

THE LOWELL OFFERING:

A REPOSITORY

OF

ORIGINAL ARTICLES,

WRITTEN

BY FEMALES EMPLOYED IN THE MILLS.

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

No. 4. Price 6½cts.

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LOWELL, MASS.

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and at Parmenter's Variety Store, John st., nearly opposite the Church.

LOWELL OFFERING, MARCH 4, 1841.

PERMANENCY OF THE OFFERING.

The Editor of the Lowell Courier says, "The publication of the Lowell Offering has done as much, perhaps, as any one thing ever did, to elevate the female operatives, in this city, to the standing to which they are justly entitled, in the estimation of the community." In all the notices which have been taken of the work, north, south, east and west, a corresponding high opinion has been expressed. The Superintendents of the Corporations in this city have in like manner commended the publication.

It is not in one particular merely, that the Lowell Offering has been of service. The benefits are numerous. First of all, it has been demonstrated thereby that there are females employed in the manufacturing establishments of New England, who, in information and talent, will not suffer in comparison with the most gifted female authors in the land. 2d. The publication of the Offering has directed the attention of very many of the Operatives to the cultivation of talent, the possession of which was previously unknown even to themselves; and writing has induced an increased love of reading. 3d. The errors long prevalent in relation to the intellectual and moral character of our operative population, have been measurably corrected, and in the minds of thousands utterly refuted.

In consequences such as these, every class of our citizens is interested. First of all, the operatives themselves; next their kindred and friends at home; then philanthropists generally. Property owners, whether of real estate or investments in the mills, have an abiding interest, not merely in knowing the truth, so far as the condition and prospects of our population are concerned, but in every means employed to secure exemption from the evils of the British manufacturing districts. Intelligence and virtue are the only conservative principles. Intelligence is the safe-guard of virtue; virtue is the promoter of intelligence—and were it not for the intelligence and virtue of our population, there would be a downward tendency to the degradation, want and woe of the mill operatives of Great Britain.

These and similar considerations render the per-

manent establishment of the Offering desirable; and this can best be effected by a subscription list. Be the number large or small who are disposed to patronize the undertaking, we have concluded to hazard the experiment for one year; and accordingly we issue the subjoined

PROPOSALS for a new series of the Lowell Offering, to be commenced in April, and continued monthly.

1. Each number will consist of 32 medium octavo pages, including at least one page of music, with a printed cover. The type will be cast expressly for the work.

2. The subscription price is One Dollar per annum for a single copy; Six copies for Five Dollars; Thirteen copies for Ten Dollars; and Twenty copies for Fifteen Dollars. Payments in advance, invariably.

3. Overseers in any manufacturing establishment, Post-Masters, and others who wish well to the undertaking, are respectfully desired to interest themselves in the way of procuring subscribers.

Post-Masters are allowed to frank letters written by themselves, enclosing money to the publishers of newspapers and magazines.

Address, post paid or free,

"Offering, Lowell, Mass."

Editors to whom we forward The Offering, are respectfully solicited to insert the above prospectus, accompanied by such remarks as they may think our publication merits. Send us a copy of the paper, and we shall be happy to forward our work regularly.

We cannot publish any thing excepting original articles by female operatives, consistently with our plan; and for this reason, exchange papers are of little service to us. We therefore ask, not an exchange, but merely the number of the paper in which our prospectus is published.

Several articles which we designed inserting in this number, have been crowded out. Writers must not suppose themselves forgotten, simply because their productions do not immediately appear in print. A desire to present a suitable variety will sometimes cause delay in the publication of articles sent to us.

THE LOWELL OFFERING,

FOR MARCH, 1841.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD MAID.

NUMBER III.

We had in our village one literary lady, poetess, blue-stocking, or whatever else you may please to call her. Sarah D. was always, when a child, considered the best scholar in the district school; and when she grew up, she wrote poetry. Yes,—poetry for the newspapers. I remember well her Address to Spring, Farewell to Melancholy, Ode to Monadnock, and several other very pretty pieces of rhyme. She even sometimes ventured upon what she thought was blank verse, and as there was no one up our way capable of very severe criticism, it passed very well as such.

If any of you had come to our village to see its poetess, you would probably have expected to find her in one of the handsomest houses.—You would have gone straight to the great white house, with a row of poplars before it. But you would not have found her there, for that was 'Squire E's house; and though he had a daughter, yet she was by no means a learned one. The Squire thought that women need not know any thing about book-learning; so he never suffered his daughter to attend school after she could read her Bible, and write her name.

Not finding our poetess there, you perhaps would have directed your course to the yellow dwelling, which stood near the meeting-house; but that was the residence of Mr. F, our minister, who, though he had several daughters, would never suffer them to read novels, nor write poetry.

Then there was Dr. G's house, by far the costliest in the village; but he was an old Bachelor, and no female lived with him but his washerwoman, who said she hated poetry, and all such fantastic stuff.

If you had been told that Sarah did not live in a great two-story house, I think you would have marched directly to the little white cottage with green blinds, and lilac and rose bushes around it. But that was the residence of Miss H, our milliner and mantua-maker; and a blue-stocked milliner and mantua-maker, is an anomaly which but few places can exhibit, and

of which our village certainly afforded no specimens.

Sarah did not reside in the central part of the village, but in a wild rocky place at the north part of the town, where the land was so rough, and the farmers so poor, that it was called Hard-Scrabble. Her father's house was a small unpainted building, near one of those beautiful New Hampshire ponds, which in Old England would be called lakes.

Mr. D. was a tall, gaunt looking man, and when seen on a week day with his frock on, his old hat flapping over his eyes, and his face tanned to an almost Indian hue, a city gentleman might have thought him worthy of as little notice as the oxen with whom he held so much companionship. And perhaps his opinion would not have changed, if he had looked at him as I have often done, when he entered the meeting-house on the holy Sabbath; for the frock was then exchanged for a suit of very coarse brown, and the Sunday hat was sadly worn. His face, too, was not a shade whiter; but when he seated himself in his pew, and stroked back the thickly clustering hair, a brow was displayed as intellectual as that of Daniel Webster; and I believe that not only Mr. D, but stranger-clergymen would have been as pleased to read sympathy in his expressive eye, as in that of any other man present. He was indeed a true son of the Granite State, and Sarah, his only child, was alike the object of his love and pride. He had early interested himself in her childish studies, and her first lessons in mathematics were taken from him.—Many a long winter evening has she spent in working out the sums, which he set for her on the great slate, which usually hung over the fire-place. He afterwards assisted her through Adams's Old Arithmetic; and when she was not more than fourteen years of age, it was customary for the school-master to send the great boys to Sarah D, with their hard sums.

If Mr. O. B. Pierce had flourished in those days, he would have pronounced her an intolerable fool; for she was also an excellent parser, and could see a great deal of wisdom in nouns, pronouns, verbs, adjectives, adverbs, &c.

Sarah did not attend the district school after she was fifteen, but stayed at home and plied the spinning wheel in the day-time, and studied Euclid with her father in the evening; and though "winter winds blew cold and loud," yet they were totally disregarded by the happy family at Hard-Scrabble.

The following summer, a very joyful event took place for Sarah. An Academy was established in the town just north of ours, and now there was an opportunity for her to study Chemistry, Rhetoric, Logic, and the Languages; and also to take lessons in Painting and Embroidery, and other thing which she could not learn at home. Her father had scabbled together money enough to pay for her books and tuition, and as it was but three miles and a half, she could board at home. Sarah was quite a pedestrian, and so were we all, though we never spun any street-yarn—but we were only prevented from engaging in this exclusively feminine employment, by the impossibility of doing so—for there was not a single street in our village. But we by no means neglected the main road, nor the by-roads, nor the field paths, nor even the fields without paths. The road to the next town was very sandy and rocky, and would have made sad havoc with a pair of nice shoes; but Yankee girls know how to manage such things. Sarah always drew on over her nice white linen stockings a pair of socks, (or footings, as we more commonly call them,) and then put on her cow-hide shoes. Just before she turned the last corner, she took off her thick shoes, and the socks which had preserved her stockings from dust; and then putting on a pair of thin slippers, a foot was displayed which, though not exquisitely small, was neat and pretty enough to please almost any bachelor, young or old. The old shoes and socks were then placed in a recess of the stone wall, and a rock put over them.

It was by management like this that Sarah D. finished her education, and it is in this way that many a New England girl prepares herself to become a teacher in her own Yankee-land, or in the far West, or South.

Sarah would probably have fitted herself to be a Preceptress, but her mother became a paralytic, and she would not leave her. Officious friends told her, that if she went away, she could earn money enough to hire a girl for her mother, and clothe herself handsomely, and perhaps lay up a little fortune besides; but she would not take their advice—and then they said it was a pity that she had spent so much time and money for nothing, and they should think she would wish to have her learning do her some good. She could not but think it was doing her

good, for it afforded occupation to a mind which might otherwise have busied itself about her neighbor's concerns, or been sullied by joining in tattling and slander. Her education, though it made her no richer, increased her happiness and her self-respect, and gained for her the esteem of others.

