotten me, as was the case this evening, when you scarcely remembered my name; but I think I am recollected now. You must still look forward for happier days; they are in store for you"—and he sweetly repeated the following lines:

"The spirit long inured to pain,  
May smile at fate in proud disdain,—  
Live through its darkest day, and rise  
To more triumphant energies."

I involuntarily knelt upon the grave. "Sweet spirits," I said, "if departed friends are ever allowed to view this world, with love ineffable, you may now be regarding me." My guide pointed upwards, and as I looked the clouds opened, and I saw my father. My mother was leaning on his arm, adorned with seraphic beauty, smiling benignantly upon me, as if to assure me of her perfect happiness. Though my father died in a foreign land, they were united in death.—Far in the distance I saw *him* of whom Hope had spoken. He was surrounded with a halo of light, and had a harp in his hand; and I saw many more there, but my guide again addressed me, inquiring if I still wished my departed friends to return to this earth.

I was about to reply in the negative, when I heard the most beautiful music that ever fell on mortal ear. It appeared very near me, and turning my head quickly, such a silvery light fell upon me that I awoke, and found myself not in a grave-yard, but seated by a window, with the moon shining full in my face. Near me were a few musicians, who had probably been serenading the ladies of their love.

I was much obliged to Hope for his timely visit, and will endeavor to profit by the advice he gave me, nor ever indulge a repining spirit. It imparts a gloomy hue to every object. Even Hope, under its influence, looks old and decrepit. H.

## MY COUNTRY'S FLAG.

UNFURLED ON THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

MY COUNTRY'S FLAG! I love to gaze  
 Upon thee, bathed in freedom's light!  
 I love the very breeze that plays  
 Among thy folds, on yonder height.  
 Thy STARS AND STRIPES! I love them well,  
 For all the high-born truths they tell.  
 They o'er my spirit cast a spell,  
 That seems by angel-impulse given,—  
 It savors less of earth than heaven.

MY COUNTRY'S FLAG! I love to think  
 Of thee, as of a heaven-born thing,  
 And with thy every thought, to link  
 A holier name than prince or king.  
 The Christian's GOD it was, who gave  
 The hand to rear thee, strength to save—  
 And made thy champions bold and brave,  
 To lift thy STARS AND STRIPES on high,  
 And tell their freedom to the sky!

MY COUNTRY'S FLAG! to-day unfurled,  
 To-day are ten-fold honors thine!  
 Proclaim thy message through the world—  
 To-day thy brightest splendors shine.  
 This day commemorates a name  
 Entwined with liberty and fame;  
 And proud America may claim  
 A tribute from the world, upon  
 The birth-day of her WASHINGTON.

MY COUNTRY'S FLAG! a sight of thee  
 Shall waken livelier gratitude—  
 And many a youthful heart shall see,  
 That to be great is to be good.—  
 That noble being all must love,  
 Who, rising grandeur far above,  
 Meanwhile was gentle as the dove,—  
 And wrapt around his towering mind,  
 The chords that bound him to mankind.

MY COUNTRY'S FLAG! wave on, wave on,  
 Till aristocracy shall cease,  
 And every eye shall greet the dawn  
 Of liberty, the morn of peace!

Till every being on our soil  
 Shall eat the free reward of toil,  
 And every chain, and serpent-coil,  
 Before thy silken folds shall flee,  
 And God's own image stand forth free.

MY COUNTRY'S FLAG! what varied thought  
 Betakes me, while I gaze on THEE!  
 What images are interwrought  
 With thy auspicious motto—FREE!  
 In contrast with myself, 'tis pain,  
 Because I may not break the chain  
 Which holds me back from yonder plain,  
 Where knowledge grows on every tree,  
 For every favored devotee.

ADELAIDE

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### THE FIRST WEDDING IN SALMAGUNDI.

I HAVE often heard this remark: "If their friends can give them nothing else, they will surely give them a wedding." As I have nothing else to present at this time, I hope my friends will not complain if I give them an account of the first wedding in our town. The ceremony of marriage being performed by His Excellency the Governor, it would not be amiss to introduce him first of all.

