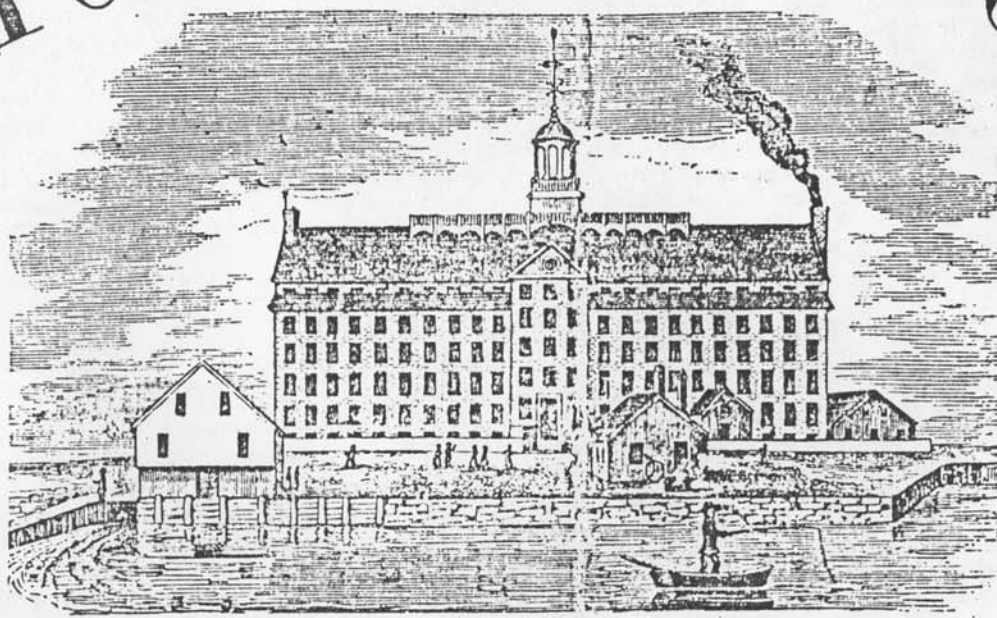


THE FACTORY GIRL'S GARLAND.



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE NEW ENGLAND FACTORY OPERATIVES.

VOLUME I.

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THE ALBUM.

FRIENDSHIP AND HOPE.

There is a voice, a still small voice,
That whispers peace and love,
And bids the sorrowing heart rejoice,
In hope—~~the hope of heaven.~~

There is a star whose heavenly light,
Dispels each doubt and fear,
And makes our pathway here more bright,
Existence still more dear.

There is a hope that soars above,
Where all is pure and bright,
Where God forever reigns in love,
And faith is changed to sight.

That voice is friendship sweet and clear,
In trust and kindness given,
Bethlehem's guiding light here meets,
That hope—the hope of heaven.

All earthly joys must pass away,
And early hopes must die,
Still truth shall guide our erring way,
And point to bliss on high.

SELECT TALE.

The Vision

During the early part of the reign of George the third, there lived in an obscure village of Ireland a family in the middle walks of life, named Gunning; they were not richly endowed with this world's goods, but possessed sufficient for all the comforts, if not the luxuries of life. Matthew Gunning was a farmer by profession, (if so it may be called,) and had he possessed that spirit of frugality, which seems almost unknown to the Irish nation, he might have been a wealthy man; as it was, he generally followed the principle of "letting to-morrow take care of itself." His wife had been the village belle, and still retained traces of that extraordinary beauty which had excited the admiration of all who beheld her—two girls were the sole fruit of their union, who promised, even in infancy, to equal if not surpass their mother in personal charms; and that mother's whole soul was bound up in them. Being near of an age, the children were constantly together; and the sprightly Lizzie and the fairy Louisa were petted and spoiled, by both young and old, in the village of E—. One summer afternoon, fatigued with their sports, the infant sisters threw themselves upon the grass, beneath a shady willow which overshadowed their parents' cottage, and with the fair round cheek of Louisa pillowed upon the sunny tresses of Lizzie, and their dim-

pled limbs and snowy robes thrown into strong relief by the rich, wavy, sward, they presented a picture which Laurence would have longed to transfer to canvass. The mother, as she sat with her spinning-wheel in the deep embrasure of the window, watched them as they slept and unconsciously her thoughts wandered into the future; and with a mother's fond anxiety, speculated upon their future career. As she mused, she too fell into a gentle slumber, and the visions of her musings assumed, as it were, a tangible shape, "a local habitation and a name," and, like a phantasmagoria passed before her. She fancied herself in London, that great city of which she had heard so much, and she seemed an invisible spectator of a scene that far surpassed her proudest hopes; she saw her lovely daughters appear ~~in the midst of the aristocratic world,~~ as actors on the busy arena of the aristocratic world. Peers and peeresses, prelates and statesmen, even royalty itself seemed to do homage to their unrivalled charms. Throngs of admirers worshipped at the shrine of their beauty, and one, distinguished from the rest by his haughty bearing and the glittering star upon his breast knelt at the feet of her youngest born, her bright-haired Lizzie; and she thought that upon that regal brow an airy coronet, formed of the ducal strawberry leaves, rested as if it had found a fit abiding-place. Delighted, she awoke, and with the glittering vision still filling her imagination, she started to find herself in her own humble cottage, and her children still sleeping beneath the tree.

She mentioned her dream to none, but the memory of it lingered for years, and with a mother's fond partiality, she whispered, "why should not such things be?"

Time sped on, and our heroines increased in beauty and in years; they received the best education the place could afford; and the worthy cure, seeing that their minds soared far above mediocrity as well as their persons, formed their ductile powers to such a degree that they were soon fit to grace any circle.

When Louisa was about seventeen their mother died; and on her death-bed exacted a solemn promise from her husband, that, before the expiration of six months, he should take them to London; then, for the first, relating her dream, she begged him to remain there a year at least, and at the end of that time, if they had not attracted notice, he might return with them to his native village. Had it been anywhere but at the dying bed of his wife, Matthew Gunning would have smiled at the ascendency which the imagination had been allowed to gain over the judgment; but, although he desired no higher destiny for his children than to see them the wives of respectable men in their own sphere of life, still he could not refuse her last request, and made the required promise. Could he have foreseen the result!

As soon as the daughters could become reconciled to the thoughts of leaving the grave of their beloved mother, and the many endearing associations of their childhood, for the vast city, where they would be "unknowing and unknown," they started for the great metropolis. They arrived

there in June, that month whose delights the tyrant fashion has compelled the aristocracy of Britain's isles to forego, and oblige them to remain in the city when they would fain be reposing beneath the shade of those giant trees that wave proudly over the ancestral homes of England's haughty nobility.

