

## SUSAN MILLER.

## CHAPTER I.

"Mother, it is all over now," said Susan Miller, as she descended from the chamber where her father had just died of *delirium tremens*.

Mrs. Miller had for several hours walked the house, with that ceaseless step which tells of fearful mental agony; and when she had heard from her husband's room some louder shriek or groan, she had knelt by the chair or bed which was nearest, and prayed that the troubled spirit might pass away. But a faintness came over her, when a long interval of stillness told that her prayer was answered; and she leaned upon the railing of the stairway for support, as she looked up to see the first one who should come to her from the bed of death.

Susan was the first to think of her mother; and when she saw her sink, pale, breathless and stupified upon a stair, she sat down in silence, and supported her head upon her own bosom. Then for the first time was she aroused to the consciousness, that she was to be looked upon as a stay and support; and she resolved to bring from the hidden recesses of her heart, a strength, courage and firmness, which should make her to her heart-broken mother, and younger brothers and sisters, what *he* had not been for many years, who was now a stiffening corpse.

At length she ventured to whisper words of solace and sympathy, and succeeded in infusing into her mother's mind a feeling of resignation to the stroke they had received. She persuaded her to retire to her bed, and seek that slumber which had been for several days denied them; and then she endeavored to calm the terror-stricken little ones, who were screaming because their father was no more. The neighbors came in and proffered every assistance; but when Susan retired that night to her own chamber, she felt that she must look to HIM for aid, who alone could sustain through the tasks that awaited her.

Preparations were made for the funeral; and though every one knew that Mr. Miller had left his farm deeply mortgaged, yet the store-keeper cheerfully trusted them for articles of mourning, and the dress-maker worked day and night, while she expected never to receive a remuneration. The minister came to comfort

the widow and her children. He spoke of the former virtues of him who had been wont to seek the house of God on each returning Sabbath, and who had brought his eldest children to the font of baptism, and been then regarded as an example of honesty and sterling worth; and when he adverted to the one failing which had brought him to his grave in the very prime of manhood, he also remarked, that he was now in the hands of a merciful God.

The remains of the husband and father were at length removed from the home which he had once rendered happy, but upon which he had afterwards brought poverty and distress, and laid in that narrow house which he never more might leave, till the last trumpet should call him forth; and when the family were left to that deep silence and gloom which always succeed a death and burial, they began to think of the trials which were yet to come.

Mrs. Miller had been for several years aware that ruin was coming upon them. She had at first warned, reasoned and expostulated; but she was naturally of a gentle, and almost timid disposition; and when she found that she awakened passions which were daily growing more violent and ungovernable, she resolved to await in silence a crisis which sooner or later would change their destiny. Whether she was to follow her degenerate husband to his grave, or accompany him to some low hovel, she knew not; she shrunk from the future, but faithfully discharged all present duties, and endeavored, by a strict economy, to retain at least an appearance of comfort in her household.

To Susan, her eldest child, she had confided all her fears and sorrows; and they had watched, toiled, and sympathized together. But when the blow came at last, when he who had caused all their sorrow and anxiety was taken away by a dreadful and disgraceful death, the long-enduring wife and mother was almost paralyzed by the shock.

But Susan was young; she had health, strength and spirits to bear her up, and upon her devolved the care of the family, and the plan for its future support. Her resolution was soon formed; and without saying a word to any individual, she went to Deacon Rand, who was her father's principal creditor.

It was a beautiful afternoon in the month of May, when Susan left the house in which her life had hitherto been spent—determined to know before she returned to it, whether she might ever

again look upon it as her home. It was nearly a mile to the Deacon's, and not a single house upon the way. The two lines of turf in the road, upon which the bright green grass was springing, shewed that it was but seldom travelled; and the birds warbled in the trees, as though they feared no disturbance. The fragrance of the lowly flowers, the budding shrubs, and the blossoming fruit-trees, filled the air; and she stood for a moment to listen to the streamlet which she crossed upon a rude bridge of stones. She remembered how she had loved to look at it in summer, as it murmured along among the low willows, and alder-bushes; and how she had watched it in the early spring, when its swollen waters forced their way through the drifts of snow which had frozen over it, and wrought for itself an arched roof, from which the little icicles depended in diamond points, and rows of beaded pearls. She looked also at the meadow, where the grass was already so long and green; and she sighed to think that she must leave all that was so dear to her, and go where a ramble among fields, meadows and orchards, would be henceforth a pleasure denied to her.

## CHAPTER II.

When she arrived at the spacious farm-house, which was the residence of the Deacon, she was rejoiced to find him at home and alone. He laid aside his newspaper, as she entered; and kindly taking her hand, inquired after her own health, and that of her friends. "And now, Deacon," said she, when she had answered all his questions; "I wish to know whether you intend to turn us all out of doors, as you have a perfect right to do—or suffer us still to remain, with a slight hope that we may sometime pay you the debt for which our farm is mortgaged."

"You have asked me a very plain question," was the Deacon's reply, "and one which I can easily answer. You see that I have here a house, large enough and good enough for the President himself; and plenty of every thing in it, and around it; and how in the name of common sense, and charity, and religion, could I turn a widow and her fatherless children out of their house and home! Folks have called me mean, and stingy, and close-fisted; and though in my dealings with a rich man I take good care that he shall not over-reach me, yet I never stood

for a cent with a poor man in my life. But you spake about sometime paying me ; pray, how do you hope to do it ?”

“I am going to Lowell,” said Susan quietly, “to work in the Factory,—the girls have high wages there now ; and in a year or two, Lydia and Eliza can come, too ; and if we all have our health, and mother and James get along well with the farm and the little ones, I hope, I do think, that we can pay it all up in the course of seven or eight years.”

“That is a long time for you to go and work so hard, and shut yourself up so close, at your time of life,” said the Deacon, “and on many other accounts I do not approve of it.”

“I know how prejudiced the people here are against factory girls,” said Susan, “but I should like to know what real good *reason* you have for disapproving of my resolution. You cannot think there is any thing really wrong in my determination to labor, as steadily and as profitably as I can, for myself and the family.”

“Why, the way that I look at things, is this,” replied the Deacon : “Whatever is not right, is certainly wrong ; and I do not think it right for a young girl like you, to put herself in the way of all sorts of temptation. You have no idea of the wickedness and corruption which exist in that town of Lowell. Why, they say that more than half of the girls have been in the House of Correction, or the County Jail, or some other vile place ; and that the other half are not much better ; and I should not think you would wish to go and work, and eat, and sleep, with such a low, mean, ignorant, wicked, set of creatures.”

“I know such things are said of them, Deacon, but I do not think they are true. I have never seen but one factory girl, and that was my cousin Esther, who visited us last summer. I do not believe there is a better girl in the world than she is ; and I cannot think she would be so contented and cheerful among such a set of wretches as some folks think factory girls must be. There may be wicked girls there ; but among so many, there must be some who are good ; and when I go there, I shall try to keep out of the way of bad company, and I do not doubt that cousin Esther can introduce me to girls who are as good as any with whom I have associated. If she cannot, I will have no companion but her, and spend the little leisure I shall have, in solitude ; for I am determined to go.”