Let me then introduce John Wentworth, (the last Governor of New Hampshire while the colonies were subject to the crown of Great Britain,) whose country-seat was in Salmagundi. The wedding which I am about to describe was celebrated on a romantic spot, by the side of Lake Winnipiseogee. All the neighbors within ten miles were invited, and it was understood that all who came were expected to bring with them some implements of husbandry, such as ploughs, harrows, yokes, bows, wheelbarrows, hods, scythe-snaths, rakes, goads, hay-hooks, bar-pins, &c. These articles were for a fair, the product of which was to defray the expenses of the wedding, and also to fit out the bride with some household furniture. All these implements, and a thousand and one besides, being wanted on the farm of Wentworth, he was to employ persons to buy them for his own especial use.

Johnny O'Lara, an old man, who used to chop wood at my father's door, related the particulars of the wedding one evening, while I sat on a block in the chimney-corner, (the usual place for the greatest rogue in the family,) plying my knitting needles, and every now and then, when the eyes of my step-mother were turned another way, playing slyly with the cat. And once, when we younkens went upon a whortleberry excursion, with O'Lara for our pilot, he showed us the spot where the wedding took place, and described it as it was at the time. On the right was a grove of birches; on the left a grove of bushy pines, with recesses for the cows and sheep to retire from the noonday sun. The back ground was a forest of tall pines and hemlocks, and in front were the limpid waters of the "Smile of the Great Spirit." These encircled about three acres of level grass-land with here and there a scattering oak. "Under yonder oak," said O'Lara, "the ceremony was performed; and here, on this flat rock, was the rude oven constructed, where the good wives baked the lamb; and there is the place where crotched stakes were driven to support a pole, upon which hung two huge iron kettles, in which they boiled their peas. And on this very ground," said O'Lara, "in days of yore, the elfs and fairies used to meet, and, far from mortal ken, have their midnight gambols."

The wedding was on a fine evening in the latter part of the month of July, at a time when the moon was above the horizon for the whole night. The company were all assembled, with the exception of the Governor and his retinue. To while away the time, just as the sun was sinking behind the opposite mountains, they commenced singing an ode to sunset. They had sung,

"The sunset is calm on the face of the deep,  
And bright is the last look of Sol in the west;  
And broad do the beams of his parting glance sweep,  
Like the path that conducts to the land of the blest"—

when the blowing of a horn announced the approach of the Governor, whose barge was soon seen turning a point of land. The company gave a salute of nineteen guns, which was returned from the barge, gun for gun. The Governor and retinue soon landed, and the fair was quickly over. The company being seated on rude benches prepared for the occasion, the blowing of a horn announced that it was time for the ceremony to commence; and, being answered by a whistle, all eyes were turned towards the

right, and issuing from the birchen grove were seen three musicians, with a bagpipe, fife, and a Scotch fiddle, upon which they were playing with more good nature than skill. They were followed by the bridegroom and grooms-man, and in the rear were a number of young men in their holyday clothes. These having taken their places, soft music was heard from the left; and from a recess in the pines three maidens in white, with baskets of wild flowers on the left arm, came forth, strewing the flowers on the ground, and singing a song, of which I remember only the chorus:

"Lead the bride to Hymen's bowers,  
Strew her path with choicest flowers."

The bride and bridesmaid followed, and after them came several lasses in gala dresses. These having taken their places, the father of the bride arose, and taking his daughter's hand and placing it in that of Clifford, gave them his blessing. The Governor soon united them in the bonds of holy matrimony, and as he ended the ceremony with saying "what God hath joined let no man put asunder," he heartily saluted the bride. Clifford followed his example, and after him she was saluted by every gentleman in the company. As a compensation for this "rifling of sweets," Clifford had the privilege of kissing every lady present, and beginning with Madam Wentworth, he saluted them all, from the gray-headed matron to the infant in its mother's arms.

The cake and wine were then passed round. Being a present from Madam Wentworth, they were no doubt excellent. After this refreshment, and while the good matrons were cooking their peas and making other preparations, the young folks spent the time in playing "blind-man's-buff" and "hide and go seek," and in singing Jemmy and Nancy, Barbara Allen, The Friar with orders gray, The Lass of Richmond Hill, Gilderoy, and other songs which they thought were appropriate to the occasion.

