

## TALES OF FACTORY LIFE, No. 1.

Sarah T. was scarcely twelve years old, when her parents removed to New England. Her education had been neglected, not on account of her inability to learn, but because her parents had been unfortunate, and had not means to educate their large family. Her mother had given her the first rudiments of learning, and many valuable lessons of domestic economy. Her father's health had far declined, and his days were soon numbered, leaving a widow and seven orphan children. Mrs. T.'s grief was nearly overwhelming. The reflection that she was left among strangers, without the means of returning to her friends, to her was truly gloomy. After a short period, she found it was necessary to adopt some plan for the support of her children. She solicited advice from some of the few who had interested themselves in her behalf, and it was soon decided that Sarah and a brother still younger should "live out:" Accordingly, a place was provided for Sarah with a Mrs. J., who kept what is termed a genteel boarding house in the city, about five miles distant.

Mrs. J. was much pleased with Sarah's activity and readiness to obey, and used every means (except the right ones) to retain her services. She was often treated with much severity, and sometimes cruelty. She had a proud spirit, and could not well endure the mortification of hearing the daughter of Mrs. J. inquire why she was so meanly clad, and did not attend school to study French and Music. She determined to leave the service of Mrs. J., and find employment where she could procure the means of educating and clothing herself.

She had been in the service of Mrs. J. about two years, when the daughter of Mrs. J. commenced an attack upon Sarah about her being so ignorant; and Sarah very frankly told her, that she possessed the means of educating herself, and would employ them very soon to that end. Mrs. J. overheard the conversation, and was highly displeased with the resolution Sarah had formed, and gave her many harsh words, calling her a poor little beggar, &c. The proud spirit of Sarah could endure such treatment no longer. She determined to leave, and that night made preparation to depart.

Early next morning, Sarah took leave, without stopping to bid the family "good bye." When the sun arose, she was about three miles from the affectionate Mrs. J. She arrived at home in season to breakfast with her mother and other friends. After breakfast, her mother made inquiries, about her unexpected appearance. She very frankly replied, "I have run away from Mrs. J., and I will tell you all"—which she did. Mrs. J. soon made her appearance, and wished Sarah to return with her. Sarah wept bitterly, and told her mother she would not stay with her, she was so unkind, and made her work so hard, and would not send her to school, nor give her clothes suitable for attending church.

As they were returning, Mrs. J. inquired, "What would have become of you, if I had not had the kindness to take you home with me?" Sarah replied, with great simplicity, "I had determined to go to Lowell, and work in the factory." "Well, if you are mean enough in your own opinion, to be a factory girl, I may as well despair of thinking to make any thing of you, first as last—for it will be of no use to try." "But, said Sarah, "I know of more than one girl who has worked in the factory, who is much better than I ever expect to be, if I stay with you as long as I live—if I should judge by the past."

The first business of Mrs. J. after their return, was to employ the usual remedies for the removal of the "Lowell fever," as she termed it, with which Sarah had been attacked. The preventives were cheap, and at hand; for every one possessed them who had read the news of the day. She did not tire in the application, and often gave them effect by a box on the ear. Notwithstanding all her caution, the fever raged within, and fears were entertained that it would *take her off*; and their fears were not groundless.

One morning, Mrs. J. arose at her usual time, thinking all was well; and the fire was not kindled, nor any one to be seen about the kitchen. She was in a great rage, and opened the the door at the back stairs, and, with her usual emphasis on such occasions, exclaimed, "Sarah, come down here this minute. I thought the coffee was boiling before this time; but instead of this, not even a fire is kindled. I would not give a fig for such help; it is just no help at all"—(closing the door with a vengeance, and talking to herself). "There is no dependence to be put in any one. I

thought if I took her when she was so young, I could prevent her being crazy to get into the factory; but there is no such thing now-a-days. I wish from my heart there was not a factory this side of France. I'll see if you won't come down." She entered the chamber at full speed, and behold! Sarah was among the missing. We will leave the old lady to make her own coffee, and enquire after Sarah's sudden disappearance.

She prepared her bundle the night previously, and at dawn of day commenced a journey of thirty miles, on foot, without a cent in her purse. She walked with rapid haste the first three miles, and began to feel somewhat weary. As she was ascending a hill, she discovered a stage-coach behind her, and wept that she had not money to procure her passage. Well, she knew that she could not walk so great a distance in one day; and she could not imagine where she might be obliged to stay through the night—for, thought she, "no one would keep such a looking child as I am."

The stage-man, with a kindness peculiar to those of like calling, interrogated Sarah, with "Good morning, my little friend: how far are you walking?" She looked up with the big tears fast falling, and replied, "As far as Lowell, sir." "To Lowell! walk to Lowell! it is near thirty miles. It will take you a week. You may ride with me if you will." "But I have no money," said Sarah. "I want none," replied her kind friend; "I will carry you without pay; for I contend, with the old maxim, that 'we should not kill those that try to live,' and surely you are making a strong effort."

He stepped down to open the stage door, and Sarah told him she was afraid the passengers would object to riding with her, on account of her singular appearance. She was not a lady, with the usual paraphrenalia of travelling; but only a bare-footed girl, with a small bundle.

The passengers were interested in her behalf, and took the trouble to enquire the cause of her unusual appearance. She gave them a full and satisfactory history of herself and family, and the woman whose service she had left. They made a collection for her benefit, and one of the passengers, a factory girl, took the trouble to purchase a pair of shoes, hose and other necessary articles, at their first stopping-place. When she arrived at Lowell, they enquired where she would stop. She told them,

at any good boarding-house—as she had no acquaintance. Her friend, the factory girl, invited her to stay with her; which invitation she unhesitatingly accepted.

The next day, she went into the mill with her friend, who procured a place for her, much to her satisfaction. She commenced work the day following, and felt a new motive to action; for, thought she, “I shall be paid for what I do now.”

Nothing worthy of notice occurred during the first six months. She worked every day, and spent her evenings in reading and writing. She wrote to her mother to send her younger sister; and they are still seen going to and from work together.

Sarah has studied and faithfully learned the lessons of usefulness and practical benevolence. In my last interview with her, she expressed a sort of pride in saying, that although she had been a runaway beggar, she had been more fortunate than many within the circle of her acquaintance; and though there may be difficulties, yet a little perseverance will overcome them. I went, by her invitation, to the Savings Bank, and learned that she had deposited four hundred dollars, since the commencement of 1838.

S. G. B.

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### CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

“How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood.”

There is a charm in the name, “childhood's home.” It awakens a thousand pleasant recollections of happy hours, in all their freshness and beauty, on which the mind ever delights to dwell. Many years may have passed away, since we visited the place so dear to memory; and while the retrospections of intervening years are dim and shadowy, those of the early part of life are clear and distinct. They are peculiarly so to me, perhaps for the reason that, at the age of eleven years, my parents removed to Lowell, and I have not since revisited the place of my nativity. Although seven years have elapsed, bringing many a change along with them, the vision of that home is the same, still bright and unchanged.

