

WOMAN.

Woman's Mission, Woman's Sphere, Woman's Rights, Woman as she should be—and many similar phrases, are titles of books which have within a few years issued from the press. I have read none of them ; for I am one of those who have more time for reflection, than for the perusal of books ; but the feeling which has prompted so many of our own, and of the other sex, to write and speak of woman's duty and influence, cannot but be shared by all of us who have heads to think, and hearts to feel. My opinions, then, may claim the merit of originality ; and if they possess no other, I may plead in excuse that a more extensive knowledge of the thoughts and opinions of nobler minds, might have corrected my errors, and reformed my sentiments.

It cannot be thought strange, that in this country, where the rights of man are so vehemently asserted, those of woman should also receive some attention ; and that the questions should arise, whether her mission is duly performed—her sphere the only one for which she is fitted—her rights appreciated—and whether she is indeed “as she should be.” Man is every where lord of creation : here, he is lord also of himself ; and while he now takes a higher stand than he has ever claimed before, woman has not arisen in a corresponding degree. Here, every man may share in the government of his country ; but woman is here, as elsewhere, the governed ; and if her natural rights and duties are the same as his, she is also the oppressed. She has here no privilege which she might not enjoy under the enlightened monarchs of Europe, and no distinction but that of being the mothers and daughters, the wives and sisters, of *freemen*. Several kingdoms are now governed by females ; and probably as well governed as they would be by those of the other sex ; and thus it is evident, that woman is capable of being trained to reason, and to rule ; but it is an important query, whether this is her most appropriate and congenial sphere ?

Mrs. Sigourney has most beautifully expressed an opinion, which I believe to be true. I repeat not her words—but her sentiment is this ;—that while the sexes might exchange occupations—while man might be taught to stand around the chamber of

the sick, and perform the quiet duties of domestic life, woman might also be taught to sway the senate, and lead her country's armies to battle ; but violence would be done to the nature of each. Yes, man might be taught to bend his energies to the still duties of house-hold life ; but his spirit would pant for a wider sphere, and his mind would writhe and chafe beneath its shackles ; and woman might engage in noise and strife, but the overtaxed heart would yearn for a humbler lot, and prematurely exhaust itself in the violence of self-contest.

The Bible, and every ancient tradition, has awarded to man the honor of being first created ; but a companion and help-mate was needed ; and as he had been gifted with an immortal mind, so none but a being destined to share with him a glorious immortality, could call out his affections, and share his sympathies. In those feelings and moral sentiments, the exercise of which is to constitute his future happiness, she is fully his equal—apparently his superior ; for in her they exist uncontrolled by those selfish and intellectual qualities which fit *him* to go forward in this earthly existence. But if there be no difference of mind, there is a difference of body which must compel her to yield to him the palm of superiority. He is made more strong, that he may protect and defend ; she more lovely, that he may be willing to shield and guard her ; and that physical difference which, in one state of society, makes woman the slave of man, in another makes him her worshiper.

Woman has always been obliged to take that station in life which man has been pleased to allot her. Among savage nations, where those faculties of mind in which she equals him have little exercise in either sex, she is but little more than a beast of burden ; but in those stages of society where refinement, and the love of the beautiful, were predominant, she has been the object of chivalrous adoration. She has been knelt to, and worshiped, with all the enthusiasm of gallantry ; but the same hand which raised her to the throne, had power to overturn it ; and while she sat upon it, it was at his caprice.

It has been truly said, that Christianity alone has truly elevated woman. And how has it done it ? Not by infusing any new power into his mind ; but by awakening in man the love of the true, the good, and the just ; by making him sensible of the superiority of right over might ; by arousing those holier sympa-

thies and desires in which he feels that woman is not indeed his inferior ; and should the time come when earth is to bear some resemblance of heaven, woman's influence will be found to mingle equally with man's, in hastening on the era of happiness and love.

But though in many respects his equal, she will never be like him. Her duties and pleasures must always be different. Were the sexes willing to exchange places, they could not do it ; and each has been so formed, as to enjoy most in a separate sphere. *She* can never obtain his strength and vigor, and some of her duties he could not perform, if he wished. Woman must be the mother, and that fount of "deep, strong, deathless love," has been implanted in her breast, which can turn a mother's cares to pleasures. In that station where woman is most herself, where her predominating qualities have the fullest scope, there she is most influential, and most truly worthy of respect. But when she steps from her allotted path into that of the other sex, she betrays her inferiority, and in a struggle would inevitably be subdued.

It is now asserted, by some, that woman should here share in the toils, duties and honors of government ; that it is her right ; and that it is contrary to the first principles of our constitution to deprive her of this privilege.

That woman, if not now capable of doing this, might be rendered so by education, cannot be doubted ; and should our sex rise *en masse*, and claim the right, I see not how it could be denied. But this will never be. To be happy, and to contribute to the happiness of others, is her aim ; and neither of these objects would be attained by engaging in party politics. The general principles of government, and the welfare of her country, should always be subjects of interest to her. They may occupy part of her thoughts and conversation ; but to become a voter, would be contrary to the feelings which she ought principally to cherish, and the duties she should never neglect—those of home.

Man, says Lady M. W. Montague, by engrossing to himself the honors of government "has saved us from many cares, from many dangers, and perhaps from many crimes." Let woman, with her warm sympathies, engage in the political wrangle, and the strife will not be less bitter. If she go at all upon the battlefield, it should be "as (to use an expression of William Penn's) the physician goes among the sick—not to catch the disease, but

to cure it." But to do this she must go, not as a partizan, but as a mediator. She should endeavor to speak words which would allay the wrath of the combatants, and to say to all who will listen, "Sirs, ye are brethren." She must stand on neutral ground, with the white flag in her hand; for if she show herself upon either side, she may become the victim of her own violent feelings, if not the slave of the perfidious and designing of the other sex.

Women once madly and unrestrainedly engaged in political strife; and while some, with the most ardent patriotism, preserved their purity and tenderness, others became the "Furies of the Guillotine." Even then, though nominally as free as the other sex, the stronger spirit ruled. They were urged on for a time, and when that time was over, they were obliged to yield a power which they could not maintain, and which the other sex wished to resume.

But though woman may not personally approach the ballot box, or mingle in the caucus, yet she can there be represented. Men consider their interests as identified with those of their families. They do not vote for themselves alone, but for their mothers, wives, and daughters. Females who think at all upon politics, usually think as the males of their families do; their sympathies lead them to adopt the opinions of those they love best, and the result of elections would probably be the same if they were voters. But if they are not always represented—if their opinions do sometimes differ from those of their male relatives, it is well that this difference cannot create more trouble. It is well that the bickerings and contentions of the club-room and tavern-house, are not to be brought into the family circle. It is well that the sounds of "home, sweet home," are not to be displaced by bitter words and party disputations. Differences of religious opinion create enough of discord and misery in family circles; but religion, though mingled with superstition, and darkened by bigotry, is religion still. It is the exercise of the heart's best affections, and no persons can embitter the fire-side with religious quarrels, and conceive themselves following in sincerity the example of Him whose mission was peace and love. Political feuds would not have as a counteracting influence this glaring inconsistency of principles and practice; and may we never take a more active part in them.