At length the ringing of a bell announced that dinner was ready. "What, dinner at that time of night?" perhaps some will say. But let me tell you, good friends, (in Johnny O'Lara's words,) that "the best time for a wedding dinner is when it is well cooked, and the guests are ready to eat it." The company were soon arranged around the rude tables, which were rough boards, laid across poles, that were supported by crotched stakes, driven into the ground. But it matters not what the tables were, as they were covered with cloth, white as the driven snow, and well loaded with plum pud-

dings, baked lamb, and green peas, with all necessary accompaniments for a well ordered dinner, which the guests complimented in the best possible manner, that is, by making a hearty meal.

Dinner being ended, while the matrons were putting all things to rights, the young people made preparation for dancing; and a joyous time they had. The music and amusement continued until the "blushing morn" reminded the good people that it was time to separate. The rising sun had gilded the sides of the opposite mountains, which were sending up their exhalations, before the company were all on their way to their respective homes. Long did they remember the first wedding in our town. Even after the frosts of seventy winters had whitened the heads of those who were then boys, they delighted to dwell on the merry scenes of that joyful night; and from that time to the present, weddings have been fashionable in Salmagundi, although they are not always celebrated in quite so romantic a manner.

TABITHA.

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### A CELEBRATION.

Nor many years ago, while on a visit to some friends in one of the Northern States, I witnessed a celebration of American Independence that gave me much satisfaction—more especially because of the respect shown to the fathers of '76—a tribute that is ever due to the patriots who fought and bled for our country's freedom. A costly dinner was prepared, by order of the governor of the State, and all the veterans were invited to attend. The day was ushered in by the firing of cannon, our national ensign floating gracefully in the wind. At ten o'clock, a large assembly was collected from different towns to witness the celebration. The heroes of the Revolution being called upon, by order of the committee, to form themselves in procession, commenced a march of about half a mile. They were about thirty-five in number, all dressed in the military uniform of '76. And truly it was an interesting sight! At the sound of the music and beating of the drums, new life and vigor seemed to be imparted to them, and their step was as elastic as that of boys of sixteen.

After their return, we were seated in a grove that had been neatly fitted for the occasion to shelter us from the rays of the sun; after which a very spirited and classical address was delivered by the Rev. Mr. D. At the close, a piece of music, that had been selected for the occasion, was sung. We then repaired to a table, richly spread with the bounties kind Providence had seen fit to bestow. After gratifying Mr. Alimentiveness, several toasts were read,—two of which are recollected by me, because they were the productions of, and delivered by, a lad of my acquaintance. Perhaps they may not prove uninteresting, if inserted here. 1. "Adams and Jefferson: illustrious compatriots of the American Revolution, who fanned the undying flame of civil liberty, and burst the chains of British tyranny! immortal be their memories." 2. "Honor to the brave and gallant Warren, who died nobly defending American liberty! His patriotism gives to the Revolution an immortal bloom, and his memory is honorable to his country."

At the recital of these names, the fire of patriotism seemed to glow in the countenances of the venerable fathers, as they stood leaning on their staves, and I saw tears gather in their eyes, and steal down their care-worn and sunken cheeks. I was carried, in imagination, to the time when these hoary-headed veterans stood on the battle-field, bidding defiance to the roar of the cannon and all the implements of death that were staring them in the face; suffering the privations of hunger and cold; and I thought of the many miles they had traversed through a trackless wilderness, with no covering but the canopy of heaven to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather, and nought, save the low dirge of the night winds, to hush them to repose,—at times aroused from their slumbers by the howl of the wolf, or the yell of some savage foe. These, and the thousand other ills attendant on a life spent in the service of our country, rushed on my mind in a moment, and I could not refrain from shedding tears,—but they were tears of gratitude, offered to that Being who had so kindly watched over and protected them through many dangers, and that they were here standing as the memorials of the past.

After the reading of the several toasts, which were answered by the cannon and shouts of the citizens, we returned to our several places of residence, feeling much gratified with what we had witnessed during the day.

B. M. W.

“BLESS, AND CURSE NOT.”

THE Athenians were proud of their glory. Their boasted city claimed pre-eminence in the arts and sciences; even the savage bowed before the eloquence of their soul-stirring orators; and the bards of every nation sang of the glory of Athens.