The home of my childhood is situated in one of the pleasant towns on the banks of the Connecticut, in what is called the

“granite state.” It is not celebrated as the birth-place of any of the brilliant stars that have illumined the present age, nor is it much distinguished for its elegant buildings. The Meeting House, as in most country villages, is conspicuous, as the greatest ornament. For morality and intelligence, it probably is not surpassed by any place of equal population.

I do not know that a passing stranger would discover anything very striking in the beauty of L., its diversified scenery of field and forest, hill and plain. Still, it is imprinted on my mind as the pleasantest place on earth—one spot especially—my native home—or, as it is more familiarly designated by the members of our family, “the old farm.” It had been in the possession of the family over sixty years, my grandfather having raised a log cabin upon it, while that country was a wilderness. Every thing about it is vividly pictured to my mind’s eye, as though it were before me in all its bright reality. The sunny hill side, with its beautiful grove of tall maple trees, bringing the merry times of sugar-making to remembrance: the orchard, with its excellent fruit—and many a happy hour have I there spent, in rambling from tree to tree, and selecting the choicest and most beautiful apples for my young friends: the old cottage farm-house, with the two majestic elms that overshadowed it, waving and sighing in the summer breeze, or sturdily braving the rude autumnal blast: the garden, its green alleys bordered with flowers of every hue; its cherry trees and currant bushes. Well do I remember the accustomed place of each plant and flower—the lilac and rose-bush, the peony strawberry plat—and in particular a large asparagus bed, which I used to admire in spring for its delicate, pale green leaves and branches, and in autumn for its bright crimson berries, with which I decorated the mantel and fire-places.

The cottage was rather old fashioned: the fire-places, for instance, being nearly three times the size of more modern ones; and oh! how pleasant, in the long, cold winter evenings, to see the blazing hearth surrounded by a cheerful group of merry play-mates! I can almost fancy myself in the old kitchen, eagerly joining in the lively plays of blind-man’s-buff, hunt-the-slipper, and other pleasing amusements. I can hear the ringing laugh, and the loud shouts of merriment and happiness unfeigned!

These are some of the sweet dreams of memory, that often steal upon us unawares, taking us back to the haunts of childhood, and

we are again, in imagination, mingling with our former companions and friends. But

“The world hath changed, and sadly, too,  
Since childhood threw its charm  
Upon the pleasant path I trod,  
When life was young and warm.

The fragrance of the flowers is gone,  
The air is not so mild,  
Nor have the birds so sweet a song,  
As when I was a child.

The skies are not so blue as then,  
The earth is not so green ;  
The brilliant colors of young life,  
Have faded from the scene.

The friends of youth—and where are they,  
The loved and chosen band ?  
The grave can answer, and the sea,  
And a far distant land.

And some have yielded up to sin  
The innocence of youth ;  
And some have changed—and O, how changed !  
The heart hath lost its truth.”—

It is a universal truth, that our childhood recollections, almost without exception, are pleasant and gratifying. Why is it so ? Unquestionably, because that part of life is emphatically a season of innocence and truth. And this should teach us, that our happiness through life is dependant materially on our living in accordance with the golden rule. Were such the case, we should review the entire past with the same satisfaction as we remember our infantile years.

E. E. T.

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### OUR PHYSICIAN.

Our physician was an old man, when I was quite a child,—old and garrulous was he ; and I often thought that his humorous stories were of more efficacy in restoring health, than even his medicines. I was quite a favorite with him—for what reason I cannot tell, unless it was because I listened with so much pleasure to all the stories which, from time to time, he used to tell me—for I swallowed his words with a better grace than I did his nostrums—though, to do him justice, I must confess he never prescribed

any thing which was very disagreeable. He was more for stilling the nerves, and quieting the mind, than for giving his patients the many "disagreeables," which are often administered by the faculty.

The anecdotes, which he used to relate, were mostly those of his own observation and experience; and they were told in such a plain, common sense-manner, that his auditors could not fail of being highly gratified. Anecdotes of his early life were quite amusing, one of which I shall proceed to relate.

"I was quite young," said our physician, "when I began to practice; and being the only doctor within many miles, I had a good run of custom; and consequently it was generally thought that I was fast accumulating property. And being unmarried, many an ambitious parent had marked me for a future son-in-law. This caused me some trifling uneasiness, but no great trouble, until Mrs. T. pitched upon me as the very person who *must* marry her daughter Polly. Now Polly was tall and brawny, with feet and hands suitable for a back woods-man, and a countenance the most disagreeable that I ever beheld. Her complexion was very dark—her eyes were a coal black, and very large, with an uncommon bold expression—and a set of teeth, like a stump fence, protruded from between a pair of thick lips.

"I could bear any thing better than to be told that Mrs. T. was courting me, for her daughter Polly. But I was often compelled to hear this unpleasant truth—for truth it was, and every body knew it. I was sent for, and sent for—and there was no end to my being sent for, to visit the family. If any of the children stubbed their toes, or cut their fingers, or ate too many green apples, the doctor *must* be sent for. In all of my visits to Mrs. T., I was consulted respecting Polly's health. And although it was evident that she possessed rude health, she ever complained of some languishing disorder. At length, in a fit of vexation, I refused to give Polly any more medical advice. This step procured me but a little respite; for Polly was shortly after very badly afflicted with the tooth-ache. When these fits of the tooth-ache came on, Mr. T. would mount his brown pacer, and Polly, in her Sunday fix, with her face muffled to the eyes, would jump up behind him on the pillion, and visit me, for the purpose of having a tooth extracted. I do not remember how many of Polly's teeth I pulled, (my books can tell,) but I became wearied

of the play, and actually refused to extract another, although she complained of the most excruciating pain.

“After this, I heard nothing from Polly for nearly three quarters of a year. It was sometime in January, (it was leap-year)—and a cold, blustering day it was. The snow flew in every direction,—oh, it was a *bitter* cold day. I was seated by a great hard-wood fire, busily engaged in posting my books, when a loud and vehement rapping called me to the door. I hastened to open it, and there was Mr. T., seated on his brown pacer. ‘For heaven’s sake, doctor,’ said he, ‘come to my house immediately!’—and turning his horse’s head, was out of sight, almost instantly.

“My nag was in the stable, ready saddled; and thinking the case a very pressing one, I was in a few minutes on the road leading to Mr. T.’s. Mrs. T. met me at the door, and gave the boys a charge to put my horse in the barn, and to give him some good hay. She then ushered me into the west room. This room was neat as a pin; the floor was nicely sanded, a good fire blazed on the hearth, and Polly, in her Sunday dress, sat in the corner, knitting. I began to feel fidgety. Mrs. T. made some commonplace remarks, and then commenced her attack. ‘Doctor,’ said she, ‘what is the reason you do not get married?’ I made answer, that I had no time to spare to attend to matrimonial affairs. ‘La! doctor,’ said she, ‘it would take but little time.’ She then went on to describe the loneliness of a bachelor’s life, and to delineate the many comforts and pleasures derived from matrimony; and finally concluded, by saying, ‘Well, doctor, our Polly will make you a good, notable wife.’ I sprang to my feet, stamped upon the floor, and exclaimed, *That* she never will! for I never will have her! I rushed out of the house, took my horse from the barn, and mounting him, made the best of my way home, not daring to look behind me.”

