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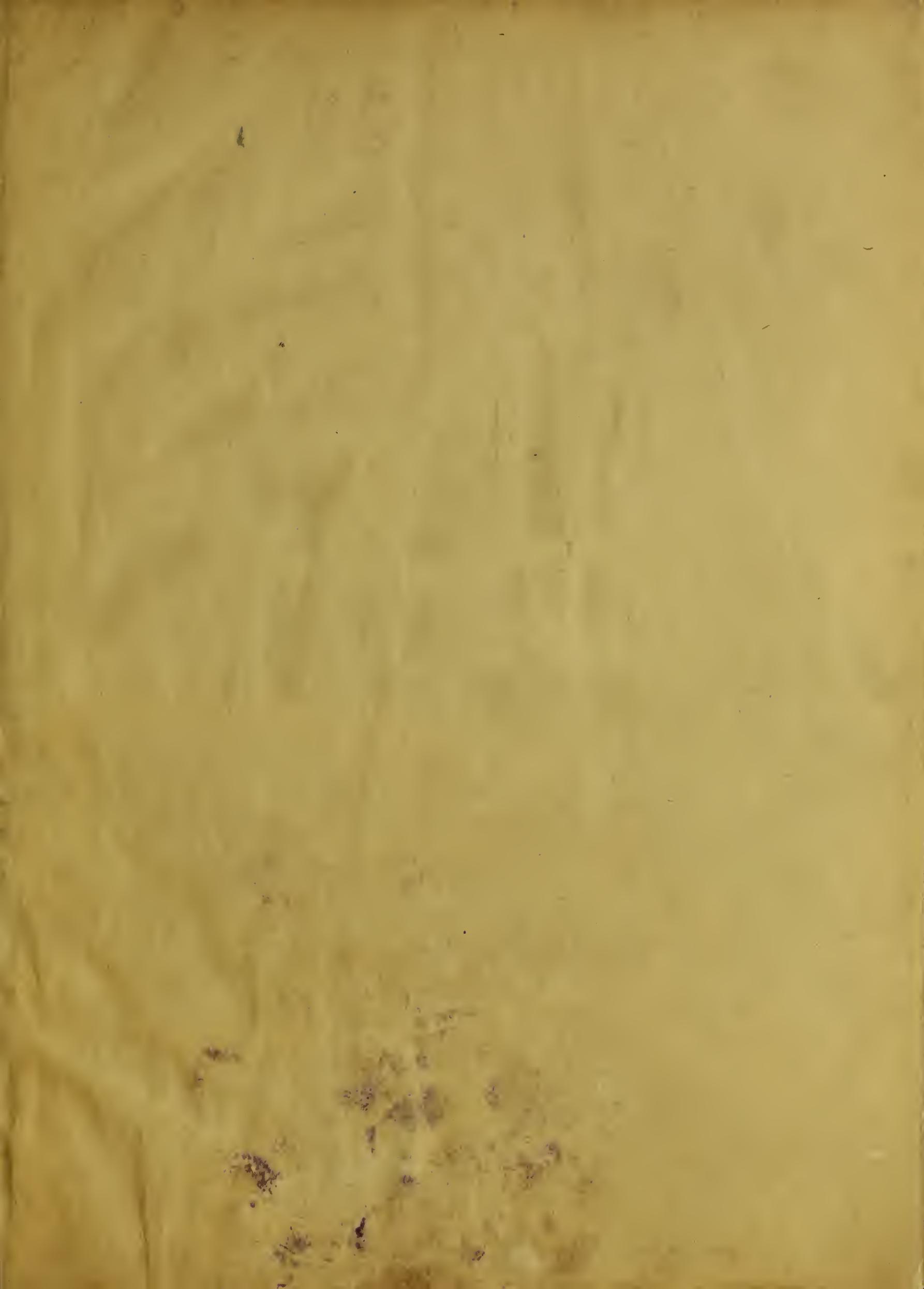
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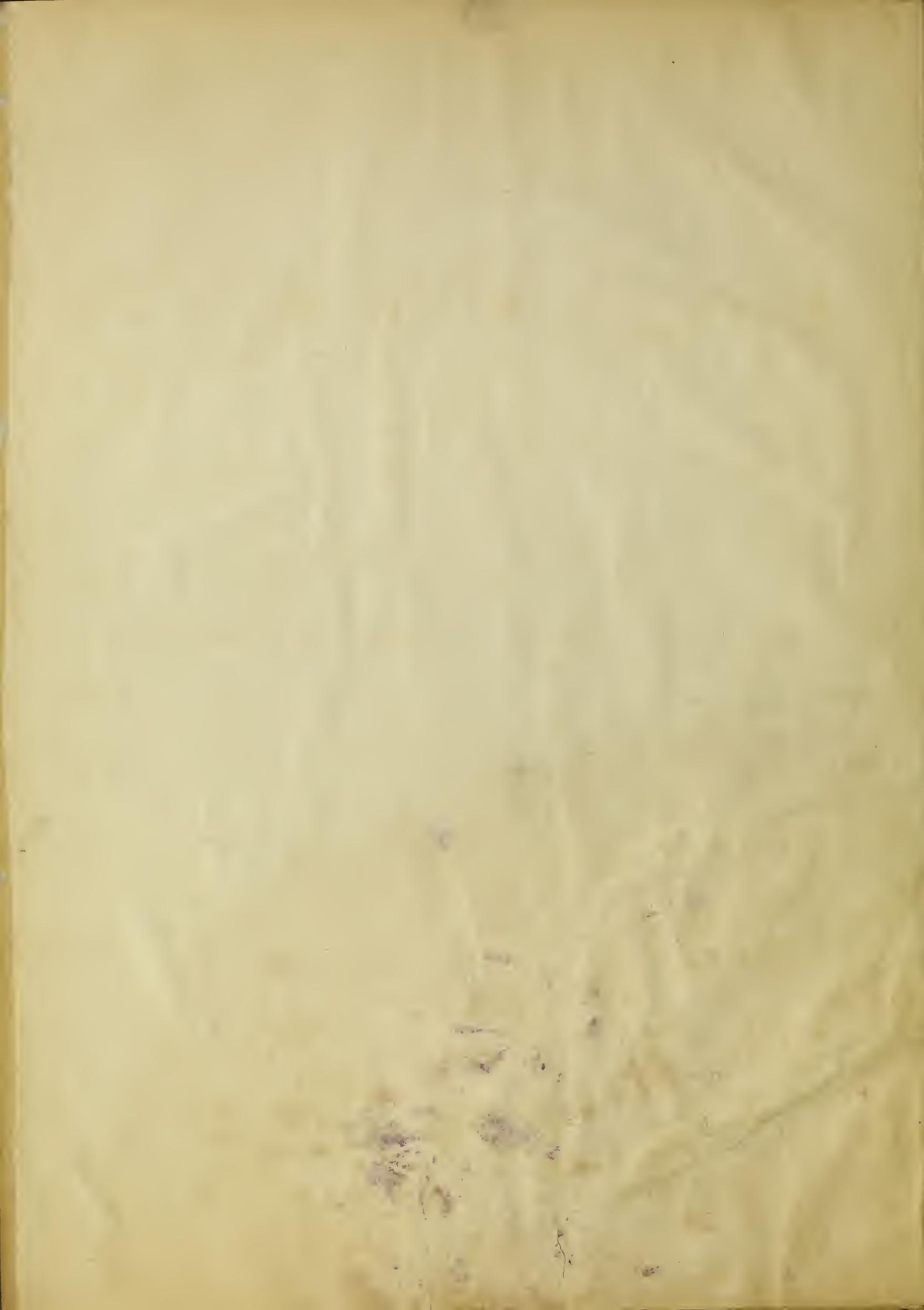
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THE FACTORY GIRL'S GARLAND.

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Published at Exeter, N. H. on the 1st and 15th of every month, at 50 cents per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

VOLUME I.

JANUARY 15, 1844.

NUMBER 2.

Office at No. 15 Water st.—J. L. BECKETT, Printer.

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'TIS THEN I'LL THINK OF THEE.

FOR AN ALBUM.

I'll think of thee, when o'er the spirit steals,
Hopes, such as only live in youthful hearts;
When melancholy to the soul reveals,
That Pleasure smiles a moment, and departs,
When broken seems the spell which Fancy wove,
Ere clouds had gather'd o'er life's changing sky,
And I had learn'd how wild the passions rove;
That they but live a moment droop, and die;
When sorrow's streamlets from the heart gush free,
In saddest hours 'tis then, I'll think of thee!

I'll think of thee, while in the festal hall;
When all is blissful, light, and joyous there;
Each gentle smile—each look will but recall,
Fond thoughts of one more gently, bright, and fair;
When snowy fingers wake the slumbering string,
And strains, as sweet, as seraph-lips e'er breath'd,
Make the sad spirit mount on blithesome wing,
And break the shrine, with which 'till then 'twas
shenth'd:
In hours like these, when hearts are light with glee,
And glance meets glance, 'tis then I'll think of thee!

I'll think of thee, when Autumn's chilling blast,
Moans hoarsely, 'round the craggy mountain's top;
When frost-king on each leaf his blight has cast,
And ripen'd fruit-trees from the branches drop;
When music in the leafless wood is hush'd,
Save the low murmur of the silv'ry rill;
When flow'rs are dead, which once in beauty blush'd,
Upon the grassy carpet of the hill;
When summer's gone, and frost is on the sea,
And verdure's dead, 'tis then I'll think of thee.

[The Ladies' Companion.]

FOR THE GARLAND.

THE FUNERAL.

It was a bright day near the close of summer that as I was returning from an excursion in the eastern country, I observed a crowd of people assembled around a small, but neat looking dwelling. Curiosity led me thither when I approached the cottage, I learned that it was the house of mourning. I entered, for though I love to rejoice with those who rejoice, I love better far to mourn with those who mourn. A deathlike silence prevailed, save ever and anon the deep drawn sighs from the relatives and friends. Presently the remains of the once lovely Annette were brought out; and sadly but calmly the procession moved along. Nearer and still nearer they approached the grave, the last common resting place of us all, when they consigned her to the lowly bed—each took their farewell look as they passed along. They returned to their cottage, and I accompanied them there, wishing to know something more of the history of the deceased. I heard that she was the only daughter of poor but respectable parents in whose affection she had been entwined for eighteen years. She had been an amiable and lovely daughter, but of a delicate constitution. At length her parents observed a change in her hollow voice; the sunken eyes, the hectic flush deepening on her cheek, told but too plainly that consumption, that slow but fatal disease, was pressing upon her vitals. No earthly hand could save her. Physicians were

called, but in vain, their utmost skill was baffled till all hope was gone. She calmly awaited the summons of death, and entreated her friends not to weep for her, as what was their loss would be her gain. After long months of suffering her gentle spirit fled to the God who gave it. Such was the short history I received concerning this young and amiable daughter who had been plucked as a flower in the morn of life. I endeavored to console those bereaved parents by reminding them of the shortness of time—that ere long they would be re-united to their lovely Annette in that better world where no farewell tear is shed. I would have prolonged my visit, but business urged me onward and I took leave of them. Passing that way a few years after, I visited the spot where I left them, but they were not there. No kind hand was there to join in friendly greeting—no voice to bid me welcome. All, all was changed. Death had again and again visited the family. Once, twice, thrice the funeral knell told of the departure of the members of the family to that better world where parting is never known, and where the intercourse of affection will never be changed.

D. A.

For the Garland.

THE FAMILY OF CAMERION VALE.

In one of the loveliest parts of the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, was situated, the estate of Mr. Sheroofe. A lawn some ten acres in extent, and studded with every variety of forest trees, surrounded the dwellings, while through its numerous openings, the graceful windings of that beautiful river were visible. It was a lovely cottage, around the lattices of which a rich airy foliage of woodbine, and flowering waxworks had been allowed to blossom and luxuriate every year, unpruned, and abandoned to its own profuse leafiness. The drapery of leaves and flowers that clung around the buildings, wherever a tendril could interweave itself, or a bud find room for opening,—permitted only here and there a small portion of the cottage to be seen.

Such was the residence of the once happy family of Cameron Vale.

Mr. Sheroofe was a man of simple habits, quiet, unostentatious in his benevolence, and dwelling in the midst of his family, without a thought of ambition, or a single desire beyond his own pleasant hearthstone.

Mrs. Sheroofe was a gentle creature of a refined and delicate mind, and like her husband living only in her family, without a care beyond. The family consisted of two daughters, Leonor and Idalia, and a son called Edgar; the youngest, a black-eyed handsome boy, with a gay and open countenance, and manners free almost to carelessness, and who (if there was an idol) was the idol of the family.

Perhaps there never existed two characters more widely opposite, or more entirely dissimilar than

those of Idalia and her sister Leonor. Idalia was of a gentle, yielding temper just formed to love and be loved. Leonor was of a stern nature, self-willed, and almost imperious.

From the earliest period of their infancy, their joys and sorrows had been one, their thoughts as the sun-dial to each other, and their mutual confidence and love had never been darkened by the fickle jealousies of childhood. Idalia when I first knew her, was just of that age when beauty was budded into its maturity; with a figure almost fairy-like in its proportions, a complexion of that dazzling whiteness which the slightest color would spoil, eyes of the deepest blue, and a profusion of that pale brown hair, which was always neatly laid back from her white forehead, widely differing from her sister, who possessed the full black eye, rosy cheek and robust frame.

Fortune beamed on the happy family with sunny rays for a season, but a cloud gathered, and ere long darkness and sorrow o'ershadowed them.—Disease visited them, and death found the way to their cottage. The father first fell, and was laid in the vault of the family tomb.

Mrs. Sheroofe neither wept nor mourned when she saw the beloved of her youth laid beside the coffins of his ancestors, for she saw him: not as dead, but as gone to a happier world, whither she hoped ere long to follow him; nor did she hope in vain; a short time after, she too was laid in the silent vault, beside him she loved, and her spirit sought his in heaven.

The children were now left without a friend to guide them in the path of duty. Fully did they feel their loss.

But not long did they alone mourn a father's and a mother's death, the faltering step, and the faded cheek of Idalia soon told but too plainly, that death had marked her for his victim. Slowly and almost imperceptibly did she decline. Her friends marked her decay with sadness, but peace shone upon the countenance of the invalid, and when death approached with silent steps, she stood ready to receive his summons and obey him; and when the hour of her departure arrived she left without a sigh. Long did Leonor watch beside that form, beautiful even in death. Friends gathered around her and strove to preserve her from her melancholy vigils, but she heeded them not. Strangers laid the lifeless form of her sister in the coffin and went silently away.

Leonor looked around the apartments, gentle associations crowded upon her heart, and partially aroused her to a sense of her bereavement. Soon they conveyed the lifeless form to its last long home; Leonor and Edgar stood beside the grave and saw the cold earth cover the remains of their once lovely Idalia, and then returned to their dreary dwelling, once the abode of happiness, but now rendered cheerless by the vacancy left by those of the family circle who had been snatched by death.

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EXETER, JANUARY 15, 1844.

The remembrance of the past, brought no happiness there. They left the home of their childhood and sought other scenes. Ere long we find them in one of our southern cities, Leonor residing with an aunt, while Edgar determined on seeking pleasure in a foreign land.

The day of his departure is at hand—the last farewell is hurriedly spoken, he is soon aboard the noble vessel, its sails are spread to the breeze, and he is borne rapidly away from his native land. A long time did he spread abroad, yet not forgetful of the sister he had left.

Frequently did he send home letters, and at length he wrote of his speedy return.

Anxiously did Leonor watch each sail that hove in sight. Soon the welcome day arrives, and the brother and sister are in each other's embrace. But a stranger is with him,—the mystery is to be solved. Who is she? She is the wife of Edgar. While visiting he became acquainted with this lovely being,—acquaintance increased to friendship, friendship to love, and he bears her away from the home of her childhood, to his own native land.

And now is the once loved home of their childhood eagerly sought, and though neglect hung around it, and the wild briar and nettle had made its garden their home, it was soon restored to all its former beauty. And thither Edgar and his young wife, together with Leonor, removed.

Fortune again smiled on the spot,—pleasure shone around, and once again there was known, a happy family of Cameron Vale.

FLORETTA.

From the Newburyport Watchtower.
AN ORIENTALISM.

Far in the East, in the "clime of the sun," where the balmy zephyrs breathed gentle whispers of love among the orange groves, or sighed amid the vines of the ivy, there grew a lovely and tender flower. It had sprung up in a barren and desert place, surrounded by noxious herbs and weeds, but still it bloomed on, beautiful in the midst of desolation, and seemed an emblem to tell how perfect may be the works of God's hand, even in a moral wilderness of sin.

There came a wind of destruction across the plain. Foul pestilence sat upon its wings, and the poison of death and devastation was in its breath. The sound of its coming reached that flower, and for a moment it trembled with fear, and its heart was pained. But was folding its leaves upon its fair breast, it looked up, with a sweet smile of confidence, to its father, the Sun feared not. The sun spread over his protecting mantle of golden light, the wind passed by, and that flower was uninjured by its deadly breath. That night, as it looked up with tears of dew glittering like bright gems upon its cheek, it seemed more lovely for having had its sweetness and beauty for a moment hid, when contrasted with the ruin and desolation of all around it.