Matthew Gunning, willing to fulfil his wife's wishes as much as possible, took lodgings in a fashionable hotel, and ere many weeks had elapsed London was in an uproar. Who were those angels that had suddenly appeared as if direct from Paradise? the "fleur" as Horace Walpole calls it was unparalleled. The young nobles, whose tastes were sated with the usual London belles, begged their stately mammas to leave their seats upon our heroines; if they wished to see a more beautiful creature than the aristocratic parent refused, upon the plea of their being "nobodies," the youthful peers declared they would repair to the club, whenever their mothers and sisters particularly desired their escort. And so it went; day after day, week after week, the gate of the hotel was thronged with England's proudest and noblest, and the eyes of the fair Irishers were almost dazzled by the array of brilliant names, whose cards were hourly sent to them; and even Matthew began to think that his wife was not as foolish in her aspirations as he had once deemed her. From the duchess to the baronet's lady, from the peeress, who boasted of descent from the plantagenets, to the parvenu of yesterday, all alike strove to do them honour, and more than once has the proud duchess, in whose veins flowed the blood of kings, found her rooms deserted on the night of her most magnificent fete; because why? she had neglected to invite the Gunnings! and, to her mortification, she would hear that the rooms of the rich banker's wife were crowded the same evening by the elite of the nobility, and the magnet of attraction was the fair sisters. These few solitary exceptions at last gave way before the overwhelming tide of excitement, that was rushing on like a mighty torrent; and the usually invincible, aristocratic wall of Almack's fell, without a blow, before the irresistible power of beauty. And now, had their mother been alive, she might indeed have thought her fairy dream fully realized.

No person who was not a spectator can hardly conceive of the rage for the fair sisters that was evinced by the fashionable world. Walpole, in his letters, speaks of it as the most extraordinary thing that had happened for centuries. Selwyn, the famous wit, was a devoted friend of the elder sister, and evinced it for many a year. And now came the crowning scene in the sleeper's dream! The Duke of Hamilton, one of the most courted and admired of the unmarried nobles, at whose approach the managing mammas fanned themselves violently, so as to appear unconcerned, and the unconscious daughters looked down and smelt of their bouquets, whose movements were watched by many a glittering eye and anxious heart; he, the young and haughty Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, was vanquished by the charms of the young Elizabeth; and, before the end of the season, the ducal coronet was in reality plac-

ed upon those shining tresses. In the course of a fortnight from her sister's marriage, Louisa married the young Marquis of Coventry!

The rest of their career is known to all the world! Who has not heard of the shoemaker who made upwards of two guineas by exhibiting a slipper he was making for Lady Coventry at a penny a head? And also read, with amazement, of a thousand persons who sat up all night around the doors of a hotel, to see the Duchess of Hamilton enter her carriage, at an early hour in the morning? Who would ever have dreamt that the daughters of an humble Irish farmer should thus become an integral part of that haughty aristocracy of England? But so it was, and the bright-haired Lizzie, who reclined beneath the willow, ~~hushed to sleep by the sound of the spinning-wheel,~~ lived to become the wife of two dukes, and the mother of four! (For, after the death of her first husband, she married the Duke of Argyle.)

There is scarcely an instance on record, which more clearly proves that "truth is oft times stranger than fiction," than the history of the motherless daughters of Matthew Gunning.

THE PLEASURES OF EMPLOYMENT.—Perhaps there are but few things in this sad, sad world, which are so truly inestimable, and yet so little valued as the pleasure that is derived from employment, and particularly when that employment is directed to objects both laudable and useful. Ennui is the most distressing—in fact is one of the greatest evils that was showered forth from Pandora's villainous box. It is one that utterly baffles the virtues of the whole Materia Medica, and one that labor or some exciting pursuit can alone eradicate. The moment this panacea is applied, it whisks away with a far greater celerity than an old Salem witch on her broomstick during a heavy north-easter.—(Philadelphia Casket.)

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE.—"Ah! that I could be heard by all oppressed, dejected souls I would cry to them—'Lift up your heads, and confide still in the future, and believe that it is never too late!' See! I too was bowed down by long suffering, and old age had moreover overtaken me and I believe that all my strength had vanished; that my life and my sufferings were in vain—and behold! my head has again been lifted up, my heart appeased, my soul strengthened! and now, in my fiftieth year I advanced into a new future, attended by all that life has of beautiful and worthy to love.

"The change in my soul has enabled me better to comprehend life and suffering, and I am now firmly convinced that there is no fruitless suffering, and that no virtuous endeavor is in vain. Winter days and nights may bury beneath their pall of snow the sown corn; but when the spring arrives, it will be found equally true, that there grows much bread in the winter night."

BRIGHT HOURS ON EARTH. There is on earth much sorrow, and darkness; there is crime and sickness, the shriek of despair, and the deep, long, silent torture. Ah! who can name them all, the sufferings of humanity, in their manifold, pale dispensation! But, God be praised! There is also an affluence of blissful peace, bright marriage days, and calm holy death beds.—Miss Bremer.

True modesty blushes for everything that is criminal. False modesty is ashamed of everything unfashionable.

ORIGINAL.

FAITH.

For the Garland.

BY J. I. ADAMS.

Of all things needful, faith stands foremost of the christian graces; some have stangely striven to cement it to hope, but their endeavors have been in vain, they could not unite the twin sister of eternal glory, with any thing short of Almighty Jehovah, he through his allwise and ever benevolent mercies, loaned this luminary of heaven to terrestrial mortals, he saw the image of God toiling beneath the dire oppression of sin, waltering in his own blood, no one pitying, no one caring, he ransacked through immensity for a ransom, the bullocks on a thousand hills meekly shed their blood for man, poor fallen man. The songsters of the aerial region drooped their gauzy wings and sorrowing sung their own requiem. Mortal man put on sackcloth, seated himself in the ashes of insignificance, lifted his supplicating hands to heaven and begged for pardon; but there was no mediator; justice with his drawn sword stood between God and his image, and ere the prayers, and groans, and tears, and entreaties of the suppliant could reach the court of heaven, he dashed them back in the face of the beseecher.