Our physician would conclude the relation of this courtship with a hearty laugh; and he often said, it might have been better for his family, if he had accepted Mrs. T.’s overtures in behalf of her daughter; for it was possible, nay probable, that his three sons (who were old bachelors) might themselves have been married, if Polly T. had been their mother.

JEMIMA.

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## PAST HOURS.

I have known gay hours—when life would seem  
 Like a bright, untroubled, and joyous dream,—  
 When care, with its burden of sorrow was not,  
 And the perils of earth-scenes were wholly forgot.  
 I have known sad hours—which were wont to pass  
 As slowly as sands in the measuring glass;  
 Departed are they, but they have left on the heart  
 A deep and dark trace, which may never depart.

I have known gay hours—when life was but joy,  
 A bliss-gushing fountain, with no taint of alloy,—  
 When it seemed the best boon that my Maker could give,  
 In this world of brightness, that I might but live.  
 I have known sad hours—when life was but woe,  
 When cheerless and dreary seemed all here below,—  
 And prayer went up to our Father on high,  
 To grant me the boon of permission to die!

I have known gay hours—and shall know them again,—  
 This world's not a scene of but sadness and pain;  
 No, many a cup of delight is here given,  
 From the full fount of glory and blessing in heaven.  
 I have known sad hours—and those which have passed,  
 So gloomy and fearful, may not be the last;  
 For earth is a mixture of peace and of strife,  
 And darkness and sun-light are mingled in life.

ADELIA.

## NIGHT.

“O, Night! how beautiful thy golden dress,  
 On which so many stars, like gems, are strewed!”

The dazzling glory of Day has been often and justly admired; and when Night approaches with her sombre shades, and spreads her dark mantle over the fair face of nature, we too often forget that, though mild, she is serenely beautiful; and though she hides in obscurity the bright hues discovered to us by the golden beams of day, she presents us with scenes if possible more sublime. What is more delightful, than to walk out on a summer's eve, when the hum of the city has ceased, when the voices of children at play are hushed; and nought is heard save Nature's own voice, as with melodious sounds it charms the listening wanderer! As we behold the queen of night rising in splendor above the horizon—the mountain-top faintly gilded by her pale

beams ; the stars scattered like gems of purest lustre over the blue expanse of heaven, and reflected from the sparkling waters of the silent lake beneath—a “ secret rapture fills the breast,” and we feel that we could gaze upon the scenes before us for ever with delight.

“ When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
O’ershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume  
Is sparkling with unnumbered dies,—  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.”

CLEMENTINE.

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### ANN AND MYSELF.

NO FICTION.

Ann W. and myself were friends from childhood, nor did our friendship decline in maturer years ; it grew with our growth, and strengthened with our strength. We were partakers of each other’s joys and sorrows. We were nearly of the same age, though of quite different temperaments. I will not say that I was of a more amiable disposition than was Ann. Suffice it to say, there was a marked contrast. We attended school together, and were always in the same class ; and though our advantages for an education were very limited—having only six months schooling in a year—at the age of fifteen, we were qualified for the responsible station of “ country school ma’ams.”

We were shortly employed as such: Our avocation served to increase our own importance, especially in our own estimation; for a “ school ma’am ” in a country village, is of no little consequence, I can assure you. She is generally the “ beau ideal ; ”—and the favored one who succeeds, by his proffered acts of gallantry, in winning her favor, applauds himself as having achieved some mighty conquest.

Before I proceed farther with my story, I will furnish my readers with a little history of my situation, when I began “ to teach the young idea how to shoot.” My place of destination was about fifteen miles from my native village, in the north-western part of New Hampshire. The day previously to the one that was to raise

me to such an eminence, my employer might have been seen riding up to the door, leading another steed by his side—for the road was so rough and unfrequented, that "horse-back" was the only safe mode of travelling.

I had selected such articles of apparel as were indispensable for my convenience,—and tying them in a kerchief, they were suspended from the horn of the saddle on which I rode. My heart sickened at first at the idea of going among strangers; but being of quite a romantic turn, and desirous of rendering myself more conspicuous in the world's estimation, the honors that awaited me in my new station quelled all my forebodings. I arrived at Mr. H.'s about six o'clock, P. M., and was received very kindly by Mrs. H. and her daughter. In a few moments, I was summoned to tea; and the neatly-spread table bespoke the hospitalities of the inmates of the house.

The following morning, I was escorted by Mr. H.'s daughter (who, by the way, was to be one of my pupils,) to the school-house, about three quarters of a mile from the house where I was to board. I summoned all my dignity, and with an air of self-importance hastened towards my task, with a palpitating heart. But with all my feigned seriousness, I could hardly suppress a smile as I overtook many of my pupils, one after another, each accosting me with "Good morning, school ma'am."

When I arrived in sight of the school-house, I saw a large group of children assembled around the door, anxiously looking for my approach. As soon as I drew near, they all modestly courtesied, and following me immediately into the house, seated themselves, and gazed intently at me. I felt somewhat embarrassed at first, for many of my scholars were my seniors. However, I mustered fortitude sufficient to make a few remarks, and proceeded to the best of my ability.

My school consisted of about forty scholars—most of whom were peaceable and docile. I was employed for three months, at the rate of one dollar per week, and succeeded in gaining the good will of my scholars, and the approbation of my employer.

In the mean time, my friend Ann was employed in the same task, though much nearer home—which separated us for a season, though we often sympathized together by writing.

After having completed my task and returned home, I received a letter from some friends then living in a manufacturing village

in New Hampshire, with an invitation to spend a few weeks in visiting them. The proposal was gladly accepted, although I had no favorable opinion of factory places, and more especially of factory girls. Notwithstanding my fastidious notions and educational prejudices, I ventured to accept, remembering that I was a "school ma'am." But what was my surprise, when I arrived at my uncle's, to find that one of my cousins was employed in the factory! I had not seen cousin C. for three years, during which time she had become much altered. From the giddy flirt of thirteen, she seemed to have sprung into years of mature judgment, and was intelligent and agreeable. She left her employment the day after my arrival, and accompanied me about the village; and at length, invited me to visit the factory. My pride revolted at the thought of going to a place I had held in such contempt. However, I consented, because I fancied they would know I was a "school-ma'am."

My cousin took me through several rooms, and introduced me to many neat and beautiful-looking young ladies, with whom I was highly pleased, though not a little chagrined to find they so much surpassed their visiter. Notwithstanding all my self-esteem, my views of factory girls were vastly different when I returned home from what they were when I went out.

Sabbath day I attended meeting, and to my surprise saw many young ladies there whom I recognized as factory girls! for, to tell the truth, I hardly expected to find them civilized. In fact, I became so much changed in opinion, that I concluded to adopt the appalling name of factory girl myself, with all its consequences. My cousin generously offered to procure me a place in the same room in which she was employed; and one week from the time I left home, in all the pomp of a "school-ma'am," I was known as a "factory girl!"

