

AMBITION AND CONTENTMENT.

AN ALLEGORY.

It was Morning. A mother watched her beauteous boy, as he frolicked among the garden flowers, or sportively anticipated the southern breeze, which stealthily came on its wonted errand to bear away upon its silken wings the diamond gems, with which Night had so lavishly bestudded each leaf of the grove and herb of the field ; and as he shook the bright dew-drops from the low wild-flowers, or more beauteous blossoms of the garden parterre, he gaily laughed in his childish glee.

Nor did he pause in his wild pastime, save when he cast an upward glance at the sky-lark, soaring on to her own sweet music, as though it were her mission to pour that tribute of melody upon the fleecy clouds, which were blushing in the crimson robes thrown over their varying forms by the rising King of Day. And a thoughtful smile came upon the full lips, and beamed from the bright eyes of the fair child, as his young heart thrilled to that matin song.

But the flowers were many, and their hues were very beautiful ; and the perfume with which they loaded the morning breeze in return for its slight caress, was very sweet, and the gay butterflies flitted about, or shadowed with their gorgeous wings the opening petals of those lovely earth-stars, as if they were Flower-Spirits, guarding and admiring the sweet objects of their care.

So the boy withdrew his gaze from the glories of heaven, and fixed again his eyes upon the beauties of earth ; and his heart no longer swelled within him at the gushing strains of the heaven-bound lark, for he listened to nought but the chirp of the cricket, the song of the grasshopper, and the buzz of the silver-winged flies, which hummed amid the fragrant herbage ; and he renewed his wild play, and sported, like the passing zephyr, with the frail flowerets around him.

The morning passed. The mother's eyes were still upon her son, and she saw that he began to weary of the wonted pastime with flowerets, dew-drops and butterflies, and that a shadow was stealing upon his sunny brow, and the sparkle was fading from his joyous eyes ; and she called the bright boy to her side, and

asked him why he had ceased his merry shout, and why the gloom had so early fallen upon his spirit.

And the child said, "Mother, the dew-drops are gone; the pink shadows of the morning clouds no longer rest upon the limpid lake; the blue haze which slightly veiled the mountain tops, has faded all away; the breeze now sleeps within the forest-shade, and beneath the shrubbery of the garden; the flowers are drooping on their stems, or folding up their withered blossoms,—say, dearest mother, say, why should I longer shout for joy, or smile again in sunny glee?"

And the mother pressed her boy closer to her side, and her low voice fell softly upon his ears, as she answered, "My son, are there not other beauties and other pleasures than those of the early morn? and is thy heart saddened that they should so quickly pass away? But behold the sun, for he is high in the heavens; the labor of the day is before thee. Go now about thine appointed task, and thank thy Father in heaven that the day has dawned so brightly, and that so joyous a morning has been given to gladden thy heart, and strengthen thy frame."

And the boy said, "Mother, will there be no more morning? Will the flowers no longer bloom? and the insects no longer sing? and the dew-drops never sparkle? and the zephyrs no more play with the slight tendrils of the vine?"

And the mother replied, "To each day there is but one morn, but our Father above has assured us that the day shall follow the night, and that when we lie down to sleep, it shall surely be to wake again. But if we would lie down to rest in peace, and would waken beneath His approving smile, it must be with the consciousness of a day well-spent, and a night anticipated as a release from useful toil. Yet God forbid that no more flowers should gladden thine eyes, and no more music enliven thy heart; but the carols of *early* birds, and the fragrance of *opening* flowers, are delights which *this* day can never again bestow. My son can no more return to the haunts of his morning pleasures; or if he could, those gardens, fields and vales would no more offer the delights which beguiled his gone-by hours. Yet in the pilgrim-path before him, there may be joys which will better meet his maturer mind. Flowers may blossom by the way-side, and leisure may be given the passing traveller to enjoy their sweet odor. Birds may carol in the shadowing trees, and may the ears

and heart of my child be ever unsealed to their simple melody. Sky-larks may never again attract thine upward gaze, but let *those morning songs* reverberate in the deep recesses of thy heart, and the ears of thy soul listen to the low echoes of their minstrelsy. So shall the brightness of the morning illuminate the coming day, as the sun sends forward roseate robes, for the clouds which wait upon his rising."

And the boy said, "Mother, there is but one direction, and that is, FORWARD; but there are many paths. Is there no chart? no guide for the inexperienced one?"

And the mother repeated mournfully, "Alas! is there no guide for my son?"

And there came in reply to her call a noble form, arrayed in richest robes of crimson and purple hues; and a diadem glittered above his brow, and his majestic mein and haughty step, well beseeemed one clad in so much grandeur. Yet, spite of his lofty bearing, there was much of fascination in his tones, as he said to the boy, "My name is Ambition. Accept me as thy guide, for I can direct thy steps in the path which leads to Happiness. The way is toilsome, for thy steps must be ever ascending; yet there is a joy in the upward progress, and a noble pleasure awaits thee when thou shalt stand above thy fellows on yonder heights; and amidst the brilliant lights which play around their summits, there are glorious forms whose task is ever to minister to those who gain that envied station. Fame and Happiness, twin sisters, there make their habitations, and no where else can they ever be found."

The boy's heart was stirred within him at the beguiling words of his visitant, and he looked upward to the hills which Ambition had pointed out as the abodes of Fame and Happiness; and the lurid, flickering light was so dazzling to his young eyes, that he saw not how shadowy were the forms which he had been assured were those whom he should ever seek.

