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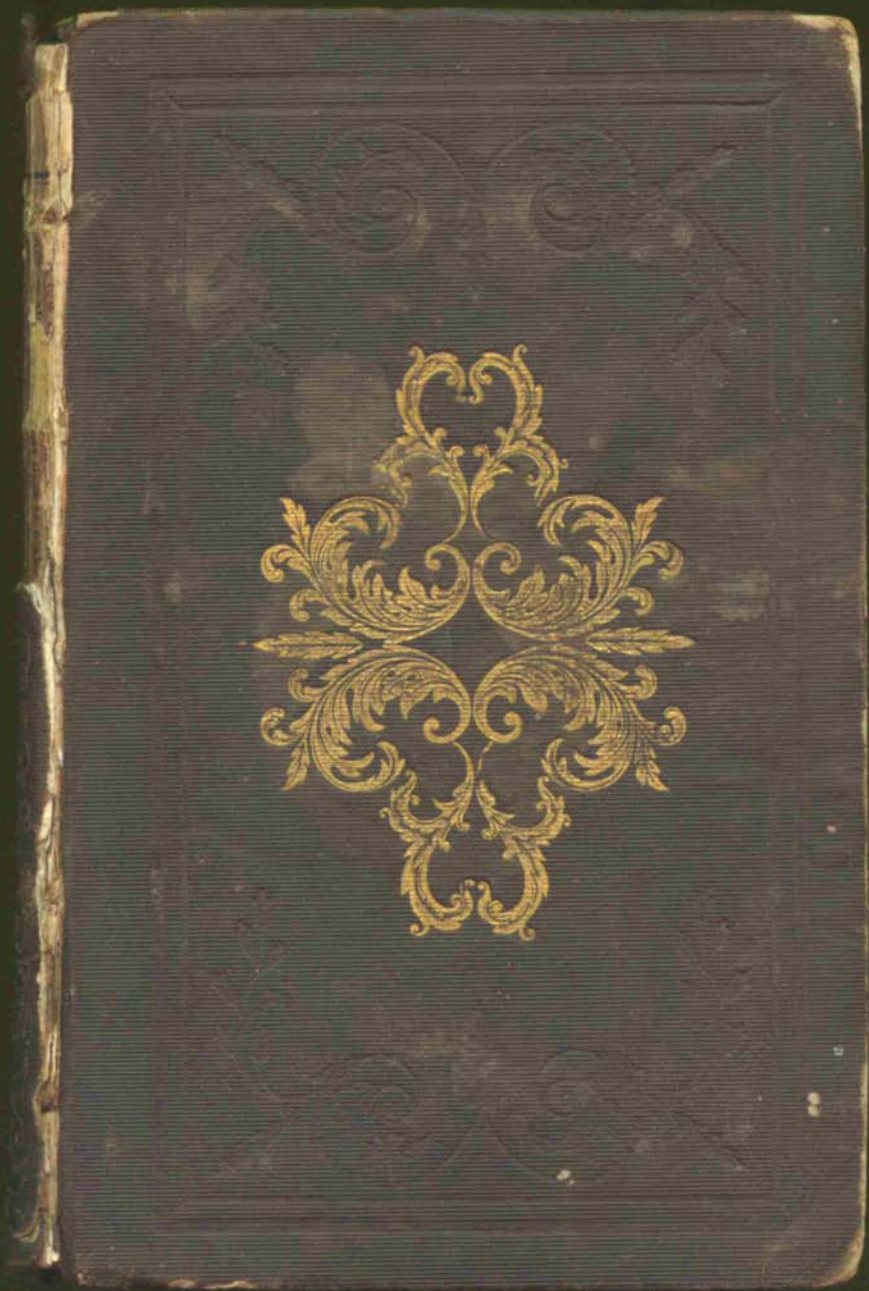
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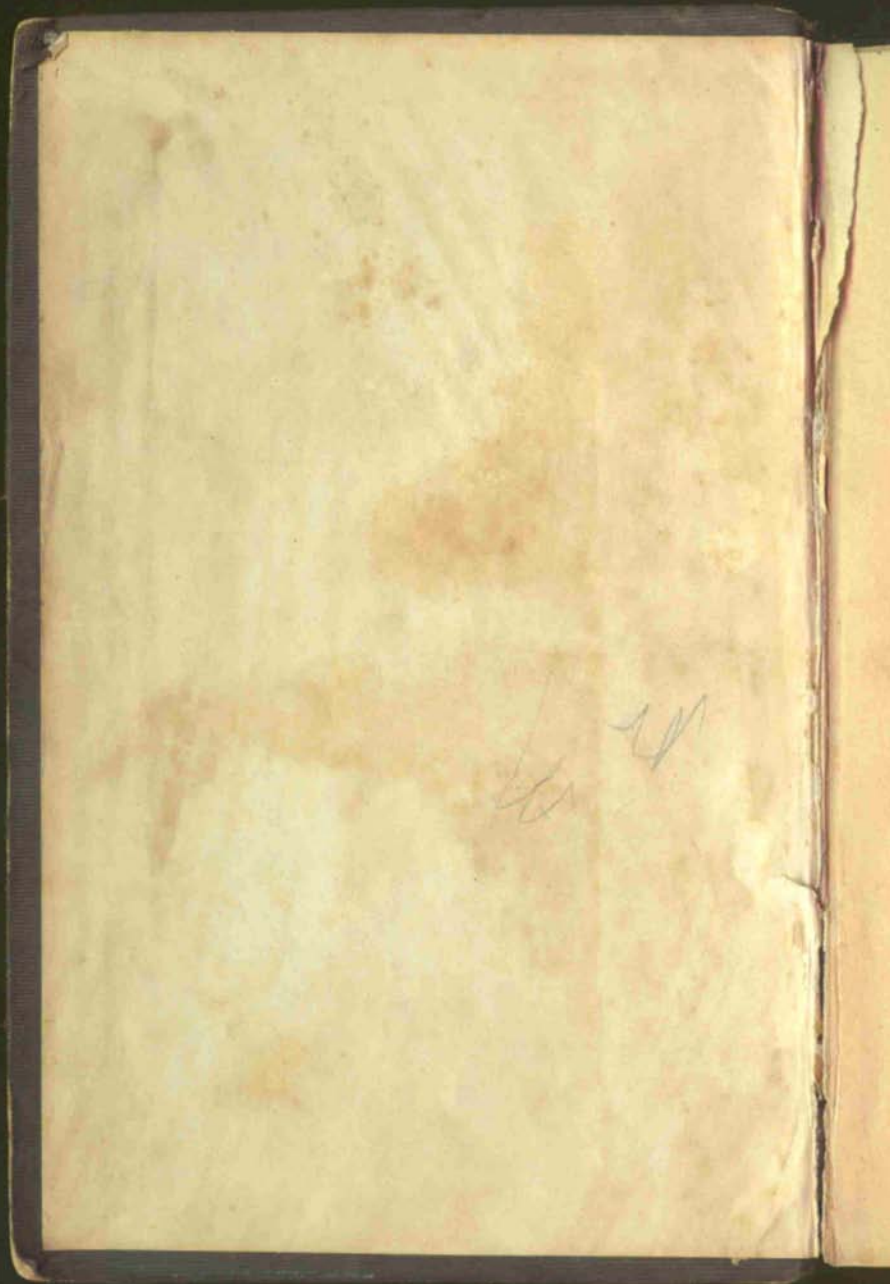
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THE
FACTORY GIRL:
OR
GARDEZ LA CŒUR.

What though the gem is found in caves of earth—
Does that destroy its beauty, or its worth?
And tho' unknown the Virtuous heart to Fame,
Is not its real value still the same?

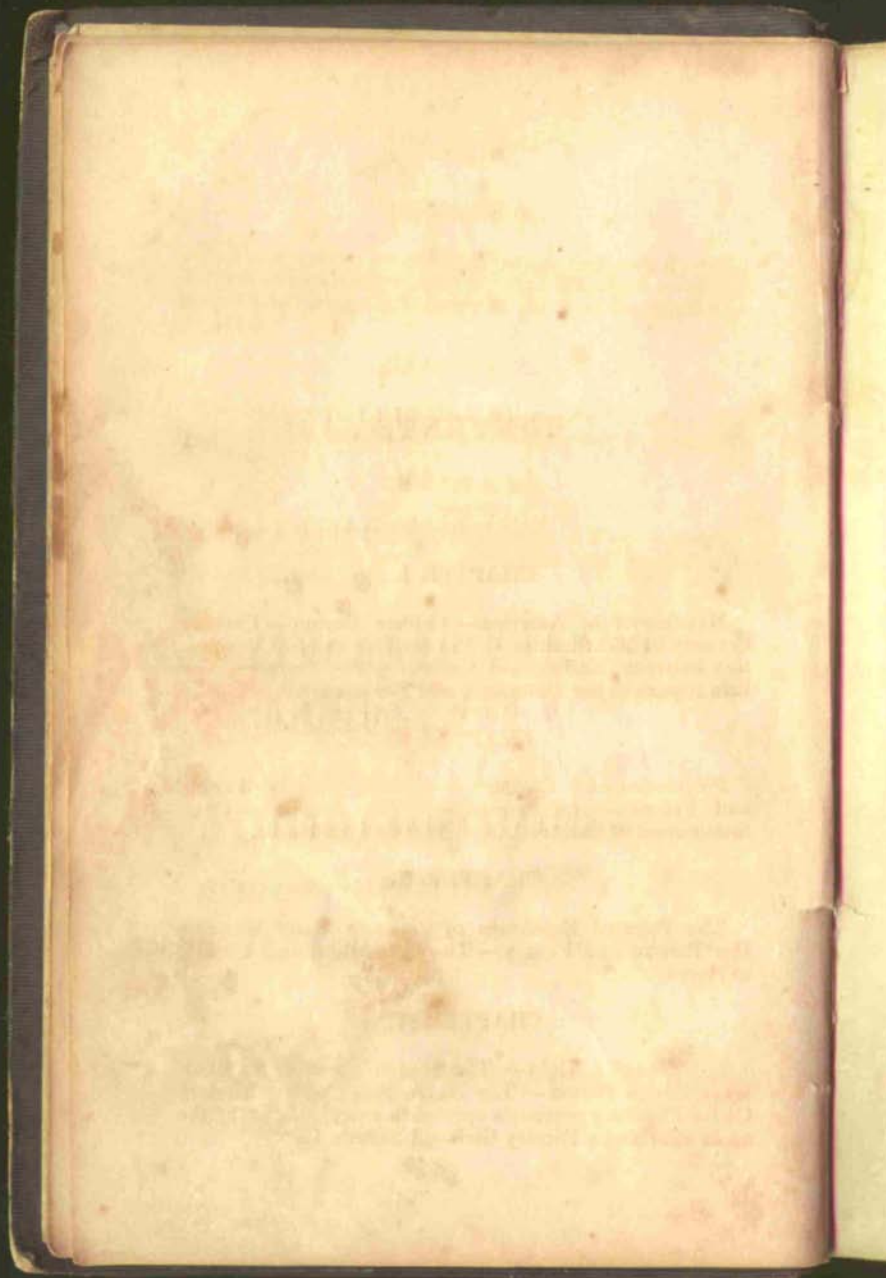
BY A. I. CUMMINGS, M. D.

LOWELL:
J. E. SHORT & CO.
1847.

Entered according to an Act of Congress, in the year 1846,
BY J. E. SHORT & CO.,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of
Massachusetts.

ABNER FORBES, PRINTER,
37 Cornhill, Boston.

TO
THE INTELLIGENT
AND
HIGHLY RESPECTABLE CLASS
OF
FEMALE OPERATIVES,
IN NEW ENGLAND,
IS THIS HUMBLE VOLUME MOST RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED AND INSCRIBED,
BY THEIR FRIEND AND HUMBLE SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.



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THE FACTORY GIRL.

CHAPTER I.

They parted — and a mutual kiss
Their vows had sealed for future bliss ;
While Hope's bright beacon lent its ray,
And bore Affection's sigh away !

NEVER, perhaps, did the "Manchester of America," though renowned for the moral and intellectual worth of its inhabitants, and especially its Female Operatives, bear within its limits a nobler, more pure, and worthy soul, than that which caused the heart of CALLISTE BARTON to beat, in her humble sphere. In saying this, it is no disparagement to any one, as we trust the following pages will show.

And now, courteous reader, we invite you to follow us, if you please, through a series of scenes which, though delineated in a familiar style, and without the magic graces of the romantic imagination, or the art of the novelist, we trust may not prove uninteresting, especially to the class of which the subject of our narrative was a worthy

member. And if *la beau monde** will condescend to follow our humble pen, we will show them that a gem of transcendent beauty and worth may be found even in the depths of obscurity.

It was a beautiful evening in mid-summer, in the year 18—. The brilliant constellations had taken their seats in the blue vault of heaven, and every star seemed to twinkle with joy, and to emit its rays like the benign influence of the virtuous mind upon surrounding objects. The zephyrs, filled with the fragrance of nature's flower-garden, wafted their rich perfume in a sweet murmur, save which, with the gentle rolling of the pellucid stream, silence reigned. The earth was clothed in her richest garments, and dame Nature seemed to smile with satisfaction at the faithful accomplishment of her work, and the beauty of each object which her pencil had touched, or her magic wand animated. Then Solitude lent her charm, and Devotion her power to the virtuous mind.

On such an evening as this, at a short distance from a small, yet beautiful village of the "Granite State," upon the banks of a stream tributary to the noble river that washes the western boundary of that State, might have been seen, apparently in deep and interesting, if not anxious conversation, a lady and gentleman, whose appearance would have particularly engaged your attention. They were both young, and the lady at least was peculiarly beautiful and lovely.

"When shall you return, Calliste?" inquired

* The fashionable world.

the gentleman. "That is uncertain," was the reply. "We shall miss you," continued the first speaker, "but I hope we shall hear from you often." "Most certainly I shall write," she replied. But we have traced their conversation far enough to open to the minds of our readers the characters which we have introduced; and as the companion of Calliste, at the present time, permit us to introduce MARCUS HARTWELL, of whom the reader will hear more as we proceed. Suffice it to say, that he was a *very dear friend* of Calliste, and that they were about to part for a season.

Long did they converse, seated upon the moss-covered bank, beneath the shade of a majestic elm, whose towering trunk had bid defiance to the storms of many a rolling year, ere those beneath its boughs had commenced the journey of life. The subject of their present conversation will be readily guessed by our readers. Theirs, gentle friends, were hearts swayed by reciprocal feelings — by deep, pure, fervent, and devoted affection. They had not learned to trifle with the brightest, sweetest, and purest feelings of which our nature is susceptible. They had received this precious gift from the hand of Virtue, and her kiss as the signet of her approval aroused confidence to act in mutual harmony — and they were happy. This, indeed, is the only source to the fountain of happiness, and all the pranks of Cupid upon hearts really unworthy to bear the gem of true affection, are but impulses that lead to evil, rather than the attainment of lasting good.

There is an hour, in which the heart can truly realize the extent of its attachment to any object — when it can truly feel the worth of a soul possessing feelings congenial to its own. There is a time that severs kindred spirits, and plants their destiny in remote climes from each other, to wander alone among strangers, with no friend to soothe the aching head, or cheer the hour of sorrow and gloom, by a kind word and an ever-welcome smile. Yes,

The parting hour, to kindred hearts,
Truly is ever fraught with pain ;
For who can tell, when once we part,
If we shall ever meet again ?

We love the endearing associations that cluster around *Home*, and from the scenes of our childhood, hallowed by so many interesting names and scenes — all dear to our heart — it is indeed hard to part ; but there is *one* association that binds us still stronger to its object, and that is *true affection*. This, *this*, we say, draws the cords of the heart, and touches a vibrating string, the music of which strikes upon the soul in tones sorrowful, yet sweet, as in the low and hallowed cadence the last adieu falls upon our anxious ear with a magic spell.

Such was the scene which we have introduced to our readers, and the time and place were favorable to the parting, for a calm and holy influence seemed to fall around them, as if angels were at their devotions near, and the harmony of Nature, as exhibited in the material universe, seemed also to render a tribute of praise to the Architect Di-

vine. But in the hearts of Marcus and Calliste, nothing but unfeigned affection touched the strings; and though that passion — so sacred, so holy — was mutual, yet, up to the present time, had it remained unconfessed.

From early years they had associated with each other, and that attachment which had existed between them, had gradually ripened into mutual love, pure and ardent. And now, for the first time, did they realize the extent of that passion, which had so long been cherished, behind the veil of the heart. This was the scene of the confession and the declaration of affection. And as he clasped Calliste to his bosom, and the first holiest kiss of love was mutually given, think you not, dear reader, an emotion thrilled the heart of Marcus, whose very nature forbid aught but constancy and fidelity to its sacred trust? The pledge was given — the solemn vow was sealed, and registered, we fancy, in the *sanctum* of virtue, for future reference.

They parted — but think you, fair reader, it was not with mutual satisfaction? Though they were to be separated for a season, yet they were blest with the anticipation of a future meeting, under more pleasant circumstances. Hope cheered their hearts, and the last embrace and adieu found a charm from the light of that blessed beacon which is the joy of the mind. They parted — Marcus to resume his studies, and Calliste to leave the home of her childhood, with all its endearing scenes, to take up her abode among strangers, in

a distant location. Ye who have tried the experiment, know what it is to commit yourselves to the mercies and sympathies of an unfriendly world—to leave the scenes of home, for a residence amid the noise and jar of a bustling town, and confined to the hours designated by the rattling bell. *You* know the difference between this and the associations, and familiar faces of "Sweet Home." This was the chosen lot of Calliste, for a laudable purpose; and the morrow was the day appointed for her departure. Yet she dreaded it not, for she was prepared by virtue for the task, and she had an important object in view.

Whatever may be the character of present circumstances, however painful our situation, we can bear, with fortitude, each burthen, if we have the satisfaction that the future will bring relief. Hope, the day-star of our life, cheers us under every trial, and we trust to its anchor for a happy termination of pain or sorrow, and a safe deliverance from the frowns of adversity. The heart would sink in despondency, were not this animating principle firmly planted in the human breast. We need its salutary influence,

To cheer the soul, when fortune frowns,
And feed the sinking vital flame;
To give new life where sorrow drowns,
And shine with beauty in a name!

We find Calliste, now, in her own private apartment, and there, in humble devotion, she pours out her soul to the Giver of every good, to ask His protection and continued blessing, and from a sin-

cere heart that evening, arose her fervent petition to the Throne of Grace, for, to the other beauties of her character was added the crowning excellence of *true and ardent piety*. A book was upon the small table near her, and it was *that* blessed volume, which, if rightly improved, "is able to make us wise unto salvation." As she rose and resumed her seat, a calm serenity of countenance indicated the approval of conscience, and this is the richest blessing which is within our reach.

She was indeed beautiful, and however rare the union, her mind was no less attractive.

Tho' beauty, in its ev'ry grace,
Rested upon her form and face,
The *mind* contained the priceless gem —
E'en virtue's richest diadem.

How truly beautiful the scene, when the youthful heart surrenders itself to the service of its Creator! and what more pleasing and truly interesting object can you name, than a "pious youth?" Angels may well rejoice, and saints be glad, when the young, in all the bloom and activity of the spring time of life, yield to God, and unite with God's people to serve Him. Calliste was one of that happy number whose God is the Lord.

As she sat thus, alone in her room, meditating, perhaps, upon the scene which had transpired, or anxiously contemplating the future, through an open window, the gentle breeze of evening bore to her ears the notes of music at a distance, each note echoing in the silence of the night with a peculiar sweetness of tone which only the rural

seclusion affords. It was the flute of Marcus, which had so often accompanied her voice in the songs which fill the heart with emotion; and the thought that she heard the welcome sound for the last time, at least for a season, for a moment caused her countenance to bear an expression of sorrow. But it was of short duration. And as the last note of one of her favorite pieces died upon the ear, and she heard no more, she rose from the window and retired to rest.

How sweet the rest of that individual, whose mind is conscious of rectitude! How blessed the state of that mind that can place its trust in an Omnipotent Arm, and fear no evil! Such was the mind of Calliste; and she was happy, though painful the thought of the prospect before her — at least of leaving the humble roof, even in that seclusion, dear to her by so many pleasing recollections, and of leaving a father, mother and brother, to find another home for herself, at the tender age of sixteen years. But she was prepared, and well prepared, for the task. Her mind was fortified by virtue's shield, and well she knew the prayers of her parents, and Marcus, would daily meet her own at the sacred altar, *for her* protection. Thus was she happy in the anticipation of the journey of the next day, and we leave her, simply remarking, that *no life can be truly happy unless it is approved of virtue.*

CHAPTER II.

She left her home—she left her friends,
To act her part upon Life's stage ;
While beauty its effulgence lends,
At "sweet sixteen's" precarious age.

THE shades of night had disappeared, and Aurora had taken her seat in her oriental chariot, while Sol, her grand representative, by his smiles, chased every cloud from the horizon, and bade the flower and bud unfold their beauty, to add fresh fragrance to the sparkling dew-drops, — to unfold their chalices again, and to pay their tribute to the Power which planted them, caused them to vegetate, and painted them in all their variegated and beautiful hues.

Again were heard the merry notes of some favorite air, as the farmer, whistling joyfully, as the feast of a contented mind, took his way to the field, to commence the labors of the day, and animated nature in all its varieties, found a tone to echo in the glad strains which characterize rural life. All was life and animation, and beauty crowned the scene, as the dew-drops, like crystals, sparkled from their thousand petals, while the for-

est, the hill, and the vale, were attired in their livery of green, wrought in multiform varieties by the hand of Nature.

But while yet the morning twilight lingered in the chambers of the east, Calliste had offered her devotion to Heaven. She had arisen and gone forth to walk, and to catch the rich perfumes of myriads of flowers, borne on ethereal wings, while she sought the invigorating and salutary influence of the salubrious atmosphere of her native hills, once again, ere she left them for other scenes.

All things were ready for her departure, and she felt a mixture of joy and grief rising in her breast — joy in the anticipation of the accomplishment of her object, — and grief at the thought of the separation which must take place between herself and those near and dear to her heart; and in consideration of the many temptations and dangers to which a city life renders the young and inexperienced subjects.

She returned, and as the happy family of which Calliste was a much loved and worthy member, seated themselves once again together around the humble board to partake of the bounties of providence, and then gathered around the family altar, to join in a song of praise, and to bow in humble prayer before the Majesty of Heaven, no wonder if Calliste felt indeed a pang at the thought of separation. It is natural to humanity to desire that those scenes in which we take the most interest may be perpetuated, and the hour which is to sever us from our highest enjoyments, must ne-

cessarily bring with it, unwelcome feelings to the heart. But Calliste had formed her resolutions, and resolved to bear the pang that separation must occasion, with a firm courage, and to that end had resolved to appear cheerful. She wore a gem that is the safest helmet — the best shield — and that gem she trusted to preserve her from every snare, and enable her to resist every temptation. It was the gem of *virtue*, gentle reader, crowned by true piety. *This* is the defence of the heart, — the safeguard of the graces and accomplishments of the mind, and the beauties of the person.

The hour had come when the adieu must fall from lips unaccustomed to speak the word. The last counsels of tender parents had been given, and Calliste had been commended to God. The stage coach was at the door, and she must go. *Then* did the reality burst upon the mind of the fair one, and almost did she regret the step which she was about to take — but it was too late; and though the tear-drops forsook her eyes, when the last embrace and kiss were given, yet she cheerfully took her place in the stage, and soon was far from the scenes of home, and the familiar faces which remained. She had an object in view of sufficient importance to cause her to relinquish her own happiness for a season to secure its attainment.