Country people are very apt to talk about those whose ideas of expediency, and of right and wrong, differ from their own; especially if they have the independence to act accordingly. Now, although Sarah was in manner as gentle as a lamb, and in countenance as serene as the lake beside her lowly home, yet her mind was as firm as one of the rocks on her father's farm; so she did not bid adieu to her books because people said they would be of no more use to her, nor do any thing but laugh when some old ladies suspected her of being in love, because she wrote poetry. They were confirmed in their suspicions by her decided refusal of an offer from a rich young farmer, though she gently hinted that his nose was rather florid, and his breath smelled of something worse than tobacco. But this did not account for it to them,) for it was before the era of Temperance Societies,) and they said, that if she was not already in love, she must be waiting for some minister, or doctor, or Lawyer, or some such "larned man." They knew there was none in our village for her; for our minister was married, we had no lawyer, and our doctor (the old bachelor,) was over fifty, and of course past all hope. I think I must sometime give you a description of the doctor, but I cannot stop now. We had a school-master in the central district, a sober, intelligent young man; but Sarah would not have him, for he had been engaged for sixteen years.

When Sarah was about twenty-two years of age, Squire E. died. He was supposed to be the richest man in the village, and worth all of five thousand dollars. Besides his farm, he had money at interest, which he had obtained by doing all the law business in the town. He had been Selectman, Town Clerk, Deputy Sheriff, Justice of the Peace, and was considered quite a necessary character. So, after his death, old Mr. I. thought it would be an excellent place for his son, who had just completed his studies, and was strutting about with all the dignity appertaining to a young lawyer, to settle in. Mr. I. was fond of his son, and glad to have him stationed so near him; and although he had expended a great deal upon his education, he exerted himself to build an office, upon which was placed a large sign, inscribed Charles Augustus I., Attorney at Law.

Well, by the time Charles had settled one

quarrel, it was absolutely necessary that the women, young and old, should pick him out a wife; and almost every body pitched upon Sarah D., because she was so good, and so learned, and could write poetry. When Sarah heard of it, she felt very sorry for herself, and for *him*; for she thought their future intercourse would not be so pleasant and unrestrained: she even once resolved never to speak kindly to him again, but then she made the very sensible reflection, that he was not to blame for what people said, and that as an old playmate, and now an educated young man, he was entitled to as much attention as any one else. But the lawyer had heard the same things, and fearing that matters were to be taken out of his hands, which he had rather manage himself, he began to avoid Sarah, and could hardly look civil in the room where she was. But he had plenty of smiles for the daughter whom Squire E. had left sole heir to his five thousand dollars.

Nancy E. was pretty, good tempered, and industrious. True, she had but little education; but that was her father's fault, and the young lawyer thought he had enough for himself and a wife. I knew all the contents of Nancy's library, for I saw it often. Upon the bureau in her chamber was a Bible, Hymn Book, Assembly's Catechism, English Reader, and Webster's Spelling Book. She had also a singing book, called Village Harmony, and the three popular novels of the day, Eliza Wharton, Charlotte Temple, and Dorcasina Sheldon; also a little book entitled "Louisa the lovely Orphan, or the cottage on the Moor." She had, besides, a whole file of the only annual which was then much patronized in New Hampshire, and which went by the name of "Thomas's Almanac."

I once lent her the Arabian Nights Entertainment, but she returned it without reading it all, saying, that she did not believe a word of it was true. I then wished her to read a little book called Alonzo and Melissa, which had exceedingly interested me, and about which I thought she would not be so incredulous; but she never read it, for she said it scared her so that she could not sleep for a week. I was too much provoked to tell her how nicely it all came out, and she probably now shudders at the name of Melissa.

But though Nancy had not a great mind, she had a great farm, which a great many people think a great deal better; and the lawyer concluded to take her for better and for worse. Nobody doubted that he was in love; but some ill natured people thought he loved the farm as well as he did Nancy. But I never blamed him so much as other people did. As he was determined to marry, and had no fortune of his own,

I do not think he could have done better than to take the heiress of our village.

I have sometimes been grieved, and as often amused, at the struggles of a poor professional young man, when he enters the connubial state. Pride and public opinion say that appearances must be kept up; and then the "little purse grows light." Yes, so very light, that he cannot "sleep so sweet at night." Madam thinks she must have a maid in her kitchen, and a few more silk gowns than the neighboring farmers' wives, though they are possessed of twice her income; and the poor, perplexed, care-worn husband, reminds me of the hero of one of my nursery songs, (not a very wise one, for they did not write so sensibly for children in my young days as now)—but persons as old as I am, no doubt will recollect it. It commenced,

"Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife, and could not keep her."

But Peter had a resource of which husbands cannot avail themselves in these better times; for the song continues,

"He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well."

A woman would not stay long in a pumpkin shell now, unless indeed, like that of Cinderella, it should turn into a fine coach, and then, truly, she would like it *very well*.

But as I do not like rich people any better than I do poor people, I will leave Squire I. and his lady, and return to Sarah D.

Whether Sarah became disgusted with literary men, or whether she actually *fell in love*, I do not know; but soon after Nancy I's marriage, she was wedded to a smart, enterprising young butcher, who carried her off to a neighboring town. I visited her a short time since, after a separation of many years. Her children were about her, and I could at first hear of nothing but cutting teeth, the rash, the measles, and whooping cough; and I thought my old friend was entirely lost to me. But after all the little folks had retired for the night, except the babe which slept beside us in its cradle, I found, in a little quiet conversation, that Sarah had not lost her former tone of mind, nor her relish for mental improvement.

"But pray," said I, "is your learning now of any practical benefit to you?" Her answer was so characteristic, that I must give it in her own words.

"When my husband comes to me for my opinion on every subject that interests him, and I feel qualified to advise and counsel him, not on account of superior talent, but of superior education; when I see him spending more time and money on books and papers than his neighbors

will, and know that I enjoy more of his company and conversation than their wives do, I feel that my learning is of practical benefit. When my children come to me, and ask about the wonders of earth and sky, and I see their eyes glisten as I point out the beauty and order which exist throughout creation; and when I see that they are not less dutiful because they can respect as well as love their mother, then I feel that my learning is of practical benefit. And when my little one lies sleeping in my arms, and I have a few moments for undisturbed reflection, I fix my thoughts upon higher subjects than my neighbor's household concerns, or the scandal of the day, and feel that my learning is of practical benefit. And it is my belief, that there is no lot so low, no station of life so obscure and toilsome, but that woman, *even there*, may find a cultivated mind to be of practical benefit."

BETSEY.

A WOMAN'S VOICE TO WOMAN.

It was remarked in one of our most widely circulated newspapers, in reference to a trial recently before the supreme court, that among the ladies there was a most lamentable want of charity toward the prisoner, an injured and unprotected woman, upon whose character all the efforts of the government instituting the trial, have failed to cast the shadow of guilt. In conclusion, the editor remarks, "Different indeed would have been the verdict, we fear, had the ladies ~~been~~ allowed to sit in judgment on her case."

And has it come to this? that the sorrows of an injured woman appeal in vain for sympathy to female hearts! Nay, still worse—Has woman so fallen, that the wrongs, which have called forth universal interest from the sterner sex, have left all untouched the chords of kindness in her soul, which should ever vibrate to tones of sorrow wrung from a sister's misfortunes!—And need we the eloquence of *man* to enlist our charity in the cause of a wronged and suffering sister? Has the angel of mercy assumed the form of woman only in poetry and romance, that we are thus reproachfully told, these virtues find no response in *our* hearts?

I confess that, in reading the article from which I have quoted, my spirit swelled with proud indignation, at what I deemed a base slander, a foul libel upon the virtues of my sex. But the tide of resentment was checked, by a voice whispering, "Look back upon what has come within thine own observation; even in the last year which has gone by, and see if there is *no* truth in this fearful charge." Then rolled

back the wheels of time, and many a sad picture passed in review before me; on which I gazed until, wearied and sick of the weakness and folly of human nature, I would fain have stayed their course,—but my gentle monitor again whispered, "Shrink not from beholding the melancholy truths which are unveiled before thee, for by it thou shalt be profited."

I turned to gaze again upon the sombre picture,—when the loud tones of voices in earnest conversation arrested my attention; and by listening, I discovered they spoke of the woman to whom I have alluded, and many were the severe expressions of condemnation they uttered. So uncharitable were they, I looked whence the sound proceeded, expecting to see a group of reckless and hard-hearted men; but instead, I saw a party of women, *gentle, compassionate and forgiving women!* talking of their sister's follies, or faults perchance. Yes, they may have been faults—but if so, she is still no less our sister; neither are the duties of charity and kindness less binding upon us. Yet even this supposition we have no right to make. This unfortunate woman has been arraigned at the bar of human justice and wisdom; and there fully and honorably acquitted, even of the suspicion of guilt; therefore justice forbids that we condemn, and all the better feelings of our hearts respond to its decrees. If she is *innocent*, all the kindness we can bestow will be but a poor compensation for the wrong she has received. If she is *guilty*, enough of thorns, heaven knows, already lie within her pathway; and far from *us* be the wish to add to her wretchedness.

This scene passed, and another came. It is a familiar one. A young and lovely girl, in the quiet of her chamber, is bending with tearful eyes over the Book of sacred consolation, which she clasps as though it were her last, her *only* friend. She is not beautiful, as the world judges of beauty; but there is an expression of sadness in her countenance, which tells of deep, but patient suffering; and although in the spring-time of life, the season of hope and joy, but few of its flowers have blossomed around her, and she has lingered to see the last one fade and die. Truly, sorrow seems to have marked her for its own. Let us trace her history.