I found my task much less perplexing as a factory girl than as a school teacher, and my pay was much more satisfactory. My only trouble now was, how I should contrive to get my friend Ann with me—for she had been educated with the same prejudices against factories as myself. But I resolved to make an effort. I accordingly wrote, informing her of my adventure in the factory, and earnestly desiring her to come and do likewise; and in one week after the reception of my letter, Ann was with me.

She was immediately employed in the same room, and we were once more happy in each other's companionship.

One year elapsed before we visited our homes. During that time, our friends had become more reconciled to our employment—for instead of three months in a year, as teachers, we then had constant employment, which furnished us the means of advancing our education, which we otherwise could not have done. Besides, we had acquired much information from observation, extensive reading, Lyceums, and other means of increasing our little fund of knowledge.

I shall never forget our first visit to our own village—for we were the first who had ever adopted the avocation of factory girl. We were prepared for a cool reception from our former associates—nor were we in the least disappointed. They at first stood aloof from us with a look of mingled envy and contempt. We submitted to this with as good a grace as possible, well remembering that we had once entertained the same uncharitable opinions. But this by degrees wore away, for they found we had not become uncivilized, as they expected; and ere the time arrived for our return, many who had looked upon us with scornful eyes, solicited us to aid them in obtaining situations in the factory.

Ann and I remained three years in the same manufacturing village, in uninterrupted friendship. But as the journey of human life is not all sun-shine, our felicity was soon destined to be eclipsed. Ann received a letter from a sister, informing her of ill-health, and requesting her to come immediately to the family residence in Maine. The intelligence was painful to Ann, but doubly so to me—for while I sympathized sincerely with her in affliction, my heart could not bear the thought of an uncertain separation. But I nerved myself sufficiently to assist her in making necessary arrangements for her journey; and in tears we parted, mutually agreeing to maintain a punctual correspondence.

Six long months glided by, and Ann returned not, though her sister had been completely restored to health. I began to suspect there was some attractive planet in Maine, which kept Ann away from me so long; nor was I in error, for my next letter brought an invitation to attend her wedding. This was really more painful than the separation. The idea of a rival was more than I could endure; yet I could not reproach her for I had reason to believe her affianced husband was worthy her choice

But I was not willing to have her affections bestowed upon another. I resolved therefore to give her up for lost.

After many solicitations from Ann and her husband, I was prevailed on to visit them, though much against my inclination. She had then been married two years, and was blessed with a kind husband and a competency of this world's goods. She received me with all her former affection, and I anticipated much pleasure from my visit; but it vanished, when she whispered to me, "You must be 'school-ma'am' while you are here, for factory girls are nothing thought of in this place." By this title, I passed off pretty well among the aristocrats of the place, and was often compelled to hear my avocation slandered and my associates misrepresented, without the privilege of saying one word in their vindication. I could not long endure such bondage, and resolved to return where I could enjoy a dearly-loved freedom. I have never visited Ann since, though I have been often entreated so to do; and I am confident when I visit her again, I shall not be the dupe of false opinions.

MATILDA.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD.

### CHAPTER I.

I was very happy when a child; and I love now to do all in my power to promote the happiness of childhood. Yet my pleasures were all of my own creation; and I believe those children are generally the happiest, who are left to seek their own amusements. When the little grand-child of the Empress Josephine, had received from his royal relatives many rich birth-day gifts, and was still observed to look dissatisfied and unhappy, he replied, in answer to their questions, "I wish you would let me go out and play in that beautiful little puddle." When I was a child, I was allowed to play in all the puddles, beautiful and not beautiful. I waded the pond for lilies, and the brooks for minnows; I roamed the fields for berries, and the meadows for flowers; I wandered in the woods for ivy-plums, and picked ising-glass from the rocks; I watched the robins that built for many years their nest in the chestnut tree; and nursed, with truly motherly care, the early lambs and chickens.

I had also my dairy, where the fruit of the mallows was my make-believe cheese ; and my mimic store, where the shelves for china were filled with broken bits of glass and crockery-ware, and those for English goods were filled with the skins of variegated beans, in imitation of calicoes, while those of white beans were my cotton cloth. Then there was my baby-house, the tenants of which never numbered less than a dozen, made of rags, and all of the feminine gender.

These were my summer pleasures. In the winter, we had no time for amusement but in the evening, and then we got together and enjoyed ourselves finely. Our kitchen was a long, low one, with a great beam in the middle of the ceiling, from which depended festoons of dried apples, and bundles of herbs. In the window-corners hung strings of red peppers, and over the fire-place were our crook-necked squashes. The fire-place itself was a very wide one; and in one corner was stationed our blue-pot; and in the other, the kettle in which we boiled potatoes for the cattle, and which was as big as a witch's caldron.

When there were enough of us, we played whirl-the-plate, blind-man's-buff, and hurly-burly—together with many other good old-fashioned games ; and our refreshments were nuts and apples, the seeds of which we exerted our skill in snapping at each other. If our number was smaller, we parched corn in the ashes; and it was fine sport to see the white kernels pop out of their warm place; or we played checkers, on a board crossed off with a coal, and with red and yellow kernels of corn for our *men*. Sometimes we repeated the old stories of Blue-beard, Cinderilla, Catskin, King Lab, and Jack and his bean-stalk, of which we had among us about a dozen different versions.

But it was a great treat to me to listen to the queer stories of Old Bill, who had once been a sailor, and seen many different countries. The boys called him "the wandering Jew," and "my man Friday," because he had no home, but stayed with any one who would give him board and lodging for his labor. If he had been as fond of working as of talking, he would have been a very profitable hand upon a farm ; still he was willing to cut wood, shell corn, fodder the cattle, and do many other chores—and he was excellent company.

I was always willing to go and draw cider, as an inducement for him to stay and talk with us ; and I listened with gaping

mouth and eyes to his marvellous tales of Spaniards, Frenchmen, Indians, and Negroes; and though I presume they were mostly true, they appeared as wonderful to me as so many fairy tales.

But the scene of many of my youthful pleasures, was the district school-house. And now while I think of her, I must tell you about our school-ma'am, who was a spinster. She professed to hate the whole race of *man-kind*, and averred that she was an old maid from choice, and not from necessity; but I am sure if she had wished to marry, no one would have had her. She was so long, and sharp, and skinny, and cross, that the old folks disliked her almost as much as the young people did. She was always grumbling and growling about something or other, and was in fact one of those who take a great deal of comfort in being miserable—and in making other people so too. She was said to be the cause of many of the family quarrels in the neighborhood; had broken off a number of matches; and had been several times brought before the church for falsehood, though she was one of the most active members of all the female societies. Nevertheless, she was thought a most admirable school-mistress, because she was so *strict*. In those days, teachers were valued according to their skill in using the rod and ferula; and according to this standard of excellence, Miss Prudence K. was all perfection.

I remember how she whipped me one Monday morning, because I did not courtesy to her when she passed me on her way to meeting; and one day, when she saw me looking over on the boys' side at my two cousins, she said that I must go and sit between the two boys. I had observed that she saw me, and was expecting as a punishment to have to stand an hour on a crack in the floor, or stoop down and hold my finger on a nail, until it seemed as though my blood had settled in my brain, or sit on the peaked rack till the girls went out, or be soundly whipped with the long birch stick—so when I heard my sentence, I thought it by no means a severe one; but I looked as miserable as possible, for fear she would find out my real feelings; and the fear that the long face would slip off, was the only thing which kept it on.

