

THE LOWELL OFFERING,

FOR OCTOBER, 1840.

HISTORY OF A HEMLOCK BROOM.

WRITTEN BY ITSELF.

My first distinct recollections are of a lofty hill, whose summit was crowned by many majestic forest trees, of which my parent was the lowest upon the eastern side. It was also the lowest branch; and as there was no other immediately around me, I had an uninterrupted view of the delightful landscape below me. The green slope beneath was a rich pasturage for cattle, with whom I suspect I was a great favorite; for often, in the warm summer days, have I observed their eyes fixed upon me while they were yet in the valley below; and I have watched them as they came laboring up to me, till they at length reached the cool shade which I threw across their heated forms.

The meadow at the foot of the hill, was in summer one gorgeous assemblage of brilliant flowers, and farther on was an orchard, whose trees in spring were covered with delicate blossoms, and in autumn loaded with rich fruit; and next to this was the garden and back-yard of a substantial farm-house.

This house was an object of great interest to me; and though the back part of it only was visible, yet there was always enough going on to excite my curiosity. I have watched the little boy as he foddered and watered the barn-yard inhabitants, and have often looked at the little girl as she fed her numerous family of poultry; and ere the morning sun had thrown his first rays upon me, I have observed the good woman busy with her milk-pans, pails, and churn.

Although the road in front of the house was invisible to me, except by occasional glimpses through the trees which bordered it, yet I could distinctly see the fields beyond it, and in the distance the rolling ocean. I have seen the sun rise from the crimsoned wave, and have watched him till he approached the zenith; but after that he was lost to my view; and it was a cause of great discontent, that to me some things must always remain invisible. I indulged in feelings of envy towards the upper branches of the trees upon the brow of the hill, because theirs was an unbroken view in every direction. They could see the sun as well as I when he arose, but they could also watch him after he passed the meridian, and knew where he

took his rest at night. I could view the ships sailing majestically over the blue waters, growing smaller as they receded farther, till they appeared but as a mark set at the boundary of wave and sky; but I could not see them so long as those above me, and at this I always repined.

Never contented with what met my view, I longed for a sight of things hidden from me. When the thick mist rolled up from the chilling sea, and obscured the landscape around, I felt drooping and sullen, although deprived but of that for which I had never been grateful; but when the rough winds came sweeping down from the heights above, I vented my discontent in loud murmurs. The thought that I must ever remain fixed to my parent tree, while many objects around me were possessed of the power of locomotion, was a great grief to me; and the wish to be relieved from my hapless station, though I thought it a fruitless one, was never checked.

But at the close of one pleasant summer afternoon, I beheld my little farm-yard acquaintance ascending the hill, with his eyes earnestly fixed upon me. As he approached nearer, he brandished a large jack-knife with very threatening gestures, and when, after many efforts, he succeeded in reaching me, and partly breaking me away, he found it very useful in completing the work of separation. Now then was my wish accomplished. I felt that I was free, and was very grateful to my deliverer.

But my first experience of the pleasures of motion, differed much from my anticipations. I was dragged across stones and stumps, thrown over ditches and fences, and at length cast down before the lady of the farm-house, with this expression, "There's your hemlock, mother." Johnny was rewarded with a bright new cent for his exploit, and his mother proceeded to separate me into small portions, and then with no silken cord united me to a tall, rough, gaunt partner. I found by her conversation, that I was not his first companion, and I feared I should not be his last, and was confirmed in this belief, when, holding me up very complacently, she exclaimed, "Well, I really believe this old handle will outlast a dozen brooms yet." She then hung me up behind the door, beside a light complexioned person, who informed me that she came from Canterbury, N. H., and that her first recollections were of a Shaker corn-

field. She appeared much worn and rather soiled, and I, in all my green glossy freshness, could not forbear from some expressions of my vanity and conceit.

But my pride was soon to be humbled; for the very next morning, when Hannah requested leave to sweep the parlor with the new broom, her mother refused permission, saying that *I* should not touch the carpet. When the Shaker was taken down for that purpose, my mortification was great, to find by peeping through the open door, that the parlor was much more beautiful than the kitchen.

After this I constantly indulged my discontent and chagrin, and at length other feelings mingled with mortified pride and increased envy. While the Shaker appeared to retain as good an appearance as I had first observed in her, I was rapidly wasting away. I grew daily more thin and bare, and was at length thought fit for nothing but to sweep the *back-room* and door-steps. By and by, I was taken to brush out the heated oven, and this I could not long survive.

At length Johnny was requested to procure another broom, and I was divorced from my tough and unworn partner. I have been thrown into the back-yard, and here I have a full prospect of my former companions on the hill beyond. I can see them waving in their bright beauty, as lovely as I left them. I can hear the birds among them; but their songs cannot cheer me now. There was a time when nothing but a discontented disposition debarred me the possession of happiness; and when I scan the history of my life, and see that the little I have enjoyed has been almost in spite of myself, and that my usefulness has been involuntary, I see much reason for severe self-reproach.

I have requested my friend Hannah to act as my amanuensis, because I cannot hold a pen; and though she asserts that she is a miserable writer, I think she will be able to make my tale intelligible; and should she ever go to Lowell, which is now her intention, she will be able to circulate more widely this story, which, simple as it is, has yet a moral.

HANNAH.

THE MOTHER'S LOVE.

Would you know the strength of the mother's love? Go, in the hour of prayer, where she bends over the couch of an only child. In the morning of her life, many were the loved ones, around whom the affections of the heart had twined; but one by one they have been taken away,—and now, around this lone and fragile stalk, are clinging all the tendrils of a once luxuriant vine.

Listen to the prayer which arises from the depths

of that mother's heart, that the Giver of life would still spare to her the beautiful flower over which her soul thus yearns,—that He, who above has power, will preserve it amid the rude storms which have stricken down its kindred blossoms. And as she breathes forth her soul in fervent supplication to Heaven, deeper thoughts are gathering over her, and her spirit follows the loved and pure one out into the wild and fearful paths of life, and horror chills her heart as she beholds sorrow and blight settling on what is fair and lovely of earth, and true and lofty spirits sullied by desolating passions. And yet deeper and holier are the aspirations of her soul, as she pleads with Him who is the Fountain of all purity, to preserve in perfect innocence her loved one; that sin, with its all-blighting influence, may not cast its shadow over the beauty of this rich blossom.

Listen again. A voice is heard speaking in gentle tones to the mother's heart, saying, "In answer to thy prayer, I have come for thy child. If thou wouldst have it always pure, it is only by yielding it to me that thy wish can be granted. I am commissioned by Him who lent thee the flower, to gather it back in its brightness, to await thee in a land where neither sin nor sorrow can mar its beauty." For one moment human weakness triumphs; but fervent and enduring faith in God, and that love which hath a purer fountain than earthly passions, is at length victorious, and she calmly resigns her cherished one to the Father of him who declared, that 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

"I give thee to thy God — the God who gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness, to my heart!

And precious as thou art,

And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!

And thou shalt be His child." M.

BEAUTY OF LEAVES.

Copy of a Letter addressed to a Brother.

DEAR BROTHER:—I received your epistle immediately after the date, and I am happy to avail myself of the present opportunity to answer your question: "Is there any thing merely ornamental, in the vegetable kingdom, which contributes so much to the beauty of this world as *flowers*?"

There is a class of objects, which we could live without, (and therefore they are 'merely ornamental,') that add *more* to the beauty of this world than flowers. Yes, and their superiority is acknowledged in the artificial world also. Although much has been said, sung, preached, and written, concerning flowers, as the ministers of love and the tokens of the goodness of God to the sons of men, and all with perfect justice; yet, I think that there

is another class of objects, whose testimony is still more eloquent and lasting: I refer to LEAVES.

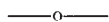
I have no wish to dispute the loveliness of flowers; on the contrary, I admire them; and adore the beneficence which gave them to us; but leaves call for *more* devout homage and gratitude.

Consider the desolate appearance of creation in winter; yet even then we have some leaves. How much more desolate would the earth appear, if we never could enjoy the cool refreshing shade of leaves in summer? Even flowers are not perfect, in an ornamental view, unless decorated with leaves. Not so with leaves. The presence of flowers, although desirable, is not indispensably necessary to the perfection of the beauty of leaves. The bouquet which love binds as a tribute of affection, would be very deficient without leaves. And who could twine an acceptable wreath without leaves?