But what were the feelings of that fond and pious mother, at parting with the object of her tender care and anxious solicitude — a beloved daughter? How dare she trust one so young and

inexperienced in a distant city, and among strangers? Exposed, as she necessarily must be, to many evils and dangers, had she no fears for her safety? Ah, none but a mother can analyze a mother's feelings! None but those who sustain the sacred relation, can feel the many anxieties which a tender mother experiences for the welfare of a beloved child, from the earliest moments of infancy even to mature age. But *she* had the sweet satisfaction of knowing that those lessons of virtue and morality — those precepts of religion, which had been impressed upon the mind of Calliste from early years — had not been disregarded; a satisfaction which, were it universal, would save the pang of sorrow from many a mother's anxious breast. She had confidence in the fidelity of her daughter in the observation of those precepts which she had received; and with that feeling, though with unavoidable solicitude, which only a mother knows, she was willing to trust Calliste in the wide world for a season.

How illy prepared, indeed, to encounter the temptations and difficulties of life is that mind which has not the shield of Virtue as a safe defence. Though possessed of brilliant talents and highly-cultivated intellectual faculties, none are safe from the dangers of shipwreck upon the shoals and quicksands of life, unless the chart of Virtue is on board, and Wisdom at the helm. How many a brilliant star has been lost from the constellation of intellectual beauty, because it

strove to twinkle in its own strength, and despised the constant, saving flame of Virtue.

Ye, who have learned by experience what it is to leave the paternal roof, for the first time, to mingle with strangers, *you* can tell the feelings of the subject of our narrative, on her journey to the place of her future abode. But through the favor of a friend of her father, a place had been secured for Calliste, in a respectable family, and also employment as she had desired, and she was thereby saved the anxiety, which otherwise would have taken possession of her mind. Her journey afforded novelty for the mind, in the various objects which met her attention, and perhaps was more pleasurable than otherwise. Calliste was an admirer of the beauties of nature, and the landscapes, beautiful and variegated, afforded many objects of attraction, which, to the thoughtless, pass unnoticed. Indeed, to the reader of the book of nature, there can be no scene more gratifying, than that which displays the picturesque attractions of variety and beauty. Thus was her journey far from being tedious or disagreeable, for the vivacity of youth will find among novelities many objects to gain the attention.

As she neared the place of her future residence, perhaps Calliste felt the need of a friend to introduce her; but she knew her arrival was anticipated, and her letters of introduction were sufficient. But still, though we may be amply prepared, we shall find on our first entering a large town or city, especially if we are young and

inexperienced, many fears arising in our minds in relation to propriety, and the various other lessons which experience alone can teach us. And this is the case more particularly with females, from natural delicacy and regard to propriety. But suffice it to say, Calliste was well received, for in her appearance there was something peculiarly attractive and prepossessing to the accurate observer of human nature.

We find her now at her place of destination, in an agreeable family, and pleasantly located. She has become initiated into the mysteries of her profession, and is now a FACTORY GIRL; and as we proceed, kind reader, we will endeavor faithfully to portray the character of one, who may be regarded as a representative of the sisterhood — the highly intelligent and respectable class of which she was an ornament.

She had learned the notes of the bell, and in the discharge of the daily duties devolving upon her, she was comparatively happy; though the thought of *home*, perhaps, caused the deep-drawn sigh to swell her bosom, as she recounted in her mind the scenes of the past, and those friends beloved, whom she had left behind. And *one*, in particular, we may rest assured was not forgotten — and our readers will not fail at once to recognize the object of our reference. No! the heart of woman clings with wonderful tenacity to the object of its choice, and alas! too often — though not in this case — is that object unworthy of the deep, ardent and lasting affection, which exists in

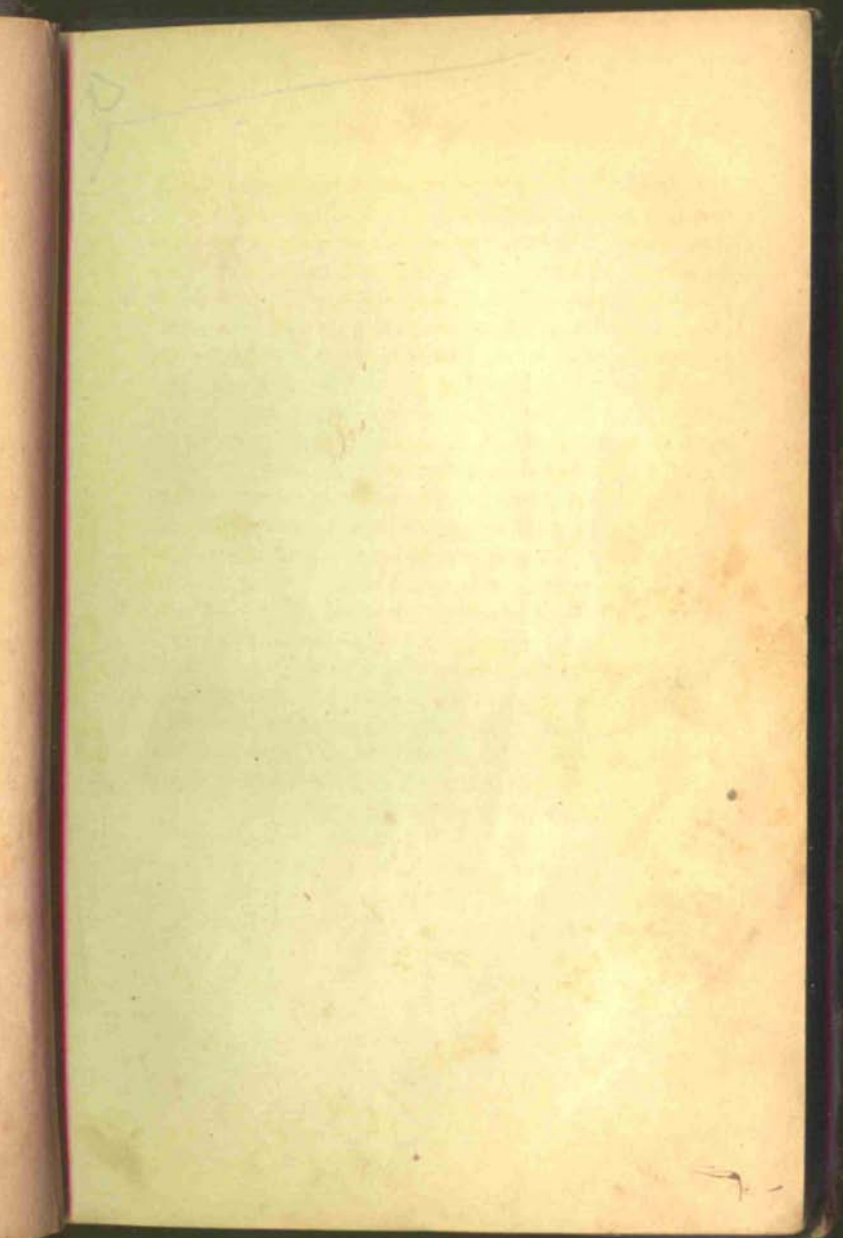
the heart of the fair one, and whose flame cannot be extinguished by the floods of adversity, or even the betrayal of its sacred trust. *She loves him still—*

E'en though his heart unworthy prove,
 To bear the sacred trust of love,
 Still in her breast shall live, a name
 That tells affection's hallowed flame!
 Yes, woman's love shall constant shine,
 And shed around a light benign;
 This can dispel the darkest gloom,
 And cheer our pathway to the tomb.

Did we truly realize how sacred are the affections, methinks few indeed would dare to trifle with a flame, which, when once aroused to action, loses its light only in the grave! We should attach more value to a gem, than which, in its purity, earth can boast none of greater value, or more transcendent beauty and excellence — a gift of Heaven to humanity, to bind in sacred relations the human family together.

Calliste had been but a short time engaged in her new employment, when she received a package of letters from home; and if any thing can cause the heart to leap for joy, when at a distant residence, and among strangers, it is to hear from HOME. How eagerly do we read every word that is from the pen of those near and dear to us — those whom we know feel interested in our welfare. How eagerly do we receive whatever intelligence is contained in the affectionate epistle, and those precepts, which we know are for our good! But there was *one* letter in the package, which,

perhaps, she read with *as much* interest, at least, as any of the others, and we need not tell who it was from. When on the page we can read what we trust to be the feelings of a kindred heart, we perhaps take unusual interest in the perusal; at least, this we will venture to say was the case with Calliste. She read, and was happy. And here we leave the subject of our narrative for a time, to attend to her daily duties, while we turn to other scenes and characters. Meanwhile, we remark, that *happiness dwells alone in a contented mind*. We have intimated already that Calliste was happy; and this condition presupposes contentment. No one can enjoy the full amount of happiness which is attainable by mortals, until they *believe themselves as well off as others*; and this is the foundation of contentment. The mind that is ever seeking for novelty, and when engaged in any enterprise, is not contented to persevere, but wishes for some other object to which to turn the attention, will seldom make much proficiency in any thing; but the individual who, after having chosen his profession, is contented steadily to pursue it, will not only make advancement, and reap the reward of his labors in the end, but will enjoy real happiness, be his lot cast in the palace or the humble cottage.





CHAPTER III.

How happy is the Farmer's lot,
Who finds a home, tho' in a cot,
Where Virtue and Contentment reign,
And Providence rewards his pains!

SURROUNDED by the Granite Hills of New Hampshire, in a beautiful valley, through which a small stream found its circuitous way, as its waters danced merrily over the bright pebbly track which it had chosen, arose the humble cottage of Mr. Barton. Its weather-beaten walls, externally had acquired a leaden hue, but its romantic location was such, as would lead the poet, or the painter, to select a residence there, in preference to the splendid mansion of the crowded city. The forest-shade, and the meadow, the hill's lofty elevation, and the beauties of the valley, enriched the scenery, and made it attractive to the admirer of nature. Here were nature's works in all their grandeur, beauty, and unrivalled magnificence — such as are admirably calculated to impress the mind with an accurate idea of the truly beautiful and sublime, and to draw it in the connection of its relations, from “Nature, up to Nature's God.”

And the infinite museum of Nature, also, ever open to the curious, presented wonder upon wonder, to charm the eye, and to demand attention. The colors of every flower presented the work of an unrivalled pencil, the imitation of which, even to a tolerably correct extent, would be to paint the sunbeams. Here the bee roved from flower to flower, in pursuit of the dulcet morsel, and in his untiring industry, showed to man a lesson of value, and the golden-plumed humming-bird, darting with lightning-like rapidity, sported in happiness, as he sipped the pearly dew-drop from its chalice. Here was an acceptable home to the devotional mind, in the rural retreat, than which, no place on earth offers more real beauties to our admiration.

Such was the location of the home of Calliste's early years. Here had the sunny days of childhood been passed, among the beauties of the variegated expanse of Nature, and, up to the present time, life was rendered sweet from day to day, by those countless charms which home furnishes, especially in the moral seclusion of such a residence.

The worthy parents were not blest with an abundance of wealth, yet they were able, by industry and frugality, to gain a comfortable support for themselves and their small family. They were pious and devoted Christians, and in the enjoyment of the blessings of a munificent providence, with grateful and contented hearts, they were happy. Two children, the subject of our narra-

tive, and her brother, were the objects of their affectionate care and solicitude, and from their earliest moments, had these highly favored children been the subjects of many prayers, and instructions and precepts, which are the greatest blessings that childhood can experience. Constantly had the precepts of virtue and religion been instilled into their young and tender minds, and the result of those lessons will be seen in the life of one of them, at least, as we proceed. How salutary, indeed, such influences when early impressed upon the mind! More valuable is the single impression, according to the rule of virtue, early, indelibly fixed upon the mind, than the gem from the mountain; and of infinitely more importance is it, that first impressions be *right*, than that Fortune should lavish her bounties in future life. What, indeed, is genius without the guidance of moral principle? A source of much evil. Indeed, the youth whose mind is armed with the panoply of virtue, even though as poor as Lazarus, shall prove a blessing to the world, while the child of affluence, without this shield, lives unknown, and retires to the dust un lamented and forgotten. Far more to be desired, is the humble, virtuous mind, than the proud spirit of inglorious name; and true beauty and excellence are seldom found among the bigoted and vain.

The cottage under whose roof the youthful days of Calliste had been spent so pleasantly, presented a peculiar neatness in arrangement, a beauty in simplicity, which excites the admiration of the

beholder, and speaks volumes for the humble occupants. The house, the garden, and the field, alike displayed the rural taste and simplicity of their owner.

Though poor and humble, Mr. Barton and his amiable companion were universally respected. Their exemplary life and consistent walk, rendered them not only beloved by, but ornaments to the church. Kind and obliging at all times, they were the friends of suffering humanity, and their deeds were such as active benevolence prompts — acts not stimulated by hopes of reward, but from consciousness of duty and good-will. Such was the character of the parents of Calliste; and *such* parents are more valuable, by their precepts and examples, to the rising generation, than all the titles which fame can bestow, and all the wealth a world affords. The latter, influence the young and tender mind in favor of immorality; the former, prepare the soul for future happiness, and their influence is more valuable to the world than all the gifts which the proud minions of wealth can bestow upon their children. Such is the home of true worth, even as the gem is found in the seclusion of the caves of the mountain. And we venture to say, that more stars of the first magnitude, on the scroll of the world's true nobility, have risen from obscurity, than ever had their birth in costly palaces, and the mansions of the great; and these stars shall continue to shine, when the meteor flame of titled nobility shall be consigned to oblivion.

In the education of their children, these worthy parents had spared no pains, so far as their humble means would allow ; and one great and important object they constantly kept in view was, the religious training of their minds. This was the chief aim of their instructions,—the preparation of their children for a life of usefulness and happiness here, and salvation in the future state.

O, that parents would not forget their responsibility in relation to the high trust committed to them ! What is their duty ? What parent would wish to neglect those lessons of instruction in early life, the neglect of which would prove the eternal ruin of a beloved child ? And yet how many are unmindful of the duties devolving upon them, while their influence is most potent in its agency, and suffer their children to go forth into the wide world, without the palladium of virtuous principles as a defence, and with no guide but their own impulses ! And how fearful the consequences of such a course !

But not only to discharge their duty towards their offspring, but with a regard to their future good, did these pious parents strive to instruct their children in these essential principles ; and the result of that instruction alone, could prepare Calliste to encounter the vicissitudes and dangers of a city life. And that a mind adorned with the graces of virtue and religion, shines conspicuously and with true beauty in society, no one can deny ; for daily observation teaches us that we may find in the humble and unpretending mind those ac-

accomplishments so desirable, which cannot be found in the gay and fashionable ranks of society.

There is, indeed, true beauty in Humanity; and this garment becomes every one, for though this favorite grace of virtue, the light of every other accomplishment, shines with brighter lustre, we love the unpretending and unobtrusive violet, not so much for its superior beauty over other flowers, but as an emblem of an accomplishment that is the immediate jewel of our hearts — whose radiance beautifies every other grace — it is humility. This grace, so conspicuous in the character of the parents, was not less so in the mind of Calliste, and to this source may be traced her pre-eminence for intellectual worth.

This ever proves a gem serene,
Still loved the more, the more 't is seen;
And in the halo of its flame,
All other graces find a name —
A name to live when pride shall die,
And royalty forgotten lie;
This, ever still the same shall be —
Gem of the heart, — *Humility.*

Indeed, surrounded by such scenes, and in a rural seclusion which furnished so many lessons in the changes of Nature, and being blessed with so excellent precepts and examples, from a source which of all others is calculated to gain attention, we may justly suppose that the mind of Calliste, though still young and highly susceptible, was far better prepared for the active scenes and vicissitudes of life, than those whose passions are unrestrained, and who are not blessed with that

salutary and hallowed influence, which flows from paternal love and solicitude. We may anticipate, indeed, in a great measure, the future character of the mind, from the nature of the early impressions which that mind receives — for it will receive impressions of *some* kind very early in life. How important that they be of the *right* kind?

But to return from our digression, which we trust the reader will pardon. Such was the home of Calliste, which she had left; and who will be surprised, if, on leaving the scenes of her childhood, and the tender associations of *such* a home, she had, from an overflowing heart, suffered the tear to fall upon her fair cheek at the separation? The stranger can feel none of that deep sympathy for a fellow being that characterizes the hearts of kindred spirits, though benevolence, and what the world calls sympathy, come to our relief in the hour of trial. And, however humble, *home* is dear to us, though its value is never sufficiently realized until we are deprived of it, and find ourselves surrounded by strangers. *Then*, all those scenes so dear to our hearts, rush upon the mind, and cause the dim cloud of sorrow to overshadow every pleasure, and transform it into pain. With home, we have very many blessings. No friendly admonition will the stranger give us, — no warning voice do we hear from those whose chief aim is self-interest; and when sickness comes, no tender mother, like a guardian angel, is at hand to soothe each sorrow, and relieve each bitter pang. O! ye who are blessed with a *home*, however humble

your lot, forget not that you cannot be too grateful for the blessings you enjoy, or prize them too highly ; for never can you know their value, till thrown in the midst of new associates, with none to care for your welfare, or protect you from the dangers which surround the young, especially the unsophisticated and confiding. For,

Too oft, alas ! the smile allures,
And flattery, a curse ensures ;
Too oft is confidence betrayed,
To land a victim in the shade !
And false Deceit, with Love's young trust,
Tramples the flowret in the dust !

CHAPTER IV.

Why, when the world is locked in sleep,
Should this pale student vigils keep?
To study thus, why should he care?
A sister's love had placed him there.

It was the silent hour of midnight, late in autumn. The shrill blast whistled around the cottage, playing a lively jig with loose shingles on the roof, and anon moaning, as if repenting of the results of its fearful mission. A thick veil of clouds hung over the scene, and a deluge of rain, mingled with sleet, fell in fearful rapidity upon the frozen carpet of earth, and at that time, when, save the commotion of the elements, all was silent as the sub-marine cavern, the clock upon the ancient dome pealed the hour. Locked in slumber, all, save the minds which can appreciate the value of the "noon of thought," were enjoying their repose. We say *all*,—all save the children of want, or those who love the vigils of silence. But the location of this scene, and the cottage of which we have spoken, was not the one already noticed, but far distant from it. The village widely contrasted with the seclusion of rural life. Those ancient domes and halls of learning, con-

nected as they are with many venerable names, furnished associations of thought, far from disagreeable. Then did the past, with all its scenes so transitory, rush upon the memory, furnishing in every scene its incidents of interest, and the mind held converse with each fond hope, and each sacred emotion, that sways the heart of the truly virtuous. This is the sweet hour of contemplation, and the favorable time for reflection, meditation and self-examination, or the pursuit of each hidden germ of knowledge, among the pages of cumbrous volumes.

Dimly burned the lamp upon a small table, beside which sat a student, poring over the dusty pages of a large book, which appeared to be as ancient as the original manuscript of the Philippics of the Athenian orator, but which, nevertheless, seemed to prove interesting. It was a small apartment, and though furnished in a comfortable manner, there was plainly a deficiency in the articles of furniture usually found in the student's room. The occupant was apparently young, though his pale countenance indicated a delicate constitution, and perhaps ill health. A fine classic brow, and an agreeable expression would have attracted your attention, and the illuminations of the intellect were radiated from eyes flashing the eloquence of a noble soul. Hard study might have driven the flush from his cheek, but a studious thoughtfulness expressed itself as having taken the place once occupied by the vivacity of youth. Mental labor, almost invariably, if constantly persisted in,

will transform the countenance from the glow of youth to the placid and grave paleness which characterizes students. This had apparently been the case with this young student — for, that he was young, you would have at once opined, though he appeared perhaps older than he actually was. He had closed the book, and seemed to be wrapt in meditation, for a few moments, until, being admonished by the clock again as it tolled one, he prepared to retire to rest, after his private devotions. Such is the life of the student from day to day. His lessons will be required, and he must prepare himself accordingly. And to those who are prompted by a spirit of laudable emulation, it is a pleasure, even, to trim the midnight lamp, that they may gain the laurels of literary fame, though it may cost much exertion and self-denial.

And who was the student thus unceremoniously introduced? our readers will very naturally inquire. It was EDWIN BARTON, the brother of Calliste, of whom we have spoken before — the only brother of the young Factory Girl. He was in college, pursuing his studies, preparatory to his professional education. But how came he there? you may inquire — and now we come to the first corner of our narrative. *A sister's love placed him there* — and this was the grand object that caused Calliste to leave her home, and all dear to her, to take upon herself voluntarily, the duties in which she had engaged. *A Factory Girl placed him there* — paid his expenses mostly, preparatory to entering, and now sustained him, save what his

precarious health enabled him to acquire by teaching. For *this* had Calliste ardently wished. She now saw him a sophomore in college, he having entered one year in advance. Encouraged by his proficiency, she was prepared to make any sacrifices in her power to accomplish her cherished enterprise.

And has not the *Factory Girl* a noble spirit, we ask, who labors thus for the good of others — denying herself the pleasures and luxuries of life, to accomplish the great object to which she has devoted her attention, her time, her talents, and the labor of her hands? Are not such worthy of our highest praise and our most profound respect? And this is only an isolated case, one among thousands of a similar character which are yearly transpiring. But we shall revert to this subject again, in a more extended and detailed manner.

But we propose, in few words, to notice the character and circumstances of the young student, as we think it not foreign to our subject, and we ask the indulgence of our readers while we show them, thus far, the results of the enterprise of Calliste.

From his early years, Edwin Barton had never enjoyed firm health, but a naturally delicate constitution was more the cause, than any particular disease. He had early developed the elements of a strong mind, and genius fired his eye. He had enjoyed those privileges which are afforded by an invaluable system of common schools, and had made rapid progress in his studies. He was natu-

rally inclined to a thoughtful disposition, and this was strikingly developed at an early age. Though cheerful at all times, he had not that peculiar vivacity which is usually seen in the young. But perhaps he had formed his manners and habits, in some degree, according to the precepts and examples of his pious parents. This was natural. Indeed, at the time of his leaving the common school, he had laid a good foundation for future literary excellence. He was called a good scholar, and his studious habits were highly and justly commended. His character was strictly virtuous, and at an early age, together with Calliste, he made a public profession of religion, and united with the church of which his parents were worthy members. He was younger than Calliste, but at the age of only fifteen, he was not only a good scholar, but his mind was guarded by the strongest of all shields — that of Virtue and Religion. Thus was he prepared to run his future race — to prove an ornament to society, and a blessing to the world. He promised fair for usefulness, by his daily life, and was a favorite among those who can duly appreciate the talents and worth of those who rise from obscurity, and put on the mantle of true excellence, by humble and indefatigable effort.

Though Edwin had never expressed his desire to become educated for professional life, yet he had secretly indulged a wish to that effect; but considering the pecuniary circumstances of his parents, and his own delicate health, he had al-

most despaired of ever accomplishing his object, until, in a happy moment, his sister formed her plan, communicated her scheme to her parents, and finally to him.

The proposal, so unexpected as to seem almost an interposition of Providence in his behalf, aroused his soul, and imparted new life, as it were, to his spirits. Had a fortune opened its treasures to him, he would not have been more elated. A new world opened to him — new prospects cheered him, and with all the ardor of youthful anticipation, did she await the time that should find him a student in the halls of science, open for his free labors in the acquisition of knowledge. That time came, and with it, the realization of her anticipations. His advancement in his preparatory course was rapid, and he had sustained an enviable position in his class, up to the time we have introduced him to the reader. He was respected and beloved for his mild and courteous manners, as well as for his virtuous character and exemplary life. He was ambitious; — and who would not be, when gratitude prompts them to diligence, and the faithful discharge of duty? He was ambitious to win rich laurels to cast at the feet of that beloved sister, through whose agency he was enabled to pursue his studies. He had no enemies, save those who were rivals, and even they admired his talents and his character, though they were mortified, perhaps, to own that a star, rising from obscurity, could outshine those to whom the impetus of wealth had given every advantage in its power.

