

THE
LADIES' WREATH,
A MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, INDUSTRY AND RELIGION.

EDITED BY
MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

NEW YORK:
J. H. MARTYN, 167 NASSAU-STREET.

1847.

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1973-1974

J. M. T. 2018



THE
LADIES' WREATH
Mrs. H. T. Martyn



FOR 1847-8

NEW YORK,

MARTYN & ELY PUBLISHERS

EMBELLISHMENTS.

Teaching the Scriptures
The Trumpet Flower
Martha Washington
Malva Sylvestris, or Common Mallow
View near Anthony's Nose
Digitalis Purpuræ, or Fox Glove
The Falls of Niagara
The Rosæ Muscosæ, or Moss Rose
The Young Navigators
The Belladonna
Seraglio Point—Constantinople
The Tulip
John in the Wilderness
Persian Peach
New York Bay
The Iris Protea
Evelyn Percival
The Iris Germanica
Navy Island
Cheiostemon Platanoides
Battle Monument—Baltimore
The Lily of the Valley
The Outlet of Lake Memphremagog
The Magnolia.

THE
LADIES' WREATH.

VOL. I.]

MAY, 1846.

[NO. 1.

INTRODUCTION.

IN presenting to our beloved countrywomen, a new periodical, devoted to their interests, and respectfully claiming a share of their attention, it becomes necessary that we should state briefly, the objects we have in view, and the means by which we shall seek their accomplishment. We are well aware that there are already in existence many papers and magazines, designed for our own sex, but none we believe, occupying precisely the ground we intend to take in the LADIES' WREATH. It is to be emphatically the VOICE OF WOMAN; giving utterance to truths in her behalf, whose value has never yet been adequately appreciated or understood. If we can succeed in awakening the wives, mothers, and daughters of the land, to a sense of their true dignity, and the important agency they are destined to exert in the moral and physical regeneration of the world, our utmost expectations will have been realized.

"Whatever may be the customs and laws of a country," says Aime Martin, "women always give the tone to morals. If we wish to know then, the political and moral condition of a state, we must ask what rank women hold in it. Their influence embraces the whole of life."

A wife—a mother—magical words, comprising the sweetest and purest sources of earthly felicity. The empire of women is that of the affections, her reign, the reign of love, of beauty, of reason. The sternest and most impassive natures yield in some degree to the gentle influence of

the wife, and the son continues to obey his mother long after she has ceased to live—while “the ideas received from her often become principles more strong even than his passions.”

If it be then an incontestible fact that the influence of woman is so powerful, so pervading, if it affect equally public morals and private happiness, and extend with various modifications through the whole of life, why has it been to so great an extent neglected? How is it, that a power of such universal operation, has been overlooked by the philanthropist, who, in his plans for the amelioration of the condition of mankind, has hardly deigned to mention this potent agent? The “renovation of society,” is the watchword of the moralist and the sage, but how few among them dream that by this negligence they are losing the most important and effective of all human agencies?

The truth cannot be too frequently repeated, or too strongly impressed upon the mind, that “the moral destinies of the world depend far less on institutions or even education, than on moral influence.” The most important of all moral influences is the maternal. On the character of mothers depends, under God, the regeneration of mankind.

Are then the claims we have made for our sex too exalted? Is it not rendering to mankind a valuable service, to impress on the mind of woman, the *fact* of this influence, and to enlighten her as to its nature, its extent, and the duties it imposes?

Such is the work, to which the magazine we propose to issue, is to be mainly devoted. As its mission will be chiefly confined to our own sex, so woman’s character and destiny, her wants, her rights, but above all, her duties, will chiefly occupy its columns. The cause of the oppressed seamstresses of our cities, who are suffering from the grinding oppression of unprincipled employers, will be advocated in these pages, with all the ability God has given us, nor shall we turn a deaf ear to the cry of our sisters in bonds, because the Creator has given them a skin darker than our own. Wherever an evil is found, that experience has

proved to be a source of general corruption, there will our efforts be directed to expose it fearlessly, whatever may be the result to ourselves or our enterprise. We shall hope to enter the hallowed domestic circle as a messenger of good, both to parents and children, while we plead the cause of virtue, of justice, and humanity, within that sacred enclosure.

To the MOTHER, as the source of moral influence, and the former of the moral atmosphere, on whose healthfulness so much depends, we shall speak of her solemn obligations, her precious privileges, and the blessed rewards of maternal faithfulness and care.

On the mind of the *youthful female* we shall seek to impress the thought, that "women are not to live for themselves"—that their mission from the cradle to the grave is one of benevolence and love; and that only in proportion to their reception of this truth, is their beneficial action on society at large.

The claims of labor, not only to an adequate compensation, but to the respect of the community, and its perfect compatibility with true dignity of character and mental culture, will be constantly urged in these pages, which shall never, while under our control, be closed against any cause which seeks the removal of moral evil, or the alleviation of human misery.

Such are our plans—but for carrying them out successfully, we must of course depend on that public patronage, which is essential to the existence of a periodical like this. For the sake of the great interests we advocate, we shall hope to gain a favorable hearing from all to whom those interests are dear.

In the name of Jehovah of Hosts, we fling our banner to the breeze, and invite the good and true to rally around it: promising them that like the white plume of Henry of Navarre, it shall always be found in the path of honor, and that no stain of treachery or moral cowardice shall ever sully its white folds. In the conflict between light and

darkness, that is thickening around us, we, too, would bear our humble part; confident that every honest endeavor, however faint; every word of truth, however feebly spoken, shall, by the blessing of God, accomplish that which He shall please, and prosper in the thing whereto He hath sent it.

MORAL POWER OF BOOKS.

"I DENT not but that it is of the greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men. For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men."
—MILTON'S *speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing.*

"Often," says Coleridge, "have I reflected with awe, on the great and disproportionate power which an individual with no extraordinary attainments or talents may exert, by merely throwing off all restraints of conscience. He who has once said, 'Evil! be thou my good!' has removed a world of obstacles, by the very decision that he will have no obstacles but those of force and brute matter." Let such an individual have wit, genius, eloquence—let him have the power to make the worse appear the better reason, and to move the minds of others, as the leaves of the forest are moved by the wind, and what may he not accomplish! "A book is the subtle essence, the life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up to a life beyond his life." In reading a favorite author, we commune with his mind, we see with his eyes, we insensibly imbibe his opinions, and rise from the interview, either strengthened in the love and practice of virtue, or with diminished moral power to resist the temptations of vice. The mind cannot receive ideas even transiently; without being in some way affected by their passage through it. Who can hold converse with such men as Taylor and Leighton, and Bacon, and Milton, or nearer to our own times, with Addison and Johnson, and

Cowper, men who though dead, still speak in their imperishable pages, and not become wiser and better by the intercourse? They force us to *think*, and this is no slight advantage at the present day, when there seems such a universal tendency to shun reflection, and to take sentiments, thoughts and feelings, all on trust from others. These ornaments of literature, bowed before the majesty of virtue, and their splendid talents were laid as an offering on her shrine. With child-like docility they sat at the feet of Jesus, and their inspiration was drawn from—

"Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God."

