

OLIVE LEAF,



AND NEW-ENGLAND OPERATIVE.

FROM HUMBLE LIFE, UNTAUGHT TO SOAR FOR FAME,

A LEAF I BRING, PLUCKED 'MID THE HIDDEN BOUGHS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

SEMI-MONTHLY.

IRVILLE IRWIN LESLIE, EDITOR.

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GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE OLIVE LEAF.

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WOOD & RUPP, Main St. Springfield.
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POETRY.

[ORIGINAL.]

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

It is a bitter word,—Adieu ;
'Tis often spoken here ;
The smile of each glad interview,
Oft melts into a tear.
Yet mem'ry's vision shall remain,
Though we may never meet again.

IDA.

[ORIGINAL.]

SONNET.

As one who from some mountain summit looks
On the vast plain, commencing at its base,
And in the misty light extending out
As far as can the eye, save where the deep
Rolls up its darkened waves, upon whose verge
Stands high the gothic pile, stupendous, grand,
The remnant of some mighty empire left ;
Till vision, weary in its flight, returns
And rests on some wild, fading flower near,
Just by the breath of Autumn touched to die :—
So thou, fair Hope, with all thy prospects bright,
To us held out, on Disappointment's wings
Oft back art borne, to wither in the heart,
And lay within the urn of earthly bliss.

L.

TALES.

THE SPECTRE'S VOYAGE.

THERE is a part of the Lake of Geneva, between the city and the little village of Clase, which is called "The Spectre's Voyage," and across which neither entreaty nor remuneration will induce any boatman to convey passengers after a certain hour of the night. The superstitious notions current among the lower orders are, that at that hour a female is seen in a small vessel crossing from Geneva to Clase ; that the vessel sails with the utmost rapidity in a dead calm, and even against the wind ; that to encounter it is fatal ; that the voyager lands from it on the coast of Savoy, a little beyond the village ; that she remains sometime on shore making the most fearful lamentations ; that she then re-enters the vessel, and sails back in the same manner ; and that both boat and passenger vanish as soon as they enter the Rhone.

Curious to ascertain the circumstances which gave rise to a traditionary story so singular, I

made enquiries among the boatmen and other persons who seemed most under the influence of the terrors which it excited, and from them I gathered the particulars of the following narrative.

In the sixteenth century, when the whole of Europe was one theatre of lawless violence, when might was constantly triumphant over right, and princes and soldiers only respected the simple principle,

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can ;"

the little republic of Geneva was distinguished by the zeal and patriotism of its citizens, and by the firmness and valor with which they had preserved their independence against the successive attacks of the Emperor, the King of France, and the Duke of Savoy. The ducal coronet was at the time worn by Charles Emmanuel, surnamed the Great, a prince of a constitutionally feeble constitution, but of an enterprising spirit ; of great talents, both military and political, of undaunted courage, and of insatiable ambition. His troops were the bravest and best disciplined in Europe, and had enabled him to seize, and retain possession of for some time, the fairest provinces in France. These advantages, together with the proximity of his dominions to Geneva, rendered him by far the most formidable foe with whom the republic had to contend. Their differences in religion added to the causes, political and geographical, by which the national hatred between the Genevese and the Savoyards was kept alive. The reformed religion, which, in 1533, had been introduced among the former by William Farrel, was finally established by John Calvin, in 1536, while the subjects of the Duke of Savoy continued to be the most zealous and bigoted adherents to the church of Rome.

At the period to which our narrative refers, peace existed between the two parties ; but the duke continued to keep an army of observation on the frontier, under the command of one of his most experienced generals, the Count of Martigny ; and the republicans jealously guarded their walls against any treacherous attempt on the part of their neighbors. Occasional bickerings would nevertheless take place between the citizens and the soldiers. The latter, however, usually conducted themselves with by far the most temper and prudence. A coarse joke, or a bitter sneer, at the formal dress and demure deportment of the Calvinistic preachers, was the utmost outrage in which they indulged ; while

the others, with all the zeal of new converts, no sooner crossed the frontier than they demolished the crosses which were set up on the road side, frequently put to rout a family of peasants as they were singing their evening hymn to the Virgin, tore down the lamp and the picture, and trampled contemptuously upon all the sacred relics they could find. The Count of Martigny never failed to take summary vengeance upon such of the offenders as fell into his power, and even to visit the sins of the guilty upon the innocent. Wherever a cross had been torn down, he erected a gibbet, and hung up the heretic over the consecrated spot which he had violated. The inexorable severity with which he pursued this sanguinary mode of retaliation, rendered him an object of the utmost terror and detestation to the Genevese ; and he shared with the devil and the pope, the benefit of the curses with which they closed all their religious exercises.

The favorite recreation of the Genevese then, as now, was to make excursions, either alone or in small parties, upon their majestic lake. This amusement had become so much a custom with them, that the most timid females were not afraid to venture alone, and at night, in a small skiff with which almost every family of respectability was provided ; and on a bright moonlight night, the broad blue bosom of the lake was beautifully diversified by the white sails glittering in the moonbeams, while sweet female voices would be heard warbling some popular melodies, the subjects of which were usually the praises of the lake, or the achievements of their patriots. It was on such a night that the incident with which our narrative commences occurred. The moon was riding in an unclouded sky—unclouded except by those light fleecy vapors which hovered round the form of the queen of night, increasing rather than diminishing her beauty. The lake seemed one sheet of silver, and numerous little vessels, passing and repassing, gave it a delightfully animated appearance. In one, which seemed to be venturing nearer to the coast of Savoy than the others, might be seen a light and delicate form, and on the shore which she was approaching, a little above the village of Clase, stood a soldier, whose uniform bespoke him to belong to the army of Duke Charles.