For this object, kind reader—the education of a beloved brother—did Calliste become a *Factory Girl*; and how many, of that highly respectable class, have some kindred object in view, to sweeten their labor and prompt them to action! Very many we well know, and this case is but a sample of a multitude, whose history we could give had we time and ability. And should such meritorious acts be forgotten because they are the works of an humble operative, while those infinitely less worthy are trumpeted to the four corners of the earth? God forbid! Let true merit have its reward; and to this end is this humble volume written.

How invaluable a sister's love! How pure and ardent is that flame which time nor space can extinguish! Such was the flame that roused the humble and virtuous Calliste to action. And what was the result? The succeeding pages shall tell a part, and eternity shall reveal its consummation! Forget not, ye proud and aristocratic spirits, who consider the humble operative beneath your notice—forget not, we say, that the gem will shine in its true brilliancy, though it eclipse the meteor light of your own gaudy colors, which shine only by the reflection of the gold in your coffers. You shall witness an hour in which shall appear, from the humble spirits of those whom you would fain consider as unworthy to approach your presence, more immortal beauties upon the scroll of virtue than were ever recorded of your host of renowned ancestry, with your own added to the list. True

beauty and excellence will appear, though neglected by those unworthy to bear it company. Though hidden in obscurity here, it shall rise in majesty, when truth and virtue meet their just reward.

CHAPTER V.

She moved in loveliness, which few
Thus falling to their lot, can find ;
And ev'ry grace its beauty drew,
From the rich fountain of the Mind !

THERE is no season of life so deeply fraught with interest, as that of youth. As the opening bud, truly beautiful, and bearing the emblem of innocence in itself, promises in expanding, to present all the brilliant and gorgeous colors and tints of the full blown flower, provided the harsh storm defaces not its beauty, and stops not its progress by the hand of destruction, — so youth, in its rise to maturity, is peculiarly interesting. We admire the expanding intellect, rendered more beautiful by the seal of innocence and purity, and our hopes are mingled with fears, when we reflect how precarious is this season, and how many dangers lurk in ambush to blast the highest expectations, which have been cherished in our bosoms, for those thus situated. All who are well acquainted with human nature, whenever a brilliant intellect, and superior beauty arises, to take its place among those of every name and character,

in the grand drama of life, ever fear, lest by a false step that star should fall from its high eminence, and show the frailty of humanity in its ruin. But there is one peculiar gem, the light of whose radiance we readily recognize, and whose appearance we hail with pleasure, and that is the Virtuous Mind, — the mind shielded against harm, and invulnerable to the shafts of every foe. And such alone are prepared to encounter the dangers which await those, upon whom Nature has lavished her charms; for the fairest star is the one upon which the batteries of flattery and deceit will be opened, and these are the infernal machines of the corrupt heart, by which its ignoble conquests are achieved.

Such a star was Calliste. In all the buoyancy of hope, and possessing all those charms which will ever attract the eye and the heart, she took her place upon the stage of action, at the tender age of sixteen. And shall we attempt a description of her mental and personal attractions? We will try, though our feeble pen must fail to paint one of the favorites of Nature and Virtue in true colors. But it is our delight to dwell upon the charms of real worth.

The personal charms of Calliste would have graced the palace of nobility. Like the flowret from the woodland shade, she possessed those rare beauties which are seldom or never found, save in the rural seclusion among the works of nature. Her constitution, though naturally delicate, was none of your languid, counterfeited, nervous make, by so many considered a desidera-

tum. She moved with all that grace and ease, that had caused many a rough, yet noble-hearted swain, to sigh involuntarily, as she tripped lightly over her native hills and vales, in quest of some favorite flower. None of your artificial or studied movements characterized her, for she had learned to dance only on the flowery carpet of her native soil. Her clear, shrill voice, resounded as tuned by nature, without affectation, and her mild, blue eyes, shone as with heaven's own lustre, when the stars lend each its radiance. So the stars of intellectual beauty lighted her eyes with a peculiar brilliancy. The smile of beauty played upon her rose-tinted cheeks, and health and vivacity were marked upon her every feature. Her silken tresses flowed in graceful profusion upon her neck, and as her countenance put on one of those rich smiles, at once betokening innocence and benignity, you would have loved her—or, at least, you would have admired the graceful simplicity which characterized her every movement.

But, notwithstanding the personal beauty of Calliste was indeed rare, and particularly attractive from its honest simplicity, yet the gems of intellectual worth, and the graces of the heart, which she possessed, were of infinitely more value. What though her dress was plain, and her manners unobtrusive? What though she was born in a humble cottage, in the rural seclusion which we have described? What though the smiles of fortune never were lent to her? What though she could boast no renowned ancestry? Were not

her intellectual and moral qualities of the same value, as if she had been the favorite of fortune? Was she not still an object of love, admiration, and respect?

Can Fortune make thee truly great,
And turn from thee the shafts of fate?
Go, ask the pages of the past,
If wealth and pride for ever last!

What charm shall live when these are not,
And earth itself shall be forgot?
To immortality incline
The beauties of a virtuous mind.

These, these shall tell upon the page,
That will survive through every age;
These are the gems to mortals given,
To light the earth, and shine in heaven!

We have said that the mind of Calliste was peculiarly attractive, as those ornaments, which shine conspicuously, especially in the female character, and more particularly in the young, were developed from day to day, as occasions presented themselves to call them into exercise; for, indeed, we cannot analyze the mind, except by the criterion of its works, and of course, as new occasions presented themselves to call them into action, new faculties, and consequently, new beauties were developed, as we shall see as we proceed to the several scenes before us for description.

Though without those advantages for acquiring an education, which very many enjoy, Calliste had not neglected the cultivation of her mind. She was a very good scholar, such was the improve-

ment she had made of every advantage offered her, for acquiring knowledge. She had, by reading, stored her mind with an extensive fund of information. A book was her constant companion, when no duty demanded her attention. At times, she could hardly stifle the wish for more ample opportunities for mental improvement, but she preferred her brother's happiness to her own, and was willing to sacrifice her own, to secure the means of promoting it. And this was the fruit of a sister's love. The law of kindness seemed to have been engraven upon her heart; and for this trait of character, so much loved by all — though not a characteristic of all — was she generally beloved.

All the virtues, that adorn the human mind, shone, with greater or less brilliancy, in the mind of Calliste; and in saying this, we do not pretend to say that she was perfect. No; she had her failings, and who, indeed, has not? We might go on to enumerate very many of her intellectual beauties, but they will be seen in their works as we proceed. We may, however, notice one or two in this place, as particularly necessary, and which cannot be too highly appreciated. *An acute sense of propriety*, was one; and the importance of this trait of character will appear evident to all. To this she added *decision of character*; and this, too, will be understood, and its value, we trust, duly appreciated. A strict regard for morality and truth, will comprehend many other virtues we might name. And without these prin-

ciples, what individual is free from danger, among the shoals and quicksands which threaten shipwreck and destruction, even to those thus fortified?

And this was the amiable, lovely being, who had won the affections of Marcus Hartwell. Who would pretend to say that she was not a jewel, worthy to grace the bosom of any truly virtuous and worthy person? Yet there were those, as we shall see, who, simply because she was a poor *Factory Girl*, considered her as unworthy to *associate*, even, with the *fashionable* — a name, by the way, which, were the world right side up, would represent a very worthless class of society.

Misguided minds!

Perverted intellects! who value more
The glittering bauble of a single day,
Than that rich gem which Virtue, in her pride,
Renders immortal!

Can the human heart

Cherish the thought that nought is beautiful,
But what finds birth within a noble name —
That nought is real worth but what is found
Encased in gold, or shining by the light
Of ancestry, long since within the tomb,
Resting in silence?

Then indeed we say,

Theirs is a narrow soul; too mean by far
To wear the human form, or bear the name
By which are known those beauties true and rare,
That in a mild yet brilliant halo shine,
To bless the earth!

What is a name, we ask, which can claim no
deed to render it worthy of respect or esteem?
And is the rake or villain any better, though he

may have inherited a little dust from those long numbered with the dead? Can renowned ancestry secure for us a place upon the scroll of virtue, or in the memory of her votaries? If not, where is its value? Noble deeds, only, and a consistent life, can secure to us true fame; and when the names of the wealthy rake and genteel villain shall be forgotten, the humble and virtuous child of poverty shall receive a reward in the grateful remembrance of generations yet unborn, for labors not now recognized.

Such was the character of *this* Factory Girl; and in this description we find one applicable to very many of that numerous and respectable class — a class, by the way, possessing far more intellectual and moral qualifications than is generally supposed. In times past, no one even thought of looking for the works of “Mind among the Spindles,” but now, in New England especially, the spell is broken. Even the literary world now gathers gems from obscurity — gems of thought, that would grace the pages of the most classic writers.

'Tis not the pen in learning's hand,
That can the secret heart command,
But such as from simplicity
A lesson learns to bring to thee.

Such as can tell, in humble strains,
Of what to daily life pertains;
Each line a truth, devoid of art —
This, *this*, we say, can touch the heart!

What class in society are more worthy of respect, than those who, by the daily labor of their hands, gain an honorable livelihood, and secure to themselves the means of cultivating their minds — thus preparing themselves for future usefulness and a happy life, whether “among the spindles,” in the farm-house, or in the parlor? We all belong to the same common family, pursuing, each, our particular vocation. Wherein, we ask, is one better than another, save by the possession of those gems of true value — the virtues — which others do not prize? We are all human. We have each our failings; but happy, truly happy, is that mind which has the most real beauties and the least defects. And let us consider, that whether we dwell in the palace, or the humble cottage, real worth alone can make us truly great, and entitle us to a blissful immortality.

CHAPTER VI.

A real friend,
Is a rich jewel to the virtuous heart,
Than which earth knows no dearer.
Such an one,
Truly is worthy of our confidence,
And such alone.

WE left Calliste at her new residence, in the midst of the "City of Spindles." Though the hum of business was new to her, yet she soon became accustomed to it, and her daily labors were less and less irksome. With a light heart and determined purpose, she labored in her new occupation; and though bright visions of home — that happy home among the hills — would occasionally flit across her mind, yet she was happy in the thought of the high and holy object, which she kept constantly in view, and which sweetened the toil of the live-long day. For a season, she was seemingly alone, or among entire strangers, but as she became acquainted with many different characters, she found herself again in the midst of friends, or at least those who *professed* friendship. The confiding heart is apt to rely upon the fair appearances of strangers, and often, yea, too often

does it find that confidence misplaced, where indeed, it had least suspected it.

Confidence ever should be "a plant of slow growth," for when misplaced, even but once, it may find an inextricable snare, and prove the ruin of the innocent. Among strangers, it is safe to consider well, before we confide the arcana of the heart upon an uncertainty. True, we *may* find those worthy of our friendship and entire confidence in all places; but so extensive is the counterfeit, that it is unsafe to trust any one with our full and unreserved confidence, upon a short and limited acquaintance. The guileless heart, though presuming others equally pure and unsophisticated, will find that appearances are deceitful, and that poison may lurk in apparent innocence.

We have said that Calliste soon found herself surrounded by friends; and true, she did; but those lessons enforced upon her mind by a tender and anxious mother, were not forgotten. Though she had seen but little of the world, and knew by experience but little of human nature, yet she had learned many lessons which now were of infinite importance to her. Though she was a friend to all, yet she reserved her confidence to be placed alone upon those, whom time should prove worthy of the sacred trust. In a want of this cautiousness, lies the secret of the destruction of many a noble soul, that falls from the elevation of real merit and respect, to the degradation of the lowest depths of infamy. A single deviation from the path of rectitude, may cause the fairest of the fair to sink,

like the meteor, into oblivion, and be forgotten. And had Calliste no difficulties to encounter—no dangers to shun? Far from it, as we shall see ere we close our humble narrative. The heart of Calliste was inclined to a warm friendship, and true affection was the life of her soul. She seemed constituted by nature to love, and with a free and open heart did she seem, in all her beauty and purity, an ornament to her sex. But she possessed a shield to protect her, exposed as she was, and the palladium of Virtue was a safe defence to her, as it is to every votary at the shrine of the goddess, whose mission it is to guard the beautiful, the gems of immortality, from harm, and present them at last in all their purity, before the "great white throne." O! how beautiful, how superlatively excellent that gem that finds no cloud to dim its light, and which shall increase in brilliancy through eternity!

The family in which Calliste boarded consisted of a widow and her daughter, and a few boarders beside herself. The widow was in comfortable circumstances, though by no means wealthy. Her daughter was, also, a *Factory Girl*. With this amiable companion, whom we shall introduce as LOUISA ELLIOT, Calliste had formed her first acquaintance in town, and happily, she found one entirely worthy of her friendship and esteem; and, as was natural, Calliste had, in process of time, become so intimately attached to her friend, as to consider her almost a sister.

Louisa, too, was young and accomplished, and

possessing a noble and well-cultivated mind, she readily reciprocated the friendship of Calliste, in whom she found, at all times, an agreeable friend and companion.

The widow, of whom we have spoken, had seen better days. She was the wife of a physician, and at his death, finding herself not in affluent circumstances, she concluded to remove to L—; and by taking a few boarders she acquired a competence, without infringing upon the amount of her small fortune.

Happily, indeed, did Calliste secure a home under the roof of this virtuous family; and never did she forget the fortune that had thus favored her. In Mrs. Elliot she found at all times a faithful friend. Often did she think of her own dear mother, and compare the kindness of one with the other. The widow was indeed a mother to Calliste, and the gentle and beautiful Louisa was indeed a sister, for she had never known the difference. If at any time Calliste was indisposed, she found a faithful nurse in Mrs. Elliot; and whenever she chanced to err, the same admonition awaited her that would have been given to Louisa under similar circumstances. Such a friend is more valuable to the young, than gold, or wealth in any transitory form; for *real* friends will tell us of our faults, and give us such advice as is salutary, when most needed. This is one trait of true friendship.

Louisa was an only daughter, and from early years had been the object of the most anxious

care and affectionate solicitude. She was a little older than Calliste, and her heart still remained free. She was well educated, and her mind possessed many congenial attributes with that of Calliste. An amiable disposition rendered her an agreeable friend, and in process of time an attachment had been formed, which promised to prove valuable to both. Mrs. Elliot noticed with pleasure the mutual fondness between Calliste and her daughter, for she was sufficiently acquainted with human nature, to discern between a truly noble and virtuous mind, and one of the opposite character. Accordingly, she treated both as daughters, giving them advice and precepts, for which her years and experience rendered her amply qualified. Thus happily situated, with a light heart, did she follow the notes of the bell, from day to day, accompanied by her faithful friend and constant companion. And did she associate with one, to the exclusion of all others? Most certainly not. She found many congenial spirits, — many noble and warm-hearted beings, to gain her esteem and admiration. She recognized the virtuous heart, and wherever that seal graced the friendship proffered, her own was freely given in return. She was a favorite, as was also her friend Louisa, among their acquaintances. And thus the weeks and months rolled away, seemingly with an accelerated rapidity. Calliste was happy in the enjoyment of those privileges which were offered — her task was rendered sweet, and her burden light,

and she had the satisfaction, thus far, of accomplishing her high and important object.

One valuable privilege did Calliste enjoy in her new location, which her own home did not furnish, and that was, free access to a valuable library, which was owned by her worthy hostess. This was to her a great desideratum. Now she had the means of enlightening her mind, and well did she improve it. Louisa was her constant companion, and to her did Calliste open her heart in relation to her scheme of educating her brother, and in her did she place unreserved and unlimited confidence — and *in her alone* — among the numerous friends who now surrounded her. And why to *her alone*, was this favor given? Because she had fairly tested her character from the commencement of their acquaintance, and in every instance found her worthy. Louisa was a virtuous and lovely being, and the attachment and confidence of Calliste, met with a warm response from her guileless heart.

How truly valuable is that disinterested, constant friendship which animates the virtuous heart! How sacred that passion which is founded upon virtue, and unites congenial spirits in a fraternal alliance! How brilliant the associations which cluster around the name of true friendship! We love the heaven-born star, whose radiance illuminates the heart, and feeds on a spirit of universal and active benevolence. But how common the counterfeit! How often does this glorious name, as a cloak for iniquity, cause the heart of the ob-

ject of an infernal agent to bite the dust in the bitterness of despair! The pure flame of friendship is nearly allied to affection; but the counterfeit is the blackest and most detestable stain upon the human heart.

Let me dwell

Alone within the mountain's dreary cave,
Or in the bosom of the wilderness;
And when at last my heart shall cease to beat,
Unburied, there in silence let me sleep,
Rather than know the depth of friendship false
To curse me with its smile!

That Louisa appreciated the merits of her fair companion, will account for the interest which she took in her welfare. Like dispositions and like pursuits, are apt to generate reciprocal feelings and attachments, or the farthest reverse. In the one case, they must flow from mutual guileless hearts: in the other, they result from a predominating spirit of self-interest, which renders every noble feeling subservient to its purpose. In this case, the former was the grand characteristic, and a true sympathy prevailed in each heart.

How sweet the attachment of virtuous minds! No sordid motive prompts to an unhallowed action; and the promotion of the happiness of others constitutes the happiness of the truly benevolent. This was the characteristic of these humble Factory Girls; and we ask, was it not truly noble and laudable?

Rich is the heart that thus can feel
An interest in its neighbor's weal;

And poor indeed proud fortune's slave,
Who thinks it worth, to be a knave !

Though from the mountain's humble cot,
Lodged in the most secluded spot,
Shall come the sympathetic breast, —
It comes in richest beauty dress'd.

True friendship is a gem serene,
Which gives its light behind the screen,
And of its names, with works so free,
The sweetest far is Sympathy.

This binds the heart, and sets a seal
Radiant with gems for others' weal ;
It needs not to be kept in store —
The more 't is used, 't will yield the more !

And such, courteous reader, is the beauty of
the benevolent mind, whether found in the palace
of royalty, or "among the spindles." The gem
loses none of its inherent worth by the name
which it bears.

CHAPTER VII.

Ah! Injured Virtue! thou hast wept,
While yet the sword of Justice slept!
While innocence was thus exposed
To beauty's masked, yet deadliest foes!

"Who were those two young ladies that I pointed out to you at church to-day?" inquired Cassius Wilson, a sprig of southern chivalry, of Alfred Boyden, as they sipped their wine in the private room of the latter, in a splendid mansion on — street.

"O, they were only factory girls," replied the latter, with a toss of his head, and a grin of contempt upon his countenance.

"*Factory girls*, did you say? Had you said birds of paradise, or angels, you would not have so much astonished me. Why, if I am any judge of beauty, I never saw a nymph nearer the perfection of the *Venus de Medicis*, than was one of them; they were both truly the most beautiful and lovely beings that I have seen in your famous town, and I might be compelled to go far beyond it to find one of their equals even. By the way, are you acquainted with them, Alfred?"

“Acquainted with *factory girls*! What do you ask me such a question for? Do you suppose that I would disgrace my character by associating with that class? Not I, unless it were for little fun, or a — of a conquest: Hey, Cassius!” he added, jestingly, (at the same time giving his companion a hearty slap upon the shoulder as he rose to light his Principe at the polished grate.)

“But,” continued Cassius, “do you know where they reside, and what they bear for names? Come, now, be honest, and tell me, for at least one of them is a *rara avis* — beautiful — and worth a short acquaintance, by the powers!”

“Yes,” replied Alfred, “I know them, and where they reside, but they are as shy as the very —, and one of them is the most insuperable and unapproachable minx that you ever did see; and by the way, they live with a cursed old widow, who is pious as you please, and keeps them tied to her apron strings, — though Ned Rawson and I served her a — of a trick once, and came nigh succeeding in enjoying a *tete a tete* with the girls, but were finally non-plussed by a singular and — unfortunate circumstance, which I will not now relate.”

“Good on your head, by —!” exclaimed Cassius; “the game is still fresh, and I swear we will become further acquainted with these same *factory girls*, and if we fail, there are enough more fine noble fowls for our picking!”

“Well,” replied Alfred, “You shall have a

chance for some fine sport, and if you don't enjoy it, it will be your own fault."

"But when shall I have an opportunity for an introduction to these beauties? for I swear I will find them, if I have to search every corner of the town on my hands and knees!"

"They will be at the Lyceum on Wednesday evening, and then I will introduce you to one of them, and wait on the other myself, and perhaps we can decoy them to a private and retired rendezvous, for if we go to their residence, that old widow will spoil all our fun!"

Thus they laid their plans for the accomplishment of their hellish purposes. Here we pause, to notice briefly their circumstances, as the reader will at once recognize their character.

Alfred was the son of a wealthy merchant. Without the restraints so necessary to youth, he had been suffered to pursue the inclination of the corrupt passions, — a course which proves the ruin of multitudes in like circumstances. He had been travelling at the South, and in his peregrinations had become acquainted with Cassius Wilson, the son of a wealthy planter. They had travelled together considerable, and by the solicitations of his friends, Cassius had been persuaded to take a trip to the North, and to spend a few months at the residence of the father of Alfred. Thus we have seen them a short time after the arrival of the southern guest, in the city of L—. They had seen but few years, yet they were well skilled in all those arts by which their object might be

attained. They were young in years, but old in crime — ay, the worst species of crime — deeds of darkness — the betrayal of confiding innocence !

A blacker heart can never beat,
Than that which bears the vile Deceit,
To trifle with affection's name,
And turn its hallowed charm to shame !

Such, such is devil's highest boast —
The ruined gems of Virtue lost !
And death, the libertine, will send
To pangs which only Hell can lend !

And yet, such characters wear the garb, and put on the airs of *gentlemen* — walk our streets with a proud and lofty bearing, and are received in the fashionable circles of society whilst the victims of their infernal arts are degraded, covered with shame, and forgotten ! Justice sleeps for a short season, and awaits a day of reckoning at a higher tribunal ! *Then* shall injured virtue cease to appeal in vain for retribution, and the spirit of the vile minion of corrupt passion, shall stand unmasked in the presence of those victims, whose blood now cries to Heaven for vengeance. Though a seared conscience may sleep in the security of atheism or infidelity for a season, the time shall come when the awful reality will burst like a thousand thunders, and far more terrible, upon the guilty soul ! Think, O man, the result, ere you dare trifle with the affections, or prove an instrument in the hands of Satan, of accomplishing the ruin of a soul !

—————Think!
Ere thou shalt find thine own bitter cup,
And curse the hour that bid thee see the light;
When injured Virtue files her dread account
Upon th' Eternal Doquet, and thou stand,
Silent, condemned!

Little, indeed, may we suppose, did Calliste and Louisa imagine themselves to be marked victims in such a plot as we have seen laid. Little did they imagine the danger which impended over them, and which, unless avoided, would render them outcasts from society. At them was aimed the death-blow to every future good — to all their bright hopes of future happiness! Yet they knew it not. Still conscious of innocence, they feared no evil, trusting to that Arm that can avert the arrow of a merciless fate. Hence their greater danger; for in anticipating the plot, and avoiding it, alone is safety.

The vivacity of youth, in its fond hopes, too seldom considers the many dangers which surround the careless and inconsiderate, and thus, in many cases, the fair and accomplished become victims to an art, which ever consists in the counterfeit of some loved characteristic, or some hallowed passion. Evil does not present itself, save under a mask — generally the most comely that can be devised. Did it appear in its true character, in all its hideous deformity, it would not prove so dangerous; but deeds of darkness are perpetrated under a shadow, and some “deeds without

a name," under a guise which is a personification of virginal beauty.