"Let me make the songs of a nation," once said an accurate observer of human nature, "and I care not who makes its laws." No one who is not passionately fond of poetry, can fully realize its power over the human heart. A poet, such as Byron, can move at will, all the chords of this complicated instrument, and bring from it discord, or harmony, as he pleases. How has the gifted but unhappy Byron exerted this powerful influence—on the side of vice, or virtue? Let his own character and that of his productions answer. With all his talents and advantages, he was himself an irritable misanthropic debauchee, who prided himself on fearing neither God nor man. In his poems, love is a mere animal passion—spirit, a mixture of pride, obstinacy and malevolence; while most of his personages, though formed after a Pagan model, fall far below the Pagan standard of morality. What must be the effect on public morals, of the general circulation of exquisite poetry, calculated only to excite the imagination, pervert the understanding, and inflame the passions? We always regret to hear the young speak of Byron or Moore as their favorite poets, and would gladly make them feel, that while England boasts such names as Milton, Campbell, Wordsworth, Hemans, and Montgomery—while America has a

Bryant, a Longfellow, a Dana and a Sigourney, they need not resort to such dangerous pages for interest and amusement. The fact is, we have got so far away from the truth and simplicity of nature, that any thing which does not powerfully excite us, is insipid beyond endurance. The author who shrouds himself in the mantle of mystery and concealment, is more eagerly welcomed than the simple interpreter of nature, who mingles freely with us, as a being of the same wants and capacities with ourselves. The effect of this depraved taste on the morals of the community is most injurious, for the step from admiration to imitation is a short one. When Schiller's tragedy of the Robbers, was first brought out in Germany, great numbers of young men from the universities were induced to betake themselves to robbery *en amateur*, by the romance of the description. So universal was the mania, that it became at last, necessary to prohibit the representation of this play, upon the stage. Human nature is still the same, and those who in any way encourage the circulation of immoral books, may find it to their cost. Many a parent, whose heart is wrung by the misconduct of his children, might trace their wanderings from virtue to the *books* which were lying on his parlor table, and the perusal of which, he perhaps thoughtlessly encouraged by his own example. We deprecate a public censorship of the press, but in the domestic circle it is absolutely necessary, if we would guard our children from the worst of all influences, that of a gifted intellect joined to a depraved heart. It is not enough that they are shielded from evil associates; the companionship of books is more intimate, and therefore more influential than any other. The annals of crime might furnish many useful lessons on this subject, but we need not resort to this source of information, for every one's personal experience will confirm the truth of what we have asserted.

There are many young females, particularly among the laboring classes, who, because they have but little leisure to bestow on books, devote that little to *light* reading, often

of a kind decidedly objectionable. The writings of Byron, Bulwer, Eugene Sue, and other French novelists, of still more exciting and immoral tendency, are eagerly devoured by them, and the distorted and unreal pictures of life found in these pages, form the groundwork of their sleeping and waking vagaries. Will such reading improve the intellect, or amend the heart? Will it prepare the young for the duties and realities which lie before them? Will it make them useful, intelligent and happy wives, mothers, and members of society? No, never. The time thus wasted, will be in after years, deeply and bitterly regretted. "The poet's hour is not more seductive, nor the scorpion's sting more dangerous, than these productions of brains fevered by a restless ambition, and corrupted by unholy passions."

That there are many admirable works of fiction which may be read not only with safety, but profit, by those who have leisure for an extensive course of reading, we are well aware. If he who makes truth disagreeable, commits high treason against virtue, surely the writer who renders truth attractive, bestows an important benefit on society. The writings of the good and the true—of those who are endeavoring to "leave the world better than they found it," must partake of the moral character of their authors, and may safely be taken to our firesides, and our hearts. But we would impress the thought on our youthful readers, that no splendor of intellect, no fire of genius, no graces of diction, can atone for the want of moral principle in an author or in his productions. The power to move immortal mind, is one of thrilling interest, and fearful importance—woe to him who shall dare to use it for selfish ends, or pervert it to unholy purposes.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread idleness."—*Bible.*

ISABELLA OF CASTILE.

BY CORINNE MONTGOMERY.

THERE is one royal name which even Republican America should "delight to honor," for it is the symbol of all that is high and holy in patriotism, of all that is pure, lovely, and true in domestic faith. Many queens have done virtuously, but most virtuously thou, Isabella of Castile. A youth of trial and many stern ordeals had prepared the mind of the Spanish Princess for the high duties assigned her by Providence, and when she gave her hand to Ferdinand of Arragon, he received the richest dowered bride in Europe. The diadem of Castile, half lost as it was in the grasp of the Moslem, was of less real worth to the warrior king, than the wise and devoted love that knew so well how to harmonize their turbulent nobles, and consolidate their distracted provinces.

But not as the wife of Ferdinand, or Queen of united Spain, is Isabella the dearest historic name royalty ever gave to the children of the new world. It is the heroic mother of its discovery, that commands our reverence. When kings heard with cold incredulity, and learned prelates condemned with bitter sarcasm, the noble plans of Columbus, Isabella studied them with gentle patience, and believed. She believed, and resolved to prove that belief, though she must meet the sneers of rival royalties, and the urgent remonstrances of her own nobles, at every step of the enterprise. Worst and hardest of all, she had to meet the disapproval of her honored husband; but Isabella knew well that if she owed deference and loving obedience to her wedded lord, she had also the duties of a sovereign to fulfil towards her heritage of Castile. "Columbus shall go forth to seek in those western waters, on the farthest verge of the untracked Atlantic, new realms, which will receive from us the light of religion, and give back their rich products to our industry. My Ferdinand will not

make the venture in behalf of our united kingdom, and I therefore take the risk for my own Castile. If war has drained the treasury, let my jewels be pledged for the funds needful to speed Columbus on his way." To this resolution of the noble Isabella—a resolution to which no cotemporary prince could expand his thoughts—is freedom indebted for this continent. Here she cradled her family of republics, and here the liberated descendants of European bondage, will learn how to honor and bless the name of the noblest woman who ever bore a sceptre.