The lady landed, and the soldier hastened to meet her. "Dearest Isabel," he said, "blessings upon thy generous, trusting heart, for this sweet meeting ! I have much to tell thee, but my tongue dares not utter all with which my mind is stored ; and if it dared, it is not on such

a night as this, so bright, so beautiful, that tidings dark as mine should be communicated." Isabel who had laid her head upon his breast when they met, started from him and gazed with the utmost terror and surprise at the unwonted gloom which darkened his countenance. "Theodore, what means this? Come you to break the trusting heart which beats for you alone? Come you to cancel your vows—to say that we must part for ever? Oh! better had you left me to the mercy of the wave, when its work of death was half achieved, if you reserved me only for the misery which awaits a broken heart, and blighted and betrayed affections." "Sweet, dry these tears?" replied the Savoyard; "while I have life, I am thine. I came to warn thee of sure but unseen danger. The walls of Geneva are strong, and the arms and hearts of her citizens firm and trusty; but her hour is come, and the path of the destroyer, although secret, is like her own blue Rhone which hides itself for a time beneath the earth only to spring forth more strongly and irresistibly than ever." "Thy words are dark and dreadful: but I do not know of any cause for fear, or of any means of avoiding it, if it exists." "Fly with me, fly to my own rich vales in fertile Italy; there with thy heart and hand reward my love, and think no more of those grim walls, and sullen citizens, with souls as iron as their cleavers, and hearts as cold as the waters of their lake."

"Oh! no, no: my father's head is gray, and but for me alone, all his affections, all his hopes are buried in my mother's grave. He hates thy creed and nation. When I told him that a stranger had rescued his daughter from the wave, he raised his hands to heaven and blessed him. I told him that that stranger was a Savoyard; he checked his unfinished benediction, and cursed thee. But if he knew thee, Theodore, thy noble heart, thy constant love, methinks that time and entreaty would make him listen to his daughter's prayer." "Alas! my Isabel, entreaty would be vain, and time is already flapping his wings loaded with inevitable ruin, over yon devoted city and its inhabitants. Thy father shall be safe—trust that to me—and trust me too, that what I promise I can perform. But thou, my loved one, thou must not look upon the horrid face of war; and though my power extends to save thy father from injury, it would be easier to save the wall-flowers on the ramparts of thy city from the foot of the invader, than one so fair, so feeble, from his violence and lust." "Who'er thou art," she said, "there is a spell upon my heart which love and gratitude have twined, and which makes it thine for ever! but sooner would I lock my hand in that of the savage Martigny himself, when reeking with the best blood of Geneva's citizens, than leave my father's side when his gray hairs are in danger, and my native city, when treachery is in her streets, and outrage is approaching her walls."

These words were uttered with an animation and vehemence so unusual to her, that Theodore stood for a moment transfixed with wonder; and before he recovered his self-possession, Isabel, with the velocity of lightning, had regained her skiff, and was sailing before the wind to Geneva.

"Curse on my amorous folly!" he exclaimed,

"that for a pair of pale cheeks and sparkling eyes, has perhaps ruined a better concerted stratagem than ever entered the brain of the Grecian Simon. I must away, or the false girl will awake the slumbering citizens to their defence before the deed is done; and yet, must I devote her to the foul grasp of ruffian violence! No, no, my power is equal to save or destroy." As he uttered these words, he rapidly ascended the rocks which skirted that part of the lake on which he stood, and was soon lost among the wild woods that crowned their summit. The principal events of that night are matters of history, and universally known. The Savoyards, by means of an unexpected attack during a period of profound peace, and aided by internal treachery, hoped to make themselves masters of the city of Geneva. The citizens, however, had by some unknown means obtained intelligence of the designs of the enemy, and were prepared to repel their attacks. Every street was lined with soldiers, and a band of the bravest and most determined, under the command of Eustace Beauvoisin (Isabel's father,) manned the city walls. The struggle was short but sanguinary—the invaders were beaten back at every point—their best troops were left dead in the trenches—and above two hundred prisoners (among whom was the Count de Martigny himself) fell into the hands of the citizens. The successful party set no bounds either to their exultation or their revenge. The rejoicings were continued for three successive days. The neighboring country was ravaged without cessation and without remorse; and all the prisoners were ordered by a decree of the Diet, to be treated as felons, and hanged in the most public places in the city. This decree was rigorously and unrelentingly executed. The Savoyard soldiers without any distinction, as to rank or character, suffered the ignominious punishment to which they were condemned, and the streets of Geneva were blocked up by gibbets, which the most timid and merciful of its inhabitants gazed upon with satisfaction and triumph.

The Count of Martigny, both on account of his rank and of the peculiar degree of hatred with which each Genevese bosom beat against him, was reserved to be the last victim. On the day of his execution the streets were lined with spectators, and the principal families in the city occupied stations around the scaffold. So great was the universal joy at having their persecutor in their power, that even the wives and daughters of the most distinguished citizens were anxious to view the punishment inflicted upon him, whom they considered alike the enemy of heaven and of themselves. Isabel, was not of this number: but her father sternly compelled her to be a witness of the dismal scene. The hour of noon was fast approaching, and the bell of the cathedral of St. Pierre, heavily and solemnly tolled the knell of the unfortunate Martigny. The fatal calvacade approached the place of execution. A stern and solemn triumph gleamed in the eyes of the Genevese soldiers as they trod by the side of the victim; but most of the spectators, especially the females, were melted into tears, when they beheld the fine manly form of the prisoner, whose youthful beauty seemed better fitted for the royal levee,

or a lady's bower, than for the melancholy fate, to which he was about to be consigned. His head was bare, and his light flaxen hair fell in a rich profusion of locks down his shoulders, but left unshaded his finely proportioned and sunburnt features. He wore the uniform of the Savoyard army, and a star on his breast indicating his rank, while he held in his hand a small ivory cross, which he frequently and fervently kissed. His deportment was firm and contemptuous; and as he looked on the formal, and frequently grotesque figures of his guards, his features even assumed an expression of risibility. The sight of the gibbet, however, seemed to appall him, for he had not been apprised of the ignominious nature of his punishment. "And is this," he said, as he scornfully dashed away a tear which had gathered in his eye, "ye heretic dogs, is this the death to which you doom the heir of Martigny?" A stern and bitter smile played on the lips of his guards, but they remained silent. "Oh, God," he continued, "in the field, on the wave, or on the block, which has reeked so often with the bravest and noblest blood, I could have died smiling, but this—." His emotion seemed increasing, but, with a violent effort, he suppressed every outward sign of it; for the visible satisfaction which gleamed on the dark faces around him, at the weakness to which they had reduced the proud heart of their foe, was more galling to his soul than the shameful death to which he was devoted.