“But supposing, Susan, that all the girls there were as good, and sensible, and pleasant as yourself—yet there are many other things to be considered. You have not thought how hard it will seem to be boxed up fourteen hours in a day, among a parcel of clattering looms, or whirling spindles, whose constant din is of itself enough to drive a girl out of her wits; and then you will have no fresh air to breathe, and as likely as not come home in a year or two with a consumption, and wishing you had staid where you would have had less money, and better health. I have also heard that the boarding women do not give the girls food which is fit to eat, nor half enough of the mean stuff they do allow them; and it is contrary to all reason, to suppose that folks can work, and have their health, without victuals to eat.”

“I have thought of all these things, Deacon, but they do not move me. I know the noise of the Mills must be unpleasant at first; but I shall get used to that; and as to my health, I know that I have as good a constitution to begin with, as any girl could wish, and no predisposition to consumption, nor any of those diseases which a factory life might otherwise bring upon me. I do not expect all the comforts which are common to country farmers; but I am not afraid of starving—for cousin Esther said, that she had an excellent boarding place, and plenty to eat and drink, and that which was good enough for any body. But if they do not give us good meat, I will eat vegetables alone; and when we have bad butter, I will eat my bread without it.”

“Well,” said the Deacon, “if your health is preserved, you may lose some of your limbs. I have heard a great many stories about girls who had their hands torn off by the machinery, or mangled so that they could never use them again; and a hand is not a thing to be despised, nor easily dispensed with. And then, how should you like to be ordered about, and scolded at, by a cross overseer?”

“I know there is danger,” replied Susan, “among so much machinery; but those who meet with accidents are but a very small number, in proportion to the whole; and if I am careful, I need not fear any injury. I do not believe the stories we hear about bad overseers,—for such men would not be placed over so many girls; and if I have a cross one, I will give him no reason to find fault; and if he finds fault without reason, I will leave him, and work for some one else. You know that I must do something, and I have made up my mind what it shall be.”

"You are a good child, Susan," and the Deacon looked very kind when he told her so, "and you are a courageous, noble-minded girl. I am not afraid that *you* will learn to steal, and lie, and swear, and neglect your Bible, and the meeting-house; but lest any thing unpleasant should happen, I will make you this offer: I will let your mother live upon the farm, and pay me what little she can, till your brother James is old enough to take it at the halves; and if you will come here, and help my wife about the house and dairy, I will give you four and six-pence a week, and you shall be treated as a daughter—perhaps you may one day be one."

The Deacon looked rather sly at her, and Susan blushed; for Henry Rand, the Deacon's youngest son, had been her play-mate in childhood, her friend at school, and her constant attendant at all the parties, and evening meetings. Her young friends all spoke of him as her lover, and even the old people had talked of it as a very fitting match, as Susan, besides good sense, good humor, and some beauty, had the health, strength and activity, which are always reckoned among the qualifications for a farmer's wife.

Susan knew of this; but of late, domestic trouble had kept her at home, and she knew not what his present feelings were. Still she felt that they must not influence her plans and resolutions. Delicacy forbade that she should come and be an inmate of his father's house, and her very affection for him had prompted the desire that she should be as independent as possible of all favors from him, or his father; and also the earnest desire that they might one day clear themselves of debt. So she thanked the Deacon for his offer, but declined accepting it, and arose to take leave.

"I shall think a great deal about you, when you are gone," said the Deacon, "and will pray for you, too. I never used to think about the sailors, till my wife's brother visited us, who had led for many years a sea-faring life; and now I always pray for those who are exposed to the dangers of the great deep. And I will also pray for the poor factory girls, who work so hard, and suffer so much."

"Pray for me, Deacon," replied Susan in a faltering voice, "that I may have strength to keep a good resolution."

She left the house with a sad heart; for the very success of her hopes and wishes, had brought more vividly to mind the feel-

ing that she was really to go and leave for many years her friends and home.

She was almost glad that she had not seen Henry ; and while she was wondering what he would say and think, when told that she was going to Lowell, she heard approaching footsteps, and looking up, saw him coming towards her. The thought—no, the idea, for it had not time to form into a definite thought—flashed across her mind, that she must now rouse all her firmness, and not let Henry's persuasions shake her resolution to leave them all, and go to the factory.

But the very indifference with which he heard of her intention, was of itself sufficient to arouse her energy. He appeared surprised, but otherwise wholly unconcerned, though he expressed a hope that she would be happy and prosperous, and that her health would not suffer from the change of occupation.

If he had told her that he loved her—if he had entreated her not to leave them, or to go with the promise of returning to be his future companion through life—she could have resisted it ; for this she had resolved to do ; and the happiness attending an act of self-sacrifice would have been her reward.

She had before known sorrow, and she had borne it patiently and cheerfully ; and she knew that the life which was before her would have been rendered happier by the thought, that there was one who was deeply interested for her happiness, and who sympathized in all her trials.

When she parted from Henry it was with a sense of loneliness, of utter desolation, such as she had never before experienced. She had never before thought that he was dear to her, and that she had wished to carry in her far-off place of abode, the reflection that she was dear to him. She felt disappointed and mortified, but she blamed not him, neither did she blame herself ; she did not know that any one had been to blame. Her young affections had gone forth as naturally and as involuntarily as the vapours rise to meet the sun. But the sun which had called them forth, had now gone down, and they were returning in cold drops to the heart-springs from which they had arisen ; and Susan resolved that they should henceforth form a secret fount, whence every other feeling should derive new strength and vigor. She was now more firmly resolved that her future life should be wholly devoted to her kindred, and thought not of herself but as connected with them.

## CHAPTER III.

It was with pain that Mrs. Miller heard of Susan's plan ; but she did not oppose her. She felt that it must be so,—that she must part with her for her own good, and the benefit of the family ; and Susan hastily made preparations for her departure.

She arranged every thing in and about the house for her mother's convenience ; and the evening before she left, she spent in instructing Lydia how to take her place, as far as possible ; and told her to be always cheerful with mother, and patient with the younger ones, and to write a long letter every two months, (for she could not afford to hear oftener,) and to be sure and not forget her for a single day.

Then she went to her own room ; and when she had re-examined her trunk, band-box and basket, to see that all was right, and laid her riding dress over the great arm-chair, she sat down by the window to meditate upon her change of life.

She thought, as she looked upon the spacious, convenient chamber in which she was sitting, how hard it would be to have no place to which she could retire and be alone ; and how difficult it would be to keep her things in order in the fourth part of a small apartment ; and how possible it was that she might have unpleasant room-mates ; and how probable that every day would call into exercise all her kindness and forbearance. And then she wondered if it would be possible for her to work so long, and save so much, as to render it possible that she might one day return to that chamber and call it her own. Sometimes she wished she had not undertaken it, that she had not let the Deacon know that she hoped to be able to pay him ; she feared that she had taken a burden upon herself which she could not bear, and sighed to think, that her lot should be so different from that of most young girls.

She thought of the days when she was a little child ; when she played with Henry at the brook, or picked berries with him on the hill ; when her mother was always happy, and her father always kind ; and she wished that the time could roll back, and she could again be a careless little girl.

She felt, as we sometimes do, when we shut our eyes, and try to sleep, and get back into some pleasant dream, from which we



have been too suddenly awakened. But the dream of youth was over, and before her was the sad, waking reality, of a life of toil, separation and sorrow.

When she left home the next morning, it was the first time she had ever parted from her friends. The day was delightful, and the scenery beautiful,—a stage-ride was of itself a novelty to her, and her companions pleasant and sociable ; but she felt very sad ; and when she retired at night to sleep in a hotel, she burst into tears.

Those who see the factory girls in Lowell, little think of the sighs and heart-aches which must attend a young girl's entrance upon a life of toil and privation, among strangers.