A NOBLE CHARITY.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

CONSIDERING the immense wealth of this city, our institutions for the relief of poverty and ignorance, afford but little room for boasting. The time will come when we shall look back at once with shame and wonder, that we could have been so callous to the woes which we see every where around us, and so blind to our own best interests, even in a pecuniary point of view.

But there are many excellent charities among us, and in particular, one institution lately come into operation in this city, whose objects are so truly noble, whose intention so enlightened, whose scope so comprehensive, that we may feel an honest pride in holding it up to notice, and commending its excellent example to other cities. This is the Association for the Care and Assistance of Prisoners, from the period of their incarceration, up to the time of their re-establishment in society. This plan includes care of their condition and morals in prison, to be accomplished by means of suitable persons, provided by law—a labor which is Herculean in itself, since matters which are to be perfected through the action of large bodies are ever slow, and subject to a thousand obstacles. The introduction of matrons at the City Prison and at Blackwell's Island, is a

vast step towards the great object of reformation, but much remains to be done, before our prisoners, male and female, will receive that measure from us which we should wish meted to us again, if our conditions were reversed, as so easily, in God's overruling Providence, they might be.

That department of the Society's plan which is most obviously interesting, is the help to be afforded to discharged convicts who shall show any willingness to be led back to the paths of virtue; and of this department, the portion whose claims we wish to urge at present, is particularly the female. Of the multitude of females who are convicted of every variety of crime in the course of the year, no inconsiderable portion feel at least the desire to avoid the disgrace and wretchedness into which they have been brought by former misconduct; and it is to such as these, that the Prison Association extends the hand of mercy, acting as the vicegerent of that All-merciful Father, who desires not the destruction of the sinner, but rather that he may turn from his wickedness and live. Most of the women in this situation are foreigners—some, no doubt, degraded before they left their native shores—others led into vice by wretches who lie in wait ever for female imbecility. But others are our own country women—girls enticed from the country for evil purposes—betrayed by false managers, or deserted by profligate husbands, and left a prey to the spoiler. One and all are subjects of the greatest interest; and none can know without personal observation, the feelings excited by the attempt to do good among these desolate but still human creatures, sunk almost below hope, yet often showing gleams of unextinguished womanhood, which can never fall coldly on the heart of woman.

For these a home has been provided, where shelter and employment, instruction and advice, are offered in the truest spirit of Christian sympathy and love. From this Home, which is but yet a beginning, affording accommodations for scarcely more than twenty inmates at a time,

numbers have gone out as domestic servants, into various families, in city and country, and the return voice has been such, with but few exceptions, as to encourage the Association in the effort to make their aid applicable to an increasing number of unfortunates.

We hope to call attention more and more to this new but most necessary form of beneficence—to persuade our friends whom fortune has blest in basket and in store, to venture a little for the sake of giving the best instruction possible to these repentant creatures—the discipline of the private family—the care of sympathizing and judicious matrons. In particular would we entreat those of our friends who live in country places, to consider whether they could, by any ingenuity, devise a more effectual mode of doing good, than by taking into their families, as domestic servants, these women who long to be put in the way of a better life. They remain long enough at the Home to be thoroughly known by the matrons, and by the ladies who give their personal services to the object, and none are sent to places who have not shown a desire to reform. Faithful domestics are so much a desideratum in the country, that those who have had good ones from the Home, speak with energy of the docility and industry of the repentant subjects whom they have tried.

The report lately published by the Association, sets forth eloquently the objects and claims of the Institution—what has been accomplished during the present year, and what is hoped for the future. Slight as is this notice of a most important subject, we shall refrain from lengthening our article, hoping to be the more favorably received at another time

Gospel truths, dwelling in the regenerated soul, have been compared to the strings of a harp, ready to give forth sweet sounds whenever the breath of the Spirit passes over them.—*Mrs. F. L. Smith.*

THE DEATH FIRE.

BY MRS. ANN. S. STEPHENS.

BENEATH the ever dense and leafy gloom
Of the hush'd wilderness, a lurid flame
Crept, like a serpent, gorged with kindling blood,
Around the knotted trunk of an old forest oak
A cloud of smoke, fiery and hot with flame,
Surged o'er the tangled roots, and coiling up
With angry hiss and red and fiery tongues,
Devour'd the hoar moss from the bearded bough.
Then upward and abroad it fiercely spread
Through the dusk pine-tops and the clinging vines,
Till the dark forest crimsoned with the glare.
Strong winds swept through the hot and crackling boughs
While scintillating sparks—a fiery rain
Fell from the arrowy flames that darted through
The black and smoky air.
In double ranks, around that flaming tree,
Sat fierce brow'd warriors, like a crowd of fiends
Sent forth to hold their orgies on the earth.
Their shafted arrows and the sinewy bow,
The tomahawk, and club and keen-edged knife,
Flash'd back the fire, and there all hotly gleamed,
In the tall grass; that, coiled all crisply back,
Grew stiff, and died on the scorched earth.
Upon this savage and most fearful scene
The stars looked gently with their quiet eyes;
And the soft moonbeams trembled in the smoke,
Like angels in the grasp of demon hands.
The sighing winds cast back their gathered perfume,
And, lifting the flame-cloud with their sweeping wings
Reveal'd a gleam of green and moon-lit banks,
With waters flowing softly to their home.
There in a cove, amid the lotus flowers,
A bark canoe rock'd on the whispering wave.
The sparkling river, flowing with sweet chime,
So cool and tranquil in its verdant banks,
In gentle contrast with the flaming trees,
And the red demons crouching underneath,
Mock'd the devoted victims.
One was a girl so gently fair