She is the only child of a respected family of one of our New England villages.—She was deprived of a mother's watchful care, long years since; but she has grown up under the guardianship of a beloved father, whose duties as a country clergyman allowed him time to fill, as far as possible, the place of their lost one. But now he too is gone, and she has been obliged to leave the home of her childhood, and come to our

distant city, for the purpose of obtaining a livelihood. She has been kindly received; but she is among strangers, and she pines for the sympathies of home. Hers is a spirit that must droop and die, in the uncongenial air of coldness or neglect. Her gentle, unassuming manner, and interesting countenance, have gained her friends among the gentlemen with whom she has met; and, grateful for their kindness, which has fallen upon her spirit like the dews of heaven upon the drooping flowers, she turns with all the confidence of unsuspecting innocence to those who have thus cheered her lonely heart, and for a time beguiled it of its sadness. But she has observed that, by the little circle of her own sex in which she has been placed, she is regarded with suspicion; and when she asks the cause, she is rudely answered by strange insinuations, or congratulated upon the admirable manner with which she assumes the innocent. Her fate is already sealed! Those who should have poured the healing oil of kindness and charity upon that lone one's stricken heart; are armed with barbed arrows that have been dipped in the deadly poison of envy; and now her wan and mournful looks may but faintly tell how fatally true is the aim which they have taken. In few words, her reputation has been injured, her hopes blighted, and all the warm and generous feelings of her heart trampled upon by a systematic course of slander, as base as it has been false, and all this she has received at the hands of her own sex! O could they have known, as each slanderous tale they told, the fearful consummation of their guilt, humanity would have forbidden them utterance!

This is no overwrought picture of the imagination; the history of our own population furnishes many a parallel. Here are gathered from their distant homes many lone and almost friendless strangers, who have come to us with no other protection than the shield of virtue. And shall we attempt to weaken this? or countenance aught which may deprive them of the only blessing, without which life is no longer valuable? No—rather let us extend to them the hand of kindness to cheer and gladden their lonely path, and let us be ever ready to throw the mantle of charity over our sister's faults. I would not that we sanction wrong, or even the shadow of wrong, for charity itself ceases to be a virtue when exercised in concealing vice; yet frail and erring creatures as we ourselves are, surely we should ere this have learned to pity and forgive! Be this our course in future, and we shall redeem ourselves from the fearful imputations which our faults in this respect have merited.—Let us no longer so far forget the higher and ho-

lier feelings of our nature, as to yield to the base passions of envy and falsehood, for the unholy purpose of dimming the bright and priceless gem of woman's virtuous reputation. VIOLA.

THE FRIEND OF ALL.

If a faculty of the mind may be personified, then Hope may be called the universal friend and companion of man. Soon as the infant mind is capable of thought, she promises to the young and ardent heart, the gratification of all its desires. She paints the future in bright and beautiful colors, without a shadow or a cloud to darken the pathway thereof. To the ambitious school-boy she promises fame in the department which his other faculties may choose, and he presses forward with energy and activity, in the expectation that, by application, he shall obtain the desired point to which he has aspired. To the warrior she promises success, and he rushes to the field of battle assured of victory. Though carnage and death are around him, yet he shrinks not, for far above the roar of cannon and the clash of arms, are the inspirations of Hope, and he looks forward in confidence to the laurels that shall wreath his brow. She cheers the philanthropist with the happy thought, that the time will soon come when benevolence shall influence the heart of man, and he shall cease to oppress his brother; and the laws of mercy and justice shall govern the nations of the earth.

To the mariner, she promises a prosperous voyage and safe return; and the tears of parting friends are wiped away in the anticipation of meeting again. When adversity casts her dark shadow about him, and he feels the pressing hand of poverty and misfortune, and the heart is about yielding to despair, then indeed is Hope the faithful friend, and stands ready to do the work of her benevolent mission. She comforts him with the assurance of brighter, better days, and assures him that the storm and tempest which have raged around him, shall by and by retire to the dark caverns of oblivion, and the sun of prosperity shall come forth without a cloud to obscure its brightness.

When laid upon the bed of sickness, and the tedious hours go by with a tardiness he never felt before, she tells him, in soothing tones, that health and joy will yet be his, and he shall again go forth to look upon the lovely scenes of nature, and enjoy the society of friends. When the hour of dissolution approaches, she does not forsake him, but speaks to him, as with the voice of an angel, of a more glorious state of existence.

The ancient Greek she pointed to happiness in the "fields of Elysium." The Indian war-

rior she elates with the prospect of roaming the hunting grounds of the Great Spirit, where there are boundless plains, streams of pure water, and plenteous game. To the dying Christian she whispers that "The bosom of God is the home of the soul," where he shall meet the loved ones of earth, and sorrow and death shall never come. As the other faculties desert him, she presses the closer, folds him in her embrace; and the raised eye, and the look of holy trust that rests upon the pallid features of the dying one, assure us that the faithful friend through life, was also the last to desert him in the hour of death. SARAH.

LESSONS OF THE FOREST.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods."

To a mind perplexed with care and anxiety, or to a heart ill at ease, nothing is more delightful than to retire a while from the busy world, and seek some sequestered spot in the forest shade, in order to hold undisturb'd communion with nature. The scenes of beauty and grandeur there presented, cannot fail to raise the drooping spirits, to cheer the disconsolate heart, and, if attentively observed, will afford some of the sublimest lessons of instruction.

"Though many sounds delight the ear,
What can with nature's voice compare?—
The whispers of the gentle breeze,
Which lightly plays among the trees,"

the murmuring of the distant water-fall, the melodious lays of the feathered songsters,—all conspire to calm the anxious breast, and to kindle in the heart feelings of gratitude and love to the Father of nature.

We cannot but be impressed with a sense of our own insignificance, as we gaze on the wonders of creation, displayed in the solitude of the forest. We there behold trees of gigantic size, which have withstood the hand of time for centuries, while generation after generation of the human family has passed away, leaving behind them but a few faint records of their fame.

As we look on the simple flower that springs from soil never before trodden by man, we are taught to trust more implicitly in Him who careth for the flowers, and who will care much more for those whom He has made in his own image and endowed with immortality.

After conversing awhile with nature, and the wild and beautiful scenery of the woods, we can return to the active duties of life with renewed vigor; and if the holy lessons of instruction we have received be garnered up, we shall be happier and better for our temporary absence from society.

A.

INDOLENCE AND INDUSTRY.

AN ALLEGORY.

One beautiful afternoon in last July, my parents went to enjoy a ride in the country. It was a lovely day. The birds attuned their voices high in air; the young, who were assembled on the lawn for frolic and amusement, raised their's also in unison with the woodland host. The lofty oaks, the clear brook, the grassy field, and all nature, seemed to smile and enjoy their innocent hilarity. Casting a wishful look on the pleasant scene before me, I returned to prepare for my parents' arrival; and after having finished my preparations, I entered my chamber, and seating myself upon the sofa, commenced reading a book. It was an excellent time for meditation, for silence reigned around; yet I continued to read, until I was interrupted by some one opening my door very gently. As I was expecting no one, I looked with anxious eyes to ascertain who should thus interrupt me; when a female, dressed in splendid array which even a queen might have envied, stood before me. Her garments, comprising every color of the rainbow, quite enchanted me; and seating herself before me, she thus began:

"My friend, I hope you will pardon me for thus intruding, while you were enjoying yourself in solitude; but my reasons for this intrusion are these: Knowing that you would need a friend through life, who would be always with you, and supply you with every article you might wish for, I thought proper at this time to offer my services. I will give you my name, or you may think me a personage of less importance than I am. It is **INDOLENCE**, and my friend who frequently accompanies me, is **FOLLY**. If you decide in my favor, I assure you that there shall be nothing wanting on my part to make your life one of pleasantness and ease; if not, you will have to toil and labor with but little satisfaction—for an approving conscience I consider of little importance. Want will never visit you, and upon poverty you may look with contempt. My friend will find amusements in abundance for you, so that you will always be satisfied. You must decide very soon, as I have yet a number of friends to visit."

I was about complying with her request, when she retreated through the door by which she entered. I was not long in ascertaining the reason of her sudden departure; for a female stood before me, who looked far inferior to my first visitor; yet there was a kindness in her appearance, which told me that in her I might find a friend.—She said, she mistrusted that I should receive a visit from a person that she disliked, and she had come for the purpose of advising me against mak-

ing any wrong resolutions. She farther addressed me thus :

“ My friend, you have now arrived at an age when you are to decide whom you will have for a monitor, to advise and admonish you through life. Your parents saw fit to choose *me*, and they have never regretted it. With me for a guide, your father toiled the hill of Science and arrived at the station he now holds in society. Your Grandfather saw fit to select your first visiter ; and for that unwise choice, your father suffered much in his youth, but with my advice he has succeeded in doing well since he arrived at the age of manhood. I will promise to aid and support you all I can, if you will place your confidence in me ; but I warn you against Folly and Indolence, who will prove your ruin. Be wise for yourself. I will give you my friend's name, which is WISDOM ; but instead of *mine*, I will leave you this small legacy : ‘ INDUSTRY leads to Wealth, Health, Happiness and Prosperity.’

Need I say, I resolved to choose my last visiter ? But the arrival of my parents aroused me from my reverie, and I went forth to join in the busy scenes of life. K.

I ASK NO BOON BUT VIRTUE.

