

THE LOWELL OFFERING:

A REPOSITORY

OF

ORIGINAL ARTICLES,

WRITTEN

BY FEMALES EMPLOYED IN THE MILLS.

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

No. 3. Price 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ cts.

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LOWELL, MASS.

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and at Messrs. Vanhook's, John st. nearly opposite the Church.

PROPOSALS

For publishing a volume, in the style of the popular annuals,
TO BE ENTITLED,

THE GARLAND OF THE MILLS.

WRITTEN BY FEMALE OPERATIVES.

The LOWELL OFFERING has proved that there are many females in our manufacturing establishments, who possess talents of a high order, and are well educated.

The OFFERING is in "the full tide of successful experiment." The Editors propose the publication of another novelty, namely, a volume, printed and bound in the style of the popular annuals, written by females employed in the mills.

It appears to us, that a book of this kind, if worthily executed, would be gladly welcomed by every American who feels interested in our manufacturing system. The yeomanry of New England, whose daughters are employed in our mills; capitalists, whose money is here invested; philanthropists, whose knowledge of the evils of British manufacturing districts, begets a fear of like results, in this country; all would be interested in a work of the character described.

Two things are requisite to the fulfilment of the proposal: 1st. A sufficient number of well written articles to constitute the volume. There are many writers on whom we can depend; but many more will be necessary to furnish the desired variety. We therefore think proper to solicit communications from FEMALE EMPLOYEES IN THE MILLS, IN ANY PART OF NEW ENGLAND,—desiring them to remember the following stipulations:

1. Every article furnished must be original, and the name of the writer, and her place of residence, must be given,—also, the name of the Superintendent of the establishment in which she is employed. The Editors pledge themselves solemnly to regard all confidence reposed in them, by the writers.

2. Any subject may be selected, excepting party politics and sectarianism in religion. Both these will be

rigidly excluded. The style of composition may be grave or humorous, descriptive, or narrative, &c., as may best suit the taste of the writer. Communications to be sent to the "Editors of the Offering, Lowell, Mass.," on or before the 1st of July next—the earlier the better.

3. A copy of the work, bound in morocco, or its equivalent in money, will be the compensation for as much matter as would fill a page of the Offering,—and so in proportion.

The 2d condition is of equal importance with the foregoing,—namely, a sufficient number of subscribers to justify the publication of the volume. Shall we obtain the requisite number? This question can best be answered by issuing a prospectus. It is here presented; and we respectfully solicit all persons who wish well to the undertaking, especially Superintendents and Overseers, to use some exertion in behalf of the work. For assurance of our standing and responsibility, we refer to the Superintendents of the Corporations in Lowell.

TERMS.

THE GARLAND OF THE MILLS will consist of not less than 350 pages, 18 mo., in the best style of typography, and on paper of a very fine quality. Plates will be inserted, should the subscription list warrant the expense—but not otherwise.

Price, in plain cloth binding, \$1; in embossed morocco, with gilt edges, \$1.25—payable on delivery. In THE MILLS, a deduction of 25 cts. from these prices,—but nothing farther can be allowed in the way of either discount or commission.

The names of subscribers to be returned as early as practicable. Post Masters will doubtless send them free of expense, if requested so to do. Address

Editors of The Offering,

Feb. 1, 1841.

Lowell, Mass.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The following articles were sent, and shall appear in No. 6 to be published March 1st—namely,

"Recollections of an Old Maid," "The Last Witch of Salem," "A Farewell to the Old Year," "Woman's Voice to Woman," "The Snow-Bound Mother's Death," "Letter to Miss Eva Gardner," "The Snow-Bound Mother's Death," "Ethan."

We have received communications from our readers, which we are sorry to say we cannot insert. A considerable number of these communications are of a nature which we cannot insert, and we are sorry to say we cannot insert them.

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count we regret that we cannot insert them. The writers will, we trust, appreciate our motives. Let them try again.

Several articles not above referred to, are under consideration.

Wm. H. Kimball

111 20 Merrimack Street, Lowell, Mass., respectfully offers his services as a printer and binder. He has a new and complete set of types, and a full assortment of printing materials, and is prepared to execute all orders in the most perfect manner. He is also prepared to do all kinds of bookbinding, and is particularly noted for the execution of the "Garland of the Mills." Address, Wm. H. Kimball, 111 20 Merrimack Street, Lowell, Mass.

Lowell, Mass., Feb. 1, 1841.

THE LOWELL OFFERING,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1841.

THE SEA OF GENIUS.

One lovely summer evening, I sat reading the fascinating production of one of our female authors. The brilliant hues of sunset had faded from the western horizon—twilight had deepened into night—the Queen of Night had arisen in her soft splendor—all sounds of man and beast were stilled—and the hush of midnight was upon all Nature. Yet unheeding all this, I sat entranced by visions of fancy, far more beautiful than aught with which earth could present me. And not till the last page was perused, and re-perused, by eyes which were loath to turn from it, was the enchantment over; and then arose a deep, irrepressible wish that *I* too might possess the gift of genius; that I might shine a brilliant star in the literary galaxy, and throw a spell around the hearts of others, even as mine own had been enthralled this night.

And yet I knew it to be a fearful gift—too often bringing upon its envied possessor poverty, censure, obloquy, madness and premature death. It is the key of a fated chamber, which no threat nor warning can deter its possessor from entering, though she may vainly regret the act when she sees that it is filled with nought but blood, horror, and decay; and from the consequences of her rash conduct, too seldom does the Selim of plain, practical common sense come to rescue his presumptuous Fatima.

Those who in olden time invented tales of mortals who, for a few years of supernatural power over their fellow beings, sold themselves for all eternity to the Prince of Darkness, were not ignorant of the human heart. They knew of a chord which vibrates in many a bosom; and I now felt the discord which its touch could create in my own mind. My feelings were painfully aroused, and I went to my window that I might look upon the sparkling canopy of heaven; for when murmuring thoughts arise within me, I love to look upon the stars—not upon the brighter ones, though they shine so unconscious of their loveliness; but, rather,

I gaze upon some little star,
Which is so faint, and very far,
I almost think I gaze on air,
And doubt if aught be gleaming there.

For the little stars say not one to another, "I am not Sirius, nor Arcturus, nor Aldebaran, and no one will heed me, and take note of my feeble rays;" but they come modestly out after their more brilliant sisters; and as darkness gathers around them, they put forth brighter and brighter rays, and give to the night-sky its beauty.

Even thus may we, like the lesser stars, come forth in our humble stations of life, unenvious of those who shine in wealth, power and splendor; and when trials, sorrows, and gloom gather about us, may we put forth every power, and do all that in us lies, to make earth gladsome.

Thus I mused as I gazed upon the stars, and such the lesson I learned from "Heaven's own alphabet;" but when my mind had become more calm and tranquil, they began to fade away. Fainter grew the stars, and blacker the sky, till I was left in darkness; and with the sight of those lovely orbs, their sweet influence also passed away; and again arose within me the yearning desire for a gift which might never be mine. In the earnestness of my spirit, I prayed for it aloud, and called wildly on INSPIRATION.

Scarcely had I spoken, ere I saw a being approaching me through the gloom. His form was tall and majestic; his white robes floated gracefully about him, as thin and light as a summer cloud; his long silvery locks hung loosely over his shoulders; his sunken cheek and lofty brow were like polished marble; and his large black, liquid eyes were full of a brightness like the light which flashes up when the sun shines on a deep fountain. He cast upon me a mingled glance of sorrow and rebuke, and then said, "Come with me." So I followed him, guided through the darkness by the brightness of his garments; for I knew that it was he upon whom I had called, and that Inspiration now conducted me.

At length he stopped; and turning, said to me, "What seest thou?" I replied, "There are dim shadows about me, and I can see nothing distinctly." "Thine eye," said he, "will soon become more accustomed; but tell me what thou hearest?" And I said, "I hear a loud, confused sound, as of many troubled waters." "Thou hast heard aright," said Inspiration; "but look

again, and tell me what thou seest." I replied, "We are standing on the shore of a vast sea, the waters of which are rough, black and stormy: there are many ships of different sizes on the tossing waves, and a low black cloud is over us and them. Tell me, what is the sea, and whose are the vessels?"

Inspiration replied, "The sea before thee is the Sea of Genius, and the vessels are the creations of those who inhabit and conduct them. They are built, inscribed, and ornamented according to my suggestions; and none but those on whom I bestow my directions and counsels, can make a bark which will long weather those tempestuous waters. True, there are those who, by much industry and skilful imitation, will construct a vessel, and launch upon the Sea of Genius; but while there, they are the sport of the winds and waves, and are soon tossed upon the strand, where for a short time they remain dismantled wrecks, and then crumble to pieces. Those, on the contrary, whom I choose to favor with my assistance, can make a ship which will last long after the builder's hand has crumbled into dust, and his career across yon sea has been for many ages ended. Walk with me upon the shore, and see those noble vessels which long have been, and long will be, the admiration of your race."

So I walked with Inspiration on the strand, which was covered with vessels of many forms and sizes. The first which I noticed was a noble ship, which though it bore the marks of ages long gone by, was still sound and unshattered. Many men had gathered around it, and were viewing with deep interest the imagery and inscriptions with which it was covered. But the language was unknown to me, and Inspiration bade me listen to the interpreters. I heard them tell strange deeds of beings unlike us, and I also listened to tales of the heroes of other days. I lingered not long, however, for but few of my sex were there; yet ere I left I looked upon the name, and found that it was HOMER.

Farther on, there was another vessel, on which was the name of *Virgil*. Again I listened awhile to the interpreters; and then I passed on by many other vessels, until I came to those inscribed with the language which I knew. I saw the names of *Churchill*, *Chatterton*, *Spencer*, *Dryden*, and others; but one particularly attracted my attention, by its size and beauty, and the vast multitudes gathered around it. Among them were interpreters of different tongues, but I could now look upon the noble ship itself, and read with my own eyes its numerous inscriptions, and admire its richly traced imagery. I read the tales of other climes, and

other days; and wondered at the vastness and versatility of the talent of him who could thus enrich and beautify this majestic ship. The name of it was *Shakspeare*.

