

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Godey's Lady's Book for October.

VERSES.

"COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

Yes, dearest Savior, I will come—
I long to rest in Heaven, my home;
This heart, unholy and impure,
Is sick of earth and this world's lure.
Baubles that burst shall find no place
In me, to hide, O God of grace,
That condescending, matchless love,
Shining through Jesus from above,
Richer, far richer, than the glare
Of gold and gems. Naught can compare
In beauty with this love, whose breath,
Whose length, height, and greatest depth
Unfathomed, no man measureth—no:
While a sojourner here below,
Groveling and wedded to the dust,
So filled with envy, pride, and lust,
I cannot comprehend the story
Of the incarnate Lord of Glory.
O God, when from these clogs set free,
May I find rest, sweet rest in thee:
Then shall I fully understand
The grace that saved me, and the hand
That gently drew and fixed my feet
Securely on the mercy-seat,
When Satan sought my heart to share,
And thought he'd reign triumphant there.
Thy hand, O Christ, shall guide me still,
If I but trust and do thy will;
This aching heart shall soon find rest
Pillowed upon its Saviour's breast—
Rest from the cares and ills of life,
From turmoil, pain, and every strife;
From mental agony and fears,
Which have bedewed my couch with tears;
Rest from the conflicts sin has wrought;
Rest that thy precious life has brought.
Lord, draw my heart from earth away—
Thy sov'reign call may I obey,
My burden at thy feet lay down,
And take thy yoke, and wear the crown.

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THE MATCH-MAKING MOTHER.

THERE are different grades of match-makers. The first we shall notice would think it doing them great injustice to hint that they belong to this denomination; and it matters not how unhappy their daughters are made by uncongenial marriages, they never dream that they are blameable.

The daughter is brought out before she is capable of guarding her heart against the danger of loving unworthily, and ere the parents are aware, she is engaged. If there is wealth or distinguished ancestry, or both on the lover's side, no objection is made, and the tender plant, that should have been carefully nurtured for several years, is given up to assume responsibilities that her young imagination never dreamed of; responsibilities that, five years hence, she should enter upon with fear and trembling. Scarcely a thought is given whether or not this man will render her happy; she has, as the world says, done well; this is sufficient. A few years prove it to be an unhappy union. Who is to blame?

Another class, though not so numerous as the first, possess all the faults, and many more. The daughter is trained that the ultimate end of every accomplishment is to please the opposite sex. To win for herself a handsome settlement, is the lesson. She is taught all the feminine arts that women is capable of teaching and learning, and every thought is concentrated in this all-important event, every act done with an eye single to its advancement. It matters not how the poor fellow is secured, so he is safely bound with the hymeneal halter. While there are many other causes for broken hearts and blighted hopes, a careful observation tells us that the chief cause is maternal influence. Do not start mother! Look around you, and say, are we too severe? How many interesting girls can you call to mind, capable of filling the highest positions of woman, ruined by a wrong education? Woman, as a mother, has never been fully aroused to her duty. To her are committed the daughters of our land, and she is responsible for their safety. As she educates them, they will educate another generation. Then how important that she should train them to piety and usefulness, with a higher, a holier motive than that of securing wealthy husbands? In fact, they should not be taught to secure them at all. If at a proper age their happiness will be advanced by marriage with worthy men, then, with prayers for their safety, let them marry. But do not teach that there is no other sphere in which woman can be happy and useful than that of the wife and mother. Fit them for any station of life, and in any station they will find a mission to execute, and a field for its execution.

Perhaps no one ever professed greater qualifications for match-making than did Mrs Osgood. She was not a weak-minded woman, like many of this class; therefore, she was better calculated to accomplish her purpose. She knew how to

deal with the refined and unrefined, having too much sense to go so far as to disgust the former and just enough to lead the latter at will. She was an ambitious, proud and self-willed woman. The establishment of her six daughters had been her constant study ever since Jane, the eldest had approached womanhood.

