



Ladies' Department.

THE FACTORY-GIRL.

BY JOHN COOPER VALE.

Now o'er New England's granite hills  
The light begins to glow,  
Her rivers broad and mountain lulls  
Like liquid silver flow;  
The factory-bells are ringing out  
The jubilee of toil;  
With merry laugh and joyful shout  
Prepare to reap the soil.

The poets tell of Eastern pearls,  
Of Brazil's diamond mine,  
But fair New England's factory girls  
In living splendor shine.  
Their rosy cheeks, and sparkling eye  
With virtue's pure renown  
Outshine all jewels 'neath the sky,  
Though worn in monarch's crown.

The planters of a Torrid clime  
Live by your faithful skill;  
For you, great Ashwright's thought sublime  
Made Nature's pulse to thrill;  
For you, the herdsman's handman grades  
The wild lands of the south,  
From Florida's dark everglades  
To Mississippi's mouth.

For you, still risks the merchant bold  
The hoarded wealth of years;  
As Jason thought the fleece of gold,  
To him your worth appears.  
New Orleans turns her hopes to thee,  
Thine is the golden clue;  
Then weave not, like Penelope;  
To find Ulysses true.

For you, the fleets of commerce blow  
The ocean's briny main;  
To you, the merchant princes bow,  
As queens of wealth's domain,  
Not dream, but busy bees of life,  
As round the quindles whirl,  
He wins a treasure for a wife  
Who weds a factory-girl!

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 on 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 drained her father out of a snug little property, and very soon was up in silk, satin, cigars and liquors.

FINANCIAL FETTER.—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 trans-papier, is subscribed with their names, and burned 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 severity of this

order is often obliged to discharge prisoners against whom there is nothing but Chinese evidence, on account of the contradictions and discrepancies which are discovered in their testimony.

A son of the fifth generation was born a few days since to Joseph A. Harris, of Clarkburg. His mother is 22 years old, his grand-father is 42—his great-grand-father, is 67, and his great-great-grand-father is 95 years of age; and what is still more singular, there are ten others in Clarkburg, all of the fifth generation, and all of them can be called together in thirty-nine minutes. The great-grand-grandfather, Mr. Isaac Hill, was a revolutionary pensioner.—Springfield Rep.

NEWS.

Mr. Langton, member of Parliament, has made up his mind to oppose a Maine Law. The people should make up their minds to leave him at home. He is in many things an intemperate man and a good member, but another shall be got who would do as he does in reform matters and different in temperance matters. Choose an honest, independent man.

Gavazzi has been lecturing against total abstinence in Manchester, England. Here Gavazzi is not at home, he comes to a country of whose defects he is ignorant, and ostentatiously imposes himself for advice. How different was Kossuth, he never drinks wine at dinners. A grand temperance 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 liquors in inns and on the Lord's day in England.—Gov. Bigler of Pennsylvania has (says the Crystal Fount) refused to sign the "Lager Beer Bill," regulating 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 intoxicating 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 countenance and support from a demoralizing and ruinous trade; consequently we believe that all who patronize the licensing system are fearfully responsible for the consequences.—Halifax Athenaeum.

The Star of the West a beautifully got up temperance paper is now published at San Francisco, in place of the Organ discontinued, the number 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 27th 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 1857, giving the Canadian Parliament power to legislate on the Clergy Reserve question.—The North American contends we now have unlimited power over the matter, irrespective of English 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, (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 ourselves.

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 Japan, 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.



Youth's Department.

THE POOR IDIOT BOY.

The want of brain, the want of eyes,  
The want of ears, the want of tongue,  
Such an affecting sight I've seen  
In one so innocent and young.

Yet he was pleased and full of play;  
His face spoke rapturous glee;  
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.

And yet in that disordered 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 lowly tongue shall first unfold.

Lo! o. 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 upright, unassuming, prudent, and disposed to be contented with a moderate share of the world's comfort. 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 competence 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 people is a universal desire to be pointed at as self-made men. The excellent boot-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 forsakes his clients and his comfortable income for nothing. The greatest trouble one can experience 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-

work, that whilst one of the women, as usual, watched the cattle, the other absented herself for a short time on a visit to a neighbour, leaving the children altogether to themselves. She had not been long away, before they perceived two large brown animals, which they took to be cows on the outside of the fence, bounding the patch of pasture ground contiguous to the hut. All children are curious and indifferent to danger. Without consideration therefore, they climbed up other entures.

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 crept by its side, as if to protect it from harm. Whereupon, the least of the children—that of two years of age—without hesitation, toddled directly up to the animals, and hid itself down likewise, with its head resting on the belly of the larger one, humming at the same time some nursery song, as if reposing on the mother's lap! The other children remained the while quiet spectators of the scene. When, however, the eldest had reflected a little, and had come to the conclusion 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.—Ion.

Humorous.

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

THE HOLLOW SONG.

The following "hollow song," by a hollow singer, 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 dupes 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, mangle, maim, mangle, or otherwise disable the said Rodley, contrary to law. (It being highly penal to kill, or even to attempt to kill a man in Alabama, contrary to law,) Patrick pleaded not guilty and Squire Furkinson was called as a witness.

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

He was told that Furkinson was the principal witness.

"Well then I'll plead guilty at once—not because I am guilty, for I'm as innocent as baby at the breast—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 lopsel to his sire, "ain't you hear thunder?"

"No, you dunc; why do you ask such a question?"