Yet ere he started upon his weary ascent, there came to him *another* form. Cheerful and placid was the expression of her countenance, and the serene light which beamed from her clear blue eyes, was well contrasted with the brighter but restless fires which flashed from the dark orbs of Ambition. Gentle and retiring were her manners; and there was little to charm in her person, arrayed in a plain brown robe, which bespoke frugality

and mediocrity of station. She advanced calmly to the boy, and her voice was low and sweet, though her speech was plain, as she thus addressed him :

“My name is Contentment. I too am willing to be thy guide; and though I may not present to thy view those attractions with which my rival would lure thee away, yet believe me when I assure thee, that I *alone* can conduct thee to Happiness. The path in which I would lead, winds through a lowly vale; and though to thy bedazzled eyes it may look gloomy now, (for the shadows of those dizzy heights hang darkly over it,) yet there are lights gleaming upward from the still waters, and a soft brightness resting upon the low recesses of the sheltered valley. If Fame be considered the only person worthy thy regard, and the coronet that she may place upon thy brows the only object to which thou art willing to devote thy energies, I must withdraw my proffered aid; but believe not the seducing words of yon false one, for Fame is not allied to Happiness, nor are their dwelling-places the same. The former may indeed be found upon that summit, but the latter dwells with every cottager who makes his home in that humble valley, and with every pilgrim who treads the shaded path which winds around it. Say then, wilt thou follow *me*? or wouldst thou rather become the victim of that seducer?”

The boy was young, and the splendid attire of Ambition was far more pleasing to his eyes than the plain garments of Contentment; and the path, to which he pointed, seemed like a bright ascent, leading upward to a scene of glittering illumination; but the over-hanging heights which enclosed the low vale of Contentment, appeared to him to surround a scene of mingled poverty and gloom.

So he took hold of the skirts of Ambition's robe, and declared his readiness to pass the day in following his footsteps; yet he dared not look back for his mother's blessing, for he felt that she would have smiled far more sweetly upon him, had he accepted the guidance of his gentler monitor. But when Contentment saw that he slighted her offers, and noticed not the hand which she had kindly extended towards him, she meekly turned away.

* * The sun was at the zenith. The mother's eyes were still upon her child, but it was with a fearful joy that she marked the upward path he trod, and saw that in basking amidst the

bright rays which poured upon his path, he heeded not the dark clouds which were rolling up from the horizon. And she saw, too, that the gay smile, which illuminated his face when he commenced his journey, had vanished away. His countenance was pale and haggard, his eyes wildly sending forth their bright, restless glances, and his footsteps growing fainter and more uncertain. Ever and anon would he cast an anxious glance at the brow of the hill he was ascending, thinking to behold upon it the splendid temple to which he had ever directed his steps, and hoping that there he might at length recruit his exhausted frame, and enjoy the reward of his hours of toil. But height peeped over height, hill frowned above hill, 'Alps on Alps continually arose,' until the anxious expression of his own countenance had changed to one of settled gloom. He had out-stripped many of his competitors, and had obeyed the low, selfish suggestions of his guide, who bade him thrust his rivals from the path, or hurl them down the summit, until his course had become one of reckless madness. Desiring to stand alone upon that lofty pinnacle, he had endeavored to bring upon all around him disappointment and destruction. His bosom had become a dark fountain, sending forth its black stream of unholy desires, and impious machinations. None ever smiled upon him now, and the voice of sympathy never fell upon his ears. There were no friends to aid him, no loved ones to cheer him.

Yet he was not alone. Wherever he went, he found that others had been there before him. Whatever summit he might ascend was overlooked by a loftier one, upon whose brow stood those who had attained a higher elevation. Yet Happiness was never visible, and the clouds, which had previously appeared to him refulgent with brightness, were bursting in tempestuous fury upon his head, and casting their black shadows upon the pathway before him.

He paused, and cast his eyes downward upon the low valley, in which he had been invited to pass the day. And he saw that the storms passed high above it, and though the bright sun-beams never dazzled it with radiant light, yet a softer brightness ever illuminated its bosom. He saw, also, that the dwellers there were a happy band, with cheerful smiles and joyful songs, and that they were truly wealthy, for all that they had was all they

wished. And he vainly regretted that he had not chosen the better part.

"I can never dwell there now," he bitterly repeated, "but Happiness may yet be found upon some loftier height." Again he turned to resume his toilsome progress, but his feeble limbs refused their aid; darkness came thickly down from the misty hills; his frame was sinking, and his mind despairing. He turned away from Ambition, who would still have urged him on, and sank down in utter despondency.—

Night was coming. Quickly had passed that day, for the sun had *early* hastened to his going down. The watchful mother had hastened to her son, and she vainly endeavored to arouse his drooping spirits and cheer his sunken heart. But it was too late. The shades of evening were gathering fast around him, and the sun was sinking below the horizon.

"Will no one aid me?" said the wretched mother; and there came, in reply to her call, a lovely form arrayed in robes of snowy whiteness.

"My name," said she, "is Religion. Mine is the task to heal the broken hearted, to give joy to the children of affliction, and to bestow upon them the spirit of rejoicing, for the garment of heaviness."

And she turned her angelic face towards that child of disappointment and despair, and sweetly smiled upon him; and with a voice, whose every tone was heavenly melody, she poured into his listening ears the words of consolation. "Oh," said he, "that I had earlier received thine instructions, and enjoyed the delights of thy presence!"

"My dwelling," she replied, "is in the valley below, and seldom do I find a votary upon the heights. Hadst thou followed Contentment, thou wouldst also have found *me*, and my sister, Happiness, whom thou hast vainly sought upon these dizzy summits."

"But," said he, "must thy votaries *ever* continue in the low vallies? Is there *no* upward path, but that which Ambition has chosen, to lure his followers to destruction?"

And Religion replied, "Thou hast said well, in that thou thinkest an upward progress preferable to a constant sojourn in the low vallies. There *is* an upward path, and it leads to mansions of eternal bliss; there is an exercise for the longing spirit, and it

is to serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength ; and there is a joy in this which lasteth evermore. The day is now past, and the night cometh ; but that will also flee away, and a brighter morning shall arouse thee to renovated strength, to purer pleasures, to nobler and greater capacities of enjoyment, and to an entrance to that mansion which is the everlasting abode of Happiness, 'a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' "

The bright glow which irradiated the countenance of Religion was reflected upon that of her listener ; a heavenly smile passed over his worn features ; a brilliant light beamed from his sunken eyes ; he pressed his mother's hand in his, then gently laid his head upon her breast, "and so he fell asleep."