Another excellence is, their greater duration. We have leaves from April to November, without our care or cultivation; and with cultivation, we have them, with little care, the whole year.

Although they are often seen sweetly blended by art for ornament, yet how very often are leaves separately chosen, to give beauty to the artist's performance? That art acknowledges the superior beauty of leaves, we may infer from the innumerable specimens, which may be seen in walking through one of our principal streets. Behold this collection of printed muslin; leaves are most numerous. The book-binding bears testimony in favor of my position; for many a leaf adorns the exterior of the treasures of knowledge and literature. Behold this embroidery store; mark the nice precision and accuracy with which leaves are interwoven with the finest texture. Even the chirographer rests not, until he is able to trace a border of leaves around the most beautiful specimens of his art.

Affectionately, your sister, H. J.



WOMAN'S PROPER SPHERE.

"Aye, pale she stood, but with an eye of light,
And took her fair child to her holy breast,
And lifted her soft voice, that gathered night
As it found language. "Are we thus oppress'd?
Then must we rise upon our mountain sod,
And man must arm, and woman call on God."

As I read Mrs. Hemans' beautiful poem of the Switzer's Wife, I was much pleased with the noble, yet truly womanly spirit displayed by the heroine. She had been listening to her husband's indignant detail of their country's wrongs, and at the commencement of her answer, gives utterance to the language quoted above.

The last part of the verse, suggested to me many pleasant, and I trust not entirely useless thoughts,

In the last line, the writer seems to have pointed out the true sphere of woman; and elevating and ennobling is the duty here assigned to her. Why then should she wish to gird on the armor, to go forth to join in the strifes and contentions of the world? Why leave the pleasant duties that await her at her own fireside, for others which require the daring and bold spirit, and more enduring frame of man to execute?

Is it from an ambitious wish to shine as man's equal, in the same scenes in which he mingles? To be in spirit and practice a true woman, were, methinks, a holier ambition. Or is it a desire to be engaged in what she conceives to be higher and nobler duties, and those more worthy of herself? I greatly fear she sadly misapplies terms, if she fancies she discovers any of more importance, than those which might daily come under her own observation. Does she wish for a more extensive influence, than that which emanates from woman at home? Let her beware that in the *enlargement* of the circle, the *nature* of its influence be not changed. The peculiar and happy influence of woman ceases, when exercised beyond certain limits; and the silent rebuke, with which she re-trains vice, as she meets it on her own threshold, acts more effectually than a thousand reproofs, uttered through a public medium. It is to her situation, as woman, that this influence is owing, and while she can command the respect of the world, it will be felt; and this, if true to herself, she cannot fail of securing.

In striving to play a part for which nature has not fitted her, woman resigns her true character, and throws from her the surest defence against the poisoned arrows of slander, which are ever winging their way in quest of victims. It were better to avoid meeting them, for the wounds they inflict are incurable.

But although we would not see woman engaged in the pursuits of man, we would not have her ignorant and uninterested in regard to them. She may aid, if she may not lead. It is her province to offer the kind words of sympathy and encouragement, and I may add without presumption, to advise and counsel. How necessary, then, that she should understand the nature of these pursuits, that she may truly sympathize with and encourage those, with whom she may be associated. In this way, and through man, her influence must and will be felt; and it is no light thing to exercise it aright. If she be beautiful, she has but another talent, for which she is accountable to her Creator, for the manner in which she improves it; and instead of filling her mind with pride and vanity, it should teach humility; for her pathway is beset with many dangers, concealed from view by the bright and gaudy flowers of flattery, which are ever luring the

young and fair of the earth from virtue. Let her trust in God and pray, lest the loveliness with which He hath endowed her, may prove a fearful curse, not only to herself, but to all who come within the circle of her influence.

Guided by high and holy principles, woman is not merely admired, but loved and respected: Fervent in her devotion to whatever is pure and good, and earnest in her efforts to promote the cause of truth and right, she will never, by her weakness, throw impediments in the way of those who may be influenced by her love. But when they are called from her, to mingle in scenes of difficulty and danger, she forgets the selfishness which would bind them by their own peaceful firesides and standing nobly up, even like the Switzer's Wife, bids them go, while her prayers for their safety and success are ascending to Him, who alone can surely protect from evil. And in so doing, she merits the thrilling sentence of approval, which broke from the lips of Werner, as he responded to his young wife's appeal:

"He sprang up like a warrior youth awaking
To clarion sounds, upon the ringing air;
He caught her to his breast, while proud tears breaking
From his dark eyes, fell o'er her braided hair.
'And worthy art thou,' was his joyous cry,
'That man for thee should gird himself to die!'"

"And thus they parted, by the quiet lake
In the clear starlight; he the strength to rouse
Of the free hills; she, thoughtful for his sake,
To rock her child beneath the whispering boughs,
Singing its blue half-curtained eyes to sleep,
With a low hymn, amid the stillness deep."

B.....

THE BLESSINGS OF MEMORY.

How little do we realize, while passing through this sublunary state of being, how much we are indebted to the ever-constant joys of memory for our present happiness! Though there are many dark and desolate spots in the pathway of the past, there are oases which are verdant as Eden; and they will remain unsullied when the beings with which they are associated shall have mingled with their mother earth.

It is thus,—when the loved and cherished ones of earth are snatched from us by the relentless hand of death, and we have performed the last rites to their mortal remains,—that memory, ever ready at our call, broods over us like some gentle harbinger of joy. And were we destined to consign to the grave of our friends all recollections of them in life, how desolating would be the thought! Thrice bitter would be our cup of woe!

Not only in the sad hour of mortal dissolution, does this guardian friend preside over us,—but in all the dark vicissitudes of our pilgrimage. When

care corrodes the heart; when disappointment clouds the brow, or sorrow dims the eye; when hope's bright star is shrouded in darkness,—fond memory brings to light the joys of other days.—the sunny days of childhood; the pleasant amusements of youth, ere sin had poisoned the affections, or theuring snares of vice had tempted the innocent mind from the path of peace; when the heart throbb'd high with future expectations; when joy beamed from the countenance, and hope danced in the eye; when all within was calm and tranquil, and all around was joy and sunshine; when fragrant flowers were blossoming along our pathway, and green laurels screened us from the heat and storm.

Such are the nectar joys which memory brings to quench the burnings of a frenzied mind. And who that hath music in his heart, does not feel its long-silent chords vibrating in responsive diapason with the gentle touch of memory! And who would not gladly leave the sordid amusements of mirth and fashion, to hold sweet converse with this welcome guest!

Is not memory, then, one of the greatest contributors to our happiness? Nay, is it not the unrivaled queen of blessings? Not even *hope*, the day-star of our existence, can compare with this immortal boon.

It is a lamentable fault of ours, that we allow ourselves so little time for sober retrospection. Unreal phantoms too often supplant the joys of memory. The Hero of yesterday is forgotten, while the Idol of to-day engrosses our attention! To-morrow is destined to become the sepulchre of To-day. And this will be the tendency throughout the whole journey of life. The current of inclination is ever onward. We are so eager to grasp for the dazzling appearances of happiness, that we overreach the substance, and catch only the shadow. Hope has often deluded us; but memory ever brings a present reward. Hope will light us onward to the waters of Jordan; but memory will pass over with us, and enhance our happiness in the spirit-world.

DOROTHEA.

A LETTER ABOUT OLD MAIDS.

MR. EDITOR:—I am one of that unlucky, derided, and almost despised set of females, called spinsters, single sisters, lay-nuns, &c.; but who are more usually known by the appellation of Old Maids. That I have never been married, is not my own fault, for I never refused an offer in my life, neither have I by disdain, coldness, or indifference, kept my male acquaintance at a distance. I have always had, and still retain, a great respect for the marriage state, and for those of my friends who, from right motives, have entered into it. I believe, what I presume will not here be doubted,

that it is an institution ordained by the All-wise Disposer of human affairs, for the promotion of the happiness of mankind in general; but I think it was a part of that wise design, that there should be *Old Maids*.