I looked also on another noble ship, on which was the name of *Milton*. I there saw depicted earthly scenes of more than earthly beauty, and also viewed the pictures of other worlds.

I saw, too, a darkly colored vessel, inscribed with many melancholy thoughts, the name of which was *Young*. And another, upon which were delicately traced many sad and many pleasing thoughts, and scenes of sweet domestic life. The name of it was *Cowper*. And one which bore the name of *Thompson*, was covered with copies of Nature's loveliest scenery, and inscribed with many pleasing sentiments.

I gazed with pleasure on a ship which at first I thought a very ancient one, for it had been covered with old moss and withered leaves, and the inscriptions were of long past times. The name of it was *Ossian*.

There were also two beautiful ships, in whose construction Inspiration had evidently been prodigal of his instructions. The names of these were *Burns* and *Byron*. The first was built of Highland oak; and its rough appearance indicated massy strength, and promised durability. The other, though evidently as strong, was smooth as polished metal. Both were inscribed with beautiful thoughts, and on both were depicted scenes on which it pained me to look. "Thou didst much for them both," said I to Inspiration. "And much in vain," was his reply.

I looked also on many other vessels, for they had become more numerous as I passed on, and the shore was more thickly strown with the remains of those which had gone to wreck.—Some had crumbled to atoms, and others were loosely holding together. "These," said Inspiration, as he picked up some scattered remnants, "were the productions of those who vainly imagined they could build a durable ship, without my assistance. Fools are they who long to embark upon those stormy waves, unless they know that my voice will cheer and encourage them. Look again, vain mortal! on the Sea of Genius, for thy more accustomed eye can discern the inscriptions on the vessels which are now careering there."

So I looked again upon the sea, and the ships thereon; and I now saw that the waters were not alike rough on every part of its surface; but while in some places the tossing waves foamed angrily, in others they were almost calm and placid. I saw, too, that above us was not one single cloud, but a mingled mass of lighter and

darker vapors, though all of a sombre hue. The winds were not alike favorable to all the vessels, but some were gaily wafted on, and others impelled with violence. I fixed my eye on a bark remarkable for its beauty and dimensions. I thought at first that the name of it was The Great Unknown: but after looking longer, I saw that it was the *Walter Scott*. It skimmed lightly along the rough waves, and it was evident that a buoyant heart and skilful hand were at the helm. Many thronged the shore to watch its beauteous career, and listen to the voice which could sing so many different lays. But at length a dark cloud gathered above that noble ship;—strong winds arose to retard its course, and agitate the sea around it. Yet proudly on it went over the dark waters, and new energies were put forth to hasten its course. Further on was a lighter sky and smoother sea, and a gazing multitude hoped soon to see that glorious struggle over; but at length the voice ceased, the hand dropped, the form had vanished, and the ship came to the shore amidst a long loud wail from many hearts.

“He was thy favorite,” said I to Inspiration. “Yet he was not wholly devoted to me,” was his reply. “When those I have thus cherished, look to worldly pomp and splendor to enhance their happiness, I often desert them—but I never left him. I could not leave him.”

Again I looked upon the sea, and saw a lovely ship with snowy sails, wending its way across the dark waters. The name of it was *Hemans*, and beautiful was the imagery with which she had adorned her bark, and plaintively sweet the voice which proceeded from it. The sky was lowering, and the winds blew rough, and none seemed to favor her but Inspiration. Bright was her course amid the storm; and deep was the sorrow of an admiring crowd, when the deserted vessel struck the strand.

I saw another beautiful ship playfully bounding over the waves, on which was the name of *Howitt*; and another on which were the initials of *L. E. L.*; but a dark cloud came over the latter, and with a sudden plunge, it sank into the sea, and then floated a deserted vessel to the shore, beautiful even in ruins.

I looked also on others which seemed even nearer to me, and which bore the names of *Irving*, *Cooper*, *Willis*, *Bryant*, *Gould*, *Sigourney*, and *Sedgwick*. And once a little fairy skiff appeared on the Sea of Genius. A childish form was at the helm, and a sweet voice arose upon the breeze; but the sea was too rough, and she too devoted; and soon, too soon, that light bark came to the shore, amid the sighs and tears of many disappointed friends. The name of it was

Lucretia Maria Davidson. “She also was a favorite,” said I turning to my guide; and it might be because my own eyes were dimmed, that I thought I saw tears in those of Inspiration.

There were also some other vessels, whose peculiar appearance attracted my attention.—They were painted black, so that it required a closely discerning eye to read the inscriptions, which were in a language unknown to me; but I could read the names—and among them were those of *Goethe*, *Schiller*, *Herder*, *Krummacher*, &c. “Listen to the interpreters,” said Inspiration, “and then tell me how thou art pleased with their words.” I replied, “The voices of some of them come to my ear like the songs of beings from another sphere; there is in them a vague, indistinct sense of beauty, which I can neither appreciate nor understand. Others again seem to me like the sounds of well known music, as it comes gently stealing over moon-lit waters. Others again seem to me like jargon and nonsense.” “I like thy sincerity,” said Inspiration, “but thou betrayest much ignorance.” “I know I am ignorant,” was my reply; “but I fain would know, and thou canst teach me. Let me be thy pupil—nay, even thy slave, though I may never be thy favored child.” “It cannot be,” was the answer of Inspiration, “for I have not willed it.” “And yet,” said I to him, “there are none upon that sea who would be more attentive to thy voice, nor more grateful for thy instructions. Teach me also to build a ship, and let me launch upon the Sea of Genius.”

Inspiration replied, “Neither tears nor prayers have ever prevailed with me to bestow my counsels on those I myself had not chosen. Many would be on that sea who now stand watching on the shore, if their own wishes and unaided efforts could avail them. And it should be a cause of rejoicing to thee, that I have this once deigned to show thee my face.”

I had fallen at the feet of my conductor, but now I arose in my hopelessness to leave the place. But the gloom was changed to brilliant light, and the form of Inspiration had vanished in the brightness. I looked on the sea, but its waters seemed changed to liquid gold, and the waves rolled on in sweet harmony.

I lifted my eyes to the sky above, but the clouds were now a waving flame; and when I raised my hand to shade me from the dazzling sight, the motion awoke me, and behold! it was a dream.

I was still sitting by the window from which the stars had disappeared the night before; but now it was morning, and the rising sun had

thrown his first beams on my unshaded eyelids. The birds had commenced their joyous carols, and their matin songs had mingled with the voices of my dream. The opening flowers shed around a sweet fragrance, and the dew-drops were sparkling in the sun-light. The beasts had awaked to their morning pleasures; the husbandman was cheerfully commencing his labors; and all nature was alive to joy and beauty. The stars of the night had subdued me to placid resignation, but the morning sun aroused me to buoyancy and gladness. The oppressive heaviness of that strange dream had passed away; and when I saw all around me so contented and cheerful, I resolved that I too would go actively about the humble duties of the day, and never more repine because I might not steer a bark across the black and stormy Sea of Genius.

ELLA.

NATURE COLORED BY OUR FEELINGS.

"All the broad earth is beautiful
To hearts attuned aright;
And wheresoe'er my steps have turned,
A smile has met my sight."

It has been remarked that "our thoughts and feelings gather much of their coloring and character from the objects by which we are surrounded," which observation we feel to be measurably true. But does not the thought come to us that there must be other and stronger influences giving character to our feelings, than that of objects in the midst of which we are placed? Very seldom indeed should we be sad, were we so only when we reflect the shades of gloom from the world of nature around us. Nature's coloring is not the sombre hue of melancholy, but that of the bright rainbow of hope and gladness. Her lessons are not those of repining and discontent, but deep and silent ones are they of gratitude and love. Are not our own hearts rather the mirrors in which everything we behold is reflected? as these are dimmed and obscured, so also will be the shadows they reflect; if they are clear and bright, even so will be the objects they present.

Let us go forth in nature's loveliest season;—be it when soft winds tell of springing flowers and opening leaves; or when gentle summer greets us with her sweet roses and green woods; or be it when the pensive shades of autumn gather over the verdant hills—let us gaze on these bright scenes with hearts full of bitterness or grief, and how dimmed is all its brightness, how sad a change has come over all these scenes of beauty! The deep blue sky has lost its splendor, the sweet teachings of the flowers are all hushed, or breathe in tones of sorrow; the once

joyous songs of the birds come now like the sighing wind over broken harp strings; and all nature seems but a mournful altar, at which we may only kneel and weep.

Has the spirit of darkness indeed gone forth over all the fair things of earth? Listen—there comes an answer to thy question: "Thou frail and erring one, over thy heart alone has the spirit of darkness gathered; all earth is still decked in radiant smiles to cheer and gladden thee; the bright flowers, the sparkling waters, the dancing leaves, all are calling thee to throw off the burthen of sorrow and care, and mingle in their scenes of joy. Thou hast come forth with a spirit borne down by the cumbering dust of earth, casting deep shadows over all her brightness. Thou hast come bearing a sad heart amid her joyous scenes, blending with her brilliant hues the mournful memories of the past, until thou hast filled the woodland shade and glen with visions of sorrow. If thou wouldst again behold the lovely things of nature, as thou wert wont to do, wipe from the mirror of thy heart the mist and shadows which have gathered there, and the 'spirit of darkness' shall have disappeared."

True, thou gentle teacher; we feel that too soon, too despondingly, we yield. When the passing clouds are over our pathway we have allowed the darkness so to shroud our eyes, that we cannot see the sunshine which pierces through it. We will listen to the birds and flowers, who better, sweeter lessons may teach us of One who through all changes protects *them*, and who surely will ever watch over *us* for good. And we will not forget that the sunshine and the clouds of life are from the same high source, and that "by beauty and by grief alike we are training for the skies." MARY.