To Susan, the first entrance into a factory boarding-house, seemed something dreadful. The rooms looked strange and comfortless, and the women cold and heartless ; and when she sat down to the supper table, where, among more than twenty girls, all but one were strangers, she could not eat a mouthful. She went with Esther to their sleeping apartment, and after arranging her clothes and baggage, she went to bed, but not to sleep.

The next morning she went into the Mill ; and at first, the sight of so many bands, and wheels, and springs, in constant motion, was very frightful. She felt afraid to touch the loom, and she was almost sure that she could never learn to weave ; the harness puzzled, and the reed perplexed her ; the shuttle flew out, and made a new bump upon her head ; and the first time she tried to spring the lathe, she broke out a quarter of the treads. It seemed as if the girls all stared at her, and the overseers watched every motion, and the day appeared as long as a month had been at home. But at last it was night ; and O, how glad was Susan to be released ! She felt weary and wretched, and retired to rest without taking a mouthful of refreshment. There was a dull pain in her head, and a sharp pain in her ankles ; every bone was aching, and there was in her ears a strange noise, as of crickets, frogs, and jews-harps, all mingling together ; and she felt gloomy and sick at heart. "But it won't seem so always," said she to herself ; and with this truly philosophical reflection, she turned her head upon a hard pillow, and went to sleep.

Susan was right ; it did not seem so always. Every succeeding day seemed shorter and pleasanter than the last ; and when she was accustomed to the work, and had become interested in it, the hours seemed shorter, and the days, weeks and months flew

more swiftly by, than they had ever done before. She was healthy, active and ambitious, and was soon able to earn even as much as her cousin, who had been a weaver several years.

Wages were then much higher than they are now ; and Susan had the pleasure of devoting the avails of her labor to a noble and cherished purpose. There was a definite aim before her, and she never lost sight of the object for which she left her home, and was happy in the prospect of fulfilling that design. And it needed all this hope of success, and all her strength of resolution, to enable her to bear up against the wearing influences of a life of unvarying toil. Though the days seemed shorter than at first, yet there was a tiresome monotony about them. Every morning the bells pealed forth the same clangor, and every night brought the same feeling of fatigue. But Susan felt, as all factory girls feel, that she could bear it for a while. There are few who look upon factory labor as a pursuit for life. It is but a temporary vocation ; and most of the girls resolve to quit the Mill when some favorite design is accomplished. Money is their object—not for itself, but for what it can perform ; and pay-days are the landmarks which cheer all hearts, by assuring them of their progress to the wished-for goal.

Susan was always very happy when she enclosed the quarterly sum to Deacon Rand, although it was hardly won, and earned by the deprivation of many little comforts, and pretty articles of dress, which her companions could procure. But the thought of home, and the future happy days which she might enjoy in it, was the talisman which ever cheered and strengthened her.

She also formed strong friendships among her factory companions, and became attached to her pastor, and their place of worship. After the first two years, she had also the pleasure of her sister's society ; and in a year or two more, another came. She did not wish them to come while very young. She thought it better that their bodies should be strengthened, and their minds educated in their country home ; and she also wished, that in their early girlhood, they should enjoy the same pleasures which had once made her own life a very happy one.

And she was happy now ; happy in the success of her noble exertions, the affection and gratitude of her relatives, the esteem of her acquaintances, and the approbation of conscience. Only once was she really disquieted. It was when her sister wrote that Henry Rand was married to one of their old school-mates.

For a moment, the colour fled from her cheek, and a quick pang went through her heart. It was but for a moment ; and then she sat down, and wrote to the newly married couple a letter, which touched their hearts by its simple, fervent wishes for their happiness, and assurances of sincere friendship.

Susan had occasionally visited home, and she longed to go, never to leave it ; but she conquered the desire, and remained in Lowell more than a year after the last dollar had been forwarded to Deacon Rand. And then, O how happy was she when she entered her chamber the first evening after her arrival, and viewed its newly painted wainscoting, and brightly colored paper-hangings, and the new furniture with which she had decorated it ; and she smiled as she thought of the sadness which had filled her heart the evening before she first went to Lowell.

She now always thinks of Lowell with pleasure ; for Lydia is married here, and she intends to visit her occasionally, and even sometimes thinks of returning for a little while to the Mills. Her brother James has married, and resides in one half of the house, which he has recently repaired ; and Eliza, though still in the factory, is engaged to a wealthy young farmer.

Susan is with her mother and younger brothers and sisters. People begin to think she will be an old maid, and she thinks herself that it will be so. The old Deacon still calls her a good child, and prays every night and morning for the factory girls.

F. G. A.

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### CHOICE OF FRIENDS.

To the young, especially to females, is this a subject fraught with interest. A yearning of the heart for the sympathy which none but friends can impart, is among the first principles of our nature. The scenes of our childhood, and the friends with whom we passed the bright and sunny hours of earliest life, leave an impression on the memory which time cannot obliterate. Nought but death, that stern destroyer, can sever the holy tie which binds us to our kindred.

But even in life, we are often separated from the tried and faithful friends, to whom we have been accustomed to look with a

confidence which has never been abused ; and we are thrown upon the untried scenes of the world, where temptation awaits us on every side.

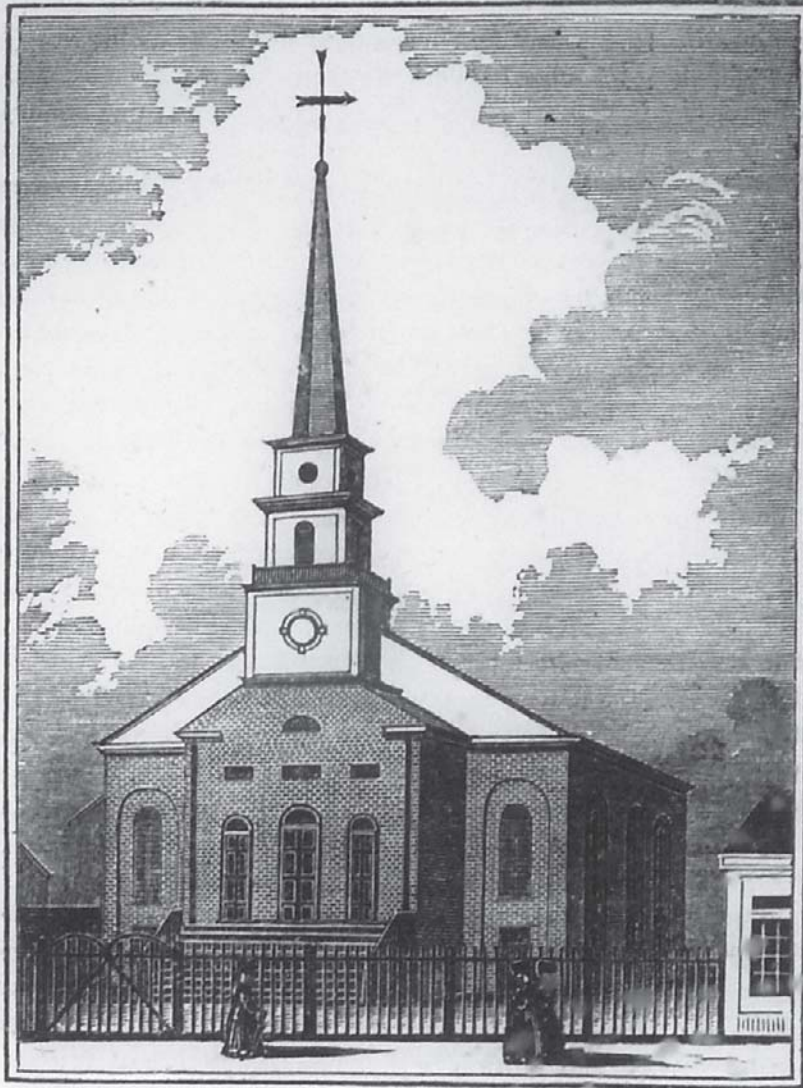
It is indeed a fearful thing, to be thus launched upon the tempestuous sea of life, without some kind friend to point out the rocks and shoals, upon which so many have been wrecked. Such has been, and is now, the degeneracy of the times, that vice, in many of its hideous forms, be it but arrayed in the garb of custom, is received into the most fashionable society—and I regret to say, encouraged by the courtesy extended to it, even by females ; whose influence should be exerted for its overthrow.