I often hear teachers lament that *they* cannot *educate* the children placed under their care. Their instructions are neutralized by the influences of home and companions; and if all teachers were what they should be, this would indeed be cause for deep



regret. But I should have been a stiff, formal, selfish, unhappy being, if Miss Prudence could have changed me to what she wished me to become. If I was subdued while under her eye, when I was released there was for me a regenerating influence in the voices of my brothers, sisters and school-mates ; in the songs of the birds and the hum of the bees ; in the bleating of the lambs, and the cooing of the doves ; and the bright sun-shine alone could make my young heart leap for joy.

## CHAPTER II.

My school enjoyments did not consist in spelling long words, and doing hard sums, but in getting through with these tasks as speedily as possible ; and then it was a pleasure merely to be with my little friends. I used also to amuse myself with drawing on my slate,—though my pictures were like those of very ancient times, totally destitute of back-ground and perspective. My houses were always in ruins, for they never stood upright ; and if I made a tower, it was sure to be in imitation of the leaning one. My cows always had crooked horns, and my horses looked like mules ; my carriages appeared as if the inmates would tumble out ; and my men and women had longer noses, larger eyes, wider mouths, and sharper chins, than ever belonged to the heads of human beings.

But when I first mentioned our school-house, my recollections were of the happy evenings I had passed in it. It was there that we had our spelling-schools, and there the singing-schools always met. I generally attended the latter, though I was not a singer. I went as *spectator*—for my eyes were full as active as my ears.

It was not from want of inclination, that I did not use my voice. I had a pretty good ear, but there was some deficiency in my lungs, or throat, or something else. I once made a most heroic resolution to overcome the difficulty, if possible. So I took the singing book, and went out into the hay-loft, where no one could hear me. I began, *fa, sol, la, fa*, (that was before the discovery of *do, ra*)—and there I stopped. However, I began again ; *fa, sol, la, fa, sol*—but the *sol* was a dreadful squeak. I tried the third time ; for I thought if I could only get over the top of the gamut, I could come down very respectably on the other side—but it was all in vain ; and after that attempt, I gave up all hopes

of ever sitting in the singing seats. But I continued to attend the school, for we had few amusements, and the girls never had to pay any thing. If they found candles, they were welcome to their instruction—and for candle-sticks, we had little square blocks of wood, with holes bored in them.

Besides the evening schools, the boys sometimes had exhibitions, as they called them—that is, they met to speak dialogues, such as Damon and Pythias, and Money makes the mare go, &c. Occasionally, an overgrown lad, who looked old enough to attend town meeting, would get up and shout forth,

“ You’d scarce expect one of my age,  
To speak in public on the stage,”—

and then some little six-year-older would faintly draw out,

“ I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute ;  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.”

And then some bashful, white-headed fellow would get up, and, with a hysterical smile, giggle out,

“ Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,” &c.

Our fathers usually attended these *exhibitions*, and enjoyed them as much as a city beau does the theatre ; but our mothers always stayed at home. Country women almost invariably confine their pleasures to their own hearths. Their hearts are in their homes, and New-England women are generally patterns of domestic excellence.

But I must not omit to notice our debating societies ; for our young men used to meet at the school-house, and discuss the questions, Is deception justifiable in any case whatever ? Are all mankind descended from one common parent ? Is party spirit justifiable ? Would a dissolution of the Union be beneficial ? Ought females to be allowed the right of suffrage ? I have no doubt, that if these learned worthies had submitted their decisions and the *chains* of reasoning which led to them, to the public, these knotty questions would have been forever set at rest.

That old school-house, the scene of so many of my youthful recollections, has been taken down, and the new one does not stand in the same place. This was done several years ago ; and as I was then at home, I will tell you about it. When the dis-

district was first measured to find the central point for the school-house, it was found to be exactly at the top of a hill. So the building was erected there, and stood for many years, to exercise the climbing faculties of all the children in the district. But when it was found necessary to rebuild it, the wish prevailed that it should be placed either upon the north or south side of the hill, and not upon the top of it. The reasons were, that it was a very bleak site for a house, and wood had become more scarce and valuable.

So it was unanimously agreed that the new school-house should be under the hill; and then the question was warmly discussed, Upon which side? The people on the north side, said it should be there; and those upon the south side that it should not; and the whole district was for a time in violent commotion about it. Never did Tariff, Veto, Nullification, or Sub-treasury, produce more of a sensation in the great world beyond us; than did this important question in the little world around us. The people on the north side justly thought, that as there were more children *there*, the school-house should be built to accommodate them; but those on the south side argued, that as there were more young families there, the proportion of the school-going population would soon be in their favor.

At last it was decided to leave it to the Doctor, who was the richest man in the district, and who, on account of his great learning and active benevolence, was possessed of much influence. He had no family of his own; so it was thought he would be an impartial umpire—and as he lived on the south side, the people there thought he would decide in their favor. But the Doctor, like a kind-hearted man as he was, decided in favor of the youngsters on the north side; and the old maids, who had not before given him up as irreclaimable, now looked very blue; for they saw plainly that it was not the Doctor's intention that any little feet should ever start from *his* house, to climb over the bleak hill.

These recollections may have been tedious, but those of you who have never lived in the country, will observe, that simple incidents can draw forth the good and evil passions of the heart, and that country villages may be the scenes of much real happiness or misery. Yet I think that, in general, a rural life is most

favorable to morals, and of course to happiness ; and when I hear of the vice and corruption of some of our larger cities, and tremble for a moment for our liberties and institutions, I fix my thoughts on the many country homes, which are still the abodes of sterling worth and principle ; and I feel that from *them* are to come the regenerating influences which are still to bless and sustain us.

BETSEY.

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THE FUNERAL OF HARRISON.

In silent grief, in solemn awe,  
They gathered round the coffined dead,  
And mutely gazed on what they saw ;  
For in that winding-sheet, they read  
Their hope of yesterday had fled.

The wreath that lay about him, now—  
Affection's tribute, fondest, last—  
How strangely it adorned that brow  
O'er which the spell of death was cast !  
Oh, how unlike the brilliant past !

How wide the contrast, and how sad !  
Who dreamed in grief like this to share,  
When heart and lip in smiles were clad ?  
When that large boon, a nation's care,  
Was trusted to that sleeper there ?

A few short weeks ! what have they done ?  
*Then*, he all strength and manliness,  
His people's highest, chosen one,  
Exalted in such power to bless !  
*Now* he is dust and helplessness !

Gaze on your Ruler—well ye may,  
And, statue-like, refuse to weep ;—  
There is about that shrouded clay  
That bids refreshing tear-drops sleep.  
There is, that lies for grief too deep.

Gaze on him ! for he is the first  
Death-offering by your country given !  
His body, yielded back to dust—  
His spirit, pure as breath of even,  
Like incense to the court of heaven.

Gaze on ! it is your last, last look,  
 Your long adieu to him who WAS.  
 Gaze on ! and be your hearts the book  
 That links his name and country's laws,  
 And both enshrine with freedom's cause.