By the time he reached the place of execution his face had resumed its calm and scornful air, and he sprang upon the scaffold with apparently unconcerned alacrity. At the same moment a dreadful shriek issued from that part of the surrounding booths in which the family of Beauvoisin sat; and in another instant a female, deadly pale, and with her hair and dress disordered, had darted on the scaffold, and clasped the prisoner in her arms. "Theodore?" she cried, "Theodore?—can it be thou? oh! they dare not take thy life—thou bravest and best of men! Avaunt, ye blood-thirsty brood! ye cannot tear me from him! No: till my arms grow cold in death I'll clasp him thus, and defy the world to sever us!"—"Oh, Isabel!" he said, "it is too much: my soul can bear no more—I hoped thy eyes had been spared this sight—but the cold tyrants have decreed it thus: oh! leave me—leave me—it is vain—unmannered ruffians, spare her!" While he spoke the soldiers forcibly tore her from him, and were dragging her through the crowd. "My father! save him! he saved thy only child—Theodore! supplicate him—he is kind." She turned her eyes to the scaffold as she uttered these words, and beheld the form of Martigny, writhing in the air, and convulsed with the last mortal agony. A fearful shriek burst from her heart, and she sunk senseless in the arms of those who bore her.

Isabel survived this event more than a twelvemonth; but her reason had fled, and her health was so shattered that final recovery was hopeless. She took scarcely any food—refused all intercourse with her former friends, and even with her father, would sit motionless for days together. One thing only soothed her mind, or afforded any gratification; and this as she was an experienced steerswoman, her friends indulged her in

—to sail from the city of Geneva to that spot on which she used to meet her lover. This she did constantly every evening; but when she landed, and had waited a short time, her shrieks and cries were pitiable. This practice, one evening, proved fatal; instead of steering to the usual landing place a little above the city, she entered the Rhone, where it emerges from the lake. The rapidity of its waves mastered and overturned the frail bark in which she sailed, and the unfortunate Isabel sunk to rise no more!

The tragic nature of these events made an impression on the popular mind which three centuries have not effaced. The spirit of Isabel is still said to sail every night from Geneva to Cluse, to meet her lover; and the track across the lake, which this unearthly traveler pursues, is distinguished by the name of "The Spectre's Voyage."

[Original.]

THE HOME OF THE BLEST.

The home, the home of the blest,
O waft me away to that shore,
Where the soul is ever at rest,
And time, with its changes, is o'er;
Where friends meet never to part;
Where the farewell sigh is unknown;
Where love glows in every heart,
And tears of affliction have flown.

The home, the home of the blest,
A wand'rer far from thee I stray,
Unsought, unknown, and opprest;
O then why should I ask to stay?
Since friends forever have fled,
Since the world has ceased to allure,
O let me lie down with the dead!
The home of the blest to secure.

The home, the home of the blest,
Where affection's smile ne'er shall end;
There those whom I loved are at rest,—
A father, a mother, a friend,—
I meet them again—not on earth;
Far, far o'er the verge of the tomb,
I look to the home that gives birth
To flowers that ever shall bloom.

I. I. L.

[Original.]

THE ORPHAN'S COMPLAINT.

Ah! why's my heart so sad,
And why's this grievous moan?
It is that all my hopes have fled,
And all my comforts gone.

'Tis this that makes me grieve,
'Tis this that makes me sad;
Of dearest friends I am bereaved,
They slumber with the dead.

My father, he's no more;
His spirit, it has fled;
His pains and trials all are o'er;
The cold earth is his bed.

My mother, too, is there,
In yonder grave-yard laid;
The flowers around their graves so fair,
Are emblems of the dead.

But why should I repine?
For God who saw them die,
Has promised in his Word so kind,
The orphan to supply.

His faithful promise stands
Secure as does his power;
I'll cast my troubles on his hands,
In every trying hour.

S. M. L.

July, 1843.

Wesleyan University, July 17th, 1843.

MR. EDITOR:

In perusing your last No. 1 noticed a piece on 'American Antiquities,' which after reading, a few thoughts came into my mind, which I have penned down for your paper. Should you think them worthy a place therein, you are at liberty to publish them. I thought the piece would be rather long to insert in one No. therefore have divided it into two parts. The second part will contain a theory with regard to the 'Fossil Remains in the West,' and an explanation of the flood, in which I shall endeavor to prove that it did not extend to America.

Yours truly,

S. L. LOOMIS.

FOSSIL REMAINS IN THE WEST.

The fossil remains found in the vallies of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, ever have been a source of theory and discussion, and we may say that it is impossible to form a theory, such that it cannot be disputed, even by good authority; since there is such an impenetrable veil thrown over the earlier periods of our country. Its history, we have none. The Indian races which have inhabited the West for centuries can give us no information; nor can we gather any thing from their various traditions, which will enlighten us in regard to the question so difficult to decide. All we have is its fossil remains and ruins. But these are a history, which, if well read, will furnish us volumes of ideas.

In giving an account of the fossil remains it requires not only a knowledge of Natural History, Geology and Zoology, but Comparative Anatomy. It is by Comparative Anatomy that, having a fossil bone given us "we can not only determine the frame work, but the character of the muscles by which every bone was moved; the external form and figure of the body, the food, habits, haunts and mode of life of the animals are with a high degree of probability ascertained." — *Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise*. Vol. 1, p. 109.