While such a state of manners exists, is it not of the first importance, that we make a happy choice of friends ? Would we escape the contaminating touch of vice, and have our hearts pure ; our feelings elevated, and our minds expanded, we must associate with those possessed of qualities we are most desirous should embellish our own characters. Virtue, with her attendant graces, should be considered indispensable ; and next to this, a well cultivated mind—one capable of blending instruction with amusement, and thus awakening in our own souls a desire to imitate the virtues we so much admire in others.

The time is fast approaching, when moral and intellectual worth will be the criterions by which we shall be judged. Let us then endeavor to make ourselves worthy of such society as will tend to our improvement ; for we shall most assuredly be influenced thereby. A new era has already commenced with those who labor in the Mills. We are not now, as formerly, quite obscured from the world by the dark veil of prejudice. No ; truth's bright sun has sent forth its enlivening rays, and where we have been wont to behold nought but a few scattered plants, with perchance a solitary flower here and there, withering and dying with neglect—we now see the bright buds of promise unfolding their beautiful petals, and putting forth blossoms, that will compare with many of longer and more cherished growth.

Does any one ask the cause of this great and happy change ? I answer, the influence of " a friend " hath wrought it. Can we better evince our gratitude, than by improving the privileges thus placed before us ? not forgetting that much of our present and future happiness, depends greatly on those with whom we associate.

CAROLINE.



FIRST CONGREGATIONALIST CHURCH, LOWELL.

## ALBUM TRIBUTES. No. 1.

## THE CASTLE.

How peacefully the sun-light sleeps  
 On yonder ruined tower,  
 Where twining ivy thickly creeps,  
 And blooms the fragrant flower!

A train comes forth from castle-hall,  
 Thick thronging in the way;  
 They keep some holy festival,  
 Some saintly holiday.

The Virgin's banner high they bear,  
 Amid the sun's bright rays;  
 And clearly through the balmy air,  
 Ascends their song of praise.

O, once from yonder hall and tower  
 Far other sounds arose;  
 The war-song of the Troubadour—  
 The death-cry of his foes.

Those arched vaults have echoed back  
 The clang of battle fray,  
 The dinning sounds of martial sack,  
 The charger's dying neigh.

And many a stout and armoured knight  
 Has passed that vaulted gate,  
 With helm and corslet glittering bright,  
 In pride of battle state.

And many a tale of pomp is told  
 Of that old castle-hall,  
 Where ladies fair, and princes bold,  
 Oft held their festive ball.

How different far the bands which now  
 The castle-ground have trod!  
 This day they gathered there to bow  
 In reverence of our God!

Far better is the voice of prayer,  
 Than clang of martial arms;  
 And better far the quiet there,  
 Than warfare's loud alarms.

Soon may the sword to plough-share turn,  
 As prophesied of yore,  
 And nations study peace, and learn  
 The battle-strife no more.

## MEMORY AND HOPE.

“Shadow not forth, O thou land of dreams,  
The past, as it fled by my own blue streams!  
Make not my spirit within me burn  
For the scenes and the hours that may ne'er return.”

It was a bright morning in June. The sun melted away the thin vapors that hung upon the bosom of his beautiful aurora, and lifted his brazen forehead above the blue waters of the noble Merrimac, which sparkled with diamond lustre amid his beams—moved by the gentle breeze, that, like the breath of a spirit, passed over them—waking the tiny billow from its mirror-sleep, and bidding it roll as if in worship of the king of day.

It was on a morning like the one I have described, that I seated myself on a large gray stone, partly shaded with trees, on the banks of the river; but I heeded not the dancing waters, nor the rustling leaves, for my thoughts were far, far away, in the sunny home of my childhood. Again had I wandered over the old mansion-house, where so many happy hours had been spent; and again had I seated myself beneath the spreading branches of the elm trees, that shaded the front of the house. Surely, any one would have loved those old trees, beautiful in their summer greenness; nor would they be loved the less, on a cold winter's night. The snow having fallen on their broad spreading branches, you might see them twining lovingly with their fleecy burthen, as if the white-winged clouds had been caught in their arms, and rested there—or, when, as sometimes, they were encased in an icy panoply, all glittering in the silver sheen, like a row of steel-clad knights of olden times.

There I sat for a while, and richly enjoyed that state of feeling,

When one would soar—if ever—  
To the high homes of thought and soul;  
When life's degrading ties would sever,  
And the freed spirit spurn control.  
“My gladdened soul was gushing love,  
And longing for its home above.”

But I was soon aroused from the reverie into which I had fallen, by the approach of two figures. They were both fair, but unlike in their beauty. One was a slender, fairy-like form, so light and buoyant, that it seemed as if it could rest on a sunbeam. There was a profusion of dark curls shading the brow; and ever

and anon, a laughing blue eye could be seen, as the wind in passing, tossed back the curls from her forehead. She was busily engaged in twining a garland of flowers ; and surely it seemed meet employment for one so angel-like. The other, though not less fair, seemed to have the reflection of age, without its wrinkles. She seldom smiled ; her natural look was so sadly sweet, that a smile could not heighten her beauty. She, too, had flowers ; but they were withered and dry—though in those dry leaves there was much of fragrance.

As they drew near, I recognized my worthy friends, HOPE and MEMORY. I gladly welcomed them to my shady retreat. Hope was the first to address me. In a soft, musical voice she thus commenced : “Why do I find you here alone, when there is so much gaiety in this beautiful world of ours ? why not join the levee that is to be given this evening, by one of your intimate friends ? or if you do not wish to mingle amid mirth and fashion, see ! I have woven for you a garland that only needs to be placed on that brow to secure you an entrance into the intellectual banquet-hall, where you have so long wished to be ; and there you may stand, the highest with the daughters of fame.”

Oh how my heart beat, as she held the garland of fame high above my head ! Surely, thought I, happiness is yet in store for me ; for fame had been the day-dream of my life. Eagerly was my hand stretched forth to receive the proffered boon ; but it was suddenly arrested—and the laurels that a moment before were within my grasp, fell to the ground. I turned hastily to see who had dared to step between me and the idol I had worshipped for years. Ah ! it was Memory ; and a smile lighted her sad countenance, and it seemed sweeter for the reason that her smiles were “like angels’ visits, few and far between.” I needed but one of her kind looks to reprove me for my foolish ambition.