The first reason I shall give in support of this opinion is, that they are not only very useful, but even extremely necessary; for how many homes are rendered happy, after the departure from them of sons and daughters into the wide world, by the continuance of the old maid?—she who is now to be the light, life and joy of those who would otherwise be sad and solitary. How many parents are cheered and consoled, in the decline and departure of life, by her who remains to repay their care of her early years, by the constant and much needed attentions which can only be rendered by the old maid! How many married sisters, when trial and sorrow come to their homes and hearts, look for help and consolation from the one of their number who remains free from such cares, the ever ready and sympathizing old maid! How many widowed brothers have, with perfect confidence, consigned their motherless children to the love and care of the trusty old maid! Oh, many a little orphan has never felt its mother's loss, while sheltered by the kindly affection of some soft-hearted old maid! And who is usually the nurse in sickness, the friend in affliction, the help in every time of need, but the old maid?

These have ever been her duties and her pleasures; but in later times, old maids have taken a more conspicuous part. They form a large proportion of our authoresses; they are the founders and pillars of Anti-Slavery, Moral Reform, and all sorts of religious and charitable societies; and last, (though not least,) in country towns where no weekly sheet is published, they are extremely useful in carrying the news.

For these reasons, I think we must all acknowledge that there is a great need of old maids; and this want has been provided for by the greater number of females who outlive the years of infancy, than of males. Some assert that more are *born*; but at all events they do not *die* so easily.—Of the males who arrive at years of manhood, some die on the high seas, or in battle, or in foreign climes, or in distant parts of their own land, where they have been attacked by disease, and died for want of the judicious care of an old maid. So that all will allow, there must be quite a surplus of the female sex, who can be nothing more or less than *old maids*.

But all this reasoning in favor of *them* goes directly against old bachelors; for I do not see that they are either useful or necessary, at least not more useful for remaining single, (present company always excepted—) and had they been *needed*, more

males would have been allowed to arrive at years of bachelorship.

Having thus introduced myself, and shown the utility of the tribe to which I belong, I reveal it as my design to furnish certain recollections of my youthful days. They are chiefly recollections of simple country girls, the companions of my earlier years, of whom the greater number are now wives and mothers. I shall care but little what opinions are entertained or expressed in relation to the style of composition, if the *moral* be remembered and recorded.

BESSY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD MAID.

NUMBER I.

THERE was but one young lady in our village;—I mean by this, that there was but one young female who did no work. The word *lady* has now a very indefinite signification. It means, sometimes, merely a female; sometimes, a female distinguished from most of her sex, by elegance of mind or appearance; and sometimes, among one who claims to distinction are those of birth or wealth. But those of every class and character who can contrive to worry away their lives, without being of any benefit to the world, the world in general, have a great desire to appropriate this appellation to themselves; and as people are apt to designate others by the names which they assume, so these are often called ladies (*capitally ladies*) who do not work.

Widow A. had but one pretty little daughter, and as she had also a pretty little home and farm, she thought there were very efficient reasons for making herself a slave to her child. She early discovered that her little girl had a very delicate constitution; and instead of making her fit by work and exercise, she pampered and nursed her, till she looked as though she was indeed *born to be a lady*, her mother's expressions *to be a lady*.

Ruth A. had been sheltered from the morning breeze, the mid-day sun, and the evening dew; till she was as pale and slender as the lily of the vale, and her little soft white hand would of themselves have been a sufficient guarantee for her claim to ladyship.

Now though I in my young days was about as broad as I was long, with a face as round as the full moon, and cheeks as red as a pomegranate, and owned a pair of hands which had been long broad and widened, thickened and roughened, reddened and toughened by long and intimate acquaintance with the wash-tub, scouring-cloth, and broom-stick; though I was as tough as a spruce, and could not have been persuaded that I had a nerve about me, yet I never looked at Ruthy without blessing my stars that I was not “a natural born lady.” I

picked the prettiest flowers, and the earliest berries, and carried them to my genteel friend, because I thought her an object of pity; yet the Widow A. was proud of an honor shared by no other mother in the village, and often regretted that she had not called her child Henrietta, or Georgiana, or Seraphina, or Celestina, or some such beautiful name.— But she had been overpowered by the solicitations of her husband's mother, who wished to give her own name to her only grand-child, and had promised to bequeath to it her only silk gown, her best feather bed, a string of gold beads, a great gold ring, and half-a-dozen little stubbed silver spoons. So Ruth, or Ruthy, (for we girls had reversed the usual method of familiarizing a name by shortening it,) grew up a perfect lady in everything but her old-fashioned name. She played on the piano, read a great deal of poetry, had delicate nerves, the dyspepsia, and long finger-nails, and was in all such respects well fitted to be the mistress of a *parlor*.

Although the sole object of her mother's devotion, though cared for, and watched over, as few girls can be, she never appeared lively, and seldom in any degree cheerful. She had always the headache, or the tooth-ache, or some other ache, which sent a frown across her fair brow, and that hilarity which is the result of health and vigor, was never experienced by her. Her books were scribbled over with such quotations as, "O Mother Earth take back thy child;" and

I am weary, I am weary,
And now within my breast
There dwells but one, one only wish,
It is, to be at rest.

And again:—

I know that soon my time must come,
And I shall be glad to go;
For the world at best is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low.

Now all this sentimentality was not affected. It was an expression of her real feelings; for life could have but little of enjoyment for one who spent it as she had done. I feel confident that Ruthy's presentiments of an early grave would have been fulfilled, had her mother's life been spared.

When Widow A. was taken suddenly and dangerously ill, and informed by her physician that there was no hope of recovery, her mind instantly reverted to the helpless child she must leave behind. That last sickness was embittered by self-reproach for the past, and dark forebodings of the future. "She has no other friend," said she, bitterly, "and O what will she do when I am gone?"

It was in vain that Ruthy, whose every faculty was now for the first time roused to exertion, endeavored to calm and comfort her; it was in vain that she constantly reiterated her assurance, that she should find many earthly friends, and that even if she did not, still He who is the Father of the fatherless, and the orphan's protector, would surely be her God. Still the mother could not feel at ease, and when the Widow A. was laid in her last low home, there were many who repeated her last expression, What will become of Ruthy?

Her mother's foolish indulgence had almost beggared her, for the house and farm were already mortgaged, and Ruthy must maintain herself or get some one to maintain her. "She could not dig, to beg she was ashamed;" so what did she do but get married; and to one of the last men I should have thought she could have fancied. He was a great brawny, shaggy-headed widower, with not indeed seven heads and ten horns—but with what I should have thought would have been quite as frightful to her, namely, seven children and ten cows. He had also men-servants and maid-servants, oxen and horses, dogs, sheep, and poultry, and all the other appurtenances of a large farm.

That Ruthy could be spared from manual labor, I felt assured, but I thought that the care, noise and turmoil, must soon kill her. I was at her wedding, and when I saw her stand beside that stout, rough-looking man, with a flush upon her cheek which would have been unnoticed upon a complexion less delicate, I thought of a lamb covered with garlands, and laid upon the altar of sacrifice. For one moment there seemed to be a coffin before my eyes, and a sweet pale face was within it; and then I saw the grave of Widow A. and an open one beside it. But I banished these fancies, and was gay with the rest.

Now that Ruthy has been a wife for many years, I can conceive of her reasons for marrying as she did. She had been a petted child, and now that she could be one no longer, she wished to find in a partner for life, one, who, with the affection of a husband, should unite the doating fondness of a parent. She was deficient in energy of mind, and vigor of intellect; but she had strong affections, and it was through these that her character was to be renovated. She had discovered at her mother's sick-bed that *she could act*: and with increased action came the ability and desire to do more; and she felt confident that in her companion she had found one who would excuse all deficiencies, when he saw them accompanied by endeavors to do well. A word of reproach, or laugh of derision, might wholly have discouraged her; but she has never received it; and her husband's indulgence has been repaid by the warmest affection, and utmost

eagerness to perform every duty of her station, in which she succeeds wonderfully.

I am now a sallow, withered old maid, but Ruthy's step is quicker and firmer, her eye brighter, and her cheek far more rosy than at the age of sixteen. She fears neither the sun nor the rain; she can make both butter and cheese; she has almost wholly given up the piano, but plays admirably upon the cook stove; and is, in all respects, an excellent wife and a tender mother, both to her own children, and to those of her predecessor.

BETSEY.

—o—
AUTUMN'S DOINGS.