She seemed a being of upper air,
 Lured by the sound of the waters swell,
 To the haunt of demons dark and fell!
 But oh, the keen despair,
 Breaking from out that large dark eye,
 Bent with such chill intensity
 On the wild pageant there!
 Her livid lips grew cold and white,
 And her brow was knit in the dusky light
 Beneath her long black hair.
 Shackled by many a galling thong,
 But in Christian courage firm and strong,
 Stood a brave man, with his eye on fire,
 As he bent its glance on the funeral pyre.
 Yet his bosom heaved and his heart beat quick,—
 His labored breath came fast and thick;
 His cheek grew pale, and drops of pain
 Sprang to his brow, like beaded rain,
 As he felt the clasp of his pallid bride,
 Where she clung in fear to his prisoned side.
 A savage shout—a fierce deep yell
 Rings up through the forest, cove, and dell;
 The wood is alive on either hand
 With the rushing feet of that murderous band.
 One start from the earth, one feeble cry—
 Like the moan of a fawn when the hounds are nigh—
 And she sinks to the ground with a shuddering thrill,
 And lies at his feet all cold and still.
 With the mighty strength of his stern despair,
 Like a lion roused in his guarded lair,
 The youth has rended his bonds apart—
 The bride is snatched to his throbbing heart;
 With a bound he clears the savage crew,
 And plunges on toward the bark canoe.
 He nears the bank—a fiendish scream
 From the baffled foes rings o'er the stream:
 He springs to the bark—away—away—
 It is lost from sight in the flashing spray!

"Christ has taken our nature in heaven, to represent us,"
 says Newton; "and has left us on earth, with his nature,
 to represent him."

ALICE—A STORY OF OUR VILLAGE.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

GENTLE reader, imagine yourself in a state of clairvoyance, and come with me to the loveliest spot in all that lovely valley, through which the Connecticut "hurries his wave to the wave of the deep," stealing as he goes, the last lingering kiss from the willows that bend so gracefully to the evening breeze. Do you see that little village, nestling in an enclosure formed by a sudden bend of the river round the foot of yonder mountain, and looking with its white houses and venetian blinds, its trees and shrubbery, like a rural paradise? That is the village of M——, better known through all the adjacent country by its soubriquet of "The Happy Valley," and regarded by its inhabitants as "a fairer, sweeter spot than all beside," on the face of the earth. Let us enter its principal street, through this avenue of magnificent elms, whose branches interlace so closely, forming a verdant canopy far above our heads. Shall I take you to my own little cottage, half hidden by the honeysuckle and clematis that have wound around the trellis, or resisting the temptation to exhibit my floral treasures, shall I lead you at once to the Hall which stands in conscious superiority on a gentle eminence overlooking its humbler neighbors and dependants? It is the abode of wealth, taste and elegance, and all their appliances have been tasked to beautify and perfect it. Of the house, one might almost say, that like Abbotsford, "it is a romance in stone and lime," and certes, it was planned by one who had a poet's eye, and a poet's love of the picturesque and beautiful. In laying out the grounds, too, how admirably art has followed the dictation of nature, while inventing new forms and combinations of loveliness. Here is a wildwood walk, leading to a sylvan bower, through whose latticed sides the tube rose, the heliotrope and verbena, send their wealth of fragrance—there the closely shaven lawn runs down to

the river's brink, studded with majestic trees, "the aristocracy of nature," and surrounded with a belt of forest trees of every variety. But yonder, seated in that noble portico supported by massy columns, and commanding an extensive view of the river, are seated a group to whom I am impatient to introduce you. Mr. Forrester, the owner of this delightful abode, is still in the prime of manhood, though early habits of thought have drawn lines of care on his lofty brow, and years of travel in other lands have deepened the flush of health on his manly cheek. He is not a native of our village, not even a New-Englander by birth, yet are we justly proud of his character and talents, his public spirit, and his private virtues. Some few years since, he came with a widowed sister, who superintended his bachelor establishment, to spend the summer months in a neighboring town, and chancing in one of his rides to discover this secluded valley, gave it the appellation it still bears, and took measures at once to become a permanent resident among us. Though his heart overflows with kindness, he has yet a dignity and reserve of manner which repels every attempt at familiarity, and this, together with his reputation as a scholar and a traveller, kept us all at a distance, until the severe illness of Mrs. Lawton, rendered it an act of duty on my part, to visit her and tender such services as wealth cannot command. I was kindly, nay gratefully received by Mr. Forrester and his sister, and from that hour a friendship commenced, which the intercourse of succeeding years has only served to increase and cement. But the mistress of this splendid establishment, the lovely and graceful woman who is playfully looking over the shoulder of her husband as he reads—ah, "thereby hangs a tale," which as I am in the gossiping vein, I will relate to you, while we rest on this bank of violets, over which the south wind comes so refreshingly, laden with the perfume of innumerable flowers. Let me premise, however, that I have no romantic incidents, no thrilling adventures to relate. It is a simple story of every day life, and its hero is no Sir

Charles Grandison, or Lord Orville, but an unpretending gentleman, possessing too much principle to shoot his friend in obedience to the laws of HONOR, and far too fastidious to marry any young lady who would consent to an elopement. As for my heroine—but she deserves a more formal introduction.

I was busily engaged in reading one afternoon, in the summer of 183—, when my attention was arrested by the sweet tones of a child who was offering berries at the door. The music of the human voice has at all times strange mastery over my feelings, and I laid down my book and stepped into the hall to look upon the speaker. It was a little girl, who had apparently numbered ten, or it might be twelve summers, and though the rose on her cheek had acquired a deeper hue from constant exposure, there was a delicacy and beauty about her form and features, which won my admiration in a moment. Her very soul looked out through the soft dark eyes that were turned on me with a supplicating expression, as she repeated the words I had just heard.

“Please buy my berries, for my grandfather is old, and so very sick, that I fear he will die.”

“And who is your grandfather, my little girl,” I asked, “and where does he live?”

“He is Capt. Dudley, and he lives in the little cottage on Mr. Brent’s farm,” she answered, “will you come and see him, ma’am?” and her face was radiant with the excitement of hope, as she looked up for my reply. I gave her the desired promise, and made her very happy, by purchasing all her berries, and sending her directly home to her sick grandfather. The next evening found me on my way to Mr. Brent’s farm, wondering who these new-comers might be, who had made their way into the village so quietly, that even Miss Candace Flint, our female Paul Pry, knew nothing of the matter.