I would not, if the power were mine,
Stand on the height of Fame ;
Nor would I with false colors gild,
For her, my humble name.

I would not wish to pluck one leaf
From off her laurelled brow ;
Nor would I for her paltry gifts,
Before her altar bow.

I ask no tribute of the great,
No honor wealth can buy ;
If MERIT will not bring to light,
Obscurely let me die.

I ask no fawning flatterer's tongue,
With praise my name to gem ;
But give me VIRTUS, and I seek
No richer diadem.

DOBOTHRA.

THE LAST WITCH OF SALMAGUNDI.

Among the first settlers of New England, it was considered as necessary to have a Witch in every parish, as it was to have a Parson, or Physician—and perhaps even more necessary, for whole townships have been destitute of both Parson and Physician, when there was no lack of witches. What real utility there was in having a witch, I was never able to ascertain. I only know that the most of the mishaps which befel our worthy ancestors were ascribed to witchcraft.

In order to do things according to established

rules, when the little village of Salmagundi was first settled, the good people selected the homeliest old woman in the whole Parish, for their witch. Gimmer, Tickle-pitcher, old Trot, old Peg, &c., were the several names by which she was known ; but her real name was Margaret.

Margaret and her husband did not live in much matrimonial felicity, for they neither ate, drank nor lodged together. The husband of Margaret, (Uncle Joe, as he was usually called,) was of rather a miserly turn. He was never known to spend a cent of money for any thing,—not because he had it not to spend, for it was generally known that he often received money in payment for oxen, young cattle, sheep, and sometimes for jobs of work.—This money he kept in an old sap-trough, which was buried in some sly nook in the woods ; the place being concealed by leaves, underbrush, &c. A Frenchman, by the name of Tossy, who lived hard-by Uncle Joe's, had a son who often searched the woods for the purpose of finding Uncle Joe's sap-trough. One spring, Uncle Joe sold a yoke of oxen for fifty dollars, and received cash in hand for payment. Young Tossy was determined, that whenever this money was deposited, he would know the place of concealment ; and he accordingly watched the movements of Uncle Joe, until he saw him deposit it with his former stock. The lad made a number of petty depredations on the contents of the *sap-trough*, which coming to Uncle Joe's knowledge, he thought that the woods was no longer a safe place for his treasure, and he removed it to the house of one, whom, (for distinction's sake,) I shall call Uncle Daniel ; taking as security, a writing, specifying the sum, and acknowledging the receipt of the same. This memorandum he lodged with Squire P. for safe keeping. Soon after this transaction, Uncle Joe “ went the way of all living,” having first given his heirs to understand where they might find his money.

Soon after Uncle Joe's death, his heirs applied to Uncle Daniel and Squire P., for the contents of the *sap-trough* ; when, lo ! both of them were entirely ignorant of the affair, and for want of proof, the matter rested with all save Margaret.

Margaret was loud and long in her threats ; and the gossips of Salmagundi soon saw that old Peg was busy with the affairs of these two men. If any of Uncle Daniel's cattle or sheep sickened or died, old Peg had bewitched them. If the dairy and poultry yards were less profitable than formerly, old Peg had been to work. If the butter was longer than usual in coming, old Peg was in the churn. And it has been said, that one fourth of July, Uncle Daniel took a little too much of “ O be joyful,” and as he came staggering home, his

children asked, What is the matter with father? and his good wife replied, Oh, dear! your father is bewitched.—Squire P., in looking over his papers, discovered that many of them had been nibbled by the mice; and several that were very valuable were nearly destroyed; but the gossips said that old Gimmer nibbled them, when she turned into a mouse to search for her husband's receipt. Squire P's potash-kettle burst, and it seemed to be almost a miracle that he did not lose his life by the accident; and the gossips said that old Gimmer would have killed him *then*, if his brother had not been a preacher. There was a cabinet-maker in the village who owned a lot of Norway pine timber, and he used to supply the Squire with fuel for his potash. He had refused to pay the customary price, and afterward when he would have paid it, the cabinet-maker would not trade with him; and having to use hard wood, the heat being more intense, caused his kettle to burst. But this fact was overlooked by even the Squire; and, confident that he should never again prosper in the potash business, he gave it up entirely. He was afterward invested with a number of Town Offices, and at the time of Margaret's death, (for witches will die, although many good people say that they are carried off bodily) he was first Selectman for the Town of Salmagundi.

Margaret was supported by the Town for some little time previous to her death; and once, when the Squire visited her, he gave her a nine-pence to stop her clamor for Uncle Joe's money; and as she was never known to spend it, he thought it would not be necessary to give her any more.—Soon after Margaret's death, the cabinet-maker mentioned in his family some of the circumstances, and spake of the unrighteousness of letting Margaret die a Town pauper; and said, that the first time he should cut his finger, he would write to the selectmen and that his epistle should be signed *Peg*. A few days after this, while busily engaged in sharpening a plane-iron, one of his children hit her head against his elbow and caused him to cut his finger rather severely; whereupon he would have flown into a passion had not his eldest daughter, (who was something of the humor of her father,) said, "Well, father, that is a lucky hit; for you can now write old Peg's letter to the selectmen;" and holding a broken teacup to catch the blood, while with her lively sallies, she restored him to good humor, he shortly sat down, and with the blood wrote the following letter:

To the Honorable, the Selectmen of Salmagundi,
GREETING: Believing that it would be satisfactory to my acquaintances to know of my safe arrival at this place, and having an opportunity of sending by one of our

out-posts, who is going to Earth for the purpose of buying a lot of Norway-pine wood of the cabinet-maker who lives in your village, which wood is wanted here to light quick fires for the new comers,—I embrace the opportunity to write.

I met with nothing worth relating, in my journey to the river Styx. At the ferry, Charon refused to take me into his boat, until I told him who I was; he then, in consideration of the hard usage I had received in your town, agreed to carry me over for a fourpence, being half the usual fare,—thanks to Squire P. for the nine-pence which he gave me; were it not for that, I don't know how long I should have remained on the other side of the river. With the remaining four-pence I shall pay for the conveyance of this letter to you.

When I was summoned to appear before Radamanthus, Uncle Joe, (who is employed to saw wood,) begged to accompany me. After hearing what I had to say for myself, (my story being corroborated by the testimony of Uncle Joe,) Radamanthus told me that I should have a place in the Royal Palace as maid of honor to Queen Proserpine. And King Pluto has given orders to Radamanthus, that all who have had any hand in making me appear as a witch, or who have ascribed any misfortune which has happened to them through *their* own misdeeds, improvidence, or negligence, to the agency of witchcraft, or have in any manner treated me ill, shall be very severely condemned. I send you this news for a warning, that you may treat old women better, and give up the foolish idea of witchcraft, and learn to be honest in all your doings.

PEO.

To be left at the door of the old meeting-house in Salmagundi.

This letter was found at the door of the meeting-house, and carried to the first selectman, who was sorely frightened upon reading it. And he soon ascertained that a large quantity of Norway-pine wood had disappeared from the cabinet-maker's lot. After this, he sent for Uncle Daniel, and they held a long conversation. Uncle Daniel was more shrewd than the Squire; and after cogitating the matter thoroughly, they came to the conclusion that either the cabinet-maker, or friend Samuel the shoemaker, had written the letter, as they had both of them been known to possess a knack at scribbling. They concluded to keep the letter a secret; but it took air, as every thing of the kind will; and the many sly jokes and witticisms which it occasioned, prevented the good people of the village from ever after having a witch: thus proving beyond a doubt, that the wild vagaries in which the light-hearted often indulge, (however much they are condemned by many good people) will often do what reason, philosophy and religion fail to accomplish. That this letter put a stop to,

witchcraft in Salmagundi cannot be doubted, since it is a well known fact, that while the adjacent villages still have their witches, the good people of this village have none. They ascribe their mishaps to bad management, oversight, misdeeds, and the thousand and one other misfortunes which are attendants upon mortality.

I cannot close without stating, that Squire P. died in despair, and Uncle Daniel has sunk from a state of affluence, to the most abject poverty.

TABITHA.

The writer of this article, and of the article entitled CHRISTMAS in the preceding Number of the Offering, informs us that she has not related fictions. The incidents as detailed actually occurred.

EDS.

DEATH OF MY MOTHER.

It is the calm, solemn, silent hour of midnight. The moon rides forth in her majestic beauty, and illumines the earth with her pale beams; and the clear, azure vault of heaven is studded with its countless stars; the gentle breezes are passing by, like the soft breathings of the pure spirit of love; and nought is heard, save now and then the hoarse cry of the watchman, as he proclaims, All is well.

At this lone and silent hour, as I am meditating the past, the present, and the future, my thoughts wander far over hill and dale, until they rest in the home of my youth. Yes, "Home, sweet Home!" There is, indeed, a magical influence in thy name; and as I fancy myself seated by the old familiar hearth, surrounded by my kindred and friends, enjoying their smiles and blessings, my mind recurs to scenes long since past; to my infantile years, which were spent in plucking the roses of joy and gathering the wild flowers of delight. How vividly do those halcyon days of happiness rise in my memory! the days spent with my juvenile friends in childish sports and innocent amusements.—With our tiny fingers we gathered the bright pebbles from the murmuring rivulet, that wound its way around the old familiar school-house: we ranged the fragrant meadows to gather the wild flowers of May, until the woods would echo back the sound of our merry voices; and we chased the gaudy butterfly, which so often and so mysteriously eluded our grasp, that we would almost think it some airy spirit from another world.