H. F.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

When first the little Pilgrim band
Came o'er to fair Columbia's land,
They planted, with a careful hand,
The sacred Tree of Liberty.

Their prayers and tears enriched the soil ;
Its rapid growth repaid their toil,
Till England proudly thought to spoil
The cherished Tree of Liberty.

She sent her prowling Lion o'er,
To desolate our peaceful shore,
And frighten, with his dreadful roar,
The gallant sons of Liberty.

The Eagle spied him from afar,
And poised herself his plots to mar,
While brightly many a glistening star
Shone o'er the Tree of Liberty.

The wild alarm rung thro' the land,
And quickly many a valiant band
Of patriots boldly took their stand,
Around the Tree of Liberty.

At length, the clouds of war appear ;
The deadly combat soon draws near—
When suddenly a call we hear,
'Defend the Tree of Liberty !'

Then quick, from many a heart and wound,
The blood of free-men stains the ground,
And brave men's bones are strewed around
The waving Tree of Liberty.

Conflicting parties now engage,
And long the doubtful conflicts rage;
And deadly war the foe-men wage
Against the Tree of Liberty.

Our veterans still maintain the field,
And valiantly their weapons wield;
While with their hearts they bravely shield
The glorious Tree of Liberty.

Now fearfully the lowering cloud
Comes o'er the land, an awful shroud!
And pealing thunders, long and loud,
Roll round the Tree of Liberty.

The strife is o'er. The battle's done!
The triumph 's ours. The victory 's won!
And brightly glorious Freedom's sun
Shines on the Tree of Liberty.

Roaring with mingled rage and pain,
The vanquished Lion left the plain;
And as he fled across the main,
He *growled* the name of Liberty.

Covered with wounds, and smeared with gore,
He ceased not yet his dismal roar,
Till safely landed on a shore,
Far from the land of Liberty.

Then, lest the world should think him scared,
He bravely turned, his fangs he bared—
A threat'ning look, ('twas all he dared,)
He gave the sons of Liberty.

Enraged and humbled by his fate,
Nor time nor distance could abate
The wrath he felt, th' embittered hate
He bore the Tree of Liberty.

O thus forever may it be!
E'er may the foes of Freedom see
That patriot hearts, both brave and free,
Still guard the Tree of Liberty.

Death hovers round the hostile band
That dares invade Columbia's land,
Or raise the sacrilegious hand,
To mar the Tree of Liberty.

EMILY.

COLD WATER SONG.

1. How sparkles the dew on the grass and flow'rs In rays of the early

2. The earth drinks enough of the cooling rains, And quenches her burning

3. To spring, or to pump, or to well we'll hie, Obedient to nature's

(1) dawn! And how refreshing are summer show'rs To fields and meadows and

(2) thirst; The sea a portion by rills obtains, A part by vapor the

(3) laws; And this to others shall be our cry, O drink cold water when-

(1) drooping bow'rs! And how reviving their secret pow'rs To garden & parching lawn!

(2) cloud regains; And some sinks downwards thro' earth's small veins
[In springs from her heart to burst.

(3) e'er you're dry, And health and pelasure you'll gain thereby,
[And honour a holy cause!

THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

Ay, well do I remember the old farm-house—its spacious halls, its drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, and every room, from the attic to the cellar—not one of which had not a story connected with it of ghosts, hobgoblins, or something of the kind.

This house was built by Governor Wentworth, (the last Colonial Governor of New-Hampshire,) for a country residence, and was the largest house in the whole township. It was situated hard-by a beautiful pond of water, which covered some hundreds of acres, and contained a number of islands which added much to its beauty. In this pond, tradition says, the young wife of the old gray-haired Governor once made her spouse believe that she had thrown herself, after being refused admittance to the house upon her return from a moon-light frolic and ramble, which had kept her from home through the greater part of the night. The Governor, hearing a splash in the water, rushed out in his night-clothes to rescue his wife from a watery grave, when she in her turn took possession of the house, and refused her husband admittance; and he (poor soul!) had to spend the remainder of the night in the stable, wrapped in horse-blankets—a circumstance which Johnny O'Lara said proved 'beyond demonstration,' that the Governor's wife was his better half.

The large farm of the Governor had not only its garden, orchard, and mowing, pasturage, tillage and wood-lands, but also its park, lawn, shady walks, and many other embellishments, which are now remembered among the things which 'were, and are not.' The lawn was on the right hand from the house, the park on the left—the distance from the extreme part of the one to that of the other, might be three-fourths of a mile. The lawn is memorable as the place for dancing by moon-light, a custom which was fashionable in the day of Governor Wentworth, and which was highly approved of by his youthful partner, who made it a point of duty to honor by her presence all the merry-makings of her rustic neighbors. A narrow strip of dark growth, such as pine, hemlock, spruce and fir, was left standing when the land was cleared. This strip was called 'the green ribbon,' and commenced at the extreme part of the lawn, and extended a mile and a half to an eminence, called Mount Delight. It wound over the

mount, making a double bow, and then extended to the extreme part of the park. Here it terminated, and a white-washed, picket-fenced lane led to the house. A beautiful path through the green ribbon made it a delightful walk, either at blazing noon, or by the mild light of night's silver queen. It was from a ramble through the green ribbon, after a frolic on the lawn, that Madam Wentworth had returned, on the memorable night, when, by stratagem, she took possession of the farm-house, to the great discomfiture of the good Governor.