The study of human nature — of man — alone, can tell us what is in the recesses of the heart. Appearances are deceptive; hence the necessity of accurate observation, with an apt and discriminating eye, that we may be prepared to withstand the machinations of the adversary. Unhappy is he who lives in a world with which he is utterly unacquainted.

And had no attempts hitherto been made to draw these beautiful factory girls into the gay and fashionable circles? Most certainly; these attempts had been repeated often, but in vain. Often had their company been solicited at the dancing school, the ball-room, and other fashionable places of resort. But they adhered to the advice of experience and friendship. Though the society of those of their own age might have been agreeable, yet they listened to the representations of one, in whom they placed entire confidence. Well did the amiable widow, the mother of Louisa, know, from observation and experience, the many dangers and temptations which haunt fashionable life. She dreaded the whirlpool of destruction, into which so many had been plunged, ere they were aware of their danger, and she gave her advice accordingly.

Thus did Calliste and her young friend enjoy themselves in their daily labors, better, doubtless, than the fashionable pleasure-hunter. In the sincerity of their friendship, they found a charm to dissipate every cloud of sorrow, that chanced to

overshadow their minds, and in an unsullied conscience that happiness which alone flows from that source.

Often did Calliste hear from her brother, and as often did she write to transmit funds to him, the reward of her untiring labor, and also to cheer and encourage him in the pursuit of knowledge. If she felt a self-satisfaction in her laudible enterprise, it was but the reward of real beneficence; if her sleep was sweet, and her dreams pleasant, it was no more than a just recompence for good works. With a noble object in view, anticipation sweetens toil, and makes our burthens light.

And as Calliste portrayed her brother in all the true tones of simplicity which a sister's love alone can find in language, and the many mental qualifications, as well as gems of the heart, which he possessed, with what fond emotion did the gentle bosom of the fair and lovely Louisa beat, as she hung upon each word of Calliste, as though it were a gem bearing a charm to the mind! And, fair reader, perhaps she found an emotion within her breast, the sweetest, yet fraught with the most strange fortune of any passion in our nature; at any rate, we believe she would have been pleased to have become acquainted with that same student, but we may be mistaken in our conjectures. The heart that is inclined to love, when it finds that emotion reciprocated by one worthy, finds the sweetest moment of life — a moment worth a thousand years of pleasure, according to the common acceptation of the term!

O! say, — has affection a token
That conquers the heart?
That still, when all others are broken,
Will never depart?
T is found in the hour of confession,
When hearts long estrang'd are made one,
When virtue can find a possession,
And locate her throne!

It lives in fond memory for ever —
It never can die,
Tho' fortune those fond hearts may sever,
And every loved tie!
It fixes its name in the bosom
Of Beauty — its seal is a kiss, —
And Virtue shall lend in profusion,
Rich flowrets of bliss!

Let, then, a passion so sacred, be revered by all, at least, so far as to respect the hallowed influence of a name that claims Heaven as its native clime, and to attach its true value to a passion, which is a sensitive plant, and cannot bear the trifling spirit, but when wounded, lays the heart in the dust, and flies to its primitive abode, to report the deed for eternity!

CHAPTER VIII.

Affection true,
Will ne'er despair, tho' ev'ry power of earth
Should strive to break its rest, and loose the chain
That binds it to its choice; but ever still,
Absent, as well as present, will protect
The gem, and place o'er it a trusty guard,
Even Fidelity!

THE sun had receded behind the western hills, and its rays, one by one, had withdrawn their golden light from the face of nature, and twilight's acceptable hour was ushered in. The evening star had taken its place in the blue expanse, and twinkling in loveliness, was soon surrounded by a host of minor beauties, as from the face of one and another, the radiance of brighter beams had been withdrawn, and from the eclipsing curtain they shone with their wonted brilliancy. The earth was clad in her robe of white, and the murmur of the distant stream was hushed, as the congealed counterpane lay upon its bosom. The woodman's axe had ceased to be heard in the forests, and its last echo for the day had died upon the ear, and silence, save the merry chime of bells, occasionally breaking upon the ear, seemed to

have folded nature in its embrace. The cottage of the farmer, then, was a place of happiness. A rousing fire upon the ample hearth was agreeable, for the keen-edged frost, with which the atmosphere was burthened, found its way into every crevice, and its antagonist element seemed to be necessary in its abundance. Home is then *home indeed*, and then does rural life offer, at least to us, its most sublime joys. Where indeed, dwells contentment, and a spirit of kindness, at such a time, there would we find a home. Yes, Winter has charms for us, in its long evenings, when, uninterrupted, we may sit in our study, when suffering humanity demands not a helping hand, and trace a line for our friends, or pursue some favorite science in cumbrous tomes, where its delineation is perfected, or in social conversation find improvement in the experience of others. Winter, indeed, has many beauties for us, and we may delineate more of them ere we close.

At such an hour as this, a young man might have been seen wending his way with hurried step from the village post office, and entering a beautiful apartment in an imposing mansion. Locking the door, he opened and eagerly perused a letter, apparently much interested in its contents. The epistle finished, he sat down and soon fell into a reverie, seemingly, of deep thought. While he read, his countenance seemed to put on a cheerful aspect, and a ray of hope seemed to linger upon his brow, but soon the same anxious look found its way to its wonted location. He was young,

and from his appearance you would have apprehended that he belonged to the literary world. His high classic forehead, and arched eye-brows, beneath which flashed eyes eloquent with the language of the soul, and a placid and pale brow, common to close students, would have satisfied you in relation to that point. His mind now seemed to be in commotion. Hope and fear, the belligerents, were alternately in the ascendant.

—“And must I give up the only being that ever I truly loved—the jewel of my soul—so beautiful, so amiable, so lovely, and marry one as far inferior as earth is to heaven—whom I never can love—merely to gratify an uncle already in his second childhood?” soliloquized the stranger. “Never! no, never! though I be disinherited, and have nothing but my small estate left me by my father, I can live by my profession, and with the loved one of my early choice, I shall be happy, though poverty should stare me in the face!—Emeline is rich, I know, and the daughter of a lawyer; but her riches are not lasting. Her mind is not adorned with those gems which are indeed durable riches, and without which in a companion, no man can be happy. But these my uncle overlooks, and gold is the object, added to a worthy name!”

Marcus Hartwell, (for this was the name of the individual introduced, who by the way was noticed in our first chapter) was an orphan. His parents had both died within a short time of each other, and before he was of age, and an uncle on his

father's side was appointed guardian over him. His father had left him a small fortune, though not of any great consequence, and as he was pursuing his collegiate course, preparatory to the study of his profession, his expenses must necessarily, ere he could obtain his profession, nearly or quite consume his means, and leave him penniless. As his uncle had no children, he wished Marcus to become heir to his estate, which was quite a fortune to be possessed by one in a country village.

At the time we introduce Marcus to our readers, he had nearly completed his professional studies, and was about to take the degree of M. D. He had graduated with high honors at college, and gave promise of becoming eminently useful in society. He had chosen a noble calling, one offering ample opportunities for the exertion of a benevolent mind in the cause of humanity,—one, than which none demands a truer spirit of benevolence and piety, with every virtue in full development; one, which finds an ample field for the exertion of every faculty, and than which none lays upon its votary a greater share of responsibility, or a task more arduous and important. We speak of our own profession with some degree of warmth, which we trust the reader will pardon, for every votary has a favorite shrine. And Marcus was eminently qualified for the duties which were soon to devolve upon him. He was truly virtuous and pious, and a truly pious physician may be the humble instrument of doing much

good. His mind was well stored, and with brilliant talents and sound judgment, he was about to launch upon the boisterous sea of life, to buffet its waves and press his way onward among shoals of dunces, blockheads, sharpers and knaves, to fortune and fame, and finally take his stand among those who win the victory, if he should be so happy as to outride the storms of life.

But a plan had been laid by his uncle, which was far from being agreeable to Marcus. The old gentleman was not only a little aristocratic in his notions, but money — all-powerful money, was at the bottom of his designs. He wished Marcus to form an alliance with a certain lawyer's family, which was far from his intention. EMELINE MASON, it is true, was called a beauty, and had been educated in all the technical points taught at a fashionable boarding school, while indeed the more useful branches of study had been neglected. She was one of those characters who think it beneath their dignity to *associate* with the humble and virtuous *poor*, for she considered those who were compelled to labor for a livelihood, as far beneath her notice as her own class are *truly* beneath the notice of the noble and virtuous, though humble poor, whom they despise! But for the *girl*, the said uncle cared little in truth, though he had caused her to be thrown into company with Marcus as often as possible. But *she was an heiress!* That was the grand charm that attracted the attention of the old gentleman. Well did he know, that Marcus loved another, with all the

ardent affection of a faithful heart: but alas, the aged forget that once *they* were young, and desired the object of their choice in preference to all others! They forget that true affection can live only in congenial climes, and that when the name lives without the deed, the heart loses its gem. They forget, too, when impelled in their object by the love of gain, that beauty will fade, and riches turn to dust, and only the gems of virtue can boast immortality. They forget that affection can never live in an union where it is not mutual, and that disappointment withers the heart!

When the subject was first introduced, the old gentleman tried persuasion, to influence Marcus in favor of the alliance, and to abandon the idea of marrying a *poor factory girl*. He endeavored by the shafts of sarcasm and ridicule to turn Marcus from his purpose, but in vain. Marcus had not only decided, but his word was pledged — his vow made and sealed with a kiss, and his honor forbid, even had he fancied the choice of his uncle, and been favorable to the consummation of such an alliance. But his mind was far from this, and he was not disposed to alter his decision. Finding that he should not succeed by persuasive means, the old gentleman, still determined to gain the victory, fixes upon another plan to bring it about. He resolves to threaten to disinherit him, and to find a home for him no longer, unless he will comply with his request. And what was the result? This inhuman and barbarous threat failed of its purpose. Marcus met it with firmness, and in

plain terms giving the old gentleman his thoughts in relation to his proceedings, he prepared to leave the house, perhaps forever. But this the old gentleman prevented, perceiving his determination, and the failure of his scheme, and dreading the expense which he knew would follow such an event. He finally persuaded Marcus to stay at his residence, but he still persisted in his coinciding with his plans; but this Marcus utterly refused to do, and we find him under these reflections, as we have introduced him at the beginning of this chapter. He had just received a letter from one dearer to him than all of life beside, and that had strengthened his resolution already formed. He possessed a noble spirit, and though he knew not what the result might be, he determined to persevere—at all events to fulfil his promise to the object of his choice. The old gentleman was astonished, yet he secretly admired the decision of character displayed by his nephew, but in this case he wished to overcome it, and to cause him to submit to the caprice of the second infancy of the mind.

But the old gentleman had not done here. How he succeeded in his after plans we shall see as we proceed.

Such was the one who had won the youthful affections of Calliste, and now was the accepted suitor of the *Factory Girl*. They had kept up a correspondence from the time of our first introducing them to the reader. Occasionally had they met, though their meetings were necessarily few

and far between. Still, fidelity dwelt in each heart, and anticipation cheered every solitary moment of their separation. Marcus soon returned to his *Alma Mater*, to attend his last course of medical lectures, and take his diploma. And here we leave him to notice other characters connected with our narrative, and other scenes in course; but meanwhile we have a few remarks to make, which we hope our readers will not find unimportant or unprofitable.

How truly important is *decision of character* to the young. It is the only security against those unfavorable gales which are so apt to prove destructive to the wavering and unsteady. When our object is right — when the enterprise in which we are engaged is laudable, then decision of character enables us to overcome every obstacle, and to press forward with success. What, indeed, are the prospects of those, who launch upon the sea without a compass to direct? They are in no worse condition than those who have no ballast to keep them from the buffetings of the elements. We must first have an object in view, worthy of pursuit, and then, decision shall enable us to escape every influence that would turn us from our purpose. By this we are enabled to resist temptations, the resistance of which alone can preserve us from evil.

CHAPTER IX.

O, Virtue! still thine arm is strong,
Thy favorites to protect from wrong;
Thou canst explore the blackest heart,
And counteract each hellish art

THE labors of the day were finished, and left the mind free from aught that could disturb its serenity. The hall in which the Lyceum was to hold its session was brilliantly illuminated, and soon was filled to overflowing, by those of both sexes, and all classes, as a lecture was expected from a celebrated character, on an interesting subject. A host of operatives were there, and the beauty and mental excellence of the town seemed there concentrated — presenting to the spectator subjects for silent interest. What institution could be substituted for the well-conducted Lyceum — of equal interest, and affording equal advantages? None, we believe, can fill its place, that shall blend, in an equal degree, the useful with the agreeable. And this is the great desideratum in all institutions. In order to instruct, we must first *interest* the hearer, and then we shall find no difficulty in gaining the attention, which object

being attained, we shall find improvement as the result. And to their Lyceum may be attributed at least a share of the intelligence of the operatives, especially in the city in which our present scene is located, for the general information which is gained thereby, and the subjects of numerous able lectures, added to the knowledge gained from books, and by other means, by this class, as a whole, cannot fail to gain the admiration of the friends of education, as truly laudable, nor is the tribute due to mental cultivation and moral worth generally withheld, particularly in their case. Collected as they are, from different places, from the mountain home and the village retirement, bearing gems of intellectual wealth, of transcendent beauty with them, and still laboring to render each jewel more attractive, who shall say that real worth dwells alone with royalty and a noble name, which must sink when fortune frowns?

To the Lyceum did Calliste and Louisa repair, and as they entered the hall, a gentleman might have been seen to whisper to another at his side, and both seemed to eye the innocent and lovely beings with a deep interest. As the panther, less to be dreaded than such characters, eyes his prey with apparent delight, ere he destroys it, so did the demon spirits, in the garb, and bearing the name of *gentlemen*, look upon their intended victims. And still the objects were unconscious of the proposed infernal agency! Beautiful, guileless, and lovely beings, they knew not their danger! The exercises of the evening commenced,

and with all the deep interest usual to such institutions, proceeded harmoniously. The eloquence of the speaker attracted each heart, and the importance of the subject presented could not fail deeply to interest each mind that cared for its own improvement. But there were two individuals present, who, notwithstanding they enjoyed the reputation of scholars, cared little, we imagine, for the lecture, for their minds were filled with — what? That their names were Cassius Wilson and Alfred Boyden, will be sufficient for our readers to learn, to divine their thoughts, as they will recollect the scheme shown in a preceding chapter. But Calliste and Louisa found the lecture deeply interesting to them, and the smile of satisfaction which rested upon their countenances, told that they were by no means careless hearers.

The brilliancy of innocent and unsuspecting minds can lend a radiant smile to the countenance, which proves an index to the purity of the soul, and beauty delights to fall upon the tabernacle of such a heart, and to lavish all her charms upon the serene fabric, while from the hidden recesses of the soul, radiated in living eloquence, the gems of intellectual and moral worth are developed in a rich halo, which none can fail to admire!

The exercises of the evening were closed, and the crowd began to disperse. A drizzling shower of rain had commenced falling, and Cassius and Alfred waited at a post nigh the doors, ready for their expedition; but what was their surprise and

mortification to find themselves *non-plussed* by a flat refusal of their company from Calliste and Louisa, their intended victims! Righteous God! thy hand was there to protect thine own from the hands of the black-hearted destroyer! Thy power swayed the hearts of these, thy children, to refuse the *first step*, which might, had it been taken, have proved their ruin! Calliste and Louisa lived at but a short distance, and were soon in their own room at home, while those who had anticipated a different result, not yet satisfied, found their way to a tavern, and there, over the sparkling wine-cup, laid their plans for the future, not, we imagine, without a sense of mortified pride, and a higher opinion, at heart, of the worth of the poor, yet beautiful and virtuous *Factory Girls*.

But why did not Calliste and her friend accept the company of those who had every appearance of gentlemen, as it was a dark and rainy night, though they were indeed strangers? The friendly voice of warning had not fallen in vain upon their ears. They had been informed of those prowling villains who infest society, under the garb of gentlemen, and they dare not trust the stranger at any time. Virtue pointed out their way, and thus saved her jewels from almost certain destruction!

Such are thy works,

O, Virtue! second gem of Heaven's own—

Than which, save meek-eyed Piety, are none

Richer, more lovely, more to be admired!

Thine impress, stamp'd upon the guiltless heart,

Protected it from ruin, and the pang
That sinks the soul to depths of keenest woe
Inextricable! Beauty, innocence, and all
That renders frail humanity an heir,
Through grace, of Heaven!

What were the feelings of these lovely Factory Girls, when in their own apartment, safe from danger or harm, they considered and recounted in mutual conversation the events of the evening? Had they known for a certainty what they supposed to be the character of these gentlemen, we fancy their young hearts would have beat with a deeper emotion of gratitude than now swayed them! Had they known the snare from which they had thus almost providentially escaped, they would have trembled at the vortex into which they had well nigh been plunged; but they were unconscious of the dread plot, and as their minds ran upon the past, they sometimes even fancied, perhaps, that they had been uncivil in refusing the company of those whom they had no reason to doubt were gentlemen.

Such is life. We cannot read the human heart, and consequently cannot divine the thoughts that may roll in the mind, even when flattery, with its envenomed and forked tongue is passing the royal road from the ear to the heart! We listen to a syren's enchantment, and fall by the strong arm of the designing, even while they seem our friends. This is the case especially with unsophisticated, confiding females. Their credulity blinds their eyes, and eventually proves their ruin! Trust not

a stranger, O reader! Rely alone confidentially, upon those who take an interest in your welfare! let the voice of the flatterer, like the whistle of the steam-engine, be received as a token of danger! Choose for a companion, one whose daily life you can approve; for in this alone are you safe from the serpent-folds of the deceiver and betrayer!

Thus Calliste passed her time from day to day, and though she was young and inexperienced, still she led a virtuous and truly consistent life. She had visited her childhood home several times, and now, instead of the blushing beauty of "sweet sixteen," she had assumed the elegance and loveliness of maiden's prime. She had spent several years in the capacity of a Factory Girl, though she was not all of the time engaged in that occupation. She had occasionally spent a few weeks, or even months, at her father's residence, and while in the city she had been subjected to many peculiar adventures — some of the character last named — but she had resisted temptation, and still enjoyed that happiness which alone can spring from a consciousness of rectitude and an unsullied conscience. It is not to be supposed that one of her beauty and moral excellence shall escape the attention of the throng. She had many admirers, some of the first classes, and of good character, and she had been favored with several offers of marriage, which, under other circumstances would have been considered of no trifling importance — but, *she was engaged*. Her heart had been given

to her early choice, and she had as yet no cause to repent of her decision in his favor. She loved Marcus Hartwell with all the fullness of a woman's affection. She appreciated his talents, and she knew he possessed those riches, which the finger of time cannot destroy. And she was happy still, though compelled to forego the absence of one, dearer to her than any on earth beside. She had accomplished her object thus far, and her brother had nearly finished his collegiate course. Louisa had proved a valuable friend to her, and Mrs. Elliot, with the tenderness and kindness of a mother, and secured the warm affections of her daughter's friend, and in her society, with Louisa, she could not but pass her time in an agreeable manner.

She had no reason to doubt the sincerity of the affection of Marcus, and in his fidelity she had perfect confidence. Thus believing the trust of her heart secure, she was happy.

Affection in woman is not that transient play of Cupid upon the heart, that, like the flame of the meteor, throws out a brilliant radiance for the moment, and then is for ever lost, but it is that constant, ardent passion, that bears no unholy alloy in its bosom, but lives on remembrance, even when the object sleeps in the dust! Of *true* affection we speak, — that hallowed flame that can never cease to exist, so long as the pulse shall beat, and cause the strings of the soul to vibrate with an emotion sweeter than any other that Heaven lends to the heart, —

That dwells alone where virtue sits
 In majesty enthroned,
 And never leaves to deep regret,
 What beauty calls her own.

A flame, than which no brighter finds
 A home within the breast;
 A wreath around the heart entwines,
 Where purity can rest.

Sweeter than nectar from the fount
 Of living waters, even,
 Rising where'er the soul can mount—
 Transplanted soon to Heaven.

Affection, true! O, hallowed name!
 Mortal, profane it not!
 Brighter shall shine its sacred flame,
 When earth shall be forgot!

Where is the heart that knows not the joy of the possession of this heaven-born guest? Tell me, ye minions of a skeptical and boasted philosophy, which teaches that beauty is calculated to be subservient to the gratification of unholy passions, what power ordained affection and give it its work? Did not the Creator of the Universe plant in each heart the principle by which alone the human family could be held together? If so, where is your authority upon which to found your code of extravagant pretensions? Ye voluptuary, where are your reasons for the indulgence of your passions? Ah! they exist in a degenerate mind and a corrupted heart—corrupted by passions which, when carried out, are the grand instruments in the hands of our common enemy, of your own destruction, as well as the ruin of others.

CHAPTER X.

The gem shall shine,
When placed conspicuous, though its origin,
The mountain cave shall own; and real *worth*
Not always fails thus to be recognized,
Though emanating from the humble cot,
Unknown, unnamed!

THE day before the annual Commencement at
— College was far spent, and *Alumni* from va-
rious parts of the surrounding country had col-
lected, and were arriving at the beautiful village
which was the location of their *Alma Mater*, to
participate in the festivities of the occasion, than
which, none is hailed with a more hearty welcome
by this class, and to witness the exhibition of
genius and merit in those same venerable halls in
which they had spent a season of their youthful
days. The divine left his study, the lawyer his
pen, and the physician his office, the man of grey
hairs, and the young, the gay and beautiful, alike
willing to leave the cares of their respective vo-
cations, to ride over the hills and vallies inter-
vening, and to meet old acquaintances, associates
and friends; the statesman, weary with the toils
of his vocation, was willing to join the throng and

participate in the joy of the occasion. Many a breast beat with satisfaction, while the mutual and warm-hearted greeting of friends amply compensated for the labor of the journey, and the scenes of early years were recounted with a pleasing satisfaction.

Preparations for the morrow had been made, and the evening spread her mantle over a scene of deep interest. But there was another list of characters whose bosoms heaved with far different emotions, and that was the *graduating class*. They were, at least part of them, to act a conspicuous part in the exercises of the morrow, and the result of years of toil was to be exhibited. Anxiety marked the countenances of such, and ambition fired each heart with a flame, which only those who have passed a similar ordeal, can fully appreciate. Gratitude prompted some to action, and as honor was the reward of real merit, each heart was, as we may justly suppose, anxious to pluck a leaf from the laurel, and to stand conspicuous on the list of competitors for the prize. Little sleep, we fancy, was enjoyed that night by the candidates for college honors.

The hour of night was late, but still, anxiously poring over a manuscript, by the light of a dim lamp, by the side of a small table, sat Edwin Barton. He was one of the class who had completed their college course, and were soon to appear on the stage, before a numerous assembly of literary characters, and judges of merit. His was an arduous task, and he felt his inability to do

justice to the part assigned him. He was a good scholar, and to him was assigned the highest honor that worth can command in that situation. He was appointed to deliver the Valedictory. Many a sleepless night had he wielded his pen, and at length his task was finished. His examination had been successful and highly satisfactory to the board of examiners, and now he had a part to perform, which, if well executed, would gain for him golden opinions from the throng. How deep the emotion of the heart of Edwin at that time? He was a favorite among all classes, and he had been declared worthy by the Professors. And with what feelings of gratitude did his thoughts fly away to that *Factory Girl*, his beloved sister, as he anticipated the time that he should lay the laurels thus gained, at the feet of her who had placed him there, and supported him through his career in college. How fervently did he implore the Divine aid that evening, and as he retired to sleep a few hours, that he might be the better prepared for the exercises of the next day, what were the emotions which prevented him from closing his eyes for a long time, and then formed the groundwork of his dreams, none can tell, save those who know by experience. The past, and the future, we fancy, rushed upon his mind, and that *happy home* among the hills, which he was soon to visit, perhaps was not forgotten.