And hence we see so many vague and presumptuous theories. A Naturalist with but little knowledge of Geology, will form theories the most absurd and ridiculous; "fit only to be taught to very little children for their amusement, as a prelude to the tales of their Grandmother." To illustrate:—During the year 1756-7 and 8, some workmen were occupied near Aix, in Provence, France, in quarrying stone for the rebuilding upon a vast scale, the Palace of Justice. The stone was limestone, of a deep grey, and of that kind which is tender when it comes out of the quarry, but which hardens on exposure to the air. The strata were separated by a bed of sand, mixed with clay. There was no appearance of fossil remains, until they had removed 10 beds and commenced on the 11th at the depth of forty feet. In the 11th and 12th layers they found stumps of columns, and pieces of stone half wrought, which were exactly similar to those of the quarry. They found, moreover, some coins, handles of hammers, and other tools. But that which most attracted attention was a board about 1 inch thick, and 8 feet in length. It was broken in several pieces, of which none were missing; and it was possible to join them again, one to the other, and to restore the board to its original form, which was that of the boards used by the masons and quarry-men.

"Here then," observes Count Bournou, "we have the traces of a work executed by the hand of man, placed at the depth of 50 feet, and covered with *eleven beds of compact limestone!* every thing tending to prove that this work was executed on the spot where the traces existed." In conclusion, says the same author, "Man, therefore, *must* have been created in the *previous age*, which carries back the period of his creation *two millions one hundred sixty thousand three hundred and fifty-four years.*" H. H. Sherwood.

"As absurd and ridiculous as this conclusion is, it has been published to the world, and gained belief by thousands."—*Rees' Cyclopaedia*, Vol. I.

Upon this same principle we have many curious, yes, very curious theories, with regard to the fossil remains and ruins of the West. From the fact that some of them are found buried in the earth from 12 to 100 feet, their origin has been ascribed to the 'Noachian deluge,' and the sequent conclusion drawn that America was peopled before the flood. This is assuming too much; for by comparing a few facts in the case with Geological knowledge, we find the theory false; it is without one firm support.

First, of the fossil remains and ruins; their situation is such as to deny the theory. The remains are situated on the banks of rivers, or in peats, bogs, &c. Near the river they are buried to the depth of nearly 100 feet; and as you recede, they are nearer the surface, till at length they appear on it. Now how could the flood act in such a manner as to bury the remains without washing the ruins entirely away? Again, how could it act so as to bury a fireplace *with the ashes in it*, 14 feet deep in solid limestone? How could it deposit the limestone in regular strata as we find it? "The deluge must have been for the most part violent and tumultuous in its action on the surface."—*Professor E. Hitchcock, L. L. D.* Therefore it is impossible for the mind of man to solve these difficulties.

Secondly, the situation of the fossil remains contradict the theory. On the stump of a tree which was dug up at the depth of 94 feet in Cincinnati, was found an *iron wedge*, but little rusty. Could that have remained there in contact with water nearly 4,000 years, and not have been entirely consumed? It is impossible.

Near the mansion house of Judge Burnet, at Cincinnati, an iron horse-shoe was found at the depth of 25 feet, which had a number of nails in it. Here is a parade to answer. How did the flood act to bury the stump 94 feet, and the horse-shoe but 25, one near the other?

Lastly. In comparing the fortifications and ruins with the remains. "The fortifications are constructed on the Roman system."—(*American Antiquities*.) "Greek inscriptions have been found with the remains," &c. Now how could these fortifications and inscriptions on the fossil remains be in the Roman and Greek style, if the flood *destroyed* the inhabitants, and deposited the remains? Thus we are again lost in the mazes of *error*, and the more we compare, the greater the difficulty.

This theory will demand no further attention, "since there is no more coherence to it than to a wreath of smoke."

(CONTINUED.)

OLIVE LEAF.

CABOTVILLE, AUG. 5, 1843.

To the Friends of the Olive Leaf.

Many of our friends have supposed, from the irregular appearance of the Olive Leaf, that we had about given up the idea of publishing it any longer, and therefore began to neglect it. We think our last No. with this, should satisfy them that we are not on the decline, but if any thing, endeavoring to furnish them with the worth of their subscription.

It is true, that a few of the last Nos. have not been issued on the day they should have been. This we could not possibly prevent, and we assure our readers, that it was as much of a disappointment to us as it was to them. We would farther remark that Thursday will be our publishing day hereafter, and we shall endeavor to send each subscriber his and her paper punctually; but if through accident they should not receive them, we trust they will exercise a little patience while we do much.

The present No. we send our subscribers, feeling that it may merit their approval, inasmuch as we have endeavored to make it worthy their perusal and patronage. If our correspondents have failed to satisfy any portion of our readers, we respectfully ask them to send us what would suit their taste, and we will gladly insert it, provided its tendency be a moral one, and not calculated to benefit one by the injury of another.

Each has a right to his opinion if a reasonable one, and never should be deprived of it. We say this, because there are many avowed friends of humanity who wish all people to think as they do, and even endeavor to force them into a belief of what they themselves cannot throughout support. And here we would say a few words

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We received a communication last week which the author will perceive we have not published. We are sorry to say that we have been obliged to reject it on account of personal allusions. The circumstances therein represented are not known to us, and as we are responsible for all we publish, we feel that it might subject us to much trouble, and that too without benefiting the author or the community. The piece is well written, and we do not doubt the assertions made; but it might be a hard matter for us, if called upon, to prove them. We say this in good feelings, and invite the author to remember us on a little different subject.

'Flowers,' by L. A. K. is received, but not in time for our present No., which we very much regret. It shall appear in our next.

'Enigma,' by G. L. will also appear.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We should neglect our readers in Cabotville, did we not inform them where they may obtain a choice selection of Magazines, and Periodicals of all kinds, suited to their tastes and wants.

