

THE WEDDING DRESS.

CHAPTER I.

It was a pleasant summer afternoon, and the streets of Lowell exhibited, as usual, a goodly number of pedestrians hurrying to and fro; for this is by no means a city of saunterers. Idlers may occasionally be seen, but they are "few, and far between;" and after seven o'clock, they usually find their vocation a disagreeable one, unless they can exercise it from some snug recess, or the piazza of a hotel.

The shop-keepers were lounging over their counters, as shop-keepers are often wont to do in the day-time, and probably thinking of the brisk labor which hands, eyes and feet would be called upon to perform, when the daily task of thousands of females had been accomplished. Some were conversing upon those never-failing themes, the weather, the news, and the next election; and others were engaged with a book or newspaper, from which they gleaned intellectual wealth, during those intervals in which the acquisition of any other was denied them. That time hung listlessly upon the hands of others, was by no means the fault of two smiling girls, who had started from a corporation which shall here be nameless, upon what is, to almost all young females, an excursion of pleasure, namely, a shopping expedition.

The taller of the two had the brightest eyes, and the reddest cheeks, and a profusion of long ringlets, mingling with the laces and roses which adorned the interior of her pink silk bonnet; yet, though possessed of far more outward beauty than her companion, she is not the heroine of my tale, and will be dismissed without even the mention of her name,—which will probably never appear in print, until it finds its way into the hymeneal corner of a newspaper.

For the milder and less brilliant of the two, we are ourselves under the necessity of selecting a cognomen, "divers good and substantial reasons" binding us to suppress the real one, which has been not only duly registered by the town-clerk of her native place, but is also upon several books belonging to the Company for which she had labored for several years; for we are about to relate an occurrence which actually took place among a

far more substantial set of beings, than the airy phantoms of imagination.

"I have never in my life owned a silk gown," said the shorter girl to the one who sported the curls, roses, and a dress of royal-purple gros de Naples; "and I intend to purchase one this afternoon. I have worked long enough, and saved money enough, and I intend to have one handsome enough to be the wedding dress of the Governor's daughter, if he has a daughter, (for I do not know much about the family concerns of that class of people;) and I will keep it to be married in myself."

There was something almost scornful in the smile which beamed forth from amidst the curls, laces and roses, as the tall girl replied, "You had better leave it at home then, when you go, for I really fear its beauty and gloss will be totally destroyed in a factory boarding-house, ere that time will come to you; and it would perhaps be as well to defer the purchase of it until you are engaged, or have at least seen the happy man for whose especial benefit it is to be selected."

"No," replied Laura, (for upon that pretty name we have decided, albeit our hero is no Petrarch,) and added with a laugh, "I really cannot think of waiting. I will purchase the dress, and perhaps kind fortune will send the man; but if no one else comes in my way, I think I shall try to cut you out, and then there will be a new story for the girls, instead of that old tale, that the second overseer is paying his addresses to the handsomest girl in the room."

The tall girl laughed also, and very good naturedly, for she felt secure in that superiority of which all beauties are so conscious, and proud of that distinction which "being engaged" so often confers upon a girl in Lowell. In places where there is less disproportion between the number of the young of the two sexes, such an occurrence has not the importance which has been conferred upon it

"In this wonderful city of spindles and looms,
And thousands of factory folks;"

so she kindly offered to assist Laura in her selection; and they had visited nearly every store in Merrimack and Central streets, before the final choice was made.

They uniformly found the shop-keepers as smiling as themselves, and incapable of being put to any trouble; and each positively

assured them, that he had the cheapest silks, and the best assortment, that could be found in the city; and that if they went farther, it could not be to do better. But the girls invariably insisted that it would be better to *look* a little longer; and many a "salesman" was left to re-fold and replace the bright silks which he had spread upon the counter, in such a manner as to reflect the light most advantageously; and to mutter to himself about girls not caring how much trouble they made; and declaring his belief, that they inquired for articles which they never intended to purchase, and shrewdly suspecting that they had not a cent with them when they came in.

But Laura, who had felt herself engaged in an affair which required a vast deal of patience, circumspection, and the untiring exercise of her perceptive faculties, and who had invariably informed her companion, as she hurried away from each importunate shop-keeper, that she had never had a silk dress before, and might never have one again—and that she was determined to be suited now—Laura at length felt herself abundantly rewarded for all her time, trouble and firmness, by the discovery of an unobjectionable piece of dove-colored silk, which was in price and quality all that she could wish. It was measured off, folded up, and paid for; and for once leaving a shop-keeper as pleasant as they had found him, they departed in quest of a milliner whose fashionable patterns, pleasant manners, and low prices, should entitle her to their patronage.

They at length found one who united, in a very satisfactory degree, the two former requisites, and who in the latter was perhaps as reasonable as could be expected; and to her was entrusted the important commission of cutting and fitting the article which had caused so much solicitude: but Laura declared that as she was about to visit her parents, she should make it herself during her stay. In their walk back to their boarding-house, the two girls indulged in pleasant reminiscences of the past, for they had both been born and bred in the same little dell, of the same little town; and they looked forward with delightful anticipations to the joys which awaited them, in a short relaxation from toil, and a meeting with their relatives and the friends of their childhood.

O, toil may in itself be bitter, but it is the source of many pleasures; for sweet and sound is the sleep which follows it, and welcome the rest which the operative has earned by months of unremitting labor.

CHAPTER II.

“Pray, who was that pretty girl in the corner pew?” said Mr. Smith, an old bachelor, to a married lady whom he was escorting from meeting; for the discreet man always confined the few attentions which he deigned to bestow upon the fairer sex, to that portion who had a right to claim them from another quarter.

“What! the one with the curls?” asked the lady in reply. “No,” replied the old bachelor; “not *her*—the one with the plain bonnet, and her hair combed smoothly back.” “O,” said the lady, who had been almost astounded at an expression of so much interest in the girl-hating Mr. Smith, and who expected to allay his curiosity by one slight piece of information, “that was Laura G., a *factory girl*.”

The lady shut her lips very close when she had given utterance to the last three formidable words, as though she knew they would prove an effectual quietus to the gentleman's excited feelings; but she was mistaken—for question followed question, until she had exhausted her whole stock of information upon the subject—the substance of which was this, that Laura was the daughter of a poor farmer; that she had worked in Lowell for several years, and never enjoyed many advantages for mental improvement before she went there; and that her only recommendations were youth, health, innocence, good sense, and a pleasant disposition.

The gentleman looked very well satisfied, and the lady very much dissatisfied; for she feared that all this questioning portended a sad disaster to some of Mr. Smith's relatives, who had calculated upon his passing his life in a state of single blessedness. And they had heretofore had good reasons for making such calculations; for Mr. Smith was now, not only an old bachelor, but an *old* old bachelor; and as he was one of the most eccentric of that singular class of beings, and had never been prevented by pecuniary circumstances from worshipping at the hymeneal altar, and had never expressed an opinion upon this important subject, it was natural for them to suppose that he had not formed one.