All creation stood aghast and tremblingly looked on, the sun dyed his garments in the blood of agony and sailed slowly, the moon like a sorrowing virgin veiled her face and turned away from the heart rending scene, the stars changed their hitherto bright effulgence into crystal tears, but cruel justice sung the psalm of victory, & with renewed courage continued on in his devastating march. The Son of God the idol of his father saw the bloody work, and with the kindness of a juvenile, he offered himself an oblation for the cause of man; heaven rang with hallelujahs, and immensity gave one triumphant shout; but justice laughed them all to scorn, he would not accept the offering of the lowly Jesus, unless FAITH, the twin sister of eternal glory might accompany him; sadness for one moment shrouded the face of the Lamb of God, but with the spirit of a martyr he was determined to accomplish the renovation of the lower world; he requested the aid of the darling of heaven, she opened unwilling to leave the bowers of eternal delight; but the kindness of her heart prevailed over acquiescing him, and taking the hand of the Redeemer of the master work of God, she left the flowery fields and rippling streams of paradise for the wretched abodes of the inhabitants of earth. The Lamb of God fulfilled his plan of Redemption, and returned to heaven, but wherever on the cursed soil of Terra there is a heart alive to God, whether in the lowly hamlet or in the princely courts, there FAITH, the queen of glory rears her throne.

Through faith are we saved, and that not of ourselves it is the gift of heaven.

*The Earth.

For the Garland.

OLIVE H.

A SKETCH.

Taking up an old paper a few days since I noticed in its columns, an advertisement, in substance as follows:

"Whereas my wife Olive, has left me; I will pay no debts of her contracting after this date, and all persons are forbid harboring her."

Signed, JOHN — G—.

I've seldom read a notice of this kind without experiencing a feeling of sadness come over me, from the fact that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the husband himself is the cause of the separation; and, by his brutal conduct drives his wife from his roof. There are some men who suppose a woman capable of bearing almost any insult, and often times treat them with the utmost brutality and violence. A woman will bear much for the quiet of her home, the happiness of her husband, or to save her name from being thrown out to public gaze; but there are insults beyond the power of endurance, and there are husbands than whom to live with, it "were far better to die."

I sat, for a few moments, with the paper lying before me; gazing on the "Notice." I well remembered her whose name her husband had endeavored to stigmatize; and how proud he had been of her.

She was among the first who entered the factory in this village, a bright, rosy-cheeked girl, scarce sixteen years of age; the lightness of girlhood was just giving way to the bloom of womanhood; the joy of her father's heart, and the treasure of a beloved mother. She contin-

ued here for five years, was respected and esteemed. At the age of twenty-one she was united in marriage to John — G—, a young man with whom she had been acquainted for two or three years. Her parents, though they did not in reality approve of the union, made no objection to their daughter's choice. They would have remonstrated against it, perhaps strongly, had it not been that they had themselves married against the wishes of both their parents, and as their union had been crowned with happiness, they indulged a hope that her's might be so.

Soon after her marriage, Olive left Exeter with her husband, hoping to find a place where they should meet with less obstacles in the way of procuring a livelihood; but business all at once became dull, and when there was the most need that he should exert himself, her husband became idle and dissipated. It was in vain she endeavored to persuade him to break off from his habits of idleness, and procure sufficient labor to meet the wants of their little family. Failing to do this, she commenced laboring with her needle, and by occupying her whole time, supported herself and family. Her husband continued visiting his haunts of dissipation, and spending every copper he could obtain to satisfy his thirst for strong drink, often encroaching upon the hard earnings of his wife, and bearing them away to the bar-room of the rum-seller. Nor was this all—for she could bear this with patience—but his treatment to her became harsh and insulting, and she was forced to receive into her house the companions of his drunken revels.

At length she became disgusted and disheartened, and left him to his fate. She came back to Exeter, told her story to her parents, and was again employed in the mill. Vexed at the course she had taken, and urged on by the unprincipled beings for whom he had sacrificed her company and happiness, he followed her; and caused to be published the notice to which we have referred. It went like a dagger to her heart. She remained in the mill, at the same looms which she had tended when a girl; but she whose beauty had, a few years before, excited the attention of every visitor, now passed by unnoticed. And it was not to be wondered at, for, instead of the beautiful countenance which attracted their gaze, was now seen a face lined with the deep furrows, which sorrows had riveted there, never to be effaced.

But her sorrows were not to be of long continuance. That messenger of death whose summons brings dread to the hearts of many, was welcomed by her; and, with joy she exchanged this world of trouble for a home where sorrow comes not, and the sufferings of earth are neither known nor remembered. J. L. B.

For the Garland.

SUSPICION, &c.

Says the lamented L. E. L., "Trifles light as air—a look—a word Are to the jealous mind, confirmation Strong as proofs of holy writ."

'Tis truly so. And they that harbor this dark passion, are never at a loss for sufficient to bring it into action, never at a loss for sufficient, which, if misconstrued, will seem to leave no doubt but that the suspected one is indeed the unstable being their own mental deformity has made them. Is there a defenceless female—the child of nature—the creature of impulse? Here, then, is ample room for suspicion. Though it is now considered a crime to express our REAL feelings—to speak our own thoughts, yet there are some who have not yet learned to wear the insidious smile of unfelt kindness; who have not yet become proficient in the complacent language of deceit, too well relished by the rabble. These are they who are ever suspected of all manner of base designs—of that of which they never dreamed. Does she treat with becoming respect a gentleman to whose kindness she is much indebted, who has conferred obligations which it would be ungenerous not to repay in gratitude and affection, then suspicion whispers she is too forward—she is trifling, or that she wishes to seek him for a companion; or has he the kindness or courage to protect her in an evening walk, they are without dispute guilty of "courting" in the first degree—and sentenced to the unpleasantness of being watched by every one. And does she write to him, every one feels themselves at liberty to jeer and sport with her best feelings, and to reproach and condemn her.

Next comes slander; far more deadly in its influence, and levelling the innocent with the dust; for to be accused unjustly, to be the object of unprovoked injury, is more than hearts

like theirs can bear. It flies, it knows not—cares not where; it is crushed, bruised, mangled—and never again recovers its former joyousness. On the soulless perpetrators of the net be the guilt—they must one day be rewarded. The checked impulses, the crushed feelings—the wounded gushings of affection, will one day rise up in judgment before them, and keen remorse will be bitterly felt, when to repent will be far beyond their reach. Shakspeare says,

"If I am Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know My faculties nor person, yet will I be The chronicler of my doings; let me say 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake That virtue must go through, we must not stint Our necessary actions in the fear, To cope malicious censures."

I am a strong advocate of the sentiments of this immortal bard. We should ever obey the dictates of our own conscience, never fearing to do our duty—never fearing to do right, let censure be passed ever so severely. Though it should be the unjust sentence of hanging on the gallows of public disreputation, we shall not long be suspended. Right and reason will soon cut the cord, and we be free, coming forth as gold seven times tried. And even should they succeed in killing the body, the indomitable soul they cannot conquer. Their poisoned darts cannot extinguish the immortal spark. It will live, though they may keenly pierce its inmost recesses. CLARIETTE.