She seated herself by my side, and thus addressed me, as she held the faded flowers before me : “You remember these ; they were cultivated by your own hands. But see ! they are withered ; and did you ever nurse any thing with peculiar care, but it languished and died ? A bird, a flower, or even a pet lamb, that would come at your bidding, all are gone, and numbered with the things that are not. Your kindred and friends—where are *they* ? A voice answers, gone, gone ! Nevertheless, there are many bright thoughts connected with the past—days of uninter-



rupted happiness, when you would ask no greater blessing from your Creator, than that He would lengthen out your days of joy. But those are now numbered with the dreams of the past. Think not," she continued, "that the meed of fame will make you happy ; but rather seek again the path of science, where you always found a never-failing spring of knowledge ; and let the bubble, fame, pass away. It would rest but heavily on your brow—though Hope often whispers in your ear, that it would be exalting to stand amid the truly great of your native land."

She ceased speaking ; and I then thought I could almost fall down and worship her, for bringing so many past scenes to my remembrance—for I love to think of the past, though the reflection be accompanied with sadness.

I was about to address her, when Hope, with her bright hues, again joined us. I turned to admonish her for her want of sincerity ; and in so doing, the sun fell in golden showers upon my eyes. The exhalation from the green things around, was floating in the atmosphere ; and I awoke. Alas ! it was nought but a dream.

But it is one that will be remembered—for it taught me not to follow the brilliant images that Hope is continually placing in my pathway. I shall profit by the advice of Memory, and never again covet the garland of fame ; but endeavor, by deeds of benevolence, to make myself more useful to my fellow-creatures, and more acceptable to "the Giver of every good and perfect gift."

ELLEN.

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## THE WHORTLEBERRY EXCURSION.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

About a dozen of us, lads and lasses, had promised friend H. that on the first lowery day we would meet him and his family, on the top of Moose Mountain, for the purpose of picking whortleberries, and of taking a view of the country around. We had provided the customary complement of baskets, pails, dippers, &c. ; and one morning, which promised a suitable day for our

excursion, we piled ourselves into a couple of wagons, and rode to the foot of the mountain, and commenced climbing it on foot. A beaten path and spotted trees were our guides. A toilsome way we found it—some places being so steep that we were obliged to hold by the twigs, to prevent us from falling.

Three-quarters of an hour after we left our horses, we found ourselves on the whortleberry ground—some of us singing, some chatting, and all trying to see who could pick the most berries. Friend H. went from place to place among the young people, and with his social conversation gave new life to the party—while his chubby boys and rosy girls, by their nimbleness plainly told that they did not intend that any one should beat them in picking berries.

Towards noon, friend H. conducted us to a spring, where we made some lemonade, having taken care to bring plenty of lemons and sugar with us, and also bread and cheese for a lunch. Seated beneath a wide-spreading oak, we partook of our homely repast; and never in princely hall were the choicest viands eaten with a keener relish. After resting awhile, we recommenced picking berries, and in a brief space our pails and baskets were all full.

About this time, the clouds cleared away, the sun shone out in all the splendour imaginable, and bright and beautiful was the prospect. Far as the eye could reach, in a north and north-easterly direction, were to be seen fields of corn and grain, with new-mown grass-land, and potatoe plats, farm-houses, barns, and orchards—together with a suitable proportion of wood-land, all beautifully interspersed; and a number of ponds of water, in different places, and of different forms and sizes—some of them containing small islands, which added to the beauty of the scenery. The little village at Wakefield corner, which was about three miles distant, seemed to be almost under our feet; and with friend H.'s spy-glass, we could see the people at work in their gardens, weeding vegetables, picking cherries, gathering flowers, &c. But not one of our number had the faculty that the old lady possessed, who, in the time of the Revolution, in looking through a spy-glass at the French fleet, brought the French-men so near, that she could hear them chatter; so we had to be content with ignorance of their conversation.

South-westerly might be seen Cropple-crown Mountain ; and beyond it, Merry-meeting Pond, where, I have been told, Elder Randall, the father of the Free-will Baptist denomination, first administered the ordinance of baptism. West, might be seen Tumble-down-dick Mountain ; and north, the Ossipee Mountains ; and far north, might be seen the White Mountains of New-Hampshire, whose snow-crowned summits seemed to reach the very skies.

The prospect in the other directions, was not so grand, although it was beautiful—so I will leave it, and take the shortest route, with my companions, with their baskets and pails of berries, to the house of friend H. On our way, we stopped to view the lot of rock maples, which, with some little labor, afforded a sufficient supply of sugar for the family of friend H., and we promised that, in the season of sugar-making the next spring, we would make it convenient to visit the place, and witness the process of making maple sugar.

Our descent from the mountain was by a different path—our friends having assured us, that although our route would be farther, we should find it more pleasant ; and truly we did—for the path-way was not so rough as the one in which we travelled in the morning. And besides, we had the pleasure of walking over the farm of the good Quaker, and of hearing from his own lips many interesting circumstances of his life.

The country, he told us, was quite a wilderness when he first took up his abode on the mountain ; and bears, he said, were as plenty as woodchucks, and destroyed much of his corn. He was a bachelor, and lived alone for a number of years after he first engaged in clearing his land. His habitation was between two huge rocks, at about seventy rods from the place where he afterwards built his house. He showed us this ancient abode of his ; it was in the midst of an old orchard. It appeared as if the rocks had been originally one ; but by some convulsion of nature it had been sundered, mid-way, from top to bottom. The back part of this dwelling, was a rock wall, in which there was a fire-place and an oven. The front was built of logs, with an aperture for a door-way ; and the roof was made of saplings and bark. In this rude dwelling, friend H. dressed his food, and ate it ; and here, on a bed of straw, he spent his lonely nights. A small

window in the rock wall, admitted the light, by day ; and by night, his solitary dwelling was illuminated with a pitch-pine torch.

On being interrogated respecting the cause of his living alone so long as he did, he made answer, by giving us to understand, that if he was called "the bear," he was not so much of a brute as to marry until he could give his wife a comfortable maintenance ; "and moreover, I was resolved," said he, "that Hannah should never have the least cause to repent of the ready decision which she made in my favor." "Then," said one of our company, "your wife was not afraid to trust herself with the bear ?" "She did not hesitate in the least," said friend H. ; "for when I 'popped the question,' by saying, 'Hannah, will thee have me ?' she readily answered, 'Yes, To — ;' she would have said, 'Tobias, I will ;' but the words died on her lips, and her face, which blushed like the rose, became deadly pale ; and she would have fallen on the floor, had I not caught her in my arms. After Hannah got over her faintness, I told her that we had better not marry, until I was in a better way of living ; to which she also agreed. And," said he, "before I brought home my bird, I had built yonder cage ;" pointing to his house ; "and now, neighbors, let us hasten to it ; for Hannah will have her tea ready, by the time we get there." When we arrived at the house, we found that tea was ready ; and the amiable Mrs. H., the wife of the good Quaker, was waiting for us, with all imaginable patience.

The room in which we took tea, was remarkably neat. The white floor was nicely sanded, and the fire-place, filled with pine tops and rose-bushes ; and vases of roses were standing on the mantel-piece. The table was covered with a cloth of snowy whiteness, and loaded with delicacies ; and here and there stood a little China vase, filled with white and damask roses.