But Laura had kindled a flame in a heart hitherto cold and passionless, or it might be that he had been recently aroused to the propriety of securing a faithful attendant in his approaching

old age, by the admonitory suggestions of a few grey hairs, or an occasional touch of the rheumatism. But in spite of the interest he evidently felt in Laura, the lady could not think he would seriously harbor a thought of making a proposal to a factory girl, though she had probably heard of those who go through the woods and pick up a crooked stick at last. That Mr. Smith dreamed of Laura that night, and thought of her the next day, I cannot positively assert, but think it highly probable, from the fact, that he went to visit her the next evening, but found that she had already returned to Lowell.

Her parents sincerely regretted this, for, as people are very apt to do, they attached an unusual degree of importance to the old bachelor's visit, and felt confident that it meant *something*. Mr. Smith they knew to be very wealthy, by the fine estate which he had purchased in their neighborhood; and in spite of the many sermons they had heard to the contrary, they thought, as poor people are very apt to think, that wealth is a very enviable thing. They knew also, that he was Laura's senior by many years, and had heard of his eccentricities; but these considerations by no means outweighed in their minds the manifold advantages which would accrue to their daughter, from the possession of such a husband.

But Laura had gone; and totally unconscious of the impression she had made on the hitherto obdurate heart of Mr. Smith, was thinking more of the very little fortune which might in the course of time be gained by assiduous labor, than of the great one which might have been so much more easily obtained by remaining at home. Judge, then, of her astonishment, when, in less than a week after her arrival, she received a letter from Mr. Smith, in which he advised her, as a friend, to return home.

Short and vague as the epistle was in itself, yet the enclosure of a ten dollar bill gave to its contents a definite character, and an importance which would not otherwise have attached to them, and gained for them an attention which they would not otherwise have received. Laura pondered and dreamed, and debated upon the subject, until she was absolutely bewildered—for even the purchase of the silk dress had been an affair which dwindled into utter insignificance, when compared with the one which now occupied her thoughts.

At length, gaining boldness by the very depth of the quandary

into which she had been plunged, she resolved to lay the whole affair before her Superintendent. Now the Superintendent was a plain, matter-of-fact, common sense sort of a man, and instead of talking to Laura about the necessity of congenial hearts, and kindred spirits, and all that sort of thing, he requested permission to examine the bill, in order to ascertain whether or not it was counterfeit. Finding it was not, and thinking, as Laura had thought before, that no old bachelor would throw away ten dollars for the sake of playing a joke upon a poor factory girl, he advised her to return immediately home.

The advice was taken, and Laura returned with a heart which fluttered, if not with love, at least with anxiety and expectation; and the very evening after her return, Mr. Smith made his appearance. He scarcely noticed her with a look, until he arose to take leave, when he quietly informed her that they would take a ride the next morning.

There was probably something painful to Laura in this positive assertion, that *they would*, but she assented, wondering at his assurance,—conscious, however, that her prompt compliance with his written request had given him some reason to think that her society was entirely at his disposal.

The next morning, Mr. Smith appeared at the humble home of Laura, with a splendid horse and chaise, and into the latter he handed the complaisant girl, with a more lover-like air than he had ever before deemed it worth while to assume. During their long ride, they talked but little, though they probably thought a great deal; and when they did converse, it was upon almost every subject but the one upon which their minds were most intently occupied. They passed the beautiful residence of Mr. Smith, (and it was excellent policy in the old bachelor to extend his excursion in that direction, for the sight of the spacious mansion would naturally awaken the desire to become the mistress of it.) The cage was ready, and it was in truth a splendid one; and the gentle bird was to be taken from her woodland haunt, that her sweet songs might cheer and bless the owner. Laura had felt confident that *the* question was to be asked, but still she was surprised at the abrupt manner in which it was at length propounded.

“I am a very singular man,” said Mr. Smith, when they had almost completed their excursion; and Laura did not feel dispo-

ed to contradict him. "I have for a long time," he added, "wished to marry, but never until I saw you, have I met with the woman whom I was willing to make my wife. I do not wish to go through the process of a formal courtship, and do not feel sure that I could, if I should attempt it; yet I believe that I might make a kind, attentive husband. At all events I should try to be one; and for the good things of this world my wife should never be in want. And now, I wish to know if you will marry me—for I must be answered immediately, with a Yes, or No."

Laura felt that the querist was not to be trifled with, and that her answer must be brief and candid. He was rich, and she was poor; she was dependent, and he could make her independent. Shall we blame her because she said *Yes*? Mr. Smith, at least, was pleased with the reply; and when he left her at her father's door, it was with the assurance that every preparation should be immediately made for the approaching ceremony, which was to take place at his house.

In less than three weeks from that day, there was a magnificent wedding at the residence of the *ci-devant* old bachelor, and Laura was attired in the very dove-colored silk gown which she had declared should be her bridal dress. The girl with ringlets was bridesmaid; and a piece of wedding cake was sent to each of Laura's old friends in Lowell, who put it under their pillows, and dreamed of rich old bachelors, and love at first sight, and all such agreeable novelties.

It may be objected to this tale, that we have not depicted a heroine, influenced by those noble and disinterested motives, which should sway the heart of woman in her choice of a partner for life. If so, the fault is not ours; and according to the latest accounts, Laura does not regret the decision she so hastily made. They are both living very happily, and do not think that instead of entering the bower of Hymen in that straight-forward, expeditious manner, they had better have gone over all the cataracts, and struck against all the snags, sawyers, rocks and sand-banks, which are reported by the accredited authorities in these matters, to abound so plentifully in "the course of true love," that "it never did run smooth."

HANNAH,

"THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD."

The statements in the following lines are facts; but they were suggested by that beautiful little poem of Mrs. Hemans, from which the first verse and the last two verses are extracted.

"They grew in beauty side by side,—
They filled one home with glee,—
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea."

The eldest lies where the tossing sea
Rolls over his lowly bed,—
And a coral rock his tomb may be,
Where the sea-nymphs watch the dead.

The second rests in a lovely isle,
Far in the Atlantic wave;—
Where the orange blossoms, and bright suns smile,
They made a stranger's grave.

And one—a being of life and light—
She went where an arctic sky
Too soon, alas! brings wasting and blight,
In her loveliness there to die.

Another went forth on the deep blue sea,
The treacherous wave to dare;—
He never returned;—O where is *he*?
There's none who may tell us where.

And one, the least and "the loved of all,"
To warfare a victim fell:
His sufferings in the prison thrall,
No mortal may ever tell.

One lies alone in her native land,—
It ne'er was her lot to roam,—
She, only she, of that fated band,
Sleeps her last sleep at home.

"And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled, as they prayed
Around one parent knee.

"They who with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth,—
Alas for love! if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, O Earth!"

ADELIA.

HAPPINESS.