Thus, shall it ever be with the daughter of innocence and purity! When falsehood shall breathe upon her, when foul calumny shall vomit forth its tales, when the vials of slander shall be opened, and shall pour the envenomed liquid of their wrath upon her head, she may, for a season, be pained, and grow sick of earth. But she shall be safe, robed in the garment of her own chastity, and looking up with her eye of faith to her Heavenly Father, shall be clad in the mantle of holiness. Then let her fear no evil, but, safe in His care, and in the consciousness of unsullied virtue, endure the storm. And when the wind shall have passed by, and the dark clouds of affliction shall have fled before the powerful beams of the Son of Righteousness, her innocence shall shine forth with a brighter, purer light, for having sustained the black tempest which SLANDER sent forth for her destruction.

There is no situation in which a young female can be placed—no place where so much caution, care and study is necessary, as in a Factory. It matters little, though almost every one has some particular choice, in which room they may be placed, the same care is necessary—she enters the Mill a stranger, perhaps, to all its inmates; not one of the many she beholds is known to her; and, as she must necessarily form acquaintances, it requires all the caution she possesses to make choice of those with whom she would wish to associate, the good and virtuous. And, again; she may not only be a stranger to all who are engaged in the work, but to the work itself. And, as she gazes at the machinery, and witnesses the movements of the busy operatives, almost doubts whether she shall ever be able to become acquainted with the (to her) intricate machinery,—yet she is cheered on, perhaps by the hope, that the opportunity for her to learn is as good as it was for others—or, perhaps, by the kind words of some one, who, wishing to cultivate her acquaintance, comes forward and endeavors to explain to her with what ease she may learn. As she commences her work, all the energy which nature has bestowed on her is necessary, in order to give satisfaction to her "Overseer," who may—as too many overseers are apt to be—overbearing and tyrannical, seldom possessing half the patience which persons in their situations should possess. This is the most trying of all the scenes of factory life, and it is often the occasion of that "home-sickness" felt by those who are subjected to fault-finding overseers.

There is, we think, too little sympathy felt by "old hands" towards "learners." If those who are well acquainted with the cares, duties and vexations of a "factory life," would exercise towards those who enter as strangers, the kindness which they would wish bestowed upon themselves in similar circumstances, they would remedy an evil that now exists in too many of our Mills,—that of leaving strangers and oftentimes those who are young, to form acquaintances with those who are vicious, and then discarding them because those acquaintances were formed.

"I pity the factory girls," said a friend to us the other evening, as the tones of the bell struck our ear, and the snow was blowing the hardest kind against the window, "theirs is a hard lot." "Not so hard as you imagine," we answered, "Let us look at them." As we saw them travelling through the snow, we were almost led to recall our words, when the merry laugh, and the pleasant joke of the lively, and hurried tread of the sober, steady ones, told us we were right, and as we entered the boarding house, and saw the healthy faces, flushed with rosy hues, from their recent exertions, we thought though exposure to snowstorms was not among the pleasantest things of life, yet there might be other situations equally, if not far more unpleasant, than those of the factory girl; and we were led to look at some of the advantages as well as disadvantages. They are independent, strictly so; they labor it is true—and enjoy the fruits of their labor. If they wish for articles of dress, let them be ever so costly, they are, in most cases, able to obtain them by the labor of their hands. How much more to be enjoyed—to be coveted, is the wealth earned by honest industry, than that enjoyed by the self-styled ladies of the present day, who, though they may be dressed in garments worth hundreds of dollars, probably never earned sixpence since they were born.

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF GARLAND?

What is the meaning of Garland at the head of your paper? it is enquired.

Webster gives to the word several definitions, according to its various significations. Those applicable to our purpose as illustrating its use at the head of our sheet are, 1. A collection of little printed pieces; and we intend to present the ladies, who will be our patrons with a collection of reading matter, plain, moral, chaste, interesting, and not elsewhere surpassed. 2. It is "a wreath or chaplet made of branches or flowers." These are frequently made for presents to one we love; as a child will gather and present a pretty bunch of flowers to her mother or some other valu-

send abroad to their brothers and sisters, mothers at home, in the father land. Some may smile at this—but we know our fair readers have not forgotten their dear homes and friends; and if they remember and respect them, they can just send as a tribute of affection this GARLAND, which they have gathered among the numerous periodical publications of the present year. This word has other definitions, but not referring to our use of it.

'Tis a sweet, a soul-cheering reflection to know that however dark, dreary and sorrowful the path of life may however burdensome its cares, that an hour of rest hand, when these bodies will sink into a dreamless ber. No matter where the inanimate remains, whether it be a bed of gravel, or beneath the waves of ever restless ocean, its repose will be undisturbed. quiet slumber the countless millions who have from the earth. Nought can awake them my waves of earthly turmoil roll unheeded o' avcs. They sleep—to be awakened only by the Him who has power to say to the dead, "Ar

THE RURAL REPOSITORY, published monthly at Hudson, N. Y. is by far the neatest per we have seen for sometime. It has entered upon twentieth volume, is conducted with ability, and is altogether one of the best literary papers of the day. Each number is embellished with an engraving. It is published by Wm B. STODDARD. Terms, one dollar per annum; a low price for so good a paper.

The Albany Knickerbocker says, 'the Grecian ladies count their age from their marriage.' We suppose, if they are not lucky enough to get-married, they do not count their age at all.

Boys that have been properly reared, are men in point of usefulness at sixteen; while those who have been brought up in idle habits are nuisances at twenty-one.

"Pity the Sorrows!" We know a young man in this neighborhood, not over thirty either, who within the last two years has offered his heart, hand and fortune to at least fourteen young ladies, and been jilted by the whole of them. If anybody'll take him, send us word.

The Wages of Factory Girls. The Cincinnati Atlas, speaking of a factory in that city for the manufacture of cotton bagging, in which fifty-five girls and forty-five men are employed, says:

"A little girl at this establishment quits work on Saturday at 2 o'clock, having woven thirty cuts—equal to 1530 yards—from Monday morning; for which she was paid twenty cents per cut—being six dollars for less than as many days employment."

This is a rare case, and though it may have occurred in Cincinnati, is not soon likely to happen in New England.—Indeed, since the present tariff of duties went into operation, and the manufacturing companies have been declaring dividends from fifteen to twenty per cent. the cry of "cut down!" has been heard from some of the corporations. The girls have repeatedly "turned out" for the purpose of compelling their employers to raise their wages, still we have not heard of a single instance in which they have been successful. It might possibly have been necessary, though we doubt it, to reduce the wages a few years since; but it is now certain that those companies who reduced the wages then, ought if there is any justice about them, now that they receive from the Government all the protection they ask, to raise the wages—and pay as high, if not higher prices than they paid before any reduction took place.

A L B U M S .

In every future number of the GARLAND we shall insert one or more pieces of poetry either selected or original, designed purposely for insertion in Albums. We think this will suit our readers, as it is often very difficult for an individual to select an article, which exactly suits her, when she is requested to write in the Album of a valued friend.

The Factory Girl's Garland.

For the Garland

FORM FEW ACQUAINTANCES.

"Form few acquaintances, Abby," said an old aunt of mine, to me, as I was, for the first time, about to leave home. "There is no evil so great, and so often run into by young girls, as that of forming too many *intimate* friends." Although I listened with patience to my good aunts suggestions, yet I hardly thought them worth much attention at the time. I have since learned, however, that they contained more instruction than I was willing to give them credit for; and have learned, too, that a young lady who has a large circle of acquaintances, and whose name is in every one's mouth, will seldom command the respect that she would, were the number of her acquaintances less, and selected with more care. A.

W O M A N .

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

When man is stricken by the shaft of sorrow,
He wails his fate;
He wearies friendship's ear from eve to morrow,
With sad debate.
When woman suffers, beneath beauty's mask
Lurk her anxieties
Discreet and silent o'er her usual task
She drops her eyes.
To the deep cells of secret meditation
Her soul retires
Sooner than ope her soul to revelation
That soul expires.

[REEVE.]

MANAGING A WIFE—PAPACY—A TYRANT.

An individual once said he had discovered the secret of managing a wife; which was, never to recede from any steps previously taken, even though convinced they were wrong. He spoke of it in giving advice to a young man. Well now, the devil must be pleased with such a sentiment. If followed, it will lead men to cover their sins; and the bible says, "whoso covers his sins shall not prosper." It is equally wrong to approve of and refuse to retract a sentiment, known to have been advanced in error. There has been much said in this country within the last few years past, about the papal power; and in proof, that the above is of the same spirit I would adduce the following, from Robertson's History, a standard historical work. "It is a maxim of the Roman church never to abandon the smallest point that it has established."

Let all females beware of such tyrants for husbands.

A DAUGHTER'S LOVE.

Of all the tender ties which the beneficent Author of every good has ordained to sweeten life's journey, none, perhaps, is more efficacious than the love of a faithful, affectionate daughter, for her parents. Hers, then, is a sacred mission, and one of no common interest. Upon her depends much of the happiness of those to whom, under her Creator, she owes every thing. How, then, can she find it in her heart to blight, or even damp the hopes of her fond parents for domestic happiness—hopes which had their origin in their first, their earliest love? Let her once consider the debt she owes them, and she must necessarily feel that with all the fond endearments, and tender assiduities which she can lavish upon them, that can never be too well paid.

There is no situation in which a daughter may be placed, where she is destitute of opportunities of manifesting her affection for her parents. If

crowned with prosperity, their united hopes are naturally concentrated in her, and they will spare no pains to render her virtuous, lovely, and accomplished. Under such circumstances, she can manifest her affection by improving her opportunities, and endeavoring to become all which the hearts of her parents, in their most ambitious moments, can desire.

But in the trying hour of affliction alone, can the perfections of this virtue be manifested. Then, all the lovely traits of the character of a faithful, affectionate daughter, are called forth and exhibited. She sees those who are dearer to her than life, close followed by the shafts of adversity; their hopes crushed, their labors rendered unavailing, and they themselves neglected by the very circles in which, under other circumstances, they were fitted to move, and even calculated to adorn; and feels that all her energies are necessary to reconcile and cheer those dear ones. With a self-sacrificing spirit, which would do honor to a patriot, she endeavors to forget her own privations, and robed in smiles of contentment, to find the best of happiness, the bliss of making others blest. At times, no doubt feelings of regret, desolation, or wounded pride on account of her situation, come over her spirit, but the bitterness of these reflections is soon mitigated by the recollection that she is a blessing to tender parents, to whose domestic happiness she contributes, and in which she can share; and though she may be unnoticed and unknown by those whose hearts are hardened by prosperity, who look only at the exterior, she knows hers to be a satisfaction to which they are strangers, and which all the empty honors of the world cannot confer.

Happy, thrice happy those parents who are blessed with the devotion of such a daughter. Her presence diffuses a spirit of joy and gladness throughout their otherwise lonely habitation; and when the labors of the day are over, in which she cheerfully shares, her sacred influence braces their weary limbs, brightens their dim eyes, shrouds sorrows in forgetfulness, and lifts their hearts above the vanities of life. Mark the anxious expression of her countenance, as her watchful eye beholds some new inroad made by time, upon the loved persons of her parents.

When age has enfeebled their once noble powers, and nature exhausted sinks, as it were, to a second state of childhood, patiently she continues her pitying love and care. Last of all, see her like a guardian spirit hovering round their dying pillows, stifling the keen sensibilities of her bursting heart, lest she might disturb their restless slumbers. How earnestly she watches each change and expression, as if she would anticipate their wishes before they were uttered. Hope dies not within her bosom till the last throbbing of life has become extinct, and their eyes are closed to open no more on earthly scenes. Not with the performance of the last sad duty, not with the consignment of fellow clay to kindred earth, does this affection wither. In imagination it follows the spirit as it flies, and enters with it on the untried scenes of eternity. How sacred in its eye is each memento, and above all the hallowed spot which contains their last remains. There unseen by earthly eyes, she often lingers, musing on the past, while thousands of sad but satisfactory recollections cluster round

her youthful heart. Blest daughter! The approving smile of the orphan's Friend tests on thy filial attachment, and ministering spirits are commissioned to protect thee through life, and guide thee at last to a haven of rest, there to share an unchanging, unsullied, eternal friendship with those whom thou didst love and honor on earth.

[Young Lady's Friend.]

HOPE IS STILL AN EVERGREEN.

There are hopes which never blossom,
There are joys too soon o'ercast—
Smiles that light the pensive bosom,
Smiles that beam too light to last;
Transient as the summer flower,
Fleeting as the twilight's ray,
Joy shines out its little hour,
Then forever fades away.

Care may shroud the soul in sadness,
Yet, despite of present pain,
Do we not in future gladness,
Oft deceived still hope again?
Memory, in the darkest hour,
Loves to trace each bygone scene;
Thus, if joy's a fleeting hour,
Hope is still an evergreen,

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

Don't pout fair readers, for we are not going to preach you a sermon. But will offer you a little advice from the pen of Addison. He says, "I have found that men who are really most fond of the society of ladies, who cherish for them a high respect, are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of great assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are the favorites. A true respect for woman leads to respectful action toward them; and respectful is usually distant action; and this great distance is mistaken by them for neglect, or want of interest."

Dandies with immense whiskers, and an arch of bristles over the mouth, says an exchange, belong to the HAIRY-STOCRACY.

A M O T H E R ' S L O V E .

There is so divine a holiness in the love of a mother, that no matter how the tie that binds her to the child was formed, she becomes, as it were, consecrated and sacred, and the past is forgotten, and the world and its harsh verdicts swept away when that love alone is visible and the God who watches over the little one sheds his smile over the human deputy, in whose tenderness there breathes his own! [Bulwer.]

Mrs Child says, that Oie Bull, the great musician, ought to be called 'Bul-bul;' that being the name of the Persian nightingale.

P I T I A B L E .

Some charitable persons recently exploring the regions of poverty in Louisville, found in one rookery a weak, sickly female, unable to sit, but propped up in bed with pillows, making shirts at ten cents each, and taking her pay in goods from the store of her employer! Scenes like the above are not confined to Louisville. [Boston Bee.]

A Miss Capers has recovered 5000 dollars from one Samuel Rogers, in Pennsylvania, for breach of marriage promise. Samuel should not cut Capers!

Curiosity becomes a vice when it is only an itching to learn what is amiss respecting others.

The Factory Girl's Garland.

THOU ART FALSE.

Thou art false, but I cannot forget thee,
Thy heart is no longer the same;
'Tis a weakness, but still I regret thee,
And weep when I hear but thy name,
Take back from my hands every token,
And be as we never had met—
This night my last farewell is spoken,
I forgive! and will strive to forget.

Tho' thou wear'st now the resemblance of sorrow,
The cloud from thy brow will depart,
No tear will be thine on the morrow,
No sigh will escape from thy heart,
As the storm passing over the ocean,
Of its ravages leaves not a sign,
So thy breast will betray no emotion,
For the grief it hath planted in mine.

—o—
LINES SUGGESTED BY THE SONG "I'M SADDEST WHEN I SING."

When sorrow's cloud has dimmed my brow,
And chased gay thoughts away,
As through the dark and cheerless world,
Alone I seem to stray.
Then, then I take my tuneful harp,
With pleasure strike each string—
Sadness and grief flee far away,
I'm happiest when I sing.

The songs that in my childhood's years
I loved the best of all,
Thrill through my heart with magic power
As on my ear they fall,
And while the sweet notes die away,
Soft soothing tears will spring—
Hope points to a far brighter day
I'm happiest when I sing.

[Newburyport Watchtower.]

W I F E .

There is no combination of letters in the English language, which excites more pleasing and interesting associations in the mind of man, than the word WIFE. There is a magic in this little word. It presents to the mind's eye, a cheerful companion, a disinterested adviser, a nurse in sickness, a comforter in misfortune, and a faithful and ever affectionate friend. It conjures up the image of a lovely, tender confiding woman who carefully undertakes to contribute to your happiness—to partake with you in the cup, whether in weal or woe, which Destiny may offer. The word wife is synonymous with *the greatest earthly blessing*, and we pity the unfortunate wight who is condemned by Fate's severe decree to trudge along through life's dull pilgrimage without one.

—o— A N E X T R A C T .

Man, proud man, may become a voluptuary, ruin the character of many a poor, friendless girl, and no one dares to rebuke his conduct or denounce his acquaintance. Wrapt in a splendid roquelauer—with darkly-whiskered visage and haughty bearing, he will pass among his companions for a man of gallantry and glorious spirit. It is far otherwise with the victim of his seduction. She has fallen, like a beautiful star in mid-summer, to rise no more! She, poor thing, finds herself an outcast, is driven from her beloved associates to the den of pollution, and is compelled to procure the very bread she eats by the wages of iniquity.

There is no eye to pity, no hand to save, no friend to commiserate in her dreadful lot—a thick cloud veils the heavens, and the earth is full of terrible shadows—and she too often perishes under the roof of the sorcerer. The gay, the virtuous, and the happy know not her indescribable misery, and for want of some angel guide to a house of refuge, she sinks into the gulf of perdition.

Happy is he who has a friend to point out to him the perfection of duty, and yet to pardon him in the lapse of his infirmities.