But pre-eminent as they were, they had not learned to be merciful. The pure precepts of kindness and love were not taught by their sages; and their noble orators forgot to inculcate the humble precepts of forgiveness, and the “charity which hopeth all things.” They told of patriotism, of freedom, and of that courage which chastises wrong or injury with physical suffering; but they told not of that nobler spirit which “renders good for evil,” and “blesses, but curses not.”

Alcibiades, one of their own countrymen, offended against their laws, and was condemned to expiate the offence with his life. The civil authorities ordered his goods to be confiscated, that their value might swell the riches of the public treasury; and everything that pertained to him, in the way of citizenship, was obliterated from the public records. To render his doom more dreary and miserable,—to add weight to the fearful fulness of his sentence,—the priests and priestesses were commanded to pronounce upon him their curse. One of them, however, a being gentle and good as the principles of mercy which dwelt within her heart—timid as the sweet songsters of her own myrrh and orange groves, and fair as the acacia-blossom of her own bower—rendered courageous by the all-stimulating and powerful influence of kindness, dared alone to assert the divinity of her office, by refusing to curse her unfortunate fellow-being—asserting that she was “PRIESTESS TO BLESS, AND NOT TO CURSE.”

LISETTA.

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ANCIENT POETRY.

I LOVE old poetry, with its obscure expressions, its obsolete words, its quaint measure, and rough rhyme. I love it with all these, perhaps *for* these. It is because it is different from modern poetry, and not that I think it better, that it at times affords me pleasure. But when one has been indulging in the perusal of the smooth and



elegant productions of later poets, there is at least the charm of variety in turning to those of ancient bards. This is pleasant to those who love to exercise the imagination—for if we would understand our author, we must go back into olden times; we must look upon the countenances and enter into the feelings of a long-buried generation; we must remember that much of what we know was then unknown, and that thoughts and sentiments which may have become common to us, glowed upon these pages in all their primal beauty. Much of which our writer may speak, has now been wholly lost; and difficult, if not impossible to be understood, are many of his expressions and allusions.

But these difficulties present a "delightful task" to those who would rather push on through a tangled labyrinth, than to walk with ease in a smooth-rolled path. Their self-esteem is gratified by being able to discover beauty where other eyes behold but deformity; and a brilliant thought or glowing image is rendered to them still more beautiful, because it shines through a veil impenetrable to other eyes. They are proud of their ability to perceive this beauty, or understand that oddity, and they care not for the mental labor which they have been obliged to perform.

When I turn from modern poetry to that of other days, it is like leaving bright flowery fields to enter a dark tangled forest. The air is cooler, but damp and heavy. A sombre gloom reigns throughout, occasionally broken by flitting sunbeams, which force their way through the thick branches which meet above me, and dance and glitter upon the dark underwood below. They are strongly contrasted with the deep shade around, and my eye rests upon them with more pleasure than it did upon the broad flood of sunshine which bathes the fields without. My searching eye at times discovers some lonely flower, half hidden by decayed leaves and withered moss, yet blooming there in undecaying beauty. There are briars and thistles and creeping vines around, but I heedlessly press on, for I must enjoy the fragrance and examine the structure of these unobtrusive plants. I enjoy all this for a while, but at length I grow chilled and weary, and am glad to leave the forest for a less fatiguing resort.

But there is one kind of old poetry to which these remarks may not apply—I mean the POETRY OF THE BIBLE. And how much is there of this! There are songs of joy and praise, and those of woe and lamentation; there are odes and elegies; there are prophecies

and histories ; there are descriptions of nature and narratives of persons, and all written with a fervency of feeling which embodies itself in lofty and glowing imagery. And what is this but poetry ? yet not that which can be compared to some dark, mazy forest, but rather like a sacred grove, such as "were God's first temples." There is no gloom around, neither is there bright sunshine ; but a calm and holy light pervades the place. The tall trees meet not above me, but through their lofty boughs I can look up and see the blue heavens bending their perfect dome above the hallowed spot, while now and then some fleecy cloud sails slowly on, as though it loved to shadow the still loneliness beneath. There are soft winds murmuring through the high tree-tops, and their gentle sound is like a voice from the spirit-land. There are delicate white flowers waving upon their slight stems, and their sweet fragrance is like the breath of heaven. I feel that I am in God's temple. The Spirit above waits for the sacrifice. I can now erect an altar, and every selfish, worldly thought should be laid thereon, a free-will offering. But when the rite is over, and I leave this consecrated spot for the busy path of life, I should strive to bear into the world a heart baptized in the love of beauty, holiness, and truth.