B. F. Brown, Ferry Street, has laid upon our table a host of Magazines for August, among which we notice the 'Ladies' National Magazine,' being the Artist and Lady's World combined. It contains three embellishments, and we can say excellent reading. We hail no Magazine with more pleasure than this, knowing that we shall not be disappointed if we buy it. To our readers who wish for something worth reading, we advise them to purchase the National Magazine, and we venture to say they will not regret it.

For sale at Benj. F. Brown's, Ferry Street.

The 'Ladies' Companion' contains three steel engravings, which are truly elegant. There is no Magazine which presents the attractions that this now does, and its editors seem determined that none shall surpass it.

'Godey's Lady's Book' for August, is also before us, richly embellished. This is the most neatly executed Magazine in America, to say nothing of its literary merits. It always brings the same smiling face, and never deceives you.

Graham's Magazine sustains its high reputation; the August No. is beautifully embellished.

All to be had at B. F. Brown's.

[For the Olive Leaf.]

TO ELIZA.

I twine for thee no rosy wreath,
Nor gem nor costly gift I bring;
A sad farewell to thee I breathe—
It is the heart's best offering.

Eliza, go on life's rough sea;
Through darksome years and climes apart,
My soul's fond prayer shall ever be,
That no rude thorn may pierce thy heart.

O, when the air-harp's pensive sigh,
My bosom chords shall sadly thrill,
If then no tear bedim thine eye,
I'll bid each murmur'ing string be still.

Farewell! farewell! a painful thought,
That friends so few, must rudely part;
When summer comes, "Forget Me Not,"
I'll cull and wear it next my heart.

When memory calls the hallowed past,
To throng my aching, throbbing brain,
Though on the main and ocean cast,
I'll call thee up, fond one, again.

ALLEN.

Holliston.

SKETCHES OF AUTHORS.

NO. 2.

SOCRATES, among the greatest of ancient philosophers, was born at the city of Athens, in Greece, 470 years B. C., and was the son of a sculptor. He followed the profession of his father for some years, after which he entered upon the study of philosophy, in which he distinguished himself for his rapid advancement, and originality of theory. He also distinguished himself in several battles for his country; but his character appears more conspicuous as a moralist and philosopher, than a warrior. He was fond of labor, and bore injuries with a patience which nothing could destroy. His mind always appeared serene, and his countenance firm and unalterable, even in the most direful calamities.

His pupils, who were many, through his exemplary life and precepts, became illustrious, insomuch that he was charged of corrupting the Athenian youth, of making innovations in the religion of the Greeks, and of ridiculing the gods which the Athenians worshipped. This arose in a measure from an independent spirit which he possessed, and that visible superiority of mind and genius over the rest of his countrymen. Many soon became his enemies, and he was condemned to death by poison. He drank the juice of the hemlock, and met his death with great fortitude in the 70th year of his age, 401 B. C.

Socrates was a heathen; yet he believed in one supreme and eternal Being, and the immortality of the soul. He seems to have had an idea that a great Teacher was to come and benefit mankind by his precepts and example.

Soon after his death, arose the celebrated sects of the Stoics, Peripatetics, Platonists, &c. &c., claiming him as their great founder and head.

WORDS, WORDS.—A gentleman lately speaking of a clergyman, whose discourses were by no means deficient in words, said he had frequently known him to whip one idea in a peck measure for a whole afternoon!

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

The following touching story of a poor woman, a prisoner in one of the jails in Scotland, who was compelled to commit a crime before she could procure shelter and food for her child, even in a prison, is extracted by Mr. Pigon, from the "Seventh Report on Prisons." This outcast of the hard law, thrown out on the desert of Society, speak, with a pathos which must touch the heart: "My parents were decent, honest people. I was married very young to a sailor. When he went to sea he assigned me part of his wages every month. I had sore trouble after he left, for work began to get scarce, and my little child fell ill. I went to the agent to ask for my husband's pay, for I was sore distressed with grief and fatigue. The ship was lost off China: all hands were saved: but, as was the custom in such cases, the wages were stopped. This was heavy news for me, for I had neither work nor money. I bore on for some time, trying to get work, however trifling, but there was no work for me and hundreds more. I had heard of a female House of Refuge in Glasgow, and I determined to seek food and shelter there. I took my little boy in my hand, who is about nine years of age, and walked the twenty miles to Glasgow. When I got to the House of Refuge, I showed them my marriage lines, that they might see I was a douce decent body. The matron was very kind to me, and said she grieved for me, but that the house was not for such as me, but for poor misguided women—prostitutes and the like. My heart was fit to break, and I said to myself, *that I maun be wicked before I get a morsel of bread.* The matron took pity on me, and she let me stay one night, and gave me a supper and a breakfast next morning. We walked back again the long tiresome way to Greenock. My boy was weakly, though nine years old, and I had carried him many times on my back, when he complained of his feet. I sat down on a bank and cried bitterly; but my child, who was a douce clever lad, and had been well instructed in a Sunday School, little as he was, was my comfort. When he heard me say, "We shall die of want!"—"Well, mother," said he, "then we shall go to granny in heaven: and we'll want no food there." He took off his jacket and pulled off his little shirt, and said I should pawn his shirt, for that would bring something: and so it did, and we got a night's shelter for that time.

[Original.]

HYMN.

When affliction's hand is o'er me,
And my narrow home I see;
When the future's dark before me,
Jesus, then I'll look to thee.

Thou canst cheer my lonely pathway,
Leading through the deepest gloom;
And thy smile turn night to noon-day,
Giving hope beyond the tomb.

Guide me till life's journey's ended—
While amid its scenes I glide,
May thy love and grace unbounded,
Keep me near thy bleeding side.

M. L.

[Original.]

TO E. A. A*****.

Adieu, kind, gentle girl! may Heaven guard,
Thy pathway on, and thy young heart ne'er feel
The wasting blight of earth's dread ills, nor share
In the deep woes of life.

"T was hard to say,
We ne'er may meet again, but harder if
We each had thought the other more than friend;
For then a link had parted, now unknown,
Tearing away, inflamed, the heart's best core.