Let woman keep in her own sphere, and she can do much for

herself, and much for society ; but her influence is weakened in proportion as she deviates from the true path. Her domestic duties should claim her first thoughts ; and then society should receive her unwearied efforts to elevate, to gladden, and to beautify. If social evils are to be remedied by reforming public opinion, woman's influence, when properly exerted, may do much ; and thus they *will* be remedied, if she is true to the nature God has given her, and the station he has assigned her. She may do this by her influence over the rising generation, especially that portion of it who will one day be voters, and perhaps rulers of their country. Her exertions should be to throw around her the sun-shine of gentleness and affection, and her aim should be

"To solace, to soften, to cheer, and to bless,
With the streams of her gushing tenderness."

But many who think that woman should never interfere in political affairs, assert that in religious and benevolent enterprises she should act publicly and unrestrained. If woman had been intended to grace the pulpit or the lecturer's desk, I think she would have been gifted with a voice more suitable for them, and been endowed with less of that delicacy which she must now struggle to overcome. Women have harangued public audiences, who are to be respected for their faithfulness to the dictates of conscience ; but while my ideas of female duty differ so widely from theirs, I cannot admire them, and would not imitate them, if I could.

If a woman is sensible that she has talents which might be of service to her country, let her exercise them ; but in a quiet way. Madame Roland says, that in the seclusion of her own chamber were written documents which entered into all the cabinets of Europe ; and far more influence had those opinions, while passing under the sanction of her husband's name, and far more noble does Madame Roland appear, than if she had entered the National Assembly, and expressed them vocally.

There are exceptions to all rules, and there may be times when woman will do what man could not perform. She may depart from her appropriate sphere, and the very novelty of her position will create enthusiasm in her behalf ; and the fervency of her feelings will excite her on, to deeds requiring the utmost moral energy. Yet happy is she, if the thunderbolts she launches around, return not upon her own head. Witness, for example, Joan of Arc.

Many who think woman inferior in every other mental capacity, maintain that in literary talent she is man's equal. She may be, in some respects, and in others his inferior; but in those departments of literature which have usually been considered highest, she appears to be his inferior. We cannot well judge from what woman has done, what she is capable of doing. Under happier auspices, much might have been performed of which she has been deemed incapable; still I do not think that if the literary arena had been always as open as it now is, that woman would ever have written an *Iliad*, or a *Paradise Lost*. When an anonymous work appeared, called "*Sartor Resartos*," which evinced much originality and talent, there were many conjectures concerning the authorship; but it was never suspected to be the production of a woman; and had the sweet "*Songs of the affections*" come forth into the world unsanctioned by the name of Hemans, they would never have been attributed to a man.

Women who now write upon subjects which have heretofore been the exclusive subjects of man's talents, do it usually in a more familiar, and sometimes in a more beautiful manner. As, for instance, Miss Martineau upon *Political Economy*; and Sir Walter Scott declares, that it was Miss Edgeworth who taught him to write novels.

But how great the difference between the sexes, with regard to literary talent, can be better decided at some future time. It cannot, at all events, be said of woman, that in this respect "she hath done what she could."

Those females who have been blessed with beauty of form and face, need not fear that their graces will be lessened by mental cultivation. The natural desire in our sex to please the other, has often led them to adorn their persons at the expense of their minds; and if they have succeeded, they must have pleased men who were not worth pleasing.

Much of the prejudice which even now exists against educated females, has probably been caused by the fact, that too many literary women have been pedantic, assuming, and arrogant. They have laid aside the graces of their own sex, without attaining the vigor of the other; but they cannot become men—let them therefore not cease to be women. They should cherish those feelings, and virtues, which alone can render them pleasing, and cultivate those faculties which will command respect.

Yes, woman can climb the Hill of Science, and let her go ; let her bind the laurel and the myrtle with the roses which already bloom around her brow, and the wreath will be more beautiful ; but she should guard well the flowers, lest the evergreens crush, or overshadow them, and they wither away, and die. ELLA.



ST. ANN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, LOWELL.

THE FORLORN ONE.

"Oh no! I never mention her;
 Her name is never heard;
 My lips are now forbid to speak
 That once familiar word.
 From sport to sport they hurry me,
 To banish my regret"
 For her, whom though I never name,
 I never can forget.

They say that in a foreign land,
 She hides her blighted fame;
 That none but strangers round her stand,—
 None else now speak her name.
 Yet she was once the loved of all,
 So bright, so fair and gay;
 And those who oftener spake her name,
 The happiest then were they.

They say, too, that she's dying now;
 Remorse has thinned her frame,
 And anguish ever clouds the brow
 Of her we do not name.
 Alone, afar—so must she die,
 With none to raise a prayer?
 O who will close her tear-dimmed eye?
 For none she loved are there!

Yet ONE will guard that dying bed,
 Though it is far away;
 And He will hear for her a prayer,
 Though it is here we pray.
 Then lowly to the mercy-seat
 For her I'll oft repair;
 The name I may not elsewhere speak,
 Shall oft be breathed in prayer.

FRANCES.

PREJUDICE AGAINST LABOR.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. K. and her daughter Emily were discussing the propriety of permitting Martha to be one of the party which was to be given at Mr. K.'s the succeeding Tuesday evening, to celebrate the birthday of George, who had lately returned from College. Martha was the niece of Mr. K. She was an interesting girl of about

nineteen years of age, who, having had the misfortune to lose her parents, rather preferred working in a factory for her support, than to be dependent on the charity of her friends. Martha was a favorite in the family of her uncle; and Mrs. K., notwithstanding her aristocratic prejudices, would gladly have her niece present at the party, were it not for fear of what people might say, if Mr. and Mrs. K. suffered their children to appear on a level with factory operatives.

"Mother," said Emily, "I do wish there was not such a prejudice against those who labor for a living, and especially against those who work in a factory; for then Martha might with propriety appear at George's party; but I know it would be thought disgraceful to be seen at a party with a factory girl, even if she is one's own cousin, and without a single fault. And besides, the Miss Lindsays are invited, and if Martha should be present, they will be highly offended, and make her the subject of ridicule. I would not for my life have Martha's feelings wounded, as I know they would be; if either of the Miss Lindsays should ask her when she left Lowell, or how long she had worked in a factory."

"Well, Emily," said Mrs. K., "I do not know how we shall manage to keep up appearances, and also spare Martha's feelings, unless we can persuade your father to take her with him to Acton, on the morrow, and leave her at your uncle Theodore's. I do not see any impropriety in this step, as she purposes to visit Acton before she returns to Lowell."

"You will persuade me to no such thing," said Mr. K., stepping to the door of his study, which opened from the parlor, and which stood ajar, so that the conversation between his wife and daughter had been overheard by Mr. K., and also by the Hon. Mr. S., a gentleman of large benevolence, whose firmness of character placed him far above popular prejudice. These gentlemen had been in the study, unknown to Mrs. K. and Emily.