Is it a phantom, an illusion, after which the world are so eagerly pressing? Nay, tell me not so; it is "our being's end and aim"—the goal of our every heart. All our faculties are exerted to obtain the prize. But where is it? It was but a moment since, we fancied it within our reach—but now it is vanished! Like a vision of the night, it eludes our grasp! "Happiness, pure and undefiled, is not a genial plant of earth; it is an exotic from a purer clime." Transplanted to earth, it flourishes not in all its pristine beauty; yet it is here. Why, then, do so many seek in vain to obtain it?

With thoughts like these, I retired to rest—but imagination was still busy; and long after I had sunk to repose, did she continue her wanderings. Transported by that power which ever waits upon our sleeping visions, I traversed the world, and beheld its wonders and magnificence. But amidst them all, what most attracted my attention was, the innumerable multitude of human beings, all eagerly in pursuit of some object, I knew not what. Unable to decide from observation, I resolved to inquire. Directing my attention to a group, somewhat apart from the multitude, I besought of them the object of their search. As with one voice, they answered, Happiness. Inspired by the thought of soon obtaining the prize, I immediately joined them. Belonging to this group, were some whose brows were encircled by the wreath of fame. Others were toiling to obtain the same distinction. Is this happiness? said I. Is it the dream of an hour? Does it consist in the already fading wreaths which encircle your brows? They answered, No.

Instantly I turned and joined another group, differing in appearance from the first, but in pursuit of the same object. Instead of the wreath of fame, a coronet of gold encircled the brows of many; and they were arrayed in all the magnificence of an eastern fairy-tale. But, alas! very soon I learned that happiness was not there. Still eager in my pursuit, I pressed onward to the shrine of beauty, around which monarchs bow, and wise men pay the tribute of their heart's affections. But instead of happiness, I there beheld nought but its shadow; and that was a transitory thing—gone, ere I could trace its outlines.

Quick as thought, the scene was changed.

I gazed around with wild delight. The broad blue heavens above—the green earth beneath—the heaving ocean, and the murmuring rivulet—were alike objects of admiration. Never before did I behold so much beauty and harmony! Every thing I saw, awakened feelings of pleasure. At a short distance, I beheld a small neat cottage, nearly surrounded by trees and shrubbery. As I advanced nearer to it, the fragrance of flowers, the sweet music of birds, and the lowing of cattle upon the distant hills, all spoke of life and happiness. The ever faithful mastiff met me with a welcome, and even the little birds fled not at my approach, but continued to warble their sweetest lays, until I was ready to exclaim, with the poet,

“No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by the power which pities me,
I learn to pity them.”

Eager to learn something of the inhabitants of this enchanting spot, I entered the cottage, and was greeted with a smile by the venerable man who inhabited it. His thin white locks told of advanced age; but his high open brow, upon which benevolence sat enthroned, assured me that his heart was still warmly alive to the feelings of kindness. Happiness, too, was legibly written on his every feature. Encouraged by the appearance of so much goodness, I addressed him: “Kind sir, may I, without intrusion, solicit from you the grand secret of happiness, which you appear to possess? I have sought it in the paths of wealth, fame and beauty—but found it not.” “And for the very good reason, that IT IS NOT THERE,” was the response of my venerable friend.—“But,” continued he, “would you possess this plant of heavenly growth, you must cultivate a soil for its nourishment. The seeds of discontent, pride, envy, and many more I might name, must first be rooted out, and the seeds of humility, patience, benevolence, watered by the tears of sympathy, be deposited in their places, and soon will they spring up, bud and blossom into happiness.”

I thanked my kind mentor for the instruction he had given me, and turned to depart. The exertion awoke me; and, behold! it was a dream!

CAROLINE.

LOVE OF NATURE.

The object of our Creator and Benefactor, in adorning and beautifying the earth with all its variety of foliage, grandeur and odours, cannot be mistaken by one of nature's pupils. Had it not been the grand design of the Creator, that these manifest tokens of His love should be studied and analyzed by his children, why are they thus strown so lavishly along our pathway, as if to challenge our admiration?

It is not only our duty to heed these emblems of His paternal regard for the pleasure they impart, but also for the sublime and ennobling lessons they teach the heart. They not only show forth the praise of Him at whose bidding they sprang up around us, and by whose care they are perpetuated through the changing vicissitudes of seasons—but they harmonize and tranquilize all the turbulent and discordant feelings incident to erring humanity.—Who that has ever resorted to the teachings of nature, in the hour of mental despondency or disappointed expectation, has not been more than compensated? While reading in this unbounded volume, the cup of thought has been made to overflow with the unfading joys of Paradise, of which the beauties of nature are such admirable representatives. If sad and dejected, this stimulates and vivifies the mind;—for “who can forbear to smile with nature?” If anger or remorse rankle in the bosom, this will antidote the sting.

Here, too, is a solace for the mourner, and a balm for the wounded. Here is food for the hungry, and light for the blind—a staff for the aged, and a way-mark for the youth. From this full flowing spring, Poets, Artists, and Philosophers have drunk with unsatiated thirst, to drink yet deeper still. It is this that has opened the avenues to the most sensitive fibres of human sympathy, and laid the broad basis of Christian philanthropy.—Here dwells no discordant passion, nor lurks no beguiling foe. Here tumult and war have laid down their weapons, and inhaled the sweet odours of peace from nature's tranquil breathings.

Surely, then, it becomes us to study this open volume, whose instruction yields us a present delight, and opens to our vision the vista to more enduring joys, when these shall have faded away.

ALICE.

A VISION OF TRUTH.

Yesterday, I was visited by a very dear friend, of whose society I had been deprived for nearly three years. So happy a day I had not enjoyed during his absence. Many were the topics of conversation; and among others, we noticed the various improvements, which, during our separation, had been made in the industrious city of Lowell. This naturally introduced the Improvement Circle; and I proposed that we should spend the evening by attending a meeting thereof—to which he joyfully agreed. We went, and were truly delighted with the entertainment. After retiring to rest, the day spent so pleasantly was lived over in imagination, and the train of thought which accompanied it, kept me awake a long time; and when I slept, it was only to dream.

I fancied that I was travelling in a strange country, attended by a guide; and presently we entered a beautiful grove, cultivated by the hand of man. The trees were covered with beautiful foliage, and blooming flowers shed their fragrance all around. The birds were tuning their throats to melody. All nature was decked in smiles. "How enchanting the scene here presented! What a feast for those who delight to see nature in all her loveliness!" said I to my guide.—"It is truly delightful," said he. "But come with me to yonder hill, and I will show you what has been a matter of astonishment to many."

I assented, and he led me to a green eminence, on which grew a tree, different from any thing of which I had ever formed a conception. Its trunk was unlike other trees; for it appeared to be composed of small tendrils, interwoven with each other; and yet the tall straight trunk, at a slight glance, appeared to be much like the trunk of an oak. It had numberless branches, some straight, others waving; but all combined, formed a most beautiful tree—a tree which I can better imagine than describe.