I have spoken figuratively—perhaps too much so to please the pure and simple tastes of some—but He who made my soul and placed it in the body which it animates, implanted within it a love of the beautiful in literature, and this love was first awakened and then cherished by the words of Holy Writ.

I have, when a child, read my Bible, from its earliest book to its latest. I have gone in imagination to the plains of Uz, and have there beheld the pastoral prince in all his pride and glory. I have marked him, too, when in the depth of his sorrow he sat speechless upon the ground for seven days and seven nights ; but when he opened his mouth and spake, I listened with eagerness to the heart-stirring words and startling imagery which poured forth from his burning lips ! But my heart has thrilled with a delightful awe when "the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind," and I listened to words of more sublimity than uninspired man may ever conceive.

I have gone, too, with the beloved disciple into that lonely isle where he beheld those things of which he was commanded to write. My imagination dared not conceive of the glorious throne, and of Him who sat upon it ; but I have looked with a throbbing delight upon the New Jerusalem coming down from heaven in her clear

crystal light, "as a bride adorned for her husband." I have gazed upon the golden city, flashing like "transparent glass," and have marked its pearly gates and walls of every precious stone. In imagination have I looked upon all this, till my young spirit longed to leave its earthly tenement and soar upward to that brighter world, where there is no need of sun or moon, for "the Lamb is the light thereof."

I have since read my Bible for better purposes than the indulgence of taste. There must I go to learn my duty to God and my neighbor. There should I look for precepts to direct the life that now is, and for the promise of that which is to come; yet seldom do I close that sacred volume without a feeling of thankfulness, that the truths of our holy religion have been so often presented in forms which not only reason and conscience will approve, but also which the fancy can admire and the heart must love.

ELLA.

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### THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

It had always been customary for the family of my uncle and that of my father, to spend the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays together, each with the other alternately. This custom had never been interrupted during the long period of twenty-four years, until the occasion of which I am about to speak. At this time my uncle, who was a mechanic, and a man of great promptness and integrity, having entered into a contract to complete a certain job at a given time, found it impossible to fulfil his engagement without sacrificing his usual Thanksgiving visit. His two sons, Frederic and James, being very sensible young men, not thinking it at all beneath their dignity to follow the same profession and also the industrious example of their father, readily consented to forego their intended visit, and spend the day in assisting him. My aunt, wisely concluding that it would not be right for her husband and sons not only to lose their anticipated visit, but their dinner also, decided, as any good wife and mother should have done, to stay at home and prepare one for them. But all this did not prevent their two daughters, Harriet and Ellen, who were of nearly the same age as my sister Caroline and myself, from spending the day with us.

They came therefore, as usual, two or three days previously ; for notwithstanding we lived at the distance of twelve miles from each other, the most friendly intimacy was ever maintained between all the members of the families. This was more particularly the case between the female members, my cousins often spending a week or fortnight in my father's family, which favor my sister and myself never failed soon to reciprocate.

We had spent the two preceding days very pleasantly in visiting, reading, chatting, &c., when on Thanksgiving morn my cousins received a message from their mother, requesting them to return home that evening, and also for my sister and myself to accompany them, if convenient, without however assigning any reason for such a request. We all at once agreed in pronouncing this "too bad." But having been trained up in the *now vulgar* notion that obedience to parents is one of the first duties of the child, we did not attempt to detain them, but decided to take Jenny and go down and spend the remainder of the week with them, since they could not spend it with us.

Now Jenny was a little dark-gray nag, as round as an acorn, with a finely curved back and neck, giving her a most graceful appearance as she moved swiftly and smoothly along. My uncle and cousins, as I have before stated, were industrious mechanics, and consequently found but little time to spend in riding about, and therefore did not deem it necessary to keep a horse and carriage, merely because it was fashionable and considered genteel. It was for this reason that we always took Jenny with us when we visited at our uncles. My father, having a large farm, usually kept six or eight horses, for no other reason, that I could ever perceive, but that they might eat up his hay and grain. Jenny could therefore be spared as well as not ; indeed she was seldom ever used by my father or brother, but kept exclusively for the female members of the family, insomuch that she acquired the appellation of "Jenny, the ladies' horse."

