



Ladies' Department.

THE FACTORY-GIRLS.

BY JOHN COOPER VALE.

Now o'er New England's granite hills
The light begins to glow,
Her rivers broad and mountain hills
Like liquid silver flow;

The poets tell of Eastern pearls,
Of Brazil's diamond mine,
But fair New England's factory girls
In living splendor shine.

The planters of a Torrid clime
Live by your faithful skill;
For you, great Atkwright's thought sublime
Made Nature's pulse thrill;

For you, the bearded bondman grades
The wild lands of the south,
From Florida's dark everglades
To Mississippi's mouth.

For you, the fleets of commerce blow
The ocean's briny main;
To you, the merchant princes bow,
As queens of wealth's domain.

SUSAN MARIA.—"I am determined that Susan
Maria shall have more advantages than I enjoyed
when I was a young girl" said Mrs. Brown, as she
finished scrubbing the kitchen floor, then hurried
away to darn her daughter's stockings, and, finally,
after washing the dinner dishes, and fry-pans,
and stew-pans, sat down to spend the afternoon in
reading, that she might earn a few more pennies
to add to the "pile."

The daughter, Susan Maria, decorated herself
with rings and jewelry, and cape shawls, and plumed
hat with French stuff dresses. She played the
piano, spoke German and Italian, danced and
walked, sang sweetly, and wrote beautiful poetry.
She had "finished her education" at one of the
fashionable seminaries, she had spent two or three
years captivating the beaux in various ways, for
was one of the "attractive girls" a very accomplished
young lady.

Finally, she married a dissolute young lawyer,
who was all that a man needed to be to make a
wife thoroughly miserable. He dwindled her father's
out of a snug little property, and they soon used
it up in silks, satins, cigars and liquors.

PLUNDERING FACTORY.—The Chinese, when brought
into court as witnesses in California, are sworn
in the manner peculiar to their country. An oath
written in Chinese characters upon tissue-paper, is
subscribed with their names, and turned to ashes.
The purport of the oath, is that if the witness does
not tell the truth, he hopes that his soul may be
burned and destroyed as is the paper he holds in
his hands. Now, the reading the solemnity of this
oath, the evidence of the Chinese taken in court is
not generally of a reliable character, and there-

father is 75 years of age, and what is the condition
of the child? There are two children, a girl and a boy,
the girl is 10 years of age, and the boy is 8 years of
age. The child is a fine specimen of a child, and
is a great help to the mother. The mother is a
grandmother, Mr. Isaac Hollis, our voluntary pen-
sioner.—Springfield Rep.

NEWS.

Mr. Langton, member of Parliament, has
made up his mind to oppose a Motion for the
abolition of the slave trade. He is a man of
high standing, and is a member of the House of
Commons. He is a man of high standing, and is
a member of the House of Commons. He is a man
of high standing, and is a member of the House of
Commons.

Gavazzi has been lecturing against total
abstinence in Manchester, England. Here Ga-
vazzi is not at home, he comes to a country of whose
defects he is ignorant, and ostentatiously impos-
es his views. How differ it was Kassuth,
he never drinks wine at dinners. A grand temper-
ance soiree was to be held in London, England, on
the 30th May. A Bill has been introduced into
Parliament to regulate the sale of intoxicating li-
quors in inns and on the Lord's day in England.—
Gov. Bigler of Pennsylvania has (says the Crystal
Font) refused to sign the "Lager Beer Bill," re-
gulating the traffic, and has thereby thwarted the
temperance people in doing good.

What an example for Toronto, why do
not all cities do the same:—

THE CIVIC BOARD OF ST. JOHN has passed a
resolution to grant no licenses for the sale of in-
toxicating liquors, during the year: and the Mayor
of the city has confirmed the resolution. We
believe the Mayor and Aldermen of St. John have
performed their duty, in withholding their counte-
nance and support from a demoralizing and ruin-
ous trade; consequently we believe that all who
patronize the licensing system are fearfully respon-
sible for the consequences.—Halifax Athenaeum.