Deceive not, O Autumn! we know thou art here,
Though smiling as Summer thou now dost appear;
Though bright be thy sunshine, and calm be thy sky,
Yet the chilly night-breezes go whispering by.

And fading e'en now is the garb that you wear,
With all the delights Summer left in your care;
Like an artful seducer, ye trifled awhile,
Then taught them how well ye betray with a smile.

Thou hast been in the forest, and breathed on the trees;
Their leaves are fast falling, a sport for the breeze—
The groves and the meadows have felt thy cold breath,
And are changing their greenness for mildew and death.

The orchard and garden thou hast not passed by,
But staid for a moment to murmur a sigh,
And as they gave ear to thy treacherous tale,
Their features grew wild, and then fearfully pale.

And when thou hast dealt out thy measure of wo,
Thou wilt leave thy poor victims to a less feeling foe;
And the conquests which thou hast already begun,
Will by thy successor, old Winter, be won.

Oh how could the eye all these sad changes view,
Were it not for the solace, that Spring will renew
All the glory of forest, and mountain, and plain,
And bring back the bright things we part with in pain.

And so let our faith be when death shall come near—
Our loved ones may leave us, yet let us not fear;
For tho' death may, like Autumn, sweep all to the tomb,
In Eden undying their spirits shall bloom.

CYNTHIA.

—o—
THE PLEASURES OF SCIENCE.

It is difficult for those whose lives are spent in the hurry of business, and the excitement of general society—whose pleasures are those of a giddy crowd, and whose amusements are shared by a mirth-loving throng,—to conceive of the joys of the lonely student, or imagine the recompense which he receives, when he resigns all other good for the charms of science. But though we whose thoughts are absorbed by the daily cares of a toilsome life, and whose intellects are dulled by neglect, or warped by misuse, may not be able to comprehend those pleasures, still we may be assured, they do exist for those

whose minds have strength and perseverance for their pursuit.

There are men whose souls are bound within the limits of the laboratory, or the lecture room, and those whose hearts are still within their breasts, save when they leap forth from some lone observatory into the midnight heavens; and there are those who are alive but to the beautiful and curious in the works of nature, or the organization of their brother man, and who for these joys have resigned the charms of the social circle, and the quiet delights of domestic bliss. We speak of the *exclusive* devotees of Science; those for whom the parlor is more lonely than the chamber, and who are but fools or madmen when they go forth into a world for which they have unfitted themselves. When their heads throb with undue labor, or over-excitement, there is not for them the hand of love to press the aching brow, or the sweet voice of affection to while away the hours of tedious gloom. "No; these are not their pleasures; but—Verily, they have their reward." The Botanist looks with a more earnest eye upon the beauties of Nature, than does the Painter or the Poet; and in those plants which escape the notice of the latter, he can find both occupation and amusement. Yes, his heart has warmed amid the snows of Lapland, as he observed its curious moss, and the sight of an Alpine flower has sent a glow into his shivering frame. The Geologist will traverse with unwearied step full many a weary mile, and climb with unshrinking nerve the high and craggy precipice. The Astronomer heeds not the dews and frosts of the chilly night, so that he can but gaze upon a cloudless sky. The Chemist fears not the dangers of his critical experiments; and the Mathematician envies not the gaieties of his livelier friends, so that he may be allowed uninterrupted solitude.

There are many other sciences, each of which has its zealous votaries, and all their partial followers. But even the most devoted are not exclusively selfish, for they have pleasure less egotistical than mere amusement. Each feels that his science is a benefit to the heedless world, and though his labors may be unappreciated, he yet believes them productive of good. And he who has the hardest scientific task, that of first promulgating its long-sought truths, is supported by a faith as undoubting as it is ardent and pure. What to him are the sneers of the contemptuous, or the raileries of the ignorant? for he knows that a day shall come, when persecution will change to adulation, and the tones of contempt to those of approbation. Yes, he feels that that time *will come*, tho' the voice of praise may never reach *his* ear, or the smiles of gratitude meet *his* eye; for both shall be closed in death.

No pleasures can be purer than scientific ones, excepting those of Religion, and none but these are less subject to the vicissitudes of life. They whose enjoyments are derived from wealth, from power, from the applause of the multitude, or any of the hopes of earth, how often have we heard of their disappointments! And even those who have placed their chief reliance for happiness upon domestic bliss, may be deprived by death of the partners of their pleasure; and then how desolate are they, unless they have learned to hope for a reunion in that blest world where sorrows never come.

The pleasures which are produced by and dependent upon the elastic buoyancy of youth, are very different from those of Science. He who tastes the latter, can never regret the former: for a light is shed upon his path which brightens as the darkness of age comes on, and dissipates the gloom which too often rests upon those who have placed their hopes and their hearts on the vanities of a changing world.

Neither are the enduring pleasures less lively and exhilarating than those of a transitory character. I have heard of a geologist who travelled far to satisfy himself, by observation, respecting a theory which he had adopted; and when he came to the mountain pass which was to be the test, and his warmest hopes were realized, his joy was too great for utterance. And the great Swedish Naturalist, who left his own loved country, to view the different beauties of other lands, when he first saw the yellow hills of Scotland, he knelt down and blessed God that he had made the furze.

ELIA.

THE GARDEN OF SCIENCE.

Science has been beautifully compared to a Hill: may it not also be likened to a vast Garden? Its different branches are the various paths, and its facts, experiments and theories, are the many plants and flowers. This garden has been redeemed by much toil and care from the vast wastes of Ignorance, and its verge is now but too barren. The shades of the dark Forest of Mystery throw a gloom upon its borders, and but few of its walks give evidence of long continued cultivation.

But these old paths are thronged by a cheerful multitude, who are ever busy in the culture of its beauteous plants, the admiration of its blossoms, or the enjoyment of its fruits. They are bound together by strong sympathies, and though of many different climes and tongues, yet they feel that their hearts are in sweet unison. They gaze together with heightened delight upon the loveliness around them, and their glad voices cheer each other on their way.

Some confine themselves to but one path, where they find full employment in the cultivation of the plants which belong to them exclusively. They heed not the perfumes which arise from some distant flowers, or the beauties which attract their friends to some other grove. Their senses are engrossed by their own loved blossoms: they scan minutely their texture, form and color; they exult in their beauty, and fondly believe there is no odour like that exhaled from their petals.

But there are others who, either from less concentrative powers, or more expansion of mind, diffuse their labors and their joys among the many different walks. They enjoy the beauties, the fragrance, and the delights of all. They love those flowers more perhaps for their beauty, than their utility, and often seek their own happiness more than the good of others. They can appreciate the labors of the plodding and diligent, yet seldom strive to imitate them; and when they exert themselves, it is but to smooth the rough walks and ornament the bowers.

In this garden, Woman is not ^{an} unwelcome visitant, though she would once have been deemed an intruder there. But now, when she enters its precincts, a helping hand is given, and cheering words are spoken. She walks erect and free amid the admiring throng, and never is the intercourse of the sexes more delightful, pure, and unrestrained than in those beauteous groves and bowers. In the new and yet uncultivated portions of that garden, she is but seldom seen, and few but the strong and fearless are there to be found. Of these, a few occasionally extend their steps to the verge of the waste, and then unguided and alone, they strike out a new path. They heed not the pleasures and the sympathies which they have left behind; they feel not the blasts which sweep over their unsheltered forms; and they breast alone the difficulties which surround them. They seek the small wild flowers, and when they have found some stunted plants, they hail with joy the happy discovery. And then they scan its tiny blossoms, and think they see the promise of future beauty and usefulness. Their prospective eye looks forward to a time when *this* path will also be thronged with admirers, and those feeble plants shall flourish beneath assiduous hands, in full and graceful luxuriance. They also think that the now secret virtues of those plants will one day be widely known, and that in their leaves will then be found a balm for healing.

I have compared the votaries of Science to those who linger in a vast garden. *Yet I may not deem myself a wanderer there.* I am but a distant observer, and "view as through a glass darkly." But through the dim perspective, I can see that for those favored ones there are

pleasures which may not die. For *them* there are cooling founts and murmuring streams. For them are the rainbow's brightest hues, and the morn's most sparkling dew-drops. For them soft breezes blow, and fragrance floats on every passing zephyr. For them the birds sing their sweetest songs, bearing music to the ear, and joy to the heart; and for them the flowers put forth their brightest tints, and they bloom in colors which never fade away. Their food is from a never-failing store, and their drink from fountains of living water. They never tire or faint, neither do they weary of that place, since new beauties greet their eyes at each advancing step, and darkness never veils the splendor of that scene, for it is lighted by a sun of ever-brightening glory.