"So-ho !" said the saucy Henry L., upon entering the room ; "I thought that you Quakers were averse to every species of decoration ; but see ! here is a whole flower garden !" Friend H. smiled and said, "the rose is a favorite with Hannah ; and then it is like her, with one exception." "And what is that exception ?" said Henry. "Oh," said our friend, "Hannah has no thorns to wound." Mrs. H.'s heightened color and smile, plainly told us, that praise from her husband was "music to her ear." After tea, we had the pleasure of promenading through the house ;

and Mrs. H. showed us many articles of domestic manufacture, being the work of her own, and her daughters' hands. The articles consisted of sheets, pillow-cases, bed-quilts, coverlets of various colors, and woven in different patterns,—such as charriot wheels, rose-of-sharon, ladies'-delight, federal constitution—and other patterns, the names of which I have forgotten. The white bed-spreads and the table covers, which were inspected by us, were equal, if not superior to those of English manufacture ; in short, all that we saw, proclaimed that order and industry had an abiding place in the house of friend H.

Mrs. H. and myself seated ourselves by a window, which overlooked a young and thrifty orchard. A flock of sheep were grazing among the trees, and their lambs were gamboling from place to place. "This orchard is more beautiful than your other," said I ; "but I do not suppose it contains any thing so dear to the memory of friend H., as is his old habitation." She pointed to a knoll, where was a small enclosure, and which I had not before observed. "There," said she, "is a spot more dear to Tobias ; for there sleep our children." "Your cup has then been mingled with sorrow?" said I. "But," replied she, "we do not sorrow without hope ; for their departure was calm as the setting of yonder sun, which is just sinking from sight ; and we trust that we shall meet them in a fairer world, never to part." A tear trickled down the cheek of Mrs. H., but she hastily wiped it away, and changed the conversation. Friend H. came and took a seat beside us, and joined in the conversation, which, with his assistance, became animated and amusing.

Here, thought I, dwell a couple, happily united. Friend H., though rough in his exterior, nevertheless possesses a kindly, affectionate heart ; and he has a wife, whose price is above rubies.

The saucy Henry soon came to the door, and bawled out, "The stage is ready." We obeyed the summons, and found that Henry and friend H.'s son had been for our vehicles. We were again piled into the wagons—pails, baskets, whortleberries, and all ; and with many hearty shakes of the hand, and many kind farewells, we bade adieu to the family of friend H.—but not without renewing the promise, that, in the next sugar-making season, we would re-visit Moose Mountain.

JEMIMA.

## LESSONS OF FLOWERS.

“O flowers! on which the angels smiled,  
Ere sought in garden or in wild!  
Your bloom, as seen by Flora's eye,  
Shall breathe us lessons from on high.”

Much has been said and written about flowers, of their properties and beauties; but there is still room for more, and ample space for the free exercise of imagination. Far has fancy roamed already—having invested them with spirits as bright and beautiful as their own fair forms and hues; and to them has been assigned a language which speaks of hope and heaven. A language of purity is theirs; and although it does not vibrate on the outward ear, it breathes in the air around, and floats on every breeze, and is none the less prized for its unheard ministries.

Flowers possess a softening influence over our feelings; a cheering and hallowing influence,—for who is there that has communed with these teachers, and not felt in his inmost soul that there is in them a redeeming power? They are welcomed with joy, and greeted with smiles, by old and young, by rich and poor; and the attention bestowed on the cultivation of them, proves that they are universal favorites.

I love them for their beauty and fragrance; for their being so emblematical of our own frail existence; and for their many lessons, so deeply fraught with instruction,—for much of wisdom can be gleaned from these fair spirit-shrines.

In how many points do we resemble flowers? Their life is transient—so also is ours; and although they wither and die at the approach of the chill winds and biting frosts of autumn, yet they revive with the gentle breath and softly-falling rains of spring. And in some degree are they like human flowers—these perish and fade from earth; and although they do not again come forth, and greet us with the returning seasons of opening buds; yet we feel the assurance that they will not always be so enchained. In the immortal spring-time, they will be arrayed in celestial purity, and in a beauty unknown to earth.

They also speak to us of trustfulness in the Guardian of all earth's fair creation; and of gratitude to the Being who has thus

profusely showered blessings around us. For do not the flowers, as they drink the evening dew, and prepare as twilight approaches for the still deeper shades of night, close their eyes in happy security? And at the dawn, with hearts enlarged by grateful feelings, do they not throw open their dewy petals to welcome the first beams of the morning sun, and shed abroad their sweet fragrance, which seems to rise as an offering of incense from the altar of nature? Surrounded by so many thousand sources of happiness, can we not learn of the lowly blossom to be thankful, and to trust in the goodness of which we behold so many powerful evidences?

Many of the cultivated and transplanted flowers of other climes, require daily care and attention. If neglected, they soon fade and die. Thus is it with some affections of the heart. The sacred plant of friendship, if rightly cultivated, will bloom in perennial brightness, bearing the fruit of unity and peace; but if slighted, it will droop, to bloom no more. Then how carefully should we cherish this priceless germ from a holy clime, that it may be preserved fresh and fadeless, to cheer and gladden us with its charms!

Flowers are beautiful and frail. Easily destroyed are they, by slight causes. So is a good reputation—it is easily sullied. As the frost has power to blight the fairest bud, so the breath of slander can dim and even destroy the brightest character, which might otherwise have been a brilliant ornament of society. Both are silent and unseen in their work of destruction, and therefore the more fatal. How many a heart has been wrung with anguish, by the dark shadows which have been cast over a once fair name, without being able to trace the cause or the author of the mischief? May we not learn from this, to guard well the character of others as we would our own?

Each flower can teach us a different lesson; and I would that we paid more attention to their instructions. May we give heed to their voiceless thoughts. And whenever we become distrustful of Providence, may we “consider the lilies of the field how they grow,” and cease our murmurs; for He who clothes the earth with beauty, and fills the air with perfume, will much more watch over those whom He created in his own image.

E. E. T.

## BEAUTY.

“ Who hath not proved how feebly words essay  
 To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray ?  
 Who doth not feel, until his failing sight  
 Faints into dimness with its own delight,  
 His changing cheek, his sinking heart, confess  
 The might — the majesty of loveliness ? ” — BYRON.

What is beauty ? an ideal picture, a mere vision of fancy, as evanescent as it is lovely ? Nay ; beauty exists, and will find its way to the human heart. It has a language that speaks with irresistible eloquence—a language which has won the favor and admiration of thousands in past ages, and will but increase its power in ages to come. The wise and good, the worthiest and best, ever have been, and ever will be, beauty's admirers. And it is right ; for the Creator has so ordered it. He has kindly and wisely given the faculty for perceiving beauty ; he has also bestowed countless millions of bright and beautiful objects, a contemplation of which shall make that faculty a source of pleasure and delight to its possessor.