"You will persuade me to no such thing," Mr. K. repeated, as he entered the parlor accompanied by Mr. S.; "I am determined that my niece shall be at the party. However loudly the public opinion may cry out against such a measure, I shall henceforth exert my influence to eradicate the wrong opinions entertained by what is called good society, respecting the degradation of labor; and I will commence by placing my children and niece on a level. The occupations of people have made too much dis-

inction in society. The laboring classes, who are in fact the wealth of a nation, are trampled upon ; while those whom dame Fortune has placed above, or if you please, *below* labor, with some few honorable exceptions, arrogate to themselves all of the claims to good society. But in my humble opinion, the rich and the poor ought to be equally respected, if virtuous ; and equally detested, if vicious."

"But what will our acquaintances say?" said Mrs. K.

"It is immaterial to me what 'they say,' or think," said Mr. K., "so long as I know that I am actuated by right motives."

"But you know, my dear husband," replied his wife, "that the world is censorious, and that much of the good or ill fortune of our children will depend on the company which they shall keep. For myself, I care but little for the opinion of the world, so long as I have the approbation of my husband, but I cannot bear to have my children treated with coldness ; and besides, as George is intended for the Law, his success will in a great measure depend on public opinion ; and I do not think that even Esq. S. would think it altogether judicious, under existing circumstances, for us to place our children on a level with the laboring people."

"If I may be permitted to express my opinion," said Mr. S., "I must say, in all sincerity, that I concur in sentiment with my friend K. ; and, like him, I would that the line of separation between good and bad society was drawn between the virtuous and the vicious ; and to bring about this much-to-be-desired state of things, the affluent, those who are allowed by all to have an undisputed right to rank with good society, must begin the reformation, by exerting their influence to raise up those who are bowed down. Your fears, Mrs. K., respecting your son's success, are, or should be, groundless ; for, to associate with the laboring people, and strive to raise them to their proper place in the scale of being, should do more for his prosperity in the profession which he has chosen, than he ought to realize by a contrary course of conduct ; and, I doubt not, your fears will prove groundless. So, my dear lady, rise above them ; and also above the opinions of a gainsaying multitude—opinions which are erroneous, and which every philanthropist, and every Christian, should labor to correct."

The remarks of Esq. S. had so good an effect on Mrs. K., that she relinquished the idea of sending Martha to Acton.

CHAPTER II.

The following evening, Emily and Martha spent at Esq. S.'s, agreeably to an earnest invitation from Mrs. S. and her daughter Susan, who were anxious to cultivate an acquaintance with the orphan. These ladies were desirous to ascertain the real situation of a factory girl, and if it was as truly deplorable as public fame had represented, they intended to devise some plan to place Martha in a more desirable situation. Mrs. S. had a sister, who had long been in a declining state of health; and she had but recently written to Mrs. S. to allow Susan to spend a few months with her, while opportunity should offer to engage a young lady to live with her as a companion. This lady's husband was a Clerk in one of the departments at Washington; and, not thinking it prudent to remove his family to the Capitol, they remained in P.; but the time passed so heavily in her husband's absence, as to have a visible effect on her health. Her physician advised her not to live so retired as she did, but to go into lively company to cheer up her spirits; but she thought it would be more judicious to have an agreeable female companion to live with her; and Mrs. S. concluded, from the character given her by her uncle, that Martha would be just such a companion as her sister wanted; and she intended in the course of the evening to invite Martha to accompany Susan, on a visit to her aunt.

The evening passed rapidly away, for the lively and interesting conversation, in the neat and splendid parlor of Esq. S., did not suffer any one present to note the flight of time. Martha's manners well accorded with the flattering description which her uncle had given of her. She had a good flow of language, and found no difficulty in expressing her sentiments on any subject which was introduced. Her description of "life in Lowell," convinced those who listened to the clear, musical tones of her voice, that the many reports which they had heard, respecting the ignorance and vice of the factory operatives, were the breathings of ignorance, wafted on the wings of slander, and not worthy of credence.

"But with all your privileges, Martha," said Mrs. S., "was it not wearisome to labor so many hours in a day?" "Truly it was, at times," said Martha, "and fewer hours of labor would be desirable, if they could command a proper amount of wages; for in that case, there would be more time for improvement."

Mrs. S. then gave Martha an invitation to accompany her daughter to P., hoping that she would accept the invitation, and find the company of her sister so agreeable that she would consent to remain with her, at least for one year; assuring her that if she did, her privileges for improvement should be equal, if not superior, to those she had enjoyed in Lowell; and also that she should not be a loser in pecuniary matters. Martha politely thanked Mrs. S. for the interest she took in her behalf, but wished a little time to consider the propriety of accepting the proposal. But when Mrs. S. explained how necessary it was that her sister should have a female companion with her, during her husband's absence, Martha consented to accompany Susan, provided that her uncle and aunt K. gave their consent.

"What an interesting girl!" said Esq. S. to his lady after the young people had retired. "Amiable and refined as Emily K. appears, Martha's manners show that her privileges have been greater, or that her abilities are superior to those of Emily. How cold and calculating, and also unjust, was her aunt K., to think that it would detract aught from the respectability of her children, for Martha to appear in company with them! I really hope that Mr. K. will allow her to visit your sister. I will speak to him on the subject."

"She *must* go with Susan," said Mrs. S.; "I am determined to take no denial. Her sprightly manners and delightful conversation will cheer my sister's spirits, and be of more avail in restoring her health, than ten physicians."

Mr. K. gave the desired consent, and it was agreed by all parties concerned, that sometime in the following week, the ladies should visit P.; and all necessary preparations were immediately made for the journey.

CHAPTER III.

It was Tuesday evening, and a whole bevy of young people had assembled at Mr. K.'s. Beauty and wit were there, and seemed to vie with each other for superiority. The beaux and belles were in high glee. All was life and animation. The door opened, and Mr. K. entered the room. A young lady, rather above the middle height, and of a form of the most perfect symmetry, was leaning on his arm. She was dressed in a plain white

muslin gown ; a lace 'kerchief was thrown gracefully over her shoulders, and a profusion of auburn hair hung in ringlets down her neck, which had no decoration save a single string of pearl ; her head was destitute of ornament, with the exception of one solitary rose-bud on the left temple ; her complexion was a mixture of the rose and the lily ; a pair of large hazel eyes, half concealed by their long silken lashes, beamed with intelligence and expression, as they cast a furtive glance at the company. "Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. K., "this is my niece, Miss Croly ;"—and as with a modest dignity she courtesied, a beholder could scarce refrain from applying to her Milton's description of Eve when she first came from the hand of her Creator. Mr. K. crossed the room with his niece, seated her by the side of his daughter, and wishing the young people a pleasant evening, retired. The eyes of all were turned toward the stranger, eager to ascertain whether indeed she was the little girl who once attended the same school with them, but who had for a number of years past been employed in a "Lowell factory." "Oh, it is the same," said the Miss Lindsays. "How presumptuous," said Caroline Lindsay to a gentleman who sat near her, "thus to intrude a factory girl into our company ! Unless I am very much mistaken, I shall make her sorry for her impudence, and wish herself somewhere else before the party breaks up." "Indeed, Miss Caroline, you will not try to distress the poor girl ; you cannot be so cruel," said the gentleman, who was no other than the eldest son of Esq. S., who had on the preceding day returned home, after an absence of two years on a tour through Europe. "Cruel !" said Caroline, interrupting him, "surely, Mr. S., you cannot think it cruel to keep people where they belong ; or if they get out of the way, to set them right ; and you will soon see that I shall direct Miss Presumption to her proper place, which is in the kitchen,"—and giving her head a toss, she left Mr. S., and seating herself by Emily and Martha, inquired when the latter left Lowell, and if the factory girls were as ignorant as ever.