As I approached the cottage, I saw through its open door, my youthful acquaintance of the preceding day, busily em-

ployed in making some broth for the invalid, who sat supported by pillows, in an arm-chair, while his wife, hardly less feeble than himself, was reading from a large Bible, those blessed words of promise and consolation, which take from sickness and poverty all their terrors, and rob even death of his sting. It was a sight on which the eye of angels might dwell with delight, and I hesitated to intrude on such a scene, but the quick glance of the child detected my presence, and she exclaimed, "grandfather, here is the good lady who bought my berries, and sent me home so early yesterday." I was welcomed by the aged pair with a sincerity and cordiality which made their way directly to my heart. They were strangers and in ill health, and though not wretchedly poor, (as few New-Englanders are) were destitute of many things which in sickness become necessaries of life. My evident interest, and above all, my admiration of their darling grand-child, who had improved this opportunity to visit her ducks and water her flowers, won the confidence of the worthy couple, whose short history was quickly told. Capt. Dudley was a soldier of the Revolution, and had served through the war, having been in most of the important engagements of that eventful period. When peace was declared, he exchanged his bounty of wild lands for a small farm in Vermont, where for many succeeding years he gained a comfortable subsistence by hard and unremitting toil. He had two children, a son and daughter, the former of whom was his companion and assistant, while his beloved Alice had married and settled in the immediate neighborhood. Thus surrounded by those he loved, Capt. Dudley arrived at old age, almost forgetting, in the fulness of his content, the uncertain tenure by which earthly happiness is always held. But a sad reverse was at hand. His daughter, whose beauty and virtues made her the idol of her friends, was left a widow, and in one short year followed her husband to the grave, leaving an only daughter to the care of her aged and disconsolate parents. While the flowers were still fresh, which the hand

of affection strewed over her grave, Capt. Dudley learned to his surprise and dismay, that the title by which he held his little farm was defective, and that a mortgage covering the whole, of which, till then, he knew nothing, was about to be foreclosed. He had no means of arresting the proceedings, or obtaining justice of the villain who had robbed him of his hard earnings, so in sadness and silence he prepared to leave the happy home which was endeared to him by so many recollections, and to go forth in his old age—"the world before him where to choose his place of rest," for the few years of life that might still remain.

He had formerly known Mr. Brent, and that gentleman, on hearing of his misfortunes, wrote to him, offering him the small but pleasant cottage in which they now resided, rent free, while they chose to occupy it. The offer was gratefully accepted, and young Dudley, after seeing his parents comfortably located, left them to push his fortune in the far west, hoping in this way to assist them more efficiently than by remaining where labor was so valueless and unproductive. The little Alice, or as they fondly termed her "our Elsie," was the darling of their hearts, and her praises formed a never-failing theme of conversation. "She has sunshine about her all the time," said Mrs. Dudley, "and if there was any truth in the fairy stories I used to hear in my childhood, I should say our Elsie was blessed at her birth by a good fairy. But I know," she added, "that the blessing and smiles of God are upon her, for though she is as full of gaiety and frolic as a young kitten, she is so kind and thoughtful of our comfort, and so anxious to spare me, I sometimes forget that she is so young, poor thing!"

(To be Continued.)

A PLEA FOR FEMALE OPERATIVES.

It has been said, we would hope with more severity than truth, that "man, seldom just to man, is never so to woman." Whether this sweeping censure is well merited or not, it is certainly correct in regard to one particular. The relative rate of compensation for the labor of the two sexes, is so unequal, as to force from every reflecting mind, the enquiry—"Where is the justice or propriety of this inequality?" Why should the labor of women, if equally productive with that of men, be so much more cheaply estimated? That there are departments of labor, common to both sexes, in which female operatives are equally skilful and expert with the other sex, cannot be denied, yet where is the employer, who would ever dream of giving equal wages to both? How often have we heard the remark made (never without indignation,) by those calling themselves gentlemen—"I will have such a piece of work done, or such a garment made, by a woman, because she will do it for half price, and it will be quite as well done." This is chivalry indeed! To calculate to a fraction, how much may be made or saved, by availing themselves of the weakness and dependence of a sex they profess to love and cherish so tenderly! If there is any reason in the "fitness of things," for this oppressive difference, we have never been fortunate enough to discover it. It seems to us on the contrary, that while there are so many paths of profitable industry open to man, and comparatively so few to woman, every principle of honor and justice demands, that where the labor of the latter is equally productive, it should be to herself equally available. Monopolies are always odious, and always more or less oppressive; and the fact that man has enjoyed a monopoly of profit so long, does not change the nature of the case, or furnish a reason for its continuance.

MANUAL LABOR HONORABLE.

"SHE is only a factory girl, or a seamstress," says Miss A. or B., "and therefore not at all a fit companion for me." "Thank heaven, my daughters need not work," says Mrs. C., "and I do not choose that they should make slaves of themselves while they are young. Poor things! Care will come soon enough." "If my daughters must work for a living," says Mrs. D., "I am not obliged to publish it to the world. It would hinder their advancement in life."

Each of these ladies is the representative of a class, so numerous in the community, that it requires a greater degree of independence and dignity of character than many young ladies possess, to bear the scorn which usually follows the intimation—"she earns her own living by some useful occupation."

Now it is emphatically a discovery of modern times, that there is necessarily any thing degrading in the labor of the hands. "From the beginning it was not so." The finest specimens of female character found in history, both sacred and profane, were patterns of industry, frugality, and the domestic virtues. Even princesses spun or wove, or plied the needle, in the midst of a circle of attendants, who emulated the skill of their mistress; and if a modern fine lady had found her way into such a group, she would probably have excited their compassion, if not contempt, by her ignorance and helplessness.

We believe, and would fain impress the conviction upon others, that the sentence pronounced on man at his fall—"In the sweat of thy face, thou shalt eat bread," becomes in his altered circumstances, a real blessing, and that indolence, as the violation of this law, brings with it a certain penalty, in the weariness, satiety, and ennui, so sensibly felt by its victims, and which might all be dispelled by the magic wand of industry.

"But," says Miss A., "labor is so excessively vulgar."

We beg leave to dissent from this opinion, even at the risk of losing *caste* ourselves. We give full credence to the assertion that—"Worth makes the *man*, and want of it the *fellow*;" and that the hard handed laborer of either sex, who has mental cultivation and moral worth, is in possession of God's own patent of nobility, and need acknowledge no earthly superior. From our inmost soul we honor the woman, whatever may be her age or station, who has sufficient energy and self-respect, if need be, to go into a factory, or to learn a trade, or to follow any other useful occupation, to earn for herself an independent livelihood. How infinitely superior is such an one, to the weak and helpless being, who, when destitute of other resources, throws herself on the charity of friends, and becomes a burden, oppressive even to the kindness that will not cast her off.