"Of what clime is this tree a native," said I to my guide.—"Of our own America," he replied; "but the seeds grew in different sections of the country. These seeds were germinated in flower-pots, in the cotton mills, and by a botanist transplanted to this spot. You perceive that the trunk is composed of different plants, and yet entwined so as to appear like one tree. The branches, you also perceive, bear different kinds of fruit; and

yet all are nutritious. This tree is somewhat similar to one of which we read in the Apocalypse—for it yields its fruit every month, and its leaves are for the healing of the nations.”

While he yet spake, people were coming in all directions, to gather the leaves, which were hung together in clusters, and so much alike, that it would be difficult to distinguish one from another. As the clusters were broken off, new ones were budding for the next harvest. I asked my guide what maladies they would heal. “Oh,” said he, “maladies of the mind.” “And what,” I enquired, “is the name of this wonderful tree?” He led me to the other side of it, and showed me the words, *Mental Knowledge*, carved on the trunk; and plucking several clusters of leaves, he showed me, *LOWELL OFFERING*, on the outside of each. I was about to make some remarks, when the first morning bell awoke me.

TABITHA.

THE WESTERN ANTIQUITIES.

In the valley of the Mississippi, and the more southern parts of North America, are found antique curiosities and works of art, bearing the impress of cultivated intelligence. But of the race, or people, who executed them, time has left no vestige of their existence, save these monuments of their skill and knowledge. Not even a tradition whispers its *guess-work*, who they might be. We only know *they were*.

What proof and evidence do we gather from their remains, which have withstood the test of time, of their origin and probable era of their existence? That they existed centuries ago, is evident from the size which forest trees have attained, which grow upon the mounds and fortifications discovered. That they were civilized, and understood the arts, is apparent from the manner of laying out and erecting their fortifications, and from various utensils of gold, copper, and iron, which have occasionally been found in digging below the earth's surface. If I mistake not, I believe even glass has been found, which if so, shows them acquainted with chemical discoveries, which are supposed to have been unknown, until a period much later than the probable time of their existence. That they were not the ancestors of the race

which inhabited this country at the time of its discovery by Columbus, appears conclusive from the total ignorance of the Indian tribes of all knowledge of arts and civilization, and the non-existence of any tradition of their once proud sway. That they were a mighty people, is evident from the extent of territory where these antiquities are scattered. The banks of the Ohio and Mississippi tell they once lived—and even to the shore where the vast Pacific heaves its waves, there are traces of their existence. Who were they? In what period of time did they exist?

In a cave in one of the Western States, there is carved upon the walls a group of people, apparently in the act of devotion; and a rising sun is sculptured above them. From this we should infer, that they were Pagans, worshipping the sun, and the fabulous gods. But what most strikingly arrests the antiquarian's observation, and causes him to repeat the inquiry, "who were they?" is the habiliments of the group. One part of their habit is of the Grecian costume, and the remainder is of the Phœnicians. Were they a colony from Greece? Did they come from that land in the days of its proud glory, bringing with them a knowledge of arts, science, and philosophy? Did they, too, seek a home across the western waters, because they loved liberty in a strange land better than they loved slavery at home? Or what may be as probable, were they the descendants of some band who managed to escape the destruction of ill-fated Troy? the descendants of a people who had called Greece a mother country, but were sacrificed to her vindictive ire, because they were prouder to be Trojans, than the descendants of Grecians? Ay, who were they? Might not America have had its Hector, its Paris, and Helen? its maidens who prayed, and its sons who fought? All this might have been. But their historians and their poets alike have perished. They *have been*; but the history of their existence, their origin, and their destruction, all, all are hidden by the dark chaos of oblivion. Imagination alone, from inanimate landmarks, voiceless walls, and soulless bodies, must weave the record which shall tell of their lives, their aims, origin, and final extinction.

Recently, report says, in Mexico there have been discovered several mummies, embalmed after the manner of the ancient Egyptians. If true, it carries the origin of this fated people still

farther back; and we might claim them to be cotemporaries with Moses and Joshua. Still, if I form my conclusions correctly from what descriptions I have perused of these Western relics of the past, I should decide that they corresponded better with the ancient Grecians, Phœnicians, or Trojans, than with the Egyptians. I repeat, I may be incorrect in my premises and deductions, but as imagination is their historian, it pleases me better to fill a world with heroes and beauties of Homer's delineations, than with those of "Pharaoh and his host."

LISETTE.

RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

Various are the scenes presented in the world of nature; and who can contemplate the beauty and harmony of them all, and not admire and venerate the wonderful display of power and wisdom exhibited in their creation!

Far from this earth, that glorious orb which gives light and heat to the universe, rolls resplendent, spreading far and wide his life-giving influence. Morning is ushered in by his effulgence, and evening comes with softer smiles, as he recedes from view to gladden other climes.

How beautiful are the heavens, when the moon, with mild and reflected beams, makes glad the hearts of mortals! Attended by myriads of stars, she rides forth in beauty, adorning the all-extended and illimitable space with untold magnificence. Well might the Psalmist exclaim, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work."

"What are ye, bright celestial choir,
 Enthroned in heaven's empyrean dome?
 Are ye pure lamps of sacred fire,
 Or ye the weary wanderer's home?
 If ye are worlds whereon to dwell,
 When time shall end his journey here,
 Who would not bid this world farewell,
 And claim a happier holier sphere!"—

a sphere, where no sorrow dims the eye, and no fierce passions war in the heart, as when the whirlwind and tempest sweep over the fair face of beauty!

The tempest walks forth in grandeur; the deep reverberating thunder, peal answering peal, and the vivid lightning's incessant flashing, present a spectacle sublime beyond description.

But is there aught of beauty in the thundering tempest? No, beauty descends in the gentle shower, whose drops distil like the early dew. Yet far more beautiful is yon ethereal bow, which spans the Heavens in mildest radiance, and chains the soul in rapture. Blest token of mercy and truth! thou art the bow of promise to the way-worn of earth!

Turning our eye from the celestial world, let us range the land of broad plains, adorned with the choicest productions. Meandering streams glide softly and silently along their pebbly course, unruffled, save that the gentle zephyrs sport with their mirrored surface. Here and there, hill succeeds hill—rock piled on rock, and crag surmounting crag, rise in awful grandeur! The mountain-stream tumbles fearlessly over the ragged steep, and the foaming cataract dashes its untamed waters far down the immeasurable abyss.

Above, below, around, all nature is clothed in beauty and sublimity. All bespeak the wisdom and power of the Supreme Being. The heavens above, and the earth beneath, bear the impress of Deity. Nature is the pathway to nature's God. He is seen alike in the sunshine, and in the shower; is heard alike in the gentle breeze, and the howling of the fearful blast.

ORPHAN.

EARLY MORNING.

It is truly pleasant, on a mild, spring-like morning, to go forth and breathe the clear fresh air, ere the sparkling stars have veiled their gentle beauty, and while the scene is yet illumined by the silver rays of the waning moon, as she rides high, in the blue, cloudless vault of heaven! The silence of night is as yet unbroken; the earth seems wrapped in enchantment, at the lengthened stay of the fair empress of night, who certainly appears in her most lovely and bewitching attire—while the spell-bound world, is unconscious of the near approach of "the eye of day."