Martha replied, by informing her when she left the "city of spindles ;" and also by telling her that she believed the factory girls, considering the little time they had for the cultivation of their minds, were not, in the useful branches of education, behind any class of females in the Union. "What chance can they have for improvement ?" said Caroline : "they are driven

like slaves, to and from their work, for fourteen hours in each day, and dare not disobey the calls of the factory bell. If they had the means for improvement, they have not the time; and it must be that they are quite as ignorant as the southern slaves, and as little fitted for society." Martha colored to the eyes at this unjust aspersion; and Emily, in pity to her cousin, undertook to refute the charge. Mr. S. drew near, and seating himself by the cousins, entered into a conversation respecting the state of society in Lowell. Martha soon recovered her self-possession, and joined in the conversation with more than her usual animation, yet with a modest dignity which attracted the attention of all present. She mentioned the evening schools for teaching penmanship, grammar, geography, and other branches of education, and how highly they were prized, and how well they were attended by the factory girls. She also spoke of the Lyceum, and Institute, and other lectures; and her remarks were so appropriate and sensible, that even those who were at first for assisting Caroline Lindsay in directing her to her "proper place," and who even laughed at what they thought to be Miss Lindsay's wit,—became attentive listeners, and found that even one who "had to work for a living," could by her conversation add much to the enjoyment of "good society."

All were now disposed to treat Martha with courtesy, with the exception of the Miss Lindsays, who sat biting their lips for vexation; mortified to think that in trying to make Martha an object of ridicule, they had exposed themselves to contempt. Mr. S. took upon himself the task, (if task it could be called, for one whose feelings were warmly enlisted in the work,) of explaining in a clear and concise manner, the impropriety of treating people with contempt for none other cause, than that they earned an honest living by laboring with their hands. He spoke of the duty of the rich, with regard to meliorating the condition of the poor, not only in affairs of a pecuniary nature, but also by encouraging them in the way of well doing, by bestowing upon them that which would cost a good man, or woman, nothing,—namely, kind looks, kind words, and all the sweet courtesies of life. His words were not lost; for those who heard him have overcome their prejudices against labor and laboring people, and respect the virtuous, whatever may be their occupation.

CHAPTER IV.

Bright and unclouded was the morning which witnessed the departure of the family coach from the door of the Hon. Mr. S. Henry accompanied his sister and the beautiful Martha, whose champion he had been at the birth-night party of George K. Arrived at P., they found that they were not only welcome, but expected visitors ; for Esq. S. had previously written to his sister-in-law, apprising her of Henry's return, and his intention of visiting her in company with his sister Susan, and a young lady whom he could recommend as being just the companion of which she was in need. In a postscript to his letter he added, "I do not hesitate to commend this lovely orphan to your kindness, for I know you will appreciate her worth."

When Henry S. took leave of his aunt and her family, and was about to start upon his homeward journey, he found that a two days' ride, and a week spent in the society of Martha, had been at work with his heart. He requested a private interview, and what was said, or what was concluded on, I shall leave the reader to imagine, as best suits his fancy. I shall also leave him to imagine what the many billetdoux contained which Henry sent to P., and what were the answers he received, and read with so much pleasure.—As it is no part of my business to enter into any explanation of that subject, I will leave it, and call the reader's attention to the sequel of my story, hoping to be pardoned if I make it as short as possible. * * * *

It was a lovely moonlight evening. The Hon. Mr. S. and lady, Mr. and Mrs. K., and Caroline Lindsay, were seated in the parlor of Mr K.—Caroline had called to inquire for Martha, supposing her to be in Lowell. Caroline's father had been deeply engaged in the eastern land speculation, the result of which was, a total loss of property. This made it absolutely necessary that his family should labor for their bread ; and Caroline had come to the noble resolution of going to Lowell to work in a factory, not only to support herself, but to assist her parents in providing for the support of her little brother and sisters. It was a hard struggle for Caroline to bring her mind to this ; but she had done it, and was now ready to leave home. Dreading to go where all were strangers, she requested Mr. K. to give her directions where to find Martha, and to honor her as the bearer of a letter

to his niece. "I know," said she, "that Martha's goodness of heart will induce her to secure me a place to work, notwithstanding my former rudeness to her—a rudeness which has caused me to suffer severely, and of which I heartily repent." Mr. K. informed Caroline that he expected to see his niece that evening; and he doubted not she would recommend Miss Lindsay to the Overseer with whom she had worked while in Lowell; and also introduce her to good society, which she would find could be enjoyed, even in the "city of spindles," popular prejudice to the contrary notwithstanding. Esq. and Mrs. S. approved of Caroline's resolution of going to Lowell, and spoke many words of encouragement, and also prevailed on her to accept of something to assist in defraying the expenses of her journey, and to provide for any exigency which might happen. They were yet engaged in conversation, when a coach stopped at the door, and presently George and Emily entered the parlor! They were followed by a gentleman and lady in bridal habiliments. George stepped back, and introduced Mr. Henry S. and lady. "Yes," said Henry, laughingly, "I have brought safely back the Factory Pearl, which a twelve month since I found in this very room, and which I have taken for my own." The lady threw back her veil, and Miss Lindsay beheld the countenance of Martha Croly.