E.T.A.

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THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

"He sleeps there in the midst of the very simplicities of Nature."

There let him sleep, in Nature's arms,
Her well-beloved, her chosen child—
There 'mid the living, quiet charms
Of that sequestered wild.

He would have chosen such a spot,
'Twas fit that they should lay him there,
Away from all the haunts of care;

The world disturbs him not—
He sleeps full sweet in his retreat—
The place is consecrated ground,
It is not meet unhallowed feet
Should tread that sacred mound.

He lies in pomp—not of display—
No useless trappings grace his bier,
Nor idle words—they may not say
What treasures cluster here.
The pomp of nature, wild and free,
Adorns our hero's lowly bed,
And gently bends above his head
The weeping laurel tree.
In glory's day he slumped display,
And ye may not bedeck him now,
But Nature may, in her own way,
Hang garlands round his brow.

He lies in pomp—not sculptured stone,
Nor chiseled marble—vain pretence—
The glory of his deeds alone
Is his magnificence.
His country's love the medal he won,
He bore it with him down to death,
Unsoiled e'en by slander's breath—
His country's sire and son.
Her hopes and fears, her smiles and tears,
Were each his own.—He gave his land,
His earliest cares, his choicest years,
And led her conquering band.

He lies in pomp—not pomp of war—
He fought, but fought not for renown,
He triumphed, yet the victor's star
Adorned no regal crown.
His honor was his country's weal;
From off her neck the yoke he tore—
It was enough, he asked no more;
His generous heart could feel

No low desire for kings' attire;—
With brother, friend, and country blest,
He could aspire to honors higher
Than kingly crown or crest.

He lies in pomp—his burial place
Than sculptured stone is richer far;
For in the heart's deep love we trace
His name, a golden star.
Wherever patriotism breathes,
His memory is devoutly shined
In every pure and gifted mind;
And history, with wreaths
Of deathless fame, entwines that name,
Which evermore, beneath all skies,
Like vestal flame, shall live the same,
For virtue never dies.

There let him rest—'tis a sweet spot;
Simplicity becomes the great—
But Vernon's son is not forgot,
Though sleeping not in state;
There, wrapped in his own dignity,
His presence makes it hallowed ground,
And Nature throws her charms around,
And o'er him smiles the sky.
There let him rest—the noblest, best;
The labors of his life all done—
There let him rest, the spot is blest—
The grave of WASHINGTON. ADELAIDE.

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SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER IN HEAVEN?

"THINK you we shall know each other in heaven?" said a friend to me a few days since, as we were returning from a visit to a loved companion, whom consumption had selected for its victim—"think you we shall know each other in heaven? or shall the knowledge, and the joys and the sorrows of earth, and the strong and holy affections of the human heart, which have so swayed our being here, lie buried in eternal forgetfulness?"

Although I had often revolved this question in my own mind, yet I had never thought nor felt deeply on the subject. But at the time of which I am speaking, proposed, as it was, by one whom a long and intimate acquaintance had rendered dear to me—one who had been the playmate of my childhood, the companion and friend of my youth; at a time, too, when my feelings were saddened by the recent interview with one whom the angel of death was about to remove from the earth, it made a deep impression on my mind, and called up a thousand slumbering emotions.

My thoughts instantly reverted to the friends of early and by-gone days, from whom I was now separated. I felt that I might never more meet them on earth; for some of them had crossed the waters of the great deep, and settled in foreign climes; others had found a home on the prairies of the "far West;" and a few of this cherished number were quietly sleeping in the resting place appointed for all the living. Then

came the thrilling question, Shall we know each other in Heaven? Is it possible, said I to myself, that all the endearing ties which bind us to each other on earth, shall be rudely severed by the hand of death? Can it be that those who have rejoiced with us when the bright sun of prosperity was beaming upon us, cheering and gladdening our hearts with its rays, and whose sympathies we have shared when the rude storms of adversity have swept across our pathway, blighting all that was fair and lovely, and leaving nought save desolation and ruin in their track; those who have knelt with us at the same shrine, and worshipped at the same altar, and whose very existence has been, as it were, inwoven with our own—can it be that these, when mingling with the pure spirits that bow before the throne of the Eternal, shall have no memories of those holy communings, no coming revelations of the blessed past; but that, standing side by side, we shall be to each other as though we had never met?

Shall the mother, who has watched with tender solicitude over her only, yet wayward and erring son—who has seen him slighting her counsels and turning a deaf ear to her admonitions, but who has, nevertheless, continued her exertions to restore him to the path of virtue and happiness, and daily prayed to Heaven that he might be redeemed from his vices, that the iron grasp of sin might be loosed of its hold, and he be given back to purity and innocence; but who lived not to see her prayers realized—Oh, shall this mother, when treading the bright courts of Heaven, pass that son unheeded by, without one word, without even one look of recognition? Rather would I believe that when called hence to dwell with God, she will kindly be permitted to watch over him, still exerting her gentle influence to win him back to the paths of peace, and that when her prayers shall be answered, and the summons shall come for him to depart, she shall be the first to welcome him to the blissful abodes of immortality, where separation shall be known no more forever.

But I am aware some may say, that the loves and friendships, and all the endearments which lend a charm to our present existence, are of an earthly nature, and that, therefore, they must be dissolved when we shall have put on the image of the heavenly. But I cannot agree with such. To me they partake more of Heaven than of earth; they are in fact, but one link in the great chain which connects us with the Deity; and

“From this vast chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth breaks the chain alike.”

Although we may not cling too fondly to the “flowers of earth,” that are strown in our pathway, yet

“The tendrils of the heart will twine
Around the spirit’s treasures.”

And who shall say that it should not be thus, if the pleasure which we derive from communion with kindred spirits while here below, is one upon which the sentence “passing away” has never been inscribed? But, if it be not true, that the lamp of love will continue to burn, even after the taper of life shall be extinguished, it surely is a pleasing dream, and fain would I cling to the delusion, till the Father shall send the messenger of death to call me home. Then gladly will I bid adieu to all that belongs to earth, cherishing the hope of a blessed re-union with the loved ones who have gone before, in the spirit-land, where we shall “see face to face, and know as we are known,” and where, in the smile of God’s countenance, we shall live together, and together love and worship forevermore.

EMELINE.

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MR. BIRCH AND MR. SPRUCE.

“Good morning, Mr. Spruce: a delightful morning.”

“Ah!” replied Mr. Spruce, “I should not think it very delightful to you, Jack Birch, down there among the brush and weeds.”

“Indeed, Sir,” responded Jack, “if my station in life is more humble than yours, I am not thereby prevented from enjoying the beneficence of my Creator.”

“Jack,” rejoined Mr. Spruce, “what is there in your sphere, which can compare with my majestic height? On the north I behold even the snow-cap tops of the far-famed White Mountains. On the West, the eye wanders over a landscape, lovely as the warmest imagination can conceive. It is composed of groves, rivulets, fields of grain, orchards, gardens and villages; interspersed with here and there a lofty spire, which directs the enquiring eye of the traveller to a resting place for the weary spirit. A little farther south, clothed in robes of verdure, rises the Asectney, in the midst of a beautifully extended plain. It is one of the prettiest mountains in New England. My prospect on the east, although inferior to the western, is bounded only by the rugged and ragged summit of Kearsarge.”

“Mr. Spruce,” quoth Jack, “it is true, I do not enjoy the extended prospect of which you speak,—but are you not exposed to dangers from which I am exempt? Is not your very height a cause for continual alarm? How often may the woodman’s eye have scanned you, while he has considered your majestic height and fine proportions, sufficient qualifications to recommend you to the naval service. Think you not, when you are stretching your broad arms to

the clouds, that you are inviting the thunder-bolt and the tempest's fury? As for me, I am contented to live among the brush and weeds, as you have sneeringly said. Here I am continually regaled by the odoriferous breezes, which gather all their sweetness from the blossoms around me. I am refreshed by the gently murmuring rivulet. I am cheered by the sweet chirping of merry songsters, as they partake of the berries which are scattered in rich profusion around my feet."