But while we gaze, the stars are fading. Fainter, and still

fainter, is their pale glimmering light, till at last they are scarcely distinguishable from the blue ether by which they are surrounded. Still the moon is there—and still she is beautiful; but her beams are less silvery bright. The dark shadows are growing dim and indistinct,—even now, their outlines have vanished, and cannot be traced.—Those departing stars, and these fading moon-beams, tell us that another and a brighter light is soon to appear, even day's glorious luminary.

In the evening, the scene is reversed. When the refulgent sun has well-nigh finished his course, and descends behind the western hills, then the beautiful and varied scenes of earth, as darkness approaches, gradually lose their vivid distinctness, and become merged in one undistinguishable mass—while the glittering jewels that gem the wide o'erarching firmament, are silently and almost imperceptibly making their appearance, one by one, receiving additional lustre as twilight deepens into night. They can only be obscured by being swallowed up in clouds of light.

And is it not a thought worthy of expression, that when this world seems shrouded in darkness and gloom, and our hearts are made sad and desolate by the last farewell parting with a loved and cherished one, who has just departed from this vale of tears; that like those bright planets which receive all their loveliness and beauty from the great orb of day, this loved one, for whom we mourn, is being made more glorious by the radiating beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and will ever continue to increase in spiritual brightness!

While these thoughts have been passing through my mind, the widening streaks of light in the east have deepened to a rosy hue, and those light, fleecy clouds, seem like ministering spirits of night, ready to wing their flight to their own pure home, and are but waiting to welcome and usher in the morning's early sovereign.—Nor need they tarry long, for already the smiling sunbeams are glancing on the summit of yonder wood-crowned hill; and is it not a glorious sight, as he slowly and majestically rises above the horizon, and his gladdening rays are shedding far and wide their wonted brilliancy, dispensing genial light and heat to all! I shall not attempt to describe it farther, for any language at my command would be totally inadequate.

And Winter has but just departed, and the vestiges of his annual visit are still around us. We can yet see the marks of his

foot-steps, in the small patches of snow, scattered here and there; we can also read the effects of his touch in the leafless trees, and faded hue of earth's green carpet. But Spring, with her warm, sunny glance, has appeared, and her transforming power has in some measure been felt and seen. The trees will soon be clothed with renewed beauty; buds have already peeped out on many a bush, and the earth will again be carpeted with living green. The balmy air will ere long be fragrant with the incense of nature's most lovely offering—the ever welcome flowers; music, too, will float in rich melody from the grove; the glad voices of happy children will ring out in joyful tones, as they rejoice in the innocent sports of returning spring.

But this is all in anticipation; and although the air is far more mild and soft, than it has been, it is still chilly enough to remind me of my protracted meditation; yet I could not but muse awhile on the pleasure of early rising, and wonder that so many are averse or indifferent to its various attractions. Our purest and best feelings are aroused at such times; we rise from earth and walk, as it were, amid the stars, and hold communion with their spiritual inhabitants; and then we feel more forcibly our connection with beings of a higher sphere.

Many there are who seldom witness the glory of the rising sun, or feel the pure refreshing breeze of a morn like this.—Placed by affluence in situations where they are not required to labor from morning till night, to earn their daily food by constant industry—and yielding to the sluggish feelings of our nature, they devote the earliest and most beautiful hours of day to unconscious sleep. In this respect, the industrious, working classes, possess an advantage over them. They rise with the lark, and with hearts rightly attuned to enjoy the beauties of nature, they acquire energy of character to prosecute and persevere, in all their undertakings; and they feel a spirit of honest independence, as they look abroad on the beautiful earth, and realize that they can support themselves by their own efforts.

And many a factory girl, besides knowing this, has the sweet consciousness of having assisted others, and added to their happiness. And are they not rewarded? Yes—the smiles of an approving conscience are theirs; and they retire to their couch of rest with as contented a spirit—their dreams are as pleasant—their slumbers are as refreshing—and they rise at the early dawn,

to attend to their daily avocation, with as light and buoyant hearts, and as pleasing expectations of the future—as those who do nothing but spend money, and misspend time. Nor would I exchange the blithe spirits of an early riser, although a factory girl, for the pleasures of a fashionable devotee of late hours at night, and still later hours in the morning.

E. E. T.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES, No. 1.

THE SISTERS.

It was a beautiful afternoon, in that most delightful of all seasons, the "Indian Summer." The atmosphere was of a sweet, mellow temperature, equally free from summer's heat and winter's cold. A soft misty veil encircled the brows of the hills and the tops of the trees, but in such a manner as rather to display than conceal them, and to throw over them an air of romantic loveliness. The trees were in the "sere and yellow leaf," shedding their decaying beauty profusely around them, allowing it to be scattered abroad, and to cover every path with a variegated bed of red, brown, and yellow leaves, which moved to and fro, and sparkled to the view, with every impulse of the passing wind.

It was on such an afternoon, that three ladies were seated in a cottage at Woodland Hill, in the vicinity of Boston. Two of them were daughters of a retired merchant of Philadelphia, who had accompanied them to "Yankee land," as he called it, to spend a few months; and so pleased were they with New England and its hospitable inhabitants, that they had prevailed on him to return without them, leaving them with a widowed sister of his, whom we shall call Aunt Catherine.

Martha and Lucy Williams were fondly attached to their aunt. They loved her for her kindness of disposition and gentleness of character. They loved her for the good advice she gave them, well knowing that it was dictated by the warmest interest in their welfare; and they were sensible that she had already eradicated many of their prejudices and fashionable follies—for they had been educated in the fashionable world.

The ladies were seated around a marble table, in the centre of

ble and wealthy parents. A failure in the bank where most of Mr. Dunallen's property was invested, reduced them from affluence to poverty. At the death of her father soon afterwards, the support of her mother devolved upon her. She procured two rooms in one of the boarding houses, that she might have her mother with her, and obtained employment in the Factory. She was quite young, not numbering more than fifteen summers; yet there was much to be admired in her character, even at that early age.—As she grew older, she evinced a desire to renew the studies she had commenced in her earlier days; and all she could spare from defraying her necessary expenses, and reserving a little for an emergency, was spent, not in fine clothes, but in paying for evening tuition, and in the purchase of books. She thus acquired a good education, both useful and ornamental.

“I presume you will think her past life not very romantic, because all the old bachelors, and young ones, too, have not offered themselves for her acceptance. But I think a sufficient reason can be assigned for this: you know she is not a beauty; and the gentlemen are such admirers of beauty, that it is very difficult for them to discover real talent, unless accompanied by the charm of personal attraction. Nevertheless, she has had *one* offer, and that is better than if she had broken twenty hearts. She has accepted. He is a very worthy young man from your native city. They are to be married in a few weeks; and as they will settle in Boston, you may have an opportunity to obtain a farther acquaintance. You will find that all her good qualities cannot be discovered in a day. But I fear I shall weary your patience with so many particulars.”