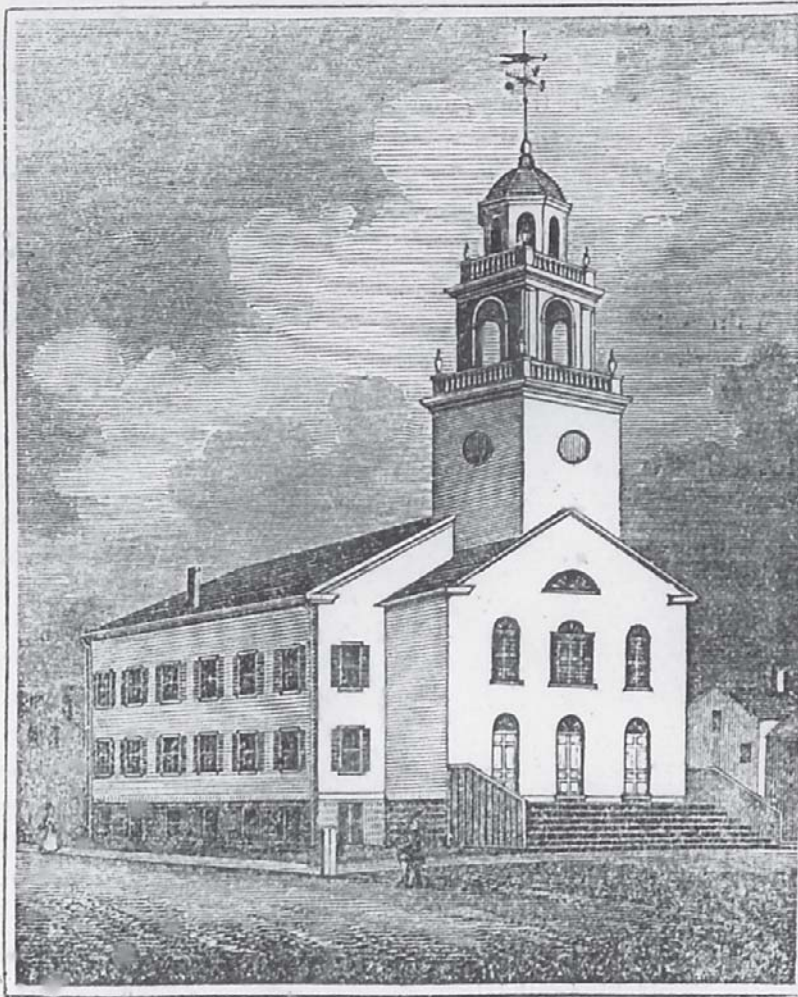
I shall omit the apologies and congratulations of Caroline, and the assurances of forgiveness and proffers of friendship of Martha. The reader must also excuse me from delineating the joy with which Martha was received by her uncle and aunt K.; and the heart-felt satisfaction which Esq. and Mrs. S. expressed in their son's choice of a wife. It is enough to state, that all parties concerned were satisfied and happy, and continue so to the present time. To sum up the whole, they are happy themselves, and diffuse happiness all around them.

Caroline Lindsay was the bearer of several letters from Martha, now Mrs. S., to her friends in Lowell. She spent two years in a factory, and enjoyed the friendship of all who knew her; and when she left Lowell, her friends could not avoid grieving for the loss of her company, although they knew that a bright day was soon to dawn upon her. She is now the wife of George K., and is beloved and respected by all who know her. Well may she say, "Sweet are the uses of adversity," for adversity awoke to energy, virtues which were dormant, until a reverse of

fortune. Her father's affairs are in a measure retrieved; and he says, that he is doubly compensated for his loss of property, in the happiness he now enjoys.

I will take leave of the reader, hoping that if he has hitherto had any undue prejudice against labor, or laboring people, he will overcome it, and excuse my freedom and plainness of speech.

ETHELINDA.



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, LOWELL.

THE ROSE.

"There's beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes
Can trace it 'neath familiar things, and through their lowly guise."

Yes, thanks to our kind Father, that the richest of His blessings are dispensed in the same profusion to all His children—that the free air, the glad sun-shine, the refreshing rain, and the sweet flowers, are alike the dower of the lofty and the low; and thrice grateful should we be, that the beautiful revealings of Himself are alike accessible to the proud and the lowly, to the learned and the unlearned. Who can talk of the unequal distribution of earthly good, while the boundless riches of heaven and earth may be enjoyed by the humblest of our race? Who is there so poor that the broad blue heavens are not his canopy? For whom is not the glad earth clothed in verdure, and the flowers in beauty? For whose ear have the songs of the birds and the flowing of the waters no music? To all classes has our Father given these blessings, and within every heart has He implanted a love of the beautiful, the pure and the good; and he who sees no beauty in nature's scenes, and hears no music or instruction in her thousand voices, is not true to himself; the finer feelings of his nature have been neglected or perverted.

It is joyous to witness the outbreakings of this love of the beautiful, with which we often meet, like a gem shining out amid the rough stone which surrounds it. We have seen an humble cottage which, though rude and coarse in its structure, seems not more so than its inmates; and in glancing at the picture, we almost feel that the great artist has forgotten the finer touches of his pencil, and given us the painting unfinished. We feel dissatisfied; there is something within us that is not at rest. But we turn again, and discover that we had overlooked the little garden, where have been planted many choice flowers, telling of the untiring care which has reared them amid this desolation. And beneath the window is the sweet garden rose, giving forth its rich odor as freely, and looking as beautifully beside the lowly cottage, as in the palace garden.

Having recently met with some facts in reference to this, our queen of flowers, I have ventured to offer a brief sketch, believing that it may have some interest, and, I would humbly hope, instruction too. But few of the great variety can be mentioned

in the small space which I may be permitted to occupy, there being between three and four hundred. First then, and among the lowliest of the species, is the single wild rose, whose flowers hang in wreaths along the way-side, or twine themselves around our rustic fences. Then the sweetbriar, springing up from the rocky soil to enliven the green wood and hedges with its clusters of white, red, and delicately-tinted flowers, and to refresh the weary traveller with the sweet fragrance of its leaves. Then come our own garden roses, with all their beautiful varieties, their hundred leaves presenting a striking contrast to the simple wild flower. Who has not felt grateful to the Author of all good, for having given us the delightful succession of buds and flowers which this species presents through all the summer? And again, there is a gorgeous flower of crimson hue, called the English rose, and acknowledged as the symbol of royalty. But far more delicately beautiful is the white rose of Scotland, which, like true merit, seems to shrink from observation, concealing its sweet clustering blossoms beneath its sheltering branches.

There are also very beautiful exotics connected with our family of roses, among which is the Orange rose of Italy; and the Austrian rose, which is yellow on the outside and scarlet within; and another, singularly beautiful, is the double yellow rose which grows wild along the shores of the Levant, the blossoms similar to our century plant, appearing but once in many years.

It seems the Rose belongs exclusively to no climate. It is found in every latitude, from the chilling regions of Northern Lapland, to the sunny plains of the tropics. In Persia, however, it attains its greatest perfection, where the rose-bush is often found fourteen feet in height. The gardens of the Persians are filled with its flowers, and feasts have been instituted to celebrate its beauties, called the "Feasts of Roses." Many beautiful things in reference to the rose are to be found in eastern poetry, and in German fables. One of the last gives us as the origin of the moss rose, that the angel of flowers, awaking from his slumbers beneath the shade of a rose-bush, offered to grant any boon it might ask; when the rose petitioned for another grace, and immediately the angel threw around it a veil of moss.

With us also, has the rose many beautiful associations, and unto it are linked a thousand images of love and grief. It reminds us of youth, of innocence, of purity, of the bridal, of the festival, and of the tomb.

MARY.

A SONG OF VICTORY.