When our arrangement was made known to my father, he objected to it, on the ground that, as we should not start till evening, he was apprehensive we might meet with some accident. Brother Edward concurred with my father in his opinion, and proposed escorting us down with his fine span of bright bays, which he had just been breaking in. My father thinking this scarcely more safe than the other, proposed accompanying us himself, with his span

of favorite blacks. My mother however settled the question, by saying that, as we wished to spend several days, she thought it best to let us take Jenny and go by ourselves, as we had at first requested. This was quite a disappointment to brother Edward, who had always before had the pleasure of escorting our cousins home.

As soon as this had been decided, my mother, who had always cherished a most sisterly regard for my aunt, began to select certain portions of all the good things prepared for her own table, to send to her. These were deposited in a large chest-like box and placed in the front part of the sleigh. Thus freighted, we set off.

We had proceeded about half the distance, when I began to indulge my ever unfortunate propensity for star-gazing. I was just endeavoring to point out to my cousins the constellation vulgarly called "The Ladle," when Jenny, who was a very neighborly animal, thought it no harm to make a friendly call at a house situated a considerable distance from the road. I did not perceive this till it was too late to regain the right path without incurring the danger of upsetting the sleigh, and seeing another road leading from the house to the main road, I concluded to pass on till we came to it, when, by taking that, we could easily and safely regain the one we had left. Cousin Harriet, not knowing my intention, and being perhaps somewhat frightened withal, seized the reins, causing Jenny to turn so suddenly as to upset the sleigh, throwing us out, and nearly burying us in an enormous snow-drift.

"Whoa!" screamed sister Caroline; "whoa!" responded cousin Ellen, seeing Jenny disposed to proceed on her journey. But Jenny was a great lover of good order, and had no idea of stopping amid such a scene of confusion, and so trotted away as gaily as if nothing had happened and we were all quietly seated in the sleigh. They all soon regained their feet excepting myself, who still lay floundering in the snow. At length, by cousin Ellen's assistance, I was enabled to rise; but finding myself too much injured to walk, advised them to go to the house and request some one to go in pursuit of Jenny.

Off started Harriet and Caroline, but not stopping to get into the right path, they found themselves several times nearly buried in a snow-bank, through which they attempted to break their way. At length they arrived at the house. Their knock was immediately answered by a gentleman, when Harriet, breathless from her late exertion and affright, stammered out, "Oh! oh dear! oh dear!"

we have all tipped over!" "Who? what?" exclaimed the gentleman in surprise. "Oh! we have all tipped over; one girl is hurt badly, and the horse has run away!" "Where?" exclaimed the gentleman. "Oh! do come out here, for we have all tipped over!"

He had by this time come to the conclusion that his assistance was required, but wisely concluding that it would not be prudent to go out in his slippers, calmly inquired for his boots, and began very deliberately to put them on, at the same time requesting them to walk in and be seated. But they declined his invitation, being too much frightened to think that they were keeping the door open, much to the annoyance of those within.

During this time we had been far from being idle. After leaning for a few minutes upon cousin Ellen, I found myself enabled to walk. Upon looking around, I found that my mother's box of provisions had been upset, and the contents either scattered or strangely mixed together. Here a chicken was perched upon a mince pie, a roasted goose was lying in a custard pudding, and a duck was swimming in a bowl of preserves, (which, strange to relate, was standing upright, having lost none of its contents, though it had gained a considerable addition thereto,) while pies, cakes, turkeys, tarts, &c., were profusely scattered around. Not caring to expose all the articles of our freight, we hastily gathered up what we could, and had deposited them in the box before Harriet and Caroline, accompanied by the gentleman, returned.

The gentleman, after looking round for a time, set off in pursuit of the horse, while we all made the best of our way to the house, to await his return. The family kindly welcomed us, and endeavored to make us as comfortable as possible. No sooner were we seated than Caroline began to weep most violently, and Ellen to express many regrets that we had not taken up with my father's advice. Harriet said nothing, but sat with folded arms, looking the very image of despair; while I, whose misfortune it is to see many things, that to others appear of the most serious importance, in a very ludicrous light, could not forbear laughing most heartily.