Much has the world of joy that taints the heart,
Implanting not the seeds of good, but ill;
And of this we unguarded often drink,
Dyeing our lives a thousand colors, which,
When imitated by the few or mass,
We see ourselves as shadowed in the sun,
Or mirrored forth unto the wide world's gaze.
This joy, I need not tell thee, lies along
Thy pathway through the world, and thy light heart
May, ere it is aware, taste and be sad
And heavy to its dying day.

In vain!
For it is guarded, yea, and doubly so,
Besides by virtue in its own embrace
Encircled, seemingly too strong to break:
A father, mother notice all thy steps;
One wrong, and swift they fly thy rescue, while
Thy wants—thou never knew one—are supplied.

And sayest thou that tears have dimmed those eyes?
Bright tears of joy! else what is earthly bliss?
Or who knows where to seek, if thou dost not
Possess it; blest with all thy soul can ask?
Methinks thy tears would bright the eyes of woe,
And thy long, deepest sigh glad up the heart
Of grief even to ecstasy.

Tears! O
Hide them! and never let another fall
From thy fair cheek, who dost not know a want;
Nor ever lost a friend on whom thou leaned.
Yea, hide them till when call'd by grief to start,
And thy long, deepest sigh glad up the heart
Of grief even to ecstasy.

One prayer for thee—that thy young spirit ne'er
May know, like mine, an orphan's woes, nor feel
Misfortune's tide set in upon thy heart,
O'erwhelming deeply the bright stream of life,
That otherwise might onward gently flow,
Down to the ocean of eternity.

ROLAND.

[Written for the Olive Leaf.]

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

By Miss J. A.

CHAP. I.

"I declare, Kate," said Mary Stearns, as she entered her older sister's room with hasty steps and flushed cheek, throwing her hat and parasol upon the sofa, exclaiming in a more verbal tone, "How provoking! don't you think—Aunt Sally, that lives in L—— has sent word that *her son* will pay us a visit, and that he will be here to-morrow! What shall we do with him? for I would not have the Howards see him for the world."

"Has she?" said Kate, without raising her eyes from her sewing, "How do you know?"

"Why," said Mary, "I just heard father telling mother so as I came through the hall. It is all his doings, inviting such an *awkward Josey* here; when our long-talked-of party is coming off to-morrow evening! How mortified I shall be to have our company know that we have such *green* relations."

"Shall," said Kate, in the same provokingly calm tone; "stow him away then, somewhere by all means. He'll never know, without you

tell him, whether he is treated well or otherwise."

"So we might," said Mary, "but pa and ma won't allow that. But I'll tell you what we can do," she exclaimed, while her countenance brightened, "*We can send him off to the theatre with the footman.*"

"So we will," said Kate, "that will be an excellent plan."

Catharine and Mary Stearns were the daughters of one of the wealthiest merchants in New York. He was one of those good natured, benevolent men, who would be apparently contented in any situation. He was pleased with the world, and the world was pleased with him.

When he first came to the city with his bride, a beautiful country girl, he had nothing to commence life with, but good health, character, and a large share of energy and resolution. He entered at first as an under clerk, in a counting house, and by industry and steady habits gradually rose to his present station among the first families in the city. But riches had not altered his republican feelings, nor had he been contaminated by the world. His manners were more polished, it is true, but otherwise he was not changed.

Kate and Mary, now in their teens, were as dutiful daughters as the most exacting parents could wish, and both lovely and amiable; though to speak plain, a little proud. But who has not a fault? One of their greatest dreads was of unfashionable relations. Edward Stearns, the expected visitor, they had never seen, and therefore imagined him all that was awkward and clownish.

After dinner Mr. Stearns informed them of the anticipated visit of their cousin, telling them that it was his wish that they should receive him with marked attention; that though he might not be as fashionable and genteel as the young gentlemen of their acquaintance, he was a generous, noble hearted young man, and one that fully deserved their friendship and esteem.

In due time a dusty carriage drove up in front of the house, and Edward Stearns alighted.

At first sight you would have set him down as one of "nature's noblemen." His form was large, though fair proportioned; his face and hands imbrowned by constant exposure to the sun and wind; but still he was handsome. Although he bore no resemblance to the young men of fashion, he would not have suffered by a comparison with them. There was certainly a charm about his large dark eyes—a true index to his soul, free and independent.

The girls who had a great curiosity to see "the creature," as Mary expressed it, stood looking through the chamber blinds as he approached the door.

"Why, he is quite a Hercules," said Kate, as she caught sight of his broad shoulders and stately form.

"*What a cane!*" exclaimed Mary, who had looked in vain from top to toe, for something else to find fault with, and eyeing with scorn a large blue cotton umbrella, which he held in his hand.

"He is handsome, isn't he?" said Kate.

"He might be, if his hair was not so short," replied Mary, determined not to be pleased.

Soon, however, the latter, who had resolved to

remain in her room all day, proposed to her sister, that they should go down and take a nearer view.

As they came near the parlor door, they heard him talking with their father about the state of the crops.

"Now," said Mary, "for a history of pigs and potatoes."

But as they entered the room, he rose and shook them warmly by the hand with (as they thought,) wonderful *self possession*.

To their surprise, he began talking in a free and easy manner about the city, and soon all three were engaged in a sprightly conversation. But what was their greater astonishment when Kate, to support her opinion of the city, exclaimed—

"There's music in the city's hum,
Heard in the noontide glare,
When its thousand mingled voices come
On the breath of the sultry air!"

To hear him reply from the same author,

"There's music in the dawning morn,
Ere the lark his pinions dries;
In the rush of the breeze through the dewy corn,
Through the gardens, perfumed dyes."

Thus the afternoon passed swiftly away; and after they had retired, Mary was reluctantly compelled to answer to Kate's question,—what she thought of him—"that he knew as much as any one."