Mr Osgood has suffered his wife to hold the sceptre until he dared not reach forth his hand to take it. He had never seen his error fully until Jane grew up, and he was informed by the mother that she was engaged, without ever asking his approval, to a man utterly unworthy the notice of a woman of refinement. Yet he was immensely wealthy, and with Mrs Osgood every other consideration sank into insignificance. Jane did not love this man; she had only passively yielded to her mother's wishes. She was timid, and could not summon courage to speak to her father on such a subject.

A few days after his wife had informed him of the engagement, Mr Osgood received a visit at his office from Mr Howard soliciting the hand of his daughter. He was decidedly refused. This enraged Howard's impetuous temper, and he determined to marry her at all events. Mrs Osgood scolded and persuaded, but all to no effect. To her surprise her husband was not to be moved. He was fully aroused to his duty in this case, and with what seemed almost unnatural firmness, opposed the union. He used every argument in his power to convince his wife of the unworthiness of Howard, yet she persisted.

Mr Osgood knew that nothing he could say would have any effect, and resolved to act. So he bade Jane to be ready to start by the next stage to S—, a well known female institution. Mrs Osgood was, for once thwarted, yet she determined not to yield, though it took years to accomplish her design.

Magdalene, the second daughter, possessed her mother's firmness, but her father's kind heart. She had ever been a favorite child, and though but eighteen, Mr Osgood was not displeased when, in confidence, she told him her love for Dr. Williamson, and asked his advice in regard to so early an engagement. He did not approve of early marriages, yet in this case he hesitated not to give his consent. He knew Dr. Williamson to be a man of true worth. Feeling, too, that his own health was rapidly declining from a consumption that had long preyed on his system, he was pleased at the prospect of seeing his daughter united to such a man before his death.

Six months after Jane's departure to school, she was permitted to come home to her sister's wedding, on condition that she should return immediately after. Mr Osgood was too much indisposed to go with her back to school directly after this event, so it was postponed another week. During this time he had frequent conversations with his daughter, in which she confessed her indifference to Mr Howard, promising not to marry him. The next week he grew rapidly worse, and nothing more was said of her leaving. In one more week his death put an end to her school days. Mr Howard returned renewed his suit, and Jane was persuaded, or rather forced to marry him.

Virginia and Laura were married as soon as they were old enough. Thus in four years after Mr Osgood's death, three of his daughters were married. Jane to one utterly void of principle; Virginia to a man of fifty; and Laura to a confirmed drunkard, all to satisfy a mother's ambition for wealth.

Eleanor and Emma were the last; one twelve, the other fourteen, at the time of introducing them to our readers. Eleanor was her mother's idol. Handsome and intelligent, Mrs Osgood saw plainly that she was to do honor to herself and family; that she was destined for a great man. In short she was all that her mother could wish, and on her she concentrated her whole heart. It is not strange that, under such influence, she should soon become a spoiled beauty. Her vanity and pride at this early age could only be equalled by her mother's. Poverty in her eyes was only allied to ignorance and vice; wealth to everything that was desirable.

Fortunately for Emma, she was not a beauty, but plain, very plain; yet she had a heart of priceless value. Mrs Osgood thought her far inferior to Eleanor in every respect. Her treatment towards them had rendered Emma timid and awkward, and she had been so often told that she would 'never be anybody,' that she was perfectly satisfied not to be. To a superficial observer, she appeared to be an ordinary child; but to one who can read well the human heart, there was much to win admiration.

One day, about this time, these little girls were called up and addressed thus: 'My daughters, your aunt J— has just written to me that I may expect her next week and that she intends spending some time with us. Now do try to appear well. She is wealthy the wife of a distinguished man, and I shall be deeply mortified if you do not behave very genteelly. Emma do try, for once, to lay aside your awkward ways. Be careful not to soil your clothes, or neglect your hair. You are now twelve years old; it is time you were trying to become what I so much desire, an accomplished young lady—Will you promise to do your best?'

'Yes, ma, my very best,' said the gentle girl with tears in her eyes.