Lowell, Mass.

SELECTIONS.

HOPE AND DESPONDENCY.

When the heart with anguish bursteth, And the saddened spirit faints, Then for sympathy it thirsteth, And it poureth forth its plaints; But the world's cold-hearted malice Points the finger of disdain— And the bitter, poisoned chalice The forgotten soul must drain.

Then the dove of Hope returneth, For she findeth not a rest, And the broken spirit mourneth, In the sad and silent breast! Oh, the bitter, bitter anguish Of the lonely, bursting heart,— Nor a little while to languish, Then in dark despair depart!

WE ARE PASSING AWAY.

When we look abroad on the face of nature, we are continually reminded that all things which are of the earth shall pass away. The dew drop glitters like a diamond at early dawn. A few moments, and it has vanished from our sight. We have the mild sunshine of an April morning; but we look again and a dark cloud obscures our vision. We admire the bright colors of the flower of summer, which scatters its fragrance to the breeze; but while we inhale its sweet perfume it withers and falls to the ground. The seared and faded leaf of autumn as it floats on the gale, and the sun when it sinks in the western horizon, should be to us as a voice speaking language not to be mistaken. Ye too are passing away.

LOOK WHERE YOU ARE GOING!

HINTS TO BOTH SEXES.

If you intend to marry—if you think your happiness will be increased and your interest advanced by matrimony, be sure and look where you're a going. Join yourself in union with no woman who is selfish, for she will sacrifice you—with no one who is fickle, for she will become estranged—have nothing to do with a proud one, for she will despise you—nor with an extravagant one, for she will ruin you. Leave a coquette to the fools that flutter around her—let her own fireside accommodate a scold, and flee from an evil one. "Look where you are going," will sum it all up.

Young ladies, when you are surrounded by dashing men—when the tones of love and the words of compliment float out together—when you are excited by the movement of the whirling waltz, or melted by the tenderness of mellow music, arrest yourself in that rosy atmosphere of delight, and "look where you're going." When a daring hand is pressing yours, or your delicate tresses are lifted by him you fancy loves you, when the moonlight invites to trusting, and the stars seem but to breathe out innocence, listen with caution to the words you hear—gaze into your heart unshrinkingly, and "look where you're going."

AFFLICTION.—"It is good for me that I have been afflicted," may be said in many senses, but in none so truly as in a religious one. It is our own weakness that makes us seek for support; it is the sadness of earth that makes us look up to heaven.

ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY.

The Syracuse Freeman contains an account of a love affair in humble life which contains many interesting points.

The story is in substance, that at Syracuse arrived a company of those industrious beings who cultivate the soil, content with deriving therefrom the means of comfort and subsistence. Among them were a young man and woman, who during the voyage had formed a mutual attachment, and had resolved upon a matrimonial connection, owing, however to their ignorance of American manners, and other equally foolish causes, they were not married according to the laws of the state, and lived together as husband and wife, in a small house erected by the man. In this way they had lived together six years, until some three weeks since, although the man was frequently urged by the young woman to marry her legally. This he refused to do because of the expense of the wedding, urging that they were as really husband and wife in God's sight as if "married according to law." The young woman did not think so, and still persisted in her request—to which he would not consent. The young woman repeated her request, as he was going to the cars about starting for Auburn, and assured him that unless he consented to so reasonable an arrangement, she must leave him—He did not heed her declaration, and went on to Auburn. On his return in the evening, he found the woman absent, and immediately went in pursuit of her to a friend's where she had been in the habit of visiting. To his inexpressible surprise he found, on opening the door, that the young woman was just taking the vow of matrimony, with a young man who had frequently visited them, in the presence of several witnesses. And while he remained at the door immovable with emotion, the nuptial kiss was given and returned. Without saying a word to the parties, as soon as he recovered from the first shock of his feelings, he left the house and ran toward his solitary cottage, crying at the top of his voice with the frenzy of sudden and overwhelming disappointment—"O, my Mary! My lost, lost Mary!" Thus he ran and cried, until within a few rods of his dwelling, when he fell upon the ground, having ruptured a vessel and caused other injuries to his vital organs.

The neighbors in his vicinity were attracted by his loud cries to her, and carried him home, and soon obtained surgical and medical aid—but he was totally unwilling to be healed. He said he had "lost his Mary, and preferred to die." He was, however, attended by the physician and neighbors for near two weeks, when he died in most excessive grief.

Frequently during his sickness, he sent for Mary, and employed every argument in his power to prevail upon her to come and see him.—Her usual husband was unwilling that she should visit him, and she did not go.

A young lady once told a gentleman that her silver thimble was nearly worn out, and asked him what reward she ought to receive for her industry. The gentleman in answer, sent her a new thimble the following morning, accompanied by these lines:

I send a thimble, for fingers nimble, Which I hope will fit when you try it, 'Twill last very long, if but half as strong, As the hint you gave me to buy it.

THE SELFISH.—No mortal perceptions are so blunt as those of the selfish; theirs is the worst of near-sightedness—that of the heart.

We notice the marriage in Wisconsin of Mr. John Happy to Miss Lucy Neal.

Oh, Lucy, Lucy Neal! Sweet, charming Lucy Neal! Oh! when he had you in his arms How happy you did feel!

Married, in Newburyport, Mr. Wm. H. Prince to Miss Jane T. Young.

A pleasant lady, healthy, strong, A little period since, Was made by one who loved her Young, As happy as a Prince.

Did you ever see a woman with black eyes who did not think she was a beauty?

Did you ever see a young widow who did not attend balls and certain large parties?

Did you ever see an old maid who was not fond of cats?

Did you ever see a lady rising of forty years? Never judge a person's actions until you understand the motives which prompted them.

WOMAN.

No star in yonder sky that shines, Can light like woman's eye impart, The earth holds not in all its mines A gem so rich as woman's heart.

Her voice is like some music sweet, Poured out from airy harps alone, Like that when storms most fondly beat, It yields a clearer, richer tone.

And woman's love's a holy light, That brighter burns for aye; Years cannot dim its radiant light Nor even baseness quench its ray.

"A female face, be it ever so plain, when occupied in regarding children, becomes celestial almost, and a man can hardly fail to be good and happy while he is looking at such a sight."

THE GARLAND

EXETER, SEPT. 14, 1844.

"LIGHTING UP."