The next night came, but not a word was said about "stowing him away," or "sending him off to the theatre with the footman," nor was Mary ashamed to have even the Howards know that the handsome young farmer was their father's nephew.

CHAPTER II.

"But the scene
Is lovely round. A beautiful river there
Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
The paradise he made unto himself,
Mining the soil for ages. On each side
Fields swell upward to the hills; beyond,
Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
The mighty columns, with which earth props heaven."

Two weeks after, the same carriage drove to the door, and all was hurry and confusion.

"Don't be homesick now, Mary," said Mr. Stearns, (for she was going to her aunts with the awkward Josey,) as he lifted her into the carriage.

"Don't be rude," said her mother who knew from her naturally joyous disposition, that it might be feared.

"And above all things," whispered Kate, "don't let them send you to the theatre with the footman." * * *

"Oh! Oh!" exclaimed Mary, as they reached the top of the hill beneath which lay the beautiful village of L——. "What a delightful place! and leaning forward in her seat, she gazed with rapture upon the white houses, scattered here and there among the trees, and the winding river, which looked like a sheet of gold beneath the setting sun; while out before them was spread the green pastures and waving corn-fields."

The horses quickened their speed as they turned the road which led to a little cottage al-

most hid by the hop vines, which clambered up its side, and whose dark green leaves formed a pretty contrast to the dazzling whiteness of its walls.

Aunt Sally, who had donned her white kerchief and apron, in honor of her expected visitor, came to the door, with, as Mary said, "her plump rosy face looking so kind and good natured, that she loved her at once." She greeted her affectionately and led the way to her little parlor which with its cotton carpet, green boughs in the chimney, and the wild flowers on the mantletree filling the room with their fragrance; together with the little table with its snowy spread, all of which formed a pleasant resting place for the eye, wearied as it was with the carpeted halls, crimson curtains and showy mirrors of her father's house. After she had replied to the various questions of her aunt, as "how are thy folks? is thee not tired?" uttered almost in a breath; she excited her risibility by expressing surprise that she did not look as she did when last she saw her, some seventeen years before, when Mary was but a few weeks old. After taking some refreshments Mary retired to her chamber, and being fatigued by her journey, she was soon fast asleep.

The next morning, Aunt Sally took her around to show her the wonders of a farm-house, and then it was her turn to laugh at the profound ignorance of Mary, in calling the geese great pigeons. Once she had occasion to leave her for a few moments in the yard, and she had hardly entered the house, before Mary came running in almost breathless, exclaiming "Oh! such a dear little bird as I've caught," and carefully opening her handkerchief, out flew a poor chicken, frightened almost to death at this strange, and far from agreeable treatment.

Many were the like mistakes and mortifications which Mary was obliged to submit to, but it learned her a good lesson—that she knew not half as much as she thought she did.

We will pass over the events of the six ensuing weeks.

Mary was not homesick as we shall see by the following note written by her aunt to her mother.—

"I write to inform thee that thee need not expect thy daughter Mary before next week. She is in excellent health, and spirits and wishes to see thee all. I think thee would hardly know her, she has so improved in her appearance. Her before almost colorless cheeks now vie with the roses which fill our little yard. I cannot think when I see her so contented and happy, that it is right to confine her in the unwholesome air of thy city. She had not been here long before she expressed a wish to learn the secrets of the dairy. How well she hath succeeded you can judge by what I send thee—a nice cake of butter made entirely by herself. She says, 'Give my love to father, mother and sister Kate, and tell them, that but for them I would be delighted to remain here much longer.'"

The next week Mary came home and when next she went to L—, it was as the bride of Edward Stearns, the country Josey. Freely she gave up her father's splendid mansion, her balls, and parties, for a cottage, and as she called it,

"a life among the flowers and chickens; and what she prized above all, a fond devoted husband, and although he earned his bread by 'the sweat of his brow,' she would not exchange for the wealthiest fop in her native city."

And Kate?—She liked the country and her sister's life so well that she followed her example, and was married the next spring to the young village Pastor, and though years have passed since, neither have had cause to regret the once much dreaded visit of the *country cousin*.

Springfield, July, 1843.

[Written for the Olive Leaf.]

APOSTROPHE TO CONNECTICUT RIVER.

Thou art a grand and noble stream;
I love to look on thee,
And watch the mild and beauteous beam
Of sunlit majesty,
Which dances on thy wide extent
Of waters, and with them is blent.

And thou art rolling on, sublime,
And so thou wilt remain
Through all the gliding years of time,
Still changing,—yet the same;
Guided by an unerring hand,
Thou flowest on at His command.

When first the flight of time began,
Thy waves right onward hied,
And age on age have gazed upon
Thy ever restless tide.
Yet thou hast heeded not their flight,
But proudly rolled in ceaseless might.

The Indian warrior erst roamed free
Along thy verdant shore,
And Agawam and Chicopee
The warlike barge once bore;
But where are those proud spirits now?
Some are beneath thy waves laid low.

And of the rest—where are they fled?
Say, hast thou watched their flight?
Methinks I hear thee answer—"Dead,
Or gone beyond my sight."
And thou shalt bear them on no more,
For they have sought another shore.

And now the white man takes his place,
And thou dost still perform
The same thou hast for every race,
In every age that's gone.
And in our turn we'll value thee
For what thou art, and still wilt be.

But there are those that gaze, and weep
O'er thee, thou ruthless one;
While thoughts of sadness o'er them creep,
For deeds that thou hast done.
For in thy deepest caverns sleep
Loved forms, to those who o'er them weep.

Yet oft on thy proud waves is borne
Some form by them beloved,
And joyous gratitude is found
Now in their blest abode.
Thus joy and sorrow will combine,
In all that doth exist in time.

Then roll on still toward the sea,
Nor cease thy flowing might,
Till time shall end, and earth shall be
Wrapt in eternal night.
Then, then will thy last wave be passed,
And thou into oblivion cast.

R. M. C. D.

Springfield, July 25, 1843.