TIME.

"O Time, that ever with resistless wing,
Cuts off our joys and shortens all our pain;
Thou great destroyer, that doth always bring
Relief to man,—all bow beneath thy reign.
Nations before thee fall—and the grim king
Of death and terror follows in thy train."

Oh Time! how rapid is thy flight! How swiftly art thou passing by, still hurrying on with unabated speed! Another year has joined the long line of past ages, and lives but in memory; days, weeks, months, and years, roll silently on, following each other in quick succession, and each moment, however unheeded by us, is adding to the past, while it has shortened in the same measure the allotted time of our sojourn upon earth.

Still, how little is this serious truth realized by the great mass of mankind; how little regarded by

the young and light-hearted, who are full of thoughtless hope! Their buoyant spirits are ever on the wing, in search of happiness; and if at times, the reproving and saddening thought of misspent time, which can never be recalled, comes over their souls, with its deepening shadow, it is almost as quickly dispelled by the bright gleams of the future. They turn to the sunny dreams which their roving imagination has pictured to their minds, believing that much of happiness is yet in store for them; thus, for a season at least, successfully driving all sad and melancholy thoughts away.

But will it always continue so? Does time, in his onward course, pass unheeded? Does he leave no memorials of his progress? Many are the evidences he leaves behind. Nothing remains untouched by his magic wand. Youth and beauty are transformed to old age and deformity; each face and form bear evidence that time has power. Our feelings, also, are continually changing;—thought is always busy; and not an hour passes without effecting some alteration in our sentiments, however trifling it may be; and I would it could be said, they are always for the better.

We have just welcomed in the new year; and may it be one of peace and happiness to us all.—May the experience of the past year aid us in the right fulfilment of the duties enjoined upon us; and as “we know not what a day may bring forth,” may we live prepared to meet whatever shall await us, whether of good or evil.

Many who, at the commencement of the last year, were in the full enjoyment of health, with the expectation of a long and happy life, have been called to that “undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns.” And knowledge of the uncertainty of life, should teach us to be steadfast in the truth,—“to deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God.” ELIZABETH.

A MORNING LAST SUMMER.

“O what a beautiful morning,” exclaimed Aurora to her cousin Flora, as they walked forth into their garden, to gather flowers, and to enjoy their morning exercise. The sun had arisen with unusual splendor; the mountain-tops were glowing with its golden tints, and all nature seemed awakened into a new and happy existence, by its cheering and invigorating influence. Well might they exclaim, in view of so lovely a prospect, ‘what a delightful abode is this world of ours!’

“O lose not the brightest of morning’s young beams,—
The beauties of nature are sweeter than dreams.”

For a time, their thoughts were busy contemplating the rich loveliness which nature presented to the eye on every side. Above, the broad blue sky,

with here and there a cloud to vary its beauty, presented a scene at once magnificent and glorious:—beneath, the earth’s surface, enamelled with fragrant flowers, and adorned with ever-springing verdure, appeared even more lovely. A bright glow of health o’erspread their countenances; not a shade of sorrow clouded the brows of those fair and devout worshipers of nature. They were, indeed, nature’s own children, on whose minds the idle gaieties and foolish fashions of a changing world had not exerted their baneful influence. How pure and elevated are the sentiments which animate their bosoms, while thus engaged! What noble aspirations swell their souls, as they contemplate the sublime grandeur and beauty of the creation of God!

“It is a lovely scene which morning presents,” exclaimed Aurora. “Behold the mighty monarch of day, ascending his throne in the sky, arrayed in his gorgeous attire—the dispenser of light and heat, the source of happiness to a world of inhabitants! How thankful we should feel to the Author of nature, for creating this inexhaustible source of enjoyment!” “And these beautiful flowers,” said Flora; “what can be more lovely? Do we not here behold the varied manifestations of the Divine perfections? All his works show forth his wisdom, love and power; and every thing is designed as a source of improvement and blessedness. Look at these blossoms just expanding into bloom.—Their brilliant, though varying hues, are presented in delightful contrast. How emblematical of the innocence and purity of youth! Buds and flowers are the song and poetry of earth. Priceless gems are they in nature’s garden. Although the novelties of art may appear more fascinating than the beauties of nature, yet they are not half so delightful; they afford only a momentary gratification; while to the refined taste and cultivated mind, the scenes which nature presents are ever new and pleasing. It is a true saying, that ‘there is neither waste nor ruin in nature.’” Thus the friends passed an hour in glad contemplation and instructive observation, communing with nature and with nature’s God.

Every one should cultivate a taste for the beauty of nature. It is a source of the purest and holiest terrestrial pleasures that man is permitted to enjoy. It furnishes a feast of which all can partake; and yet, how few even of those who most ardently seek happiness, realize that it surrounds them on every side! They are constantly looking forward for enjoyment, whereas they need only hearken to the voice which nature utters, to possess the prize they so earnestly desire. Her influence gives a cheerful tone to the spirits, while at the same

time it strengthens and purifies the character—for no reflecting person can gaze on the broad expanse above, or the thousand varied charms which earth presents, without feeling his mind raised above the darkness of the world-pilgrimage. May we ever realize and acknowledge with humble gratitude, our dependence on the God of nature for the many blessings we enjoy. L. R.

NO.

They say it is too hard a word
For coward lips to speak;
They tell us it is seldom heard
Where moral power is weak.
'Tis but two letters though, at most,
Two harmless creatures, N & O;
And sure he has not need to boast,
Whatever of applause is lost,
If nought of principle it cost,
And truth and duty tell him so,
Who cannot promptly answer, no.

But that it is too hard, sometimes,
Its simple power to try,
Bear witness, all ye ills and crimes
That stain humanity—
Too hard! and would *that* told it all;
But nay, it is too *easy* too!
When suffering and sorrow call,
It echoes from the rich man's hall—
The sighs that rise, the tears that fall
From virtue's lids, too plainly show,
How easy selfishness says, no.

I've seen upon the orphan's cheek
The eloquence of grief,
Betokening more than words can speak,
And pleading for relief.
That look was changed to wild despair,
And hope's last vestige sold to wo;
Nought but keen anguish lingered where
One ray had mingled with her care;
For the dark frown which met her there,
Forbade the soothing tear to flow,
And said, in direful accents, no.

I've heard the voice of love
Soft sighing on the breeze,
And, gentle as the timid dove,
Each tone was framed to please.
It sought the wanderer's feet to lure
Where once it fondly loved to go;
It talked of pleasures that endure,—
Ennobling, lofty, simple, pure,
And fain the tempted soul would cure;
But its rich music sunk in wo,
When sullen hatred muttered, no.

I've felt the movings of a Hand
That touched to win the soul—
I wonder how I could withstand
So meek, so mild control.
The Hand that led my early feet
Through fields where streams of mercy flow;
The hand that made my life replete
With joy and hope and blessings sweet;
'T would lead me to a safe retreat,
An humble vale, a heaven below,—
But my proud spirit answered, no.

That hand of love, unwearied still
By such ingratitude,
Has been my guide through good and ill,
And daily life renewed.
And now I can but love that Hand,
My strength to conquer every foe,
My life and shield; and I may stand
On the sure rock' of his command,
Despite the passions' lawless band—
When tempted from my rock to go,
Its length and breadth shall echo, no.

In that one word is magic power,
As little as it is:
It would have guarded Eden's bower,
And cherished man in bliss;
It would have thwarted many a plan,
Deep-laid, for deadly overthrow.
Decision oft has rescued man
From snares himself could hardly scan;
And often since the world began,
Hath peace, like a pure fountain's flow,
Accompanied the steadfast no.

Then let me wield the weapon well,
And make its power my own,
Nor fear for what the world may tell,
Though I shall stand alone.
But that same word, when out of place,
Has been to worth the overthrow—
Then let me with a soothing YES,
My warmest sympathy express,
The tear from sorrow's eyelids chase—
For where kind words of love should flow,
Why should these lips speak cruel NO?

ADELAIDE.

A MARVELOUS INCIDENT.

In the days of our grandparents, scarcely a person could be found who did not give full credit to all stories concerning signs and forerunners. And the person who should have dared to question the reality of these things, would have been considered a truth-daring and impious rebel. Notwithstanding all this, a generation of people has arisen, who attempt to explain all wonderful sights and sounds by the aid of philosophy, either natural or mental.

But *all* have not yet discarded a belief in signs and forerunners. Therefore, I will tell you what I have seen.

In the summer of 1836, while on a visit to my own "sweet home," I was engaged in conversation with my step-mother, about ghosts and witches. It was a dreary, rainy day—fit time for such discussion. I labored in vain to convince her that ghosts were phantoms of a disordered imagination, and witchcraft merely a system of deception.

The rainy day was succeeded by a night exceedingly dark. My two sisters, who were much younger than myself, desired me to lodge with them—which I gladly did, being desirous of enjoying their company as much as possible during my brief stay. As we were engaged in sisterly converse, suddenly two lights appeared in the opposite corner of the

room,—one of them the size of a man's hand ; the other was smaller. They were beautiful rather than terrific, yet they were singular ; and we gazed in silence, until, in a slow noiseless manner, they had nearly approached our bed. Then I said, "Well, I do not believe in either ghosts or witches." Instantly, as though my voice had broken the charm by which they were suspended, both lights fell upon our bed.

I do not wish to be thought superstitious, but I am inclined to gratify the love of the marvelous for the time being.

Now, O ye wise ones ! how will you account for this strange appearance ? unless you admit that it was a sign of some awful calamity. It was no illusion ; our eyes were wide open, and our brains were free from all disease.—I will explain :

My brother had been out that evening ; and when coming home, he discovered some rotten wood, containing a portion of phosphorus, which has the appearance of fire in the dark. He wished to show us a curiosity, and at the same time surprise us ; therefore, aided by the darkness, he came to our room, dropped the 'punk-wood,' and quietly departed. Then he went to the room adjoining, and exclaimed, "You do not believe in witches, eh ?"