Now shut the lid, adjust the pall,—  
 With gentle hand unwreath his head ;  
 Remove the late Inaugural,  
 And holy Book he daily read :—  
 Go forth with your illustrious dead.

The prayer hath sounded through these halls ;  
 Awhile they shall be desolate :  
 Companion for the crape-hung walls,  
 Bring out the vacant chair of state ;  
 Then go, and follow home the great.

The tolling bells pour out their grief—  
 The dirge is sounding far and sad ;  
 And see, upraised in bold relief,  
 Yon flag, that erst waved free and glad,  
 Now furled, and in deep mourning clad.

With " martial tramp and muffled drum,"  
 And death-march solemn, heavy, slow,  
 They bear him to his narrow home,  
 A victim to the last great foe,  
 'Mid emblems of the deepest woe.

Walk slowly, ye of ebon brow,  
 And mourning badge, and sash of snow ;  
 For precious is your treasure now ;  
 And eyes that deep affliction know,  
 Are fixed upon you in their woe.

'Tis done—the last sad deed is done !  
 The people's father lies at rest ;—  
 Sleep on, lamented Harrison !  
 They weep above thy cherished dust,  
 Who yet shall bear thy holy trust.

Sleep sweetly on ! transferred thy care,  
 Thy country and her interests,  
 The burden of thy latest prayer,—  
 Sleep where no load of care molests ;  
 On *these* thy nation's burden rests.

Sleep sweetly, peacefully, our sire ;  
 Thy children loved thee, Oh, full well !  
 And when they saw their hope expire,  
 Air, earth, and ocean, heard them tell,  
 In dirge-like tones, their loud farewell !

## THE OLD FASHIONED COAT.

The time was, when moral worth and talent were considered the true criterions of excellence in our republican America. But customs have changed, and change is not always improvement. Wealth has been raised as the standard by which merit is estimated. And he who would be courted and applauded, must show by his equipage and bearing, that he is above the vulgar drudgery of *labor*.

There is still another class, who endeavor to show that they are as good as the very best, by wearing the best of cloth, cut in the latest fashion; and he who has the audacity to appear in their company with his hat a little too high, or his collar a little too square, or his coat a little too short, is sure to subject himself to ridicule; while one with a head as empty as a pumpkin shell, if *dressed* in the most approved style, may receive a very gracious and flattering reception.

These reflections have been drawn forth by a circumstance which occurred in real life, which I shall relate—regretting, however, that I am not better able to do justice to the subject.

In a small though fashionable village in New-England, a New-Year's ball was appointed. As the time approached, all the skill of the dress-maker was required to array Eliza Percy for the occasion. The long-wished-for evening at length arrived, and Eliza, accompanied by her brother, entered the already crowded hall. Many eyes were attracted by the magnificence of her attire, which nearly obscured the natural loveliness of her person. The evening passed merrily away; yet, ere it was spent, two gentlemen had been introduced to Miss Percy, whose characters were as opposite as could be imagined in respectable society. The one who most easily ingratiated himself with Eliza, I shall call Lewis Philton. His attractions consisted in a handsome person, dressed in the most approved fashion,—with pleasing and affable manners.

Henry Watkins, unfortunately, wore an old-fashioned coat, and one of his boots had a brief patch upon one side. His demeanor was respectful and polite. He had acquired an excellent education, and in point of general intelligence he stood unequaled amidst his fellows. But the old-fashioned coat so ob-

scured his noble mind and really fine talents, that Miss Percy saw nothing to be admired in the young law-student. And when he offered to accompany her home, she rejected his courtesy with such cruel disdain, that he quickly saw "she was not the girl for him." I shall leave Henry for an interval of some ten years, and briefly sketch the fortunes of Eliza.

She became the wife of Lewis Philton, and indulged her passion for dress, until she discovered that her husband was bankrupt. And then, with intense suffering, she saw him slowly, but surely, forsaking her and his two babes, for company which he found at gambling-houses. And finally, with grief indescribable, she followed him to a drunkard's grave.

Having learned a sad but valuable lesson from her misfortunes, she resolved to lead a different life in future, and removed to a neighboring city, where she might obtain plain needle-work, to support herself and children.

Now, gentle reader, I wish you to go with me in imagination to the flourishing city of A., and by the eye of fancy view the most lovely habitation in the place. Do not mistake—That elegant stone house, with a beautiful flower-garden in front of it, and a luxuriant grape-vine encircling the whole edifice in its kindly embrace; and a tastefully arranged grove of locust trees,—that mansion belongs to Esquire Watkins. When he was admitted to the bar, his whole possession consisted of the clothes he wore, his education, a few books, a good character, and fine talents. He soon married the amiable Miss C., with whom he spends his leisure in social and intellectual happiness. He has become eminent in his profession, and affluent in his circumstances. His family now give Mrs. Philton sufficient employment to support herself and children.

Would you know the grand secret of his prosperity? It is this: He was not too proud to wear an old-fashioned coat, nor to saw his own wood.

JENNET.

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## WELCOME MAY.

MAY has come, in beauty clad!  
Smiling faces, greet her glad;  
Streamlets gently murmuring, say,  
Welcome, welcome, fairy May!

Warbling birds protract the strain—  
Zephyrs breathe it o'er the plain—  
Peeping frogs lisp out the song,  
While the flocks the hymn prolong.

Earth arrays herself in green,  
To escort the merry Queen;  
Flora, bringing offerings sweet,  
Meekly strews them round her feet.

Nature wears a gladsome smile,  
Chasing sadness off awhile;  
Fills the soul with joy and love,  
Hopes of brighter scenes above.

While our eyes such beauties scan,  
Beauties that seem made for man,  
May our hearts through nature raise  
Nature's God a hymn of praise.

If He bids such glories bloom,  
On our path-way to the tomb,  
Will He not his image save,  
Bid it live beyond the grave?

ALICE.

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 CLARA STANLY.

## CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas eve. A brilliant party were congregating in the mansion of the fashionable Mrs. Moore, uniting much of the wealth and beauty of the city of B. I was busily engaged in conversation with a young lady at my side, when she suddenly exclaimed, "How beautiful!" I looked up, and saw my young friend, Emma Gray, entering the room, leaning on the arm of her father. "Beautiful, indeed," I replied, "and as good as she is beautiful. God grant that her loveliness may not subject



her to the same evils, which caused her mother so much unhappiness." "You are acquainted with her," said my companion; "may I ask what those evils were?" "THE EFFECTS OF ENVY," I answered,—"envy, which occasions much of the discontent we see around us, and which is, even now, destroying the peace of many of the fair ones mingling in this scene of gaiety. Not that the baleful passion ever entered her own heart. No! Clara Stanly was a Christian, both in principle and practice. Pure in spirit, and lovely in person, none but the weak and envious could look upon without loving her.

"But this is no time to give you her history, and I see Emma approaching to greet me. Come to my home when you have leisure, and I will show you how wicked and depraved the hearts of the young and fair may become, under the influence of this malicious principle." She promised me she would come on the morrow, and Emma then joining us, I introduced the two young ladies, and soon after took my departure; for the matron of forty takes little pleasure in these scenes of gay and thoughtless mirth.