Mrs J— arrived; the little girls were in ec-

stasies. They had never before seen their aunt or little cousin Louisa, of whom Mrs J— so often spoke in her letters to Mrs Osgood, who was a sweet girl about Emma's age. They soon became acquainted, and all went well, even with Emma, for several days. She had never spent so long in her life without receiving a reproof, unless when staying with her sisters, Magdalene and Jane they and Dr. Williamson being the only persons who seemed to have an interest in her. Oh, how her little heart beat with joy to think she had been so long without receiving even an angry look! 'I will be like sis Elly,' said she; 'than ma will love me too.'

Poor child! her fond anticipations were not to be realized so soon. The little girls were neatly dressed and had taken a walk, when they overtook little Jane Jones, with a large basket of turnips, almost sinking under their weight, crying bitterly. Jane was an orphan, whom Emma had ever loved and pitied. She had been taken by Mrs Green, a hard-hearted woman, with no higher motive than her own selfish views. To use her own words: 'To take the drudgery off of my hands when she gets big enough.' And it was not long before Mrs Green thought her large enough to do a great deal.

'Why, Jane, where are you going with such a load? What makes you carry so many?' said Emma, in tones of sympathy.

'Mrs Green said she would whip me well if I did not bring the basket full. I am nearly dead; I wish I were. Then I could rest!'

Emma flew to her, and taking one side of the basket, assisted her to carry it into Mrs Green's gate. The consequence was, her apron was soiled, and her nice pink dress suffered greatly from the flowing sleeves coming in contact with the unwashed turnips.

Eleanor was indignant.

'You are a nice sight,' said she; 'what will ma say to you?'

Emma burst into tears.

'Don't cry, cousin; aunt will not be angry when she knows all,' said Louisa.

Emma knew her mother too well to believe that.

The mothers were sitting in the porch awaiting their return. As soon as they came in, Mrs Osgood, in a tone of surprise, exclaimed—

'Emma, what is the matter? Where did you get all that dirt upon your dress and apron?'

Eleanor, without waiting for Emma to speak, commenced—

'Ma, only think, after all you have said to her about noticing that Jane Jones, she overtook her and assisted her to carry a basket of dirty turnips full half a mile!'

'Is it possible?' said her mother.

Here Emma again commenced crying.

'Oh, aunt, cousin did right; don't be angry,' said Louisa. And the sweet little girl with artless simplicity, related the incident.

'She is a noble girl, my sister, and deserves your highest commendation,' said Mrs J—.

Eleanor now blushed with shame for her forwardness. It was the first time she had ever heard her sister praised for anything. Then there was something in her aunt's tone that seemed to reprove her.

Mrs J— had long wished for a companion for Louisa, but feared to take one, so careful lest she might get one whose disposition might not have a salutary effect on her daughter. Every day something occurred to strengthen her attachment to Emma, and confirm her in the opinion that she was treated with injustice. After writing, and obtaining the consent of Judge J—, Mrs J— informed her sister of a plan in view of adopting Emma, provided she was willing.

Mrs Osgood gladly assented. She knew it would enhance the pecuniary interest of both, for this was all she desired. By getting Emma off, she thought she could spend her all on Eleanor, for her limited income would not permit her to educate and dress both as she desired and still keep up her expensive style of living. Thus the sisters were parted.

We pass over the next several years. Eleanor grew up, and was the belle wherever she went. Her beauty and vivacity attracted many admirers, but not lovers. It was easy to see through the flimsy veil that covered her design. She was a heartless coquette, who encouraged all, with the view of at last accepting the one that offered the most flattering prospect of that affluence that she and her mother so much desired.

At eighteen, Emma Osgood, though much improved, was not yet a beauty. Under the fostering hand of Mrs J—, and having the advantage of the best instructors in the country, her noble qualities were fully developed, her mind well stored with useful knowledge, while the ornamental was not neglected. This is not all, nor half, for she had sought and found the 'pearl of great price.' She was truly pious. Her sensitive heart had not been wounded by an angry word since she became an inmate of Judge J—'s happy home. If she desired to assist an unfortunate one, she had encouragement to act. Jane Jones was taken by Mrs J— soon after the incident related in another part of our story, and has ever since found a pleasant home in this excellent family as seamstress.