"Indeed! Jack," said Mr. Spruce, in reply to this long speech, "if you do not consider my superior *height* any advantage, surely you must acknowledge my *size désirable*. Your fragile form is blown about by every blast. I stand as firm as the rocks which lie in my shadow."

"Look! Mr. Spruce," exclaimed Jack, "Behold that blackening cloud! A moment, and it will burst upon us in all the fury of the whirlwind!"

"Thanks to my 'fragile form!'" Had I been possessed of other than a frail form, I should have shared the fate of my friend. I should have been broken by the whirlwind, which bent me to the very ground!"

Poor Mr. Spruce! your lofty height and noble size availed you nothing, for you lie in broken and scattered fragments. Alas for thee! poor Spruce! Thy fate, if it may not "adorn a tale," may nevertheless "point a moral." B. H. J.

LONGINGS OF THE SPIRIT.

How unutterable are the deep yearnings of our hearts after that which satisfieth! They come to us at morn, at midday, and at eve; alone, or in crowds, joyous or sad, their haunting thirst is ever within us.

Aurora comes stealing upon us with light and dancing foot-steps, and, blushing at her own loveliness, sends her sparkling glance over the hills and vallies, waking birds and flowers to fill the earth with music and fragrance; kissing the waters with her vermilion lip, which, bribed by her caresses, reflect with added beauty, her exceeding grace and loveliness. Her soft touch rests upon our eyelids, calling us from the "land of dreams and shadows," to the fair scenes which she has decked for our delight and happiness. She has awakened to music all the innumerable harps of nature; and as she sweeps, with increased power, the strings of the divine instrument within us, why is it that one alone responds not in gladness, but sends forth a low, beseeching tone, like the faint breathings of an Eolian harp?

The noontime is come, with its meridian splendor; and as we send our earnest gaze far

into its blue heavens, we read and feel the language of their expressive depths. Our glance is met, is returned with more than earthly love; and again we hear the soft pleading of that solitary string.

The dewy wing of eve descends upon us, and the stars, "Angel's eyes they say," are gleaming through the azure vault of heaven. The ethereal forms of the loved ones, are floating in unseen loveliness around us. We hear the tremulous motion of their light wings; we feel their soft kiss on our brows, as it comes floating on the breath of the sweetest buds and flowers—Again that lone string is touched, we hear its murmur in the gushing tears, which, with the prayer for peace, go up like incense to our Father's throne. And will He hear? Lo! the sad strain is hushed, the tears flow not, for God hath sent his angel, and he hath wiped them away.

But the string is not yet stilled forever. Oft while lingering in our earthly home, may that yearning tone be heard calling the tear from their fountains. But when its saddening influence is around thee, bow thy heart in prayer, and thou shalt look with sure faith and confidence to that other and more glorious home, where the murmuring notes of grief and happiness are no more heard, where there shall be no more fading and dying away of the beautiful, and where the faint quivering string, touched by the hand of its Creator, shall give out the full and triumphant strain of perfect and everlasting joy. And inspiring is the thought, that our Father, in his boundless love, has bestowed upon us the beautiful harp, of so wonderful a conformation that no hand, save His own, can sweep the strings the out, and, waking them in all their mysterious power, give to it its full and glorious and perfect harmony.

And how full of triumph is the conviction that it shall so be waked, re-waked, never again to be hushed; that through the ceaseless ages of eternity, its rich and heavenly music shall still flow on, and, swelled by the songs of countless millions, shall fill all heaven at last, with the grand triumphant strain of "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him who sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, forever and ever." Amen.

ESTERDAY.

BEAUTY AND WEALTH.

There are few things more highly prized, or more ardently desired, by those who do not possess them, than beauty and wealth. Perhaps I should confine the wish for the former more particularly to the female sex, but I am persuaded that a desire to obtain the latter, belongs alike to all. And why is it that these are so much coveted?—Let us pause

for one moment and ask ourselves the question— Do they confer blessings which are eternal? Nay; for the objects themselves, like all earthly things, are fleeting. Is happiness invariably the lot of those who possess them? The history of all ages has shown, that

“Virtue alone is happiness below.”

Do they scatter only bright flowers in the pathway of those who are destined to tread in their track? Those who have plucked these flowers will answer that the rose is never without a thorn. What, then, are the advantages which they bestow? And whatever they may be, are they not counter-balanced by the cares and perplexities to which they lead, and the perils to which they expose their votaries?

We are ever prone to look only upon one side of the picture, and particularly in the case before us. We think of those who occupy an elevated station in the estimation of the world, as possessing a higher degree of happiness than ourselves, forgetting that this very exaltation may expose them to dangers which come not near to us, and often sternly demands of them sacrifices of which we do not dream. What female would wish to possess the charms of a Cleopatra, knowing at the same time, that she would become a slave to the most degrading vices? And who would ask for the wealth of a Croesus, if, to obtain it, he must sacrifice

“The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy?”

Beauty often leads its possessor into a thousand snares which might otherwise be escaped, and the love of money has been declared by a wise man of olden time to be the “root of all evil”—yet the former is not to be despised, for it is the gift of God; neither is the latter to be rejected, for, inconsistent as it may seem, it may, nevertheless, be made to be productive of much good. But an entire devotion to either will ever bring forth evil; and against this, it is the duty of every one carefully to guard. Still, how many in the wide world have made beauty their idol, forgetting that like the summer flower, it will soon wither and fade! How many have centered all their hopes of happiness in the acquisition of wealth, heedless of the truth, that riches may take to themselves wings and fly away; and that sooner or later death will rob them of all earthly possessions!

But there is a beauty that is unfading. Sickness may not mar, death cannot destroy it; for to it the seal of immortality has been affixed by the hand of the Creator. There are “riches without wings” which we may carry with us even beyond the tomb. This beauty is the beauty of a pure heart; and these riches, the riches of a cultivated mind. Cease then, O vain and foolish mortal, longer to worship the fleeting things of time! But if thou

wilt pay tribute to wealth, transfer thy affections from the perishing things of earth, to the spiritual treasures of the immortal mind. If beauty must be thy idol, bow no more before the frail temple of clay, but enter, and bow before the glorious beauty that is enshrined within. E. S.

—o—
DIVINE LOVE.

Hail, Love Divine! all hail! O Lord,
While bending low before Thy shrine,
We joy to find within Thy word,
This soul-inspiring truth of Thine—

That Thou art Love— Love every where,
And through all time, full, perfect, pure;
In blessed gifts as free as air,
And as thy truth unchanging, sure.

All nature too confirms this love—
The rising sun, the falling shower,
The star-bespangled heavens above,
Display thy goodness as thy power.

All living things speak forth Thy praise,
All show thy universal care,
And, in their own appointed way,
Unite Thy mercy to declare.

On the dark face of Chaos' deep,
With love divine thy Spirit breathed,
And Order walked from out her sleep,
With glory crowned, with beauty wreathed.

'T was Heaven's first law; yet man so blest,
In notes discordant changed his lyre,
And thus the law of Love transgressed,
And silenced all the heavenly choir.

But God hath sent his Son to men,
To lead them to their home above,
That heaven and earth may strike again
The harp of everlasting love.

O let this Love our souls inspire,
This love unchanging, boundless, free;
And while we wonder and admire,
The praise, O Lord, we give to Thee.

ELLEN.

—o—
AUTUMN REFLECTIONS.

The glory of the departed season is yet lingering around us, and we feel, as we look out upon the splendid but short-lived beauty which the fading and many colored leaves present us, that the objects by which we are surrounded give much of coloring and character to our thoughts and feelings.

The charms of spring awaken within the heart a new world of life, hope, and enjoyment. There seems to be a fountain of gladness unsealed there by the joyous bursting into life of all visible nature, whose waters are ever new, though the same thrilling voice may have pierced its depths on each succeeding year of our existence. But when the shadows of autumn are gathering over the green-clad hills and trees, stealing their summer hues, and leaving in the place thereof their own deep tints, the beauty of which fills us with painful admiration, as we are reminded that it is the beauty

of decay,—then, in harmony with the scenes around, there gathers over our spirits a shade of pensive sadness, of melancholy, yet pleasant reflection.—Melancholy is it, for with the fading of the flowers and leaves in the natural world, are linked associations of human flowers which we have loved and cherished, and which have shone in fearful and dazzling beauty, only, like the leaves, to tell us they are passing away—yet pleasant withal, for, as we are assured, the leaves and flowers will again come forth into new life, even so will the spiritual flowers which we have loved, and have seen fade from earth, bloom again, not as the leaves only again to die, but clothed in unfading freshness and beauty, to live on forever in a land where decay and blight come not.