The Star of the West a beautifully got up
temperance paper is now published at San Fran-
cisco, in place of the Organ discontinued, the num-
ber of the 11th May is before us. The heading is
beautiful and the matter and typography very
superior.

A splendid new Temperance Hall was opened in
that city in May, the Star speaks of it. The Grand
Division of California met on the 25th of April.
The Order is unusually prosperous, doing an
infinite amount of good there.

A NEW TURN OF THE CLERGY RESERVE
QUESTION.

A discussion has been going on lately, between
the North American and Pilot of Montreal
respecting the true construction of the Imperial
Act of 1853, giving the Canadian Parliament pow-
er to legislate on the Clergy Reserve question.—
The North American contends we now have un-
limited power over the matter, irrespective of Eng-
lish legislation; the Pilot, on the other hand, says
that, although our Parliament should pass an act,
it must, like all others, be submitted to the Queen
in Council, and may be annulled if not approved of.
The British Parliament, probably, whilst yielding
us the right of further legislation, did not intend
that they should be debarred from a veto on a
bad act. This Imperial Colonial Government is
(in any way we take it,) full of hampering nonsense
and interference.

The Imperial Government has agreed to allow
the Canadian Legislature to deal with the elective
Legislative Council question as they please. This
is right. It is a local matter which concerns our
selves.

The friends of liberty are determined that at all
events Nebraska shall be settled by Freemen.
Companies are organized all over New England to
emigrate thither.

It is said that Commodore Perry, when at Ja-
pan, succeeded in inducing the Emperor to open
three of his ports exclusively to the Americans.

Bible burning, by Catholic priests, is becoming
common in the United States.

A concert of 1500 performers is to come off in
the United States at the New York Crystal Palace.

Youth's Department.

THE POOR IDIOT BOY.

The want of brain, the want of e'en,
The want of care, the want of tongue,
Such an affliction I've seen
In one so innocent and young.

Yet he was pleased and full of play;
His face spoke merriment;
What are his pleasures, night or day,
Is a deep mystery to me.

Sweet light ne'er entered that dark mind,
The sound of music he'll ne'er hear,
For he is crazed, deaf, dumb and blind;
He knows not care, nor grief, nor fear.

Al! yet in that disorder'd case,
There lies a living precious gem,
The subject of eternal grace,
The essence of immortal man.

No care nor trouble him molest,
If he can feel his mother's face;
A sort of pleasing joy's expressed,
As he lies in her warm embrace.

A mother's name he'll never hear,
A mother's smile he'll never see,
But he can feel a mother's tear
Wet his pale cheek while on her knee.

Al! many a sleepless night she's spent
In watching her afflicted child;
Al! many an earnest prayer she's sent
For him to Heaven in accents mild.

Grieve not, fond parent, to excess;
For yet thy child shall see and hear;
His tongue shall words of joy express,
And music fill that deafened ear.

That darken'd soul shall yet display
The strength of an immortal mind,
Shall yet transcend the solar ray;
Though now he's crazed, deaf, dumb and blind.

Then what a scene of Heavenly light
On that great day, when time is past,
Shall open on his wondering sight,
Through an eternity to last.

The beamings of his Saviour's face
Is the first object he'll behold;
The glories of eternal grace
His loos'd tongue shall first unfold.

Lolo, June, 1851 R. DICKSON.

MEN MAKE THEIR OWN TROUBLE.