If this shall prove an instructive story, or induce any one to discard superstitious fears, I shall not have written in vain. I believe that incidents of a more trifling nature than this, have been magnified to scenes of terror, by superstition ; when a little common sense and investigation would have easily explained the whole matter. M.

REFLECTIONS AT HOME.

WRITTEN DURING A VISIT TO MY KINDRED AND FRIENDS.

It is now ten years since I first bade adieu to the home of my childhood, the guardians of my infancy and the friends of my youth—and sought among strangers an avocation by which to gain the livelihood the paternal roof had before afforded me.

Well do I remember the morn of that day, when I turned my face from the hallowed spot of home. My youthful heart beat high, lured by the syren song of expectation. The heavens above my head were serene and blue—the earth beneath my feet was green and beautiful—the silvery streams of imagination pursued their windings unobstructed, and no lowering clouds obscured the mental horizon of my hopeful vision. I dreamed of future happiness, that all beyond was calm and sunshine, that the smiles of friendship were never intercepted by disappointment, nor darkened by the blackening clouds of envy and deception.

With these fancied dreams of the future, I whispered the parting adieu to kindred and friends—"with a spirit as buoyant as air,"—altho' the silent tears coursed each other down my face, as the soothing voice of maternal affection gently breathed her imploring benediction, that He whose eyes never slumber might watch over me continually, and be my constant support while walking through youth's slippery paths ; that I might return to her fond embraces with the same warm affections and innocence as when I left her maternal care.

Not only then did that prayer vibrate upon my ear ; it sank deep, deep in the silent recesses of my heart—it has ever since been my guardian monitor, when sin has tempted or vice has lured. And though I would now cover my face in sackcloth, at the recollection of time misspent in the pursuit of youthful chimeras, the music of that voice still echoes in my ear, and that counsel still stands engraven on the tablets of my heart, unobliterated by the ravages of time, which has since set upon my brow the signet of many years.

I have learned much from mingling with different classes of society—many profitable and indelible lessons, and in all the vicissitudes of life, in whatever situation fortune has elevated, or disappointment has depressed me, I have invariably found that Virtue alone is happiness. Whether it be found in the obscurity of the cottage, or amidst the dazzle and grandeur of a lordly potentate—whether it shines in the child of poverty and misfortune, or sparkles in the diadem of royalty, its value is invariably the same !

And now, after a pilgrimage of many years—with feelings changed—with the wild fancies of youth and inexperience matured by care and disappointment to the more rational and sober endowments of age—from the false delusion that this world is all made of sunshine and roses—to the experimental knowledge, that, "from our own selves our happiness must flow,"—with such feelings, I am once more at HOME, the dearest of all places—an asylum always open, when shut out from every other retreat. And now that I have escaped many of the dangers which have beset and wrecked the hopes of some of my companions while launched on the broad ocean of youthful exposure—I would raise an altar to the Kind Protector of my being, who has thus far watched over me in a strange land, and whose providence has again brought me in safety to the arms of those kind parents, whose ardent solicitude and unceasing prayers have constantly followed me in all my wanderings.

Yes, in the recollection of these blessings my heart melts into tenderness, and my eyes are

flooded with tears of gratitude; and in the fullness of my soul I exclaim, Oh Lord! how great is thy goodness in thus preserving me from the snares of the enemy! May the residue of my life be devoted to Thy service.

DOROTHEA.

BIRDS AND TREES.

From early childhood the birds and trees have been my favorites. With joy, I have beheld the opening buds of spring, and day by day watched their expansion, until the trees were robed in the luxuriant foliage of summer. Often have I risen from my bed at the dawn of day, to walk beneath my chosen trees, and listen to the birds, as one after another they poured forth their rich strains upon the air, until the whole grove was vocal with their music; seeming by their animation as though they could not express half the gratitude and joy they felt for the returning light. How beautiful was the scene as the rising sun burnished the eastern clouds, and imparted to every dew-drop a brilliancy which no gem of earth can surpass—how full of devotional influence. My young heart felt that everything, whether animate or inanimate, was offering up to its Creator the sacrifice of praise. My soul was in unison with the scene around me, and fervently joined in the song of thankfulness and joy.

When at noon I sought the cooling shade, there was a quietness so consonant with my feelings that I was again moved to love. The songs of the birds were hushed; no sound was heard but the soft whispering winds among the branches. Each tree gave forth a peculiar tone, yet all blending in one beautiful and unbroken harmony, elevating the soul to the Great Spirit who sweeps the strings of nature's harp. And again, when the moon and stars came forth and cast their pale beams on the forest trees, and no sound broke the stillness of their solitude, but the lone, plaintive notes of the Whip-poor-will, who seemed the guardian of their shades, they were clothed in such mysterious loveliness, that, in fancy, I peopled them with spirits not of earth.

When I have seen the leaves in autumn fade and die, I have wept; for I beheld in their decay an emblem of my own mortality. But Hope, that blessed messenger from heaven to earth, wiped away my tears, and pointed onward to a coming spring, when the trees should again be renewed in beauty and bloom; and whispered, "So man, after he has passed the winter of death, shall be ushered into the spring of Immortality, and be clothed with garments that shall never fade nor decay."

Years have passed since I roamed through

the loved haunts of my childhood, yet those holy associations are with me still; and I desire that, when the angel of death shall come, it may be when the leaves are falling from the trees, and the last song of the summer birds is heard in their branches.

SARAH.

CHRISTMAS.

I was always taught to regard Christmas-day as the best day in the whole year; but it is not my intention at this time to relate the effect which this instruction has had upon my mind. I will merely say, that Christmas has its present joys, and it also brings to remembrance scenes of "by-gone days"—one of which, (a reminiscence of *auld lang syne*,) I will proceed to narrate.

I was at that time living in a small manufacturing village, where there was quite a number of English and Scotch families. It was my fortune to live in a cottage of two tenements, one of which was occupied by a Scot who had married an American girl of my acquaintance. With this family I lived on terms of intimate friendship. This naturally introduced me to a number of persons who spent their early years in countries where the manners, customs, and general state of society, differed from those of New England.

My Scotch and English neighbors appeared like one family. The fact that they were so far from the home of their early years, and in the midst of a people who were more than willing to treat them as strangers, increased their affection for each other. They frequently met at my Scotch friend's, to talk of the happy days they had spent in "merry Old England," and in "the land o' cakes," killing time (as they called it,) by living over their happiest days. These good people often insisted that I should be one of their number at these friendly and social parties; and being naturally social myself, I frequently spent an hour with them; and I have no cause to regret my acquaintance with them—for the tales of "other days and far away," to which I then listened, were not only instructive, but many of them really amusing; and the remembrance of them has since cheered many an hour which would otherwise have been spent in gloomy sadness.

On Christmas Eve, my Scotch friend inquired if I should be frightened if I heard any uncommon noise in the night—at the same time remarking, that his friends intended to spend the night somewhat after the fashion of their own country. I assured him that they would not disturb me, and wished him and his friends a happy night.

I had engaged to finish a piece of needle-work that evening, and it was nearly twelve o'clock before I completed my task. I had extinguished my

light, and sat looking at a handful of embers on the hearth, having sent my thoughts upon a Christmas excursion. Soon after twelve, my reverie was disturbed by a noise in the entry, which resembled the bleating of sheep, the barking of dogs, and the confusion of human voices. This noise soon ceased, and the following conversation took place :

“Who watches the cote to-night?” “Hugh, Allek and Peter.” “Peter cannot watch, for he is in love.” “Will, how do you know that?”—“Because he has been making rhymes all day.” “And is that a sign that he is in love?” “Why, he has composed a whole love song, and I have gotten it away from him: Ay, here is the new song, which Peter singeth to the once admired, but now old fashioned, tune of the Lass of Richmond Hill.”

“Who will help me sing it?” “I will,—” “And I will”—“And I”—were the answers.—“Will, begin. Listen to Peter’s song.” Several voices then joined in singing the following song:

1. In yonder grape-bemantled bower,—
Close by the sloping green,
At evening’s mild and moon-lit hour,
The village belle is seen.

CHORUS. This nymph so fair, so debonair,
With silent magic art,
As gay and vain I passed the plain,
Entranced my vagrant heart.

2. Her auburn hair in tresses flows
Adown her ivory neck;
Her cheek with beauteous crimson glows,
Her eyes divinely speak.

CHORUS. This nymph so fair, &c.

3. With majesty she moves along,
The pride of every swain;
For her each shepherd tunes his song,
And pipes the rural strain.

CHORUS. The nymph so fair, &c.

4. Such is her unaffected way,
She charms where’er she moves;
And all with willing mind obey
The nymph whom virtue loves.

CHORUS. The nymph so fair, &c.

5. Discretion marks her even course,
While reason lights her soul;
And mild persuasion’s winning force
O’er passions bears control.

CHORUS. This nymph so fair, &c.

6. Grant me, kind fate, with her to share
The remnant of my days;
And holy pæans I’ll prepare,
Of gratitude and praise.

CHORUS. Since she’s so fair, so debonair,
With silent magic art;
As gay and vain, I passed the plain—

Here the singing ceased, or rather it appeared to be drowned in a shrill cry of horror. Then the sound, as of a heavy weight falling on the floor, was succeeded by groans, and then all was silent.

Scarcely a minute passed, ere I heard the clear, musical voice of my Scotch friend, singing the following hymn :

1. “Shepherds, rejoice! lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away;
News from the regions of the skies,
Salvation’s born to-day.

2. Jesus, the Lord, whom angels fear,
Has come to dwell with you;
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as mortals do.

3. No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for the cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings:

4. Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the son.”