The morning broke in all the beauty of a northern clime; the feathered songsters among the green foliage warbled their sweetest notes, and all

were active with the animation which such a scene produces. At an early hour, a numerous company were assembling, and at the appointed time, the exercises of the day were commenced. It was a brilliant exhibition of talent and improvement, and all seemed deeply interested and satisfied with the performances, which were, indeed, truly laudable; but we need not enter into a minute detail of circumstances. All the exercises had been completed, save the valedictory address, and to this was every mind turned, in anticipation of a rich feast. The hour had arrived, and Edwin was upon the stage before a numerous assembly. A breathless silence, as it were, prevailed, and every ear was waiting to catch the sound of the first words from the lips of the speaker. The young appearance and pale countenance of Edwin, was peculiarly interesting, and the marks of the scholar delineated on his lofty brow and classic features, were peculiarly adapted to arouse curiosity. And the scene so interesting in its character, rendered every circumstance more impressive. Especially to the graduates was this a moment of deep interest. They were soon to part, never again, in all probability, to meet thus, as a whole. They were to part, and take up their respective abodes at a distance from each other. They were to enter the different professions or vocations. Some, perhaps, would find a home in foreign lands, perchance as agents of benevolence among the heathen, and they must now take the parting hand of friends, associates, and those with whom

they had spent many a happy moment, during their college life. The social fraternity must be broken, and all those associations so dear to the heart, connected with school life, must now be sundered. Under such circumstances did they wait, with hearts beating with emotion, to hear the valedictory from a favorite of theirs, and of the faculty.

With a firm voice did Edwin open the exordium, and as he proceeded, his eyes were filled with the fire of genius and intellectual worth, and he entered into the subject with a degree of true eloquence, which would have done honor to much higher pretensions, and much more experience. His whole soul seemed filled with life, and the fire of a noble mind burst forth in all its strength and brilliancy. He finished his immediate subject, upon which the flowers of oratory had been lavished, and after a short pause, and with a voice calculated to give the most profound attention, he commenced that part which might be called more truly the valedictory. He recalled the past, with its scenes to the minds of his fellows, and portrayed with a plaintive strain the prospects of the future; and his address to the faculty, trustees and students, successively, drew every heart's emotion; and finally to the graduating class, as he cheered them on to noble works, his appeal was indeed a flow of eloquence unrivalled; and as his voice sunk into a low cadence, the thanks of a grateful heart were extended to teachers, and all to whom they were due, and as the "farewell"

passed his lips, and he retired with a graceful bow from the stage, murmurs of applause were heard from every lip, which would have satisfied the most aspiring mind. His task was completed, and he was satisfied with the result. His appeal had drawn many a manly tear from eyes unaccustomed to weep. We need not proceed with the description. Suffice it to say, he received his A. B. with the highest of college honors.

Could *that Factory Girl* have witnessed this scene, think you not, gentle reader, that the satisfaction of such a moment would have amply compensated for years of toil?

This was the work of a *Factory Girl*. Thus far had she been successful in accomplishing her intended purpose. But she is not done here. Another and a greater work is before the young student. He has taken his leave of friends and classmates dear to him, and we now find him at the residence of his parents. In him they see all those qualities which the heart of a fond parent can wish; and with what satisfaction do these pious and devoted Christians hear their only son declare his intention to enter the Gospel field—to prepare for the ministry! Calliste was at home when he returned from college, and how warmly did she encourage him to persevere in his determination, pledging her assistance to enable him to pursue his course. But he determined to enter upon his studies as a *beneficiary*, thus lightening the burden which he was unwilling should fall upon a beloved sister. To this, at last, though

reluctantly, Calliste consented, but her determination was to furnish him with a library and other necessary appendages, ere he finished his theological course.

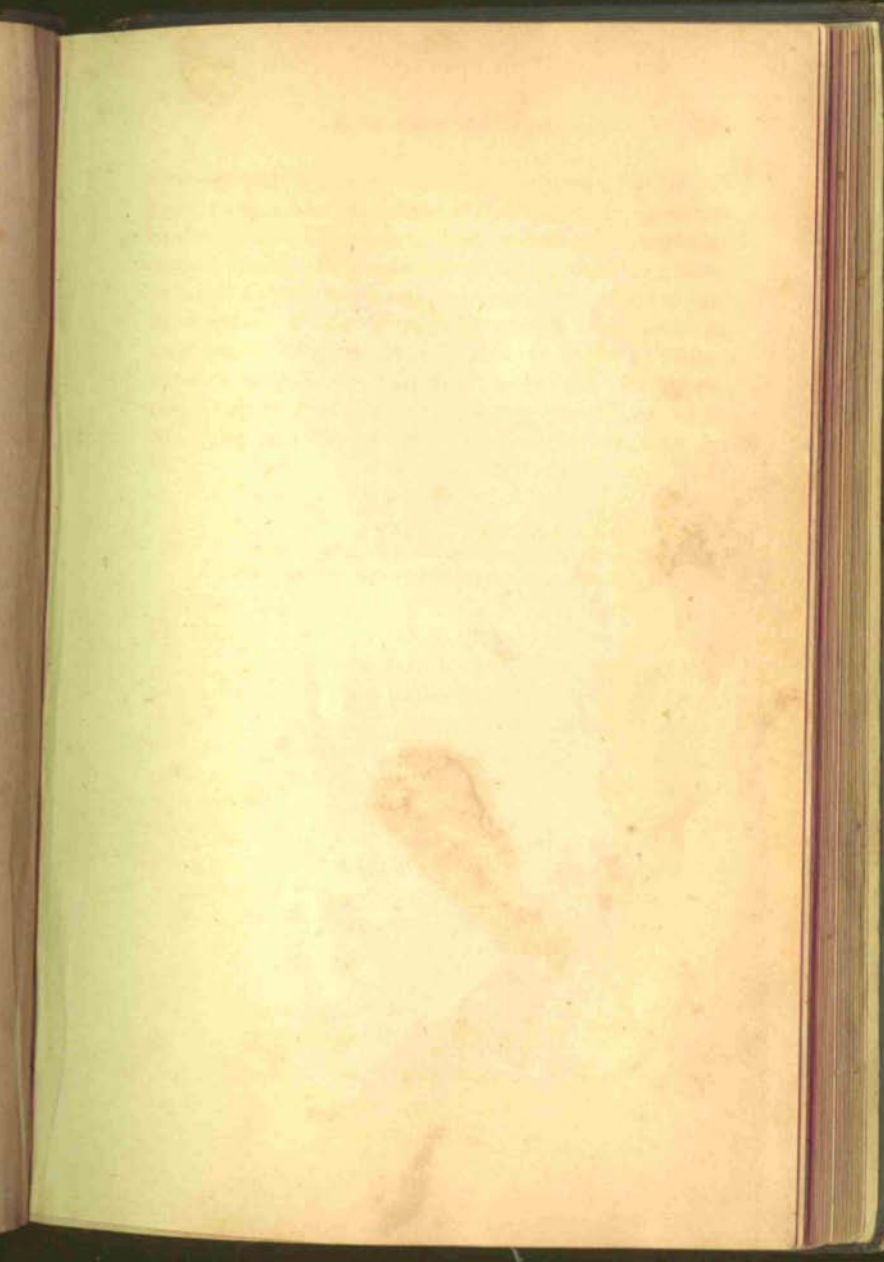
We find Edwin soon engaged in his professional studies, and the *Factory Girl* again "among the spindles." Calliste still kept her place in the family of Mrs. Elliot, and Louisa was her constant companion and confidential friend. Happy was Louisa to hear from the lips of her friend, the glowing and vivid description of her brother's success; and though our readers may say they see no reason why Louisa should care for an entire stranger, yet, from some cause, she had taken, as would appear, a deep interest in his welfare, but perhaps it was a sympathetic influence that caused the impression.

Such, courteous reader, was the enterprise which gave an impulse to the exertions of this beautiful and lovely *Factory Girl*, and such was her success, thus far, in her laudable enterprise. And was she worthy the esteem of the observer? Did not a noble heart beat "among the spindles?" Not more so in this case, than in a multitude of others, which are unknown in their obscurity, though not forgotten on the scroll of virtue!

'T is not the heart to fame allied,
That Virtue asks, her gems to hide;
'T is not the soul to pride inclined,
That e'er bespeaks a noble mind!
No! beauty in seclusion, wears
Full many a gem divinely fair;
And meek-eyed Piety can show
The richest heart that beats below!

What name, we ask, can boast richer possessions than that which receives its adornment from a humble seclusion, and rises in all the grandeur and sublimity of intellectual and true moral worth, to an elevation among the stars which cluster around the wreath of laurels which entwine in unfading light around the Temple of Fame immortal? Elevation, it is true, renders *real* merit more eminently conspicuous, but still, without this means, the beauties of real worth can never be lost.

Then persevere,
O, noble soul, hid in obscurity,
And know, the future shall delight to own
Thy worth, and give, when vanity shall fall,
Thy rich reward!





CHAPTER XI.

Rich is the name, where'er 't is found,
By virtue's hallowed signet crowned ;
And beauty true delights to dwell
Within the humble heart's deep cell.

ALONE in her private apartment sat Calliste at the close of the day, perusing the last number of the "OFFERING," of which valuable periodical we shall speak in another place. The labors of the day were finished, and the quiet shades of evening had appeared. And shall we describe the private apartment of a *Factory Girl*, dear reader? Indeed, we see no harm that can result from such a description, at least in *this* case. It was a small apartment, neatly furnished. In the centre was a small table, covered with various books and periodicals, embracing in the variety some of the gems of literature. On one side of the room was a small secretary, and a library of well-selected and choice volumes, indicating that the mind of those humble operatives was not forgotten. The floor was covered with an elegant carpet, and a polished grate contained a few coals only, as it was but the beginning of autumn. Writing ma-

terials were at hand, and indeed every part indicated more the *sanctum* of the poet, or the *studio* of the artist, than the residence of the operative. An air of neatness prevailed, and in possession of such a home, and an agreeable companion, who would be unhappy or discontented?

Here did Calliste and Louisa spend their leisure moments in reading, writing and conversation, and we may not be surprised if they found an agreeable copartnership, and a happy life. They had gained an extensive circle of acquaintances — nay, *friends*; for to know them was to love them, for that mildness of disposition and amiable deportment which characterized them, was universally admired. Thus they were pleasantly and agreeably situated, and even labor itself was a pleasure, when an object was to be accomplished, worthy of such minds.

As Calliste sat thus attentively engaged in perusing the pages of "The Offering," the door was noiselessly opened, and Louisa, with an arch smile playing upon her countenance, entered the room, exclaiming, "A letter, sister! probably from your *Beaufiddle!*" — at the same time laying the neatly-folded epistle upon the table, and gliding from the room like a nymph, left Calliste alone again, to open and peruse the missive at her leisure. With a fluttering heart did Calliste scan the well-known hand writing, which as Louisa had prognosticated, was from Marcus, and with what interest did she read the welcome, closely-written pages. But a new impulse was, we fancy, given

to her feelings as she learned the difficulties under which her loved one labored. He had told her all — his uncle's plans, and the result, and closed by saying, "Give yourself no uneasiness, my long-loved Calliste, for you shall ever find me true to the trust which you have been pleased to surrender to my keeping. We shall soon, I trust, meet, no more to be separated, until, by a power stronger than humanity can exercise, we are snatched from each other, to meet again as I humbly trust, where the heart no more shall find a pang of sorrow."

Though Calliste was confident that Marcus would prove true to her, yet still a kind of regret seized her mind, that she was the innocent cause of much difficulty and sorrow, to one whom she loved with the whole soul of a virtuous woman, and this is saying enough of the strength of affection. She would, indeed, have given up the jewel of her heart, could she thereby have been instrumental in imparting a ray of happiness to that being, who possessed her affections; but this would not have been the result, for Marcus would never, we fancy, have acquiesced in his uncle's plan, even had Calliste dismissed him. No! far from it. His heart was fixed and fastened by the strongest tie that can unite mutual hearts, and he had never had cause to repent his decision. Indeed, the attachment grew stronger and stronger, and absence only seemed to render more unyielding, if possible, the fervor of kindred hearts.

That species of love which exists only in the presence of the object, is totally unworthy to bear

the name. It is true, there is a prevalence—a fearful prevalence of this species, and did it find mutual negative qualities, its existence would prove less pernicious. Could inconstant affection meet a like principle in every conquest which it makes with the heart, the true gem would be the less apt to be the dupe of a base counterfeit. The heart which lavishes its attachments and affections upon *all*, is not worthy to bear the *true* gem in our confidence, any farther than a love for humanity will countenance that passion, for *half a heart is worse than none!* In a word, that individual who cannot place constant and unreserved affection upon an object, is unworthy to receive that hallowed gem in return. There are, indeed, too many, who can love for a season, while the object presents in person, attractions to arouse the flame, who, when the being is absent, forget that they have ever loved, or given the object reason to suppose such to be the case, when, perhaps, in the heart of that confiding one, a flame has been aroused by their pretended attachment, which can never be destroyed!

True affection is ever the same—in absence—in adversity—in prosperity—in life and in death! Strive not to gain affection from a heart whose attachment you never intend to reciprocate, lest the blood of the innocent and confiding fall upon your head! Let sincerity characterize every action, that the heart of the virtuous and confiding be not left to repine in disappointment and withered hopes, as the result of incautiousness in

arousing the destroyer, though perhaps such was far from your intention.

But affection like that of Marcus for Calliste, sacrifices every other pleasure to prolong its existence,—predominates over every other interest, and is a treasure worthy of the name. The voluptuary may trifle with this hallowed principle, but it is not the less worthy of admiration. Though trampled upon here, the true spirit shall bask in the bright beams of eternal day, while its despiser and destroyer shall dwell in outer darkness! Woe to the hand that destroys the tender flower, even in the bud, for the knell of departing beauty shall ring, and jar his very soul in fearful confusion, when Virtue shall present her dread account of wrongs for retribution!

Though Calliste had never been blessed with the means of acquiring a *finished education*, according to the popular signification of the term, yet she had not neglected those means which were within her reach, for the improvement of the mind. She was well read for one in her situation, and by her own exertions, principally, had she acquired an extensive fund of information on the various subjects embraced in the arts and sciences, and the literature of the day. Her natural abilities were of the highest order, and thus she made the best use of the fund of knowledge which she had been able to gain.

There are some, who, educate them as thoroughly as you will, still sleep under dormant faculties, and let the latent spark remain inactive,

while others, with far less opportunities, by the force of native genius, will shine far brighter in point of real intellectual worth, than those who have every facility in their favor. Thus with Caliste: the improvement which she made with her limited means, would have done honor to many, with far higher advantages.

Her contributions to the pages of "THE OFFERING" displayed a native genius, untrammelled by the rigid rules of the schools, and thus in their simplicity united grandeur and sublimity. And here we would notice this valuable periodical, conducted entirely by *operatives*, — and a more satisfactory and agreeable task could hardly have fallen to our lot. The *Offering*, as we have intimated, and as is well known, is the work entirely of "mind among the spindles," and in point of merit ranks high in the literary world. One great feature of beauty developed in the original matter of its pages, is that it is written, most of it, in the simple and native purity of veritable life, and the language presented is as unpretending as the mountain flower, which feature cannot fail to attract attention and admiration. And if its pages display none of the art of fiction, they shine with lustre unrivalled in their own strength and native elegance. We find here, gems of art also, and language which would grace far more pretending pages. Indeed, we cannot speak too highly of the merits of this periodical. It is like a star rising from the ocean. It has the type of originality, and has no precedent of equal excellence. We

congratulate the worthy and indefatigable conductors of this work on its eminent success.*

We love that simplicity which dwells in the mind of the virtuous, and the unpretending beauty that partakes not of pride and vanity, nor do we less value true excellence, though it be found in the abode of the recluse, or in the mountain retreat. The *mind* is the seat of all that is worthy of admiration which humanity can claim. This, then, should claim our notice, and its works should graduate our estimation of its real merit. We despise that low, grovelling son of wealth, who, in the pride of self-consequence, looks only to rank and riches as tests of worth—who can curl the lip of scorn at the operative, when in fact the real merit of one humble member of this class, if placed in the balance of virtue, would weigh down millions of souls tinctured with this vanity. We are ashamed almost to own such vile minions of self and money as human. They are fit only for those climes where the spirit of freedom never shed its hallowed influence, and where a proud aristocracy curses the land. Slaves of pride and vanity! we envy not your situation,—we disdain your pretensions to merit, or to a rank among the noble minds of our land! You who think the humble operative beneath your notice—

* It is proper to remark that the periodical, so favorably noticed by the author, has, for reasons not publicly stated by its conductors, been for some time discontinued. It is well known, however, that it enjoyed an ample measure of patronage to the last.—PUBLISHER.

you it is, who shall behold in future the elevation of real merit, and the destruction of a proud and haughty spirit, alike unfit for earth or heaven! Virtue alone shall be rewarded, and the humble yet noble soul shall gain a diadem, when the proud and haughty spirit shall find no name more base registered, and like Dives want a drop of water to cool his tongue! Give every one their due; for Justice shall sooner or later mete out to all a righteous award.

CHAPTER XII.

Proud fortune's wheel,
At every revolution brings a change
Of destiny to millions! Many *now*
Who *once* in affluence lived, from door to door
Solicit charity; and others *then* in want,
Now move in affluence!

UPON a gentle slope of land bordering on the line which separates New Hampshire and Vermont, with the beautiful and winding Connecticut rolling at its feet, stands the village of —. It was a picturesque, romantic location, and though small, it was not the less beautiful at the time we introduce our readers to the scene which it presented.

One of autumn's sweetest evenings had hung her "harvest moon" in the heavens, and as her mild beams fell upon each object, they seemed to offer a kiss to all. The tall spire of the village church glistened by reflection, and each object cast its shadow with inimitable precision. The reaper had finished his work for the day, and the warbling of the rich-plumed songsters of the grove had ceased. The tavern sign swung upon its hinges, swayed by playful zephyrs, and occasionally the

barking of a dog, or the sound of a carriage broke upon the ear, to mar the tranquillity of the scene. On entering the village through a small copse of wood, it presented to the eye which fancies the picturesque and sublime, a satisfaction, and conveyed to the thinking mind many a subject for thought. Upon the hills and in the valleys adjacent, were some of the best farms which the fertile soil of the "Granite State" affords, and the whole scene presented a *beau ideal* of rural life. It was one of those comparatively independent and happy regions which are common to New England. On passing through the village, a neat cottage, painted white, and with green blinds, half concealed among the stately elms, might have been seen, and upon a snug office near, glistening in the moon-beams, was the name of—

"D R. HARTWELL."

Here, amid the beauties of nature, had our friend found a pleasant and agreeable location, for it will be perceived at once by the reader, that Marcus, and the name upon the office, are synonymous. Here had he been attracted by the rich prospect which the site afforded, and hither had he come to commence the practice of his profession. He had received his M. D. from his *Alma Mater*, and now was to put to the test his capacity and skill as a professional man. He was well read, and bid fair for eminent usefulness. Little, indeed, however, does the young physician, with high anticipations and brilliant prospects, even, realize the

difficulties which beset his path, until he learns by experience the sad lesson. Little does he know of the deep anxieties consequent upon the weight of responsibility resting upon him, until actual experience unfolds the reality. And the ingratitude of patients, which of all other trials, tears the heart, even when by the exercise of his noble art he is sensible he has rescued them from the yawning grave — this, we repeat, he can only tell, after he finds it, and receives in many cases only curses as the reward of his labors of philanthropy and love.

But Dr. Hartwell was well prepared to overcome every difficulty, and a strong mind gave him an advantage over him, who, from a sensitive spirit, shrinks at the struggle and loses the victory. He was well acquainted with human nature, and took advantage of this knowledge in avoiding many of the rocks and quicksands which have proved the ruin of the ignorant and unwary.

He had been in his new location but a few months, and in that time a fierce opposition had stared him in the face. The bitterness of a decided rivalry showed him what he was to anticipate, but the present opposition was such as to benefit rather than injure him. That he was a "young man," was the only plea which his hoary-headed antagonist could bring against him — and this atrocious failing is enough, in the estimation of some, especially advanced maiden worthies, or superstitious and vain matrons, to damn a physician to eternal oblivion! But our worthy friend

study, in which was a choice classical and miscellaneous library, where he intended, in the interim of business, to find time for study and scientific investigation. The mind that is satisfied to rest on its previous attainments, cannot expect to keep pace with the improvements of the day; and the physician who, on receiving his diploma, lays aside his books as having "*learned out*," will soon find himself in the rear rank. But this was not at all in accordance with the mind of our friend. He was ambitious; and ambition is a laudable trait of character, when directed to a noble purpose. Thus was our friend raised by a sudden evolution of fortune, from almost penniless poverty to comparative independence. And in this case was the smile of fortune shed upon one worthy to receive her benefits, while in many cases we find the reverse. But did this sudden transition from penury to wealth, render him any more worthy of respect or esteem? Certainly not! For transient treasures are not worthy of our confidence, and only those which are permanent entitle the possessor to our respect.

With what a thrill of satisfaction did Calliste learn the good fortune of Marcus, and how did her bosom heave with emotion, when she looked forward to her union with the object of her early choice! Edwin had nearly completed his studies preparatory to the ministry, and she now felt that it would be her privilege soon to retire again to a rural seclusion among her native hills. Marcus she had found faithful to his word, and she well

was slowly, yet decidedly gaining the confidence of the community, and by ardent exertions he was doing a fair share of the business in the line of his profession. His progress, it is true, was slow, but this is almost invariably the case with those of a crowded profession. But he had located himself *there*, and decision of character—a trait so necessary in the young man—prognosticated a permanent stand for our friend in that village, in preference to any other. His address was pleasing, and he was highly esteemed, so far as he had become acquainted with the noble-hearted and worthy class who inhabited the vicinity. Thus he had soon engaged many warm-souled friends who duly appreciated his talents, in his favor. We left him, in a preceding chapter, in a sort of embarrassment not particularly agreeable, but we find him now under different circumstances. His uncle, failing in all his schemes, had finally given up his conquest in despair. At the death of the old gentleman, which happened soon after, very suddenly, (from apoplexy) a *will* was found—whether left intentionally or not, is unknown—making Marcus, as he had previously intended, sole heir to his estate, which was no trifling sum to fall to a young man in his situation.

Thus had Marcus been enabled to purchase and pay for the stand at which we have found him, and the retirement which it afforded was not the least valued of its attractions.

Apart from his professional qualifications, he was a good scholar, and he had fitted up a fine

knew that he would soon claim her hand, as a companion for life. She was his affianced, and she looked forward to the time of their long anticipated union, we presume, with an emotion which those who have been in her situation alone can tell. She was happy, and with her prospects for the future, and her guileless heart, who indeed would not be? Long years had she spent "among the spindles," and time had passed rapidly. She had enjoyed herself, and an unsullied conscience had ever been reflected from the mirror of the heart.