Upon the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, Governor Wentworth (who was a patriot at heart, and could not in conscience join with the British, and believing the cause of American independence to be a hopeless one, dared not join with the Americans) fled the country; and the farm-house, with all its appendages, fell into other hands. It had various owners from time to time; and at the period when I first became acquainted with it, it was owned by a Mrs. Raynard, a native of Yorkshire, England. Our whole township being destitute of public buildings, with the exception of one meeting-house, Mrs. Raynard's hall was the chosen place for all the Thanksgiving, Christmas, New-Year, and Washington balls. This made the old farm-house a place dear to the hearts of all the young ones who delighted in the innocent pastimes of youth. And thrice dear was the old farm-house in the memory of many; for there many an acquaintance commenced, that ended in friendship; and there, within its mouldering walls, many a friendship commenced which ripened into a pure and holy love. And when, tired of dancing, the young people would promenade through the house, while the attention of the rest was engaged in listening to some legendary tale of the spirits which had been known to haunt the house ever since the day on which Governor Wentworth left America, some bashful swain would muster courage to "pop the question" to his "beloved" — while she, from fancying herself in the midst of ghosts and hobgoblins, would so sensibly feel the need of a protector, that "I will be thine, and only thine," came with less hesitation from her trembling lips.

If the young people could have been the sole arbiters of the fate of the old farm-house, it would have stood the test of time — so much did they prize it. But it was made of perishable materials, and doomed to fire. Whether it was fired accidentally,

or by an incendiary, is a question in the minds of many, which without doubt will ever remain unanswered. Mrs. Raynard, at the time it was burned, was on the point of being married to a neighboring widower, whose children were very much opposed to the match, for fear that Mrs. R. would bring their father to poverty; and report said that they often expressed a wish that the old woman would take fire and burn up. Mrs. R. was taken into the family of the gentleman to whom she was to have been married, who, upon better acquaintance, concluded not to marry her. The gentleman's children have not prospered so well as it was expected they would; and the "wise ones," when conversing of these things, often think of retribution, and the old farm-house.

Revered building! a small tribute is due thee, in memory of the many scenes of joy and sorrow which have been witnessed within thy walls! Many of these have long been buried in oblivion, and many are still green spots in memory! But *they*, too, will pass away; and thou also wilt be forgotten. Peace to thy ashes!

TABITHA.

OUR HOUSEHOLD.

MR. EDITOR:—It may not perhaps be deemed intrusive for me to present to your notice some statistical facts, connected with our domestic circle; if that may be properly called a *domestic circle*, which is in fact but a promiscuous collection of females, from many different places, in a house they can scarcely think a home.

There are now but eleven boarders in our family, and but thirteen, including every member of it.

Among us, there are regularly received fifteen papers and periodicals. These are as follows: Boston Daily Times; Signs of the Times; Herald of Freedom; Christian Herald, two copies; Christian Register; Vox Populi; Literary Souvenir; Boston Pilot; Young Catholic's Friend; Star of Bethlehem; Lowell Offering, three copies; Magazine, one copy.

We also regularly *borrow* the Non-Resistant, the Liberator, the Lady's Book, the Ladies' Pearl—and the two last *have had* regular subscribers in the house; also, the Ladies' Companion. Many other papers are occasionally borrowed. So I think you

must acknowledge that we *need* not be ignorant upon the subjects which are agitating the world around us, nor of the transactions which excite the interest of others besides "factory girls."

As to our religious tenets, classing the different members of the family according to the meetings which they attend, we have one Calvinist Baptist, two Universalists, one Unitarian, one Congregationalist, one Catholic, one Episcopalian, two Methodists, three Christian Baptists, and one Mormonite—which is a variety seldom found in one family; and we have here what is not to be found any where else in the City of Lowell, and in but few other places, and that is, A MORMON BIBLE.

Notwithstanding the divers faiths embraced among us, we live in much harmony, and seldom is difference of opinion the cause of contention amongst us.

H. T.

EMMA AND GRACE.

"Courage resists danger; fortitude supports pain."—BLAIR.

"But surely, sister, you will not attempt to mount him," said Emma Hale to her sister, as she came to the door in a riding-dress.

Grace nodded gaily, kissed Emma's cheek *en passant*, and approached a horse which her brother was training.

Her father had just purchased a beautiful little creature, spirited as Bucephalus, black and glossy as a raven's plume, with a neck on the principle of Hogarth's "curve of beauty and of grace," and a step that seemed to spurn the ground. Little Henry watched his graceful evolutions with almost breathless admiration.

"Yes, Grace, do, do ride him. You will go it so pretty!" said he, offering Grace a riding stick.

George thought as much, but he was more prudent; and confident as he was of Grace's courage under ordinary trials, he did not dare urge her to an experiment so hazardous as the initiation of his charger into the mysteries of female equestrianism. Grace smiled alike at her sister's remonstrance and her brother's entreaty. She pressed the rosy point of her finger on her lip a mo-

ment, and then, stepping forward, extended her hand to George for his assistance in mounting.

"Neatly done, harrah!" shouted Henry, as the horse pranced about, seemingly conscious and proud of the beautiful burden he bore. Grace attempted to urge him forward; but in vain.

"Forward and back; *chasse* across!" said the lively Henry, and Grace's horse obeyed him to the letter.

Several had gathered around, and among them some dozen boys. At an evolution they thought particularly fine, they gave a simultaneous shout of applause. Not Ichabod Crane's Gunpowder, or Tam O'Shanter's Maggie, dashed off with more fury, than did our Grace's little steed. George mounted another horse and followed with the greatest possible rapidity; but Emma's heart sickened when, as a turn in the road took them from her sight, she saw that the distance between them was increasing. She threw herself on the sofa, faint with terror and apprehension.

Half an hour, that seemed an age to the anxious villagers, and especially to Emma, had "dragged its slow length along," and there were no tidings of Grace. Gentlemen had left their shops, offices and fields, and now stood in groups in the street. Mothers walked nervously about from door to window, and from sitting-room to attic. Daughters gathered at the yard-gates, or walked out in different directions, with hopes of meeting Grace on a safe return. Old grandmother Jones began one of her long stories; and its subject was a young and beautiful girl who was killed by being thrown down a "precipitate twenty feet horizontal," by another "jist sich a horse." And who would have thought it? Even Nancy Sibley, who had scarcely been known to utter a word in praise of a young and lovely girl, during the last ten years, said, on meeting Mr. Hervey, "Well, I declare, I shall be so sorry! But I *do* think she will be killed; and I *always* liked her, did n't you, Mr. Hervey?"