Next week is the time for "lighting up" the Factories, and the operatives must not only rise early, but work late, yet we hope through the coming winter a reform will take place in this business. It has been the custom not only to "light up" evenings, but also in the morning.—This is an innovation on the health and comfort of the operatives, to which we do not believe they will long submit. It is full hard enough to go out of the mill in the evening, without being compelled to go in an hour or two before day-light.—We believe, and trust we shall not be disappointed,—that the recent movements in favor of reducing the hours of factory labor, will have sufficient effect to put a stop to this practice.—Corporations, ten years ago, would not have dared propose to the girls to work by lamp-light in the morning and evening both, and we trust the girls in every mill in New England will rise up against this outrageous custom; and neither be frightened or driven to it by the corporations.—There is such a thing as right and wrong, and while it may be right for the employed to conform to all wholesome regulations made by their employers, it is certainly wrong for the employers to impose on them burdens which their constitutions are unable to bear. We hope that the first attempt to "light up" any mill in the morning will be met by the operatives with a decided opposition.

CONSISTENCY.

"A regular attendance on public worship on the Sabbath is necessary for the preservation of good order. The company will not employ any person who is habitually absent."

The above is one of the "regulations" of the Lowell Corporations, and yet after all this show of morality if a man will not work in their mills on the Sabbath, when requested, he is discharged! And this is but one of the Pharisaical acts of corporations. They wish the public to believe them anxious to promote morality, and yet we doubt whether a Sabbath passes in which their workmen do not labor. Not content with the performance of 70 hours labor in six days of the week, they wish to take from the laborer the seventh day; and he must comply with their unjust demands, or be turned out of his place, and one employed who is willing to work on the Sabbath. The Agent can attend church with his family and keep up an appearance of piety equal to his "regulations;" but the poor laborer must become a Sabbath breaker to satisfy the cupidity of his employers, or seek employment elsewhere.

Young man art thou in pursuit of a wife? Don't be fascinated by a pair of bright eyes; ten chances to one there is more fire than affection buried beneath them,—neither let rosy cheeks carry captive thy young heart—they may be painted! Be careful of a smooth tongue, and showy appearance, remember if you marry fine clothes it will cost considerable to "keep up appearances."—Look for something better than all these; and if you find a girl neat, good tempered, economical, intelligent and prudent, love her and marry her, if she'll have you, no matter if she is not quite so handsome. Beauty is only "skin deep," and it will neither boil the pot, or bake good bread. If you marry a girl for beauty alone what will the wife be good for when the beauty's gone?

The editor of the Orion says: "The kisses of married women are generally insipid, those of the mercenary class fallacious, deceitful, but those of an innocent virgin are sincere and ardent, and consequently the most delicious. The first are for their rightful lords, the second for the dupes, the third for the happy youth who is smart enough to get them." We would give a 'bright cent' to know how he gained all this knowledge.

Old Age.—He who realizes where in the providence of God his own footsteps must at last end, will feel the truth once beautifully expressed by one who was then young but is now old: "The eye of age looks meekly into my heart; the voice of age echoes mournfully through it; the hoary head and palsied hand of age plead irresistibly for its sympathies. I venerate old age; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sundown of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding."

Here is a good article from the Boston Olive Branch, one of the most extensively circulated papers in New England. It is now in its ninth volume, — has ever been a true and firm friend to the cause of the laborer, and we are glad it has received a liberal support.

THE FACTORY GIRLS OF LOWELL.

Grant Thorburn, the well known seedsman of the city of New York, who writes occasionally for the Periodicals under the signature of Laurie Todd, thus compliments the Factory Girls of Lowell. "I have seen," said he, "these girls in the mills, and in their walks, and I have seen hundreds of the most fashionable women, in full dress at assemblies and parties in Britain, but I never saw so many pretty faces, on the same number of women, as I have seen at a gathering of the factory girls in Lowell."

I remember standing near one of the factories some years ago, and seeing the girls walk from the gate at dinner-hour, two and two, like a procession, with their handsome, happy faces, and clean neat dresses, neatly put on; and I wished that Madam Trollope and the Fiddler were there—each having a score or two of the pin and factory girls from London, Manchester & Birmingham at their backs—just by way of contrast. Whatever they might say, I am sure they would think that New England had "not degenerated."

We presume that the eccentric, but excellent hearted Mr. Thorburn, had he seen the factory girls of other villages of New England would have included them also in this happy compliment. While we shall ever regret the necessity which compels so many of our country girls to resort to manufacturing establishments for employment, by which to earn their livelihood, we are glad that these places are conducted in such an orderly manner and on such liberal terms as to make their situation comparatively respectable and comfortable. Whether the same can be said in years to come is more than we dare anticipate. As the manufacturing interests of our country advance, we have reason to fear a repetition of similar oppression and degradation which now affect the operatives in the factories of the Old World. The only way to guard against this evil is to indignantly repel every effort at a reduction of wages. The soulless cupidity of corporations would soon drive their operatives to the necessity of submitting to almost any conditions if the first innovations on the present prices are quietly yielded to.—If any branch of manufacturing business is not sufficiently productive to afford fair wages to operatives; the sooner that business is suspended, the better it will be for the parties interested, and for the country at large. So we say to the Factory girls, one and all, never submit to have your wages reduced so long as there is any other service which will afford you bread.

However speculative may be our views on matters of religion, we instinctively pay deference to the desire of doing right, even if he who possesses this desire goes widely astray from what we deem the correct path; and he has our sympathy even in his error. But this is only when we have an opportunity to judge of intention aside from outward action. For the most part, we judge of the character only by outward appearances, and in tendering respect to goodness, respect all those who seem to possess it. Although outward actions may be deceptive, and many times lead us to erroneous conclusions, yet the absence of all things else, their exercise must be the criterion by which to base our judgment.

GENIUS. Genius is a noble gift, powerful even in its aberrations. It can call forth forms of beauty and bid them disappear at a word. It can touch the secret springs of human feeling, and kindle the kindest passions of the human heart. It can shed interest over the dullest scenes, and clothe in its own bright tints all earthly objects. Perverted, abused, distorted! it is brilliant and touching still. It still speaks to the heart, still asserts its mastery over mankind, and sends forth its powerful influence even from the ruins of penury and distress. SCRAP BOOK.

"The morning of life is the season in which we may hope to struggle with and overcome adversity. Despair seldom visits the smooth forehead, or sits upon the yet unwrinkled skin; but that misfortune is chiefly to be dreaded, which lurking unobserved in the flowery paths of youth, or perhaps fleeing far from them, forbears its malice, until the voice of spring is heard no more, until the the sinewy summer of life has passed away, until pale and shivering autumn has come; and then, when the bright prospect is already dimmed and the best hopes of existence destroyed, strikes with a serpent's fang, and rejoices not in its individual strength, but over our own unstruggling and miserable submission."