Here there was a moment’s pause,—then more than a dozen voices broke out, singing,

“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.”

The people in the entry now marched out of doors, and across the street, to perform the same ceremony at another house. As soon as they had departed, two young ladies who boarded with me, and slept in an adjoining room, ran out, half frightened out of their wits; and catching hold of me, eagerly inquired the cause of the noise they had heard. I bade them not be frightened, but go with me to the window, and hear the *Christmas serenade*, at neighbor Hall’s door. I raised the sash a little, and it being a still night, we could distinctly hear the whole performance. The young ladies agreed with me, that our neighbors appeared truly devotional, although they had rather a rude way of performing their religious exercises. Having no disposition to sleep, we seated ourselves around the hearth, to talk over the affair. The serenade, rude as it was, had given our feelings a truly devotional turn, and our thoughts wandered back to that auspicious morn which gave birth to the Messiah. And we followed him (in imagination) from the manger to the cross;—stopping by the way, at each striking incident, to examine its beauty and the instruction which it contained. And then we traced the progress of the Christian religion, from the days of the apostles to the time then present; and we were astonished to think that its march was so slow, until we examined our own hearts, and there we found a clue to the cause. And we re-

solved, that from that time we would make it a part of our daily employment, to study the life of the Prince of Peace; and endeavor to fashion our lives according to the perfect pattern of righteousness which he has furnished, not only in precept, but also in example. How far these resolves were brought into practice with regard to my companions, I cannot say—for time and distance have made us strangers to each other. As for myself, I always find that it is much less difficult to make resolves than it is to put them into practice. But if my life has not been in strict accordance with what I purposed at that time, the impressions made upon my mind are not erased; and each returning Christmas reminds me of them, and also of my Scotch friends.

TABITHA.

THE ROSE BUSH.

As I was sitting at my work, musing on the beauties of nature, I turned my eye to the window to view a rose bush which had been placed in my care. I did not like the way it grew; for, while the leaves were growing green on one branch, they were fading and falling off on the other. I wished to see it all clothed in green. But as I could not have my way in this matter, the rose bush suggested thoughts of life and death. Some of mankind grow up and arrive at the age of three or four score years: there are others who, while in the bloom of youth, are visited by the messenger of death, and go down to the grave in the morning of life. Perhaps we thus lose one of our near and dear friends, or one to whom we are bound by the strong ties of friendship.—We mourn the departed: for thus saith the Preacher, “Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.”

But how soon are the dead forgotten! While in the gay scenes of life, where all is lovely, and the merry heart is filled with gladness, *then* the departed are forgotten. For is it not natural for the cheerful mind to cling especially to that which hath life, and ministers pleasure? It is. If we walk into a garden of flowers, we do not search for those that are faded and gone, but for those that are in full bloom, and the most beautiful and lovely. And if we pluck them from the stalk, how soon are they withered!

In the lone hour of meditation, when pleasure is scattered and gone, and the heart is filled with gloom and sadness, *then* the departed revive in our memory, and we mourn and weep as freely as ever. Can we wish their return? Nay, we cannot; for they are at *home*—a home that is far better than we can have, while in this world of care and sorrow.

While I was viewing the rose bush, I found

on one of its branches a small bud. I watched it from day to day, and it continued to grow, while the leaves were fading and falling one after another. This reminded me of a Christian on a bed of languishing: for while the body is racked with disease and pain, the blissful hope of the Christian grows brighter and fresher, as the earthly frame is wearing away.

One morning when I repaired to my work, the moon which had not closed its morning walk, shone in at the window in all its loveliness: and the first object which met my eye, was a full blown rose. The sun presently shed its dazzling rays on it: and it was very beautiful and lovely. But where was it at the setting of that sun? A friend so much admired it, that I cut it from the stalk, and gave it to her. Alas! how soon was it faded and gone! I should have thought it an emblem of an immortal existence, had it not faded. Unlike the rose, the soul shall bloom to fade no more forever! O, if we had not the assurance of immortal life and blessedness with our heavenly Father, who could say,

“O who would live always away from his God,
Away from you heaven, that blissful abode,—
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns!” — L. M. B.

THE LOVE OF NATURE A DUTY.

“Oh, you've *no soul!*” said a gentleman to his wife, in a tone of mingled reproach and disappointment. He had called her to the window, to admire a glorious sunset. But instead of enjoying the rapturous delight with which the scene had inspired him, she coldly remarked, “I could never see any beauty in the clouds.”

She is not alone. How many there are who seem not to know that they are in a world of indescribable loveliness, and who know not the bliss of drinking from one of earth's purest fountains of pleasure! To be insensible to the charms of nature, is to treat with indifference the goodness of Him whose will it is that all his intelligent offspring should be happy, in the highest possible degree; and who has therefore not only placed us in a world of beauty, but has given us the faculties necessary for its enjoyment. But there are those who gaze with emotions of pleasure on these revelations of the Invisible Creator, without lifting a thought to Him, of reverence or love. Such persons have yet to learn nature's sweetest charm. None rightly and fully enjoy its vast displays of wisdom, power and love, but those who, humbled and adoring,

“Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, My Father made them all.”

AGNES.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S FIRESIDE.

At the mention of that beloved fireside, the magic power of memory conveys me back to childhood, and I live over the past. I behold my aged grandmother sitting in her easy chair, knitting; and a group of happy children gathered around her, listening to some traditional tale she is relating, or to the narrative of events which have taken place during her life.—Before commencing her story, her favorite grandchild is seated by her side, looking up into her face, in all the trust and innocence of infancy: while she, in endearing fondness, gently parts the dark curls on his brow. The rest are seated around the blazing fire, eagerly waiting for the story.—Incidents of the Revolution interested us most, and especially the one so beautifully described by Whittier, as the "Spectre Warrior." My grandmother related it in the following manner:

"Your grandfather heard the alarm, and had gone to meet the foe. Feeling lonely and sad, I took my children, and went home to my mother. As I was lighting a candle for the night, I heard a horse galloping towards the house; a loud rap quickly followed, and upon going to the door, I beheld a man on a large grey horse. 'Are there any men here?' demanded the stranger. 'Only two old men,' was my reply." "Then you will be all dead before morning: for the English are landing on the coast at many places, destroying property, and killing the inhabitants in their march." While he was talking, his high mettled horse was champing the bit of his foam-covered bridle, and prancing about like the trained charger upon the field of battle, impatient for the carnage to commence. As the rider finished his commission, he struck his spurs deep in the sides of his restless beast, and rode off, as furiously as he came. Sleep was a stranger to many an eye that night: for he called at every house, giving the same alarming intelligence.

All night I sat by my sick mother and sleeping children, in fearful expectation every hour would bring the tramp of soldiers, and the torch and sword. But morning came, and brought no foe. Your grandfather soon returned, and assured us that the English had retreated to Boston. From that time until the close of the war, he was wholly absorbed in the interests of his country. Long months he would be absent, and the whole care of our farm and family devolved upon me."

After finishing her story, my grandmother would draw a deep sigh, bend forward, lean her head upon her hand, and appear to be communing with the past. But she was soon aroused from her reverie, by some one of her auditors desiring to know who the stranger was on the grey horse. As she raised her head, there was a mys-

terious expression upon her countenance, and her answer was, "Child, we never knew. My sister B., who lived several miles distant, saw the same grey horse and furious rider, at the same hour of twilight, and he spoke the very same words that I heard him speak. Every body saw him, but none could tell whence he came, nor whither he went.—A long war was now before us; and many and great were the privations we endured in the contest for freedom. The poor soldiers were not half clothed or fed; and to add to their wretchedness, they knew their families were suffering at home."

As we listened to the long catalogue of miseries they endured, our young hearts thrilled with emotions of gratitude and veneration for those noble patriots, who had so freely shed their blood in the struggle for liberty, and transmitted so rich a legacy to their descendants.

My grandmother is at rest; but her grandchildren love and revere her memory; and never will her instructions be forgotten, while one heart shall beat that gathered around her fireside.

Where, O where is now that happy band? All are scattered. One has made her home beside a western lake; and more luxuriant fields will meet her eye, and softer breezes fan her brow, and kind friends will press around her,—yet will her thoughts come back to those who watched her infancy and childhood, and the joyous ones that met around that fireside. One has sought classic halls; and as he sits beside his midnight lamp, his mind will wander from his book, and "home, sweet home," and loved ones there, will take its place. One roams the forest and the prairie, and at night rests his head with strangers, and sometimes in the red man's hut; but the long legendary tale he heard around that dear familiar fireside, flits at times across his memory, and the bitter tear starts for those he never more may greet.

All have sought new homes, and some are with the dead. One fell the victim of consumption. Day after day, he faded like the withering flower, and at last calmly sank to his rest. And he, that favorite one, O where is he? Gone, forever gone! We saw him growing up to manhood, all that our love could wish him; but suddenly we saw him robed for the grave, and placed within its narrow limits. In agony of soul we wept and mourned, and never more can our stricken hearts know the joyousness of former days.

Strangers now crowd around that fireside.—Not again shall gather there that happy group; yet do the living hope again to meet each other and the departed, where parting is no more, and where death is unknown.

S. W. S.

OUR DAILY PATHS.

There is glad beauty throughout the widely-extended field of nature. We can trace it in every familiar object which meets the eye, even in the humblest flower that blossoms in our pathway. We behold it, as we wander thro' the fields on a bright summer's morn. while the leaves and grass are glistening with the dew-drops which the thirsty sun has not yet absorbed; or lingering at mid-day beneath the aged tree, whose foliage shades from the scorching heat,—the spring shining clear, cool and refreshing: or, at the decline of day, watching the sun while taking its fare-well departure, gilding every cottage window with its last red light.