The morrow came, and with it my young friend, according to promise. We soon made ourselves comfortable in my little sitting room, and I commenced my story.

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Clara was my dearest friend. Our intimacy commenced in earliest childhood. Our fathers were farmers, not rich, but in comfortable circumstances, and resided in S., a pleasant little village in New Hampshire. Mr. Stanly was our nearest neighbor, and as Clara and I were only daughters, (she, however, was the only child of her parent) we were ever together, and loved each other as sisters. Clara, as I told you before, was very beautiful. I never looked upon a more lovely face. It was the purity of the spirit within, joined with the outward beauty of feature, which rendered it so peculiarly lovely. And her manner—I cannot describe it. You were fascinated as your eye followed her movements, and yet there was nothing which you could point out, nor one movement in which you could detect the grace that charmed you. It was the whole,—the perfect embodiment of elegance, and it was always irresistible. She had many lovers, and was sadly troubled with matrimonial offers,—troubled, I say, for she took no pleasure in making conquests; and the manner

of the rejection, was always sure to increase the esteem of the rejected.

There was but one young lady in the village who did not love Clara ; or if there were others who did not love her, they manifested no tokens of dislike. But the Squire's daughter was the wealthiest of any of us, and was also very handsome. She was a spoiled child, of a proud and imperious disposition ; and that she should be eclipsed by the farmer's daughter, was more than her haughty spirit could brook. It was a source of continual mortification to her, and she was ever seeking opportunities to revenge herself.

Clara was not ignorant of Maria Burton's bitter feeling toward her—for Maria took every occasion to show her contempt and disdain, for what she termed her insolent pretensions. And often has my cheek burned with indignation, that Clara should so meekly bear her unkind and haughty treatment. But pity was the only emotion which she manifested toward Maria, and this only increased the rage it was intended to subdue ; and at length the opportunity arrived, which the proud girl had long sought—the opportunity of wounding the pure-hearted being whom she so thoroughly hated. The arrow sped from her hand, winged with sorrow ; but it returned to rankle more deeply in her own heart, and to prove to her, that the paths of guilt are not the paths of pleasantness and peace.

The summer that saw Clara's eighteenth birthday, brought to our village a young lawyer, whose sign over his office door soon told us that his name was Henry Grant. He boarded at the Squire's, and of course was frequently the gallant of the Squire's daughter. He was talented and handsome, generous and open, but hasty and impetuous in disposition. Proud he was, also, and independent ; and although poor, brooked neither contempt nor insult on that account.

When he first came among us, his attentions were devoted chiefly to Maria, because she was the daughter of his host ; but as he extended his acquaintance, they became more general—the homeliest and least agreeable among us, experiencing his gentlemanly and delicate kindness.

It was not long, however, before I discovered that Clara engrossed more of his attention than was consistent with the character he had at first assumed, namely,—beau-general to all the

young ladies in the village. When I made the discovery, I watched Maria closely, to see the effect it would produce on her feelings. That it would rouse anew the enmity, which had, from some cause, apparently slumbered for a time, I did not doubt. Indeed, I was more than half suspicious, that she herself loved the handsome lawyer. She was ever the kind and amiable Maria Burton in his presence ; and I knew that she had succeeded in gaining his respect and esteem. That love must have something to do with this wonderful transformation, I was almost sure. Some of the young ladies remarked, that they thought Maria would fancy Henry Grant, if he was not poor, but she was too proud ever to marry a poor man. But I knew that love had often conquered pride ; and when it became evident from the increased attention of Henry towards Clara, that he really loved her, I looked for some further developement of that evil passion, which had rendered Miss Burton so unlovely. But no ; whatever were her feelings, she exhibited none of its effects. Her manner was ever kind to Clara,—kinder than it had been, since we were children ; and as for myself, I was completely deceived, and really began to believe that Maria had reformed. Ah ! we little dreamed of the wicked determination which was cherished beneath that calm brow and smiling lip.

The summer had passed away, and autumn was bringing its rich gifts to the husbandman ; and although Henry's devotion to Clara had increased, he had not declared himself. I knew that she loved him ; and I knew also that he had received from her no look, or word, which could make him doubtful on this point. Was he only flirting with her, to gratify his vanity ? I thought to myself. No, Henry was too honorable, to be guilty of such heartless trifling.

One pleasant afternoon in the latter part of September, a carriage stopped at Mr. Stanly's door, and a gentleman and lady stepped out, whom I soon recognized to be cousins of Clara's, from the city. In a few moments, Clara came running in to tell me that they had come with the intention of conveying us back with them, to be present at the wedding of their brother, which was to take place on Wednesday evening, (it was then Monday.) If we concluded to go, we must start early next the morning. It was useless to make any excuses ; go we *must* and go we *should*, said her cousin Fred. I immediately put on my bonnet, and went

down to the village store, to make some purchases ; and as I passed Henry's office, I thought I would step in, and bid him good-bye.

"Now," thought I, as I opened the door, "I will make him jealous, if I can." So I asked him, if he knew we were going to lose Clara. He surely did not : how ? "O, a gentleman,—an old acquaintance of hers, has come to take her away with him." He colored slightly, and asked when she would go. I told him, in the morning. "So soon?" said he, and there was silence for a few moments, during which he was very industriously pulling to pieces a beautiful monthly rose, which was blooming in a pot on the window sill. He at last asked, in a tone which he intended should be very careless, "An old acquaintance of Clara's, you said?" Why, yes—somewhat old, I replied. He took two or three turns across the room, and then asked in the same tone, "Will she stay long?" I should not be surprised, if she should stay *very* long, was my answer. "But really, Mr. Grant, do not quite spoil that beautiful rosebush." He looked up, and blushed a deep crimson, as he met my roguish glance. I changed the conversation, but he was abstracted, and so inattentive to my remarks, that after thanking him for the agreeable manner in which he had entertained me, I arose to take my leave. Before going however, I asked him to come and sing "Auld Lang Syne" with us, in the evening, and I presumed Clara would be very happy to introduce him to her cousin and his sister. "Her cousins?" said he. "Only a cousin," I answered ; "what a pity you have spoiled your rosebush!" He laughed, and said, 'twas surely, and I hastened home.

As I passed the Squire's, I saw Maria in the garden, and stopped a moment to speak to her. I told her we were going away. She expressed regret, and gave me some flowers, with her love for Clara. I am glad Maria has overcome her dislike of Clara ; she is really kind now,—I thought as I proceeded on my way.

In an hour or two, Clara received a short and hurried note from Henry, containing an avowal of his attachment, and soliciting a return. He had written, fearing he might not have an opportunity of seeing her alone, previous to her departure. If she accepted, he should, however, see her in the evening. She did accept ; but the evening passed, and no Henry came.

Clara passed a restless night, and started on her journey the

next morning, with a heavy heart. Our ride was a dull one. Fred exerted himself to render it agreeable, but he could not dispel the dejection which hung over Clara's spirits; and as I shared her uneasiness, and his sister was naturally a quiet little body, he was unaided in his efforts, and after awhile ceased to make them, and we pursued our way in silence.