Judge J— loved Emma almost equal to

Louisa, and amply was he repaid for his love by the affectionate goodness of his niece. She and Louisa were everything to each other. They had no secrets apart, and never were two girls more deserving of each other's confidence. Mrs J— had been in delicate health for some time but no one thought her dangerous until the winter, when she declined so rapidly that the family became seriously alarmed. Louisa was engaged; the time set apart for the wedding was in December. All were anxious to postpone the marriage until spring, thinking Mrs J—'s health would improve; but she urged them not to do so. As it was intended by Judge J— that his only child should remain with them as long as they lived, there was no real necessity for a postponement, and they were married.

Mrs Osgood and Eleanor came to the wedding, and stayed several weeks after. The mother was not a little flattered at the sensation her daughters created. Eleanor had now a prospect of realizing her most sanguine expectations in regard to wealth, and Emma's society was much courted by a man whom, above all others, Mrs Osgood would prefer for her son-in-law. To have a daughter married to a son of the most distinguished man in the State, and wealth in abundance, what more could she desire?

She had never heard her sister mention this young man in connexion with Emma, and was extremely anxious to know her opinion.

'Governor —'s son seems to be attached to Emma,' said she to her sister, the day before she left. 'Do you think the attachment is reciprocated?'

'I do not. Emma has already rejected him once, but he seems disposed to renew his suit.'

'Reject him?' said Mrs Osgood, with surprise. 'And why? She certainly does not expect to do better.'

'Perhaps I do not understand what you mean by doing better,' said Mrs J—.

'I mean he is handsome, intelligent, wealthy, and the son of the first man in the State. What more could she desire?'

'These are desirable prerequisites; but my niece requires more, at the risk of losing these. Are not moral qualifications of some weight? And suppose she does not love him, must she not consult her own heart in regard to this important matter? No, my sister, Emma will never marry Edward —. Her pure nature would shrink from such a union. If the world judge not too severely, he is not all that he should be. His father was a man of true worth, and my husband's early friend; for his sake alone his son is treated with respect in our house. But not even this will have the least weight in a matter of such vital importance.'

Mrs Osgood saw that prudence forbade her saying more; yet she had said enough to show that her old propensity for match-making was fully aroused.

This conversation had a serious impression on Mrs J—. She knew she could not live long, and she shuddered to think of the consequences if Emma should be placed under her mother's influence at this time.

Before leaving, Mrs Osgood drew Emma into a conversation on the subject, and was still more surprised and chagrined when told that she was already engaged to another, and that her aunt and uncle approved her choice. Mrs Osgood was greatly perplexed, yet had too much discretion, if we may give it the name, to act hastily. Being informed by Emma that she never intended marrying without consulting her, and not at all until she was twenty, she saw that there was sufficient time for thought, and wisely determined to say but little.

Henry Sherrard was the son of the pastor of the church to which Judge J—'s family belonged; he resided in the same village, consequently a close intimacy subsisted between the two families. Mr Sherrard was a man of exemplary piety, highly educated, and eminently qualified to train his son not only as a christian but to move in the highest sphere of life. Henry had been nursed in the lap of refinement. His mother possessed rare endowments, and had used them successfully in the education of her only son. He had chosen teaching as his avocation, and promised to stand among the first in his profession. Already his high morality and deep-toned piety had won for him the admiration and love of all who knew him; while his discipline and capacity for imparting knowledge would have done credit to one double his years.

Henry and Emma had loved each other from their first acquaintance. Two beings could not be more admirably suited for each other.

Four months from Louisa's marriage, Judge J— was taken suddenly ill, and in two short days closed his eyes to this world. Few men lived a better life, few died a happier death. Like a wise man, he was ready to live or die, as his Master willed.

(To be continued.)

THE MORMONS.

A person would be amazed, interested and amused, were he to pay a visit to the Mormon camp, near Westport. It looks like a great city built up in the beautiful prairie south of town, and a number of tents placed out in regular order, gives one an idea of the multitude congregated together; they number now, we believe