And we also find much of glad beauty in the cold season of winter, while we gaze at the leafless trees, laden with frost-work, every spray glistening with diamond brightness. And how beautiful do the brooks and rivers look with their glass-like cover! True, their music is hushed,—but then we hear the merry laugh of the school-boy, as he resorts to his favorite amusement of skating or sliding—and we hear the merry chime of the sleigh-bells.

“Yes! beauty dwells in all our paths—
But sorrow, too, is there!
How oft some cloud within us dims
The bright, still summer air,
When we carry our sick hearts abroad
Amidst the joyous things,
That through the leafy places glance,
On many-colored wings!

“With shadows from the past, we fill
The happy wood-land shades,—
And a mournful memory of the dead
Is with us in the glades;
And our dream-like fancies lend the wind
Of the echo's plaintive tone,
Of voices and of melodies,
And of silvery laughter gone.”

Affliction and sorrow will visit us, however bright and glad our path may seem: and how often do our spirits become depressed with sadness and grief! But do we not yield too soon to the influence of our feelings, arising from a false education of the heart? Are we not taught a better lesson by the flowers? even the lilies of the field,—for has not our Saviour said, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these? and does not the sweet grove-choir sing the praises of Him who takes care of *them*?

“Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts,
And bid vain conflicts cease?
Ay, when they commune with themselves,
In holy hours of peace;
And feel, that by the lights and clouds
Through which our pathway lies,
By the beauty and the grief alike,
We are training for the skies!”

S.

LESSONS OF THE HEAVENS.

“The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handy work.”

These are the words of the psalmist of Israel,—one who ever delighted to trace the hand of God in the works of creation. Although few astronomical discoveries had then been made, yet, to the devotional mind of David, the starry world on high afforded sufficient proofs of the power and wisdom of the Supreme Being.

To an unenlightened mind, many things in creation appear as defects; but on examination, the error is corrected; and every thing in nature is discovered to be wisely arranged and benevolently ordered, for the harmony and good of the whole.

As we gaze on the beauteous orbs that deck the sky, and strive in vain to comprehend their immense distances from us, their number, and relative sizes, we are led to think with awe of that Being, by whose word these worlds were at first spoken into existence, and by whose power they are still kept in their proper spheres. We see the infinite wisdom of the Deity displayed in the harmonious laws by which the material universe is governed: and wherever we turn our eyes, we behold every object in nature adapted to the situation in which it is placed by the Creator.

The rays of the sun (whose genial influences impart life and beauty to our otherwise dark and cheerless earth,) instead of paining our organs of vision, as they might have done, are adapted to the eye, and reveal to us scenes the most delightful and magnificent.

From the stars, that “nightly their vigils keep” over the slumbering inhabitants of earth, we may gather important lessons of instruction. As they move harmoniously in their orbits, they reflect the glory of the Most High; and they teach us that we should walk in the path which heaven has marked out for us; and if favored with worldly advantages, to improve those blessings in making others blest. By obedience to this teaching of the heavens, we shall fulfil the end of our being, and secure the approbation of the Father of all, while we glorify His name. A.

GOLD WATCHES.

It is now nearly a year since an article appeared in the Ladies' Book, in the form of a tale, though it partakes more of the character of an essay. It was written by Mrs. Hale, and exhibits her usual judgment and talent. Her object evidently was, to correct the many erroneous impressions which exist in society, with regard to the folly of extravagance in dress, and

all outward show. I was much pleased with all of it, with the exception of a single sentence. Speaking of the impossibility of considering dress a mark of distinction, she observed,—(addressing herself, I presume, to the *ladies* of New England,)—"How stands the difference now? Many of the factory girls wear gold watches, and an imitation, at least, of all the ornaments which grace the daughters of our most opulent citizens."

O the times! O the manners! Alas! how very sadly the world has changed! The time was when the *lady* could be distinguished from the *no-lady* by her dress, as far as the eye could reach; but now, you might stand in the same room, and, judging by their outward appearance, you could not tell "which was which." Even gold watches are now no *sure* indication—for they have been worn by the lowest, even by "many of the factory girls." No *lady* need carry one now, for any other than the simple purpose of easily ascertaining the time of day, or night, if she so please!

But seriously: why is the idea so prevalent that dress appears more objectionable in the factory girl than in any other female? Extravagance should be objected to in any one; but the exercise of taste in dress, should not be denied to *them*, more than to other young females.

A gentleman may receive a thousand dollars per annum, and have half a dozen daughters, who all think they should dress in a style superior to that of the factory girl, who receives one or two hundred dollars per year. And when they find this impossible, they say, "O dear! how the factory girls do rig up! We cannot get any thing but they will imitate us." What a dreadful evil! But it is a part of my belief that out of evil good may eventually come; and if the impossibility of making dress a mark of distinction, induces the conviction that *ladies* must attain some higher distinctive trait, this deplorable evil must result in a great benefit.

Those who do not labor for their living, have more time for the improvement of their minds, for the cultivation of conversational powers, and graceful manners; but if, with these advantages, they still need richer dress to distinguish them from *us*, the fault must be their own, and they should at least learn to honor merit, and acknowledge talent wherever they see it.

I pity the girl who cannot take pleasure in wearing the new and beautiful bonnet which her father has presented her, because, forsooth, she sees that some factory girl has, with her hard-won earnings, procured one just like it. I said I pitied the girl; but I fear there is too much of contempt and indignation in the feeling which

swells my heart, to render it worthy of the gentle name of pity. Yet such things are said by Lowell girls, whose fathers are as dependent on the factories as any female operatives in the city, and who, if deprived of them, would perhaps be obliged to labor themselves.

And now I will address myself to my sister operatives in the Lowell factories. Good advice should be taken, from whatever quarter it may come, whether from friend or foe; and part of the advice which Mrs. Hale has given to the readers of the *Ladies' Book*, may be of advantage to us. Is there not among us, as a class, too much of this striving for distinction in dress? Is it not the only aim and object of too many of us, to wear something a little better than others can obtain? Do we not sometimes see the girl who has half a dozen silk gowns, toss her head, as if she felt herself six times better than her neighbor who has none? Oh, how they will sometimes walk, "mincing as they go," as if the ground was hardly good enough for them. And many of them can put on an air of haughty contempt, which would do honor (or disgrace) to the proudest lady in the court of Victoria. And all this, because their Florence bonnet is finer, and their shawl much more costly, than is usually worn! I have often been reminded of the words of the Scottish bard—

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us,—
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion;
Sic airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
An' e'en devotion."

I have often thought that *we* should have more common sense about such things, than those who have been brought up in higher circles. We cannot expect all girls to overcome educational prejudices. The mind which can do that, is of a higher order than is common. But we have not this to do. We see things more as they really are, and not through the false medium which misleads the aristocracy. Oh, how foolish is the feeling which prompts some among us to neglect or ridicule the poorly clad girl, who has just come from her country home, to seek among strangers a toilsome subsistence! Too often the first things she learns are, that she must assume an air of self-confidence or impudence, and buy fine clothes as fast as she can earn them; or she must hang her head with a feeling of inferiority, and submit to the insolence of the vain and worthless. I do not say that this is often the case, but *too often*—for it is sometimes so—and even once is too often.

We all have many opportunities for the exercise of the kindly affections, and more than most

females. We should look upon one another something as a band of orphans should do. We are fatherless and motherless: we are alone, and surrounded by temptation. Let us caution each other; let us watch over and endeavor to improve each other; and both at our boarding-houses and in the Mill, let us strive to promote each other's comfort and happiness. Above all, let us endeavor to improve ourselves by making good use of the many advantages we here possess. I say, let us at least strive to do this; and if we succeed, it will finally be acknowledged that Factory Girls shine forth in ornaments far more valuable than *Gold Watches*.

A FACTORY GIRL.

TIME'S CHANGES.

The dearest spot on earth, is the home of our early years. Around it gather the most pleasing associations, innocent amusements, and happy hours. Memory, faithful to its task, still brings back those scenes, and we live them over again. The joyous laugh, the light heart, and sunny brow, over which no shadow has passed—these, like some happy vision, come back,—and how pleasing the recollection! The scenery is often painted in such living colors, that we fancy we can almost taste the cool water from the spring on the hill-side; or see the rich green meadow with its rivulet, whose meandering stream imparts such freshness to the valley through which it passes,—bearing in its bosom the beautiful lily, that shows its modest head among the rushes. Or still farther in the distance, we half fancy that we see the well known lake, with its clear, smooth surface, and the small boats, with their white sails, gliding rapidly along,—or perchance the groups of wild ducks playing sportively in the clear, deep water; or the screeching loon, with its quick dive, and its rapid flight.

These were familiar scenes of our childhood. Who can review them, and not feel that they are closely allied to our present happiness! It was then we received our strongest impressions of the good, the beautiful, and the true. And as memory calls them up in review, one after another, the heart asks—

Where are the friends of our early years?—Oh, where are they? Many of them are gone to the land of shadows—some to the far west—and some few are left among our own former happy homes. Time has wrought many changes, but still the realities of the past are preserved by the power of the mind, with all the vigor of youth, and the buoyancy of a happy heart. I cannot refrain from giving a quotation from one who has written well on time's changes.

“Where now are those sunny days
That wreathed their brightness round my brow?
And where are all those minstrel lays,
That memory beckons round me now?
Oh cruel Time, why tak'st thou all,
Save tender memory's shadowy pall!

Where are the friends, so very dear,
So kind, so lovely, and so blest?
Why dims my eye the silent tear?
Why such wild anguish heave my breast?
Oh Time! I ask not aught from thee,
Save these—oh! leave these friends to me!” S. B.

THE PARTY AT HOME.

“Mine be the joys which gleam around
The hearth where pure affections dwell,—
Where love, enrobed in smiles, is found,
And wraps the spirit with its spell.
I would not seek excitement's whirl,
Where pleasure wears her tinsel crown,
And passion's billows upward curl,
Neath hatred's darkly-gathered frown.”