I see them on their Zion way, About their ranks bright glories play; Their joyful looks and bearing high, Blend with the notes of victory! Their

And who were those thus passed away, To realms of never-ending day? Whose joyful looks and bearing high, Blend with the notes of victory? Whose

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style with quarter and eighth notes, and rests. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with some words underlined to indicate phrasing.

wa - ving palms and ves - ture bright, Are glancing in the heav'nly light. They're lost and gone! The vis-ion's past; Yet

wa - ving palms and ves - ture bright, Are glancing in the heav'nly light? The ransomed sons of God are they, Who

The second system of musical notation also consists of three staves in the same key signature and time signature as the first system. The lyrics continue below the staves. The music features some phrasing slurs and a key signature change to two flats (B-flat and E-flat) in the final measure of the system.

VICTORY.—CONTINUED.

brighter beams are on them east. While louder, louder, louder still, Their song is heard on Zion's hill, is heard on Zion's hill, journey'd on their Zion way. The anthem loud and louder still, As on they pressed up Zion's hill, they pressed up Zion's hill.

The first system consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words underlined. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some phrases marked with a fermata.

It seems as if some ho - ly joy, Their mingling melodies employ; Some untold glories freely given, To fa-vored sons of earth and heaven. Was but their raptured song of praise, For triumphs of redeeming grace; Their joyful looks and bearing high, Told of the Savior's victory.

The second system also consists of two staves of music, continuing the same key signature and time signature as the first system. The lyrics continue below the staves, with some words underlined. The musical notation includes various note values and rests, maintaining the melodic and harmonic structure of the piece.

AGNES AND EMMA.

CHAPTER I.

“O, Agnes!” exclaimed Emma Willard to her elder sister, who was reclining upon a sofa, holding in her hand a book which seemed to engross her whole attention, “Agnes, do lay aside your book for a few moments, and take a seat by the window, that you may witness this glorious sun-set! Already the shadows are deepening in the valleys, but the summits of the hills glow with the rich splendor of the departing day. And see,” she continued, pointing in the direction of the setting sun, “see with what pomp the monarch of day retires from our view, leaving the whole of the western sky curtained with a gorgeous drapery of crimson and gold, richer by far than ever adorned the palace of an earthly king! O! is it not surpassingly beautiful?”

“I do not discover any thing more than may be seen every day,” said Agnes, seating herself by her sister’s side; “and for my own part, I must confess that the book which I was reading possesses far greater attractions for me than any sun-set scene I ever witnessed. The characters portrayed are so life-like, and there are such glowing descriptions of scenery, that while reading it, I can almost fancy myself to be an eye-witness of the events therein described.”

“And pray what is the title of the work which interests you so much?”

“It is a ‘Romance of the Rhine.’”

“Agnes, I regret exceedingly that you should prefer tales of fiction to the beautiful revelations contained in the volume of nature, which is ever open for our instruction. But from what you have said, I infer that you are fond of glowing descriptions of natural scenery; and, by the way, I recollect to have met with a poem a few days since, entitled ‘Radiant clouds of sunset,’ which I think will suit your taste. It was written by Mrs. Sigourney, and commences thus,—

‘Bright clouds! ye are gathering one by one,
Ye are sweeping in pomp round the dying sun,
With crimson banner and golden pall,
Like a host to their chieftain’s funeral!
But methinks that ye tower with a lordlier crest,
And a gorgeous flush as he sinks to rest!’

She then goes on to chide them for vainly exulting in the death of their king, seeing that he will rise to reign again in renewed splendor and power, when they shall have vanished away ; and in conclusion, adds the following beautiful comparison :—

‘The soul! the soul! with its eye of fire,
Thus, thus shall it soar when its foes expire:
It shall spread its wings o'er the ills that pained,
The evils that shadowed, the sins that stained:
It shall dwell where no rushing cloud hath sway,
And the pageants of earth shall have melted away.’”

“I have seen the poem to which you allude,” said Agnes, “and I admire the first part of it, but I do not like the idea of having a moral essay, or a sermon, attached to every thing of the beautiful. But Emma, do you expect me to sit here all the evening, watching the clouds?”

“No, indeed! for I intend to take a walk myself, and shall be very happy to have you accompany me.”

“O, yes, with all my heart: but where do you intend to go?”

“To the cottage of the widow Barton,” replied Emma, fixing a scrutinizing gaze upon her sister’s countenance.

“To the cottage of the widow Barton!” exclaimed Agnes, apparently astonished at her sister’s reply. “That is a very lonely walk; and why do you go there in preference to any other place?”

“Agnes, I should scarcely think you would ask, when you know that Caroline Barton has been sick with the consumption for a very long time. I have called upon her daily for several weeks; but to-day, we have had so much company, that I have been prevented from paying her the accustomed visit.”

“Well, then,” said Agnes, in a tone of mingled peevishness and disappointment, “If you go there, I don’t know but I may as well stay at home, and finish reading my book; for you know, Emma, that I never could bear the idea of going into a sick chamber. But it certainly can make no great difference, if you do not see Caroline to-night; and why not defer your visit to her until morning, and call upon Mary Laden this evening?”

“Because we can see Mary at any time, and Caroline may not live to see the light of another day. I know not why it is, but I have a presentiment that she will not survive until morning.”

“O, that is one of your foolish fancies, which you are always indulging; but since you are determined to go, I will accompany

you ; though I will venture to say, that I shall wish myself at home, before I have been there five minutes."

"I trust you will not find the sick room of Caroline so disagreeable as you imagine ;" rejoined Emma ; and the sisters hastily quitted the apartment, to prepare for their walk.

CHAPTER II.

Agnes and Emma Willard were the daughters of a wealthy farmer, residing in a lowly but secluded valley, about a mile from the eastern shore of lake Champlain. Agnes was scarcely a year older than Emma, and in form and features they bore a striking resemblance to each other ; but in character, disposition and personal appearance, they were essentially different. The one was passionate, selfish and reserved ; the other, gentle, affectionate and confiding. Deprived at an early age of the watchful care of a mother, the superintendence of their education, from that time, devolved on a maiden aunt, who was amply qualified to undertake the task. But she soon discovered that, with respect to Agnes, at least, it was not a desirable one. Owing to the natural disposition of Emma, she was easily subdued and governed, rarely manifesting a wish to disobey the commands of her superiors ; but the waywardness of Agnes was unconquerable. Consequently, the former won the affections of all who knew her, while the latter could scarcely claim the esteem of her nearest relatives and friends.

Having thus briefly sketched the leading traits in the characters of the two sisters, we will follow them to the cottage of Mrs. Barton, which was situated nearly three-fourths of a mile from the dwelling of Mr. Willard.