Now this Mr. Hervey had been Grace's privileged protector for months. But for a few days there had been an estrangement between them, caused, as Mr. Hervey suspected, by the intrigues of said Nancy Sibley. He spent the previous evening in company with Grace and other young friends. He saw that she carefully avoided him. He saw, too, that she was unhappy; and a recollection of this latter circumstance, determined his purpose of "flying to the rescue." He did not pause to answer Miss

Sibley ; but nodding mechanically as he passed, he took from his father's stable a horse nearly as fleet as Grace's, and started in a direction opposite to that pursued by Grace, her brother, and others who had followed at intervals.

Another half-hour passed ; and Emma felt that she could not endure such suspense much longer. The stillness that now pervaded the house and street was fearful to her—it was so like the hush of death. She heard a footstep in the piazza. It was slow and solemn. Was it to inform her that the mangled form of her sister would soon meet her eye ? So she feared. A sickness was at her "bosom's core ;" and she trembled like an aspen leaf, when a suppressed shout of pleasure rose from her kind and sympathizing neighbors, who were still keeping their vigils. All hats were off ; and fair hands were waving joyous welcomes. All eyes were bent in one direction, except those of a few young friends who loved Grace best. Theirs were overflowing with tears, concealed in their handkerchiefs. The delight of Henry knew no bounds. He flew to Emma, flung his arms around her neck, and then ran back to the gate.

"It is, it is Grace and Mr. Hervey. I saw them just as plain when they came over Isaac's hill," said he, again bounding into the sitting-room. He kissed Emma's cheek, took her hands and attempted to help her to the door. "Oh ! do come, sister. You won't be pale as soon as you see them ; I wa'n't. Come ; and see how pretty they go it."

Emma attempted to rise, but she had lost all power of locomotion ; and when Mr. Hervey led the laughing Grace into the room, she fainted. This was very strange to Grace ; for during the whole transaction, her courage had not deserted her for one moment. At one time, while her steed was pursuing his flight, though somewhat less rapidly, he took new fright from a huge rock that projected itself from a high hill on the opposite side of the street. Here she must inevitably have been lost, but for her perfect presence of mind. With meteoric rapidity the horse darted to the very bank. But she spoke very gently to him, with a deal of *tact* backed him a little ; and he again beat forward. At this moment Mr. Hervey joined her. Never was knight more welcome to a distressed damsel, than was Mr. Hervey to Grace. Not that she felt the need of his assistance ; but that his looks and anxious inquiries proved every thing but that he was becom-

ing indifferent to her, as Miss Sibley had attempted, with a slight degree of success, to convince her. He had witnessed the fearful plunge of her horse, and when they met, had scarcely strength to retain his seat.

Whether on the magnetic principle, or some other, I do not know; but Grace's horse was perfectly docile from the moment that she was joined by Mr. Hervey. Strange! was n't it? And was n't it "passing strange" that Mr. Hervey and Grace *could* have forgotten every thing but that they were again all the world to each other, when they came in sight of their anxious friends? Miss Nancy Sibley thought that it was. * * *

Months passed on. Emma and Grace were languishing on beds of sickness, perchance of death. Emma's disease was a hopeless consumption. For months she had suffered there, shut out from the beautiful sights and sounds of nature, to die. No one loved the long ramble better than Emma. To no one was the music of bird and rivulet sweeter, and, especially, to no one did the Sabbath-ministries bring more delight; but she was shut out from them all forever. So her physicians told her; so she believed. Yet there was not a complaining word. More gentle and affectionate than ever, she sought, by constant cheerfulness and concealment of her sufferings, to lessen the cares and anxieties of her friends.

How was it with our courageous Grace? Two weeks only she had been confined to the house. She was evidently recovering, although somewhat slowly—yet she was quite miserable.

"Oh, I could bear any thing better than this protracted debility!" said she to Emma one day, when she had been assisted to her chamber. "Let me just have strength once more to climb that hill, to push our little skiff across the river, or guide Don in a morning ride upon its bank; and I ask no more, except, indeed, to see you well again, dear sister."

Emma smiled sadly.

"I know you will despise me for my lack of fortitude," pursued Grace, "you have borne so much and so patiently. But I cannot help it. I have tried in vain to imitate your example." She burst into tears and wept like a child, while her poor sister repeated to her those lessons of fortitude and trust, which were so admirably illustrated by her daily endurance.

In a few days Grace was restored to health; but Emma was

dying. Never was she so strangely beautiful. Her eye shone with an unearthly fire ; and already her pure spirit seemed assimilated in its raptures to those " saints who fall down and worship before the Lamb." Entirely forgetful of self, she was only anxious that her weeping friends might be comforted. In short and earnest petitions, she commended them again and again to the care of their heavenly Father. She talked sweetly to them of heaven, and of their final meeting there. Grace was wholly unprepared for this trying hour. She walked the floor, wept aloud, and wrung her hands. She left the room, and gained a little composure ; but it forsook her the instant she returned to the bed-side of her sister.

" Oh how can she bear to die !" she exclaimed passionately, as she threw herself on a sofa in a fresh burst of grief.

Emma turned to her, and with perfect calmness, sang a part of the beautiful chant, " Though I walk through the dark valley," &c.

Grace fell on her knees, clasped Emma's hand in hers, and buried her face in the bed clothes. All others instinctively followed her example. Their minister was in the group, and the holy man prayed. His voice was tremulous at first, but it became strong and earnest in its pleadings as he proceeded. Every sob was hushed. They rose with an answer of peace in their hearts ; and it remained there, even after they saw that the spirit of the beloved one had fled.

From that hour Grace was a changed being. When her loving Hervey led her to his elegant home as his bride, he saw, in the expression of her mild blue eye and her thoughtful brow, " a sober certainty of waking bliss."

MADÉLINE.

ELDER ISAAC TOWNSEND.