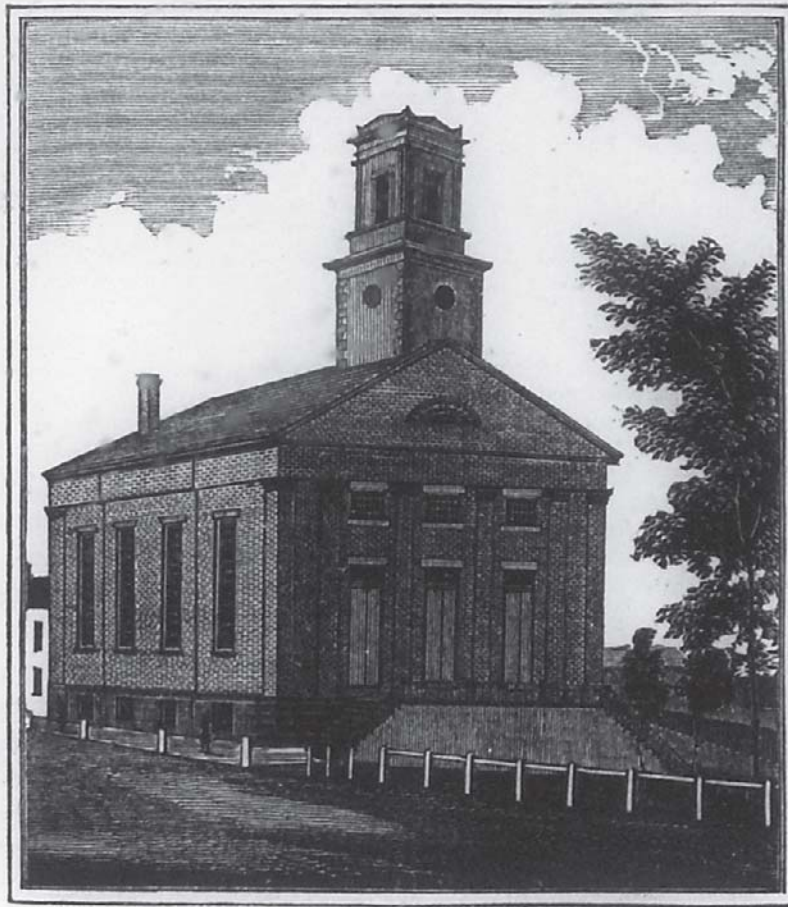
Who can gaze upon the smiling face which nature wears, when fair Spring has unveiled her every mild and lovely attraction, and resist the persuasive influence of so much beauty ? And as more joyous Summer succeeds the milder reign of spring, nature appears in all her brilliant charms—the pride of glorious, dazzling beauty, in gay profusion, displaying numberless stores of inestimable worth—with lavish hand, scattering richest, choicest treasures on every side. And as the many objects of exquisite beauty and loveliness crowd before the eyes, inspiring the heart with blessed hopes—the smile of cheerfulness which every where greets the beholder, awakens the most pleasing reflections, and high and exalted conceptions of the great Author and Giver.

Whether we look abroad upon this beauteous earth, so varied in form, and so full of beauty of outline, and so clothed in the pleasing, universal robe of green, and so adorned with every hue ; or gaze upon the illimitable expanse above, contrasting the bright beams of day with the pale beauty of evening, we can but feel the beneficial effects of the delightful view. It calls us to more devotional feelings to the great Source of infinite perfection, from



whom all blessings flow. It should do more ; for there is not only enough beauty in all the works of God to elevate the affections to the all-wise Giver, but sufficient to kindle our love into a glowing flame, and awaken the liveliest, holiest desire, more faithfully to discharge every duty incumbent upon us as moral, religious, social and accountable beings.

E.



METHODIST CHURCH, HURD ST., LOWELL.

## LOWELL CEMETERY.

CONSECRATED SABBATH EVENING, JUNE 20, 1841.

'Tis hallowed ground! that forest wild  
 Seems almost like a spot enchanted—  
 No more by reckless foot defiled,  
 No more by thoughtless visions haunted.  
 'Tis hallowed ground; let not the sound  
 Of mirth or revelry come near it.  
 'Tis hallowed ground; and far around  
 Let all the people now revere it.

To strains of eloquence and song,  
 The trees and shrubbery have listened—  
 While gazing on the gathered throng,  
 The tearful eye of nature glistened.  
 With gladdened ear, she paused to hear,  
 From her own temple-shrine ascending,  
 In open air, the voice of prayer,  
 With all her many voices blending.

'Tis hallowed ground! that sylvan spot,  
 On holy Sabbath consecrated—  
 Be ne'er the solemn hour forgot,  
 To that sad purpose dedicated.  
 Methinks 'twere blest, by nature drest  
 So beautiful a cemetery;  
 At death's behest, who could not rest  
 In nature's very sanctuary?

'Tis hallowed: 'tis a burial-place,  
 Where dust to dust must soon be treasured.  
 Whose ashes first the spot shall grace?  
 Whose grave shall first of all be measured?  
 Shall mother weep, in anguish deep,  
 For prattling first-born early taken?  
 Or infant creep, to watch the sleep  
 Of mother who may ne'er awaken?

'Tis hallowed ground! the bright blue sky,  
 Like guardian angel, bends above it;  
 The streamlet murmurs gently by—  
 The smiling flowers bend down and love it.  
 When I am dead, O may my head  
 Repose upon that turfy pillow;  
 And o'er my bed, the dew be shed  
 On fragrant rose and weeping willow.

The forest oak, with outstretched arms,  
 Invites to peaceful shades the weary ;  
 The evergreen displays its charms,  
 Lest even winter should be dreary.  
 And flowrets bloom, in wild perfume,  
 And whisper to the broken hearted,  
 To love the tomb, nor dread the gloom,  
 That shrouds the home of the departed.

And did I wish I there might lie,  
 When death's cold, chilly arms embrace me ?  
 O yes—if 'tis my lot to die  
 Where strangers in the grave must place me.  
 If strangers may ask for their clay,  
 So soft, so sweet a couch of slumber—  
 Then I would pray of them to lay  
 My form among that favored number.

But at the thought of dying here,  
 A sense of sadness o'er me stealing,  
 Impels the melancholy tear,  
 Upspringing from the fount of feeling.  
 Those dear to me, I fain would see,  
 When death's dark waves are o'er me swelling,  
 I'd gladly be beneath the tree  
 That shades my early childhood's dwelling.

There is a spot away at home,  
 Where those I highly prized are sleeping—  
 Where kindred love sometimes to roam,  
 And spend the twilight hours in weeping.  
 The sky is fair and glowing there,  
 And soft distil the genial showers ;  
 The balmy air, with kindly care,  
 Breathes music through the leafy bowers.

'Tis there——ah no ! thy home is where  
 Thy Maker's providence shall call thee ;  
 Thy life is measured by His care,  
 And naught without Him can befall thee.  
 Vain heart, be still ! and do His will—  
 So shall sweet peace, till life has ended,  
 Thy bosom thrill, and transport fill—  
 Thy grave by angels' visits tended.

That place of burial is replete  
 With images for calm reflection,  
 Where faith beyond the tomb may greet  
 The morning of the resurrection.  
 There let me stray, oft as I may,  
 To muse amid such solemn beauty,  
 And learn the way to realms of day—  
 For death shall teach of life and duty.

## A WEAVER'S REVERIE.

NO FICTION.

It was a sunny day, and I left for a few moments, the circumscribed spot which is my appointed place of labor, that I might look from an adjoining window upon the bright loveliness of nature. Yes, it was a sunny day ; but for many days before, the sky had been veiled in gloomy clouds ; and joyous indeed was it to look up into that blue vault, and see it unobscured by its sombre screen ; and my heart fluttered, like a prisoned bird, with its painful longings for an unchecked flight amidst the beautiful creation around me.

Why is it, said a friend to me one day, that the factory girls write so much about the beauties of nature ?

Oh ! why is it, (thought I, when the query afterwards recurred to me,) why is it that visions of thrilling loveliness so often bless the sightless orbs of those whose eyes have once been blessed with the power of vision ?

Why is it that the delirious dreams of the famine-stricken, are of tables loaded with the richest viands, or groves, whose pendant boughs droop with their delicious burdens of luscious fruit ?

Why is it that haunting tones of sweetest melody come to us in the deep stillness of midnight, when the thousand tongues of man and nature are for a season mute ?