THE AWE, published at Lynn, Mass., a notice of which appeared in our last number, has been enlarged and considerably improved.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. J. I. A. will excuse our neglect of his sheet. We should be glad to hear from him in season for next No. Will Charlotte often furnish us with articles from her pen?

"Without friends what is man? A solitary oak upon a sterile rock Sympathetical indeed in its form, beautifully and exquisitely finished, outrivaling the most lauded perfection of art in gracefulness and grandeur, but over which decay has shaken her black wing, and left its leaves blighted—its limbs contract as they dry—its roots rottenness—and its bloom death—scathed, lifeless monument of its pristine beauty. When the rebuffs of adversity are crushing us earthward, when the clouds look black above, and the muttered thunder of misfortune growls along the sky, when our frame is palsied by the skeleton hand of disease, or our senses whirled in the maelstrom chaos of insanity, when our hearts are torn by the recent separation of some beloved object, while our tears are yet flowing upon the fresh turf of departed innocence; in that time it is the office of friendship to shield us from the portentous storm, to quicken the fainting pulses of our sickly frame, to bring back the wandering star of mind within the attraction of a sound intellect, to pour the consolation of sympathetic kindness, the oil and balm of peace into the festering wound and deliver the aching heart from the object of its yet bleeding affections."

MISCELLANY.

HOPE.

As fades the flower, by beauty favored most,
Ere time has scarce its tender growth matured;
As sinks the bark by many a rude wave tossed,
In anxious sight of the expected shore.

Thus Hope decays, when expectation high,
Points on the breast the image of success—
And hearts once sanguine, only woes desery,
And pine away at last in wretchedness.

SORROW.—The sorrow that parts in music from the lip often dies in its singing, and the ill-starred love of its song goes on its way soothed by the comrade it has called up, vanity and sympathy. The poet dies not of the broken heart he sings; it is the passionate enthusiast, the lonely visionary, who makes his own hopes, feeling and thoughts, the pyre on which himself will be consumed. The old proverb, applied to fire and water, may, with equal truth, be applied to the imagination—it is a good servant, but a bad master.

CALUMNY.—The aspersions of calumny will not adhere permanently to some character, unless they find in this some ground of adhesion. When, therefore, you are assailed by slander and obloquy, suffer that which will not stick, to fall to the ground of its own accord; and, as to the rest, mend your character.

GUILTY LOVE.—If there be one part of life on which the curse spoken at Eden rests in double darkness; if there be one part of life on which is heaped the gathered wretchedness of years, it is the time when guilty love has burnt itself out, and the heart sees crowd around those vain regrets, that deep remorse, whose voices are never heard but in the silence of indifference. Who ever repeated or regretted during the reign of that sweet madness when one beloved object was more, ay, a thousand times more, than the world forgotten for its sake? But when the silver cord of affection is loosened and the golden bowl of intoxicating passion broken; when that change which passes o'er all the earth's loveliest has passed, too, over the heart; when that step which was once our sweetest music falls on the ear a fear, not a hope; when we know that we love no more as once we loved; when memory troods on the past, which yields but a terrible repentance, and hope turns sickening from a future, which is her grave; if there be a part of life where misery and weariness contend together, till the agony is greater than we can bear, this is the time.

"Beautiful it is to see and understand that no worth, known or unknown, can die even on this earth; the work an unknown man has done, is like a vein of water flowing, hidden under the ground; it flows and flows—it joins itself with another vein and veinlets—one day it will start forth a visible, perennial well."

IDLENESS.—It is a mistake to suppose that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idleness, languid as she is, often masters them all; she insensibly consumes both passions and virtues.

POWER OF THE PURSE.—The state of a man's purse is known by the more or less active attentions of friendship. If fame whispers, that "he is doing well," that whisper is a summer breeze, which warms to a higher degree the mercury of kindness, in the thermometer of that man's fate. If he has office or money to bestow, his praises are on every tongue; he is very respectable.—[Investigator.]

MEMORY—THE PAST.

The scenes of life are constantly changing, and we scarcely enter upon the enjoyment of any long sought for object, ere it flits from us, and is gone. Our minds are constantly moving onward from one object to another; we form acquaintances, contract friendships, enjoy the society of loved ones for a season, and suddenly are compelled to submit to a separation. When amid happy scenes and connections, we are unconscious of the rapidity with which time passes; we do not realize that we must bid adieu to friends, and perhaps become familiar with adverse fortunes, until the reality bursts upon us, and, unable to change, we are forced to submit to the decrees of Fate. 'Tis then we experience the reality of sorrow; and were it not for one precious boon, life would for a season be rayless. But it affords abundant gratification to the mind to enjoy in retrospection, days and scenes that have passed away—to live over again in the society of those who were once most dear—to behold their cheerful countenances, and listen to the words which have fallen from their lips. The thought of separation parts with half its bitterness, when memory bids us cease to mourn. Truly memory is a precious treasure. How cheerless must be the heart, when called to yield to death the most beloved friends, those whose society has rendered life happy, and whose loss serves to render it doubly miserable, when the future offers no charms to existence, did not memory offer a substitute for the lost.—Let us rejoice then in the mission of this angel who thus leads back again to the days that are past, and helps us to live life over again.

THE LONELY TAPER.—There has always been to me something inexpressibly touching in the single taper burning through the long and lonely hours of silence and sleep. It must mark some weary vigil; one, perhaps, by the sick couch, where rests the pale face on which we dread every moment to look out last.—How the very heart suspends its beating in the hushed stillness of the sick chamber! What a history of hopes, fears and cares are in its hours! How does love then feel its utter fondness and its helplessness! How is the more active business of the outward world forgotten in the deep interest of the hushed world, in those darkened walls! A look, a tone, a breath, is there of vital importance: with what tender care the cup is raised to the feverish lip, with what intense anxiety the color is watched on the wasted cheek? How are the pulses counted on the thin hand, and sometimes in vain!

Again, that lonely taper! how often is it the companion and sign of studies for which the day is too short—studies that steal the gloss from the sunny hair, and the light from the over-taxed eye!

EVENING.—"Evening," says Miss Bremer, "is a precious time for friends, who live together. Married people know it well, and brothers and sisters know it too. Contrary to the flowers of nature, which close their chalice at the close of day, the loveliest flower friendship—confidence—loves most to expand itself at evening, and breathes forth its fragrance most gladly under the protection of twilight and silence. Then talk we of the questions of the day; then conclude peace with our hearts, if we have opened them before to our friend; then seek we conciliation from heaven, and offer it to the world, ere yet the night comes; and then sleep we so sound and sweetly."