These were indeed days of bliss, cheered by bright hopes and expectations of the future. Then the world looked bright and beautiful; not a cloud was seen in the sky, but all was sunshine and gladness. Then a fond and faithful mother watched my steps, and with the voice of affection would call me back whenever I went astray. But O! how soon, how suddenly was the scene to change!

Well do I remember one bright, beautiful morning, in the month of July, when I arose with all the elastic buoyancy of youth, (for that day I was to spend with a friend.) The sun had arisen in all its glory, and was sending forth its genial rays alike upon the just and unjust. All nature was dressed in her richest robe of living green: the tall grass gracefully floated in the gentle breeze: the flowers bowed their heads to the passing zephyr; and the birds were warbling their praises to their Maker. It was on a calm, lovely morning like this, that I made preparations to depart. My mother parted my raven locks, and imprinting a kiss on my brow, bade me be a good girl. Ah! little did I think that it was the last kiss I should receive from her—that it was the last time her eyes would beam on me with tenderness and love!

The day was unusually warm, and we sought a grove of maples, that we might inhale the salubrious air, and be secured from the scorching sun; and the time was spent in all the joyous sports of childhood.

The sun was fast sinking behind the western hills as I hastened homeward. Twilight was throwing her sombre mantle over the earth, as I approached my father's cottage. Little did I dream of the scene that awaited me there. As I was entering the house, my sister, bathed in tears, met me at the door. I begged to know the cause of her grief. In broken accents she exclaimed, Mother is dead! It came like a thunder bolt to my soul. A melancholy gloom pervaded the house, and my heart seemed ready to burst. My father sat a statue of grief. He endeavoured to appear calm; but the blanched cheek and quivering lip, revealed the agony of his soul. He bade me calm my feelings, and not give way to excessive grief, for it was God, in His infinite wisdom, who had seen fit to remove our mother from a world of pain and sorrow to the celestial city. He then led me to the room where lay the remains of my much loved mother; but O! how changed the scene! The warm current of life had ceased to flow: her mild blue eyes were sealed; but a heavenly smile rested on her marble features—and she was beautiful even in death.

Years have rolled their ceaseless rounds, since her pure spirit quit its clay; yet her faithful teachings have ever been with me. At the rising of the sun, and at the going down thereof, I can feel her influence over my soul; and at the calm midnight hour, when all nature is hushed in slumber, I hear her gentle voice. O my mother! may I strive to live a life as pure and as blameless as thine; and when I shall have done with the things of time, may I be welcomed by thee to that blissful world, where "the wicked cease from troubling; and the weary are at rest."

EVELYN.

THE SNOW BIRDS.

It was a bright winter morning, and the earth was clad in robes of spotless white. The sun arose in more than his wonted majesty and splendour, lighting up the scene with renewed beauty. Every tree, bush and spray, was glittering with diamonds whose dazzling effulgence was almost too much for mortal eyes. It would seem that the Queen of night had employed supernatural skill and power, thus in so short a time to transform the dreary hue of the groves and forests to a scene of such glory, and in scattering so profusely over the wide-spread prospect, her pure and sparkling gems.

I stood gazing in silence. Above, beneath, around, over all, was cast this rich spell of enchantment; and my thoughts were fast rising in aspirations of love and praise to the Great Source of all goodness and beauty, when my attention was suddenly aroused by a fluttering sound. I turned, and lo! a flock of snow birds, almost innumerable, had settled in a field near me. This beautiful day, with scarce a breath of air stirring, seemed to be as pleasing to these merry little birds as to myself. They hopped from weed to weed, from bush to snow, and from snow to bush, with light and airy movements, exemplifying the wisdom and benevolence of the Great First Cause, who has so admirably adapted the constitution, faculties and feelings of all animated creatures to their several conditions and circumstances, so as, on the whole, to produce the greatest amount of happiness.

Such days as this,—and they are emphatically some of winter's beauties—are evanescent, and like "angels' visits, few and far between." So in the present instance:—clouds soon appeared above the horizon, and overspread the azure vault of heaven; and anon, a driving snow-storm was in our midst, which compelled those little birds to retreat with winged speed to the dense copse, or umbrageous wood, for shelter; while I took my seat by the cheerful fire, listening to the driving sleet, and rude blasts of the winter storm.

This sudden winter change, thought I, is emblematical of the mutability of all sublunary things; and I called to remembrance the bright sunny days of spring and summer, with their attendant joys,—when the earth was clad in green, and the beauties of Flora met the eye at every step, and the balmy air reverberated to the melody of the feathered minstrels of the grove; when with fond friends I rambled over meadow and lawn, through grove and wood, by the murmuring rill, on the sunny hill side, admiring the wonders and beauties of nature.

Where are they now? Where those friends

with whom I enjoyed so much of happiness? Some, indeed, are here to partake of such joys as stern winter affords; but sorrowful were my feelings as I thought of one—who, like the glory of summer, had departed from the earth, or like the sweet warblers has sought a fairer and more congenial clime.—Lucy has left us, and gone home,—gone to the far-off spirit-land, where the seasons never change; where the mild and lucid beams of the Sun of Righteousness forever shine; where sorrow & sighing can never come; and where I fondly hope we shall meet again.

And then I thought of others who had changed; of friendly tones, now heard no more; the beaming glance of fond recognition, exchanged for that of cold indifference; the smile, the grasp, and hearty shake of the hand, transformed to a distant bow. And why, I asked, cannot those who have once been friends, always continue so? But alas! poor human nature! it cannot be: for there are changes ever coming over us, which are beyond our control.

A change came over my spirits. I thought of my many remaining friends—those who from life's first dawn have ever been faithful and unchanged—always anxious to promote my welfare and happiness; and who, like the snow-birds, fear not the cold frosts and snows of adversity, but band themselves together to protect and defend each other from the piercing blasts of trouble and misfortune.

The next morning, the storm had ceased, and the tiny, light-hearted birds again made their appearance. My feelings were now in unison with the stillness of the scene, and with their apparent unmingled pleasure and delight, as they chirped in the gladness of their hearts, or lightly bounded from bush to bush, all happiness and joy.

E. E. T.

DOING GOOD.

This world is not all gladness and joy. There is too much of misery and woe to justify us in regarding it a scene of perfect happiness. Although the dark clouds of adversity may not have obscured the bright sunshine of our own day, nor lessened our cheerfulness, nor checked our volatile spirits, yet often has the heart been made sad and sorrowful, and the eye been dimmed with tears, on witnessing the sufferings and misfortunes of those around us.

But is it not in our power to alleviate the sorrow and anguish of many who have drunk thus deeply of the cup of woe? Can we not lighten the burdened heart of many a wretched being by some small act of kindness, which will cost us nothing, save, perhaps, a little trouble? but to

them how valuable! We often think, that because we cannot give a large sum to a Benevolent Society, it is not in our power to do much good: but there are more ways than one, to enhance the happiness of others. The love of self makes us very negligent in performing what is really our duty, and when we see an unhappy, miserable looking being, we frequently, like the Priest and Levite, pass by on the other side, without stopping to inquire into the cause of wretchedness; but by acting the part of the good Samaritan, we might mitigate the suffering, and soothe the grief of the unfortunate. We can be kind and gentle one toward another; and by obeying the injunction of our blessed Saviour, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," we may justly claim and possess the happiness which is the result of doing good. S.

MY BURIAL PLACE.

I ask not, when my soul has fled
This tenement of clay,
A gorgeous tomb may be the bed,
Where these frail bones shall lay.

I would not have a towering urn
Raised o'er the lowly spot,
As though in death I fain would scorn
Of dust the humble lot.

Nor lonely would I have my grave,
Though trees of richest dye
Might with sad music o'er me wave,
Or softest zephyrs sigh.

No,—I would have my body laid
In its last peaceful rest,
Beneath the church-yard's hallowed shade
Whose sod so oft I've pressed.

I'd sleep by my loved parents' tomb,
And brethren, sisters, dear,
As, one by one, death bids them come,
To slumber sweetly near.

Then, while the years fly swiftly by
To life's eventful end,
Our dust below, our souls on high,
In fellowship shall blend.

And with the trump's first joyful sound,
Together will we rise;
Our spirits all in Jesus found,
We'll meet him in the skies.

Freed from the thrall of sin and shame,
Death's iron fetters riven,
We'll join to praise our Saviour's name,
"A FAMILY IN HEAVEN." LOC.

THE COUSINS.

At the early twilight-hour which ushered in a beautiful evening in June, might be seen, in a small and neatly furnished room in one of the factory boarding houses, a lady and gentleman; they were dressed in deep mourning, and had it not been for their close resemblance, they might have been taken for lovers.

We have said the room was neatly furnished. There was a plain carpet on the floor, a table covered with books and various kinds of work, a piano, (and think not, fair reader, it was out of place, even there.) Fresh roses were arranged by the hand of taste over the fire-place; and above them hung a splendid painting of the Brig Homer. It was highly prized by the lady, but *why*, we are not permitted to disclose.