And again; the fading leaves of Autumn teach us most impressively of the perishable nature of all earthly things; and we feel that too much of love and trust we give unto the things that perish. We have loved the flowers less for the sweet lessons they would teach us, less as the messengers of our heavenly Father's ever-mindful care for our happiness than for their own external beauty; and when they are gone, we have no recollections of their kind and gentle teachings to speak to us, when wounded by the coldness of earthly friends, of One who ever loves and cares for us. And human flowers we have loved as earthly rather than spiritual, and thus we are sad when they fade from earth, even though it be to bloom again in the "better land."

And with the thoughts of fading things which come to us at this peculiarly reflective season, are those promising buds of sympathy, of kindness and love, which we have cherished with fond hopes that their fragrance and beauty might cheer and gladden our pathway, surviving the desolating frosts of calumny and suspicion. But alas, they are blighted ere the autumn frosts have gathered *their* short-lived flowers, by which we are again reminded that they who fix affection's perfect trust on aught of earth, are leaning upon a frail and slender reed which the first rude wind may break. And it is well—we have need that the Chastener should lay his hand upon us at times, and bid us turn our thoughts to him whose love knows no change, and in whom we may trust without fear that he will ever fail us in the hour of need. And we have not suffered in vain if, having drunk of the bitter cup of unkindness, we have learned to beware lest we present it to others. Our own experience has taught us there is no desolation like that of the heart.—“The flowers of the earth will again come forth at the voice of spring, but the human heart has no change like that of nature, no second spring-time—once blighted, it forever wears the marks of the spoiler.”

MARY.

MOUNT AUBURN.

Mount Auburn! how soothing and tranquilizing is the remembrance of thy deep and quiet beauty. Thou art lovely at midday, as we stray through thy pleasant woods, where the sunshine, as it comes glancing down through the branches, rests lovingly and cheerfully on the memorial pillars, and the green moulds, which tells us that there sleep those whose hearts once throbb'd with as bright hopes as those which are now thrilling our own bosoms; and who, in parting from the loving and the loved, proved how far worse than death itself, is the sundering of those ties which bind so strongly the hearts of friends together. We can fancy the grief of those left behind. We go back in imagination to our own homes, and stand by the graves of our own loved ones, and we remember the crushing weight of utter loneliness which pressed upon us, as the green turf hid them from our view; and as we thus recall our bitter grief, we sympathize with the friends of strangers, who rest from suffering, in this emphatically, “Valley of Peace.”

Our tears fall very gently, as we linger by the graves of those sleeping ones. The bitterness of the parting is passing from before us, and there comes a mingling of joy with our sorrow; for faith, like the sunshine which streams through the branches, breaks from the cloud of doubt and sadness which has gathered around our hearts, lighting the dark places where the beaming smile of affection was wont to rest, and which, deprived of its glowing light, we had thought shrouded in gloom forever.

But it is not in affliction that our Father deserts us. It is then He would draw us more closely to Himself; for when those we love are called from us, do we not feel, nay, do we not know that the gift of immortality is theirs, and that in a little time, it shall be ours also? In the moments of separation, we feel this truth more deeply, and it teaches us to look not to the grave for our friends, but upward, to where faith points the way, even to the throne of God. But too often we turn from its guiding light; and looking only at the grave, its gloom and dreariness, we lose the only consolation that can be offered to us.

As our feelings are so much affected by outward circumstances, is it not right that we should do all that we can to make the abodes of the dead pleasant? If the loneliness and desolation which are usually spread over these places have given the same color to our feelings, would not trees, and flowers, and bird-singing have an opposite effect? They certainly would; and however indifferent persons may pretend to feel on this point, if they will but wander through the calm, quiet shades of Mount Auburn, they cannot but choose between a place of so much beauty, and the bleak, barren

spots which are usually selected for the last repose of the dead.

How beautiful were the associations which gathered around me, as I rambled through its many lovely and shaded paths. As I listened to the singing of the birds, I could fancy them to be the messenger-birds of the poetess, come from the spirit-land, to tell us that our friends love us even there. And the "Flower Angels," I could almost be assured, were hovering over and watching the repose of those who slept in that quiet dwelling.

I marked the tomb of an infant, with its small white tombstone. The tall trees were throwing their shadows over it, and at its head was a slender stalk of the rose-bush, with but one lone blossom. I gazed in love, and thought how soon the flower would fade, never to bloom again. And then I thought of the other, the immortal rose, which only budded on earth, that it might blossom, never to fade, in heaven. The earthly bud was more beautiful than the earthly blossom could have been, and I felt that God was kind in sparing those who had loved and cherished it, the pain of seeing its beauty blighted by the frosts and chilling winds, which so often sweep over the lovely things of earth.

I read yet another lesson. I saw a stately monument, erected by a husband to the memory of his wife and children, and on the stone was the device of the broken branch of a rose-bush, clustering with blossoms, the slender top of which was trailing in the dust, with its clinging flowers, while the remaining part was slightly bending, as if weeping over its stricken companion. But I knew that the severed branch would again be united, and the sister blossoms again be fragrant with the odor of immortality, and with the joy of a meeting which should be eternal.

And I remembered these beautiful lessons, for they made me happier; and when the good and gentle depart from me, they go not to the grave, but I can almost fancy I see the flight of the spirit through the blue skies, up to the regions where clouds never are, "where storms never come, and it is one bright summer always."

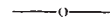
There is much truth and beauty in the following lines by Mrs. Hemans:

"Alas! we think it sad
To part with life, when all the earth looks glad
In her young lovely things, when voices break
Into sweet sounds, and leaves and blossoms wake;
Is it not brighter then, in that far clime
Where graves are not, nor blights of changeeful time,
If here such glory dwells with passing blooms,
Such golden sunshine rest around the tombs?"

May we so live here, that when we are called to part with the lovely but fading things of earth, the sunshine of faith may light our passage through the dark valley; and may the flowers that bloom upon our graves, speak as eloquent a lesson to those who

may chance to linger by our last resting place, as that taught in the beautiful lines of the poetess.

ZILLAH.



THOUGHTS ON A RAINY DAY.

On a dark, lowering, rainy day, when nought is heard abroad, save the low plaintive sighing of the wind; as it breathes an accompaniment to the dull pattering of the gentle rain, and no exciting objects of interest intrude themselves upon our observation, how appropriate is such a time for reflection, deep, calm and serious reflection. And more especially at this season of the year, when almost every thing in external nature is beginning to wear an aspect of gloom, and seems mourning at the change which is coming over the fair face of the earth, robbing it of its ten thousand summer beauties. Nature is doffing her rich mantle of green, and in its stead appears a motley garb, resplendent with yellow, red, and crimson; reminding us of the victim of consumption, on whose pale cheek the hectic flush is seen, which, though, for the moment, it adds beauty, does but the more forcibly impress on our minds, the conviction of approaching dissolution.

Most of the charms that gladdened our eyes and hearts, during the Spring and Summer, are fast hastening away. The grass that looked so fresh and green, already wears a brown appearance, and the trees, but lately covered with a profusion of dark green foliage, and many of them loaded with delicious fruit, are assuming a variety of gay colors, in which they seem trying to outvie each other; strongly contrasting with the intermingling evergreens, which, resisting the effects of cold and frost, still emulate the rich tints of the green emerald, presenting a beautiful emblem of the fidelity of true friends, during our seasons of adversity.

The flowers that gave so much beauty and gladness to the reign of Spring and Summer, are fast retreating before the footsteps of approaching Winter, unwilling to render homage to so cold and stern a tyrant. Some few of the more hardy will linger on awhile, braving the frequent and chilling storms of Autumn.

The feathered songsters of the grove, whose musical notes have contributed so largely to our happiness the past season, making the air resound with the melody of their sweet voices, have nearly all left us, and fled to a more congenial clime. Like the flowers, some few of them will remain; but the woods will soon be silent, save the whistling and creaking of the rude blasts of the winter tempest.