THE YOUNG.—A little ragged urchin that is passing my window on his way to school, with his dog-eared primer in his hand, his eyes almost closed by music of a dandelion stalk between his lips, is possessor of more real enjoyment than the greatest potentate of Europe. Happiness consists more in the little frivolous occurrences of the passing moment, than in the more important events of life. For this reason the young are happy. But a few years hence and the smooth open brow of that boy will be deeply marked. One furrow will tell of hard earned property swept suddenly away—another of friends laid low—a third of disappointed hopes. But we have our sweet consolation:—there is an hour of deep repose for every mortal. King and subject—millionaire and pauper—friend and foe—how sweetly and how profoundly they sleep side by side! Each one hurries through his short round of joys and sorrows—

—Some short bustle's caused,
A few inquires, and the clouds close in
And all's forgotten

[Willis G. Clark.]

SENECA SAYS:—The chief indication of our minds being at ease, is to be satisfied with our own company.

Love labor; for if thou dost not want for food, thou mayest for physic. It is wholesome for the body and good for the mind.

THE FACTORY GIRL'S GARLAND.

Poetry

Original.

STANZAS.

They see a smile upon my cheek,
They hear my voice in accents gay,
But oh, they never thirst to seek
The burning thoughts beneath that lay.
They see me fluttering around,
Like a bird upon the wing,
My voice is e'er a merry sound,
They deem me an unthinking thing.
They see me mingle with the throng,
With brow that seems devoid of care,
Joining the merry voice of song,
And never dream my heart's not there.
They see me sporting with the gay,
And gaze unmoved on all the same,
But know not of the hidden springs,
Know not the magic in a name!
They speak of hopes that once were near,
I smile as if their loss was nought,
They know not that I lonely pine
For joys not seen to be forgot.
They know not that my soul is set
On higher things than those of earth,
My sun of joy so early set
Will rise again in heavenly birth.

CLARIETTE.

Original.

It is said that many years ago a young bride
was kneeling at the altar; and remaining long
on her knees, they raised her, and found that her
spirit had departed. Her last words were, "I
wish I were at rest in heaven!"

I wish I were at rest in heaven,
Among the faithful blest,
The soul is freed from anguish there,
The weary are at rest.

I wish I were at rest in heaven,
A fair girl gently sighed,
As she knelt beside the altar,
A young and lovely bride.

Rich pearls gleam'd forth from her dark hair
And diamonds without peer,
Yet grief was shadowed on her brow,
And in her eye, a tear.

I wish I were at rest in heaven,
Gently life's waters glide,
In those bright realms of peace and love,
Where sorrows ne'er betide.

I wish I were at rest in heaven,
O sweet would be my song;
And heavenly bright my azure robe,
Mid the angelic throng.

I wish I were at rest in heaven,
Where reigns no care or wo,
I long in the celestial fount
To bathe my weary brow.

I wish I were at rest in heaven,
There dwells my early guide,
I pant to clasp her to my heart,
And rest me by her side.

Long years have passed since in my arms
Was breathed her parting sigh,
Softly she murmured, "Fare thee well,
HELENA, I must die."

Hark! floating on the twilight air,
Sweet music wakes the gloom,
'Tis she—I hear her angel voice,
Mother! I come, I come.

The priest stood long with solemn air,
Yet moved she not her head,
Surprise, amazement, seized his frame,
And o'er his features spread.

Loud did he call—no answer came,
They raised her, she was dead,
She had become the bride of heaven,
The weary soul had fled.

JOANNA.

Boston, 1814.

STANZAS—THE SOUL.

The soul alone is beautiful;
It speaks a language new,
It moves in prayer till hearts are full,
And eyes in thought are dew.

It breaths a love from Spirit-land,
It fans us with its wing,
When faint with grief Earth's struggling band,
Toil amid suffering.

It casts a light of prophet-fire
Upon the minstrel's page,
White visions rapt in Fame's desire,
Illume a future age.

The soul alone is beautiful,
As Beauty last decays;
Though Art awhile her charms may cull,
They perish with our gaze.

When nature's glories pass away,
Her latest vanities fled,
The soul will see eternal day,
And smile upon the dead.

Some business items must be omitted till next
number. Several correspondents need attention,
and shall receive it as soon as a press of business
now on our hands is despatched.

LOWELL.—One of our Travelling Agents, Mr.
A. F. BROWN, is spending a few days in Lowell,
to dispose of our paper, make collections, make
arrangements with Agents, &c.—We have hith-
erto circulated in Lowell only about 300 copies,
and we have no doubt that with proper means
1000 might be sold. We shall try what we can
do. The paper for the present is for sale by
JOHN W. DAVIS, No. 5 John St.
ORRIN HUNTOON, Suffolk St.
H. W. PRIEST, Tilden St.

And if this meets the eye of any one who
would like to keep it for sale, please make appli-
cation.

EYES.

Nothing can be more certain than that the black
eye indicates laquaciousness. Is not the sky
black before it thunders? and is it not blue when
it is tranquil? But who would be satisfied with a
sky forever the same sleepy blue? And who
would dyell in a climate where the heavens were
always black with tempests? Therefore we in-
cline to the hazle or grey eye, which lighten in
anger or melts in good humor. When a pair of
these grey ones fasten upon us, we feel indiscri-
bable emotions! We feel, as we suppose those
flies do in warm weather who turn over on their
backs and spin round like whirligigs in a kind of
dy-ecstasy!

A BLUSH.

What is more uncontrollable than a blush?
It's transit is sudden, obtrusive, and often an un-
welcome tell-tale. A word, act, look, or thought,
sends to the face the soft tints that would beggar
all description, art or nature beside. The mellow
tints of the western horizon at twilight, would be
mere mockery, compared to this phenomenon.—
The feelings are alone glowingly portrayed in the
face; the true index to our emotions: no other
change is induced in the whole organization.—
We have seen its glow on the cheek of the ora-
tor at a misplaced word; at the social board it
mantles the face of the maiden, at the slip of a
coffee-cup, or the inaccurate altitude of the knife
or fork. Those who are not susceptible to its in-
fluence may at times dissemble, but they are en-
tirely destitute of that virtuous expression of
feeling which no words can convey.

Pleasure is a rose, near which there ever grows
a thorn of evil. His wisdom's work is ever full
to cull the rose as to avoid the thorn, and let its
rich perfume exhale to heaven, in grateful adora-
tion of Him, who gave the rose to blow.