Soon, however, the jingling of bells announced the arrival of the fugitive Jenny, her neighborly disposition having led her to stop at the next house. We all rushed to the door, and there she stood, looking as demure and innocent as if she had in no wise been the cause of our misfortune.

Soon as we were all seated in the sleigh again, we began to

devise means for keeping the whole affair secret, but how to manage it we knew not. Fortunately, when we arrived at my uncle's, Frederic and James were absent. We immediately communicated the whole to uncle and aunt, who agreed with us that it ought to be kept secret from my mother, for being naturally very timid, a knowledge of it would subject her to much subsequent anxiety; and as we did not care to be laughed at either, it was agreed that it should be kept secret from all.

My aunt then informed us that one of our friends had given a party that evening, which was the reason of our having been sent for, and that Frederic and James had waited till it was thought we should not come. We all, for reasons that may easily be guessed, found it inconvenient to attend the party, though my uncle kindly offered to escort us thither.

My aunt, who would not for the world have told a falsehood, thought it *very likely* that my lameness was caused by an attack of rheumatism, to which I was often subject, and so the affair passed off. No one ever suspected the truth, though my aunt often admonished me against star-gazing.

CONSTANCE.

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### THE DYING PARENT.

THE low voice of sorrow was heard in the chamber of the dying man. Around him circled his wife and children. Suddenly had he sunk beneath the storm of a violent disease; and now that its rage was expended, he sank quietly, like one reposing, to rest. In earthly scenes he took no delight: even with the church militant he was nearly done, for he was about to be united to the church triumphant. Nothing earthly engaged his affection, save the wife and children about to be deprived of their guardian and father. With them he sympathized; and to their grief he responded more eloquently than language can express, as he looked first on the wife, then on the children, about to be left widowed and fatherless. "I have done all for my family I can ever do," said the dying man, "excepting to commend them to Him who is the Fountain of mercy, a very present help in the time of trouble." And fervently went forth the prayer, that Jehovah would be the God and guide of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless children; and with

the closing of that petition, ascended the spirit of the father, to stand in the presence of Him who is the Source of all holiness.

New duties now devolved on the widowed mother; new trials awaited her; but of Him who giveth liberally she sought wisdom, and liberally it was given unto her. \* \* \* \*

Time passes. Her son blossoms into youth. For him temptation spreads a thousand snares; enchantment lures him to the precipice of destruction. Alike, he spurns the admonition of friends, and the contempt of those who love him not; recklessly he stands on the brink of ruin. But one monitor he cannot disregard. Memory points to the scenes of childhood and innocence; to the dying chamber; to the last prayer of a beloved father. Almost he hears it repeated—"Save Thou him in the hour of temptation!"—The spell is broken. He sees the ruin that was about to engulf him. He turns away from the now dreaded scene. He returns to the paths of rectitude, and ultimately proves a blessing to society, and is blest by those around him.

Years glide on. Around the dying mother is circled manhood's strength. Her form is bent with age. Her locks are silvered over by time. Yet the soul is happy in contemplating that mercy which has attended her through every period of her life; and she gratefully exclaims, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me! Blessed be His holy name forever!"

MARY S.

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### FORGIVENESS.

'FORGIVE one another.' How frequently do these words suggest themselves to my mind, when I look around, and behold the strife, contention, and spirit of revenge which pervade all ranks of society! From the crowned head to the lowest mendicant, this spirit is visible in very many, and they seem to regard it as something that is noble and elevating in their character, to resent an injury and to return evil for evil. How frequently do we see the peace of neighborhoods impaired, and sometimes wholly destroyed, by this evil spirit—and union and friendship transformed into coldness and indifference, and perhaps hatred and disgust! Would to heaven that the evil could stop here. But no; serpent-like, it creeps into the family circle, where nought but love and harmony should prevail, severing the most sacred ties.