T H E B R I D E .

Thou'st left thy much loved childhood's home,
And thoughts all deep and tender come,
Now gushing up within
Thy surcharged heart that strives in vain
To tell if joy is felt, or pain,
To leave what thou hast been.

The youngest and the favorite flower,
"Most cherished since thy natal hour,"
Around whose early years,
The withering pang and cank'ring care
Have never come, to bathe the fair
And sunny cheek with tears.

In after years that past will seem
The witchery of some fairy dream—
And that fond father's care,
That mother's pure, angelic love,
The fairies round the blest that move,
High in the upper air.

That dream has passed, and now with high
And bounding hopes, though drawest nigh
Another scene in life;
Joys thou'lt have and they'll be new,
But cares and sorrows thickly too,
In thy new sphere are rife.

Full oft thou'lt miss the lost ring arm
That's shielded thee so oft from harm,
Thy every want supplied;
And e'en before 'twas halt expressed,
The offerings came, so wert thou blessed
With full affection's tide.

But yet we trust that thou mayest find
A guardian still, and one whose kind
And faithful care shall stay
Thy trusting heart, that it shall feel
But light the woes that on us steal
Too thickly in our way.

[Rural Repository.]

☞ There are now in operation in the United States, over NINE HUNDRED Cotton Factories.

☞ They who talk degradingly of women, have not sufficient taste to relish their excellencies, or purity enough to court their acquaintance.

If half the time spent in preaching against heresies in DOCTRINE were spent in preaching against heresies in PRACTICE, the world would be saved a large amount of bad logic and bad manners.

How many ways, apparently unworthy of notice are there in which we may contribute to the happiness of our fellow creatures. The very act of saluting an inferior, has probably an effect on him, superior to that of the most exhilarating cordial. How does the man who has been suffering the neglect which is ordinarily the consequence of poverty, or bankruptcy, or misfortune, welcome the friendly smile or the hearty squeeze of the hand! He begins to think the less despondingly of his circumstances—he feels that he is of some little consequence in society—he is inclined again to enlist in the activities of human life, and to engage in his various duties with renewed alacrity and rest. Let us then learn the duty of being kind and courteous to our fellow men.

The brightest jewel pertaining to a woman is not worn upon her finger, neither does it glitter upon her bracelets—it lies buried beneath a whole cargo of silks, satins and laces; the jewel in the casket of her mind.

☞ "Whenever you hear a young miss lecturing her mother on gentility, contradicting her parents, pouting and complaining, whenever she cannot have her own way, depend upon it she will make a poor companion. In prosperity she will never be satisfied—in adversity she will despond and complain—in sickness she will distress herself and all around her. Never choose her for a companion."

☞ TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We shall receipt in the GARLAND all moneys received for the same. Agents, who receive money should immediately forward it to us, and it shall be forthwith published.

"The empire of woman is an empire of softness, of address and complacency—her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears."

"Nothing can be more touching than to see a tender female, who had been all meekness and dependance while treading the prosperous path of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitterest blasts of fortune."

L O V E .

"The brightest part of love is its confidence. It is that perfect, that unhesitating reliance, that interchange of every idea and every feeling, that perfect community of the heart's secrets and the mind's thoughts; which binds the two beings together more closely, more dearly than the dearest of human ties, more than the vow of passion, or the oath of the altar. It is that confidence, which, did we not deny its sway, would give to earthly love a permanence that we find but seldom in this world."

A G E N T L E M A N .

Gentility is neither in birth, manner, nor fashion, but in mind. A high sense of honor, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, an adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness towards those with whom you may have dealings, are the essential and distinguished characteristics of a gentleman. CAUTION—The best traits are most frequently counterfeited.

The first step towards vice in a woman is to make a mystery of actions innocent in themselves; and she who is fond of disguise will sooner or later have reason to conceal herself.

T H E B R I G H T S I D E .

It is well ever to look on the bright side of things, and still to be prepared for the worst. There is no harm of enjoying the present, and viewing the future with a smile, only that we do not suffer misfortunes to overtake us unprepared.

* * * We have the promise of a good story for the next number from —; we hope the writer will not disappoint us and our readers.

FAULTLESS WOMAN. If you see half a dozen faults in a woman, rest assured she has a hundred virtues to counterbalance them. I love your faulty, and fear your faultless women. When you see what is termed a faultless woman, dread her as you would a beautiful snake. The power of completely concealing the defects that she must have is of itself a serious evil.

☞ PERSONS wishing to subscribe for the GARLAND, should be sure to subscribe to a regularly appointed, authorized Agent, whose name is found published in this paper.

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THE FACTORY GIRL'S GARLAND.

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VOLUME I.

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MIRTH.

I love to gaze on happiness,
And meet a smiling friend,
It gives a zest to every charm
That hope and beauty lend.

As gems I prize the joyous hearts
That sometimes round me shine,
They render life a richer boon,
And all its joys divine.

I love the friends who laugh away
The angry threats of grief,
They wake from pain the saddest heart,
And all our sorrows brief.

The world would lose the gleams of bliss
That every breast hath crossed,
And every grace would want a charm,
If playful smiles were lost.—[Boston Bee.

Written for the Garland.

MARIA GRAFTON,

OR, LET EVERY GIRL CHOOSE HER OWN HUSBAND.

Seated in a pleasant chamber, was a young lady, the daughter of one of the most aristocratic merchants in New England. He had risen from obscurity, and by a course though not strictly honest, yet in accordance with the practice of some, if not many, of the wealthiest merchants in the country, had amassed a large amount of property. With him WEALTH was every thing,—he knew nothing of happiness, save when it was considered in the scale of dollars and cents; and it needed only that a man be wealthy, no matter by what means he became so, to ensure his respect.

His residence was but a few miles from the city of Boston, and it was one of the most beautiful in that vicinity. No pains had been spared to make it worthy of notice, for Mr. Grafton was a man fond of praise. His youngest daughter, Maria, was now the only child remaining at home. Two sons, on whom he had placed his hopes for the perpetuation of his family name, and on whom he had designed to bestow the greater portion of his wealth, died ere they had attained to manhood. Of three daughters, two were married, leaving Maria with her father, who loved her next, perhaps, to his money.

Sad were the thoughts of the fair girl, as she sat alone in her chamber; but they were soon interrupted. The voice of her father summoned her to the parlor. When she descended she found he was accompanied by a young man named Stevens, who had, some time previous, offered his hand to Maria, but not contented with her refusal, and knowing the attachment of her father to wealth, had called him to his aid. Maria raised her eyes as she entered the room, but as soon as she saw Stevens, turned her head, and seated herself by the window.—Her father addressed her, presenting Stevens, and informed her that it was his wish that she should accept of him as her future husband. Maria informed her father that she had rejected Mr. Stevens once and that, even did she love him, which she was

very certain she did not, her own judgment taught her better than to risk her happiness in his hands.

"What do you know of love," said Mr. Grafton, and why are you unwilling to risk your happiness with him. His wealth is sufficient to procure you every comfort, and his character is——"

"Infamous!" interrupted Maria, looking him full in the face.

Stevens turned pale and his lip quivered with rage, and the anger of her father scarcely knew bounds. For a moment he did not answer her.—At length, pointing his finger at Stevens, he inquired, "And what know you of his character?"

"Enough to convince me that my words were true," answered Maria.

"My daughter," said Mr. Grafton, assuming a milder tone, "though you may have heard reports unfavorable to Mr. Stevens, believe me, they are without foundation. He is one of the wealthiest men in the city."

"He may be all that you think he is," said Maria, "but I cannot marry him."

"You may go to your chamber," said her father, "I am determined that Henry Stevens shall be my son-in-law, and you must marry him or quit my house. I will neither own or support an ungrateful and disobedient daughter. To-morrow I shall expect your answer."

Maria knew too well the character of her father, to make any reply. A crisis had arrived which she had for some days feared. She knew that her refusal of Stevens would bring down the wrath of her father on her head, and had written to both of her sisters, stating the circumstances, and requesting, in case her father should drive her from home, the privilege of remaining, for a short time, with them. Contrary to her expectations, both had refused her. Their husbands had married them more on account of the wealth of their father, than for any affection they had felt for them; and they leared, if they gave Maria a home, their father would disinherit them. Such is the effect wealth has on the affections.

Maria retired to her chamber, and after giving vent to a flood of tears, deliberated on what course to pursue. One thing was certain, she determined not to marry Stevens. The next thing was, how should she obtain a living? After thinking of the matter for some time, she said to herself, "Well, I have good constitution, and can labor; but how would it appear for the daughter of the rich Mr. Grafton to go about the city soliciting employment." This would not answer. At last she concluded that, rather than remain in the city, she would go to some village and, if possible, obtain employment. At this moment she recollected having heard one of the house-maids speak of being employed in a factory, and she descended to the kitchen.

"Hannah," said she, addressing the girl, "I heard you, a few days since, speak of working in a factory; how did you like there?"

"O, I liked very much, Miss Maria, and should have remained there had my health been good."

"Was the work harder than your work here?" inquired Maria.

"No, ma'am, I don't think it was, but it was more confined."

"Will you tell me where it was?" again inquired Maria.

The girl gave her the required information, and also the name of the overseer of the room where she had worked, and the name of the lady with whom she boarded, adding, "She is the kindest woman I ever saw."

The mind of Maria was now made up. She decided upon entering a factory. Another difficulty now presented itself. Would her father allow her to take her clothing and what money she had?—She determined, if he should still adhere to his resolution, to ask him the question.

In the morning she met her father at the breakfast-table. Neither spoke until the meal was finished. At length her father inquired—

"Well, Maria, have you concluded to marry Henry Stevens?"

Maria hesitated a moment, but said firmly, "I have not."

"You heard my determination last night," said he, I now repeat it. You must marry Henry Stevens or quit my house."

"I cannot marry him, father," said she, "sooner would I quit not only this house but the world."

"Then go," said he, angrily, rising from his chair.

"Shall I take my clothes?" asked Maria.

"Yes, and never let me see or hear from you again," said he slamming the door violently, and leaving her alone.

Maria sank back in her chair and wept bitterly. For a moment she seemed almost inclined to comply with his wish, but the idea that she must be forever linked to a villain, and suffer reproach if his villainies were discovered, was more than she could bear, and she preferred the anguish of separating from all her friends, free and with honor, to that of marrying Stevens. She hastily packed up her things, and in a few hours left her father's house.

As she passed through the city of Boston, where her sisters resided, a desire sprang up to see them, but from their recent treatment she dared not visit them, and she also feared again meeting her father.

Maria was well furnished with clothing, and had about twenty-five dollars in money. Although she had been surrounded with wealth, she never, till now, knew the value of money. A thousand reflections, doubts and fears crossed her mind as she was pursuing her journey to the place designated by the girl of whom she had enquired in her father's kitchen; and though she felt sad at the thoughts of being driven from home, she could scarce suppress a smile at the awkwardness with which she should engage in any kind of labor.

She at last arrived at the house of Mrs. D—, the lady designated by Hannah, and easily obtained board in her family. She also learned that Mr.

THE TEN HOUR SYSTEM.

We noticed in the Lowell Vox Populi of January 19th, that petitions were in circulation in that city, praying the Legislature of Massachusetts to pass such laws as shall compel the Manufacturing Companies to adopt the "Ten Hour System." We sincerely hope, if the Legislature have the power, that they will pass such a law. Fourteen hours is too long for any persons, especially females, to labor in a factory. Most of those employed are young, and need more than ten hours relaxation from labor out of twenty-four. It is also binding them down too much to one kind of employment, and allowing too little time for the use of the needle. Were the "Ten Hour System" adopted, the girls would be enabled to do their own work, and would therefore be better qualified for any station in after life they might be called to fill. It is a fact not to be denied, that too many of those engaged in factories are so confined, that they have but little, if any time to perform any other work, except by depriving themselves of rest; and many of them, after they are married, are under the necessity of learning a great many things with which they would have become acquainted, had they been confined to the mill but ten instead of fourteen hours. Should this System be adopted in all factories, it would be far better for the operatives, and equally as well for the companies. We hope Lowell will take the lead in this matter, and all other places will soon follow.

There are a class of persons in every society, who are always meddlers with that which does not in any way concern them—real busy-bodies. Scarce a day passes but they have some little story of scandal to repeat. These should always be avoided. They are the pest of society—give them no attention—hear them not a moment. Where they do good in one instance, they do harm a hundred times.

EARLY MARRIAGES. Mr. Cooley, in noticing the customs of the present race of Egyptians, says: "It is singular how very young the Egyptian peasants marry. Nine or ten for girls, and twelve or fifteen for boys, is considered a marriageable age."—Well, we should not wonder if such things took place among the people in this land, for it is no uncommon thing now for young gentlemen (we have no boys, as they all, with a jump, go from children to men) of fourteen to be in the habit of paying their constant, undivided attention to young ladies of twelve and thirteen; and even go so far, in some cases, as to ask the consent of the young ladies' ma's so to do; and some instances might be named, where marriages have taken place at as early an age as is practiced by the Egyptians.

In the choice of a wife a man should be guided more by his reason than his senses; and the youth who raves for hours, and repeats a thousand foolish things, because he has been smiled upon by a pair of bright eyes, that have nothing to recommend them but their brightness, will be very apt to stake all his earthly happiness upon no better promise than mere external beauty affords.

It is a common remark that the years grow shorter as we advance in life, and they who could once exclaim "a whole year!" in accents of unqualified alarm at its length, at last find themselves recurring to the same space in the careless tone of indifference, as "only a year."

PLEASANT HOURS.—Those passed in the company of virtuous and intelligent females.

Could we but know the secret history of those we meet in every day life, how much of good and evil, how much heroism, romance, and self-devotion should we find, that in tale of fiction we would deem but fanciful visions of the imagination.

Few men know the strength of woman's affection, and that forgetfulness of an object once beloved is among the impossibilities of her true nature.

P—, the overseer whose name she had taken, was in want of help.

It is unnecessary for us to follow the fortunes of Maria through their various channels. She entered the factory—learned to work, and found many friends, among whom, and the only one it would be of interest to the reader to name, was Caroline Perkins, a girl about her own age. These two soon became intimate friends. In the factory their looms were next each other, and they occupied the same room at their boarding-house. They were much attached to Mrs. D., with whom they boarded, and she, in turn, evinced a deep interest in their welfare.

About six months after Maria entered the factory, an incident occurred which bound, if possible, the two friends closer to each other. One evening, as they were in their chamber, and Caroline was engaged in repacking a large trunk, Maria, who was looking on, was rather surprised at the amount of clothing and jewelry possessed by Caroline, and jokingly inquired if "her beau was a jeweller."

Caroline blushed, and after some hesitation informed Maria that her father had once been wealthy, but, at his death, it was ascertained that his property, though amply sufficient to pay his own debts, would be swept away by the failure of some friends for whom he had endorsed notes. The creditors had allowed her to keep every thing given her by her father except her piano. She also told her that although she might have supported herself by music-teaching, she preferred working in a factory to remaining among those, who, though they were once her intimate friends, would consider her, after the loss of wealth, as far below them.

Maria repaid Caroline by telling her own history, and her reasons for leaving home, and corroborated her story by the display of jewelry and other trinkets her father had allowed her to take.

Probably there were never two persons who enjoyed themselves better than these two girls. None, save themselves, knew their history, and as their natural dispositions were not arrogant, they never appeared to be above their fellow-laborers. For two years they remained together, at the end of which Caroline was married, and at the urgent request of herself and husband, Maria was induced to leave the factory, for awhile at least, and take up her abode with them.

One day, while Maria was engaged in perusing a paper which had been left at the house, her eye fell on a paragraph stating that "Mr Henry Stevens, who had always been considered a very wealthy merchant, was arrested and committed to prison for committing heavy forgeries." She handed it to Caroline, with a shudder, exclaiming, "as I expected." The next paper brought intelligence that no doubt was entertained of his guilt; and that Mr. Grafton, if not entirely ruined, would be a heavy loser, on account of his villainies, as he had hired of him a large sum of money. For a moment Maria indulged the idea of immediately visiting her father; but after consulting with Caroline, concluded to write to him, which she did, begging his pardon for not obeying him, and requesting him to receive her again to his arms, adding as a postscript, that she "had one hundred dollars, which she would send him, if he was in want of money to pay his losses by Stevens." Her father read her letter with feelings more of sorrow than anger, but at the end

of it broke into a hearty laugh, exclaiming, "Well, women are the best judges of rascals." In a few days he visited Maria, expressed his regret for the sorrow he caused her, and requested her to return with him. Maria complied with his request, and became once more an inmate of her early home.—He father endeavored by every means to make her happy, as an atonement for past wrongs; and when about a year after she asked his consent to her marriage with a mechanic, without wealth, he answered, "Do as you please, Maria, I have learned to let every girl choose her own husband." L.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice! I hear it now,
I feel her hand upon my brow,
As when, in heart felt joy,
She raised her evening hymn of praise,
And called down blessings on the days
Of her loved boy.

My mother's voice! I hear it now,
Her hand is on my burning brow,
As in that early hour,
When fever throbb'd in all my veins,
And that kind hand first soothed my pain,
With healing power.