Oh, Sabilla! said Charles Morton, as he entered the drawing room; have you seen the bills for the play to-night? The celebrated Mr. and Mrs. Wood make their first appearance for the season, in the *Somnambulist*; and as you have often expressed a wish to see the play of the night-walkers, I should be happy to have you accompany me this evening.

Brother, you are aware that father does not wish us to attend the theatre. Though he says but little, I well know it does not please him. Besides, we have received cards for Mrs. Howard's party. It is expected that it will be superior to any thing we have had, as they have just returned from their tour through Europe. They are near and dear friends of father's, and he will think a great deal of making one of the party, and I shall expect you to be my partner.

I will attend you any where to bring you into company, said her brother; for you confine yourself so closely at home, that the fashionable and the gay have ceased to enquire after you. I really shall be quite proud to be your partner this evening.

Thank you for your compliments, brother.—But here comes father.—Father, are you engaged this evening? If you are not, we will all attend the party at your friend Howard's. The cards were handed in a few moments after you went out this morning.

My dear, said Mr. Morton, how sorry I am to disappoint you; but I have invited a few friends to spend the evening with us, and we will have a party at home; and I shall most assuredly want your company. It would be a lifeless affair, I fear, should the star be absent.—By chance, this morn-

ing, I met with our venerable friend Murray. He is stopping a few days in the city, and has his daughter with him. They are on their way to the south for her health. It will be of no benefit, I am confident; but I did not tell him so. He says she has been failing ever since she buried her husband; but a change of scenery sometimes does wonders.

Oh then, Mr. Murray is to be here, and his daughter also, said Sabilla. How happy I shall be to see her; it is two years since we met. It was at her wedding; and do you recollect, father, what she said, when some of the company laughed at her about thinking her intended was faultless? She replied, I do not love him so well that I could not see his faults, if he has any, (which, by the way, I do not admit.) I shall have plenty of time to correct them.

Oh yes, I remember it well, and thought at the time I had never seen one with so few faults. But nature was lavish to him both in mind and person. His mind was filled with lofty and noble ideas; and so pure were his feelings and actions, that he was often ridiculed, and laughed at, by his gay and thoughtless companions, for his romantic notions, his visionary way of talking and thinking.— This is too generally the case, when a person's mind and feelings are a little above the common place of life; and if there be in his character something elevating, and ennobling, he is laughed at, as romantic. Would to God there was much more such romance in the world! It is the better part of our nature; a part which leaves the cold, dull realities of life, and seeks its communion with the pure and holy in heart; it is the breathing of the spirit of God in the soul of man. And yet the one who can see in the glorious world around him, aught that seems really spiritual—if he sees in the flower the goodness and wisdom of Him who created all the flowers—if he gazes on the star-spangled sky, and feels that there is in his own heart an answering voice to all; and if his soul rises with the sublime grandeur of the scene, till his wondering spirit is buoyed up to the great Source of all,—he is looked upon by his companions as a visionary! Oh, how I pity the man who can gaze on this fair creation, its wonders, its beauty and its harmony, and yet feel none of these emotions; who looks on Niagara with a spirit which would make it nought but a mill stream, and on the snow-clad mountain as a lumberer of this fair earth, and not a manifestation of goodness, order and love!

Well, said Charles, I should like to know who this young widow looks like.—Is she a beauty?

Her beauty, said Sabilla, is of no peculiar kind, but such as is to be met with often—where fea-

tures perfectly delineated, are set off with a certain simplicity that charms the observer. No lily whiteness, nor vermilion tinge, dwelt on her cheek; but at the least emotion, it always became enrobed in a blush of purity which seemed divine. But what is a pretty face, Charles, if the mind has not been cultivated? Of Mrs. C. I can say, that in the circle of my acquaintance, there is not one with a mind so highly cultivated. I will say no more, for you will judge for yourself.

I will try to keep my heart safe, said Charles, as he left the room.

I have received a letter from Stanley, said Sabilla, as she seated herself by her father, and put it into his hand. I shall not give my consent without yours.

I once heard a young lady say, said Mr. Morton, that she would never marry, and she appeared to be in earnest when she made the remark!

I think that marriage is like sin, in one respect: if we often allow it to be presented to our view, we look on it without aversion, said Sabilla.

I shall give my consent, said her father, on condition that he makes my house his home. I have enough, and to spare; and as to parting with the flower I have cherished in the sunshine, and sheltered from the storm, it would be hard, very hard. Home would be home no more, were you absent. Could I not hear your merry laugh, and the song of gladness, to cheer me in my loneliness, I should almost cease to consider life a blessing. But, said he laughing, it will be time enough for me to refuse after I am asked.

I shall not think of leaving you, father; and I am sure he will not ask it. He has just finished the study of the law, and this city will be as good as any other for his profession. The poet says, all is well that ends well, and this will end as you wish, I hope. But I must hasten away to make preparations for the entertainment of our friends.

In passing through the hall, she met Charles, who was out of humor, because he could neither visit the play, nor take his sister to a fashionable party. Here, said he, we must both stay, to entertain some half a dozen old folks. I really wish I had not left college, or that college days would always last.

You must not speak so, brother, replied his sister. If you will strive to enjoy yourself, the evening will pass pleasantly, I know. And I do assure you, I shall enjoy myself much better at home, than I should at a crowded party, or even at the play.

Before eight o'clock, the company had all arrived, and pleasant it really was. It was composed of old and young, and much of beauty and fashion

also. The elder Morton seemed to have renewed his youth—he was so gallant, promenading the room first with one young lady, and then with another. Charles was in a corner, ‘playing the agreeable’ with the young widow. Each did his part to make the evening pass pleasantly, and of course there were none of those disagreeable calms which make many parties so tiresome and tedious.

Well, Charles, said Sabilla, after the company had retired, how have you been pleased this evening? and how did you like Mrs. C.?

I was highly pleased with her, said her brother. At first sight, I was almost sure I should not like her, she was so homely; but she is an exception. There is a vivacity about her, which makes her very interesting.

I am happy, very happy, that a PARTY AT HOME has pleased you so much; and now we must bid father good night, she said, as he entered the room to bless his children, ere he retired to rest.

Do you not think they were happier for spending the evening at home? As they parted for the night, their prayers went up to Heaven, that they might long enjoy each other’s society, and that discontent might never enter their happy home.

EMMA.

We have taken the liberty to shorten this article, by expunging a part of the dialogue. We hope the writer will approve this exercise of editorial privilege. Eds.

PLAN FOR MUTUAL RELIEF.

The expenses incident to sickness among the Lowell operatives, frequently make sad inroads on the savings of the sufferers; and in many cases, restoration to health is accompanied by the prospect of long months of toil, to liquidate debts contracted for boarding, nursing, physician’s attention, and the like.

The several Corporations have jointly purchased and fitted up an elegant Hospital, in which the total expense is \$4 for men, and \$3 for females, weekly. The Superintendents constitute a Committee of Management; and their reputation is a sufficient guaranty that matters will be rightly conducted.

But \$3 weekly for a few months would greatly diminish, if not wholly absorb the savings of many of the operatives. The expenses incident to sickness in a boarding-house are generally much larger than the Hospital charges; and in many cases, the sick prefer being taken care of in their usual abode, even at the greater cost.

The evil referred to may in part be remedied, by adopting a plan for mutual relief. The following outlines are suggested: the details may afterwards be considered.

1. The operatives shall allow a certain sum to be deducted from their wages monthly—say 12½ cts for males,

and 10 cts for females—to constitute a Fund for Mutual Relief.

2. In cases of sickness, (certified by a physician, or a committee of overseers,) females shall receive \$3 per week, and males \$4—not as a gratuity, but as a RIGHT.

3. A joint committee of three operatives from each of the Corporations, shall constitute a Board of Control—one of whose duties shall be to see that the weekly sum above noted is regularly paid, so long as it shall be justly due.

4. The Treasurer shall be chosen by the Board of Control, and he shall give ample security for the faithful discharge of his trust.

The annual sum that would be raised on this plan, would probably be as follows:

Say 6000 females at \$1 20 per annum,	\$7,200
3000 males at \$1 50 per annum,	\$4,500
52 weeks, at \$225 per week,	\$11,700

If 45 females and 22 males were constantly on the sick list, this sum would pay the demands stipulated in item 2d of the foregoing outline.

Several objections may be urged. First of all, Would the operatives accede to the proposed deduction from their monthly wages? We answer, A few would probably demur—but we cannot think that any considerable number would object to so small a premium for insurance against the expenses of sickness. It is a little more than three-fourths of a cent on a dollar.

In the second place, Would the Superintendents encourage the plan? Of this there cannot be a doubt. It would cost them a little trouble to make the monthly deductions aforesaid; but they would be abundantly compensated by the pleasure enjoyed in promoting the object herein recommended.—Eds.

NO THEATRE IN LOWELL.

We perceive that the theatre influence in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia is waning. Even the most brilliant “stars” find great difficulty in procuring a well-filled house.

This state of affairs is rightly regarded as an indication that the inhabitants of the cities mentioned, are beginning to realize at least the inutility, if not the demoralizing tendency, of theatres as they have for ages been conducted.

But in the matter of rightly-directed public opinion on this subject, Lowell is far in advance of any other city of equal population in the land. We have 21,000 inhabitants,—yet we have neither Theatre nor Circus! A number of years ago, a Theatre was built—but public opinion indignantly opposed it. Its doors were very shortly closed; and recently it was pulled down to make way for shops of honorable (because useful) calling.

Let those who wish to judge of the moral tone of Lowell, diligently consider these facts.

Price of Advertising, 25 cts. for each insertion.

A. B. Willcox,

Continues to give instructions in the art of WRITING, at his Academy, No. 20, Merrimack Street, where he will be happy to wait on such as may need his services, at any hour in the day, from 9 o'clock A. M. to 10 P. M. His system is taught on scientific and progressive principles, in easy, interesting Lessons, and adapted to the common business of life.