## CHAPTER II.

We arrived safely at our destination, and as soon as I could speak to Clara alone, I endeavored to cheer her with a thousand suggestions, as to the cause of Henry's absence,—she would undoubtedly hear from him in a day or two;—and finally succeeded in restoring, in some measure, her former cheerfulness.

But weeks passed, and no word from Henry Grant. A friend of mine intimated, in a letter to me, that he was paying very marked attention to Maria Burton. Was he, then, the villain, which I had once half suspected he might be? How else could we account for his conduct? Clara uttered no complaint, though I could see the color was fading from her cheek. She wished to be at home, though she shrunk from betraying to the base and hypocritical lawyer, the sorrow which his perfidy had caused her. Her friends also were urgent that she should stay with them; and I was unwilling she should return to S., as I wished he should think she scorned him, and could cast from her all memory of the past, as easily, and with far less trouble, than he had proved he could be a villain. For this purpose, I stated in a letter to S., that a gentleman of the city was very attentive to Clara; which was really true, although she gave him no encouragement. How bitterly did I afterwards regret this deviation from truth! for although the words were true, yet they were intended to deceive, and they accomplished their object.

The next news we heard, Henry Grant was married to Maria Burton; and the same mail which brought this intelligence, brought us a line from Mrs. Stanly, imploring Clara to hasten home, as her father was dangerously ill. Clara's strength revived with the necessity for exertion, and we arrived in S., on the evening of the same day we received the information.

Mr. Stanly lived but a few days after our return, and when his affairs were settled, they were found so much involved, that

after paying off all debts, Mrs. Stanly and her daughter were left utterly destitute. As soon as this was discovered, Clara wrote to her cousin in the city, informing him of their condition, and desiring him, if he could, to obtain her a situation, in which she could support herself and mother. He immediately wrote back, for them to come to B., desiring them to make his house their home, until she could obtain the situation she desired. She was solicited to remain in S. She was promised a school,—but she could not be persuaded. There were too many bitter recollections clinging around her native village; and although dear to her as the home of her childhood, yet one was there whom it was only pain to meet,—one who had blighted her dearest hopes, and cast dark shadows over her future pathway; and the remembrance of whose treachery rendered the scenes which once were full of beauty, but painful mementos of the happiness which had passed from her forever.

We met Henry but seldom, after our return; and although Clara had none of the pride and haughtiness, which characterized my disposition, the delicacy which forbids woman to bestow her heart unasked, or to manifest a preference which is not solicited, joined to a deep sense of injury, gave to her manner a dignity, which plainly told Henry Grant, that the distance between them was not to be lessened. And the scornful glance, and haughty bow, with which I returned his smile of recognition, as I met him in the village church the Sabbath after our return, convinced him of the same fact in regard to myself, but with far less of civility. He seemed astonished at my manner, and a crimson glow mounted to his high brow; but he instantly recovered himself, and turned away, with a manner as proud as my own. The intercourse between us was therefore slight.

Maria had been officiously kind to Clara during the illness of her father, and afterward, also; but I thought I could detect a glance of malicious triumph gleaming in her dark eyes. Although I never suspected her of other wrong toward Clara, than the indulgence of evil feelings, yet now that I discovered indications of these feelings having been not destroyed, but concealed only, I liked her less than formerly. I loved Clara the better for the kindness with which she ever regarded Maria; while it rendered me more indignant toward its unworthy object.

The constant exertion which Clara was obliged to make after

her return home, prevented her from surrendering herself to the grief which was weighing so heavily on her heart ; and the afflicting circumstances under which Mrs. Stanly met her daughter, led her to impute the paleness of her cheek to the same cause from which flowed her own sorrow. But after the necessity for this exertion had passed away, the struggle to maintain her usual cheerfulness was difficult. The effort was made, that she might not add to her mother's grief, by a knowledge of her own disappointment and sorrow ; and for awhile she was successful. Mrs. Stanly was not ignorant of the circumstances which I have related ; but so much was she deceived by her daughter's appearance, that she remarked to me, "she was glad Clara's affections were not more deeply interested ; she had feared that Henry's desertion would cause her much unhappiness."

She, however, soon discovered that the arrow had entered more deeply than she at first imagined ; and as she became convinced of this, she hastened her preparations for their departure, rightly judging that their continuance in S. would be productive of no good to Clara. I was also aware of this, and therefore parted from her less reluctantly than I otherwise should have done.

After her arrival in the city, she obtained a situation in a school, but still remained in her cousin's family, as a boarder. The duties attending this situation were numerous, and commanded so much of her attention, that she had little time for indulging in regrets for the past ; and was, consequently, much happier than she would have been, had she been released from the care necessarily attending a life of unremitting industry.

I have often had occasion to observe the truth of that remark of Dr. Johnson, that "many a poor woman, through the exertion she is obliged to make, in consequence of her poverty, conquers and overcomes the grief which, were she rich, would carry her broken-hearted to the grave." This was true of Clara ; and I thought I could trace the workings of Divine Love in the event which deprived her of her father, but which then seemed to my short-sighted wisdom, but as the sundering of another tie, which bowed her already stricken heart to earth. The thought of her mother's grief, and her lonely and destitute situation, were she also gone, gave her a degree of energy, and a strength to endure, which, under what would have seemed to us, favorable cir-

cumstances, she could not have obtained. Her employment, she wrote me, was laborious, but in the performance of its duties, she found peace and rest. In this manner, she passed nearly a year, when the gentleman I have before alluded to, renewed his solicitations for her hand. Clara had no wish to marry, and he was again rejected. Mr. Gray was some years her senior, and in every way worthy of respect and confidence. He loved Clara fervently, and by every act of kindness it was proper for him to bestow, sought to win the love he was ignorant had been so lavishly thrown away. And gladly would Clara herself have gathered the scattered wealth of her affections, that she might have returned his deep devotion. She knew his worth, and esteemed him highly ; so much so, that she would not impose upon his noble nature the fragments of a heart, which ere the blight had fallen upon it, would have been given willingly. But Mr. Gray was not discouraged by this repeated rejection. Clara's friends, not knowing the motives that influenced her decision, were very urgent she should accept him ; and although her mother did not advise her on the subject, she knew her wishes were with theirs.

These reasons, and her mother's delicate health, and her own limited means for administering to her comfort, induced her to waver in the determination which she had formed, never to marry. When, therefore, Mr. Gray, for the third time, sued for her favor, she frankly told him the reasons of her previous rejection, concealing however, the name of Henry. She assured him of the deepest regard she was capable of bestowing. "And now," said she in conclusion, "if the hand which you have so often sought, is still worthy your acceptance, it is yours. If not, I shall trust without fear in your honor, that the confidence I have reposed in you will not be betrayed."

"Give me but a right to administer to your comfort and happiness, and I ask no more ; though my selfish regrets for the past, are mingled with the pleasure with which I receive this token of your confidence," said he, in reply, as he took her hand.—They were married ; and the duties of a wife were performed by Clara with a cheerfulness, and a regard to her husband's happiness, which left him no room for regrets or complaints.