Ellen and William Gray were orphans. They were the last of a numerous family, having followed their only sister to her silent rest a few months before we introduce them to your notice. Ellen had been employed in one of the Lowell Mills for a number of years, to defray the expenses of a collegiate education for her brother. His studies were now finished. He had been admitted to the bar, and was about departing for New York to establish himself in his profession. This was the last evening they could spend together for a long, long time, and well did they improve the parting moments. Many were the hopes and fears they expressed, and many the promises to write often to each other. The tones of the bell warned him it was time to depart. Stepping to the piano, he said, Will you not favor me with a song, ere I bid adieu? She seated herself, and sang the following words:

"Oh say not so soon 'tis the moment to part,
That friends so united can give but a tear,
That fancy alone must recall in the heart,
The whispers of friendship so soft on the ear!
When lips cannot utter the anguish we'd tell,
Our hearts feel most keenly, the silent farewell."

She could sing no more; the tears fell fast; and, turning to her brother, she said, "Forgive this weakness; but my thoughts unbidden were wandering to other days, when we possessed all that the world calls happiness; when peace and plenty were in our borders, and the voice of joy and gladness was within our gates; when no day passed over us, and no evening gathered its shades around us, but we were called to the side of our dear father, and taught to lay up our treasures in Heaven; to abide in the shadow of the Rock that is higher than we; and, brother, has not God in mercy heard that prayer? Our treasures were in each other, and one by one, he has taken them home to Heaven. We are the last. But I

have detained you too long already. I will bid you good night; perhaps I may see you in the morning, if not"—He anticipated her words, and, while a tear that did not disgrace his manhood trembled in his eye, he said, "I shall not forget I have a sister in the city of Lowell, and one whom I love most tenderly."

Ellen continued to work in the factory. She considered it no disgrace to labor for her own support: it was far preferable to eating the bread of idleness, or to be dependent on others. Her evenings were spent in study, or other useful employment, for she was never idle. Being contented and cheerful herself, she made everything pleasant about her. She was never heard to complain that her lot was a hard one; she rather felt that she was blessed in the enjoyment of health, and had reason to be thankful that her lines were cast in pleasant places. Ever and anon, she received a letter from William, and nothing afforded her so much satisfaction, as the assurance that she was not forgotten amidst the cares and troubles of his busy life. He had been successful, and she knew she had not labored in vain. The star of fame shone brightly over his youthful prospects; all who knew him were loud in praise of the talented and polished William Gray.

She received other letters, bearing a foreign post mark, though they were "like angels' visits, few and far between." With what pleasure would she peruse and re-peruse them, then lay them with others, in a box of curious workmanship; and were we left to judge, we might have said *that*, too, had seen a foreign port—for it was of shell, inlaid with pearl.

Time passed on. The good brig *Homer*, Captain Percy, arrived in Boston—and shortly afterwards, the papers announced the marriage of Captain Percy and Ellen Gray.

It was a dreary day.—In a richly furnished drawing room, in a fashionable part of the city of New York, was seated Amy Clifford, on an elegant sofa, before a cheerful fire. She had all the happiness that wealth could afford. Besides being young, handsome, and fashionable, she possessed many good qualities; but I will not enumerate them. "So the mystery is at last solved," she said, thinking aloud; "Percy has not fitted up his new house in vain; and he has seen proper to marry that factory cousin of mine! How could he fancy a *factory girl*?—one so intelligent and refined as he. She must be very ignorant and vulgar." She was out of humor with herself, and with every body else—with Percy in particular. Though he had manifested no interest in her, she thought it a matter of

course that all must bow at the shrine of wealth and fashion. It wounded her self-love, too, to think that he had preferred a poor factory girl to her. "I will show off his wife's accomplishments," she pettishly said, as her mother entered the room.

Mrs. Clifford was a vain, fashionable woman; and she felt a little piqued that Percy should bring a factory girl to move in the fashionable circles of society. "We will spoil his pleasure for this winter at least," she said; "he may teach her something before another season."

In a sunny little parlor, in a retired part of the city, were seated Percy and his wife, unconscious of the feelings of Amy and her mother. There was no need of their going abroad for enjoyment, for they found it at home. But they had received a pressing invitation to dine the next day at Mrs. Clifford's, and out of respect they concluded to accept.

Ellen's dress was in the plainest style; but "beauty needs not the aid of ornament," thought Percy.

They arrived at Mrs. Clifford's about five o'clock. The rooms were crowded with company. After she had obtained an introduction to her aunt, not indeed as a near relation, but as an utter stranger, a gentleman dressed in uniform spoke to Mrs. Clifford, who soon introduced him to her niece as General Corbin. "Allow me," he said, "to express the happiness I feel in meeting with the sister of my young friend Gray;" and, he continued, taking her hand and leading her to a distant part of the room, "Allow me to increase that happiness in introducing to you my daughter Elmira, wishing you friendship for each other." "Who is she," was whispered from one to another, "that the General should pay her such flattering attention?"—"She is lovely and interesting," said a young fop, as he went to enquire of Miss Amy who the stranger was. "It is some far-off relation of my father's," said Amy; "I never saw her before." "Yes," said a young lady who was standing near, "she is from the *Lowell factories*, I believe." The fop was crest-fallen in a moment; he never could associate any other idea than vulgarity with a factory. Presently Mrs. C. joined the group, and she proposed asking Ellen to play and sing. "From the manner in which she has been educated, I think she can do neither; and then we will enjoy Percy's mortification." "Yes, yes," said the fop; "we will quiz her a little, if you will lead the way to the piano, Miss Amy."

Amy gladly consented, and shortly after, she sat down and played a few moments, as a better pretence for asking her cousin to play.—

When she arose, Mrs. Clifford insisted that Mrs. Percy should next be in order. She declined at first, but they urged her so much that she seated herself and commenced playing. She had a good knowledge of music, and practice enough to play before her fashionable aunt. They then asked her to sing, and she complied by singing a simple and very touching melody. Silence was the strong token of general admiration, and Percy led away his fair wife in triumph.

"Oh what have I done?" said Amy, when she was left alone in her room that night. How have I fulfilled my promise to my departed father, that I would seek out those orphan cousins of mine, and that my home should be their home? But they do not need any assistance now. Percy is rich; and William Gray is one of the most distinguished lawyers in the city.—I have often heard Gen. Corbin speak of him; and it is rumored that he is soon to be united to the fair Elmira. I have been sadly prejudiced, thinking that all who work in a factory must be impertinent, ignorant, and in fact every thing that is disagreeable. But now I see one who is self educated, and I cannot deny that she is accomplished; besides she is very kind and affectionate. Another day shall not pass until I have asked her forgiveness. I will tell her all, even how I disliked her before we met."

In her farther acquaintance with Ellen, she found her all she could desire. Many were the happy evenings they spent together, in talking of the city of Lowell; nor did it all terminate here. Twice has the beautiful Amy Clifford visited the "city of spindles." She was much pleased with the appearance of those employed in the mills; and she advises all who are prejudiced against factory girls, to spend a short time in Lowell.

H.

A FAMILIAR LETTER.

☞ The writer of the subjoined epistle, addressed to the Contributors to the Offering, is on a visit to her kindred in New Hampshire.

FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES:—With indescribable emotions of pleasure, mingled with feelings of deepest gratitude to Him who is the Author of every good and perfect gift, I have perused the second and third numbers of the Lowell Offering.

As a laborer among you, (tho' least of all) I rejoice that the time has arrived when a class of laboring females (who have long been made a reproach and by-word, by those whom fortune or pride has placed above the avocation by which we have subjected ourselves to the sneers and scoffs of the idle, ignorant and envious part

of community,) are bursting asunder the captive chains of prejudice,—that the thick clouds of darkness which have long brooded over the Mills are fleeing before the splendor of light—that the day-spring from on high hath visited us—and that the great Luminary of Truth is dispensing its radiating beams amongst us.

Thrice welcome is this ardently desired and long-prayed-for era!—and may the little we have already witnessed, as brought from the mental store house of obscurity, be but the indication of inexhaustible treasures.

The times in which ignorance was winked at, have passed away. Some there are, however, who are willingly and wilfully ignorant, especially when misrepresentation is subservient to selfish purposes. But what Christian philanthropist—nay, what man in whose heart glows one spark of humanity, will not congratulate us in view of the day-dawn in our midst! I know it has been affirmed, to the sorrow of many a would-be-lady, that factory girls and ladies could not be distinguished by their apparel. What a lamentable evil! and no doubt it would be a source of much gratification to such, if the awful name of "factory girl!" were branded on the forehead of every female who is, or ever was, employed in the Mills. Appalling as the name may sound in the delicate ears of a sensitive lady, as she contrasts the music of her piano with the rambling of the factory machinery, we would not shrink from such a token of our calling, could the treasures of the mind be there displayed, and merit, in her own unbiassed form, be stamped there also.

But such has not been the case in by-gone years. Factory girls have labored and suffered reproach, without the admission of one redeeming trait, or one kind, influential friend to speak in their behalf. Their wrongs have opened upon them the flood gates of vituperation.—Mind and merit have been chained in solitary places, and virtue has sat mourning over the funeral pile of wasted excellence,—

"And nature only mourned her child,
Until the light of knowledge smiled."

Yes, the light of knowledge is now shining, and a generous spirit of philanthropy has sought us out from the rubbish that has long been our representative; and from the ruins, roses are springing up whose fragrance before was wasted on the desert air. Surely, it becomes us as co-workers with those to whom we are so deeply obligated for this great revolution in the estimate of our condition, to show ourselves worthy their regard.