Whilst writing, my mind recurs to an instance that occurred in a country town, and was related to me while on a recent visit to



that place. Two brothers, residing in the same vicinity, had been at variance, and for some trifling cause had not exchanged words for several years. The eldest being one day engaged in assisting to raise the frame of a building, stepped on a stick of timber, which instantly gave way, precipitating him fifteen or twenty feet, upon a ledge of rock. He was taken up senseless, and conveyed to his afflicted family. Reason had fled from her throne to return no more, and after lingering about three days in the most excruciating agony, exhausted nature yielded, and his immortal spirit took its flight to the unknown world. But ere the Angel of Death had completed his mission, the offended man was informed of the circumstance, and was requested to hasten to the bedside of his brother, who was suffering all the agonies of a painful death. But what think you was his answer? With a savage look, and in a tone of defiance, he answered, "No, I will not!"

O, how different was this man's spirit from the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus, who spent his life in going about doing good, in diffusing blessing upon the right hand and the left—who hushed the helpless orphan's wail and dried the widow's tear—who poured the light of day on the sightless eyeballs of the blind—who unstopped the deaf ear, and caused the dumb to sing aloud, and the lame to leap for joy—who was reviled and persecuted wherever he went, and who gave nought but blessings in return!

Let us, in the swift car of imagination, go back to the time of our Saviour's pilgrimage, and contemplate the manifold beauties of his character while on earth. Behold him as he stands on the Mount of Olives, and mourns in anticipation of the coming woes of his bitterest enemies, and the tears that course down his cheek as he looks upon the devoted city, and in the anguish of his soul exclaims, "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee—how oft would I have gathered you together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings—and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." Follow him thence to the last agonizing scene on the cross—witness the persecutions by which he is assailed on every side, and the mild and forgiving spirit he manifests through every trying scene; and, last of all, behold him, with a crown of thorns upon his head, nailed to the shameful cross, in agony so intense that the blood gushes from every pore! Yet there are those standing by who can dip the sponge in vinegar and gall, and raise it to his parched lips!

Amid all these sufferings, not one murmuring sigh escapes his lips, but he continues to bless and pray for those savage enemies, who are thus putting him to a shameful and ignominious death; and with his last expiring breath he exclaims, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" O, what a sublime lesson for every son and daughter of Adam.

May we all strive to cultivate the mild and gentle spirit of forgiveness which characterized our Saviour while on earth, and thereby gain the approving smiles of conscience, and the approbation of our God. And may we not only forget and forgive every harsh and unkind expression,—but should the bitter enemy select us for the victims of foul-mouthed slander, and seek to blast the fair reputation, and mark with the shadow of guilt the unsullied character, even then may we be enabled to say with the lips, and with the heart also, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

EVELEEN.

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 THE RIVULET.

O WOULD you learn my favorite theme,  
 In nature's wide and varied store?  
 It is the gently murmuring stream,  
 Which flows before my father's door.

Whene'er I trace its winding way,  
 Thro' forest shade or landscape bright,  
 And see its whirling eddies play,  
 My soul is filled with pure delight.

Where calm the stream—as in a glass,  
 Reflected are the shrubs and flowers;  
 Where dancing ripples onward pass,  
 They speak to me of fleeting hours.

In all I trace my Maker's hand—  
 And in the waters' ceaseless flow,  
 I hear the voice of His command,  
 That onward in our path we go.

For ever since that glorious morn,  
 Which brought from chaos nature's laws,  
 The gentle stream, as when new-born,  
 Has ever flowed, and known no pause.

Its course is onward, onward still,  
 Still seeking its appointed end—  
 Perchance some little lake to fill,  
 Or with a sister streamlet blend.

Thus learn I lessons from the rill,  
 While with delight its flow I view—  
 That I should work my Maker's will,  
 With faithfulness, and pleasure too.

CYNTHIA.

# SONG OF THE SPINNERS.

1. The day is o'er, nor longer we toil and spin; For ev'ning's hush withdraws from the dai-ly din. And  
 2. We spin all day, and then, in the time for rest, Sweet peace is found, A joyous and welcome guest. Des -

now we sing, with gladsome hearts, The theme of the spinner's song, That la-bor to lei-sure a zest imparts, Unknown to the i - - die throng.  
 - - pite of toil we all agree, or out of the Mills, or in, De-pen-dent on others we ne'er will be. So long as we're a-ble to spin.