Elder Townsend was a truly meek and pious man. He was not what is called *learned*, being bred a farmer, and never having had an opportunity of attending school but very little—for school privileges were very limited when Elder Townsend was young. His chief knowledge was what he had acquired by studying the

Bible, (which had been his constant companion from early childhood,) and a study of human nature, as he had seen it exemplified in the lives of those with whom he held intercourse.

Although a Gospel preacher for more than forty years, he never received a salary. He owned a farm of some forty acres, which he cultivated himself; and when, by reason of ill health, or from having to attend to pastoral duties, his farming-work was not so forward as that of his neighbors, he would ask his parishioners to assist him for a day, or a half-day, according to his necessities. As this was the only pay he ever asked for his continuous labors with them, he never received a denial, and a pittance so trifling could not be given grudgingly. The days which were spent on Elder Townsend's farm were not considered by his parishioners as days of toil, but as holy-days, from whose recreations they were sure to return home, richly laden with the blessings of their good pastor.

The sermons of Elder T. were always *extempore*; and if they were not always delivered with the elocution of an orator, they were truly excellent, inasmuch as they consisted principally of passages of scripture, judiciously selected, and well connected.

The Elder's intimate knowledge of his flock, and their habits and propensities, their joys, and their sorrows, together with his thorough acquaintance with the scriptures, enabled him to be ever in readiness to give reproof or consolation, (as need might be) in the language of Holy Writ. His reproofs were received with meekness, and the recipients would resolve to profit thereby; and when he offered the cup of consolation, it was received with gratitude by those who stood in need of its healing influences. But when he dwelt on the loving-kindness of our God, all hearts would rejoice and be glad. Often, while listening to his preaching, have I sat with eyes intently gazing on the speaker, until I fancied myself transported back to the days of the "beloved disciple," and on the Isle of Patmos was hearing him say, "My little children love one another."

When I last saw Elder Townsend, his head was white with the frosts of more than seventy winters. It is many years since. I presume, ere this he sleeps beneath the turf on the hill-side, and is remembered among the worthies of the olden time.

INDEPENDENCE BELL.

“The Declaration of Independence was announced to the congregated masses of the people by the Secretary of Congress, and immediately the great bell in the tower of the State House was mightily rung. That bell was cast twenty-two years previously — yet on it was inscribed this almost prophetic language of the Bible: ‘PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT THE LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF,’ Levit. xxv. 10”

‘Loud soundeth that bell ! ’Tis the funeral knell
Of the tyrant, whose violent wrong
And edicts of fraud, through the country abroad
Aroused the indignantly strong !
They gathered in the Congress Hall,
And vowed to break the despot’s thrall,
And nobly stand, or nobly fall,
In striving for the right,
In council or in fight.’

Loud soundeth that bell, and deep is the swell
Of feeling that bursts as ’tis heard ;
It ringeth around, that heart-thrilling sound,
And the blood of the people is stirred.
Each pulse beats high at every peal,
Each sinew wraps itself in steel,
High purpose doth each eye reveal.
The tolling of that bell
On future time shall tell.

It is Liberty’s call ! her voice is to all,
And all will her summons obey ;
For, roused by the sound, they rally around,
Already proclaiming her sway ;
And “ Liberty or Death ! ” they cry,
And echo lifts the watch-word high,
And earth repeats it to the sky ;
Its thunders fill the vale,
And swell the mountain gale.

’Tis fainter now, and fainter still—
And now ’tis hushed upon the hill.
The bell hath told the wondrous tale,
And echo dies along the vale.
And now the eye, imploring raised,
That oft upon that bell hath gazed,
Looks up to heaven in fervent prayer,
Committing to Jehovah’s care,
The destiny of future days,
Then lifts the soul in grateful praise,
By deep, o’erwhelming joy possessed—
Yet, by a fearful thought distressed,

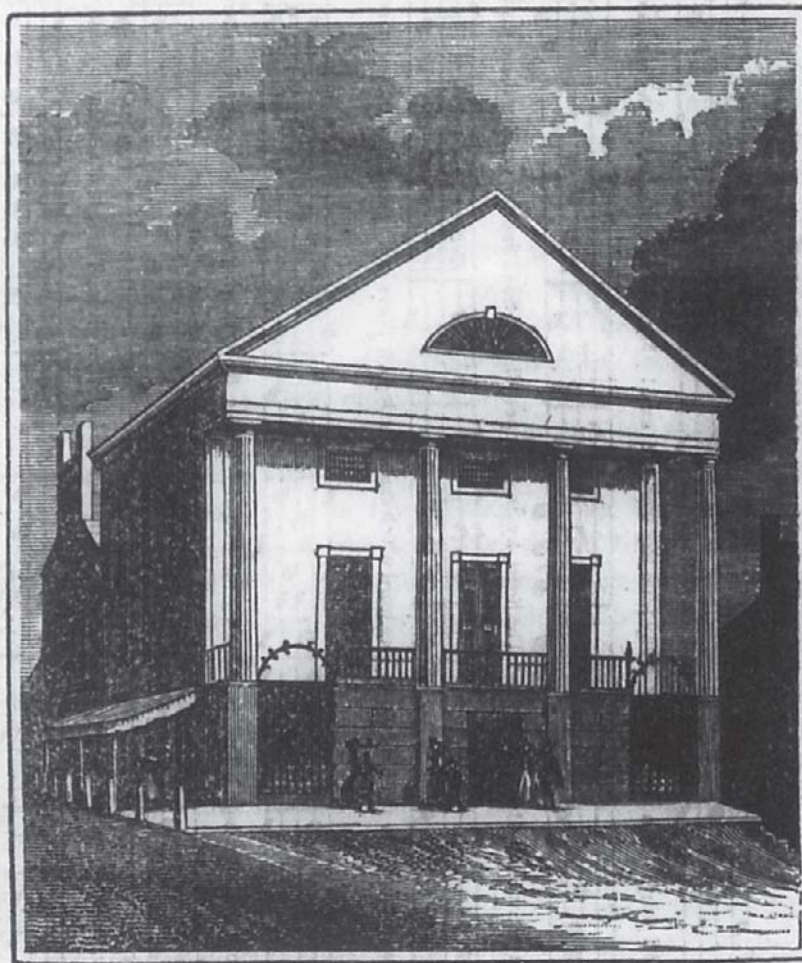
Still rests it in the cause of right,
 Upon the unseen Arm of Might.
 Now fixed as never till this hour,
 Upon that lofty State House tower,
 It reads—but ah! no tongue can tell
 What mighty thoughts the bosom swell—
 It reads as though unread before,
 That sentence of prophetic lore,
 Of “liberty throughout the land
 To all th’ inhabitants” at hand.
 That scripture of time hath been read,
 Yet never hath the spirit fed,
 As now, upon each shining word—
 For now the inmost soul is stirred,
 And life itself seems clinging there,
 As though all else were but despair.