To our young countrywomen, who belong to the class of *operatives*, we would, in conclusion, utter a few words of counsel and advice. Never suffer any influence to tempt you for a moment, to conceal your real standing and occupation. Remember that the truly wise and good, will judge of you, not by external circumstances, but by moral worth. Dare to *appear* what you dare to *be*, for the meanest species of hypocrisy is that, which from pride and false shame, would hide the fact, that from choice or necessity, you earn your own subsistence. Above all, sedulously seek opportunities for mental improvement, and be more anxious to cultivate the intellect, and improve the heart, than to lay up gold that perishes. In this respect, the female operatives at Lowell, Mass., have set a noble example to their sisters throughout the country. While many of them are amassing comparative wealth by their industry, they are at the same time devoting their leisure hours to literary and scientific pursuits—and by means of lectures, clubs for mutual improvement, literary associations, &c., are preparing to take their place in society, as cultivated, intelligent women. Were this example universally followed, labor would soon become honorable, and the reproach would be forever

wiped away, that a refined, or literary woman, must of necessity be ignorant of every useful occupation.

A WORK FOR THE FRIENDS OF HUMANITY.

THE cause of seamstresses and female operatives in general, has been brought before the public at intervals, for some years past, by different agencies, but hitherto nothing farther has been done in their behalf, while the aggregate of misery among this class has been constantly increasing. "The low rate of compensation for female labor," are words familiar to the ear of almost every one, but how few can realize what this short sentence really implies! Who can estimate the weariness, the hopelessness and misery that oppress the heart, when the conviction settles down upon it, that the utmost effort of skill and industry will not avail to procure even the common necessaries of life? Who can gauge the amount of physical and mental anguish, endured by her whose hard and unremitting toil is draining out her heart's blood by drops, while present privation and suffering are aggravated by the remembrance of joys departed, never to return? Many of these sufferers are widows with small children about them, who a short time since were blessed with a kind companion, and surrounded with every comfort, but the arm on which they leaned is paralyzed by death, and the heart that felt for them so tenderly, is cold beneath the clods of the valley. In this wide world they are now alone, and the scanty pittance they can earn by ceaseless labor, is utterly insufficient to meet their daily wants.

Come with us, dear reader, to the humble attic, in which one who a few short years ago, was a happy wife and mother, hides her poverty and her sorrows from the public gaze. Four little ones, the eldest of whom is not nine years of age, are dependent on her for food and clothing, while she has not one earthly friend to whom she can look for sympathy or assistance. By keeping her little daughter

constantly at her side to thread her needle for her, she can earn in *fifteen hours* hard work at binding shoes, three shillings a day. For her room she must pay one dollar a week, generally in advance, which leaves *ten shillings* for the support of her family during the week. With this, they must purchase fuel, food and clothing for five, besides providing for such contingencies as daily arise in every household. But sickness invades the little circle, and her youngest child, the cherished image of him who is gone forever, is prostrated by disease. She may procure gratuitous medical advice, but she cannot follow the prescription of the physician, for she has not the means to purchase medicine. The disease makes steady progress, and her darling boy dies; dies for want of the medicine and the nourishment which *one dollar* would have procured for him, and which the fond mother who would gladly purchase his life with her own, had not to bestow.

This is no picture of the imagination. We have ourselves heard the agonized mother tell this tale of suffering, and know that there are scores of similar cases constantly occurring in this city. And who are they who are thus draining the dregs of the cup of sorrow, in the midst of a wealthy and christian community? Have they been by a providential visitation rendered incapable of supporting themselves, and thus thrown on public charity for a subsistence? No such thing. They are women who are able and willing to work, skilful, industrious and honest, and who ask of their employers not charity, but a fair equivalent for services rendered. Reader, they are bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh, whose miseries thus appeal to you with resistless eloquence. You may be happy, and they miserable—you may be rolling in wealth, and glittering in splendor, while they are feeling "all the sad variety of woe;" but the relationship is still the same, and you cannot, if you would, get rid of their claims on your sympathy, and wherever it is practicable, your assistance. If he who needs our kind services, of whatever name or

nation he may be, is our neighbor, then surely those of our own sex who are suffering under this grinding system of oppression and injustice, have a right to expect from us whose lot is differently cast, both feeling and action in their behalf.

We are aware that this subject is attended with difficulties, and that redress will not be easily obtained, owing to the selfishness of mankind; but we have great confidence in the virtues of *agitation* in such a cause as this, and would therefore adopt O'Connell's motto, "*agitate*," until the object is accomplished. Where is the man, with a human heart in his bosom, who would not sooner pay a few pence more for a garment, than to reflect that the poor seamstress who made it, is dying by fatigue and actual starvation over her needle, while she is making shirts at *four* and *six* cents a piece? We cannot but think, that if this subject were fairly before the American public, justice would be done, for low as is our estimate of human nature, we believe there is yet some "flesh in man's obdurate heart," and that it must feel a tale of woe like this. These sufferers have hitherto buried their wrongs in silence, despairing of redress on earth, but the time has come when the friends of humanity must and will speak out in their behalf. God grant it may not be in vain.

The Rev. Richard Cecil, when at College, was much tried by the ridicule and reproaches of profane and profligate young men. Thus exercised, he was walking one day in the botanic garden, where he observed a fine pomegranate tree cut almost through the stem near the root. On asking the gardener the reason of this, "Sir," said he, "this tree used to shoot so strong that it bore nothing but leaves. I was therefore obliged to cut it in this manner; and WHEN IT WAS ALMOST CUT THROUGH, then it began to bear plenty of fruit."

WOMAN'S PATRIOTISM.

We are indebted for the following beautiful stanzas, to the Hemans of America, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. They contain an admirable sentiment, sweetly and winningly expressed, and the gifted authoress is herself a bright example of the domestic virtues she describes.

How shall we aid the land we love?
 O'er dusty tomes to pore,
 And catch the warrior's wrathful mood,
 From Amazonian lore?
 To turbulence, or pride incite,
 And quench of peace the seraph light?
 Relinquish, for a meteor's glare,
 The boon of Love's protecting care?
 Ambition's wind-swept heights assail,
 And shun the sweet domestic vale?
 No, sister—no.

How aid our land? The fearless voice
 'Mid public haunts to raise?
 Or barter, for an empty fame,
 Affection's priceless praise?
 For "woman's rights" to clamour loud,
 And dare the throng, and face the crowd?
 Or, in the wild desire to roam,
 Forget those charities of home,
 That pain can sooth, and grief control,
 And lull to harmony the soul?
 No, sister—no.