They were met at the door by the nurse, who informed them that Caroline had appeared much better than usual during the day, but seemed conscious that she was fast approaching her end. As they entered the room where the sufferer lay, she smiled faintly, and extending her hand to Emma, whispered, "O, I am so glad that you have come. I feared I should not see you again ; for I am soon going to the land of spirits. But think not that I fear to die. Death was once to me the 'king of terrors ;' but since you unfolded to me the beauties of Christianity, I have viewed it only as a kind messenger, sent by a Fa-

ther's hand to call me home. And though I leave behind me a mother, and many other friends whom I dearly love, yet I go with the full assurance, that ere long we shall be re-united, to part no more forever. To you, my gratitude is due for teaching me this glorious faith. Words cannot express my feelings; but I know that you will believe me to be sensible of the debt I owe. And now, farewell; for we shall see each other no more, until we meet in the paradise above." And pressing the hand of her friend, she closed her eyes, as if exhausted with the effort she had made.

The two sisters stood for a few moments, gazing upon the countenance of the dying girl, which seemed to be lighted with a holy joy; then taking their leave of the inmates of the cottage, they bent their steps homeward, each holding secret communion with her own heart. As they entered the sitting-room of their father's dwelling, Emma ventured to interrupt the silence, which had hitherto remained unbroken.

"Well, Agnes," said she, "do you now regret that you accompanied me to the cottage this evening?"

"No," replied Agnes, "I only regret that I have not before yielded to your solicitations to visit Caroline Barton. But the scene I have witnessed this night, has made an impression on my mind which will not easily be effaced. And while standing by the bed-side of your dying friend, the resolution was formed, that henceforth, the religion which supported her in her last hours, shall be my religion. You shall no longer solicit me in vain to become a Christian. I will now willingly go to that fountain, to which you have so often sought to lead me, and from which she drank so freely."

Tears of joy filled the eyes of Emma at this unexpected declaration; and before retiring to rest that night, she knelt by her sister's side, and for the first time since the days of childhood, their voices mingled in prayer. * * * *

Four years have gone by since the incidents which are recorded above took place, and the residence of Mr. Willard is still gladdened by the presence of his two daughters. Emma is the same gentle and loving being that she has ever been; and the wayward spirit of Agnes has at length been subdued. Together, the sisters often stand by the bed-side of the suffering and the

dying ; and the blessing of the departing one falls not now alone upon Emma.

Would you know what has produced this change ? It is that religion which was taught more than eighteen centuries ago, on the hills and plains of Judea, by one whose whole history is recorded in these few words : "He went about doing good."

ELLINORA.

BURIAL AND BURIAL PLACES.

"When Diogenes was about to die, he was asked what should be done with his body. The cynic ordered it to be carried out, and left unburied in the fields. 'What!' said his friends, 'shall it be exposed as a prey to the birds and wild beasts?' 'Lay a staff near me,' replied the dying philosopher, 'with which I may drive them away.' 'How can you drive them away,' demanded his friends, 'since you will not perceive them?' 'What harm can they do me,' said Diogenes, 'if when they devour my flesh, I do not perceive it?'"

Diogenes must have schooled his feelings most thoroughly, or his mind must have been singularly organized, to admit such entire indifference, in regard to the disposition of his mortal remains. Most people, under such circumstances, have a strong sympathy for the fleshly tabernacle, and desire to have it properly interred. The thought that their lifeless bodies would be exposed, without suitable habiliments, to the curious gaze of the multitude, or devoted to the dissecting knife, would be to them extremely repulsive and distressing. And this sympathetic feeling is not confined alone to ourselves ; but we have the same feelings, and in nearly the same degree, in reference to our relatives and friends. And even strangers—the idea of their being exposed to the rapacity of wild beasts and birds, strikes us with disgust. We feel that it would be a profanation of something sacred.

This feeling is not at all surprising—it is in fact, natural, suitable and proper. Indeed, how could it be otherwise ? when we reflect that this tenement of clay has been our constant companion for a series of years—has borne a part in all our pleasures

and pains, joys and sorrows; and although we know it must eventually moulder to dust, we cannot resist the desire to have it preserved as long, and as decently, as possible.

This may be said to be the force of habit. It may be so, in some measure,—but we believe it to be, in reality, an instinct of our nature. We find by looking at history, that in all nations and all ages, similar feelings have prevailed; and hence the various fashions or customs of different nations, in regard to mourning dress, ceremonies, and the final disposition of their dead; and hence the shroud, the coffin, the grave, the tomb, the funeral pile, the urn and the mummy. True, after certain usages, in this respect, have been practiced a long time, then they become a habit, and act with great force; but how did the practice first originate? How but in that innate feeling of the heart, which prompts us to treat the remains of those once loved, with decency, respect and veneration.

We know, indeed, that the time is fast approaching when we shall become even as they are—helpless, senseless clods of clay; and we naturally seek such a burial place for the inanimate bodies of our friends, as we deem most appropriate, and where we ourselves should choose to be laid. Great variety of taste is exhibited in the different choice of individuals. Some prefer to have their place of rest surrounded by the thronging multitudes of a busy city, with a stately monument to attract the admiration of the wondering crowd: others would be better pleased with a more secluded and less ostentatious spot, yet pleasantly located, where the green waving grass is spread around, and the yew and willow can sigh in mournful melody above their heads—and a modest, unobtrusive monument, with a chaste and simple inscription, merely to tell surviving friends that a once loved form lies there.

And some there are, perhaps, of the cynic or hermit-school, who would select the most desolate and barren situation, without a stone to mark their lowly bed, or the shadow of tree or shrub, or the slightest vestige of vegetable green to gladden the dreariness of the scene; and where the sound of human footsteps shall not disturb the silence by which the lonely sleepers are surrounded.

Among Christian nations, for centuries past, the prevailing idea associated with the church-yard or burying-ground, was

that of something gloomy and desolate. But within the last fifty years, another and a more cheerful spirit is abroad in the world; a spirit that leads us to look for the lovely and beautiful scenes of nature, as the most suitable place of repose for the returning dust of the wearied children of earth,—scenes where the springing grass will greet them, and where the sweet wild flowers, watered by the tears of affection as well as by the dews of heaven, will shed their fragrance around, and smilingly guard their narrow couch,—where trees of various kinds, with their thick foliage of green, casting a light tremulous shadow over the fair blossoms and verdant turf of the grass beneath their branches; affording a home for the sunny-hearted birds, who welcome the dawn with their sweetest lays, and chant a wild lullaby to the dreamless sleepers, who have come to repose in their sequestered haunts—while the sparkling, bubbling brooks join in a soothing chorus of harmony—presenting an aspect of life and beauty, that has power to entrance us with its pure, calm loveliness.

It is truly a matter of rejoicing, that such pleasant places are selected for the interment of those who are daily leaving us; and that in our own city a cemetery is being laid out, which may in time compare in beauty and elegance of scenery, if not in extent, with the justly celebrated Mount Auburn.