My mother's voice! it sounds as when
She read to me of holy men,
The Patriarch's of old:
And gazing downward in my face,
She seem'd each infant thought to trace,
My blue eyes told.

It comes—when thoughts unhallowed throng,
Woven in sweet, deceptive song—
And whispers round my heart,
As when at eve it rose on high,
I hear and think that she is nigh,
And they depart.

Though round my heart all, all beside,
The voice of Friendship, Love, had died;
That voice would linger there;
As when, soft pillow'd on her breast,
Its tones first lulled my infant rest,
Or, rose in prayer.

LIVE UPRIGHTLY.—The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matter is it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence. Look behind through the track of time! a vast desert lies open in retrospect; through this desert have your fathers journeyed; wearied with tears and sorrows they sink from the walks of man. You must leave them where they fall, and you are to go a little further, where you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, every moment is big with innumerable events which come not in succession, but bursting forcibly from a revolving and unknown cause, fly over the orb with diversified influence.—[Blair.

WOMEN.

Few women are aware how much they are influencing the destinies of man. Their power is beyond all laws, for they confirm the mind of youth in good or evil; while laws operate only when we arrive at years of accountability. "The future character of a child," said Napoleon, "is always the work of its mother," and he delighted in recollecting that to his parent did he owe much of the greatness of a mind which probably grasped at too much, but which afterwards enabled him to bear years of privation and exile with fortitude and dignity.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow is still the fatal time when all is to be rectified. To-morrow comes—it goes—and still we please ourselves with the shadow, whilst we lose the reality; unmindful that the present time alone is ours, the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead. [Spectator.

Truth often finds its way to the mind, close muffled in the robes of sleep, and then speaks with uncompromising directness in regard to which we practice an unconscious self-deception in our waking moments.

The Factory Girl's Garland.

A Journal of Travels in Egypt, Arabia, Petrae, and the Holy Land, during 1841-2, by DAVID MILLARD, Rochester, N. Y., 1843.

We have now before us a copy of the above work of 352 pages. It contains xxi chapters, with an index and table of contents, so that the reader can readily turn to any part he may be disposed to examine.—It is of that peculiar character, which cannot fail to interest.

"It takes the reader on board the ship at Boston, lands him at Malta in the Mediterranean Sea, and gives him a description of that Island: gives him a voyage from Malta along the coast of Greece, and to the renowned city of Alexandria in Egypt. Here the reader is conducted to all the wonders of the Delta, and from thence upon the river Nile, to the regions of Goshen, Cairo and Memphis."

Soon he finds himself standing on the shore of the Red Sea, and crossing it, he will enter that great and terrible wilderness spoken of in the scriptures, through which ISRAEL passed in their circuitous route to the land of Canaan. He ascends Mount Sinai and Horeb and visits many other important places.

He then passes through the land of Idumea—ascends mount Hor, visits the far famed city of Petrae, one of the most remarkable places in existence; for centuries past nothing has been known of it to the civilized world—but was a few years ago discovered by a traveller in those unknown regions. Having passed through the desert, inhabited only by a wild race of men, he enters Palestine from the South, visits Hebron, Jerusalem, and the River Jordan, Sea of Sodom, Nazereth, Tiberias and at Ptolemais he takes ship, and passing Tyre and Sidon lands at Beyroot, the missionary station whence he embarks for his native America.

We would give a more particular detail of his route and description of places, would our limits allow it, and if it would interest the reader. But it must be read to be appreciated, and it will be, if once commenced. We shall give extracts hereafter, that will amuse and instruct our readers. Some anecdotes of the character and treatment of females cannot fail to interest.

DURHAM ACADEMY.

We attended the examination at the Durham Academy, at the close of the fall term, and were highly gratified with the exercises.

If any of our friends or patrons wish to place themselves under the tuition of an accomplished instructor, we have no hesitation in recommending to them Miss Bridgman the Preceptress of this Academy.

Mr. Wright, Principal of the institution and teacher in the male department, will instruct in such branches and take such superintendance in the female department as will secure the greatest good to pupils, who avail themselves of the advantages of the institution.

The next term will commence on Wednesday, February 7th, under the charge of the present teachers, Mr. Wright and Miss Bridgman.

TUITION.

For Latin, Greek and English studies,	\$4.00.
For the Modern Languages, in addition,	\$2.00.
For Drawing &c. in addition,	\$1.00.
For Piano Forte instruction, including the use of Piano Forte	\$10.00.

Board can be had in good families, on reasonable terms.

IMPURE THOUGHTS. Give no entertainment to the beginnings, the first motious and secret whispers of the spirit of impurity. For if you totally suppress it, it dies; if you permit the furnace to breathe its smoke and flame out of any vent, it will rage to the consumption of the whole. This cockatrice is soonest crushed in the shell; but if it grows, it turns to a serpent, and a dragon, and a devil.

MARRIAGE.

"Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!"

Nature appears to have implanted in the human mind that "it is not good that the man should be alone;" and this it would seem, did not originate merely in the conventionalities of society; but was indelibly engraved upon it by the finger of nature.—Man is considered a social being; and an all-wise Creator has undoubtedly formed him for some good purpose, and to carry out that design, to add to his happiness, and to mature him as a social, a moral and an accountable being, he deemed it wise that he should have woman as a helpmate. Out of these considerations the institution of marriage has grown. The forms which pertain to it vary, materially, in different countries, and among different ecclesiastical bodies. Many nations regard it merely a temporary thing, whilst in christian countries it is ordinarily considered a union only to be severed by the decease of one of the parties.

This subject is one of vast importance; for upon its judicious performance depends the mutual happiness of the parties concerned, and prospectively that of their offspring. The young, as is too often the case, with minds ardent and buoyant of life and hope, precipitately form unions, which, with more mature thought would never have been contracted. The fact, that in this country, the marriage relation is one for life, should deter from all hasty action relative to it. It should have mature and thoughtful consideration.—Yes, and if this had been always regarded, how many tears of sorrow, how many broken hearts, how many domestic disruptions would have been avoided! The evils of premature and hasty marriages are too familiar to need much repetition. Notwithstanding this, we are fully satisfied that their influence, not only upon the social relation, but upon the general welfare of civil society is too little thought of. Many, yea, too many of the inmates of our penal institutions undoubtedly have been brought to their present situation, directly or indirectly, from the want of proper parental training, and from having been brought up amid domestic broils.

The parties, about entering upon this all-important relation, should understand each others foibles, and thoroughly know each others characters: thus, being duly acquainted, they do not blindly form a covenant which is to last during life; but are prepared to meet imperfections, with a spirit of conciliation and mutual forbearance. True, they should entertain love for each other, but this cannot last long without a feeling of mutual respect; for so soon as one is wanting in this, the warmth of affection is impaired. Love, it is very true, is thought by some, to spring up spontaneously, and this we would not deny in toto; but to our mind, such love is generally of too hasty a growth; and like the mushroom, will soon wilt and perish under the meridian sun of a conjugal union. Love, permanent love, is the result of cultivation, and springs from a regard for the virtues and good qualities of the object of adoration. It is no more like the ephemeral stuff usually christened love, than noonday is to midnight. The one will last as long as the eternal hills: the other is but the creature of to-day—a mere gossamer. To the happiness of this relation a proper and chastened spirit of love should be cultivated, and this cannot exist without purity and virtue.

We have been led to these reflections by taking a view of the importance of the marriage institution to the general well-being of civil society. No man can too fully appreciate it, who has the welfare of his country at heart. Upon its sanctity, depends in a measure the permanency of our institutions. Blot it out—and vice and immorality would stalk abroad at noon-day. Blot it out—and you pull down one of the main pillars of our religion. Blot it out—and as surely as moral depravity and wickedness will work a nation's ruin, so surely shall we fall from our high exaltation, into a state of degradation and savagism. How vast and apparent the difference in the condition of those countries, where this institution is lightly regarded and polygamy tolerated, and where its rites are considered holy and inviolable, and the christian doctrine of monogamy is entertained! In the one, we find ignorance and superstition, virtue degraded, unbridled licentiousness, and sanguinary and tyrannical laws; in the other the lights of science and civilization have cast their benignant rays, and virtue and morality are cherished, and a humane jurisprudence exists. In the one, man is depressed and down-trodden, and in the other, his spirit soars upward, and freedom and human rights are understood and duly fostered. History and experience prove all this, and

they are the only true guides to direct us in our course through this life.

Let those, then, who are about entering upon this state act honestly, openly and understandingly, before they immutably link each other's fortunes together; and thus one great cause of human woe will be eradicated, and in its stead, one of the purest sources of earthly bliss, wedded life, will assume its proper dignity and importance. Where is the man that would desecrate an institution which the all-wise Being, and the very constitution of our nature has established? Let the monster be cast without the pale of human society. [Rural Repository.]

[Selected.]

SONNET,

FOR THE FIRST PAGE OF A LADY'S ALBUM.

Thy page is pure as yet—so be thy life;
And through the storms of time may they remain
Thus pure; thy book unsullied with a stain,
Thy heart still free from passion's mad'ning strife!
Yet, if the hope thus breathed for thee be vain,
If life's young barque must meet a stormy sea,
Toss'd on the waves of doubt and grief and pain,
Fear at the prow, and wreck its destiny;
May the sweet hope that softens sorrow's power,
Cheer thee and strengthen! Be the Comforter
Beside thee in the dark and perilous hour;
Teach thee that surer pathway to prefer,
Which storms invade not, where wild waters cease,
And skies, forever calm, still smile in hallowing peace.

FEMALE LABOR This subject is engaging the attention of the press throughout the country. We hope it will be continued alive until justice is done to laboring females who have, thus far, been scandalously treated. It is, indeed, strange to hear men boast of their gallantry and vie with each other in the expression of their respect for the fair sex, while they would willingly sponge from them all the comforts and necessities of life. Surely, this is an age of humbug and empty profession, and we hope the sex will see who acts right toward them, and not listen to the talkers.

CATCHING A BACHELOR. "Why don't you get married?" said a young lady, the other day, to a rather elderly bachelor friend.

"I have been trying for the last ten years to find some one who would be silly enough to have me," was the happy reply.

"I guess you haven't been up our way," was the insinuating rejoinder.

JUST SO—To find out one who has passed through life without sorrow, you must find one incapable of love or hatred, of hope or fear; one that hath no memory of the past, and no thought of the future; one that hath no sympathy, and no feeling in common with the rest of his species.

Life is not all a darkened picture—'tis only those who look through the stained glass of a distempered imagination, who do not see its lights, shades and brilliant colorings.

"When in middle life man peers into the future, what frightful shadows haunt him. Coming events magnified to giants by the obscurity around, stock menacingly forward. Dangers threatens him at every step, and there is naught beyond but the black background—Death. The heavens shed no light on the future. He is descending the hill of life, and their glories are fading behind him. He strives to borrow from the past, a gleam to guide him onward, but in vain! Too often his own ambition has prompted him to choose the lofty path that now condemns him to redoubled darkness. Yet although these spectres of the gloom are most frequently mere creatures of the brain, which daylight would dispel, they govern his career, and cover him with dread. The dream is truth to him, and it is only truth itself that he esteems a dream! Why can he not wait for sunrise! Then should he see even the grave overhung with the verdure of spring, and death arrayed in all the glory of a morn of promise."

A MISTAKE CORRECTED. An orator holding forth in favor of "woman, dear, divine woman," concluded thus:—"Oh, my hearers, depend upon it, nothing beats a good wife." I beg your pardon," replied one of his auditors, "a bad husband does."

The Factory Girl's Garland.

FAREWELL.

To part from all we love or all we like—
To bid adieu to those whom time endears,
Doth on the feelings of the bosom strike,
And opens the channel to the flow of tears,
To say "farewell" to those who through long years
Have been companions of our youth's gay bloom,
Is as the sun-beam when it disappears—
Casting around a melancholy gloom—
Or like th' expiring taper glim'ring o'er a tomb.

It is a painful feeling none can know;
Heart-rending throbs that none can e'er express,
Save those who've felt that bitterness of woe—
That madness of the mind—the soul's distress.
When mingling tear with tear, in fond caress
We breathe the sad farewell—no tongue can speak
So eloquent as sighs—no language dress
True sorrow in her garb—words are but weak,
Behold the streaming eye and lily-whiten'd cheek!
[Olive Branch.]

From the New York Sunday Mercury.
WOMAN, IN HER PURITY.

BY BUZZ.

In the contemplation of the various beauties of Nature, everywhere scattered in profusion, we may derive exalted pleasure. Let us recline upon the summit of a lofty hill, and view the verdant fields spread out before us in the distance, and watch the sparkling stream: as it ripples along the valley beneath, and be lulled to rest by the gentle breeze of evening and the carols of the bright plumed choristers ere their blithe songs are hushed in the stillness of night; or stray through the vast forest, and note the tall and waving tress, whose aspiring tops seem to court the clouds, and we will be wrapt in amazement.

Can there be a higher reflection, short of Deity? Yes! it is WOMAN! When we contemplate her beauty and grace, the waving trees and sparkling waters cease to charm. She, 'the last, best gift of God,' draws forth all our sympathies, and imbues us with a just appreciation of her gentle nature. In adversity, what do we not owe to her? Her voice is heard in soothing tones allaying our sorrows; and pointing us to the bright star of Hope, she bids us lay aside the mantle of Despair, and indulge the anticipation of a more happy Future. In prosperity, our joys are heightened by her participation, forming a reciprocal happiness, which, though often realized, can never be adequately described. Her bland and affectionate smiles touch our inmost heart, and convey to us the assurance of her faith and love. Every circumstance tending to exalt our feelings and our thoughts, causes her to feel the same emotions, and to anticipate with cheerfulness our many wants.

Life, when tempered with such a companion, is indeed a happy pilgrimage to a bright existence.—Who can look with cold indifference upon her perfections? Who can imagine any sentiment more sublime and gratifying than the thoughts connected with that being who so forcibly reminds us of the happiness and purity of a future state? Woman, religion, virtue—these are synonymous. In her peculiar sphere she is a goddess, ruling with predominant sway—a guiding star shining with preeminent lustre!

Grace of motion, refinement of thought, and purity of expression combine to render woman the object of our warmest affections, of our closest ties; and dark indeed must be the soul whose recesses the light of her love cannot penetrate. Without her, life were a dreary waste, a labyrinth of woe; she renders it an Elysium.

This is a picture (faint and imperfect, it is true) of woman—not as fashion and romance make her, but of woman in her purity.

TRUE, BUT ODD. Modesty to the female character is what saltpetre is to beef: while it preserves its purity, it imparts a blush.

FRIENDSHIP. The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in the winter. And those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart, cannot be FROZEN by adversity.

FASHION.

Fashion rules the world; and a most tyrannical mistress she is—compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable, for fashion's sake. She pinches our feet with tight shoes, or chokes us with a tight neck-handkerchief, or squeezes the breath out of our body by tight lacing; she makes people sit up by night when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed in the morning when they ought to be up and a doing. She makes it vulgar to wait upon one's self, and genteel to live idle and useless. She is a despot of the highest grade, full of intrigue and cunning, and yet husbands, fathers, wives, and mothers, sons, daughters, and servants, black and white voluntarily have become her obedient servants and slaves, and vie with one another to see who shall be most obsequious.

THIS IS LEAP YEAR,

And of course the girls have a proscriptive right to do all the courting. Young men are to stay at home, practise all "the pretty ways" they can, provide themselves with fans, learn to blush, (the graceless rogues; we fear this will be the hardest task) and make as much bustle as possible whenever they expect a visit. If the girls don't thin off the number of old bachelors this year, it is entirely their own fault.—[Bee.]

Memory is like the painter or the sunset—its images appear more real than the substantial things they picture, and glance the richer as the bloom of oblivion gathers around them.

If a man's true nature may be supposed to be known to any one, it is to his wife. He may put on a smooth face before his best friend, he may write and speak virtuous sentiments to the public, and follow the career of a flaming patriot or a meek saint, but the woman on whom he has conferred with his name the right of being with him continually, will be able to tell pretty near how matters really are. I do not say that because a wife abuses her husband, and calls him names he must necessarily be a rascal; but, as a general rule, the partner of his woes and joys, has better opportunities of knowing the man, than almost any one else.

WOMEN.

Perhaps a more just or beautiful compliment was never paid to woman, than the following from Judge Story. "To the honor, the eternal honor of the sex, be it said, that in the path of duty, no sacrifice is with them too high or too dear. Nothing is with them impossible, but to shrink from what honor, innocence and religion require. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded—but the voice of affliction, never. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the altars of religion, never missed the presence or the sympathies of woman. Timid though she be, and so delicate that the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her, on such occasions she loses all sense of danger, and assumes a preternatural courage which knows not and fears not consequences. Then she displays the undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties, nor evades them, that resignation which neither utters murmurs nor regrets; and that patience in suffering which seems victorious even over death itself."

It has been shrewdly remarked by some one, that there are four orders of women:—the peacock, with whom dress is all—the magpies, with whom chatter is all—the turtles, with whom love is all—and the Paradise birds, above them all.

Antisthenes wondered at mankind, that in buying an earthen dish, they were careful to sound it lest it had a crack; yet so careless in choosing friends as to take them flawed with vice.