A. C. Bagley,

Has opened a BOOK STORE at 21 1-2 Central Street, next to Goodhue's Carpet Store. Books of all kinds; Stationery, such as Paper, Pens, Ink, Wafers, blk Sand, Quills, &c. Come and see for yourselves. Office of the STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Andrew C. Wright,

59 Merrimack Street, (Wyman's Exchange,) Dealer in BOOTS & SHOES, where may be found a first rate assortment of Boots & Shoes, adapted to the present and coming season, which will be sold at very Low PRICES. N. B. Purchasers are respectfully invited to call.

Kimball & Wheeler.

West India Goods, Merrimack Square. A Large and Well Selected Stock of articles in their line of business. Families promptly supplied.

Geo. W. Wendell,

82 Merrimack St. opposite the Lowell Bank. Dealer in Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS, consisting of French, English and American PRINTS, Silks, Shawls, Lace Veils, Alpines, Merinoes, Camlets, Laces, Silk Velvets, Hdks, Kid and Silk Gloves, Challies, M. De Laines, Scarfs, Bead Bags, Silk, Woolen and Cotton Hose. Besides the usual variety of light and dark, thick and thin, dear and cheap articles usually found in a Dry Goods Store. Walk in.

James Nowell,

Tin-plate and Sheet Iron Worker, corner of Central and Tyler Streets. Keeps constantly on hand all kinds of Sheet Iron, Tin and Japan WARE; and will promptly execute all orders for Cooking Stoves and Sheet Iron Stoves of every description.

Cushing & Mack,

Have on hand a general assortment of Parlor STOVES, among which are the Bryant and Herman's, and the Olmstead's Patent. Also, Plain and Ornamented AIR TIGHT STOVES, for Parlors, Offices, &c. They have also a large and general assortment of Cooking Stoves.

James M. Peabody,

57 Merrimack St. will sell his entire Stock of WINTER GOODS at Cost, to close the same. N. B. Purchasers will please examine.

A. WATSON,

15 Central street, opposite the Post Office. General Book Store, and Circulating Library. Also Printing Office, Book Bindery, and Paper-ruling Establishment.

LEVI S. BARTLETT, M. D.

Having been for the last eight years in the Practice of his Profession, at Kingston, N. H., now respectfully offers his services to the citizens of Lowell, as PHYSICIAN and SURGEON. Office 18 1-2 Central street, between Goodhue's Carpet Store and the Post Office, where he may be found day and night. Residence No. 8 Hurd street.

Alonzo S. Davis,

Lowell Cap and Stock Manufactory, corner of Central and Warren Streets, has on hand a splendid assortment of Men's, Youth's and Children's Caps, Velvet, Merino and Silk CAPS, of the most Fashionable Style. Caps and Stocks made to order. Also an assortment of Trunks, Valises, Travelling Bags, Umbrellas, Parasols, Hosiery, Hdks, Gloves, Diokies, &c. &c., at prices adapted to the times.

Charles Smith,

Corner of Central and Hurd streets, has on hand a large assortment of Fig'd and Plain Silks, do. do. Alpines, Satin Striped Challey, Mous de Laine, French, English and American PRINTS, Laces, Linens, Muslins, Hosiery, Gloves, &c., all of which will be sold at very low prices, until after the fourth of March next.

Cha's W. Thompson & Co.

23 Central street, 2d Door north of Lowell st., Watch Maker & Jeweller, offers for sale Gold and Silver Lever, Lapine and Common Watches; Silver Spoons, Gold Beads, Gold Chains, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Breast Pins—all warranted good Gold. Also Cutlery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, &c. Clocks, Watches and Jewelry carefully Repaired.

A. Hopkinson,

59 Merrimack street, has on hand a good assortment of HATS, CAPS, and FURS; Fur Trimmings for Cloaks, Collars, Muffs &c.; Stocks, Umbrellas, and such other articles as are usually kept in similar establishments—All which he offers for sale as cheap as can be obtained in the city.

George Hedrick,

Sign and Ornamental Painter, Central street, opposite the Washington Hotel, Lowell. SIGNS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, Military Standards and Banners, Clock and Time-piece Dials, Glass Painting, Glass Door Plates, of rich and plain Patterns, Oil Gilding, &c., all of which will be executed in the best manner at short notice. Also, Astral and Mantel Lamps Re-Bronzed, and made to look as well as new.

Isaac W. Scribner,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, John St. Lowell.

S. H. Elliott,

16 Merrimack Street, Lowell, offers for sale, at the lowest prices, Gold and Silver WATCHES; Time Pieces, Silver Spoons, JEWELRY, Spectacles, Combs, Cutlery, &c. Watches, Jewelry and Combs repaired. Call and Examine.

S. L. Willins,

21 Merrimack Street Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Hats, Caps, Furs and Umbrellas, Boots, Shoes, and Leather. Just received a large assortment of Fancy Fur Trimmings, Muffs, Collars, &c.

French & Boise,

†‡‡ Merchant Tailors, corner of Central and Hurd streets, have made large additions to their stock of extra super GERMAN & FRENCH CLOTHS, Black, Blue, Brown, Olives &c. for Frock and Dress Coats; London Black and Blue, and a large variety of fancy Cassimeres, and Doe-skins, and an assortment of low-priced Cassimeres and Sattinets; 10 pieces Diamond and plain Beaver and Pilot Cloths of all colors and qualities. New style of Vestings, in great variety. The tailoring department under the care of L. D. Boise.

Miss Simpkins,

†‡‡ Opposite Tremont Corporation, Merrimack st., desires to say that she feels grateful to the Ladies of Lowell and vicinity for their patronage, and begs leave to inform them that she keeps on hand a good assortment of FLORENCE and BRAW BONNETS. Millinery and Dress Making attended to. Ladies leaving their old Bonnets at the above establishment, can have them cleansed and altered in a superior style.

J. & J. H. Kimball,

†† No. 27 Merrimack street, have on hand a large and fashionable assortment of British, French, India and American Staple and FANCY DRY GOODS,—all of which will be offered at exceedingly low prices for cash. The citizens of Lowell and vicinity are respectfully invited to call.

David Tapley,

†‡‡ Merchant Tailor, 19 Central street, has just received a new and splendid assortment of FALL & WINTER FROCKS, for Gentlemen's wear, consisting of Broadcloths, Pilot Cloths, Plain and Diamond Beaver cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings of all kinds; Lamb's Wool and Flannel Shirts, Cravats, &c. All kinds of Gentlemen's Garments made in the best manner.

S. & T. P. Goodhue,

†† 22 Central street, sell CARPETS, Feather Blankets, Comforters, Quilts, Bed-spreads, Damasks, Hair Cloth, Morocco, and other articles usually kept for sale by UPHOLSTERERS. They also manufacture Mattresses, &c.

Benjamin Hutchinson,

†† 16 Central street, Dealer in Hardware and WOOLEN GOODS in all their varieties. He especially invites the attention of Carpenters to his assortment of Beach Planes, Dress Tools, &c., being confident that it embraces all they can desire in variety and quality.

W. Clifford,

†† Silk, Cotton & Woolen DYER, Andover st., East end of Church st, Bridge, Lowell,

Bent & Bush,

†† Central street, opposite the Hamilton Print Works, Lowell, HAT & CAP Manufacturers, and Dealers in Fancy Furs, Buffalo Robes, &c. &c.

A. R. Dunton,

†‡‡ Professor of Penmanship, Wyman's Building, 60 Merrimack street, under the Museum. Writing Academy. Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Persons interested are invited to call and examine specimens. Mr. D. professes competence to execute every kind of Writing, Penmanship and Calligraphy, in a very superior manner.

Amos Upton,

† Book Store, No. 18, Central Street, Lowell.

George W. Ward,

††† Dentist, 14 Central street. All operations warranted to be of the first order. The most beautiful Porcelain or incorruptible Teeth set, on pivot or gold plate, in a style which, in respect to imitation of nature, firmness, durability and elegance, is not surpassed in any of the American or European cities. Children's Teeth regulated. Charges reasonable.

Francis B. Cobb,

† 120 Merrimack street. A large assortment of Boots and Shoes just received, and for sale at a very low price. Don't mistake the number.

George Mansfield, M. D.

† 15 Merrimack st. Lowell, Manufactures and inserts Artificial Mineral TEETH, from one to a full set, with gums; fills, cleanses, extracts, and attends to the Dental branch of Surgery in all its parts. Teeth filed with Litho-deon, if desired.

A. B. French.

†‡‡ No. 21 Central street, Dealer in Fruit, Cakes, Confectionary and Fancy Goods of every description. N. B. Wedding Cake made to order, and trimmed in the latest style.

Charles B. Coburn,

†‡‡ Dealer in West India Goods and Groceries, Central street, Lowell, Mass.

B. F. Watson,

†‡‡ Exchange Book Store, 87 Merrimack street, keeps on hand a general assortment of Bibles, Testaments, Hymn Books, Question Books, School Books, and Miscellaneous Books of a Moral, Religious and Literary character. Stationary of all kinds—Also Paper Hangings. A Circulating Library is kept in connexion with this Store.

Abner W. Bultrick,

†‡‡ Southwick's Buildings, Lowell street, Dealer in West India Goods and Country Produce, best Wines, Teas and Family Groceries. Licensed to keep and sell Gunpowder—Also Agent for selling Premium Starch, Wholesale and Retail.

N. M. Wright,

††† Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Central Street, under the First Universalist Church, Lowell, Mass.

S. P. Howes,

† Portrait and Miniature PAINTER, Mansur's Building, 27 Central st., Lowell.

Daniel Hutchinson,

†‡‡ UMBRELLA MANUFACTURER, 108 Merrimack street, near the East End Bank, keeps constantly on hand for sale, Umbrellas, Parasols, Canes, Trunks, Travelling Bags, Cases, Mufflers, &c., which he offers very low for Cash.