In our own sphere, the hearth beside,
 The patriot's heart to cheer;—
 The young, unfolding mind to guide,—
 The future sage to rear;
 Where sleeps the cradled infant fair,
 To watch with love, and kneel in prayer—
 Bless each sad soul with pity's smile,
 And frown on every latent wile
 That threatens the pure, domestic shade,
 Sister—so best our life shall aid
 The land we love.

Hartford, March 5th, 1846.

L. H. S.

THE SOCIAL POSITION OF WOMAN.

" And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine ;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller 'twixt life and death ;
 The reason fair, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort and command ;
 A household creature, not too good
 For human nature's daily food,
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel light."—*Wordsworth.*

Such is the being made by God, and given to man as his companion and comforter in the trials of life: his assistant in every good work on earth, and his associate in the rewards and blessedness of the Paradise above. She is not an angel, as her flatterers would fain represent her, but capable of becoming such, if she is faithful to her high vocation, when mortality shall be swallowed up of life. Still less is she a plaything—the toy of sensualism, valuable only for her external attractions, and liable to be thrown aside, when these have lost their power to please. Woe to the nation or the age in which she has been thus regarded! Fearfully has her degradation been avenged, by the corrupting influences which have flowed over society as its direful consequence. It is the law of eternal justice, that man cannot degrade woman, without himself falling into degradation; he cannot elevate her in character or position, without at the same time elevating himself. "Half the old world remains in a state of inanity under the oppression of a rude civilization; the women there are slaves; the other advances in equalization and intelligence; the women there are free and honored."

There can be no doubt that the fantastic institutions of chivalry, now so unjustly derided, had their origin in one of the grand principles of the Gospel which it was to be the work of ages to develop. The impress of Heaven was upon them—faint and distorted, it is true, but still not to be mistaken! The self-sacrificing spirit of the true

knight ; his subjugation of every sensual and selfish feeling, and his devotion to an ideal good—these principles wherever found, and however disguised by false modes of thinking or action, are not of the earth—earthly. “Like the fabled amaranth, they are plants not indigenous here below. The seeds must come from above, from the source of all that is pure, of all that is good!” The Gospel was the remote source of these principles, women were their passive disseminators.

Shut up in castellated towers, endowed with a thousand imaginary perfections, and approached only with a reverence bordering on adoration, woman civilized the rough warriors who drew from her their inspiration, and directing their passions and their strength to an unselfish aim, added to courage the virtue of humanity. “Thus chivalry prepared the way for law, and civilization had its source in gallantry.”

In the age of chivalry, the social position of woman, though false and unnatural, enabled her to exercise an influence over society, decidedly beneficial. Ignorant of what we call knowledge, she certainly was, but so also were the stern and brave warriors by whom she was surrounded ; here was therefore between the two sexes an intellectual equality, which secured to woman the respect due by man to virtue and beauty, without any check from real or fancied superiority on his part.

To this period, succeeded the age of the revival of letters, but strange as it may seem, the waking up of mind from its sleep of ages, was any thing but advantageous to the cause of woman. Men had found paths to glory, into which they vainly supposed woman could not follow them, and they returned from the newly discovered regions of science, full of contempt for the imbecility of their companions, without having gained enough true wisdom to discern the policy of their enlightenment.

We cannot dwell on the unhappy revolution which took place, when women thus lost their equilibrium in the

social balance. Influence they still possessed, but it had become debased in its character, and changed in its mode of operation. They had become playthings of the imagination, or still worse, mere objects of sensual enjoyment. The consequences of this state of things were developed fully in the courts of Louis Fourteenth of France, and Charles Second of England. Where in these degraded courts, was public faith or private virtue? Where was man's honor or woman's purity? Echo answers "where?" The degradation of woman brought on its inevitable consequence, the degradation of man, and every thing lovely, virtuous, or noble, withered in an atmosphere so filled with moral poison. At the present day, our sex have recovered their rights, resumed their proper position in the social system, and give tone to the manners and morals of the community. It is universally conceded that women have a dignity and value far greater than themselves or others had previously imagined, and that their talents and virtues place them on a footing of perfect equality with the other sex. But here our danger is two-fold. The vain and unthinking err in devoting their attention exclusively to accomplishments, as the means of securing influence—while the serious and reflecting may fall into the equally grave error of supposing that because so much is granted, more still must be their due! That their sphere of action is too contracted, and that distinction of duties must imply inferiority! Our article is already too long; we must, therefore, defer the consideration of these errors to a future number, with the one remark, that in a practical point of view, they are equally pernicious, and equally opposed to the lessons of experience, and the teachings of inspiration.

• It was once said to the excellent Hooker, "Sir, I like many things about your preaching, but you are so strict!" "Yes," replied he, "and I serve a strict Master."

A VOICE FROM THE PRISONER.

BY MISS E. ROBBINS.

THE proper duties of the female sex, in the present state of society, beyond their own families, their nurseries, and their firesides, are indeed indicated by the sin and misery that exist in the world. It was said of the late Elizabeth Fry, "the cause she knew not she searched out." She was the mother of a family, and had as many domestic relations and as many duties connected with them as others of her sex; but her own house was not her entire world. She felt that she belonged to society, to the young, the destitute, the prisoner, the sinner, the sufferer, every where within the sphere of her influence. Her fortune and her position in the world made this a large sphere. Now our sphere—the sphere of women in this country, like-minded with her, is to do all the good for which they have opportunity, to those less favored than themselves.

If any should be disposed to refrain from public services, —or from services to others, only called public when they extend beyond our own hearths and houses, because they presume that, after all, any exertions of that sort are of very doubtful use, and may be misapplied or entirely lost, it may be very well to give such persons instances to the contrary. Less than two years ago we were disposed to supply the convicts at Sing Sing with interesting and entertaining books, because we know that the best seed-sowing in the world is that of books, read intelligently, in the love of them. We hoped that good fruits might grow out of this sort of culture. Therein the reader could "minister to himself," could take counsel of those silent monitors that give the same lessons to all. Friends aided the enterprise, but with all their liberality the supply was too small for the need. Still, what could be done was done. Some of the benefits resulting from such very limited means as have been employed will appear in the following letter addressed to the writer by a convict:

"MADAM,

"Your years, your kindred, your countenance are all strange to me; of you I know nothing but your name and your humanity. Here upon the blank leaf of the book now lying before me is that name—perhaps traced by your own hand, and the book is your gift to the most afflicted of mankind. 'I was in prison and ye visited me,' is, in the gospel, the anticipated acknowledgment of the blessed Jesus to those who shall have penetrated the dungeon gloom of the lone captive—be he innocent or guilty. Surely you are of the school of this great Master; a follower of this example, and in nature and in love like the untiring Howard, who felt in his heart the chain of bondage that galled other men, and wiped so many tears from weeping eyes; who poured out such generous sympathy and gracious counsel into famishing and perverted hearts.