“No, no,” replied the sisters: “you have not wearied us. We have been much interested; and if it would not be asking too much, we should like to have you tell us something every day about the factory girls—or at least as far as your observation extended while you were in Lowell—that we may tell our friends when we return home, that they are like other people.”

Aunt Catherine replied, that she would make no promises, but if they remained with her long, she would take them to Lowell, that they might observe for themselves. That night, for the first time, the dreams of Lucy and Martha were of Lowell and its inhabitants.

DAVID AND THE BEAR.

On a beautiful evening in the month of September, sometime in the year 17—, a considerable excitement was created among the inhabitants of Quietville, by the appearance of Mr. David Dowlin, the hero of my story, dressed in his Sunday suit. Said suit consisted of the following:—A pair of clean tow and linen trowsers; a frock of the same material, though bleached to the whiteness of snow, (for you will understand that in those days of republican simplicity, people studied comfort and convenience much more than ornament and fashion;) a pair of calf-skin shoes, and a new broad-brimmed straw hat, after the fashion of those times. Considerable excitement was created, I say, by the appearance of David, thus attired, wending his way directly to the dwelling of farmer Dimon. The reason of this excitement will be readily understood, when I inform you that David was a bachelor, and that farmer D. had a fine, stout, healthy daughter, named Dolly.

Now Dolly was about twenty-two years of age; could spin more tow, or wool, or weave more cloth in a day, than any other girl in the neighborhood. She was also very expert in making butter, cheese, brown bread, beer, apple-dumplings, pumpkin-pies, &c. She could, moreover, milk the cows, feed the pigs, dig potatoes, or rake hay, as occasion might require; and was withal, a little the handsomest girl in the whole town, and what is far better than all the rest, was possessed of a very mild and amiable disposition. No wonder then that David's determination to remain a bachelor, should be somewhat shaken, when he found such a rare combination of good qualities—no wonder that he should finally renounce his former faith in the blessedness of celibacy, and endeavor to secure to himself so valuable a prize. Of his success, however, we will speak hereafter. At present we will turn our attention more particularly to other matters.

David, as I before intimated, was a bachelor; tall, well proportioned, and very comely looking, considering that he was already on the shady side of thirty-five. At the time of his first appearance among the people of Quietville, in the capacity of a school-master, at the age of twenty-one, he was considered remarkably handsome, particularly by the *young* ladies, with whom he was an especial favorite. And as he, at the expiration of his

school, had become so much attached to the place and its inhabitants, as to resolve to take up his permanent abode with them, each one of his fair neighbors, whether married or unmarried, seemed desirous of excelling all the rest in her offices of kindness to him.

This arose in part from the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed. Having, as I before stated, resolved to take up his residence in Q., he had purchased a farm, and as a house seemed a very necessary appendage to a farm, he immediately began to build one after the most approved fashion of those times; namely, by placing one log upon another, crossing them at right angles at the four corners. When he had thus completed the building, he took possession. And having neither wife, sister, nor mother to render his home comfortable and agreeable, the ladies of the neighborhood *very benevolently* endeavored to atone for the absence of those important personages, and hence in part, arose those kind attentions to which I have before alluded. I have said that he was an especial favorite among the *young ladies*. He was so indeed. And many were the arrows tipped with gold that were winged from the bow of Cupid, and aimed at the heart of poor David. But none of them taking effect, they began to grow indignant, and at a formal meeting of all the unmarried ladies in the town, called for the purpose of deliberating upon his case, it was decided, unanimously, that he was a stoic, unsusceptible of the tender passion, and consequently not worth "fishing for."

But David knew what he was about, and still continued to cultivate his farm in summer, and to "teach the young idea" in winter, not in the least disturbed by the change that had thus taken place in the opinions of his fair neighbors.

But with all his good qualities, there was one weak point in the character of my hero, which sometimes placed him in a most ludicrous predicament. He was mortally afraid of bears; not that he really lacked courage, for he could firmly face danger in any other form, save that of a bear. This was the result of the injudicious management of his aunt, to whose care he had been consigned at the early age of two years. Like too many then, and at the present time, she appealed only to the principle of fear in governing her child. When he did any thing wrong, he was immediately told that the bears would catch him; when he refused to do any thing that he was desired to do, why the bears would

catch him ; when he cried, or made any more noise than was agreeable to the ear of his aunt, then again the bears would catch him. Thus were unfavorable impressions made in childhood, which all the reason and judgment of mature years could never enable him entirely to overcome. I say *entirely* to overcome ; for he had overcome them in a measure ; so much so that at the time my story commences, he had determined to fell and clear the timber from a portion of his farm, lying upon what was commonly known as Bear's hill, so called from the great number of those animals that inhabited that place at the time when the town was first settled. And for the sake of convenience, he had taken up his abode, during this labor, with his friend Timothy Timeworth, whose family was the only one then residing in that section of the town.

Whether the domestic felicity of his friend Timothy contrasted so strongly with his own lonely situation, as to make him tired of longer "keeping bachelor's hall ;" or whether the fair Dolly had really made an impression on his stubborn heart, I know not ; but it was during his sojourn there that he paid the visit, of which mention was made at the commencement of my story.

Now with all his other good qualities, David was a great economist ; and believing with Dr. Franklin, that "time is money," and seeing no reason why there should be any waste of that valuable article on the present occasion, any more than when making any other bargain, he very soon "came to the point," by requesting the fair Dolly to unite her destiny with his, "for better or for worse."

He was entirely successful in his negotiations. After having spent some little time in discussing their future plans and prospects, he set out on his return home. As he was walking leisurely along, congratulating himself upon the success of his visit, and perhaps casting an occasional glance into the future, to his utter surprise and consternation, just before reaching the house of his friend, he saw an enormous bear standing erect, with his fore paws extended, just ready to grasp him in his grisly embrace. David was not prepared for such a cordial reception from friend Bruin ; so without waiting for the least ceremony, he began to make a very hasty retreat. He had proceeded but a short distance, when he heard the bear following close behind him. This made him redouble his exertions, but the faster he ran, the faster

the bear pursued, until he came in sight of the dwelling of Capt. Solomon Simpson, when with all his remaining strength, he began to halloo, "a bear! a bear!" This aroused the captain, who seeing David running in such haste, and mistaking the cry of "a bear! a bear!" for that of "fire! fire!" immediately rushed out after him, repeating the cry of fire! fire! which being such an uncommon sound in that place, in a very few minutes the whole neighborhood was in a complete uproar.

The question of, "where? where?" was eagerly asked on all sides, but as no one could give the desired information, they all, as with one consent, continued to follow after David and the Captain, they having been the first to give the alarm. David hearing such an uproar and confusion, and supposing the bear still in pursuit, did not stop to look behind, till he found himself again in farmer Dimon's kitchen, where, once more in the presence of Dolly, he felt himself secure from all danger.