But to return to Marcus. Imagine, fair reader, a neat though small room, on one side of which is a case of medicines well filled, and on the other, a book-case, containing a medical library, not extensive yet valuable. In the centre, a table covered with papers, books, parcels of medicine, instruments, writing materials, &c., the whole appearance indicating the *sanctum* of a modern son of *Æsculapius*. This was the office of Doctor HARTWELL; and here, we fancy, he spent many of his leisure moments. But something still seemed wanting to complete his happiness. A neat yet small cottage seemed, (standing empty as it did,) to invite some fair and lovely being to grace it by her presence, and perhaps the young Doctor anticipated with a fond anxiety the time when he should be able to introduce his bride to his friends, and to find a home in her society in the neat little donicil, which he had chosen as his future residence. Perhaps *his* bosom found strange

emotions — (for *physicians* are not entirely heartless!) — which were consequent upon the proximity of an event, which had kept him years in anticipation, and nerved him for every struggle with adversity which had been cast in his way. He, too, perhaps, remembered the past, as he anticipated the future, and pictured in his imagination the joys of domestic life, in a rural retreat. He had proved constant to Calliste, and that hallowed power which caused his youthful heart to beat with emotion in her presence, now in her absence still grew stronger and stronger.

How beautiful is fidelity! How strongly does it lay hold of our admiration! It is the life of true affection — the element by which it is known. What, indeed, is love, unless characterized by this active principle? — unless founded on this sure foundation? A meteor flame, losing all its beauty in a moment, and vanishing like the early dew. Constant, faithful affection alone, is worthy to bear the name of one of the jewels of virtue. We despise the impious soul, who, for the sake of self-gratification in conquest, will trifle with the heart, and after touching to vibration every chord of its sweetest music, leave it unstrung and out of tune, to remediless destruction! Fidelity alone can ensure the safety of the heart, or protect it from a bed of thorns!

This alone can worthy prove
Of the heart's confiding love;
Love, which, when it once is gone,
Bids adieu, and ne'er returns!

Richer is the bosom blessed
Where this sacred scene doth rest,
Than the heart that wears a crown
Which it cannot call its own!

Never-fading beauty reigns
Where Fidelity will fain
Locate her triumphant throne,
And protect the gem her own.

Keep the heart from every snare;
See that thou this beauty wear!
And thy cups shall flow with joy,—
Pleasure true, without alloy!

Thus shalt thou live in security, and fear no
evil, and if thou shalt find a mind congenial with
thine own, in mutual joy shalt thou pass the rem-
nant of thy days, and close thine eyes at last, on
the bosom of faithful affection!

CHAPTER XIII.

Homeward returning! O how sweet
The prospect now before the mind!
At home again! Our friends we greet,
And scarcely leave a thought behind!

It was early on a lovely morning in autumn, that a stage-coach stopped in front of a mansion on — street, and in a few moments two beautiful females were *on board*, and the journey of the day was commenced. It was one of those fine and agreeable mornings which this pleasant and agreeable season affords, and innumerable interesting objects attracted the observing eye. The coach rolled on rapidly, and soon the hum of the city was lost in distance, and nature, instead of art, displayed her beauties. The reaper, singing his merry song, returned to the field, to gather the harvest as the reward of industry, and the mechanic was busy at his work, and though nature had commenced her preparation for the storms of old winter, by laying aside her variegated and beautiful summer garments, still she had not lost her attractions. The fields presented their luxuriant expanse, and the yellow apple laughed be-

hind its screen of fluttering leaves. The pellucid stream, winding its serpentine way, played with the white pebbly shore, as ever and anon its waves leaping gaily from its bosom, kissed the tender flower which had not yet been destroyed by the frosts of the season. All, all was life; and the picturesque region found not a few attractions in its towering hills, and deep ravines, for the eye of the naturalist or the painter. And as they passed onward, the salubrious atmosphere of the country seemed to fit the mind for the enjoyment of those beauties which nature has lavished upon her favorite spot — the hills and vales of New England, dear to us as the land of our birth, and the home of our forefathers.

The two young ladies of whom we have spoken, we scarce need to say, were Calliste, and her friend Louisa Elliot. They had left the city, the one to visit the home of her childhood, among the hills, the other to bear her company, and to enjoy a visit to the "Granite State." Calliste had prevailed upon her friend to accompany her on her visit, and to spend a few weeks in the rural seclusion of the residence of Farmer Barton, of which we have spoken in a previous chapter. To this proposal, Louisa offered no objection, and having obtained the consent of her only surviving parent, with a light heart did she leave the city for a short season, to dwell among the beauties of nature.

A city life, however rare and agreeable scenes it may afford, can never compare, in our humble opinion, with a home in one of those romantic and

beautiful villages, which meet the eye of the traveller in the country. The one, it is true, opens all the attractions of art, which, on their first presentation, excite our curiosity and admiration, but we grow weary as we become familiar, and they lose much of their attraction. But in the other, we never can cease to find subjects for admiration, in the vast museum of nature, as we trace the colors of a Divine pencil in every flower, and the hand of a Divine Architect in the stupendous works of the Creator. But perhaps as it is natural to form our minds according to our observation, we speak in preference of rural life, because upon such scenes our eyes first opened, and because in such a seclusion is the location of *our own* "sweet home," which can never cease to be a sacred spot, so long as the dust of departed friends hallows it.

If ever the heart beats with an indescribable emotion, it is when, after an absence of months or years, we are at last on our way to the place of our nativity. Then "Homeward Bound" is a sweet song, and all the scenes of early years rush upon the wings of memory; we forget the scenes of a strange land, for a season, and thought is busy in portraying the meeting, and all its untold pleasures. *Home* is an endearing word; it strikes upon the ear with a peculiar sweetness, and bears to the mind a multitude of thoughts in its associations — thoughts which cheer the heart.

HOME! 't is the same where'er it be!
Amid the halls of royalty,

Or in the humble mountain cot,
'T is to the heart a hallowed spot.

What names upon the soul impress
A deeper seal, a richer dress,
Than those endeared by kindred ties,
Which from our own sweet home arise ?

A Father's kindness constant proved,
And too, a Mother's priceless love ;
A Brother, who each hour beguiles ;
A Sister's tender, welcome smiles.

Thrice happy throng, what'er their lot,
Whose names adorn the sacred spot !
The more upon life's seas we roam,
The more we love our childhood's home.

Fraught with all the scenes of early years so peculiarly dear to the heart, and all those tender associations which have interested us even from infancy, we can but cherish the home of our childhood with a fond remembrance.

But to return again to our narrative, knowing that our fair readers are more willing to forgive, than we are to digress. To Calliste, the anticipation of soon being under the dear parental roof, afforded sufficient joy to render her journey pleasant and far more disagreeable. And it may be, fair reader, that Louisa had some subject for anticipation, as well as her worthy friend, though perhaps not the same ; but we forbear venturing an opinion concerning the thoughts which we imagine were chasing each other in her mind. After months spent "among the spindles," we should imagine nothing could be more acceptable

to the mind than a journey, especially in an agreeable season of the year, and in the society of a pleasant friend. How exhilarating does the air of the country, freighted with rich fragrance, prove to the physical powers, and not less so to the mind. Unalloyed by the vapors and gases arising necessarily from a densely populated city, we breathe the atmosphere here in all the native purity of that element, and our lungs expand with seeming pleasure — opening to the corporeal fabric new life, and imparting new energies to the mental and physical organization. Such it proved, we doubt not, to the fair and accomplished *Factory Girls*, who were enjoying its benefits and pleasures. We doubt not, their cheeks displayed rose tints of beauty, which might be kissed by a seraph without polluting his lips!

The sun was pacing the western horizon, and threw his smiles over the beauties of nature, as the stage-coach, at length, after a two days' journey, stopped before the cottage of Mr. Barton, and again the feet of Calliste trod her native soil. Home, with all its dear associations, greeted her eyes, and in a moment she was welcomed with all the sincere joy of affectionate regard by her parents. The ceremony of introduction was over, and Louisa received a hearty welcome from the humble, yet truly worthy parents of her friend, and soon was at home as one of the family.

If the heart of Calliste beat with warm sensations, at again beholding the home of her childhood, we doubt not that of Louisa throbbed with

emotions no less sublime, at beholding for the first time, the beauties of the home among the hills, which had been so often described to her by her friend and constant companion, and we hesitate not to say, that Louisa found in the unpretending family of Mr. Barton, a happy home, and more real pleasure than she would have realized from a visit to the most splendid mansion, and we believe she found in the humble fare of the farmer, more choice viands than would have been presented at the most sumptuous board of the more fastidious and pretending.

As we have before observed, Mr. Barton was one of those generous and noble-hearted people, who gain their bread with the labor of their hands. His remote seclusion was congenial to those feelings which alone can render man truly happy,—piety, gratitude, benevolence, charity, and contentment. And think you, fair friend, we may never find a gem in the seclusion of the mountain home? We have not told you the beauties of the mind of this virtuous and lovely Factory Girl in full, but we shall unfold more as we proceed. Here was her home, and from the character of the scenes of her early years, the mind at once pictures to itself as the result in Calliste, a favorite of Virtue, and a happy possessor of all those rich ornaments, mental as well as personal, which make woman an object of esteem, admiration, respect, and affection.

Here we leave these two amiable and interesting characters until our next chapter, as they need

rest, to enable them to overcome the fatigue incident to their journey.

That character which will bear acquaintance, and from day to day gain our admiration as a friend of virtue and purity, will never be a dangerous companion. We may rest assured, that such an one will prove a *true* friend. And such an one alone should gain our confidence. We are apt, especially among strangers, to accept every offer of friendship, and confide in an unknown heart, when, in fact, self-interest or deception, in some form, is at the bottom of the heart of our professed friend. We can never be too cautious on this point, for when once caught in a snare by the art of the stranger, like a wounded bird, we may flutter in vain, while the destroyer laughs at our sorrow, and scorns that credulity by which we were taken.

Trust not the heart, 'till thou hast found
 The seal of Virtue there,
 For flattery has a magic sound
 That seems divinely fair.

Thy dream of excellence will fade
 When sorrow's hour shall come,
 And thou shalt find thyself betray'd,
 And misery seal thy doom.

O! trust it not—the stranger's heart,
 But first its meaning prove;
 Then, if it bears no subtle art,
 'T is worthy of thy love.

Be this thy happy lot, fair reader, — to find a friend alone in one worthy of thy friendship, and

to give thy heart and hand alone to one who can appreciate thy worth as woman, and present thee the reality of a virtuous and true affection — that affection which grows brighter and brighter on earth, and ripens in its full beauty in heaven.

CHAPTER XIV.

Childhood's home !
Though in the bosom of obscurity,
Thy lone seclusion ; though unnamed the spot
Where stands thy humble cottage, thou art dear,
And we shall ever love thee, till we sink
Into the dust forgotten !

AURORA had scarce mounted her oriental chariot, on the day after the arrival of Calliste and Louisa at the cottage of the father of the former, ere Calliste had arisen, and after her private devotions, leaving her friend to enjoy another hour of sleep, she found her way down beside the beautiful stream to the place where she had first parted with Marcus, (now Dr. Hartwell.) The scene was as fresh to her mind as though the occurrence of but yesterday,—and with what emotions did she recount in her memory the confession and the pledge, which thence was borne on high, to be registered there ! But where was the young student, who at present, as then, was dearest to her guileless heart of any being on earth ? He was far away, engaged in the practice of his profession, and in his work of benevolence and love for humanity. He was perhaps beside the couch of the

sick, striving to buffet the ravages of disease — to alleviate the pangs and tortures of a merciless malady, and to minister to the necessities of the subjects of sorrow and misery. The lives of fellow beings were in his hands, and one wrong prescription might send a soul into eternity! And was the beautiful and lovely Calliste willing to share the trials, perplexities and anxieties in common with the few pleasures of a physician's life, and to become the bosom companion of one in this capacity? Our readers will see as we proceed. But he was far away, and the thought perhaps, or at least the hope that they soon should meet, afforded no little satisfaction to a heart inclined to constant and devoted love, as was that of Calliste. She had voluntarily given her unreserved affections, and the promise of her hand to the object of her early choice, and it is enough to say, she had proved faithful.

And perhaps as she returned to the cottage from her walk, the pleasures of hope filled the mind of our fair friend, as she looked forward to the time that should see her the bride of Doctor Hartwell. As she returned, Louisa had just arisen, and somewhat recovered from the fatigue of her journey, she seemed cheerful and happy. Breakfast, and the family devotions were soon concluded, and a walk was proposed by Calliste, to which her friend readily assented. As they roamed over the fields, the orchard, the meadow, and through the sylvan recesses of the forest, think you not, fair reader, they found pleasure in trac-

ing the various and beautiful works of the great Creator? Who, indeed, that possesses a love for the sublime and beautiful, can fail to appreciate the many charms of such a retreat? But to the mind of Calliste, every spot which they visited was rendered dear by the power of association. She had visited each *bonnie nook* a thousand times before, and the joys of childhood's happy, and too fleeting moments, where in company with her brother, now far away, she had wandered o'er hill and dale, were recalled by memory, to heighten the interest of the occasion. Every nook and corner was visited by her, and afforded in rapid succession its individual associations to the mind. Thus they enjoyed many a pleasant walk from day to day, and each day found something new for the mind of Louisa. With joy now, as ever heretofore, did friends hail Calliste, and her old school-mates and acquaintances who remained, greeted her as an old favorite among them, and such she was. But time had wrought its changes in the progress of rolling years, and, as is ever the case after even a short absence, various new faces and new scenes presented themselves.

How great, indeed, the changes which only a few years will produce in the appearance of places, as well as in the circumstances of individuals! The friends of our early youth — those near and dear to us by many and fond associations, where are they? Echo answers, "Where?" Some have removed to other climes; some have entered the gates of matrimony; and alas, not a few are

sleeping in the dust! Yet we love their memory, and as we drop the tear over their hallowed ashes, we are led to reflect that we too are mortal. As we read their names upon the urn, we are reminded that soon we too must be there. Their tomb-stone is a mirror upon which we may read our own fate, in common with mortality. Alas! the loved and lost, dear to our hearts still, have left many blanks in our catalogue of choice spirits. And the scenes of youth, where are they? Gone, with some of the actors, into eternity! New scenes are developed, as the curtain of the future is raised, day by day, but are they fraught with that interest which characterised those of our youth? Perhaps not; but still we have our favorite scenes, as well as our chosen friends. But we ever fondly read upon the great tomb-stone of the Past, those names and their associations, which will remain dear to us, until our hearts shall cease their vibrations, and we follow the loved and lost to eternity! We cannot — we would not forget them!

How sweet the memory of the days,
When youth was gliding swift away!
How dear each scene forever gone,
Borne in Time's car so swiftly on!
Each name so sweet, forever lost,
Tells how the gold may turn to dross!
And fading beauty drops a tear,
For those more beautiful, so dear!
While Virtue on her spotless page,
Shall name them to the latest age!

It was seemingly but a short time, to the mind of Calliste, since she was in all the mirth of child-

hood, chasing the butterfly from flower to flower, and with her brother, enjoying all those innocent sports which characterize that age. And the school house, in which she had spent many a happy moment, was *that* forgotten? By no means; it was visited, and though changed in appearance, it found still many a charm as links to bind the past to her memory. And all these favorite haunts which she had visited a thousand times with her playmates, were visited now, and each one told its tale of the past to her mind — all were dear. How sweet indeed the memory of the associations of school days! We cherish them as the happiest of life; for then, free from those innumerable cares and perplexities which burthen the mind in after life, we spent our time in the pursuit of knowledge and pleasure alternately. But they are gone, and we are now upon the stage of action.

Thus did Calliste and Louisa spend their days agreeably for a length of time, but perhaps there was still some desideratum unattained — some object absent, necessary to their full measure of happiness. But still they were, happy, and the time passed rapidly, and as it were unobserved. They must visit friends, and receive and return calls, and a thousand things claimed and divided their attention, for Louisa had at length become an object of interest, and she found also objects of interest reciprocal, among which to divide her attention, as time brought its various scenes.

It was Saturday night, and the inmates of the

humble cottage of Farmer Barton were seated before a warm fire, enjoying the season of calm serenity of mind which such occasions afford, in social conversation. The labors of the week were finished, and the hour, than which few are sweeter, was ushered in with a hearty welcome by all. Supper had been taken, and now the happy family were preparing for their evening devotions. They were seated, and the family bible was taken from its place, to furnish a chapter for food for their souls. But before reading, their attention was called to a slight rap at the door, which denoted the presence of some one who wished admittance. The response "Come in," was scarcely given, ere the door opened, and — Edwin Barton entered! Calliste recognized him first, and in a moment was in her brother's embrace. He was warmly greeted, of course, by his parents, and soon he was introduced by Calliste, to Louisa. We need not say that their meeting was one of joy, and that the prayers which ascended from the cottage that evening, were those of sincere gratitude, and from humble and contrite hearts.

Edwin had completed his theological studies at B —, in the state of Maine, and was soon to take holy orders. He had returned to spend a few weeks at the residence of his parents, that he might recruit his health, which was then precarious, as his pale countenance indicated. He had studied hard, and had now passed through the prescribed course preparatory to his entering the ministry.

To Louisa we may suppose this was an unexpected meeting, as well as to Calliste, but perhaps it was not the less agreeable. Long did they converse, until at length the clock admonished them, and as they retired to rest, their various emotions we shall not be expected to divine, but suffice it to say, they were not, we believe, disagreeable.

The morning of the holy Sabbath dawned with a peculiar brightness; the exercises of the morning around the altar were finished, and the sound of the church-bell broke upon their ears with a hallowed melody. They made preparations to visit the sanctuary, and as it was but a short distance, they choose to walk, and accordingly were soon in the "same old church," where all save Louisa had so often sat, and listened to the voice of the venerable man of God, who had presided over the church for a series of years. The services of the forenoon were completed, and the exercises of the Sabbath School gained the attention of Calliste and her friend, while Edwin, by request of the Pastor, retired to the parsonage.

The afternoon found Edwin in the sacred desk, addressing the attentive audience which had that day gathered to worship. His whole soul seemed to expand, and true eloquence—such as alone flows from a true spirit, fell from his lips, as eager ears caught every word and bore it to the heart. His appeals were answered by the penitential tear, and the word was blessed to many, we doubt not, who came for novelty up to the sanctuary.

And think you, kind reader, that Calliste re-

gretted at that hour, ever becoming a *Factory Girl*, that a beloved brother might stand in the desk and proclaim the news of free salvation to those around, who were still treading the downward road to ruin? Was not the joy of that hour, even, ample compensation for all her labors of love, even through years of toil? We anticipate your answer, and need not pause for a reply. And those humble and devoted parents — we cannot analyze their feelings! Was not that moment a rich reward for all their instructions and precepts to their beloved son in early years? We believe it was. The exercises of the day were closed, and the worthy family of Mr. Barton returned to the humble cottage to spend the sweet remnant of holy time, as became the occasion.

And this, fair reader, was to a great degree, the result of the labors of a *Factory Girl*. But for her, Edwin had never been able to prepare for the duties of his holy calling. But for her, he had not that day stood in the sacred desk in his own native village. But for her, the cause of religion had, comparatively, lost an able advocate. Who then will dare speak in other than exalted terms of a class, which affords not merely one, but very many equally noble and praiseworthy examples?

But excellence,
Tho' rendered by a selfish world obscure,
Shall never sleep forgot! True merit needs
No trump of fame to tell it o'er the land,
But, though not here it meet its rich reward,
It still shall stand conspicuously bright,
When Virtue gives, by her certificate,
Unfading laurels!

CHAPTER XV.

Their hearts united, — and a stream
Of pure affection rolled between ;
While Virtue placed her seal so fair,
And smiled to see its halo there !

AGAIN had night let fall her stellated curtains, and the beauties of an evening's silence were ushered in. The winds of autumn whistled around the lonely and weather-beaten cottage, bringing to the mind a kind of sweet melancholy, which is far from disagreeable, at least to us. But while Old Boreas blew his blast, and made harsh discord in the music of his voice, and the accompaniment of its effects upon surrounding objects, the smile of Laura played upon the scene, forgetful, seemingly, that Nature had taken a severe chill, and her limbs shivered and were benumbed by its influence. But we have seen her smile even brightest, when the breeze bore upon its bosom the last sigh of departing beauty, and nature wept at the devastation which the iron hand of destruction had wrought upon her charms, and upon the couch of woe, as well as the nuptial hour, she lends her smiles with equal profusion. Morpheus

had locked the human family, at least those in this hemisphere, in her embrace, save a few, who from want, sickness, or inclination, kept their silent vigils, and slept not. All was still, save the commotion of a frantic element, and at such an hour we find the most pleasant season that offers itself, when no study calls, and no mortal demands our aid. Then we ever delight in the silence of night, to find an hour for reflection, meditation or study, or to pen a sketch from observation, or a thought for friends. We are "never less alone than when alone," for solitude has charms which are by few duly appreciated. Her season is too often undervalued, while scenes of hilarity gain the victory over the inclination. Not so with us; we delight to find an hour for silent thought and contemplation, and at such times we spend very many truly pleasant and happy moments.

At this hour, beneath the roof of the farmer's humble cottage, we propose to introduce a scene to our readers. The family had retired to rest, save two, and these are our present characters. In the small, yet neatly finished parlor, upon an old-fashioned settee, (which by the way is a very comfortable seat for two or more,) sat a lady and gentleman, apparently engaged in conversation. The fire blazed upon the hearth, affording an agreeable warmth to the apartment, while upon the walls might have been seen a few paintings of Scripture characters and incidents, and also some miniature sketches, far from accurate, of members of the family. A few books, mostly of a religious

character, lay upon the mantel-piece, and the furniture was of a kind which, though not costly, was nevertheless elegant in its simplicity. Everything was arranged with an accurate precision, indicating a trait in the character of the worthy mistress of the house, which never fails to gain admiration. An old clock, which by its appearance, had probably ticked more than one generation into eternity, still kept pace with the moments, and was probably valued more for time, and its antiquity, by its owner, than for its beauty. A mirror graced the walls of the apartment, which was probably the gift of some one now pale in death, as it seemed to have shown very many their countenances, who had long since been forgotten in the silence of that sleep which knows no waking in time. Indeed, every part of the room bore marks of age, in the humble, yet truly happy family, to whom the residence belonged.

And who were the lady and gentleman whom we have introduced, and why were they there? They were Edwin and Louisa, both characters familiar to our readers. But why were they there? Fair reader, we do not wish to interrupt their social *tete a tete*, and we will tell you. You recollect that we left them with Calliste, at the residence of Mr. Barton, and that they were to spend a few weeks there in each other's society. Well, Edwin was not, as would seem, entirely invulnerable to the charms of beauty, and mental as well as moral excellence. From the moment of his acquaintance with Louisa, he had not found in

her a being whose society was by any means disagreeable. He had studied her character, and he admired that noble and virtuous mind which found a home in so beautiful a tenement. He had hitherto warded off the shafts of Cupid, but now he found a pang about his heart from one of the rogue's sharp-pointed arrows, which, (minister though he was,) could not be cured by medicinal agents. He admired her character and pleasing address, and we are not indeed surprised at his feelings. She was in every way calculated to make home happy, and such an one does the professional man need, if any one, for a bosom companion. She had not, it is true, been long in his society, but she had not, hitherto, been entirely unacquainted with him, and if she found in her heart feelings congenial with his, who will be surprised? Louisa's heart was made for the residence of a deep and lasting affection, and she was one of those beings who yield not their heart at every call, but when they *do* place their affections upon an object, they love *for ever!* It is but sheer justice to add, that kindred principles and feelings swayed the heart of Edwin.

That affection should be founded in reason, and the exercise of the sober judgment, no one, we presume, will deny; for passion, when suffered to predominate, makes havoc of the heart, and proves, not unfrequently, the ruin of all that is held dear in life.

That love which commences with deliberation, and increases in strength in a constant attach-

ment, and which finds an approval in virtue, alone is valuable, — for the blaze of passion, unrefined by reason or virtue, soon sinks in a frozen region, where all is darkness to the heart, and all the rays of light from the beacon of hope, even, are shut out.