Love or friendship treated with rudeness, must necessarily be converted into disgust and disdain.

Never condemn a person unheard, however many the accusations which may be preferred against him; every story has two ways of being told.

SEPARATION.—TO C.

Oh! 'tis one scene of parting here,
Love's watch-word is—Farewell!
And almost starts the following tear,
Ere dried the last that fell!
'Tis but to feel that one most dear
Is needful to the heart,
And straight a voice is muttering near,
Imperious—ye must part!

Oft, too we doom ourselves to grieve,—
For wealth or glory rove;
But say, can wealth or glory give
Aught that can equal love?
Life is too short thus to bereave
Existence of its spring;
Or even for one short hour to leave
Those to whose hearts we cling.

Count o'er the hours whose happy flight
Is shared with those we love;
Like stars amid a stormy night,
Alas! how few they prove!
Yet they concentrate all the light
That cheers our lot below,
And thither turns the weary sight,
In this dark world of woe.

And could we live, if we believed
The future like the past!
Still hope we on, though still deceived,—
The hour will come at last,
When all the visions fancy weaved
Shall be by truth impressed;
And they who still in absence grieved
Shall be together blest. [Eastport Sentinel.]

THE LOWELL MANUFACTURERS

Are now reaping a golden harvest—many of the mills are now earning the stockholders such enormous profits as will enable the directors to divide thirty to fifty per cent the current year. And still their goods are rising every day. So great is the demand, that not only is the cloth sold as soon as it goes from the loom, but orders are in for three months ahead!

Then why don't they raise the wages of their operatives, so that the people of Lowell may realize some of the benefits of these good times? They haven't done it, and we fear they don't mean to do it, unless driven to it. We shall go into this matter hereafter. [Lowell Vox Populi.]

Our subscribers in Newburyport can obtain their papers, by calling at H. T. Crofoot's Newspaper and Periodical Office. Mr. Crofoot keeps a good assortment of Newspapers, Periodicals, &c., and is constantly receiving new publications as soon as they are issued from the press. Give him a call.

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NEW GOODS.

JUST received by the subscriber a new and splendid assortment of SILVER WARE—JEWELRY—PERFUMERY, & FANCY GOODS, being the best assortment ever before offered to this public, consisting in part of Silver, Tea, Table, Sugar and Mustard Spoons—Egg-cups, Japaz, Garnet, plain and chased Fine Gold Rings—Fine Gold Knobs & Drops, Cluster, Cameo, Mourning, Plain and Common Breast Pins—Gold and Silver Pencil Cases, Gold Necklaces & Chains, Gold & Plated Mature Settings, Cases, &c. &c.—Also, all kinds of Scent and Hair-oil, side & dressing Combs, Tooth Brushes & Tooth Powders; all kinds of Cologne, Lavender and Florida Water, Milk of Roses and Cream of Lilies; also, all kinds of Hair Oils, Balm of Columbia, and pure Ox Marrow for the growth and beauty of the Hair, together with all kinds of Goods usually kept in a Jewelry and Fancy Goods Store. The above Goods are of the first quality and warranted, and will be sold as low as can be bought elsewhere. Ladies call and see.
D. M. QUIMBY,
February 1, 1844. 21 Water street.

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LEAVES Newburyport for Amesbury, Kensington, and Exeter every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, on the arrival of the 7 1-2 o'clock train from Boston, and arrives in Exeter in season to take the cars for Newmarket, Durham and Dover, and the stage for Stratham, Greenland and Portsmouth.
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WILLIAM BADGER, Driver.

By Little
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4 nos.

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To whom all communications should be addressed, post paid or free.
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Post masters are authorized by law to frank letters containing money when requested.

Selected for a Lady's Album.

Some of our patrons may have seen the following lines in print before—but their rare excellence induces us to insert them in this paper. It will be noticed, with a single reflection, that they are appropriate for any person's album, by inserting the christian name of the person in whose album you are writing, instead of Mary, as we have, in this copy.

Mary, the boon I'd ask for thee
Would be a life from sorrow free;
That every morning sun should rise
To gild with bliss thy youthful skies;
And all thy hours be crowned with joy,
Unsuited, pure, without alloy.
Yet while I wish this wish for thee,
Mary, I know it cannot be;
This life's a stormy sea at best—
And those who toss upon its billow
Must often wear an aching breast—
Must often weave the mournful willow.

But there's a haven for the good,
Far, far beyond the stormy flood;
More peaceful than the sunny lake,
When no rude winds its surface break;
More calm than summer evenings are,
More glorious than the morning star;
And the blest souls who enter there,
And breathe that pure and heavenly air,
Are more secure from all alarms,
Than infants in their mothers' arms.

May this blest haven then be thine,
And this I know can be;
May'st thou inherit joys divine;
'Tis all I ask for thee,

Written for the Garland.

THE PARTY.

"Well Emily, do you attend the party this evening," said Mary Stukely, to her room-mate, Emily Gray.

"I hardly know, Mary, what to do; I think our invitation was rather a sullen one, and would not have been given had not Miss Sinclair feared to affront us,—you, to whom I have unfolded all my early history, can, perhaps, advise me what is best."

"I wish very much you would go, for a number of reasons, the principle one, however, is, for the purpose of showing your skill on Miss Sinclair's piano. Mr Woodward, her teacher, is to be present, and as he is a man who can appreciate, and fears not to praise a good performer, I think you can, at least, repay Miss Sinclair for her sullen invitation. "Now don't refuse," said Mary, seeing Emily was about to decline, "if you will not go to please yourself, do go to please me."

Emily assented, and the two girls were soon employed in preparing themselves. The party was to be given by the daughter of the lady with whom the two girls boarded, a haughty, arrogant thing, with nothing to recommend her except her own self-esteem and impudence. She was too lazy to work, and her mother, who was a widow, with an income of but about a hundred dollars a year, had removed to S——, for the purpose of supporting herself and her daughter, by keeping boarders. Lucy Sinclair had, for the last three months been engaged in taking lessons on the piano, from Mr Woodward, and after much persuasion induced her mother to give her consent for an evening party; which

she did. One of the conditions which she imposed upon her daughter, was, that all the boarders should be invited. Lucy pouted a week or two, and finding that her mother would consent on no other terms, concluded to invite them. She determined, however, that the invitation given to Mary Stukely and Emily Gray, should be such an one as they would not accept. She knew that both, though they were factory girls, were her superiors, not only in personal beauty, but in every other quality which can render a person agreeable; and feared, if they attended, she herself would be thrown in the shade, yet with all her knowledge of them, she did not once dream that they were half as accomplished as they really were. The father of Mary Stukely, till within a few years, had been wealthy, and had spared no pains to educate his daughter.—By a sudden reverse of fortune he had become poor, and Mary was under the necessity of supporting herself. Emily Gray had resided with an aunt, who, though not wealthy, was highly accomplished not only in the useful, but in the FASHIONABLE branches of female education. Being an orphan, at the death of her aunt, she too was under the necessity of resorting to labor for her own support. These two had become friends, and always consulted each other with as much familiarity as if they had been sisters.

The party had, most of them assembled, and Lucy Sinclair was congratulating herself that her invitation had been so given that they would not accept, and that she should be rid of their presence without offending her mother, when the two entered leaning on each other's arm. They were richly, and fashionably dressed; and never, perhaps, in their lives did they appear to better advantage.—They entered into conversation with the gentlemen of the company, with an ease and grace that surprised even themselves; and Lucy Sinclair felt vexed, not only with her mother, but with herself, to think that she had invited them. A gleam of triumph shot from her eye, as Mr Woodward advanced towards her and requested her to be seated at the piano, and indulge the company with music, which seemed to say, "in this at least, I can excel."—She was however disappointed. She was but an indifferent player, and her voice had none of that peculiar sweetness of tone which touches the finer feelings of the lovers of music. Mr Woodward was aware of her imperfections, but did not know there were any others present who were acquainted with the instrument, or able to decide upon the merits of the performer. While Miss Sinclair was playing, Mary Stukely approached him, and requesting him to give Miss Gray an invitation to sing and play, assuring him that she was one who could not fail to please. Mr Woodward complied with her request, and as Miss Sinclair rose from her chair, handed Miss Gray into it. She was at first, rather diffident; but in a few moments regained her self-possession, and as she ran her fingers over the keys, it reminded her of her early

home, and her voice, sweet, though melancholy; sent a thrill through the hearts of all who heard her. Lucy Sinclair was surprised, yet her envious spirit would not allow her to join in the praise, almost universal, which was bestowed on Emily.—She felt that she had triumphed, and regreted that she had not treated her in a different manner.—She proposed other amusements, but the company, and particularly Mr Woodward, were so well pleased with the music, that she was unable to succeed.

The company at last separated, much to the satisfaction of Lucy, who retired to her chamber with feelings the most unpleasant.

She arose the next morning, made her way to the kitchen, and complained bitterly to her mother of the triumph the two girls had enjoyed over her.—Her mother heard her patiently, and after she had ended, said, in a mild, yet earnest tone.

"To me, Lucy, your party has been a good lesson, and it should be to yourself. You can now see that those whom you have pretended to despise, though not too proud to labor, are far above you, and I can see that I have been in an error by permitting you to live in idleness. I have now determined that you shall maintain yourself, and to-day shall obtain a situation in the mill for you, which I shall expect you to fill, and I sincerely hope that you will seek the acquaintance, and endeavor to emulate the example of Emily Gray and Mary Stukely. L.

For the Garland.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

Numberless are the ways in which happiness is sought; yet in how few, how very few is it found. Some look for it in the ball-room, in the halls of mirth, and in the gathering places of joy; and to obtain it men have sought out many inventions; but do they find it? disappointment answers, no.—Time has been spent, souls have been lost, lost forever, but happiness has not been found. There is a path in which it may be found, 'tis to do that which is right, right to man, and right to God.

Then what we have, however small it may be, let it be spent in accomplishing the great object of our creation,—doing good. Then may we hope to be happy ourselves, and well pleasing in the sight of Him who has made us, and knoweth our hearts altogether. ANANDA.

For the Garland.

I LOVE THE MEMORY OF THE PAST.

How many are the scenes, that lie hidden deep in the memory, that time with his ruthless hand can never, never obliterate; and sacred, too, they are. Though they sometimes come unbidden to the mind, I love them and I would not they were one the less. They come and bear me away from the present, and again I live in the past. Again I skip the dewy meads, and verdant lawns, away to school with merry companions I bend my way with heart of joy and carelessness. 'Twas then my hours were full of happiness. How swiftly those pleasant years have passed away. I love to look back upon

The Factory Girl's Garland.

THE GARLAND.

EXETER, FEBRUARY 15, 1844.

OUR PROSPECTS.

This is the 4th No. of our paper, and we hardly think any periodical ever started has met with better success, or been better received than our little sheet. We did not expect, in so short a time, to obtain the requisite number of subscribers to support our paper, yet we have received sufficient encouragement to satisfy ourselves that such a paper is needed, and hope to pursue such a course as shall meet the approbation and ensure the support of the Operatives of New England. We have a request to make of those who have subscribed, which is, that they will take their papers into the mills where they are employed, and obtain for us at least one subscriber, and hand the name to one of our agents, whose names will be found on the last page of the paper. This can be easily done, and will not all who are now patrons, endeavor to do so?

THE TEN HOUR SYSTEM.

The following petition is from Vox Populi, of the 2nd inst. The editor appends some judicious remarks, which we should be glad to insert, would our columns permit. We are heartily glad there is one paper in Lowell which fears not to speak out in favor of the Operatives; and we hope they will see to it that friend Varney receives their patronage. We had hoped that the "Lowell Offering" would prove a friend to those by whom it is pretended to be edited; but believe that instead of befriending them, it will prove an injury. There is no class of laboring persons however small who find so few public journals ready to speak in their favor, as the factory operatives. And it is a fact, that many of the papers who receive considerable support from that class, are more apt to censure than praise. We hope the factory operatives will ascertain who their true friends are, and lend their aid to the support of those papers who are ready to support them.

Here follows the petition, and we trust that the Operatives in every mill in Maine and New Hampshire, will petition the Legislatures of these two States for the passage of the same law.

To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in General Court convened.

WE whose names are hereto affixed, Operatives in the Manufactories, and other citizens of Lowell, having learned by painful experience and observation that weariness of body, lassitude of mind, neglect of many of the nobler duties of life, and a consequent disrelish for domestic, mental and moral pursuits,—together with a compensation illy proportioned, already to the task of the Operative, and being reduced in a fearful ratio,—are among the legitimate results of the present mode of operations in the manufacturing establishments in our midst, respectfully pray your Honorable Body so to modify all charters granted, within the limits of your jurisdiction, for protecting the rights, and regulating the duties of Manufacturing Corporations, as to forbid the running of machinery for the manufacture of yarn or cloth more than ten hours per day.

In view of the temptations to the abuse of authority, arising from partial monopoly of power, we earnestly petition that such protection as your Honorable Body can grant, may be as generously extended toward the employed as toward the employer, and trusting in the wisdom and benevolence of those who legislate for the people, we confidently ask, and shall ever continue our petition, that no charter may hereafter be given that shall allow labor to be executed for the above named purposes more than ten hours per day.

PIC-NIC.

We intend to make our paper a kind of Pic-nic. But as some of the dictionaries do not contain the word, we will explain it. Pic-nic means "an assembly where each person contributes to the entertainment." It was originally a cant word, and was applied to a supper or other meals, in which the entertainment is not provided by one alone, but each of the guests, furnishes his own dish.

In a pic-nic meal, one supplies the fish, another the cake, another the fruit &c. &c., and all sit down and enjoy it together. Its more general application, at this time, is to parties, who make up an entertainment for the fourth of July—or for an excursion to the sea-shore, to enjoy the pleasures and beauties of the sea and sea-side—and similar recreations. During the past year, we have seen large companies pass in the rail-road cars, who were going to enjoy the day, in a Pic-nic, at the junction of the two rail-roads, in South

them, and though I greet them with a smile. I love to contemplate them in soberness, and call to mind friends, with whom I have passed many happy hours of social bliss; such as have been friends in sunshine and in shade; within whose hearts no coldness dwelt, on whose brows no cloud was ever seen, but who, ere now, have gone to rest in silence. And besides it is a part of wisdom to commune with our hearts, and so talk with our past hours, that we may learn from them what they have borne to heaven, and if so be, they have told a tale of guilt, we may learn wisdom from the past, and mark our future lives with truth and bold uprightness.

ANNETTE.

We advise all our fair readers who have an idea of getting married, to preserve the following, and persuade their husbands to read, and remember it.

TO MAKE A GOOD WIFE UNHAPPY. The following is old but good: "See her as seldom as possible. If she is warm-hearted and cheerful in temper, or if, after a day's or week's absence, she meets you with a smiling face, and in an affectionate manner be sure to look coldly upon her, and answer her with monosyllables. If she force back her tears and is resolved to look cheerful, sit down and gaze in her presence till she is fully convinced of your indifference. Never think you have any thing to do to make her happy; but that her happiness is to flow from gratifying your caprices; and when she has done all a woman can do, be sure you do not appear gratified. Never take an interest in any of her pursuits, and if she asks your advice, make her feel that she is troublesome and impertinent. If she attempts to rally you good humoredly, on any of your peculiarities, never join in the laugh, but frown her into silence. If she has faults, (which without doubt she will have, and perhaps may be ignorant of,) never attempt with kindness to correct them, but continually obtrude upon her ears, 'what a good wife Mr Smith has.' 'How happy Mr Smith is with his wife.' 'That any man would be happy with such a wife.' In company never seem to know you have a wife; treat all her remarks with indifference, and be very affable and complaisant with every other lady. If you follow these directions, you may be certain of an obedient and heart-broken wife.

POLITENESS.

Politeness does not consist in laying down your knife and fork in a particular manner, nor yet in scalding your mouth by drinking out of a cup, to avoid the indecorum of cooling your tea or coffee in a saucer. There is an anecdote of George the Fourth, which conveys a better idea of politeness, than all that Chesterfield has written. While his majesty was yet prince of Wales, he honored a tea table with his presence, where there happened to be some young ladies not deeply versed in the code of etiquette. Those innocent creatures, in the simplicity of their hearts, never dreamed there was any dire enormity in pouring their tea into their saucers to cool; a titter ran around the table among the polite guests, but the prince observing it, and the occasion to relieve the embarrassments of the young ladies, he poured his own tea into his saucer. This is what may be called real politeness.

Constant occupation, prevents temptation and begets contentment.

Berwick, the border town of Maine. By the definition above given from Webster, you see the principles of it can be extended to social parties, assemblies, and many other things.

Now, while we invite our readers to partake of all we set before them, we also wish them to contribute to the entertainment. We solicit from them communications. If you will enjoy let others feast from your mental storehouses.—We prefer articles from factory girls to any other source.—Write on any subject. Write about your situation—the incidents in the life of a factory girl—advice to new comers—or any thing else you can:

The Garland is your paper—designed for your benefit—and at all times open for your improvement.

We notice that the "January Fashion" for Bonnets, is black velvet. We are glad of it, for no kind of bonnet looks half as well on a Lady in fall or winter, as one of black velvet.