Yours, in the bonds of affection, DOROTHEA.

WINTER.

"O how I dread this cold, dreary winter," said Emma H., as I made my accustomed visit, one bright but cold morning in the early part of December. "Why so?" I inquired; "you seem to be surrounded by all the comforts, and even the luxuries, of life."

"Yes," she answered in a mournful tone, "I am indeed surrounded by wealth; but that is a poor compensation for a mind ill at ease."—"Emma, you are sad this morning," said I: "what is the matter?"

"Look yonder," said she, pointing to a favorite bower that was shrouded in snow: "see the desolation that reigns over that once lovely spot. Where are the merry birds which were wont, in such melodious strains, to fill my soul with admiration? They, like false friends, have deserted me, and have sought a fairer clime. And where are the perfumed flowers that shed their rich fragrance on the balmy air? Alas! they have perished beneath the cold and icy hand of winter, and are mingling with the dust." "But time," I replied, "flies rapidly; and scarcely can you realize the departure of summer, ere the verdure of the opening spring will greet your view. Your favorite bower will be clothed in luxuriant foliage, and decorated with flowers that will beautifully bloom. The birds will return to cheer your pensive hours with their sweet notes." "They will not hail the delightful spring with greater joy than I," she replied.

Since my interview with Emma, I have often cogitated this subject. Why is it that when the glory of summer has departed, and all nature assumes the sombre hues of autumn, mankind almost universally lament its departure, and mourn in anticipation over the coming winter? What is there in it so very gloomy? O, says one, it is the cold piercing wind, which cuts like a two-edged sword, and the dismal howling storms, which almost make us quake with fear; and the cold is so severe, that we durst not venture into the open air, lest we, like our favorite streams, be turned into ice. Is it, then, the sultry heat of summer which is so much admired? No. It is the loveliness of nature that excites in us so much admiration. It is the grandeur of the forest, the luxuriant grove, the verdant fields, and the blushing flowers, that raise their tiny forms on the banks of the rivulet, and the gentle showers that seem to possess such life-giving power to all nature.

These are, indeed, beauties which winter does not afford, and the charms of nature in the winter season present a strong contrast, when compared with those of summer. The gentle show-

ers are transformed to the driving sleet; the rivers are bound in icy chains; the groves are stript of their rich garments; and the earth lies folded in her winding sheet of spotless white—while the winds mournfully howl a wild requiem through the branches of the mighty forest. But are there no beauties in these? Yes; the poet hath truly said,

"The ice-bound lakes,—the drifting snow,
Have beauties in their turn;
In heat or cold, above, below,
What glories I discern.

The earth is beautiful to me,
Through all the changing year;
Alike when winter's frost I see,
Or when the birds I hear."

ESTELLE.

A VISIT IN THE COUNTRY.

I had the privilege of spending the summer of 1840 in the country. With unfeigned joy, I was welcomed to the parental fire-side by the same friends who shed the farewell tear with me, at the time of our separation, about eight years previously.

Ere I left this city, the trees had been newly dressed in vernal green; the flowers had raised their cheerful heads in praise to the great Author of their short lived existence; the grass waved in beauty in the meadows, while the hills echoed with the sweet music of the birds. My own heart was light as air;—my frame buoyant with health. My father, my mother, were soon to embrace their long absent child; my brother and sisters were to smile again with one dear to them from childhood.

Soon after reaching home, my brother requested me to accompany him on a visit to L—, where most of our relatives reside, and where we had spent the morning of life. We reached the residence of uncle David late in the evening. Years of absence had wrought a change in me, and it became necessary that I should be introduced by my brother, before they could recognize one with whom they were once familiar.

The first week of our visit was pleasantly spent, and the second nearly closed. Cheerfully passed the days, until we were seated in the house of uncle Benjamin, who had buried a daughter in the spring. The whole family was arrayed in the habiliments of mourning. My cousin W. met me in tears; the rest of the family following him, met me with the same tokens of grief. Here I learned that the rich are not secure from sorrow, and death is no respecter of persons. He regards neither the prayers of friends nor the virtues of the sufferer. "Let not your

hearts be troubled," said I; "the mourner's God shall be yours."

The next morning, a boy entered the parlour with a garland of roses, and a note for me.—"They were handed to me at the door," said he, and retired. I read the note, and passed it to cousin W. while the roses were pressed to my lips in silence. The note requested me to visit a sick friend a short distance from that place.—The chaise was ordered to the door, and cousin W. accompanied me to the house of the sufferer. The day was very delightful, the sun rose in beauty, the soft zephyrs waved the grass, while richness and grandeur clothed the fields. Conversation beguiled the distance, and we shortly arrived. My cousin returned, and I was conducted to the room of my sick friend. He received me with much tenderness, and in spite of my own exertions, I found my face covered with my handkerchief, while I gave vent to a flood of tears. Henry was one of my dearest friends in the artless years of childhood; his heart beat as high with hope as mine; he was blest with health, and could reasonably look forward to a long life of usefulness. But alas! vain are the hopes of man. He was now sinking rapidly to the grave. I spent the night in watching by his bed-side. About midnight, he appeared to be dying, and the family was called together to take their last farewell. He lingered, however, until the morning broke; and then with calm composure, he bade us all adieu. The sun arose; he requested me to raise him, that he might look for the last time upon the works of nature. I complied with his request; he leaned his head upon my shoulder, and closed his eyes forever.

"How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!" ELIZA.

A PIC-NIC PARTY.

We met at the hour and place appointed, and all necessary arrangements having been previously made, we lost no time in setting out on our rambles. Before entering into details, however, I will give a brief sketch of the character of our party, and the manner in which it was conducted.

And in the first place, I would state, that these parties were of frequent occurrence, though we seldom travelled the same path more than once; or if at any time we chanced so to do, the scenery was always so changed, that it ever appeared new and interesting. We had but one guide to conduct us on these occasions; and what is somewhat peculiar, the paths through which he led us were always previously pointed out to him. He, however, occasionally digressed a little, to point

out to us some new beauty which had otherwise escaped our observation. It ought also to be observed, that in all our parties each individual was requested to furnish something for the banquet.

Well, as I before stated, we set out on our rambles. The first object that met our view, was far from being agreeable. Indeed it was the most loathsome and disgusting monster I ever beheld. I would describe him, did not the various forms which he assumed, render the task impossible.—At one time, he appeared staggering and reeling along the path; at another, lying writhing as if in agony; then again, still and motionless as death. Then appeared the idiot's vacant and unmeaning stare; and anon the maniac's wild and fearful laugh, which soon gave place to the fiend's malignant and ghastly smile! Wherever he went, ruin, degradation and death followed in his train; and many an orphan's wail, and many a widow's piercing cry, assailed our ears, as we surveyed the scenes of desolation caused by the ravages of this monster.

But we stopped not long to contemplate this sad picture. Our guide called our attention to a fair nymph who now approached, dressed in white flowing robes, bearing in her hand a golden anchor. She was declared to be, "The friend of all;" and, indeed, as we looked into her mild blue eye, and gazed upon her small, delicately moulded, but expressive features, and witnessed her bland and courteous manner towards all who approached her, we thought the appellation not misapplied. She was constantly beckoning us onward to some more pleasant retreat, or to view scenes more beautiful than any we had before discovered. Sometimes, however, when we became too intent upon following her, or when we approached too near, she became rather coy, and sometimes even hid herself from sight. But she would soon return again, and with such a bright and sunny face, that we could never chide her for her momentary desertion. If any of our party became uneasy, or sad, or sick, she was always ready to comfort and sustain him; and if a messenger came to call him away, she forsook him not, and though not permitted to go before to lead him on, yet she stood firmly by him in the hour of his departure, and, pointing him forward, and upward, with a sweet smile, whispered in his ear as he left, "Home, sweet Home."

The next object that attracted our attention was a chrysalis, a little insect of a dark brown color, beautifully interspersed with spots of gold. It was at first apparently lifeless, but soon threw off the envelope that enshrouded it, and became transformed into a beautiful butterfly, flitting gaily above our heads, or settling down upon the flowers

that grew in rich profusion on either side. We were all highly gratified, and received much instruction while listening to the conversation of one of the gentlemen of our party, as he pointed out to his little daughter, the evidence afforded by the crystal of the immortality of the soul. Not that he considered it a just type or emblem of a future existence, but as affording, to use his own expression, "suggestive proofs" of that existence. But I must not tarry here. Suffice it to say, that all our party were exceedingly delighted with the instructions drawn from this little insect, and were very much obliged to the friend who called our attention to it.

Here ended our rambles. And we now returned home, much pleased with the scenes through which we had passed, and the instructions we had gathered. But there was one thing in relation to our Pic-nic, which I cannot forbear mentioning. It was, that notwithstanding each individual who joined the party was requested to furnish something for the banquet, yet there were many who did not comply with this request; and it is with much regret that I am now obliged to confess myself among that number. I have often joined the party and partaken of their excellent entertainment, without furnishing any thing myself. But I am resolved that it shall be so no longer. And though I cannot furnish the rich viands, and delicious fruits, that many others do, I can at least prepare a loaf of plain bread, which, though it may not be so palatable, may, nevertheless, be not altogether useless, inasmuch as it may serve to give a better relish to the richer provision.