Few persons have troubles that they do not
make. Trouble rarely visits one who is always up-
right, unassuming, prudent, and disposed to be con-
tented with a moderate share of the world's com-
fort. It is by grasping at the shadow that men
lose the substance of things. It is by disregarding
what may be easily obtained that all worth having
is lost. It is by neglecting comparative competency
for prospective wealth and luxury that so many
men die at the threshold of beggary, and find a
last home in Potter's Field. The curse of our peo-
ple is a universal desire to be pointed at as self-
made men. The excellent hoot-maker wants to be
an alderman, and so he betakes himself to grog
shops and political gatherings. His family suffers;
he destroys his business; the ungrateful people do
not make him an alderman, and he dies of exposure
and intemperance. The third-rate lawyer thinks
he would figure to an advantage at Quebec, and he
forfeats his clients and his comfortable income for
nothing. The greatest trouble one can experi-
ence is that made by want. Want, by industry,
prudence, and honourable conduct, can be avoided
invariably. Rather be content with what you are,
than by the prosecution of a vain ambition, forfeit
everything—honour, competence, and happiness.

A DANGEROUS PLAYFELLOW.

The following curious circumstances which is
said to be true in every particular, is related in
"Lloyd's Scandinavian Adventures":—

Two women, with four children, were tending
cattle at a shealing far from home. It was the
duty of one of the women to tend the cattle in the
forest, while the other occupied herself with house-
hold matters, and in looking after the children. It
was, however, on the 23rd of last Sep-

All children
of various and
they climbed up
other children.

When the animals became aware of the near
approach of the children, the larger of the two
compelled the smaller to lie down at the foot of a
small pine, and then, as if by magic, as if to
protect it from harm. When, at the least of
the children—that of two years of age—without
hesitation, toddled directly up to the animal, and
hid itself down like a mouse, with its head resting on
the belly of the larger one, humming at the same
time some nursery song, as if posing on the mot-
ter's lap! The other children remained the while
quiet spectators of the scene. When, however, the
eldest had selected a little, and had come to the con-
clusion that it was not a cow but a bear—as was
the fact—the child was toying with, she became
sorely affrighted. Meanwhile, the infant, who could
not remain long in the same position, presently ran
from its hairy couch, gathered some blueberries
growing hard by, and gave them to his bedfellow,
the bear, who immediately ate them out of the
baby's hand! The child next plucked a sprig from
a neighboring bush, and offered it to the bear,
which bit it in two, allowing the child to retain one
half!

We must look within for that which makes us
slaves.—Lola.

Gumorous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

THE HOLLOW SONG.

The following "hollow song," by a hollow mis-
anthrope, is worthy of the pen of the author of "Let us
all be unhappy together."

I stood beneath a hollow tree—
The blast it hollow blew—
I thought upon the hollow world,
And all its hollow crew;
Ambition and its hollow schemes,
The hollow hopes we follow,
Imagination's hollow dreams,
All hollow, hollow, hollow!

A crown it is a hollow thing,
And hollow heads oft wear it;
The hollow title of a king,
What hollow hearts oft bear it!
No hollow wiles or honeyed smiles
Of ladies fair I follow;
For beauty sweet still hides deceit,
'Tis hollow, hollow, hollow!

The hollow leader but betrays
The hollow dupe who heed him;
The hollow critic vents his praise
To hollow souls who feed him;
The hollow friend who takes your hand
Is but a summer swallow;
Whatever I see is like this tree,
All hollow, hollow, hollow!

HOW PAT PLEADED GUILTY.

Pat McFadgin was brought before an Alabama
court for assault with intent &c., in having with
force and arms, viz:— one pistol, of the value of
five dollars in his right hand, then and there held,
and snapped against one Rodley, with intent to
kill, murder, maim, mangle, or otherwise disable the
said Rodley, contrary to law, (it being highly pro-
hibited to kill, or even to attempt to kill a man in Al-
abama, contrary to law.) Patrick pleaded not guilty
and Squire Furkinton was called as a witness.

"Stop," said Pat, "is it the Squire that's to swear
away my life?"

He was told that Furkinton was the principal
witness.

"Well then I'll plead guilty at once—not because
I am guilty, for I'm as innocent as baby as the
bread—but to save the man's soul, for sure the
value of a human soul is more nor a few years hard
work in the Penitentiary?"

"Pa," said a young l'opel to his sire, "ain't you
hear thander?"

"No, you dance; why do you ask such a ques-
tion?"

"Cause it's got cum."