PRESS ON.—Never despair; never be discouraged, however stormy the heavens, however dark the way, however great the difficulties, and repeated failures—PRESS ON.

"Life has no wretchedness equal to an unhappy marriage. It is the sepulchre of the heart, haunted by the ghost of past affections, and hopes forever gone by."

L. E. L.

MAN'S INCONSTANCY.

Write on the sand when the tide is low,
Seek the spot where the waters flow;
Whisper a name when the storm is heard,
Pause that the echo may catch the word.
If that you wrote on the sand should last,
If echo is heard 'mid the tempest's blast,
Then believe, and not till then,
That there is truth in the vows of men.

Throw a rose on the breeze at morn,
Watch at eve for the flower's return;
Drop in the ocean a golden grain,
Hope 'twill shine on the shore again;
If the rose you again behold,
If you gaze on your grain of gold,
Then believe, and not till then,
That there is truth in the vows of men.

THE SHEET ANCHOR is the title of a neatly printed and well edited paper, published semi-monthly, at Boston Mass. by JONATHAN HOWE; REV. CHARLES W. DENNISON, Editor. It is "devoted to the cause of Seamen—to Virtue—to Temperance—to Humanity—to Intelligence." Its Editor has done much to improve the condition of the Sailor, and we sincerely hope the "Sheet Anchor" will receive the patronage it so richly merits. Terms \$1 00 per year in advance.

From the Boston Bee.

REVERIES.

O! there are hours when the tried soul
Forgets its sorrows past,—its present cares—
And revels in the pure and beautiful;
When Fancy bears away our hearts, and Hope
Unfolds her wings and soars to Heaven's gates:
When golden memories of departed years,
And bright enjoyments of the present, join,
And mingle with our dreams of happiness,—
I love such dreamy hours: they are to me
Moments of heavenly bliss—of holy joy—
Of heart-felt poetry: they sweeten life,
And elevate the soul to nobler deeds
And loftier aspirations.

H. G.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the Boston Daily Bee.

"FACTORY GIRL'S GARLAND."—We have received the first three numbers of a neatly printed paper, bearing the above title, published at Exeter, N. H., semi-monthly, at 50 cents per annum, printed by J. L. Beckett. It is admirably conducted, to judge from the specimens before us, and we hope that every factory girl, and factory girl's friend, will contribute to its support.

From the Newburyport Watchtower.

We have received the first number of a neat little publication, entitled the FACTORY GIRL'S GARLAND, printed at Exeter, N. H., with p. ex. (please exchange) marked upon the wrapper. It is a very pretty affair, and although our number of exchanges is already too large, we most willingly enter this upon "our list of friends." The Factory girls! who does not rejoice at every effort made to alleviate their toils, and to sweeten the chalice of bitterness which too many of them are compelled to taste.

The Factory Girl's Garland.

Selections.

[FOR A LADY'S SCRAP BOOK.]

THE HEART—THE HEART.

The heart—the heart! oh! let it be
A true and bounteous thing;
As kindly warm, as nobly free,
As eagle's nestling wing.
Oh! keep it not, like miser's gold,
Shut in from all beside;
But let its precious stores unfold,
In mercy far and wide.
The heart—the heart, that's truly blest,
Is never all its own;
No ray of glory lights the breast,
That beats for self alone.

The heart—the heart! oh! let it spare
A sigh for other's pain;
The breath that soothes a brother's care
Is never spent in vain.
And though it throbs at gentlest touch,
Or Sorrow's faintest call,
'Twere better it should ache too much,
Than never ache at all.
The heart—the heart, that's truly blest,
Is never all its own;
No ray of glory lights the breast,
That beats for self alone.

A late writer has truly and forcibly said, in reference to the holy union of the sexes, "It is a fearful sight to see a young, confiding girl, approach the altar with one who loves to linger around the wine cup. He may pass unscathed through the fiery ordeal, and the bright hopes of the bride may ripen into fruition. But, fair reader, let not the splendors of wealth, nor the allurements of pleasure, nor the promised triumphs of ambition, tempt you to a risk so fraught with danger to all you hold dear.—Honest industry, joined with temperance, may carve a fortune, and all that ambition should covet; but wealth, talents and fame can never gild the drunkard's home, nor soothe the sorrows of a drunkard's wife."

CULTIVATION OF THE AFFECTIONS.—We hear a great deal of the cultivation of the intellect—little of the cultivation of the affections. The latter is as important as the former; indeed, if we regard the substantial happiness of man, it is more so. We praise those who are great; too little praise is bestowed upon those who are only good; for, in fact, goodness alone is truly worthy of exalted commendation.

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.—What a foolish notion this is, that when we arrive at a certain age, we are to stop learning; so that if our advantages in youth have been less than we could wish, it is a loss never to be repaired. The truth is, it is never too late to learn, so long as we are above ground. Some of the most brilliant geniuses that have shone upon the world, have commenced their education at thirty.

LADIES AT WORK.—Young ladies miss a figure when they blush and make a dozen apologies to their male acquaintances, who happen to find them at the tub with a check apron on, and their sleeves rolled up. Cobbett fell in love with his wife when in this interesting condition—and no woman was of more service to a man. Real men—men of sterling principle—are always pleased to see their female acquaintances at work. Then never blush, never apologise, if found in your homespun attire, stirring coffee, washing the hearth, or rinsing clothes. It should be your pride and glory to labor; for industrious habits are certainly the best recommendation you can bring to worthy young men who are seeking wives. Those who would sneer

at these habits, you may depend upon it, will make poor companions, for they are miserable fools and consummate blockheads.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Let a man of standing and influence commit a fault, and how soon it is overlooked. If he is wealthy, the improprieties of his conduct are considered no reproach, and he is as much honored and caressed as ever. Let a poor man be half as guilty and he is condemned and despised, and it is next to an impossibility to retrieve his character. Such is the course of the world.

THE HUSBAND AND HIS WIFE.

[From Godey's Lady's Book for January.]

As when the mission dove of old
Skimmed with slow flight the spreading main,
And ne'er his weary wings could fold,
Till welcomed in the ark again;
So tossed upon the rougher waves,
Of human passion's restless sea,
No haven to my soul they gave,
Till my worn heart found rest with thee.

Like to the fruit all gilded o'er,
Which turns to dust within the hand,
Or like the lake which flies before
The traveller on the desert sand,
The pleasures which my wild youth sought,
Proved but a bitter cup to me,
Yet sweet the lesson which has taught
My weary heart to rest with thee.

And now, when worn with daily care,
With vexing strife for fame or gold,
The fierce encounters men must bear,
Which make the warmest heart grow cold,
Thy voice, thine eye hath magic power,
From their dark spells to set me free;
And glad I hail the tranquil hour
When my worn heart finds rest with thee.

CRAZY PEOPLE.—Miss Dix, the philanthropist, states that among the hundreds of crazy people, with whom her sacred mission has brought her into companionship, she has not found one individual however fierce and turbulent, that could not be calmed by Scripture and prayer, uttered in a low and gentle tone. The power of religious sentiments over these shattered souls seems miraculous. The worship of a quiet, loving heart affects them like a voice from Heaven. Tearing and rending, yelping and stamping, singing and groaning, gradually subside into silence, and they fall on their knees, or gaze upward with clasped hands, as if they saw through the opening darkness a golden gleam from their Father's Throne of Love.

A MISS, MISS-KISSED.—An amusing incident (says the Washington Standard) occurred with a friend of ours the other day. He was expecting his mother in the evening cars from Baltimore, and like a good son repaired to the depot to meet her. It was a dark day, and by the time the cars arrived there was no such thing as distinguishing the faces of passengers. As he entered one of the cars, a lady seated in a corner addressed him as "Father"—the voice was his mother's and the title one which she always gave him while at his house and among his children—so, without hesitation, he threw his arms around the lady's neck and kissed her. Just then a gentleman pushed him gently aside, and went thro' the same ceremony. This was very strange, he thought, a man kissing his mother!

Hardly had the thought passed his mind when his veritable mother came forward and kissed him. Very much embarrassed he turned to the gentleman, "Sir, I have made an egregious blunder; but whose pardon shall I ask, yours or the lady's?"—The meek reply was, "thee had better ask the lady's pardon, though I don't know which had the best of the bargain, thee or my daughter."

We hold this truth to be self-evident, that the man who makes it his business and his delight

To brush a wrinkle from the brow of care,
And plant a heartfelt smile of pleasure there,
is more entitled to the enviable wreath of immortality, than the despot who, at the expense of seas of blood, makes kings and kingdoms subservient to his will. But we can never look for a moment at

a sour, long, vinegar-visaged misanthrope without immediately becoming infected with the blues.—Nine times in ten you will find such a person bearing a stronger resemblance to a dressed skeleton, than to a breathing lump of skin and bones; his drink is vinegar; his food, sour crout and pickled cucumber, sprinkled over with tartaric acid; and his bed a nest of thistles. He is a torment to himself, and to every one about him; his house is deserted, because he is universally despised, and wherever he goes he is an unwelcome guest.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

OUR PAPER.

Several individuals have wished, that a periodical of this kind be commenced, and will exert themselves that it be sustained. Mr. A. R. BROWN has taken the pecuniary responsibility of its publication. His name appears in this number as Publisher and Proprietor: and from his known integrity and facilities for carrying forward an enterprise of this character, subscribers may confidently expect, that each succeeding number will be forthcoming—without fail.

We should not here name these facts, but to settle it with all, that this paper is permanently established for all that time for which advance payment is received.

The editor will devote a large portion of his time to the paper, and expects to visit many of the Mills for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions, and obtaining information. He sincerely hopes that the Agents and Overseers will render him assistance, so far as it may be consistent with their various duties.

ADVANCE PAY.

When the prospectus and first No. of this paper were issued we designed to have payment from subscribers in advance, as all papers should. But to this course we found serious obstacles. Individuals had been prowling through the country obtaining subscriptions and advance pay for periodicals, with which they had no connection, and thus begat a distrust in the community of all persons soliciting subscriptions and requiring payment in advance. We have therefore, given our Agents directions not to demand payment in advance, unless any individuals feel inclined so to pay, and if they do we will be much obliged to them. We shall expect payment for the first six months, at the end of that time, and we would like it then for the whole of the year.

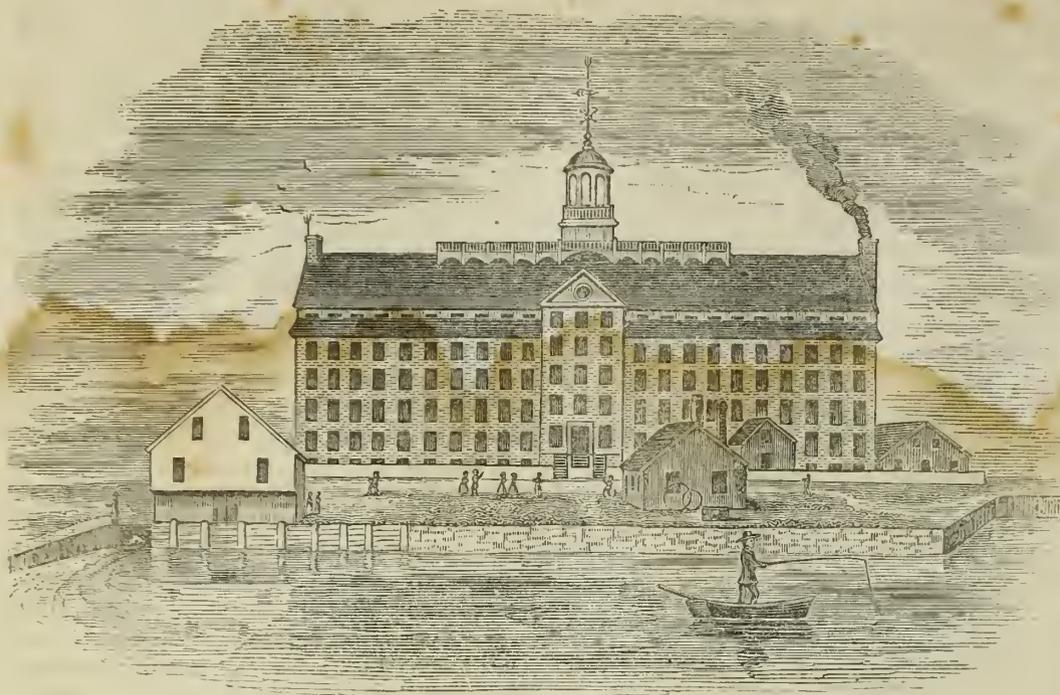
RECEIPTS.

With this number we commence giving receipts for this paper. We shall hereafter receipt as soon as the money is received. Agents who take pay will forward it to us within 15 days of the time, they receive it, and if it is not receipted in the paper within 30 days from the time it is paid, the subscriber will write us by mail, informing to whom and when it was paid at our expense. We are thus cautious, on account of the impositions that have been practised upon other papers—and to satisfy fully all our subscribers.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Exeter.—M. E. Gilman, L. M. Crummit, E. B. Palmer, M. J. Allen, M. E. Hanson, E. M. Bryant, E. M. Pollard, S. Haynes, S. Newell, E. B. Philbrick, N. Allen, D. Y. Pray, L. A. Wiggin, R. Colbath, J. F. Pierce, 25 cts each.
Dover.—M. A. Lovejoy, H. Nason, 25 cts each.
Great Falls.—L. Pike, E. Donover, 25 cts each.
Epping.—S. J. Prescott, 50 cts.
Nashua & Nashville.—D. A. Warner, L. Campbell, G. A. Johnson, Sarah Rittenbush, P. W. Noyes, E. Lund 25 cts. each; J. Carlton, Asa Farmer 12 1-2 cts.
Mass. Newbury Port.—L. J. Todd, E. Burnham, M. Pease, M. Walker, 25 cts each.
Amesbury Mills.—O. Grant, R. Bartlett, S. A. Brown, E. M. Follansbee, 25 cts each.
Maine. Saccarappa.—G. W. Partridge, 25 cts. M. J. Emery 50 cts.

The Factory Girl's Garland.



THE FACTORY AT EXETER, N. H.

This mill went into operation in the fall of the year 1828, and about the same time the destruction of one at Saco threw out of employ the whole of its operatives, most of whom came to this place.— Never shall we forget the anxiety evinced by the young men, when it was known that a hundred at least, of the "fair maidens" from "down east," were to take up their abode in our village; and when the stages which bore the fair strangers, drove through the streets, every eye was strained to catch a glimpse of them. Curiosity was not entirely confined to the young men, but the young ladies seemed anxious to know who were to be their competitors in the race for husbands. And as they walked through the streets on the day after their arrival, it must be confessed that there was no little staring among the young of both sexes. And there were, it is true, many lovely girls among them. It seems now that we can remember many of their smiling faces. They were, for a time, the life of the village. But alas! none of them now remain here;—an entire change has come over the Mill, and of all the overseers and girls, who started its machinery, not a single one of them are here now. And where are they?—MARRIED—DEAD.— These two words comprise the whole, except perhaps, a very few, who may be enjoying a state of "single blessedness."—We remember a number, whose fates have been as different as different could be. There was Ruth S—, a bright-eyed, high-spirited, whole-hearted girl, whose merry laugh would resound across the water, was married—her husband was a drunkard, and hurried her to an early grave. There was Lucy P—, Sarah H—, and Caroline S—, and many others whom we have almost forgotten; but their places are now filled by others, who, in their turn, will leave for different, and probably, some of them for less happy situations than they now enjoy. Yet thus it is, and ever will be; though places and scenes may remain the same, the actors are, and ever will be, continually changing.

STATISTICS.

The number of Females employed is about 200; number of males 40; Yards of cloth made per week 28,000; Bales of cotton used per week 25; Tons of coal used per year 250; gallons of oil used per year 1300; Cords of Wood per year 100. The amount of the pay roll for wages per month is about \$4000.

The wages in the card-room are \$1,25 and 1,33 per week. In the spin-room the average of wages is from \$1,50 to 2,25 per week. In the weave-room from \$1,75 to 2,50. The dressers make from \$2,00 to 3,50 per week, and warpers from \$1,50 to \$2,50, exclusive of board.

The capital stock of the Company is 162,500.— Their mill is 180 feet in length, 50 in width, and seven stories high including the basement and attic; and contains 5120 spindles, and 175 looms.

The beautiful location of the mill, and the healthiness of the place, renders it one of the pleasantest situations in New England for the operatives. The girls are not compelled to board in the houses belonging to the company, but are allowed the privilege of boarding where they please, "within five minutes walk of the mill."

The rooms in this mill have ever had, and have at the present time, as good overseers, probably as can be found in any Factory in New England.

There are but very few ever employed in the mill under 16 years of age; and there is not any who are unable to read or write. Two weeks notice of an intention to leave is always required by the overseers.

Good Advice.—Shut your eyes to the faults of your neighbors, and open them very wide to your own.

When you encounter a young, pretty, accomplished and modest-looking *coquette*, look to yourself and fly. You will be thawed, melted, annihilated before you know what you are about. If you look twice, you are lost. There should be a law against them. They should be indicted and punished—sweet thieves—beautiful highwaymen! Lovely swindlers!

From the Rural Repository. BE THOU MY FRIEND!

BY A. A. FORBES.