That Edwin and Louisa had formed favorable opinions of each other, during their short acquaintance, was indeed true, and perhaps Calliste was not unwilling to own Louisa as a *sister*, in every sense of the word. But we will not accuse her of interfering in any way, though we believe she was pleased with the evident attachment still unconfessed.

Calliste loved Louisa with a sister's affection; nor is this surprising, since they had for so long a time enjoyed each other's society, and an unbroken friendship had bound them together from their first acquaintance. And with pleasure may we suppose Calliste marked the symptoms of mutual affection between her brother and Louisa, which led her to anticipate a result highly satisfactory to her mind.

But Louisa was a *Factory Girl*. And did this young minister consider her good enough for *him*? Why did he not look higher for a companion than in the *lower class*? Where, kind reader, we would ask, can you find a *higher class* than that composed of the humble, beautiful and virtuous? Tell us, and *we* will hope to become initiated there; but tell us not of real worth, where the gems of virtue are not found.

In each other's society, Edwin and Louisa seemed most happy, and we shall not presume to tell of the many long walks which they enjoyed either alone, or accompanied by Calliste, nor of the many social and mutually agreeable hours which they enjoyed in each other's society; but this we would say to our bachelor friends, by way of caution, it is dangerous to the state of *single blessedness*, to spend even a short season in company with a beautiful, lovely, and bewitching maiden, even though she be a *Factory Girl*, for not unfrequently, it causes an affection of the heart, which, though not immediately dangerous, is still incurable by the art of the physician! Who, indeed, however grave, has not been swayed at times, by the power of beauty, and the magic charm of real worth?

There is a power, which, when 't is known,
Can make the "Lion's Heart" its own,
Can cause the cynic e'en to sigh,
And own the lustre of its eye!

'T is Beauty true, beneath whose shade
Affection's flowrets never fade!
This is the power which onward calls,
And sways the fountain of the soul!

'T is this that triumphs o'er the heart,
And asks of life no better part —
This only on the human mind
Presents a slavery divine!

And even this is guarded by
Affection's pure and piercing eye!
'T is this which melts the heart of stone —
The flame which Virtue calls her own!

By this power had the heart of the young minister been captivated, and his affection for the object of his choice flowed from a pure and sincere heart. Indeed, he was well calculated to engage the affections of one like Louisa, for as we have before observed, she ever demanded the seal of virtue, as a prerequisite to friendship, and in his character she saw many attractions which any but discriminating minds seldom notice. Thus, kind reader, they were, as we should opine, well calculated, in every respect, to render each other happy in the mutual relations of domestic life.

And the scene which we have introduced was the result of that affection which had arisen spontaneously, as it were, in the hearts of our friends. Edwin and Louisa *loved each other* with all the ardor and sincerity which characterizes the heart's first, holiest affection. And this is the hour in which the fleeting moments are the sweetest of life — when the virtuous heart finds its feelings reciprocated. The heart and hand of Edwin were offered, and readily accepted by Louisa, and as he pressed her to his bosom, and love's first, sweetest, holiest kiss, was given, did they not enjoy the richest moment of life? Tell me, ye who know! Long did they converse, and the affection of congenial hearts rendered both truly happy. They had found at that hour a theme for new anticipations. New prospects sprang up before them. Virtue was there, and her seal was found upon her favorites, to brighten anticipation. And as

they retired to rest, think you not, fair reader, their sleep was sweet, and their dreams pleasant?

Edwin was to be ordained as an evangelist in a few days, and in his situation, what object could be of more importance than a bosom companion, to cheer him in his arduous labors, and render life agreeable and happy? And Louisa was eminently fitted to become the companion of such an one.

Of the remainder of the time spent, at present, in each other's society, we have nothing to say, but presume it was far from unpleasant; and here we leave them until the next chapter, well pleased, thus far, with the result of their acquaintance.

CHAPTER XVI.

While fond anticipation gives
A solace sweet to ev'ry hour,
How rich the moments that can live
On Recollection's hallowed power.

THE hour of separation follows the joy of meeting, and the most pleasing association of kindred spirits finds its reverse. We left the family of Mr. Barton together under the paternal roof, and with them the fair and amiable Louisa Elliot as a visiter. We next find them separated — Calliste and her friend again “among the spindles,” and Edwin on a journey to meet the session of the presbytery, and the ordaining council. Calliste had visited the factory for the last time, where she had spent so many months, for she was soon to enter upon the scenes and duties of domestic life. A portion of her time was now spent in assisting her friend in her preparation for an important crisis. To the heart of Calliste, what could present a richer reward than the thoughts relating to the past, and the many anticipations of the future. She had been blessed with health, and her object had been thus far accomplished, and her anticipa-

tions even more than realized. Long had she labored, subjected to many of the vicissitudes and dangers of life, but she found an ample compensation in the result of those labors of kindness, benevolence and love. She had assisted her brother by the labor of her hands, until at length she had seen him in the sacred desk. And now, as he was about to locate by invitation in a distant town, she was happy in the fair prospect of his future usefulness, and the anticipated union between him and her early and well-trying friend Louisa.

But what were the feelings of Mrs. Elliot, when she learned the purpose of her beloved and accomplished daughter? Had she not previously learned the character of him who had gained the heart of Louisa, they would of course have been far different, but now, so far as the future prospects for happiness and usefulness were concerned, she could have no objection to the proposed union. But must this worthy widow be left alone, and deprived of the society and company of her only daughter, who had so long been the object of her paternal solicitude? Must she surrender into other hands a jewel well worthy to find a home in the heart of the best among virtue's children? Mothers, you can analyze her feelings! But she was willing to give her consent to an union which promised so fair to render the objects happy, tho' so unexpected was the announcement of the intention, that no wonder if it found the tender-hearted and pious mother unprepared to receive it.

The silken cords which bind a mother's heart to a beloved child, when severed, ever cause a pang of regret and deep sorrow. Who indeed can truly tell the feelings of a mother's bosom, save her who sustains the dear relation? A MOTHER'S priceless love! —

Strong when all other feelings die,
 Burning in absence brighter still;
 The cause of many a hidden sigh,
 Ever the same, through good or ill!

A mother's love? — name sweeter far
 Than richest music to the ear!
 Though time or space should thought debar,
 Still *this* shall bring the object near!

It ceases not with joy to shine,
 And show its power upon the heart;
 It sheds an influence benign,
 When youth and beauty shall depart!

To Louisa, the future presented a bright side, and with all the buoyancy of youthful hope did she look forward with anticipations of future happiness. She *loved*, and that love was deep and ardent, and in the full belief that the object of her choice was worthy of her unreserved affection, she was truly happy. She was now the *fiancee* of a minister, whose brilliant talents and ardent piety had gained universal admiration, and she felt in all its weight and importance the responsibility which she was soon to assume. She, who had hitherto looked for precept and example to others, was to occupy a station which would demand of her an example for others worthy of imitation. But she

was well qualified for the task. Her mild and winning deportment, and her deep and ardent piety rendered her influence among her friends and acquaintances of no small importance. She was well educated, and her moral as well as intellectual worth rendered her a desirable companion, and a faithful and true friend. Such was the character of this *Factory Girl*, and who will presume to say that she was not worthy to become the bride of any one, however high his station, or profound his acquirements? All this Calliste knew, and why should she wish a more beautiful and worthy friend as the bosom companion of her brother? She did not; for she well knew that where pretensions to worth are founded upon a name, or the possession of wealth, the virtuous and humble need not look for a companion whose feelings shall be congenial with their own. Thus did she prefer that Edwin should become the husband of this humble, beautiful, virtuous and lovely *Factory Girl*, in preference to an alliance with one of higher pretensions, yet far less worthy.

How beautiful

That union which fair Virtue deigns to seal,
When true Affection in congenial hearts
Hallows the tie! And it is even thus
When excellence in mutual moral worth
Unites its beauties in a halo bright,
Which in expanding gives a light serene,
Dear to the interests of humanity,
Yet sweeter to itself.

They were again in the "City of Spindles," — these factory girls — where beauty attracts the eye

alike of the virtuous and the vicious. Many indeed had been the attempts of those of the latter class, to draw them from the path of rectitude into a snare; and not a few deep-laid schemes of the character of one which we have noticed in a preceding chapter, had found for their objects these lovely and beautiful *Factory Girls*. They had encountered the same importunities which others in their situation are subject to, but still they had preserved their integrity, and their virtuous characters remained unsullied by a single stain. They had ever been on their guard against those fatal shores where hope, peace, joy, fortune, fame, and all dear to life, perish. They had seen the destroyer, and marked his favorite haunts, and those enticements by which so many victims are secured in chains of darkness worse than death; and they had avoided them all. Virtue had proved a potent shield, and a safe defence from all the arts of the corrupt and designing! They had avoided every place of danger, and never did they enter the portals of the gates of ruin.

How many, alas! of the fair and lovely, fall by one fatal step, which, when taken, was considered perfectly safe! Visiting the circles of the gay and fashionable, the ball-room, and the many favorite resorts of the fashionable villain — from these they had kept aloof, knowing the safest way is to shun temptation. This is far better than an ill-timed resistance. In their walks, especially in the evening, though importuned by the stranger or even pretended friend, with glib-tongued “good even-

ing," or "shall I have the pleasure of seeing you home to-night?" they ever refused, and thus avoided the appearance of evil.

The road to ruin commences often very narrow, and generally enlarges, (if we may be allowed the metaphor.) The first step does not always prove fatal, but it is dangerous — imminently dangerous, and should never be taken. There is safety only in the guidance of Virtue.

Guard the heart !

A thousand snares are set to prove thy fall !
 Soft words are hidden poison, to allure
 Thee to the dark abyss. Flattery, a charm
 Within whose bosom is a fatal deed,
 To blast thy hopes, is ever dangerous !
 But Virtue gives a shield, an *Aegis* strong,
 Whose flame shall dim the black destroyer's sight,
 And foil his arts malign !

Calliste and Louisa had many valuable friends in the city, more particularly among those of their own avocation. They had found very many kindred spirits and noble minds "among the spindles," for the beautiful gems of moral and intellectual worth are found in profusion in this, no less than in any other class. That many a noble heart beats in the bosom of the humble operatives will be seen by their works, of which the series of incidents which we have selected for narration, furnish but a partial illustration. Still we regret to say, that by some, this worthy class are considered of no more consequence than the power which moves the spindles ! They are valued, indeed, so far as their labors are concerned, which,

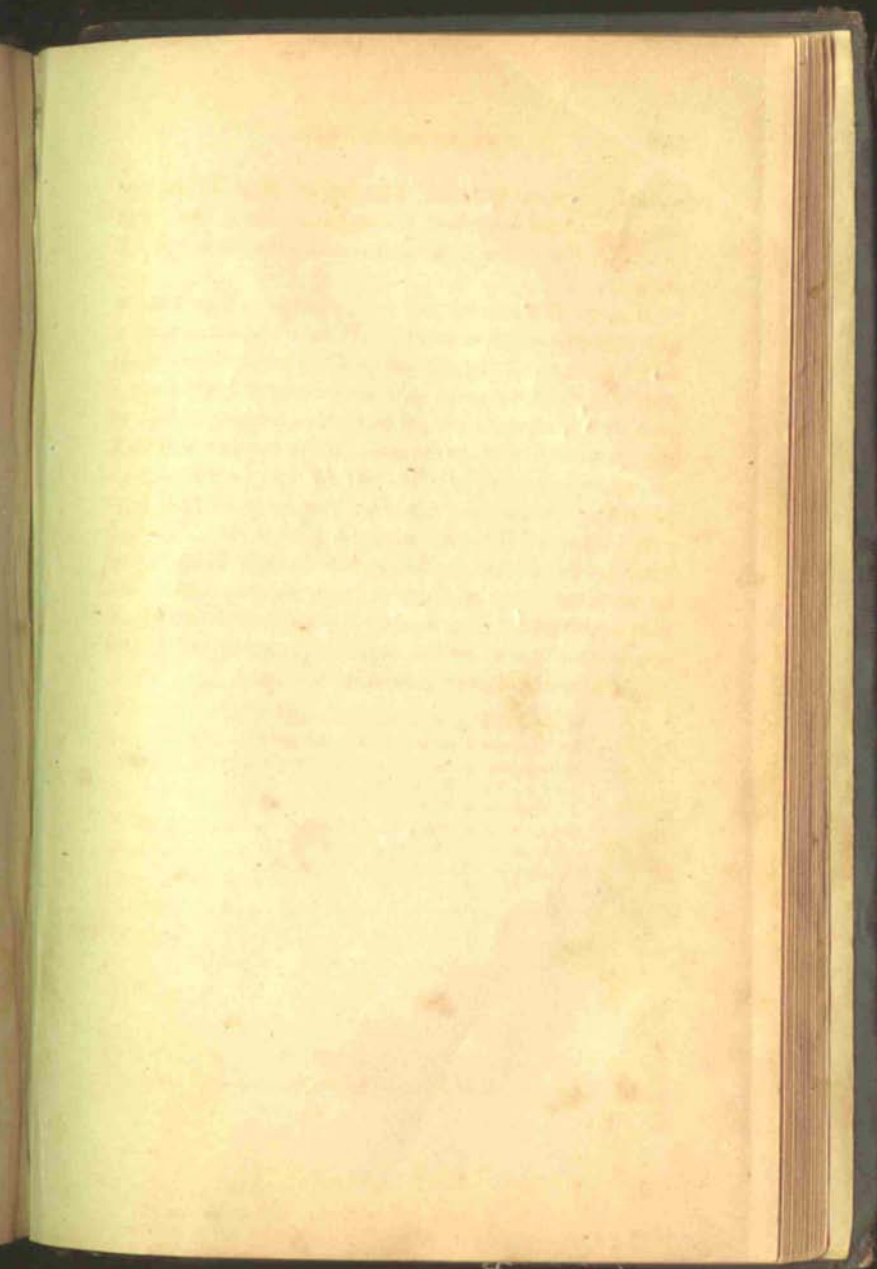
under a monopolized hire, serve to put wealth into the coffers of the aristocratic capitalist; but here, even respect ends, in the bosoms of very many of the minions of Mammon, and lovers of caste! Horrid mockery of the equal rights of humanity! Vile lordlings! who would fain compromise the rights of fellow-beings to pamper pride! What think ye? Were ye on other soil than that where *Freedom* was purchased at the point of the bayonet and the cannon's mouth, and the doctrine of "*equal rights*," sealed with blood, ye need not blush so deeply with shame! But *here*, shame on the vile being who would fain raise an aristocracy to curse the land! The wrongs of *Factory Girls* shall not always sleep forgotten, and the instrument of high-handed monopoly go unchecked! No! the indignant frown of Heaven shall smite the vile and ignoble slave to Mammon and pride, who would dare even to sell his country's freedom for gold! Ye would keep the humble and virtuous factory girl in a state of degradation, little above the beasts that perish, were it in your power! Forget not that injured excellence and real worth shall rise in majesty, when your ignoble name shall sink in darkness!

The preparations for the scene which will be introduced in the next chapter, were at length completed, and Louisa was anticipating the arrival of Edwin. He had been ordained and set apart to the work of the ministry, and by letter she had learned that he would soon visit L —, to claim her hand in marriage. He came, and all prelimi

naries were settled, the consent of Mrs. Elliot obtained. And here we leave them until the next chapter, happy in anticipation and in each other's society.

But what shall we say of Calliste? What were her feelings at that time? Was she, too, happy? She anticipated the arrival of Dr. Hartwell, according to invitation, and she was indeed truly happy — not merely in view of her own prospects, but in the result of her exertions. She had procured a valuable Library for the use of her brother, as a parting gift, and though she was soon to find herself deprived of the society of her faithful and long-loved friend Louisa, and though Edwin was to be located at a distance, yet she was to find a still nearer and dearer friend — a bosom companion — in the one whom she had so long loved, and to whom she was so faithfully devoted.

How rich the blessing of a deed
Which gives relief in time of need!
Which pours the balm in Sorrow's breast,
And soothes the aching head to rest!
A deed though trifling, in its time,
May bring a cup of joy sublime!
And thus for joy we often flee,
Meek-eyed Benevolence, to thee.





CHAPTER XVII.

The bridal scene, a crisis proves,
Of life, a most important hour,
When hearts that beat with mutual love,
Unite in Virtue's hallowed power!

STERN WINTER had again unlocked his magazines, and shrouded the earth in a mantle of the purest white, while the liquid stream murmured beneath its fetters of ice, and the winds from a frigid region whistled their shrill notes as they bore the piercing frost of a northern clime upon their heavy wings. Again were heard the merry notes of the sleigh-bells, and young hearts, unfettered by the cold, found pleasure in the scenes of the season. The river was covered with its usual frozen veil, and the skater wound his rapid way upon its glassy surface. Though Sol refused not his accustomed rays, yet, his smiles falling obliquely upon the earth, lost their warmth, and yet cast no reflections that they had deprived the face of nature of a very powerful cosmetic. But still, as we have before observed, Winter has many charms for us. We love its long evenings, those rich, stellated, beautiful evenings which offered so

many scenes of interest, amid the throng, or around the social fireside. We love the powerful sedative of cold, even, for it proves agreeable, even more so than the heat of mid-summer. Nor indeed does Dame Nature appear less beautiful in her simple robe of white, the emblem of innocence, than in her gorgeous summer apparel, variegated with so many rich hues; yes, Winter has indeed many charms for us, though some may deem it a gloomy and uninteresting season — we love it still, with all those dear associations which come in its train. The singing-school — the lyceum — the social circle, and all those scenes which render life agreeable, impart to Winter many charms, and above all, the hours furnished for study, meditation, reading, and the many *et ceteras* which the literary character finds congenial to his feelings — for these, who would not pay a hearty and happy tribute to this agreeable and acceptable season?

Such was the time in which we now introduce to our readers a scene in the city of L—. At an early hour in the evening a small party of invited guests, composed of friends and acquaintances, were assembled in the parlor of a mansion on — street, and we need not say, the residence of Mrs. Elliot. It was a beautiful evening, and the elements were hushed to rest. But there were hearts there which beat, no doubt, with peculiar emotions, such indeed as they never experienced before. We need not say it was the wedding party which had assembled, to witness the cere-

mony which should unite Edwin and Louisa in an holy, happy union, than which earth furnishes no dearer tie. But why did the bosom of the fair and lovely Calliste beat with hope and fear, at that time, when of all others it should have throbbled with joy? We will tell you: the hour appointed for the ceremony was near at hand, and one of the party was missing. It was Dr. Hartwell — and she feared he would not be there. And why? Was he not still faithful? Had he no anxiety to be present on the occasion? Had he forgotten the appointment? or had he met with accidents on his journey? These, with a thousand other inquiries, suggested themselves to the mind of Calliste. And were either of them true? Far from it? He was a physician; and this simple fact is amply sufficient to dispel all doubt. The physician cannot always leave his patients at will. He must never suffer self-gratification to forego duty. His is an arduous task, the whole truth of which Calliste had yet to learn. But he might himself be sick, and unable to be present, and we do not so much wonder if the feelings of the true-hearted and lovely Calliste were far from agreeable. That love which, like hers, is pure and ardent, finds a sweet tenderness and solicitude which none but those who truly love, can ever experience towards the object of their affection. It is a self-sacrificing spirit, which is willing to forego every pleasure, if thereby the happiness of the object may be secured.

He came at last — but a few moments before the appointed time — and Calliste was happy.

The long looked-for moment had now come, and before the man of God stood Edwin and Louisa, to take upon themselves those solemn vows which were to unite them forever. Dr. Hartwell and Calliste served them as grooms-man and bride's maid, as had been previously arranged.

How fraught with deep and hallowed interest is the hour in which kindred spirits are united in an union indissoluble, save by the hand of Death! — when by mutual agreement the solemn pledge is given, and young hearts assume the sacred relations of husband and wife! — when life's voyage is commenced together by virtuous and pious souls, sealed to each other by the potent name of true affection! It is a scene indeed of deep interest, and fraught with high hopes and sublime anticipations of future happiness. Then, Virtue smiles upon her children!

Happy indeed that hour so sweet,
Which renders every joy complete
When Virtue's votaries combine
To form an union sweet, benign!

Together in an holy tie,
To live in peace, in peace to die;
While Heaven the union shall approve,
And own the gem of faithful love!

The ceremony was concluded, and the beautiful and accomplished Louisa — the humble *Factory Girl* — was the bride of Rev. Mr. Barton. She appeared at that time more lovely than ever;

her sparkling eyes threw a light of joy upon her fair face, and a bewitching and fascinating expression told the deep and fervent flame which burned in her bosom. True affection was there, and the chain had been sealed which united her forever to the object of her choice. No appearance of ostentation marred the ceremony by its negative qualities, but simplicity lent her store of beauties to grace the scene. Louisa was happy, and indeed we hesitate not to say the same spirit pervaded every heart present, though doubtless in various degrees. And did not Edwin take pride in owning the beautiful and lovely *Factory Girl* as his bride and the future companion of his bosom? Our readers will enjoy their own opinion in relation to the question.

The party had broken up, after the usual congratulations, and the family had all retired to rest, save one couple, who still remained in the parlor, seated upon a sofa, enjoying a season, which those who have been in like situations know well how to prize — we need hardly to say they were Dr. Hartwell and Callisté. They had been absent from each other for some length of time, and were now again soon to part once more for a season, and affection finds a thousand themes for conversation. And was Callisté now less happy than when he first pressed her to his fond bosom, and imprinted the first kiss of love upon her cheek? We believe she was not, for now she had found him faithful to the holy trust of affection, and they both anticipated a scene not far distant, similar to

the occasion of the evening which they had witnessed with so much pleasure, in which they were to act a part even more conspicuous and interesting than that in which they had figured at the present time. They were happy — truly happy, if such circumstances can afford true happiness to congenial spirits and mutual hearts. Calliste, though years had passed since she enjoyed the bloom of "sweet sixteen," and since she had first loved and been loved, had lost none of her beauty, but it was rather perfected; and as she smiled with evident satisfaction at the result of her labors thus far, if the bosom of Dr. Hartwell swelled with pride and fervent admiration as well as affection, as he again pressed her to his beating heart, and kissed her fair cheeks, we are not surprised, (for a physician, even, though of the so-called "hard-hearted class," can yet love with a pure and devoted affection,) and we believe he then enjoyed one of the most pleasant and agreeable moments of his life. Long did they enjoy the cheerful fire of the parlor, and we leave to the curious, and those acquainted with such scenes, the task of filling up the details of the picture.

At an early hour the next morning, the parties had taken their seats at the breakfast table, together in that place for the last time, and soon they were in readiness to accompany the new-married couple on their journey to their new home. But to Louisa the regret of parting with her widowed mother was lessened by the anticipation of soon again enjoying her society, as the worthy widow

had accepted the offer and invitation of Edwin to find a home in his family for the future, as soon as she could make arrangements for that purpose. But if Louisa took leave of her many friends in the city with some regret, we are not surprised, for she had lived there so long, it seemed indeed like home. And Calliste had also taken leave of her city home, and to her perhaps friendship rendered many a kindred spirit dear. But there is a charm stronger than even the hallowed name of friendship—true affection—and this predominated over all others.

The morning was beautiful, and they were soon on their journey, and it was late in the evening ere they arrived at the residence of Rev. Mr. Barton. It was situated in a beautiful village, and he had chosen a retired yet truly pleasant spot for his future home. A small yet well-finished and furnished tenement was prepared to receive its new mistress, offering a home worthy of its noble yet humble and devoted occupants. Indeed it was just such a rural seclusion as the gentle and lovely Louisa would have chosen. Here had Edwin found a field for his labors, and a small, yet worthy church owned him as their pastor. He had been installed according to their wishes, over them, and the prospect was fair for his eminent usefulness in the field of his location as a preacher of the gospel.