"Because we have hated instruction and despised reproof, or more often, because we have never known either, we are what we are. You, in your measure, have applied the best remedy that can reach us here, in our banishment from all that endears existence.

"I know that *your sex* is alive to the tenderest pity, an enlightened and virtuous woman never looks upon a moral waste in society without extending to it the kind hand of reforming culture. It has been said that the grandest movement of modern mercy took its first impulse from a woman's earnest representation. I cannot but believe that to the female sex is allotted the high commission of the true reformer. Where they pity, where they teach, where they relieve, the curse of sin and ignorance withdraws its blight. Under their influence new emotions, new courage, new purposes, new endeavors spring up amidst iniquity and desolation.

"I take the liberty thus to address myself to you, that possibly I may encourage your service of love. Perhaps you know not the fruit of your doing. You may have scattered the seed and beheld no germination; and though I am but one yet probably of many, I can declare with sincerity, that through your agency the most miserable period of a miserable life has been assuaged more than by any other bounty. You, honored lady, in the form of sending knowledge into a dark place, have applied balm to many a wounded spirit—which, without some Christian lenitive, who can bear?

"Shall I refrain then from expressions of gratitude to one who has brought the aliment of reason, truth and religion to the hungry soul? How I wish I had a voice that could penetrate every ear of those to whom pity and power belong; how would I set your practice before them; how earnestly would I petition them to fill up the great gulf of our moral need from the ample reservoir of those means now too often lavished to the pampering of appetites that have brought us, wretched convicts, to crime and misery.

"One of your gifts now lying before me is the Penny Magazine, a miscellany fitted alike to the child and the man. Its prose, poetry, and its facts and fables, its descriptions and its prints, afford instruction in different ways. I open the pictured page—a stranger in a strange land, and in that country an outcast from all the forms of beauty, all the communications of living intelligence; but on these leaves are imprinted objects once familiar to my eyes when crime was only to me the name

of evil to be abhorred and shunned. Here I behold the imagined ruins, the columnar piles, among which, in their majestic reality 'my careless childhood strayed.' Here too, are the ancient oaks, beneath whose shadow my school-boy footsteps lingered while the birds sang in their branches. All these speak to my heart and conscience. These ruins are an emblem of my sad fall. What once stood erect in honor now lies in disrepair and abandonment, and there is no re-edifying of the broken pillar and the prostrate wall.

"But here comparison fails, or would deceive me; there is filling of the breach, and raising of the column in the fallen man. This place of wrecks contains elements of character, which, aided in reformation, are capable of restoration and good service in the field of the world, according to the gracious design of the Creator.

"Sing Sing, November 20, 1845.

H. S."

The preceding extract from the letter of an unfortunate young man, now discharged from confinement, and returned to England, his native country, shows the good effects that may result from a small supply of instructive books to persons destitute of them. The gratitude of the prisoner, as well as the mitigation of his sufferings, may well incite the female sex to send the influences of their sympathy, and the aids of their charity into the cell of the convict, and into every abode of misery. In another portion of this letter, too long for insertion, the writer sets forth vividly the horrors of his state, unrelieved by humanity from without, and destitute of the solace of books, and then he pours forth blessings upon those who have remembered the forgotten, and brought unasked aid to the impoverished, hungry soul.

The contrast between the neglected condition of the prisoner, and that assuaged by a little care and cost, is a most affecting admonition. The fact ought to satisfy any rational being that similar services to similar need will not be thrown away; and that these services are demanded and must be available, will surely induce many Christian women to follow up a work but just begun.

"We have broken the ice of the public heart," said a friend of the poor and the prisoner, "by what has been done: let us take courage, and look for abundant helps from the benevolence of the community." We do hope for such helps, and we shall not be disappointed.

Our correspondent says "the grandest movement of modern mercy originated in a woman:" the woman alluded to was Lady Middleton, the wife of Sir Charles Middleton. This lady having been in Jamaica, set forth so vividly to Mr. Wilberforce and other humane persons, the horrors of slavery, that from her representation, they commenced their attack upon it.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Book of Peace; A Collection of Essays on War and Peace. Boston: George C. Beckwith, 60 1-2 Cornhill. New York: M. W. Dodd.

The able and devoted general agent of the Peace Society, in collecting these admirable and spirit-stirring essays, has conferred a benefit on the Christian public, which can never be thoroughly appreciated, until the nations of the earth shall learn war no more. They are the productions of some of the noblest heads and purest hearts that have ever blessed the world, and the subject is one that may well wake a high and holy inspiration in the breast of the philanthropist and the christian. At this time, when a dark war cloud seems gathering on the horizon, and the muttering thunder is already heard in the distance, every thing which may help to preserve to us the unspeakable blessings of peace, and to avert the horrors of war, should be hailed as a precious boon; and therefore it is, that we should rejoice to see this book circulating on the wings of the wind, through the length and breadth of our beloved country. Those who are now friends of peace, on principle, should purchase it as a rich mental treat—those who are indifferent in regard to the subject, ought to study it attentively, that they may understand their duties, and feel their responsibilities to their country and to the world.

The Pilgrim's Note Book, or Choice Sayings, Illustrative of Christian Character and Duty. Selected by Mrs. F. L. Smith. New York: M. W. Dodd, Brick Church Chapel.

The selections in this little book, are chosen and arranged with such exquisite taste, and truly Christian feeling, and its external appearance is so beautiful and attractive, that we must pronounce it a perfect gem. Its pages speak the language, and bear the impress of heaven, and we feel in going over them, that we are indeed holding communion with the spirits of the just made perfect. Such intercourse strengthens the christian for the trials and conflicts of life, and enables him to bear patiently the discords of this jarring world, while he thus catches the faint echo of the music of heaven, and listens entranced to its thrilling cadence.