Why is that the desert-traveler looks forward upon the burning, boundless waste, and sees pictured before his aching eyes, some verdant oasis, with its murmuring streams, its gushing founts, and shadowy groves—but as he presses on with faltering step, the bright *mirage* recedes, until he lies down to die of weariness upon the scorching sands, with that isle of loveliness before him ?

Oh tell me why is this, and I will tell why the factory girl sits in the hour of meditation, and thinks—not of the crowded, clattering mill, nor of the noisy tenement which is her home, nor of the thronged and busy street which she may sometimes tread,—but of the still and lovely scenes which, in by-gone hours, have sent their pure and elevating influence with a thrilling sweep across the strings of the spirit-harp, and then awakened its sweet-

est, loftiest notes ; and ever as she sits in silence and seclusion, endeavoring to draw from that many-toned instrument a strain which may be meet for another's ear, that music comes to the eager listener like the sound with which the sea-shell echoes the roar of what was once its watery home. All her best and holiest thoughts are linked with those bright pictures which called them forth, and when she would embody them for the instruction of others, she does it by a delineation of those scenes which have quickened and purified her own mind.

It was this love of nature's beauties, and a yearning for the pure, hallowed feelings which those beauties had been wont to call up from their hidden springs in the depths of the soul, to bear away upon their swelling tide the corruption which had gathered, and I feared might settle there,—it was this love, and longing, and fear, which made my heart throb quickly, as I sent forth a momentary glance from the factory window.

I think I said there was a cloudless sky ; but it was not so. It was clear, and soft, and its beauteous hue was of "the hyacinth's deep blue"—but there was one bright, solitary cloud, far up in the cerulean vault ; and I wished that it might for once be in my power to lie down upon that white, fleecy couch, and there, away and alone, to dream of all things holy, calm, and beautiful. Methought that better feelings, and clearer thoughts than are often wont to visit me, would there take undisturbed possession of my soul.

And might I not be there, and send my unobstructed glance into the depths of ether above me, and forget for a little while that I had ever been a foolish, wayward, guilty child of earth ? Could I not then cast aside the burden of error and sin which must ever depress me here, and with the maturity of womanhood, feel also the innocence of infancy ? And with that sense of purity and perfection, there would necessarily be mingled a feeling of sweet, uncloying bliss—such as imagination may conceive, but which seldom pervades and sanctifies the earthly heart. Might I not look down from my ærial position, and view this little world, and its hills, valleys, plains, and streamlets, and its thousands of busy inhabitants, and see how puerile and unsatisfactory it would look to one so totally disconnected from it ? Yes, there, upon that soft, snowy cloud could I sit, and gaze

upon my native earth, and feel how empty and "vain are all things here below."

But not motionless would I stay upon that aerial couch. I would call upon the breezes to waft me away, over the broad, blue ocean, and with nought but the clear, bright ether above me, have nought but a boundless, sparkling, watery expanse below me. Then I would look down upon the vessels pursuing their different courses across the bright waters; and as I watched their toilsome progress, I should feel how blessed a thing it is to be where no impediment of wind or wave might obstruct my onward way.

But when the beams of a mid-day sun had ceased to flash from the foaming sea, I should wish my cloud to bear away to the western sky, and divesting itself of its snowy whiteness, stand there, arrayed in the brilliant hues of the setting sun. Yes, well should I love to be stationed there, and see it catch those parting rays, and, transforming them to dyes of purple and crimson, shine forth in its evening vestment, with a border of brightest gold. Then could I watch the king of day as he sinks into his watery bed, leaving behind a line of crimson light to mark the path which led him to his place of rest.

Yet once, O only once, should I love to have that cloud pass on—on—on—among the myriads of stars; and leaving them all behind, go far away into the empty void of space beyond. I should love, for once, to be *alone*. Alone! where *could* I be alone? But I would fain be where there is no other, save the *INVISIBLE*, and there, where not even one distant star should send its feeble rays to tell of a universe beyond, there would I rest upon that soft, light cloud, and with a fathomless depth below me, and a measureless waste above and around me, there would I —

"Your looms are going without filling," said a loud voice at my elbow; so I ran as fast as possible, and changed my shuttles.

ELLA.

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## A NEW SOCIETY.

“ Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes ;  
 When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes :  
 Compounds a medley of disjointed things,  
 A court of cobblers, and a mob of kings.  
 Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad ;  
 Both are the reasonable soul run mad :—  
 And many forms and things in sleep we see,  
 That neither were, nor are—but haply yet may be.”

It was Saturday night. The toils of the week were at an end ; and, seated at the table with my book, I was feasting upon the treasures of knowledge which it contained. One by one my companions had left me, until I was alone. How long I continued to read I know not ; but I had closed my book, and sat ruminating upon the many changes and events which are continually taking place in this transitory world of ours. My reverie was disturbed by the opening of the door, and a little boy entered the room, who, handing me a paper, retired without speaking. I unfolded the paper, and the first article which caught my eye was headed, “ Annual Meeting of the Society for the promotion of Industry, Virtue and Knowledge.” It read as follows : “ At the annual meeting of this society, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :

“ 1. *Resolved*, That every father of a family who neglects to give his daughters the same advantages for an education which he gives his sons, shall be expelled from this society, and be considered a heathen.”

“ 2. *Resolved*, That no member of this society shall exact more than eight hours of labour, out of every twenty-four, of any person in his or her employment.”

“ 3. *Resolved*, That, as the laborer is worthy of his hire, the price for labor shall be sufficient to enable the working-people to pay a proper attention to scientific and literary pursuits.”

“ 4. *Resolved*, That the wages of females shall be equal to the wages of males, that they may be enabled to maintain proper independence of character, and virtuous deportment.”

“ 5. *Resolved*, That no young gentleman of this society shall be allowed to be of age, or to transact business for himself, until

he shall have a good knowledge of the English language, understand book-keeping, both by single and double entry, and be capable of transacting all town business."

"6. *Resolved*, That no young lady belonging to this society shall be considered marriageable, who does not understand how to manage the affairs of the kitchen, and who does not, each month, write at least enough to fill one page of imperial octavo."

"7. *Resolved*, That we will not patronize the writings of any person who does not spend at least three hours in each day, when health will permit, either in manual labor, or in some employment which will be a public benefit, and which shall not appertain to literary pursuits."

"8. *Resolved*, That each member of this society shall spend three hours in each day in the cultivation of the mental faculties, or forfeit membership, extraordinaries excepted."

"9. *Resolved*, That industry, virtue and knowledge, (not wealth and titles,) shall be the standard of respectability for this society."

I stopped at the ninth resolution, to ponder upon what I had read; and I thought it was remarkably strange that I had not before heard of this society. There was a gentle tap at the door, and a gentleman entered the room, with a modest request for subscribers to a new periodical which was about to be issued from the press. I showed him what I had been reading. He glanced his eyes upon it, and exclaimed, "Oh happy America! Thrice happy land of Freedom! Thy example shall yet free all nations from the galling chains of mental bondage; and teach to earth's remotest ends, in what true happiness consists!"

By reading the remainder of the article, I learned that this society, and its auxiliaries, already numbered more than two-thirds of the population of the United States, and was rapidly increasing; but the date puzzled me extremely; it was April 1, 1860.

The agent for the new periodical reminded me of his business. I ran up stairs to ascertain if any of our girls would become subscribers; but before reaching the chambers, I stumbled, and awoke.

TABITHA.