Here Dr. Hartwell and Calliste spent a day or two, in assisting the worthy couple in arranging their furniture, and the small yet valuable library,

which Calliste had furnished for her brother, was fitted up in a neat yet small apartment, which was designed as a *study*. And what now should hinder them from enjoying all the happiness which a quiet home and wedded love afford? And in this enjoyment, we now, with Dr. Hartwell and his fair Calliste, take leave of the young minister and his beautiful bride, for a season, and accompany the latter couple, in the eye of our imagination, to the humble residence of Mr. Barton, the father of Calliste, where they arrived in due time, and were received with a cordial welcome.

The amiable and pious parents had not been able to attend the wedding of their son, but nevertheless, they were happy in the belief that Edwin had found a bosom companion worthy to be the wife of a minister, as indeed she was. A happy night, we opine, was spent in the humble cottage of the worthy father, and we believe Dr. Hartwell and Calliste were enjoying each other's agreeable company until a late hour.

The next morning found Dr. Hartwell on his way home. He had been absent already longer than he had anticipated, and business demanded his attention. We leave him at his location for the present, busy in his profession, to speak more particularly of Calliste, the subject of our narrative.

CHAPTER XVIII.

How sweet the thought
That we have done, as virtue's instruments,
A noble deed! How glorious the reward
Of self-denying, true benevolence,
That crowns the heart!

If any thing can render us truly happy in this life, it is the consciousness of our own rectitude, and the full and conscientious conviction that we have hitherto been faithful in the discharge of every known duty. An unsullied conscience is, indeed, the key-stone in the arch of happiness. A mind ill at ease with itself, cannot enjoy the calm serenity which is given to the humble, yet virtuous and benevolent soul, as a foretaste of the rewards of the future. Though fortune may lavish her smiles, and prosperity attend us in every enterprise, still we shall never enjoy the happy state of mind which is the reward of virtue, unless we follow in her footsteps, and gain her approval. But virtue is no respecter of persons. She rewards alike all her votaries of equal merit. She delights to recognize a gem after her own name, in the humble seclusion of the mountain cot, as

well as in the mansion or palace of the city. Indeed, we find a greater proportion of her favorites among the humble *poor*; and full many a rich gem, bearing the seal of her kiss, is found, as we think we have already shown, "among the spindles." Obscurity argues not a negative, but rather the reverse, since the humble seclusion is more congenial to the growth of the virtues. There the beauties of Nature exhibit themselves in their glory. By her works is the mind led from Nature up to Nature's God. And humility also bears a rich jewel to the soul, and in the development of the charms of virtue, she bids us love her character, and form our own by her golden rule.

We find Calliste at her father's residence among the hills once again. She had left the theatre which had been the scene of her labors for years, for the last time. Free from the duties of her former avocation, she was to remain at home a short time, to prepare for an important and interesting event, which was now anticipated—the consummation of plighted vows, and the union of mutual hearts. Once again did she enjoy the associations and friendships of early years, when the young heart was in all the buoyancy of childhood's fond anticipations. With what pleasure did she re-visit all those haunts so dear by the memory of early scenes!

It is indeed pleasant, after an absence of a few years even, to meet again all those old friends and associates—companions of by-gone days—and to exchange kindly greetings with those who have

proved worthy of our confidence. The memories of the past are not easily obliterated. Though we should wear the silvery locks of four-score years, though we should experience the most trying vicissitudes of fortune, or be blest with her continued smiles, we cannot forget the scenes of our early years. They are indelibly stamped upon the memory, surviving all other scenes. We love them; and how often, when far away from the home and hearth of our childhood, does our fond recollection bring up the precious treasures of the past, with all their still endearing and hallowed charms! Though, one by one, they have fled into the back ground of eternity, and the dim veil of times hides them for ever from our sight, yet they are never forgotten.

And think you not, gentle reader, that Calliste was happy? If real worth, and a conscience void of offence, can constitute an enviable situation, and desirable distinction, truly she had the prerequisites. She had completed her enterprise so laudable, much to her satisfaction, and in the consciousness of the performance of a noble action, she had a rich reward. She had become a *Factory Girl*, and by the labor of her hands had sustained a dear brother in a collegiate course, and in his professional studies preparatory to entering the ministry. She had seen him in the sacred desk, and now he had found a bosom companion in her constant friend; she had seen him united to the object of his choice in the holy tie of matrimony, and accompanied, and left him with his

truly worthy bride, at the place of his location and future residence. All this, to a great extent, had been the result of her enterprise; and had she not, fair reader, an enviable satisfaction in thus having been successful? A brother's gratitude was not the least source of pleasure, and a brother's prayers she knew well how to prize. Now he was located as a minister of the gospel, and bid fair to become eminent in his profession, and useful to Zion.

What can furnish to the mind a repast so grateful, as those works of benevolence and love in our past life, which have rendered others happy, and which Virtue has registered upon the fair scroll of immortality?

A name to live when others die,
 And in the dust forgotten lie;
 A name that shall for ever shed
 Its light when other laurels fade;
 Such is the part that virtue gives,
 That in eternal beauty lives;
 Such is the gem that e'er shall shine,
 And shed an influence benign.
 Illustrious deeds, howe'er obscure,
 Which ever still new joys ensure!
 Such are thy works, O! Virtue's boast,
 Gem of the soul, that's never lost!

The prospects of this amiable and lovely *Factory Girl* were now bright and pleasing. She was soon to be united in marriage to the object of her early choice, and that faithful affection which she had cherished for so long a series of years, had found reciprocal feelings in the bosom of Dr.

Hartwell. And she was happy. The past had been satisfactory, and the future presented pleasing prospects through the eye of anticipation.

How beautiful the gem of true and devoted affection! How rich the halo which it flings in an increasing light about the heart of its possessor! How transcendently lovely every object which is hallowed by its sacred flame! How bright the associations which cluster around its hallowed shrine! And such was the flame which found a home in the bosom of the beautiful and lovely *Factory Girl*, and was reciprocated by one in all respects worthy to bear the sacred trust. She had loved, and loved deeply, and that passion had not been, as is too often the case, lavished upon one unworthy. She found in Dr. Hartwell the same true and devoted friend, who had gained her youthful affections, and in whom she had confided the dearest trust that the heart can give. She had been subjected to many of the vicissitudes, temptations and dangers of city life, but Virtue had been her shield and safe defence hitherto, and she was still the same beautiful, innocent and lovely being, that she was when we had the pleasure of first introducing her to our readers. No snare had caught her feet; every temptation had been timely resisted.

She had found false friends, it is true, but she had never placed sufficient confidence in them to be injured by their insincerity and inconsistency. She had very many true and devoted friends, and well she might have, for she was one of those ami-

able and lovely beings who bless mankind by their smiles, and win the hearts of all in their favor. Even those who, had it been in their power, would have proved her ruin, admired the beauties of her character, and respected her for her Virtue; for Virtue gains respect even from those who practice not her precepts.

Had she escaped the *envy* of the world? Far from it! Her success in her enterprize, and withal, the fact that she was a favorite in society, aroused the green-eyed monster; nor was the venom of the busy slanderer's tongue permitted to sleep in silence. But a heart conscious of its own rectitude, heeds not the voice of detraction; though unplesant for the moment, it will, in process of time, fall upon the head of its guilty author.

Calliste had overcome every obstacle, and now was generally beloved and respected. That she had faults, we do not pretend to deny, but she was happy in having but few, which is the highest perfection which is given in degree to humanity. She was indeed liable to errors, in common with the whole human family, but the precepts of religion were her golden rule of action. In the path of duty she was happy, though she doubtless encountered difficulties and trials, as well as others. Happy indeed are they, who heed the lessons, and worship at the shrine of Truth; they shall find a sweet solace here, and a reward in that rest which remaineth for the people of God in the world to come!

Thus did Calliste spend her time pleasantly and happily, in preparing for an anticipated scene, which will be made the subject of our next chapter. And here we leave her for the present, in the quiet retreat of her native home, while we make a few passing remarks.

The power of a virtuous mind over temptation, is conspicuously developed in those characters, who, like the subject of our humble narrative, have been thus by its influence shielded from the many dangers which lurk in ambush to deceive and ruin the fair and confiding female. Especially do we see its influence, when the character has been moulded by its power in early years. Thus the mind, however exposed, which has been carefully cultivated, and has received in early life those principles of virtue and religion necessary to its safety, is seldom shipwrecked upon those hidden rocks to which every one is exposed, and which bring ruin to so many noble souls. Virtue is indeed the only safe panoply — the only impenetrable shield — and the mind thus guarded, though unsophisticated and confiding, is comparatively safe from harm. And we witness more striking proofs of our assertion in those characters who have emanated, as it were, from obscurity — those who, like the subject of our narrative, have gone forth into the world with this panoply as their only defence.

A virtuous mind is indeed rich in attainments, though its possessor be a factory girl or a queen. We should ever recognize those alone as truly

worthy, in whose minds the seal of virtue is indelibly fixed. Without this character, the millionaire is indeed poor, so long as the possession of this heaven-born spirit shall be considered the badge of true worth — its principles the only foundation of true wisdom.

CHAPTER XIX.

United, in an holy tie,
With joy to live, in peace to die,
The happy consummation proves,
Of Virtue's bliss, and faithful Love !

THE voice of Spring had been heard in the land, and all the beauties of nature at that agreeable season had made their appearance. The icy fetters which had bound the fountains for a season had been broken, and again the blue wave was seen clothed in a robe of sunbeams, as it hurried on to its home in the placid bosom of the dark waters. Gentle zephyrs had taken the place of the harsh winds of Winter, and, freighted with rich fragrance, fanned the opening flower. The earth, dismantled of her robe of white, had now re-assumed her garments of green, and the trees were putting forth their rich foliage. Again were heard the rich warbling notes of the feathered tribe — those sweet songsters of the grove, and all was life and animation. The farmer had commenced the labors of the season, in preparing the soil for the reception of seed, in order that he might again reap a rich harvest, and the cattle

again returned to feed upon a thousand hills. The balmy fragrance of the air animated the physical powers, and man again enjoyed the "smiling season of the year."

The husbandman

At this delightful season ever finds
A theme for joy, as to his fields he goes,
Elated with new hopes of a reward
In autumn for his toil, and whistling now
"Speed, speed the plough," that good old fav'rite tune,
His labor sweetened by the joys of home,
He finds no task, but with a cheerful heart,
Follows the plough.

A Saturday evening, at this season, found Caliste again beside the gentle rolling stream near her father's residence — at which place we first introduced her to our readers, and, as then, Marcus, (now Dr. Hartwell) was at her side. And think you not, fair reader, that the stars, those bright eyes of heaven, shining in the twilight, cast their rays upon happy beings, thus, after so many changes and vicissitudes, brought together? Here had they years before plighted their mutual affection — that first, sweetest, holiest affection which is found in the bosom of virtuous youth. Here they had spent one of the happiest moments of their lives. Now on the eve of the consummation of their plighted faith, why should they not be happy? Then, they were far differently situated from what at present seemed to be the pleasure of fortune in their behalf. Anticipations, then only in the bud, were now about to be realized. And with what

pleasure did they recount the scenes of the past, and tell the power of that affection, true to its trust, which, as ever, had thus been their mutual solace, and which was soon to unite them in the holiest of earthly ties! You have learned their characters; and were they not, kind reader, a well-matched couple? Happy indeed would it be for society, as well as for the parties concerned, were every couple equally constituted with congenial spirits, to render each other happy! Too often, indeed, do we find unions of dispositions and temperaments totally dissimilar; and where such are the opposing elements of the mind, tranquility and happiness are out of the question. Take heed, O reader with a warm heart, that you do not marry an ice-berg! You well know the result of such a union.

Calliste was ever the same mild, sympathizing, affectionate and lovely being — such an one as can cheer the hour of adversity, and snatch from sorrow its most poignant pang. Never giving way to despondency, she was well calculated to become the bosom companion of a physician — for of all professions, that of a physician is the most arduous and laborious, and so great is the responsibility resting upon him, that his mind is ill at ease at any time, especially if he is a young man, and has acquired an extensive practice. No one, therefore, we say, needs a *better wife* than a physician; for if *home* furnishes for him no pleasure, where, indeed, shall he find it? Calliste was, dear friend, just such a being as you would have

loved, unless, perchance, by the shield of "single blessedness," you have been left unexposed to the shafts of Cupid, and still retain your bachelor heart! But she had formed her plans for the future, and her heart was given and her hand pledged to Dr. Hartwell, and we involuntarily mingle our joy with theirs, in the prospect of a happy union.

Love, if it is not pure, is the most bitter and dangerous of any amalgam of the heart — worse than the poison of asps! It plays destruction upon the confiding, and as in the case of the coquette, it smiles with desperation, and poisons the soul!

The morning of the holy Sabbath brought its cheering influence to the truly pious heart; the bell pealed its shrill notes from the old church in the village of —, and here and there might have been seen groups of various ages, flocking to the sanctuary; for a scene of peculiar interest excited curiosity. The congregation were seated, and the tolling of the bell soon brought the venerable man of God to his place. A moment of breathless silence, as it were, ensued, as the congregation awaited the scene about to be presented.

They stood before the grey-headed minister — Dr. Hartwell and Calliste — and we are inclined to think they might have gained even too much admiration from surrounding eyes, but — that is nothing to us. The ceremony was concluded — and CALLISTE, the beautiful *Factory Girl*, was the bride of DR. HARTWELL! Immediately the choir

broke forth in an anthem, closing the scene with notes of thrilling melody. The exercises of the morning were commenced with due solemnity, and closed in the same spirit.

But where was the brother of Calliste and his young bride? They were not present, for distance and duty overbalanced inclination. But at *this* wedding scene, those pious and devoted parents were present; and think you, fair friend, they were not happy at thus seeing their beloved and beautiful daughter the bride of one, whom they believed worthy of her hand? If there is anything that can please the heart of a tender parent, it is to find their beloved child thus happy in the affections of a virtuous and pious companion, and united to the object of their choice.

We pass over the two succeeding days, for their scenes may be well imagined, and the parting, and journey, present nothing of peculiar interest to the reader. We now find them at their residence, which has been already described. Dr. Hartwell still resided in the beautiful village where we have found him first located, and his prospects were fair and promising. Thither he had removed his beautiful bride, and we are happy to find them at their future home. The neat, and pleasantly located cottage which we have already described, was handsomely furnished, and at her new home we see nothing to hinder the enjoyment of Calliste. Good society surrounded them, and Dr. Hartwell had very many true friends to whom to introduce his lovely bride. The pleasures of domestic life

were theirs, though we are not able to tell by experience precisely what these pleasures are — at least so far as the bands of matrimony are concerned. And what, courteous reader, could be more pleasant, more agreeable to Calliste, (now Mrs. Hartwell,) or more truly congenial to her feelings, than a residence in such a pleasant rural seclusion as this? Enjoying as she did the society of the object of her earliest love, as a bosom companion, what could render home other than the abode of contentment and happiness? They were blessed with ample resources, and the fear of future want was not staring them in the face. Dr. Hartwell was enjoying an extensive practice in his profession; indeed, they were happy. Our humble *Factory Girl* had found a home in the midst of the brightest prospects, and in the bosom of true and faithful affection.

Here, in the enjoyment of all those blessings which serve to render life agreeable, we leave our fair friend Calliste, the humble and virtuous *Factory Girl*, to pursue the path which leads to happiness, and to prove a blessing to those with whom she may chance to associate; and we are happy in saying that we leave *her* happy, as the wife of Dr. Hartwell. And as we take our leave of the worthy subject of our humble narrative, a train of reflections naturally suggest themselves to our mind, which will be pursued more at length in our next and concluding chapter. But we cannot forbear in this place, to notice again the salutary power of *true affection*. Had we an angel's intellect, and a

pen dipped in the fountain of sublimity, we might adequately depict the beauties of this heaven-born gem,— but our feeble pen must fail to paint from thought, the hallowed impress of that seal which has power to cement mutual hearts, and whose union, *ab initio*, is a presage of future happiness.

Thrice sacred, holy, heaven-born name!
Affection's true and faithful flame!
Whose radiance never fails to lend
Virtue's own beauties as they blend!

Happy the heart whose graces boast
The light of *one* that's never lost;
Perpetual love fore'er the same,
Burning with an increasing flame!

Delightful affection! Virtue's page,
Delights to own thy tender age;
And fain accepts, with grace benign,
Thy consummation sweet, divine!

This be thy last, O! gentle friend,
To find affection's richest gem,
Whose light shall shine however riven,
Begun on earth,— resumed in heaven!

CHAPTER XX.

Would'st thou be happy gentle friend?
To Virtue's ways, thy thoughts incline;
She shall her influence ever lend,
And guide thee to a Home Divine!

WE left the subject of our narrative at a pleasant location, surrounded by everything that can render life agreeable and happy in the scenes of domestic life and rural tranquility. The sequel in part we can tell, but we will endeavor to be brief, and not to tax the patience of our readers too highly.

As a wife, Calliste is a model for her sex. Kind, affectionate, and amiable, she has secured very many true friends, and we believe, when we reflect upon the past, she does not regret having become a *Factory Girl*. Her beloved mother has gone to her rest, and we trust her joy in Heaven is increased, if possible, by the life of her children. Edwin is now laboring successfully in the gospel field, and eternity will reveal the importance and value of that instrumentality which placed him there. The young minister and his virtuous and beautiful bride are happy, and we believe they

have never had cause to regret the circumstance that brought them together. Edwin stands high in his profession, and his prospects are fair for eminent usefulness and a happy life. Louisa, still lovely and beautiful, regrets not the hour that saw her give her heart and hand to the young minister. Her mother lives in the family, and if happiness is found on earth, we believe it dwells under their roof. And here with our silent adieu, we leave them.

Dr. Hartwell stands high in his profession, and his reputation as a physician, as well as a man, is indeed enviable. Calliste has become a mother, and a bright-eyed boy is now the object of her care and anxious solicitude; and had she a score of children, we should be satisfied that a benign influence would mould their tender minds, and prepare them for usefulness and happiness. The aged surviving parent of Calliste dwells under her roof, and finds a happy home in the family of Dr. Hartwell, and a beloved daughter soothes the many sorrows of age. Calliste is indeed a true friend to humanity, and often does she receive, even in the departing moments of the subjects of disease and sorrow, thanks from overflowing hearts, whose prayers ascend to call down blessings upon her head. Still does she walk in the path of humble virtue, and on the bosom of affection she is truly blest.

In taking a final leave of the happy family of Dr. Hartwell, we are pleased with the result of the mission of the *Factory Girl*, and hesitate not

to say, that no example more noble — more benevolent — more salutary, or more laudable, has emanated from any source whatever, than that which is shown in the life and works of even the humble *Operative*. Would to Heaven we had many more, from *other*, and professedly *more noble* ranks, as competitors for the honor which Justice must award to MRS. HARTWELL.

CONCLUSION.

Courteous Reader, our story is told. We have shown you an isolated case of "Mind among the Spindles." As we have before remarked, this is but a single case among many which have come under our observation. Our characters are now most of them upon the stage of action. It is true, delicacy has prompted us to withhold their *real names*; but we assure our readers, our story has its foundation in *real life*, however romantic it may appear. And as we draw our narrative to a close, ere we lay down our pen, we cannot forbear to draw a few inferences by way of application.

Should the eyes of Parents chance to fall upon these pages, we would ask their attention to the salutary power of *early moral and religious instruction* upon the minds of youth, as shown in the present humble narrative, and no comment upon this point seems necessary.

To those who are capitalists and own manufacturing establishments, we would say, remember that you have within the minds of your operatives many gems of transcendent beauty and excellence, and forget not that they are members of the same human family with yourselves. Pierce their veins, and the same "purple current" will flow, that courses in your own. They are all as good by

nature as yourselves. Forget not the responsibility of your relations to them. Beware how you consider them of no consequence, lest they rise and shine, when you are forgotten and unknown.

To the Operative we would say, we are happy to greet you thus; and as we have selected one of your number as the subject of our present volume, we with pleasure take you by the hand, in our imagination, and as we present our humble and unobtrusive work for your inspection, we would fain hope its pages may not prove entirely uninteresting, or in vain. Let the example of one of your number be imitated, so far as her virtues and consistent life is concerned, and add as many new and rare virtues in your own case, as may be. Remember, O fair friends, though you are called *Factory Girls*, it is no disparagement to you, for from your ranks have we many noble and laudable examples. Think not that your calling debars you from excellence and real worth. Let virtue be your guiding star. Resist temptation, for many a snare is laid to ruin the artless and confiding. We would have you remember the motto on our title-page, particularly applicable to you — GARDEZ LA CŒUR — (*guard the heart.*) Yes, guard the heart, and you are safe from danger. Virtue alone is a safe shield — an impenetrable ægis. She shall keep you safe from every snare, if you will confide in her precepts, and walk in her footsteps. Be virtuous, then, O fair friends, and you shall receive a glorious reward. Avoid every appearance of evil, and you are comparatively safe from harm

—from every danger. Preserve your integrity, and remember that you are forming characters for eternity! Let your every action be consistent with the Golden Rule, and you shall be happy.

Again; neglect not the cultivation of the mind. Mental as well as moral excellence, is recognized by Virtue as real worth, and "minds among the spindles," when duly cultivated, shine no less conspicuous, but even more, than among those who have had greater advantages, and from whom more may justly be expected. Therefore, *dare to be wise*, however humble your origin. Intellectual and moral worth can alone ensure a name to live when you are sleeping in the dust, and virtue alone can entitle you to a blissful immortality. Rise in your native strength and beauty, and pluck a leaf from the laurel by your own exertions, to perpetuate your memory, and secure you a place in the constellation of virtuous female characters. Let no one despair, and think they must labor unknown and forgotten, and drag out a short existence in sorrow. No! Virtue shall not forget the humble votary at her shrine. In due time, if you follow her mandates, you shall not fail to gain your reward. Shame on that being who would depress the "mind among the spindles!" Shame on the narrow soul that thinks a *name* sufficient to command respect, and would fain place the humble and virtuous on the back-ground! Heed not such an one, O *Factory Girl*, for virtue shall enable you to win the prize, and reap unfading lau-

rels! Be virtuous, and Heaven shall approve your works, and own you with a smile!

And now, dear Reader, we are about to take our leave of you, and to lay down our weary pen. We have addressed you as a brother — as one who feels an interest in your welfare, and we trust you will pardon us if we have taxed your patience with a detail lengthy or uninteresting. We claim not the “pen of a ready writer,” or the ability of the learned; but if we have afforded interest and instruction to even *one* of our readers, for the passing hour, we feel that our labor has not been in vain. We have written for your good, and we trust the critic will leave this unpretending volume, while he exercises his severity upon works of higher pretensions.

Long may you live in the enjoyment of Heaven's richest blessings. May true and devoted affection crown your heart, and you reap the rich reward of constancy. May peace attend you, and prosperity ever shine upon your path. May you never feel the pang of sorrow, but in the ways of Virtue may you live while you pursue the journey on earth. May your youthful days be spent in preparation for the future; and when the dim mantle of age has at length fallen upon you, may you retire to rest on the bosom of faithful affection, and enjoy the fruits of your labors. Late may you retire to dust, and when life is done, and you rest in the tomb, may your soul be presented,

faultless, before Heaven's tribunal, and you gain a title among the redeemed, to immortality!

Gentle Reader, we now, in imagination, take you affectionately by the hand, and with fervent hopes for your future happiness and prosperity, we bid you a silent adieu!