And why? Go, ask the spirit crushed—
 Go, ask the voice of pleading hushed—
 Go, ask the man, by tyrants wronged,
 What images about him thronged,
 When, roused by sounds before unheard,
 He fixed his gaze upon that word!
 Ah, then he thought of “liberty,”
 That sets the ransomed being free;
 Of worse than iron chains unbound,
 Of more than monarch’s head uncrowned;
 He thought of manly strength arising,
 The “littleness of power” despising—
 The image of his God aspiring
 To be what God himself hath bidden;
 Of immortality desiring,
 To stand erect, no longer hidden,
 To *live* while in life’s little span,
 To break his yoke, and *be a man*.

What hand, with such unwonted care,
 Engraved such prophecyings there?
 Who looked through time, or time to come,
 And saw his free prospective home,
 While tracing there with pious zeal
 The motto of his country’s weal?
 Say, did his heaven-taught mind explore
 The pages of prophetic lore,
 And learn from inspiration’s pen
 The destiny of fellow-men?
 And felt he that his land should be
 The very home of liberty?
 Or knew he that from yonder Hall,
 A voice should come to great and small,
 With power that should convulse the land,
 And shake to dust each fetter-band,
 And strangely from the ashes raise
 A monument to freedom’s praise?

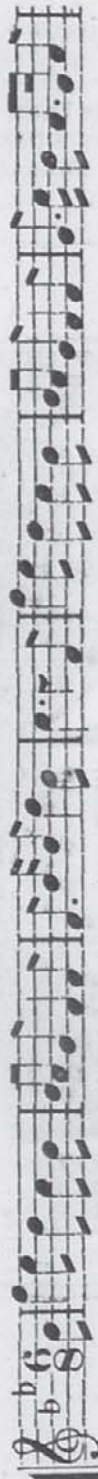
Oh, 'twas a spirit-voice, from the eternal throne,
That gave the State House bell that motto for its own.
Obedient to the high command,
It told its message through the land;
And Columbia wept, and smiled—for joyfully she knew
That the old bell's thrilling words of prophecy were true.

ADELAIDE.

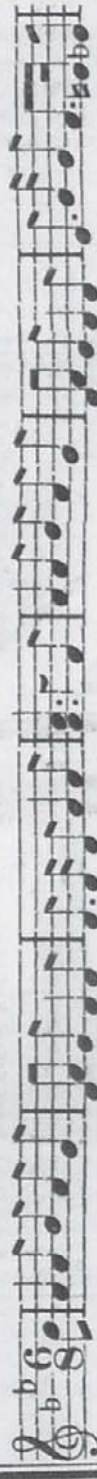


FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, LOWELL.

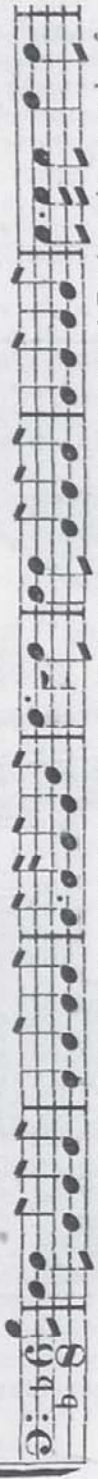
“O THAT I HAD WINGS LIKE A DOVE.”



1. O had I wings like a dove, I'd fly Away from this world of care! My soul would mount to the realms on high, And seek for a refuge



2. O is it not written, Believe and live! The heart, by bright hopes allured, Shall find the comfort these words can give, And be by its faith as-



3. There is, there is in thy holy word, Thy word which can ne'er depart, There is a promise of mercy stored, For them who are meek of



there. But is there no haven here below, No hope for the wounded breast, No hallowing spot where content has birth, And where I may find a rest?



sured. Then why should we fear the cold world's frown, When truth to the heart has given, The light of religion to guide us on, In joy to the paths of heaven!



heart. "My yoke it is easy, my burden light; O come unto me for rest." This, this is the promise of mercy stored, For the wounded and weary breast.

CONCLUSION OF THE VOLUME.

In seating myself to write the article which is to conclude the first volume of the Offering, my mind reverts involuntarily to the commencement of our enterprize. Our periodical was sent into the literary world with many doubts and misgivings, and the Offering was humbly laid upon the altar of literature. A success which we hardly dared anticipate, has crowned our labors. From distant parts of our own land, from many respected and valuable authorities, and even from beyond the great waters, has the voice of praise and encouragement been wafted to our ears; and truly grateful has it been to us—for *all* have not been thus indulgent. We have gone on “through *evil* report” as well as “through *good* report;” and the voice of censure has mingled with the tones of approbation.

We are well aware of the circumstances which have procured for us so cheering a welcome. We know that the new star, which appeared in the literary firmament, was hailed with joy, not so much because it was bright and beautiful, as because it appeared where no star had shone before, and where none had dared to look for an illuminating ray. The joyous shout went up, because that little star could penetrate so thick a cloud. The wonder has been, that in the passage along the stream of life, those who are toiling at the oars have found time and capacities to pluck a few of the beautiful flowers which are blooming on the banks, the privilege of culling which had been generally conceded to the leisure passengers of the bark; and the astonishment, that some taste has been displayed in the selection of the blossoms, has been heightened by the reflection that they were plucked in *twilight* hours. We experience some pleasure in the knowledge that the blossoms, so prettily arranged in this *boquet*, were gathered by ourselves; and though another hand occasionally removed a withered leaf, or cast aside an unsightly stalk, yet what is left is *ours*.