He had scarcely arrived, when the neighbors, headed by Capt. Simpson, came rushing in after him, eagerly inquiring where it could be. "Oh, did you not see it?" replied David.—"No. Where is it?" was the reply. "Why it followed me clear to the door," said David. "What! did the fire follow you?" said the captain, who had almost begun to doubt the sanity of poor David. "The fire! I guess you would have thought it worse than fire, if he had chased *you* so," replied he. "Who chased you?" said the captain, now quite confirmed in the belief that poor David had lost his reason. "Why, the bear! the bear!" The secret was now out, and almost deafening were their shouts of laughter, when they ascertained the true cause of the alarm.

After listening to David's narration of the affair, it was unanimously decided that they should set off immediately in pursuit. All necessary preparations were soon made, and they took up their line of march for Bear's hill. They discovered no signs of a bear, till they came to the place where he had first been seen, as before related, when David suddenly exclaimed, "There! there he is, just as he was before! Shoot quick, quick!" All eyes were immediately directed to the spot, when, lo! and behold! the enormous bear that had caused so much terror and alarm, was nothing more nor less than the stump of a tree, that had been blown down by the wind many years before, and which our hero had passed and repassed times without number! The step of the bear,

which he heard behind him, proved to be nothing but the flapping of his broad brimmed hat. The woods now rang with the shouts of those who had come out upon what they termed "a fool's errand." Poor David was much chagrined by the issue of the affair; and fearing that an unfavorable impression might be made on the mind of Dolly in consequence thereof, he immediately returned to the house of farmer D. to conciliate, as best he might, the favor of its inmates. This he found no very difficult matter, and so the wedding took place at the time before appointed.

This affair was for a long time the jest of the village; yet it did not in the least remove David's fear of bears; for it is confidently affirmed, that he was never known to travel that road again in the evening.

CONSTANCE.

THE HEROINE OF COLUMBIA.

"After the standard of liberty had been raised in all the provinces, and the people had struck a successful blow for freedom, Morillo, with an overwhelming force, re-conquered the country for Spain. During six months, this fiendish savage held indisputable sway over Columbia.—The best men of the province were by him seized and shot, and each of his officers had the power of death over the inhabitants of the district in which they were stationed. It was during this period that the execution of Polycarpe La Salvaretta, a heroic girl of New Grenada, roused the patriots once more to arms, and produced in them a determination to expel their oppressors, or die.

The young lady was enthusiastically attached to the cause of liberty, and had, by her influence, rendered essential aid to the patriots. The wealth of her father, and her own superior talents and education, early excited the hostility of the Spanish commander, against her and her family. She had promised her hand in marriage to a young officer in the Patriot service, who had been compelled by Morillo to join the Spanish army as a private soldier. La Salvaretta, by means that were never disclosed, obtained through him an exact account of the Spanish force, and a plan of their fortifications. The Patriots were preparing to strike a decisive blow, and this intelligence was important to their success. She had induced Sabarain, her lover, and eight others, to desert. They were discovered and apprehended.

The letters of La Salvaretta, found on the person of her lover, betrayed her to the vengeance of the tyrant of her country. She was seized, brought to the camp, and tried by a court martial. The highest rewards were promised her, if she would disclose the names and plans of her associates. The inducements proving of no avail, torture was employed to wring from her the secret in which many of the best families of Columbia were interested, but even on the rack she persisted in making no disclosure. The accomplished young lady, hardly eighteen years

of age, was condemned to be shot. She calmly and serenely heard her sentence, and prepared to meet her fate. With a firm step she walked to the open square, where a file of soldiers, in presence of Morillo and his officers, were drawn up, with loaded muskets. Turning to Morillo, she said, "I shall not die in vain, for my blood will raise up heroes from every hill and valley of my country." She had scarcely uttered these words, when Morillo himself gave the signal to the soldiers to fire, and the next moment La Salvaretta was a mangled corpse. The Spanish officers and soldiers were overwhelmed with astonishment at the firmness and patriotism of this lovely girl, but the effect upon her countrymen was electrical. The patriots lost no time in flying to arms, and their war-cry, "La Salvaretta!" made every heart burn to inflict vengeance upon her murderers. In a very short time the army of Morillo was nearly cut to pieces, and the commander himself escaped death by flight, and in disguise."

CONDEMNED to die, before that host she stood,
 And eyed Morillo, thirsting for her blood;
 And kindled now, with almost prophet-fire,
 Her spirit quailed not 'neath his frowning ire—
 For pledged was she, in all her beauteous youth,
 To live or die for freedom and for truth—
 And, nobly nerved, she shrunk not from the fate
 Prepared by foemen, in their savage hate.

Undaunted by her own death-scene,
 She cast a look (O, how serene!)
 Upon that dark, that fierce dark eye,
 Whose cruel might she dared defy.
 That long array, that battle-host,
 That vengeance-spirit, all were lost!
 Alike she scorned her life to buy,
 And traitor-like from death to fly.
 With firm and fearless step she came,
 To perish there—to leave her name
 The thrilling war-cry of her kin to be—
 The "long-remembered" of Columbia free!

None but self-torture is severe—
 And why should that pure maiden fear?
 Morillo! was that being born
 To be the theme of threat and scorn?
 To beg thy smile, to wait thy nod,
 Or bow beneath thy angry rod?
 Nay, bloody tyrant! thou shalt see
 Salvaretta fears not thee.
 Thou canst not buy, with sums untold,
 A secret better than thy gold.
 Wouldst for *one word* her fate repeal?
 That word she never will reveal.
 Too young to die, though she may be,
 Life were *not* life, if she must see
 Her country writhing in thy hand,
 Thy blighting curse upon her land!
 She fears not death—she fears not thee,
 And this her prophecy shall be:—

" By the oppressor slain,
 " I shall not die in vain!
 " The winds shall tell the tale
 " To every hill and dale;
 " And the valiant and strong
 " Shall burst each fetter-band;
 " And Liberty shall be the song,
 " Throughout the land."

The reckless chieftain of that ruthless clan,
 A fiendish monster in the form of man,
 Delayed a moment only—truth withstood,
 And, wildly thirsting for the maiden's blood,
 Indignant frowned—the signal fiercely gave,
 And youth and beauty filled a martyr's grave!

From Columbia's hoary woods,
 Echoed from her foaming floods,
 Lifted to the burning sky,
 Came the fearful battle cry—
 " Vengeance for the maiden's blood!"
 Rallied at the sound the host—
 Every warrior at his post—
 Every pulse in martial mood—
 Every nerve with strength imbued—
 Desperation in each eye—

" LA SALVARIETTA!" is the cry—
 We'll avenge her death, or die!

Rings the cry from hill and dale—
 Shall not foe and tyrant quail?
 Brighter burns the rising flame,
 Louder still resounds that name!
 Thoughts of her each bosom fire—
 Roused is patriot son and sire—
 Nerved is every heart and hand—
 Strong is that unyielding band—
 None betray in freedom's hour—
 None in freedom's army cower,—
 They *will* break despotic power!