Those who have ever visited that “garden of graves,” and wandered along its many shaded walks, or by the side of its miniature ponds, and beheld its endless variety of trees and shrubbery, and gazed upon its finely chiseled monuments, of so widely differing size and form, with their inscriptions of heart-felt sorrow—the numerous enclosures, tastefully laid out, while flowers of every hue are gathered there to beautify and instruct,—must have felt its power to soothe the mind, and call forth heaven-born sentiments. Our better feelings are aroused by this communion with life and death. Beneath our feet, moulder the remains of many who, during their fleeting moments of existence, were once active, noble-minded, and talented: as much absorbed in busy thought and schemes, as much engrossed in the eager pursuit and attainment of happiness, as ourselves. What are they now? They have become as the dust of the valley: they are as heedless of our presence as the cold marble that marks the place of their repose; while the earth and air around are teeming with animal and vegetable beauty; and

many a slow, listless foot-step is lightly pressing the sanded walks and velvet turf.

The rude, boisterous laugh is hushed—for this is no place for wild and reckless mirth ; but in its stead comes serious reflection. The loud, angry voice finds no echo here—but the mild, gentle tone floats sweetly through the air, like low soft strains of melody. A pleasant sadness steals over our spirits. A calm and tranquilizing power is abroad, in the ever-changing scenery and the placid serenity that reigns around, which can soothe the painful emotions of the troubled mourner, or harmonize those of a thoughtless spectator.

It drives away the dark gloom of the grave ; like the mist of morn, it vanishes. Nor does it seem so fearful a thing, to sleep surrounded by all the glorious attractions of nature. It sheds a halo of light around the dark, narrow cells ; and should it not be a pleasure for us to throw as cheerful spirit as may be, over them ? for it takes away much of the bitterness and dread of death.

How different are our feelings, while viewing the retreats of shady Auburn, compared with those that swell our bosoms as we look on that desolate grave-yard, entirely destitute of vegetation ; while the naked grave-stones seem frowning, as if to chide us for neglect ! There is an inward shuddering, a sort of horror, and we shrink back at the very thought of resting there. These feelings are experienced by most of us, at such times, without asking whether they are right or wrong ; and did we pause to consider, we could not entirely overcome the reluctance which we feel in the idea that our mortal remains may be consigned to that place of gloom,—while at the same time, we may believe that we shall be wholly insensible to the condition of our bodies, after the transforming touch of death.

But the cheering influence of Auburn is calculated to make us more contented with our fate, more submissive to the will of heaven. Ought not the cause to be searched out ? And if it consists in the bright garb and smiling countenance of nature, let us ever seek her favorite haunts, and there deposit all that may remain of the children of humanity, when their spirits have winged their way to the heavenly home,

E. E. T.

THE SPIRIT-HARP.

GRATITUDE.

Far in the stillness of the soul,
 The "harp of thousand strings" is sleeping;
 And waits it but a slight control,
 To wake the notes of joy or weeping.

'Tis ever thus: The zephyr's breath
 May break the quiet of its slumbers;
 And fill the atmosphere of death
 With sweetest harmony of numbers.

When joy around the strain prolongs,
 And echo answers to the singing,
 And music of a thousand tongues,
 From hill and vale of life is ringing;

When all without is bright and fair,
 And every swelling note is gladness,
 A whisper on the stilly air,
 May change at once the tone to sadness.

And when the world has lured in vain,
 The soul with "hope deferred" is weary;
 When promised bliss has turned to pain,
 And e'en the spirit-harp is dreary,—

How doth the voice of friendship still,
 Each wandering discord-note outbreking,
 And bid the grateful spirit thrill,
 With sweeter melody awaking.

Perchance the breeze of stranger-land
 Too roughly hath the harp been meeting,
 And shrinks it, as from cruel hand,
 To its own solitude retreating.

Alone and sad, each trembling chord,
 Too sensitive to joy or weeping,
 Shall own the power of look or word,
 Like magic o'er the harp-strings sweeping.

'Tis then the harp responsive sings
 To every breath of kindness o'er it;
 And lingers fondly on the strings
 The strain, essaying to restore it.

Its accents would that ye might hear,
 Whose aid hath tuned the harp to pleasure;
 Methinks 'twere music to the ear,—
 For GRATITUDE awakes the measure.

Our Father! though the tuneful lay,
 So gently o'er the spirit stealing,
 Our debt of duty ne'er can pay—
 Still keep alive the hallowed feeling.
 And wilt Thou, from the bounteous store
 Of Thy divine, almighty favor,
 A shower of richest blessings pour
 On those whom we must owe for ever!

ADELAIDE.

ORIGIN OF SMALL TALK.

Much has been said, and much written, upon the loquacity of woman; and much has she been ridiculed for her aptness in conversation. Her natural sociability has been termed, in derision, "the gift of the gab;" and man, vain, lordly man, would fain deprive her of the right of unrestrained "freedom of speech." By many she has been called "silly woman;" and by some, her intellect is allowed to be barely sufficient to understand what man may require of her. And although in America, it is allowed that "all mankind are entitled to equal rights," language is so tortured, that *mankind* means only the male part of the species. And *uncivilized* man cannot be content with ordaining laws which deprive woman of the means of mental culture to which she is justly entitled, but he would fain have her be silent, and live and die like a vegetable.

Such were my meditations, after listening to a dissertation upon the "nothingness of female chit-chat." What a pity, thought I, that some philosopher could not assign a plain, common-sense, philosophical cause, for this talkative propensity in woman, and thus silence every objection, in the mind of man, against her sociability!

While my thoughts were busy with this subject, a gentle tap at my chamber door disturbed my reverie. I opened the door, when, instead of the friend I expected, I met MEMORY, a little urchin who often intrudes upon my hours of retirement, and sometimes kindly lends his assistance in searching the chronicles

in the upper story, for traditions of by-gone days. Having nothing of consequence with which to divert my visiter, I proposed that he should search for a tradition which would give a clue to the origin of small talk. He soon found, in a sly corner, an old, soiled manuscript, from which, with some difficulty, I transcribed the following :

When our first parents were placed in the garden of Eden, they had not the faculty of communicating their thoughts to each other. Their guardian angel, perceiving that their happiness would be augmented could they but have the gift of speech, brought them a present of twelve baskets, filled with chit-chat ; and having strewed the contents upon the ground, he thus addressed them : "Although this present is designed for you both, what each one gathers shall be his or her own exclusive property ; and *who* would be profited, must be diligent and active in gathering it up."

Adam, from some cause or other, was in one of those surly moods which many, very many of his sons, often indulge ; and he gathered only three baskets full ; while his nimble, and more industrious partner, collected and laid by for her own use the other nine.

The benevolence of Eve would not suffer her to hoard up this treasure ; but from time to time, as there was necessity, she culled the choicest, and bestowed it with an unbounded charity upon Adam. Eve found that she was not a loser by being liberal with her gifts ; for however much she bestowed, her baskets were always full ; and not only full, but they were continually enlarging. Adam found he had not made a very judicious choice, in his selection of chit-chat ; for his baskets ever retained their original size. His niggardly disposition suffered him to part with very little of their contents, and he almost always added to his own store the bounty of his benevolent help-meet ; yet his baskets were never heaped. Out of sheer envy, he often ridiculed Eve for her small-talk—a sin which has been visited upon his sons from generation to generation.

TABITHA.