SPIRIT OF LOVE.—Beyond all question, it is the
unalterable constitution of nature, that there is
efficacy—divine, unspeakable efficacy in love.
The exhibition of kindness has the power to
bring even the irrational animals into subjection.
Show kindness to a dog, and he will remember it—
he infallibly returns love for love. Show
kindness to a lion and you can lead him by the
mane—you can thrust your hand into his mouth
—you can melt the untamed ferocity of his heart
into an affection stronger than death. In all
God's vast creation, there is not a living and sen-
tient being, from the least to the largest, that is
insensible to kindness. What an inducement to
practice it!

TO YOUNG MEN.—Be cautious of that young lady
who runs from the wash tub to change her dress
at your approach—you will want a long purse
to support her. Also, beware of her with a half
dozen of rings on her fingers, and who sits in
church with her glove off, that all she has of any
value about her may be seen to advantage. She
will, if you wed her, soon get a ring of poverty
on your nose.

YOUTH, LOVE, AND AGE.

A young man's ambition is but vanity; it
has no definite aim; it plays with a thousand
toys. As with one passion so with the rest.
In youth, love is ever on the wing, but, like
the birds of April, it hath not yet built its
nest. With so long a career of summer and
hope before it, the disappointment of to-day
is succeeded by the novelty of to-morrow, and
the sun that advances to the noon but dries
up its fervent tears. But when we have ar-
rived at the epoch of life when, if the light
fail us, if the last rose wither, we feel that
the loss cannot be retrieved and that the frost
and the darkness are at hand, love becomes
to us a treasure that we watch over and hoard
with a miser's care. Our youngest born af-
fection is our darling and our idol, the fond-
est pledge of the past, and the most cherished
of our hopes for the future. A certain melan-
choly that mingles with our joy at the pos-
session only enchants its charm. We feel
ourselves so dependant on it for all that is
yet to come. Our other barks, our galleys of
pleasure, our stately barges of pride, have
been swallowed up by the remorseless wave.
On this last vessel we freight our all; to its
frag tenement we commit ourselves. The
star that guided it is our guide, and in the
tempest that menaces we behold our
doom!

ITEMS.

It is better to be just than to be original.
If there is more misery than happiness on earth,
how happens it that youth—when we are most
keenly alive to joy and sorrow—is said to be the
happiest portion of our existence?

Deprive man of fear and anxiety, and the real
miseries of life would be found to be few.

When one laughs at you, you may console
yourself with the reflection that he is not angry
with you.

Beauty and money are often decried; but ev-
erybody feels their power.

Are you a homely man? If so, you ought to re-
joice, as the women will let you alone.

If you assist a man in cheating others don't
be surprised if he cheats you in return.

If you are a homely man, never go into a shop
which is kept by a woman. She will turn you
off with a poor article.

A jealous wife is wonderfully pleasant; be-
cause you know she loves—her own pride or van-
ity.

A bustle on a young lady is intended to an-
swer the purpose of the tail of a kite. Its object
is to keep the giddy things steady.

When young ladies wore the large bishop
sleeves, we presume it was for the accommoda-
tion of coquettes, who wanted to laugh in their
sleeves at their beaux.

To shut up one eye at a lady is an insult. If
you shut both, you are excusable.

Some people—ay, many, think it necessary to
be quarrelsome, to prove that they have cour-
age.

The factory girls in Alleghany city, Pa. have
quit work rather than submit to a reduction of
wages.

Marry not a man who neglects his business;
if he does so when single, he will be worse when
married.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—To be able to thump a
piano, yawn over a novel, and turn up the nose
at any thing approaching to usefulness.

Did you ever see a lady who would not for-
give a liberty sooner than a slight?

TOO MUCH WORK.—Every person ought to
have a period in each day to which they can
look forward as their time of relaxation; and
during which, they shall be entire masters of
their time and pursuits. This is deeply es-
sential to human happiness. Of what use
are all the various improvements made in
machinery, if they do not end in abridging the
daily hours now devoted to labor?

REMEMBER THE WHEEL.—Let us not then
remember that if their own offspring may
sometimes be poor. History tells of an an-
cient conqueror, who having harnessed sev-
eral kings to his triumphal chariot, noticed
one of them frequently looking back, and
narrowly watching the wheel. The conquer-
or asked him why he did so. I was thinking
said he, how quick the top of that wheel
would come down into the dust, and the part
now down would be on the top. The con-
queror unharnessed him. Rich men! remem-
ber the wheel.

MATRIMONY.—Some men think themselves
very clever in tantalizing their wives—some,
unpossessed of feeling themselves may not
understand how a vile word or stupid act can vex
a keener soul; but it is meet they know and re-
member this—there is no greater crime than to
take a woman from her father's hearth where
she stood in blooming independence, to load her
with the cares of a family, and then to trample
on her hopes, by proving that he is no better than
those for whom she never cared or sighed—that
he is no worthier than those who were forgotten
in her dreams, and passed unheeded as she clung
with fondness to his arm.

Married, in Elliotville, Mr. Alexander Drake
to Miss Lydia M. Edes.

This is a curious world they say,
The truth of which there's no mistake;
Just think of woman, fair to-day,
To-morrow changed into a Drake.

The latest song of a despairing lover, and the
most expressive that we have heard for many a
day, is the following;

Gone; gone forever am the hope
For which so long I've trusted;
Ann Maria has taken slope,
And I am done and busted.

From the Orion.
MARRIAGE.

In days of yore, the fashion was,
When ladies were espoused,
A portion with her filled a clause,
In all the marriage vows.

Substantial proof the husband had,
That he was married well,
But now-a-days—oh, shade of shad!
What man will get, I'll tell,

If he should want a modern belle,
And she should want a man—
He'll get beside herself—to keep or sell
A half a peck of bran.

In our next No. we shall commence the
publication of a Poem, entitled "SILENT LOVE."
It is exceedingly popular. Also, an interesting
Tale, entitled "ANNIE MERETON." Both will be
concluded in No. 21.

TRUE.—The man who wants the bayonet and
law to enforce his opinions, admits from bygone
conclusions, that his arguments are not in them-
selves sufficient to enforce conviction.

It is said there are some folks who write, talk
and think so much on virtue, that they have no
time to practice it.

INTERESTING TO HUSBANDS.—A late English
paper says that in the Court of Queen's Bench,
recently, a jury refused to make a husband res-
ponsible for an extravagant milliner's bill to his
wife, comprehending amongst other items ten new
bonnets and forty-three pairs of gloves in seven
months!

The number of persons engaged in mak-
ing Ladies' Shoes in the town of Lynn, is 1514,
including apprentices, 583 of which belong to the
Cordwainers Society.

The Convention of the Laborers of New
England, is to be held at Boston on the 18th
day of this month.

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Brady 25 cts.
MASS.—Joseph Bickford 25 cts.
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Mary B. Hall 1.00 commenced January No.

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