See! when few for freedom fight,
 Many foes are put to flight.
 One shall then a thousand chase—
 Two shall take ten thousand's place!
 Routed is the alien foe—

Freemen strike the vengeful blow.
 Routed is their host, and fled,
 All save wounded, dying, dead;
 And when pœan riseth high,
 Telling triumph to the sky,

" LA SALVARIETTA!" is the cry.

Vile Morillo—where is *he*?—
 Haste thee from the land to flee,
 For COLUMBIA IS FREE!

ADELAIDE.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH.

VIRTUE THE TRUE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.—Health, Virtue, Pleasure and Riches, the four great authors of the happiness of mankind, made their appearance one day at the beautiful games of Greece. Each of these competitors asserted boldly, that it was to *him*, man was indebted for the sovereign good, and concluded by demanding the prize. Riches, with great show and splendor, said, "It is *I* who am the mother of all good, since it is with me that one is able to procure every thing." "You are deceived," replied Pleasure, without anger; "for in fine, my dear, one wishes to have *you*, only that he may be able to possess me." Health said, "I am thinking your debate is useless: you are disputing a premium which belongs to me. Without me, you reflect, pleasure is barren; without me, wealth is nothing." Already the tribunal cancelled in his favor, when Virtue presented herself in her turn. "What prize shall *I* obtain?" said she, with a modest air, and pure as a beautiful day. "Are you ignorant, O venerable judges! that with health, gold and pleasure, men often find themselves miserable, and feel in their hearts the bitterness of repentance? It is *I alone* who possess the supreme advantage of procuring true happiness." These words, accompanied with an enchanting smile, decided the Areopagus, and Virtue received the palm of the conqueror. L.

THE ARTIFICIAL FLOWER LACKS PERFUME.—A beautiful rose, fresh from the garden, had been placed within a vase, which was filled with water, displaying its beautiful color and filling the air with its delightful fragrance. By the side of this, was an artificial flower, richly enamelled with the liveliest colors; and so well had art succeeded in imitating the form and freshness of the natural flower, that they appeared to have grown upon the same stem—so strong a resemblance did they bear to each other. Attracted by the similarity of color, the fickle butterfly, in his rapid course, flew near these two flowers, and alighted upon the rose of the field. The industrious bée, buzzing her salutation, immersed her sting in the rose of silk; but scarcely had she scented the fastidious odour of the deceitful flower, than she expressed her surprise and disappointment, by immediately leaving it, and flying towards the other.

A young lass, nearly ten years of age, who had been silently observing these movements, called upon her mother to explain by what enchantment, the butterfly remained and refreshed himself upon one rose only ; for, says she, "they are both of the same color, and to me seem perfectly alike."

"If the evidence of our eyes, was to be relied on," replied her mother, "the similarity between them, would lead us to decide that both possessed the same properties ; but examine them more closely, and you will judge better. Respire the perfume which arises from this rose, and examine the other carefully ; and you will perceive that one is the gift of Heaven, the other is the product of art. From this example," continued she, "you may receive wise and profitable instruction. It shows how apt we are to be deceived by trusting too much to outward appearances ; and warns us to beware of bestowing our affections upon beauty alone, and against judging of its deceitful charms as a butterfly appreciates the rose without odour."

M.

EVENING MEDITATION.

If there be a time better suited than all others for meditation, it is evening. When the sun withdraws its light, and darkness is as a curtain around our dwelling, the mind, freed from care, and business, is led to contemplate that Being who sustains the universe, with whom the darkness and the light are alike.

It is a summer's evening. The sun is gradually sinking behind the hills, throwing back increasing beauty and splendor with each expiring beam. No sound is heard save the cricket's chirp, and the sweet music of the murmuring rivulet. How refreshing to leave the gay throng, with whom we have been associated through the day, and retire to some secluded spot, and there sit in the temple of nature, and watch the little stars, as they appear one after another in the firmament ! How holy the sentiments that warm even the coldest bosom ! Each rustling leaf seems to whisper, "God is good."

The meek moon looks mildly down on the bosom of yonder placid lake. No wave ruffles its clear surface. The air is per-

fumed with choicest fragrance, and the purest and holiest feelings of our nature are called into exercise ; and on the swift wings of imagination, we go back to that period when this beautiful world arose out of chaos, and the "morning stars sang together." And when we reflect, that those same orbs have shone through all ages—that Socrates, Plato, and Demosthenes, have gazed on them—that they shine as benignly on the humble cabin, as on the splendid palace—we feel that while all the works of nature obey the mandates of the great Author, we who are made in his own image have alone wandered from His sacred precepts ; and, lost in wonder, we exclaim, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him !"

Every object on which we turn our eyes, owns His constant care ; on each seems inscribed, in golden characters, "How wondrous are thy works, parent of good!" We kneel on the rich carpet which He has spread for us, with fixed resolutions that in the time to come we will live more worthy of such a parent.

As we retire for the night, and take a last look at the canopy which covers us, we are reminded of that hour when we shall bid a farewell to all below the sun, and lie down with those who have gone before us, in the valley of peace.

When the earth is wrapped in its winding sheet, and the north wind sighs a requiem over the lifeless shrubs and flowers, is it not pleasant, as well as profitable, to assemble around the blazing fireside, and talk of "the unsearchable riches of Christ"—to kneel with kindred spirits around the family altar, and offer up the incense of gratitude and praise ! Hallowed are the emotions that take possession of the pious bosom, as the reverend sire, whose white and scattered locks,

"Like snows upon the Alpine summit,
Only reveal how near it is to heaven"—

takes the Bible from the shelf, and with his withered hands, turns over its time-worn leaves. He reads each promise o'er and o'er, and his dim eye kindles with celestial fire. And he thanks our Father in heaven, that this world is not our home ; that we are destined to an inheritance undefiled and that fadeth not away ; and with holy trust he exclaims, "I will lay me down in peace, and sleep in safety ; for the Lord sustaineth me." NANCY W.

SONG OF THE WEAVERS.

1. Go cheer-ful-ness in - clin - ing, Our thoughts a blessing bring; We yield not to re - pin - ing, When cheer - i - ly mer - ri - ly

2. All day have we been weaving, And soon the bells will ring; But why should we be griev - ing, When cheer - i - ly mer - ri - ly

The first two verses are written on a grand staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first verse is in 4/4 time, and the second verse is in 3/4 time. The music features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line with eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

we can sing? O why should melancholy O'er us its shadows fling? To sigh is surely folly, When cheer - i - ly mer - ri - ly we can sing.

we can sing? Tho' few our leisure hours, And time is on the wing, Hope strews our path with flowers, And cheer-i-ly mer-ri-ly we will sing.

The continuation of the song is written on a grand staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first line continues the melody from the first verse, and the second line continues the melody from the second verse. The music features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line with eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.