Friendship they say is false and vain,
As evanescent as the dew,
And changing as the autumn's wind—
That faithful friends are scarce and few—
That when the heavens are smiling o'er us,
And peace and happiness are ours,
When Hope illumines the path before us,
And pleasure strews that path with flowers,
Then friends in crowds will flock around;
But when misfortune's winds are sighing,
And clouds and storms above us gather,
When Hope within our hearts is dying,
Then friends are no where to be found,
Swift as the winds away they flee!
Before the blasts of misery!

It is not so! though wealth may take
The eagle's wings and soar away,
Though sickness waste the bloom of health,
True friendship never will forsake us—
True friendship never will decay;
Though sorrow's tempests overtake us,
And darkness dims hope's brightest ray,
True friendship triumphs over ail;
And we feel not the bitterness,
The pains, the anguish and distress,
Which those must feel who never knew,
That friendship which is ever true.

Lady! though scarcely known to thee,
Thy friendship I would gladly claim,
'T would cheer life's weary pilgrimage
To know that thou wouldst be the same
Unchanging friend in weal or wo,
In sorrow or prosperity—
Whether misfortune's breezes blow,
Or favoring fortune prospers me,
Be thou my friend and I'll be thine,
Long as the sun of life shall shine,
And when this transient life shall end,
In brighter worlds I'll be thy friend—
Where grief preys not upon the heart
And friends shall never, never part.

PERSONS wishing to subscribe for the GARLAND, should be sure to subscribe to a regularly appointed, authorized Agent, whose name is found published in this paper.

AGENTS.

- MAINE.
South Berwick—J. Colcord, Esq.
Kennebunk—Charles Dresser.
Saco—Amos B. Keith, No. 25 Factory Island.
Miss Ann M. Gordon, No. 83 do.
Saccarappa—T. B. Edwards.
- NEW HAMPSHIRE.
New Market—N. H. Harvey, 47, Main street, and Mr. FRENCH, at Smith and Furber's Variety Store.
Dover—E. Wadleigh, No. 4 Marston's New Block.
Great Falls—J. A. Smilie.
Pittsfield—E. C. Drew.
Meredith Bridge—Oscar G. Swasey.
Meredith Lake Village—Wm. Odell.
Gilmanton Factory Village—Josiah F. Evans.
Nashua & Nashvile—Lamon Dale, and at Andrew E. Thayer's Book Store, Main Street Nashua.
- MASSACHUSETTS.
Newburyport—H. T. Crofoot, No. 3, Pleasant street.
Amesbury.—D. Nason.

NEW GOODS.

JUST received by the subscriber a new and splendid assortment of J SILVER WARE—JEWELRY—PERFUMERY, & FANCY GOODS. being the best assortment ever before offered to this public, consisting in part of Silver, Tea, Table, Sugar and Mustard Spoons—Emerald, Topaz, Garnet, plain and chased Fine Gold Rings—Fine Gold Knobs & Drops, Cluster, Cameo, Mourning, Plain and Common Breast Pins—Gold and Silver Pencil Cases, Gold Necklaces & Chains, Gold & Plated Miniature Settings, Cases, &c. &c.—Also, all kinds of Shell and Horn back, side & dressing Combs, Tooth Brushes, & Tooth Powders; all kinds of Cologne, Lavender and Florida Water, Milk of Roses and Cream of Lilies; also, all kinds of Hair Oils, Balm of Columbia, and pure Ox Marrow for the growth and beauty of the Hair, together with all kinds of Goods usually kept in a Jewelry and Fancy Goods Store. The above Goods are of the first quality and warranted, and will be sold as low as can be bought elsewhere. Ladies call and see.
D. M. QUIMBY,
February 1, 1844. 21 Water street.

Newburyport, Amesbury & Exeter. MAIL STAGE!!

LEAVES Newburyport for Amesbury, Kensington, and Exeter every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, on the arrival of the 7:15 o'clock train from Boston, and arrives in Exeter in season to take the cars for Newmarket, Darham and Dover, and the stage for Stratham, Greenland and Portsmouth.
Leaves Exeter Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, on the arrival of the first train of cars from Portland, and the stage from Portsmouth, passing through the above named towns, and arrives in Newburyport in season to take the cars for Ipswich, Salem and Boston.
Fare from Newburyport to Exeter, 50 cents, to Dover 1,12 1-2. Cocks kept at the Washington House and the Merrimack House Newburyport—and at the Swamscot House Exeter.
WILLIAM BADGER, Driver.

C. J. Tuttle
Oct. 12, 1909
H
4 nos.

THE FACTORY GIRL'S GARLAND.

Published at Exeter, N. H. on the 1st and 15th of every month, at 50 cents per annum, payable half yearly in advance

VOLUME I.

MARCH, 1, 1844.

NUMBER 5.

A. R. BROWN, Publisher and Proprietor

To whom all communications should be addressed, post paid or free.

Office at No. 15 Water st.—J. L. BECKETT, Printer.

Post masters are authorized by law to frank letters containing money when requested.

Selected for a Lady's Album.

An Album's a picture of life's earliest morning,
Where nothing debasing should ever be traced.

FORGET ME NOT.

"Though many a joy around you smile,
And many a faithful friend you meet,
And love to cheer life's dreary way,
And turn the bitter cup to sweet,
Let memory sometimes heat thee back
To other days almost forgot,
And when you think of other friends
That love thee well, *Forget me not.*"

Written for the Garland.

"TOO MUCH IN A HURRY."

A SHORT BUT TRUE STORY.

It is an acknowledged fact that most, if not all persons in this world are *too much in a hurry*. Yet in all their transactions they hurry none so fast as GETTING MARRIED. Two-thirds at least, of those who enter the married state, rush into it without once taking thought of the cares, anxieties and disappointments which are sure to accompany it. Either they have not taken sufficient pains to educate themselves, or have been carried away by their own imagination, regardless of every thing except obtaining a husband.

Such an one was my friend NANCY S——. She was a bright, beautiful creature, not far from nineteen years of age; the youngest, and consequently the *petted one* of the whole family. She had been about a year in one of the Mills on the Corporation in Lowell, and though apparently well contented, was ever on the race for a husband. If she attended a ball or party, it seemed to be the only wish of her heart that she should there meet some one who would be sufficiently captivated, either by her personal beauty or pleasing conversation, to make her a proposal of marriage. There was one circumstance which rendered her single situation more irksome, perhaps, than it would otherwise have been; all her sisters were married, and pleasantly situated, and neither of them had reached her own age before marriage.

For about a year she had been on the watch for a husband. At first she would have been unwilling to wed one she could not love; but after a short period came to the conclusion to take one whom she could respect, provided no blemish should attach to his character. But a year had passed, and neither of these two had made their appearance.

One evening she attended a party given by a friend, where she met a young gentleman about her own age, who was particularly attentive to her, and begged permission, which was readily granted, to visit her home. He visited her a few evenings,

and made her a proposal of marriage, which she accepted, without consulting her friends as to the propriety or impropriety of the measure. Her mother was surprised when informed that she was so soon to be married, and inquired if she knew any thing of the character of Mr. Leyden. "Why I think he is a clever man, and am sure he looks pleasant." And on the strength of these qualifications she accepted and married him. He proved, however, to be entirely a different man from what she thought, and his looks deceived her.

She had been married but a few months, when she ascertained that her husband was a drunkard, and preferred the tavern, and the company of tipplers, to his own home. She had never, till now, known aught of sorrow, and her proud spirit writhed beneath the disgrace to which she feared she should be subjected. For two years she remained with her husband—years of almost unceasing suffering; and when all hope of his reformation had vanished, she left him, and placing her young child under the care of her mother, returned to her former situation in the mill, with her spirit broken and health impaired. She oft repeats her story to her young friends, always cautioning them, when speaking of marriage, not to be, as she has been, "TOO MUCH IN A HURRY."

—o—

For the Garland.

FLORA;

OR, THE HAPLESS MAIDEN.

Mr Thompson, the father of Flora, lived in the eastern part of Maine, but for the benefit of his health moved into the interior. Young Flora thought it cruel to take her from her little friends and schoolmates, and carry her among strangers.— They however moved to a large town, where she had the privilege of a good school, and an opportunity of deliberately choosing new friends and acquaintances. Flora had an amiable disposition, naturally, and the sweetness of her temper grew with her growth. She loved her brothers (of whom she had several)—but her love for Edwin, her second brother, seemed to be greater than for the rest. Their love was mutual. They resembled each other in features, but their dispositions were more alike than their faces.

A few years after Mr Thompson had settled in —, a family by the name of Turner moved into the neighborhood. The eldest son, Llewellyn, was a youth of eighteen, and an excellent young man. His figure was tall and manly, his hair auburn, and lay smoothly upon his snow-white forehead—a graceful smile played around his lips, that would have adorned the face of female beauty; his eye blue and expressive, and in short his whole countenance a fair index of his noble soul. He attended the same school with Flora and her brothers, and soon became familiar with the Thompsons, and particularly attached to Edwin. He beheld with admiration the winning graces of the fond and confiding sister. He was soon the intimate friend

of Edwin, and need we say the chosen one of Flora Thompson—it was even so.

Cupid had wound his silken cords around their hearts, ere they seemed aware of his approach.— But "the course of true love never yet ran smooth." For a while they might have been seen walking together, on the pleasant moonlight evenings of summer, or sitting in some sequestered place. Of this pleasure they were soon deprived. Llewellyn's health failed him, he could not expose himself to the evening air, and finally was obliged to visit the sea-shore to try the effect of salt water, and inhale the sea breezes. He returned in a few months apparently in good health, hoping soon to be wedded to her whose heart had long been his own. Many and happy were the hours they passed together during the winter. The spring advanced; but little did they dream the summer would pass ere they should be separated. It has been said that death loves a shining mark; nor could he have culled a brighter one than the lovely Llewellyn. In the month of May they walked together for the last time. Llewellyn felt that he had not long to remain on earth, and spoke of his premonitions to Flora. She was deeply affected. He supported her trembling frame in his arms, and imprinted a kiss upon her pale cheek.

Llewellyn left home at the end of the month to spend the summer, and in three weeks was brought back a corpse. When the news reached Flora, she fainted. At his funeral she appeared calm, but when she came to take the last look of her beloved Llewellyn, sobs came forth in spite of all her efforts to suppress them. Is it fancy, or do I really see the almost broken-hearted Flora stand bending over the lifeless form of her heart's delight? her tears fast falling upon his cold pale face? The grave has hid him from her sight. Though many months have passed, she still cherishes his memory, and when she looks on his miniature, she indulges in the melancholy train of feelings it calls to mind.

She thinks of days and months now gone and past
When social love did all their minds employ
Such seasons then she e'en could wish might last,
And nought forever interrupt her joy.

But Ah! the scene is changed; those pleasing days
Are passed and can no more return,
Deep sorrow on her broken spirit preys,
While she the loss of one beloved does mourn.

The voice's now hushed in silence and in death,
That once in music's sweet broke on her ear,
Silent forever that melodious breath,
And that sweet voice no more on earth she'll hear.

She appears at times, cheerful—but there is a blight in her heart. She would be without comfort in the world did she not hope to meet him in a brighter world than this. How true it is that

"If in our hearts we cherish
Some tender object there,
'Tis doomed the first to perish
However bright and fair."

FLORILLA.

Exeter, Feb. 1844.

—o—

Speak nothing but what may benefit others, or yourself. Avoid trifling conversation.

The Factory Girl's Garland.

Extracts:

"One of the chief sources from which woman derives her happiness, is the gratification of those tender sensibilities with which she is endowed by nature. Her love, once placed on an object, is as immovable as the insect which grows upon the rock, and dies in its struggle to maintain its hold. It is this tendency, deep and true, of woman's heart, to place her happiness in the inner world of sentiment and feeling, which makes the religion of the Savior so necessary to her enjoyment, as well as improvement. Her duties require that she should cultivate a pious spirit. The excellencies of her character cannot be developed without this holy influence. The beauty of her person, even, is very greatly dependant on the cultivation of her religious sensibilities. MRS. HALE.

"It is in life as in the winding of a skein of silk; the thread now reels off smoothly, and anon is full of knots and tangles, which fret the temper, and weary out the patience.

"Every youthful heart, which in its first flush of hope would clasp the world to its bosom, finds that it clasps a cold mailed body—and when it has run its gauntlet, turns and asks what is good. "Our forms," says the world, and for the sake of peace it consents, to them, leaving new notions to those who come after."

"Those women who are the most delicately organized, are the most averse to inflicting pains.—Pity is but a sensitiveness created by an imaginary change of situations, and the more powerful the imagination, the more powerful the sense. Persons who are ticklish themselves, will not tickle others; but those who cannot imagine this convulsed tintillation of the nervous system, find great amusement in pointing their fingers at those who are sensitive."

"How universally anxious are mankind to snatch an intimation of the future out of the passing facts of the present; and how often willing that chance should decide matters, when reason and judgment are wavering.

"Those only are certain of success, who laying aside all the restraints of pride and prejudice will stoop to plant, ere they climb to reach the fruits."

The less notice we take of the unkindness and injuries, that are done us, the more we consult the quiet of our minds.

Let us take great care we do not concern and busy ourselves too much with what others say and do, and that we let it not too much into our minds, for it is a great cause and source of disturbance.

Good-humor is the clear blue sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in his passage. 'Tis the most exquisite beauty of a fine face—a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like the green in a landscape, harmonizing with every color, mellowing the glories of the bright, and softening the hue of the dark.

THE GARLAND.

EXETER, MARCH 1, 1844.

There has been quite an excitement among the operatives in Methuen. A young lady had called for the purpose of seeing some friends who worked in one of the rooms, and was ordered out by a watchman. She left the room, and her friends with her, and on going out met the overseer, who gave the visitor permission to return again to the room. The overseer went out, and the ruffianly watchman, though repeatedly informed that she had the permission of the overseer, seized the girl, and pushed her out of doors, knocking down the two others, who had taken hold of her to prevent her falling. The girls employed in the room went immediately to the Agent, with a request that the watchman be discharged, as they were unwilling to return to work unless some assurance was given that they would not be subject to like treatment. The agent would not discharge the watchman, and the girls left. Their wages were refused by the Agent, and they employed a lawyer to collect them, by bringing suits against the Company. The agent, finding that the girls had too much independence and good sense to be imposed upon, concluded to settle with them. A prosecution was then commenced against Strickland, the watchman, for an assault, and his trial was to take place last Saturday. We hope he will be made to feel that though a watchman in a mill may have duties to perform, there are laws which will protect females from their brutal assaults.

How little attention is paid to the study of mankind and how very little is learned from observation. Though the study of books is of incalculable advantage, yet how much more would mankind be profited if they would study each other—learn from observation, and be warned of the danger of following bad examples by the fate of those who have been the victims of their own folly. What a vast amount of sorrow would be prevented? What an age of crime would be saved? Let us then study the character of those with whom we associate, and endeavor, from our observation of others, to benefit ourselves.

LOWELL. We paid a visit to this city the last week, for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions, and making arrangements for introducing our paper, and were highly gratified with our visit. We were admitted into the Carpet Factory, and shown some fine specimens of carpeting, and a number of beautiful rugs, manufactured at this establishment. This company are about to dispense with their hand looms, and introduce power-looms. The manner of weaving carpets always seemed mysterious to us, and we are not now sufficiently enlightened to explain it to our readers.—We also visited the Print Works and some of the cotton Mills on the Hamilton, and some of the Mills on the Boott and Massachusetts Corporations. The Mills in Lowell are now all running, and another of a large size, is to be erected the coming season.

An exchange paper says,—"Young ladies who read the newspapers, are always observed to possess winning ways, most amiable dispositions, and invariably make good housewives.

A great grumbler grumbles at every person save one, and that one happens to deserve it most—it is himself.

There is much truth in the following, which we find in one of our exchanges:—"Children when young tread on the toes of their parents; when old on their hearts."

THE FLOWER VASE, containing the Language of Flowers and their Poetic Sentiments; by MISS S. C. EDGERTON. Lowell: Powers & Bagley; Boston: B. B. Mussey.

This is one of the most beautiful little works we have ever seen. The sentiments are from the pens of some of our best poets, and are mostly original. The botanic name and classification of the flowers are given. It is printed in Dickinson's best style, and should be in the hands of every young lady.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the *Middlesex Wasingtonian*, published at Lowell, Mass.

THE FACTORY GIRL'S GARLAND. We have received the first three numbers of a semi-monthly sheet, with the above title; published at Exeter, N. H., at 50 cents per annum, payable half yearly in advance. It is devoted to the interest of female operatives and the promulgation of virtuous principles and sound morals. Its editorials are well written, and its selections in good taste. We heartily commend it to the attention of that class to whose interest it is particularly devoted, and to the ladies in general.

From the *Gleaner*, published at Manchester, N. H.

THE FACTORY GIRL'S GARLAND.—This is the title of a neat little semi-monthly paper published at Exeter, N. H., by Mr. Brown.—Terms 50 cents. This paper we would recommend to the operatives as worthy of patronage—it advocates the interests of the laborer and is a champion in the cause of Equal Rights. We are pleased to learn that Mr. Dearborn, the agent who has recently visited this place, has obtained nearly one hundred subscribers. Success to all such noble enterprises.