We will now glance at some of the objections which have been urged against our publication.

We have been accused by those who seem to wish us no ill, of disingenuousness, and unfaithfulness to ourselves, as exponents

of the general character and state of feeling among the female population of this city. They say the Offering, if indeed it be the organ of the factory girls, is not a *true* organ. It does not expose all the evils, and miseries, and mortifications, attendant upon a factory life. It speaks, they say, on only one side of the question; and they compare us to poor, caged birds, singing of the flowers which surround our prison bars, and apparently unconscious that those bars exist. We however challenge any one to prove that we have made false assertions, and happy indeed are we, if our minds can turn involuntarily to the sunny side of the objects which arrest our gaze. May it not be supposed that we have written of these flowers, because so many assert that they do not exist, and that

“No more for us the violet shall bloom,
Nor modest daisy rear its humble head”?

And perhaps we have written of the bright sky above us, because so many think our sun is always obscured by gloomy clouds.

And who will say that had the Offering been but the medium of the foreboding and discontented, and the instrument for the conveyance of one long, dismal wail throughout the land, that it would have been more useful, or a more correct exponent of the state of feeling amongst us?

We are not generally miserable, either in point of fact, or in the prospect of a dreadful future. This may be the result of our ignorance—for it should be observed that the objections brought against the manufacturing system, are usually founded on analogies from foreign lands. Neither are we philosophical enough to deduce the long chain of dreadful effects which many think will be consequent upon the simple causes which we see in operation around us. But more than this: we see not how we can be accused of disingenuousness when we have never, either through our Editor, or in any other way, pledged ourselves to disseminate a knowledge of every petty evil and inconvenience of the manufacturing system. The Offering has faithfully sustained its character, as a REPOSITORY OF ORIGINAL ARTICLES, WRITTEN BY FEMALES EMPLOYED IN THE MILLS. In the words of one of our own number, we

“desired to show
What factory girls had power to do.”

Still we might have portrayed the evils of a manufacturing system, had it not been a picture so often presented to the public, and painted, too, in colors black as the Stygian waves. Something surely was needed to counteract the false impression made by others.

It has also been asserted that we are tools, dupes, decoys, &c. Now those who are acquainted with the circumstances in which this periodical originated, will certainly exonerate us from aspersions of this character ; and if our publication has an influence, similar to that which has been attributed to it, it must be merely the incidental result of the removal of an unwarranted prejudice. And if that alone has restrained individuals from coming here, let there be henceforth no barrier.

We do not feel guilty of misleading others, by false representations. We have never said that confinement was less irksome, or labor less tedious here, than in any other place. We have never said that money could compensate for loss of health, or that exciting amusements were better than innocent pleasures. We have also so much confidence in the good sense of our countrywomen, as to feel assured that they will usually know when they have amended their condition. And should the time arrive when the great congregation of operatives here will cause a reduction of their wages, I fear not for the crust of black bread, the suppliant voice, and bended knee ; for then the inducement to remain will be withdrawn. Our broad and beautiful country will long present her spreading prairies, verdant hills, and smiling vales, to all who would rather work than starve ; and when that time shall no more exist, it will not be found that all wisdom and benevolence perished with the philanthropic of this age.

But those who have brought no other charge against us, say that our communications are too light, nonsensical, &c.

Now we never expected to be considered oracles, instructors, modern Minervas, &c. We did not write for the Offering, thinking our assistance was needed to enlighten the community upon lofty or abstruse themes. Still we know that the solid metal, which would sink if alone, may be buoyed upon the waters by the light and otherwise useless pith of a tree ; and so we may sometimes convey a useful moral in an amusing tale, which would have been passed unnoticed in a wise essay.

Yet if our "romantic stories" and "nonsense" have not even this redeeming quality, they are certainly an innocent amusement for those who are too toil-worn to engage after their day's labor in profound disquisitions, or deep investigations. May we not be allowed a harmless recreation? The Vicar of Wakefield gave his daughters money to pay an old fortune-teller, saying, that he was "tired of being always wise;" and if the old and learned will sometimes indulge in pleasantries, may not *we* be allowed this privilege? And those who can make a publication of this nature interesting without "nonsense" or "romantic stories," are gifted with talents for pleasing, superior to ours.

We will now take leave of our opponents, with the feeling that even their injustice would be no excuse for us, should we harbor malice or ill will; and gladly we turn to our friends and patrons.

A merry Christmas we wish them all, and a bounteous share of the blessings they so well deserve. May Providence ever smile upon their earthly path, and kindly hearts and hands be ever near, to cheer and aid their onward way.

To the Editor of this work we would also tender our thanks, for the patience, assiduity, and cheerfulness with which he has accomplished his arduous task. To him we are indebted for support and encouragement when our feelings were sorely tried. His was the cheering assurance that hostility would be of short duration; and though that hope was but a meteor light, it illuminated the gloom when the dark cloud hung nearest. He has the consciousness of projecting a noble work; and while we remember a stream which flowed on in almost unbroken darkness, we cannot forget *whose hand first* removed the overshadowing boughs, and showed a deriding world that those waters could flash and sparkle, when open to the sun's bright beams.

His opinion is also *ours*, that, spite of the aspersions cast upon us, no discredit has been done to *ourselves*, THE MANCHESTER OF AMERICA, OF THE MODEL REPUBLIC itself, by the publication of THE LOWELL OFFERING.

ELLA.

Lowell, December 4, 1841.

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ERRATA. Page 130, third line from the bottom, read "power into her mind," instead of *his*. Page 134, third line from the top, read "superior," instead of inferior. Page 272, line 25 from the top, read "usually," instead of really. Page 311, omit the two lines of poetry at the top—also the word "but," at the close of the preceding line.