I cannot close this account of our Pic-nic without exhorting those who, like me, have not heretofore added any thing to the repast, with me now to resolve that it shall be so no more. And though our loaves may not be so finely flavored, nor so richly ornamented, as those of many others; still let us persevere, and in process of time we may be able to prepare as nice a loaf as many of those that have so much delighted our taste. C.

EXPLANATION.—The Pic-Nic Parties are the meetings of the Improvement Circles: the gentlemen in charge of them are the guides. The writer of the preceding refers to a recent meeting of one of the Circles, at which articles were read on Intemperance, Hope, and the Crystal. Eds.

THE GARLAND OF THE MILLS.

We have concluded to publish this work without the guaranty of a list of subscribers. The articles already received, are, Disentombment of Napoleon, (a poem of considerable length;) The First Bells; The Widow's Son; The Two Sisters; The Glory of Light; Unfortunate La Brainard. If the articles yet expected prove equal to these, we shall not hesitate to offer the Garland in comparison with any other annual to be issued in 1841.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE OFFERING.

The Lowell Offering was commenced without seeking a list of subscribers—for two reasons: 1st. We did not feel assured that a sufficient number of articles would be furnished to continue the publication; and 2d. We had no means of judging whether the patronage extended to the work would defray the expenses. Because of these uncertainties, we did not feel justified in promising the publication of more than four numbers.

The experiment has satisfied us that the Offering may be permanently established; and we therefore propose to commence an improved series in April, adopting the usual plan of a list of subscribers. Judicious friends have advised this measure, being influenced in their judgment by several considerations: 1st. The permanent establishment of the work is desirable. 2d. Hitherto, the publication has been circulated chiefly in three or four manufacturing districts, and it is desirable that it should be more widely known. 3d. The work being enlarged will enable us to present a greater variety of articles, and justify us in occupying two or three pages of each number with suggestions to writers on the art of composition,—moral statistics of Lowell, and other manufacturing districts,—music, &c. &c.,—thus making the publication more interesting and valuable.

Each number of the Lowell Offering, new series, will consist of 32 medium octavo pages, including one page of popular Music, harmonized for the work. It will be published monthly, commencing in April, at One Dollar per annum, invariably in advance; Six copies for Five Dollars; Thirteen copies for Ten Dollars; and Twenty copies for Fifteen Dollars.

Subscription papers will shortly be sent to all the Mills, and we hope the Overseers will circulate them, (by permission of the Superintendents.) In this way, all persons employed by the Corporations can obtain the work at 75cts per annum—(20 copies for \$15)—the numbers constituting a volume of 384 pages, including at least 12 pages of music.

All inquirers in relation to our responsibility, are respectfully referred to the Mayor of Lowell, and the Superintendents of the manufacturing establishments.

Letters sent by mail, must be post paid or free. Post Masters are allowed to transmit money to publishers of papers and magazines, free of expense, if the letters be written by themselves. Address

"Lowell Offering, Lowell, Mass."

We have many excellent articles on hand for the forthcoming series of the Offering. Among them may be mentioned,—Recollections of my Childhood; The First Wedding in Salmagundi; Ancient Poetry; Social Evils; The Old Maid from Choice; Deceptive Appearances; The Wedding Dress; Susan Miller, the Factory Girl; Clara Stanley, or the Effects of Envy; Farewell to New England,—and many others. We hope there will be no weariness in well-doing.

EDTORS.

George W. Ward,

111 Dentist, 14 Central street. All operations warranted to be of the best order. The most beautiful Paris and in of insurmountable Teeth set, on gold or gold plate, in a way which, in respect to imitation of nature, firmness, durability and elegance, is not surpassed in any of the American or European cities. Children's Teeth regulated. Charges moderate.

A. R. Dunton,

111 Professor of Penmanship, Wyman's Building, 24 Merrimack street, under the Museum. Writing a specialty. Hours from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M. Persons interested are invited to call and examine specimens, for Mr. D. professes competency to execute every kind of Writing, Pen-Drawing and Calligraphy, in a very superior manner.

George Mansfield, M. D.,

15 Merrimack st. Lowell. MANUFACTURER AND Dealer Artificial Mineral TEETH, from one to a full set, with gold, silver, platinum, extracts, and stands in the health branch of Surgery in all its parts. Teeth filed with Lister's, if desired.

Andrew C. Wright,

111 59 Merrimack Street, (Wyman's Exchange.) Dealer in BOOTS & SHOES, which may be found a first rate assortment, adapted to the present and coming season, which will be sold at very low prices. A. B. Purchasers are respectfully invited to call.

A. B. Wilcox,

Continues to give instruction in the art of writing, at his Academy, No. 21, Merrimack Street, where he will be happy to wait on such as may need his services, at any hour in the day, from 7 o'clock A. M. to 10 P. M. His system is taught on scientific and progressive principles, in easy, interesting Lessons, and adapted to the various occupations of life.

Daniel Hutchinson,

161 UMBRELLA MANUFACTURER, 103 Merrimack street, near the Rail Road Dock, keeps constantly on hand French, Umbrellas, Parasols, Canes, Trunks, Trussing Bags, Valises, Medical Instruments, &c., which he offers very low for Cash.

A. Hopkinson,

161 59 Merrimack street, has on hand a good assortment of HATS, CAPS, and FURS. For Trussing for Canes, Collars, Hats &c. Sticks, Umbrellas, and such other articles as are usually kept in similar establishments. All which he offers for sale as cheap as can be obtained in the city.

Charles B. Coburn,

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

S. & T. P. Goodhue,

111 22 Central street, 142 CARPETS, Feathers, Mattings, Cushions, Gilted, Bed-spreads, Blankets, Bed Cloths, Washes, and other articles usually kept for sale by a carpet-store. They are manufactured in Europe, &c.

David Tapley,

151 Merchant-Taylor, 15 Central street, has just received a new and splendid assortment of FALL & WINTER GOODS, including the latest styles of Broadcloths, Flannel cloths, Shawls and Diamond Button shawls, Cassimere and Suitings of all kinds; Lamb's Wool and Thread Shirts, Coats, &c. All kinds of Gentlemen's Garments made in the best manner.

Benjamin Hutchinson,

111 15 Central street, Dealer in Hardware and Wooden Goods in all their varieties. He especially invites the attention of Carpenters to his assortment of French Planes, Cross Trains, &c., being confident that it satisfies all they can desire in variety and quality.

J. & J. H. Kimball,

111 No. 27 Merrimack street, have on hand a large and fashionable assortment of British, French, India and American Snuff and FANCY DRY GOODS, all of which will be sold at remarkably low prices for Cash. The streets of Lowell and vicinity are respectfully invited to call.

Chas. W. Thompson & Co.,

111 23 Central street, 24 Dams north of Lowell st., Watch Maker & Jeweller, offers for sale Gold and Silver Laces, Lenses and Common Watches, Silver Spoons, Gold Bands, Gold Chains, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Breast Pins, all warranted good Gold. Also Cutlery, Fancy Goods, &c. Clocks, Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired.

Charles Smith,

111 Corner of Central and Hard streets, has on hand a large assortment of FINE and FINEST India, No. 10, No. 11, No. 12, No. 13, No. 14, No. 15, No. 16, No. 17, No. 18, No. 19, No. 20, No. 21, No. 22, No. 23, No. 24, No. 25, No. 26, No. 27, No. 28, No. 29, No. 30, No. 31, No. 32, No. 33, No. 34, No. 35, No. 36, No. 37, No. 38, No. 39, No. 40, No. 41, No. 42, No. 43, No. 44, No. 45, No. 46, No. 47, No. 48, No. 49, No. 50, No. 51, No. 52, No. 53, No. 54, No. 55, No. 56, No. 57, No. 58, No. 59, No. 60, No. 61, No. 62, No. 63, No. 64, No. 65, No. 66, No. 67, No. 68, No. 69, No. 70, No. 71, No. 72, No. 73, No. 74, No. 75, No. 76, No. 77, No. 78, No. 79, No. 80, No. 81, No. 82, No. 83, No. 84, No. 85, No. 86, No. 87, No. 88, No. 89, No. 90, No. 91, No. 92, No. 93, No. 94, No. 95, No. 96, No. 97, No. 98, No. 99, No. 100, No. 101, No. 102, No. 103, No. 104, No. 105, No. 106, No. 107, No. 108, No. 109, No. 110, No. 111, No. 112, No. 113, No. 114, No. 115, No. 116, No. 117, No. 118, No. 119, No. 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Leri S. Bartlett, M. D.

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George W. Wendell,

† 2 Merrimack street, opposite the Lowell Bank. Dealer in Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS, consisting of French, English and American FANCY, Silks, Shawls, Lace Veils, Alpines, Merinoes, Camlets, Laces, Silk Velvets, Hosiery, Kid and Silk Gloves, Chiffons, M. De Laines, Scarfs, Head Bags, Silk, Woolen and Cotton Hosiery. Besides the usual variety of light and dark, thick and thin, dear and cheap articles usually found in a Dry Goods Store. Walk in.

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† Have just opened a New Store on Merrimack street, No. 58, under the Lowell Museum, and offer for sale a rich assortment of Silks, Chiffons, Silk and Satin Shawls, 25 per cent cheaper than ever before offered to the public. Ladies, please call and examine the New Goods.

Grateful for past patronage, they solicit a continuance of the same.

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Watches, Music Boxes, and Jewelry, repaired. Old Gold and Silver wanted.

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