From the *Visitor*, published at Dover, N. H.

THE "FACTORY GIRL'S GARLAND," is the name of a small sized semi-monthly sheet, published at Exeter, N. H., at 50 cents per annum, J. L. Peckett, Printer. Although a small sheet it contains much good reading. We wish it success.

From the *Operative*, published at Manchester, N. H.

We have received two or three numbers of the Factory Girl's Garland, a small sheet published at Exeter, N. H. May it subserve the cause of the laborer.

From the *O'ire Branch*, published at Boston, Mass.

THE FACTORY GIRL'S GARLAND. A small sized semi-monthly sheet, with this title, is published at Exeter, N. H. J. L. Beckett Printer, at 50 cents per year. It appears well, and we hope it will live.

BEAUTY IS VAIN.

Seek for beauty if thou wilt,

But mark the quality: not that which shines
From human face divine, and gains applause
From gaping stagers—that which fools admire,
And seek no other—but that higher kind
Which earth not only approbates, but heaven;
Pure, bright, celestial! Beauty of the soul—
BEAUTY OF HOLINESS! J. G. ADAMS.

THE LOWELL FACTORIES.

We gather the following statistical information from the New York Tribune. It will be observed that the editor, though a particular friend of Corporations, thinks the average hours of labor too much; and, in this respect the condition of the operatives might be improved. We think so too, and hope the day is not far distant when such an improvement will take place.

"There are eleven regular Manufacturing Companies in Lowell, including the 'Locks and Canals,' or water-privilege Company, which was created in 1792, but did not commence operations till 1822, which may be regarded as the year of the foundation of Lowell. Before that time, it was a rugged, rocky, barren spot, inhabited by two or three families of boatmen and fishermen, and not worth ten dollars per acre, including every thing upon it. The Merrimack Company commenced business the next year, and no other until the Tariff of 1824 was passed. In 1825, the Hamilton Company started; in 1828, the Appleton and Lowell; in 1830, the Middlesex; in 1832, the Suffolk and Tremont; in 1833, the Lawrence; in 1836 the Boott, and in 1840, the Massachusetts, being the last. These eleven companies employ an aggregate capital of \$10,700,000, employing 6,295 females and 2,345 males.

The ten principal Manufactories already designated, have 33 Mills, beside print works, run 6,194 Looms, and 201,076 Spindles, producing 1,425,800 yards of Cloth per week, or 74,141,600 within the year 1843. The Cotton fabricated by them during the year was 22,880,000 lbs. (A pound of Cotton will average 3 1-5 yards of Cloth; 100 pounds of Cotton will make 89 lbs. of Cloth.) A loom will average, on No. 14 yarn 44 yards of Cloth per day;

The Factory Girl's Garland.

or No. 30, 30 yards. Of printed Cloths, 273,000 yards per week are made by the Merrimack and Hamilton Companies. The Middlesex makes 9,000 yards of Cassimeres, 1,800 of Broadcloths per week, using 1,000,000 pounds of Wool and 3,000,000 lbs. Teasels per annum. The Lowell makes 2,500 yards of Carpets, and 150 of Rugs per week, beside 85,000 of Cottons. Flannels are made at the Hamilton, Sheetings and Shirtings at nearly all, with Drillings, Printing Cloths, &c. at several.

"The average wages paid to the females, young and old, experienced and inexperienced, is \$1.75 per week beyond the cost of board; to Males, \$4.20 per week, or about \$18 per month beyond the cost of their board. The payments are all made in cash, amounting to \$150,000 per month. We challenge the wide world to produce, out of the Manufacturing Districts of our own Country, a region wherein Female Labor is so bounteously employed and is paid at an average of \$7.50 per month beyond the cost of board. And we challenge this or any other country to produce a section in which Women who work for their living are more intelligent, better educated, more virtuous, more religious and independent than those employed in the Lowell Manufactories. There have been most shameful slanders circulated with regard to them which ought to be put down. In the infancy of these establishments some females of bad character obtained employment there, through deception; but these were speedily detected and expelled; and now, if one of bad character is discovered there, she is required to leave directly, as the others will not endure the association of vice. No where is there a more correct and vigorous moral sentiment than among these industrious and independent Women.

"As to the alleged hardship of factory labor, we have no doubt that its condition might be improved. We believe the average hours of labor are 12-12 per day, which is too much for an employment which is pursued the year round. It does not allow time enough for reading, study, attending lectures, and other means of moral and intellectual improvement. But, on the other hand, it must be considered that the labor is very light; that many pursue it for hours together with an open book before them, reading half the time; and that all greatly prefer it to any other field of industry. You can hardly induce an American girl at the Eastward to do housework for her own family or for the sick; the large majority would prefer working in a factory for one dollar and fifty cents per week to doing housework for \$2.00. And the establishment of manufactories has to our certain knowledge, more than doubled the average recompense accorded to Female Labor throughout the Manufacturing region, while greatly reducing the price of everything a woman buys. Beside this, the treatment of females who do housework has greatly improved since the factories were started.—No woman of sense or spirit will now submit to humiliations which were common there twenty years ago, (and which are common here now,) because she knows where she may at any time go to avoid them.

The American factory girl is generally the daughter of a farmer, has had a common education at the district school, and has gone into the factory for a few seasons to acquire a little something for a

start in life. She spends some weeks or months of every year under her father's roof, and generally marries and settles in its vicinity. Many attend Lectures and evening schools after the day's work is over, and of the six thousand, more than half regularly occupy and pay for seats in the numerous Churches of Lowell. No where is the Sabbath better observed, or the proportion of habitual churchgoers greater than in that thriving city, hardly any where is temperance more general, or are violations of the law less frequent. Six out of ten of the Females and a full half of the Males enjoy better health in the Mills than they did before coming there.

"Six of the Mills are warmed by steam, only two by hot air, and three by steam and hot air together. The annual consumption of Wood there is 3,290 cords; of Anthracite Coal, 12,500 tons; of Oil, 67,856 gallons; 600,000 bushels of Charcoal were used in 1843, and 4,000 barrels of Flour for Starch alone. The Locks and Canals Company use 1,225 tons of Iron per annum; will put up and furnish a factory of 5,000 spindles complete in four months, and employ when building, 1,000 to 1,200 workmen.

"Such are some of the statistics of the chief manufacturing town in America. As a specimen of regulated, systemized, well-directed Industry, it is worthy of study.

We rejoice in being able to state that the working men and women of Lowell have very large and general deposits in the Savings Bank of that place, and that they are becoming large owners of Stocks in the Corporation for which they work.—In one already to the extent of \$100,000, in another to the amount of \$60,000, &c. &c.

AMERICAN FIRESIDES.

I love to be called an American. I love to speak of her independence, her resources, and her public institutions; her lofty eminence in literature, her greatness, and her ascendant glory; but more than these, I love to speak of her social attributes, her home characteristics, and her fireside endearments. The last of these I ever contemplate with the greatest pleasure. They are hallowed in my own memory by a thousand happy associations. Our American firesides are all our own; there is nothing like them to be found elsewhere. They are the peculiar boon of every family, be their condition what it may. To the poor they are especially so. The happiness they there enjoy with their own families and friends, animates their labors during the day, and makes every toil seem lighter.

Will the reader in imagination visit older countries than ours—reflect on the condition of kings in their palaces, and of nobles in their castles—study domestic character under every variety of circumstance; yet then must the eye be turned to our own land for the happiest pictures of all earthly pleasures, the circles around our own hearthstones. HERE are found the nurseries of our piety, the first breathings of our greatness and glory, and the first aspirations of our free-born inhabitants for all that is lofty and virtuous in man. And long may they continue, as they now are, the happy gathering places of friends, the long remembered resorts of strangers; rearing the young for usefulness, and cheering the hearts of the aged in their passage down to the grave.

EDUCATION FORMS THE CHARACTER.

The mind of the young is susceptible of any impressions. It is like a mirror reflecting whatever is set before it. Take the example of a child; let a person who has any influence over children, and those who have social intercourse with them, do any thing that is wrong, or speak harsh words, and it will impress itself so strongly upon the tender mind, that days, months, and even years, will not eradicate it. A moral education is far superior to an intellectual one in promoting happiness; but if a person can possess both, he will find much greater enjoyment than can be experienced in either alone.

God has implanted in our minds principles to aid us in acquiring both a moral and intellectual education; and it is therefore necessary that the early teaching be correct, for nothing is truer than the old adage, "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined."

—o—

Written for the Garland.

JOY IS NO EARTHLY FLOWER.

The desire for joy is an innate principle in man ever ruling, ever directing his course through life. By him no difficulty is too great to be removed in the attainment of this object. He will toil day after day, and night after night, in order to gain wealth, which, perchance in his opinion is the key that will open to him the secret fountains of joy, at which he may drink and be satisfied, and which, he thinks, will amply reward him for his labor. But when he finds riches are in his possession, he feels there is a void within, which the world can never fill or help in any manner to satisfy the cravings of an immortal mind. His heart is desolate, for joy is not there to cheer him on his pilgrimage through this life and point him to another world.—Some who have gone before us have followed that course, which if rightly pursued, will unlock to us those hidden treasures which flow from the pure fountain of eternal joy. They were not guided by earthly desires and follies, but they looked above the world and sought that heavenly joy which they knew to be lasting, for it proceeded from a higher source than that of earth. Often, very often do we possess mistaken views of worldly joy; often when we have been engaged in the pleasant and attractive scenes of earth do we imagine such pleasures to be real, but, when by some unexpected event those objects which constituted our greatest felicity are severed from us, then our minds become changed, our ideas are altogether altered and we find the joys of earth are transitory, and ere we secure them flee from our grasp. But if we compare the uncertain pleasures of this world to the eternal joys of heaven, we find that earthly things fade, for we see that even in animated nature they grow old and die. The firmest work of man gradually decays. Years as they roll round teach us of the consummation of all things; we see one friend after another snatched from us by the hand of death and laid in the grave, showing us that we shall be also changed. The heart sinks under such observations and we must needs look beyond the earth for joy, and where do we find it? where but in heaven? there do we find that happiness both sure and steadfast—and in order to secure those heavenly joys, we must lightly esteem those we call the joys of earth and use them to prepare us for the nobler ones of heaven.

LURANA.

The Factory Girl's Garland.

For the Garland.

MY COUSIN.

It was a stormy day in February, when through indisposition, confined in my house, I beheld from the window the nodding hearse, slowly moving toward the Cemetery, followed by a train of bereaved and mourning friends. That hearse contained the earthly remains of my cousin, about to be consigned to the dark and lonely grave. She was about thirty years of age, and, till within a very few months, had approached as nearly to the "picture of health" as any person in the circle of my acquaintance. She had three sisters and two brothers, but no one of them bid fairer to enjoy long life than she.

She had become a wife and a mother, and in the domestic circle was a model of neatness and good order. While faithfully discharging the duties of her station, she was not forgetful of her future and immortal interests. During a revival in the place, some few years since, she became a hopeful subject of redeeming grace.

Surrounded by her family connexions, and enjoying the society of her husband and three little children, she was probably indulging many pleasing dreams of sublunary bliss. But in the midst of all her enjoyments, that insidious and most illusive of all diseases, *consumption*, began to prey upon her health, and so slyly and yet so surely did the work progress, that ere she or her friends had become aware of her danger, her destiny was inevitably fixed, and all the efforts of medical skill, and the attention and sympathy of affection were utterly abortive. When past recovery all eyes were open to see her approaching dissolution. The tender fibres of affection began to rend—the tear gathered in the parent's eye, and each heart felt that a solemn separation was at hand.

As the symptoms of her disease became more strongly marked, and her languishing health admonished her that death had selected her as his victim, she undoubtedly had a hard struggle. Nature clung to life and friends, and the dear objects of time. But if the struggle was severe, the issue was glorious. Grace triumphed. Her happy spirit, reposing upon the bosom of her Savior, felt every earthly tie sweetly dissolved, and saw through the telescope of faith,

"That land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures faintish pain."

The vision was soul ravishing, and cheerfully resigning her companion, with the pledges of their mutual love, and every earthly friend to the care of a gracious Providence, and bidding adieu to earth, she "fell asleep in Christ."

How swiftly our years fly away! How short the passage from the cradle to the grave! How transient all our sublunary bliss! How much we have to do, and how little time to accomplish so vast a work. Still we have sufficient time allotted us, if it be wisely improved. Even those for whose benefit the "Garland" is designed, though enjoying less leisure than many other classes of community, have the means of grace, and sufficient time to "make their calling and election sure."

Let them, like my cousin, "remember their Creator," and "lay up treasure in heaven." Then when fierce disease and grim death shall come, like her they will meet their dissolution with tranquillity, and ultimately share with all the redeemed in the triumphs of "Him who loved the church and gave himself for it." E—

FILIAL LOVE.—It is mentioned by Miss Pardoe, that a "beautiful feature in the character of Turks, is reverence for the mother. Their wives may advise or reprimand unheeded, but their mother is an oracle, consulted, confided in, listened to with respect or deference, honored to the latest hour, and remembered with affection and regard even beyond the grave." "Wives may die," say they, "and we can replace them, children may perish, and others may be born to us, but who shall restore the mother when she passes away, and is seen no more."

"KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE." That it is less dangerous to shp with the foot than with the tongue.

"What a blessing to woman are the daily duties and lesser cares of life! What a defence against temptation and evil thoughts. What an aid in resisting affliction."

THE BETTER LAND.

"I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother! where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child."

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green Islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child."

"Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand;
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child."

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom!
Beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb!"
"It is there, it is there, my child!"

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

Be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!
Then, 'midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned
The best recollection.
Oh, kindness,—returned!

When day hath departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch, be keen-hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps,
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove,—
Let trifles prevail not,
Against those ye love.

Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling!
O, be kind to each other,
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!

M E L O D Y ,

When the flowers of Friendship or Love have decayed,
In the heart that has trusted and once been betrayed,
No sunshine of kindness their bloom can restore;
For the verdure of feeling will quicken no more!

Hope cheated too often, when life's in its spring,
From the bosom that nursed it forever takes wing!
And Memory comes; as its promises fade,
To brood o'er the havoc that Passion has made.

As it's said that the swallow the tenement leaves
Where ruin endangers her nest in the eaves,
While the desolate owl takes her place on the wall,
And builds in the mansion that nods to its fall.

HUMAN NATURE.—Instead of alleviating the sorrows of others, and laboring to make their path more pleasant, there is a disposition too prevalent, to make mankind miserable and unhappy. Let a word be lisped to the discredit of an individual, and it will be repeated a hundred times, with variations and amendments, and come to his ears times without number, to give him pain and sorrow. A good deed is always told in a whisper and in private, while a bad one is proclaimed with a trumpet from the house-tops. Did we realize our own proneness to err, how much more careful should we be of the reputation of our neighbors. We know the sorrow and grief occasioned by having our own failings spread abroad, and what pains we take to hush up our own follies; and why should we not conceal the faults of our neighbors? If we possess real kindness and benevolence in our hearts, we shall be slow to speak of another's failings, but use our endeavors to hide them from the world.

"The generous heart,
Should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain."

Though it may please you and a few others to detect the faults of a neighbor, remember it gives him pain, and cease from your unrighteous work. Do good and not evil, and you will promote your own happiness and the happiness of others.—*Portland Tribune.* Q. E. C.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

TO AGENTS.—Our list has become so large in many places, that it is a great amount of labor to mark every paper with the name of the subscriber. It is undoubtedly very troublesome for our agents to handle over the whole in order to find the paper wanted. To remedy this inconvenience we have this week copied our list in each of the large places, into a small memorandum, which we shall send with this number to the Agents, who can refer to it when in doubt as to the name of a subscriber. Agents are requested, when they send us new subscribers, to enter them also upon their lists, that at all times their list and ours may agree.

There are many people, whose whole wisdom consists in hiding their want of it.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part the kindness should begin on that of ours.

WOMAN.—A man in a furious passion is terrible to his enemies, but a woman in a passion is disgusting to her friends; she loses the respect due to her sex, and she has not masculine strength and courage to enforce any other species of respect.

Look at the bright sky! How pure? Shall not your heart catch the reflection? Out with all impure thoughts, revengeful feelings, passionate desires and harbor nothing within that has a tendency to destroy the purity of your nature, or retard the progress of pure and undefiled religion.

RECEIPTS FOR THE GARLAND.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

South New Market.—J. W. Neal, Harrison Speed, Josiah Smith Clark, 25 cts. each.

New Market.—Mary A. York, Mary G. Yeaton, Abigail Marshall, 25 cts. each.

Nashua & Nashvile.—Mrs. Olive Clark, Martin L. Blood, Sarah Hardy, 25 cts. each.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Newburyport.—Hannah Chase, Sarah A. Brewster, Elizabeth Watson, Sarah H. Gould, Elizabeth C. Sargeant, Mary T. White, Lucy Snow, James H. Hall, Abby Lang, Jane Ann Wirtze, Mary A. Littlefield, Stephen R. Fox Jr., 25 cts. each.

Amesbury Mills.—Emily Patten, 25 cts.

West Newbury.—John M. Follansbee, Butler A. Follansbee, 50 cts. each.

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