Sad, indeed, and melancholy, would be our feelings, if from the present dusky appearance of nature, with the certainty of the coming dreariness and desolation of relentless Winter, there was no

redeeming prospect, no pleasing anticipation of renovated loveliness.

But we have the assurance and the consolation of knowing, that the annual revolution of the earth will produce a constant rotation of the seasons; that the genial spring will succeed the cheerless winter—when the fertile earth will again be clothed in fresh garments of beauty, and the balmy air reëcho to the singing of merry birds. These cloudy days, too, we know will be succeeded by others as bright and sunny as have ever preceded them.

All these changes in nature should teach us our frailty, the uncertainty of this mortal life, and of that change, which, sooner or later, must come upon all the children of clay. Not that we should make it a source of gloom and dread,—but while we know that sickness and death are reigning triumphant here, like the frosts of Autumn, taking many of the loved and beautiful from amongst us, we should not mourn as those who have no hope, but should look forward to a far more glorious Spring, when freed from the shackles of earth, the embrace of death, and power of the grave, they shall be transplanted to that purer region where no blight can come, there to bloom forever, in still increasing beauty and happiness.

These cloudy days also remind us of the reign of Superstition, which brooded o'er the earlier ages, like a spirit of darkness, ere the glorious rays of gospel light dawned, and chased away the surrounding gloom; ere the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness rejoiced the heart and gladdened the pathway of man. When we contrast our present situation with those of that period, our hearts overflow with joy and gratitude to the disposer of all good, that we are allowed to enjoy the blessings which attend the knowledge of the truth. With these views and feelings, whatever may be our condition in life, whether on the height of prosperity, or in the vale of adversity, in sickness or health, we can still feel perfect confidence in the goodness of our heavenly Father, knowing that all is for the best, and can say, with truth and sincerity, "Thy will, O God, be done." * * * T.

THE OLD BACHELOR'S FRIEND.

Much has been said and written in the way of condemnation and reproach of Old Bachelors, until the name has become a source of terror and alarm to the gentler feelings of the other sex. But so far from aiming to excite the mirth of the community, by ridiculing this really desolate class of beings, I shall endeavor to represent them in such a light as to entitle them to our heartfelt sympathy.

If the name and character of Old Bachelors was a matter of their voluntary and deliberate choice, they might in some degree merit our aversion and cordial dislike. But when we look upon them as driven to the adoption of the cognomen and pecu-

liarities which belong to them, by stern necessity, our feelings must surely relent, if we have any spark of humanity remaining.

If bachelors had nothing to do but to choose, while the other sex had neither the right nor ability to decline, we should see very few (if any) tugging along through life, bearing all its burthens without a better half. Think you they would row with a single oar on life's broad sea, thus going around and around, if they could succeed in their efforts to obtain a helpmeet? It is ungenerous and inhuman, after they have exhausted all their gallantry in trying to win the affections of some bonnie lassie, without proving successful, to consider them the objects of as much contempt and loathing as though the whole world of womankind was at their disposal.

It is true, they may, in some instances, manifest an indifference and even coldness to the other sex; but this is an *effect*—not a *cause*. Not considering either them or their coldness the principal cause of their desolate condition, we are astonished that their indifference does not resolve itself into downright hatred.

Could we for a moment draw aside the veil that conceals the heart of an old bachelor, (if any vestige of a heart remains,) we should be more inclined to pity than to condemn. Could we but count the scars, and behold the rankling wounds, our feelings of compassion would recoil from so awful a spectacle. Shall we then longer think it strange that Cupid's arrows should fail to penetrate (or rather fasten in) a substance so completely riddled as the heart of a *bona fide* Old Bachelor.

Something should be done for the encouragement of this poor, despised (unjustly despised) portion of community. Not that we would flatter them to believe that they may ever be successful in renewed overtures of love, but that they may endeavor to be as contented as possible in their miserable estate. I have heard folks talk of taxing them for the support of old maids; but I am opposed to any such measure. It would be taxing a class of men merely because they are unfortunate. It would be taxing them for the support of a class *in general*, whom they would gladly support *in particular*, (if they would be allowed to do so,) according to law. Little can people think of the countless sighs and tear moistened pillows, beside all the other inconveniences to which these brethren of ours are subjected. Instead of taxing them, young maids and old maids, and widows also, should contribute to a fund, out of which every Old Bachelor should be paid a pension for ills endured at the hands of the female sex.

It is true, I have never had a hand in inflicting any of the evils incident to a refusal; nevertheless, I do not know but I *may* have, at some future time. And on this account, I am willing to contribute to the aforesaid fund.

TWENTY-FOUR.

EDITORIAL CORNER.

The Lowell Offering is strictly what it purports to be, a "Repository of original articles on various subjects, written by Factory Operatives." The objects of the publication are; to encourage the cultivation of talent; to preserve such articles as are deemed most worthy of preservation; and to correct an erroneous idea which generally prevails in relation to the intelligence of persons employed in the Mills. This number is wholly the offering of Females.

The editors solicit communications from female operatives, for the succeeding numbers of the Offering, 1st. Communications of a sectarian character, in either religion or politics, are inadmissible. 2d. The real name and residence of the writer must accompany the article furnished, in every case, as a guaranty that it is *original*. 3d. The editors will sacredly regard the confidence reposed in them by the writers of communications. 4th. A fictitious signature may be chosen by any writer, or the real name or initials of the name, will be affixed in print. 5th. Communications may be addressed to the "Editors of the Lowell Offering," through the Post Office. 6th. For every page of matter inserted, ten copies of the work will be presented to the writer. This number will be increased, should the sales of the publication warrant it.

We are persuaded, that the citizens generally, and those engaged in the Mills particularly, will feel and manifest a lively interest in the prosperity of the Lowell Offering. That it is faultless—that the severe and captious critic will find no room for his vocation, is not to be expected. Nevertheless, while the work makes no noisy pretensions to superior excellency, it would claim no unusual indulgences. It asks only, that all the circumstances incident to its peculiar character being duly weighed, it shall be fairly and candidly judged. The Editors do not hesitate to say, that they anticipate for it a favorable reception at the hands of those who have at heart the interests of that important and interesting portion of our population, whose intellectual elevation and moral welfare it aims to promote.

That a publication of this character, if rightly conducted and encouraged, will accomplish much good, can scarcely admit of a doubt in the mind of any person who will give to the subject a very little consideration. The editors, therefore, with a cheerful confidence, bring their Offering to the shrine of Literature; believing that it will be acceptable to those who wait there, and will be received with a word of kind encouragement from all who can appreciate the influence which, it is hoped, it will exert upon the cultivation and progress of one portion, at least, of the great social mind and heart.

The critical reader will doubtless discover, in many of the articles making this number of the Offering, words and phrases for which better might be substituted; and also sentences that want the freedom and smoothness of perfect composition. In explanation, the editors have to say, that, in preparing the articles for the press, while they claimed to exercise the rights usually granted to the editorial fraternity, they resolved carefully to avoid any alteration which might affect the sentiment or style of the several writers. In consequence of this resolution a few expressions and sentences have been allowed to pass, which a less scrupulous regard for strict originality would have rejected. Nevertheless, they are quite sure the rule adopted will be approved by all who shall look to the articles of the Offering, as evidence of the intellectual and literary power of the writers.

An opinion extensively prevails, not merely beyond the limits of Massachusetts, that the manufacturing city of Lowell is a nucleus of depravity and ignorance.

Confessedly, wherever there exists any depravity or ignorance, there is *too much* of it. We have this to testify, however, that they who know least of the people of Lowell, including the Factory Operatives, entertain the most unworthy and unjust opinions of them. Close personal observation has satisfied us, that in respect of morality and intelligence, they will not suffer in comparison with the inhabitants of any part of moral and enlightened New England. We shall have occasion to speak of this subject at considerable length hereafter. We shall note the unsurpassed (if not unequalled) advantages of education enjoyed by our population; and the extensive means of information and piety furnished by popular lectures and religious institutions. We shall note the absence of theatres and kindred abominations; the care taken to exclude unworthy persons from the Corporations, &c.

And as to the intelligence of our people, we may safely present the pages of the Offering as a testimony against all revilers "who know not whereof they affirm." Editors who think proper to copy any thing therefrom, are requested to give due credit, and thus assist in the correction of an unwarranted and injurious error.