The proudest man on earth is but a pauper,
fed and clothed by the bounty of heaven.

[Original.]

PUZZLE.—No. 1.

I'm what was never seen before,
Nor e'er will be again;
I'm always present at your door,
Yet never do remain.
I'm always going—strange to say—
But never am to come;
Around the earth I take my way—
Eternity's my home.

NO. 2.

ANSWER TO No. 1.

YZZWOOOUUTTTTPRRSSNNLIHEEEEDAA.

Whoever will forward a solution of the above two puzzles, free of expense, shall be entitled to a volume of the Olive Leaf.—Ed.

ENIGMA.—No. 5.

ACROSTICAL.

I am a word of 9 letters.

My 1st, 3d and 6th is a very useful liquid.

My 2d, 1st, 4th and 5th is that to which every person is more or less inclined.

My 3d, 6th and 2d is what is very disagreeable for us to be.

My 4th, 3d, 1st and 2d is the name of a musical instrument.

My 5th, 4th, 3d and 6th is what all should avoid.

My 6th, 3d, 9th and 5th is that which is valued above every thing else.

My 7th, 2d and 3d is a man's name.

My 8th, 6th and 5th is a kind of liquor.

My 9th, 2d, 7th and 8th is a kind of insect.

My WHOLE is a very valuable paper, published in one of the New England States.

L. N. P.

Cabotville, July 25, 1843.

Answer to the conundrum in our last:—Because a broken article is mutilated—(Mute elated.)

CONUNDRUM.—What is there that has been tomorrow, and will be yesterday?

THE RAINBOW.

Behold where shines in glorious show
Of lucid tints, the painted bow!
But trust not to the varying light,
As evanescent as 't is bright;
Turn where the effulgent blaze
Illumes the heavens with purer rays,—
Rays that from gloom and midnight borrow
Fresh glories to adorn the morrow.
Behold the moral truth displayed,
How quickly beauty's splendors fade!
How pure, how lasting, how refined,
The clearer beams that grace the mind!

Mrs. J. Cobbold, in *Juvenile Forget Me Not*.

What is love like?

Love is like to dizziness;
It wi' na let a lone bodie
Gang about his business.

MARRIED.

In Enfield Conn. on Tuesday the 1st inst. by Rev. Mr. Robbins, Mr. Henry A. Brown to Miss Elizabeth A. Eastman, both of this village.

We were not forgotten in the distribution of the delicacies, and would ask

Bliss to the hearts united
Down to their latest day,
Nor e'er be one hope blighted,
Though youth and strength decay.

[Original.]
THE PAST.

How alarming the thought, that the past is lost—forever lost! That a moment gone by, unimproved, must ever remain so! Eternity will roll around its endless circuit, but that portion of it can never be recalled. *It is lost!*

Did we, who have but a few short years to pass, only possess a sense of the value of the moments of which they are made up, how different should we spend them.

Here we meet one perfectly at ease, and unconcerned about the present or the future, except to roll in luxury and bask in dissipation, without apparently a thought that, one day, his rioting and indulgences will cease, and he pass away, never again to appear on the arena of life.

On we go, and behold another, exactly the opposite. Intent on heaping together the dust of earth, early and late he is at the scene of busy din, while every moment seems fraught with great consequences, and if he fails to secure a bargain which might add to his treasures, he involuntarily exclaims, "I have lost it!" and perhaps mourns over his misfortune. Yet this may be regained; he may still secure what his heart thirsted for, and again exclaim, "I have found it!" But the moment lost can never be regained. What is now, is ours; what is future, *may be*; what is past, *was*, but never *can be*.

Reader, do you improve your time? Is there not a moment that runs to waste? Can you look back upon the past portion of your life, and say, "I have spent it as I should, and have done all the good in my power?" If you cannot, you have not answered the end for which you was created.

Let me tell you to begin now, with a determination to improve your whole time and never squander a moment; for remember, if lost, it is eternally so, and even your Creator cannot redeem it.

INEZ.

ORIGINAL PARAGRAPHS.

Show mercy as you would have it shown to you; and never speak ill of any one unless you are sure it is your duty.

Were this advice followed, we think a great portion of the broils now existing would cease.

What you do, do quickly; for life is short and you have not one spare moment. Your eternal happiness depends upon a moment, and that moment is the one in which you decide on being a christian.

Good luck is the ruin of many, while misfortune makes a large portion of mankind great. Therefore, never repine if you are not originally what you would be—you still may attain to good.

Train your minds as you would your hands, to work, and never let either lay idle.

Never let the character of a person prevent you from aiding him when he stands in need.

Your bitterest enemy, in want, should share your beneficence.

Never expose the faults of others when you are not certain it will make them better. Better suffer than be the instrument of detracting from your neighbor's good fame. "Charity covereth a multitude of sins."

ITEMS OF NEWS.

HORRIBLE.—The editor of the Osage (Mo.) Yeoman, says in his paper of the 12th inst.:—"We are informed by an acquaintance of ours from Springfield, of a horrid transaction which occurred in Berry county one day last week. A man, whose name our informant had forgotten, had been in the habit of treating his wife in a manner too brutal and shocking to think of. On the morning of the day mentioned, he told his wife to get up and get breakfast for herself and her two children, and then to commence saying her prayers, for he swore that she should die before sunset. She got up and made a fire, and returned to the room where her unnatural husband slept. She took the axe with which she had been chopping wood, and with one blow sunk it deep into his head, just through the eyes. She immediately went to the house of a neighbor, and related the circumstances as they occurred, giving as a reason, that she was certain he would kill her that day, and she concluded that it was his life for hers. He was her second husband, and not the father of her children. We learn that a special term of the circuit court is to be held in Bates county to try the woman for the crime."

LOVE AND MURDER.—The Owensboro' (Ky.) Bulletin gives an account of an affray that occurred recently, a few miles back of that town. A Mr. Edwards, wishing to run away with a Miss Lamb, against the consent of her family, employed two of his friends, Wall and Wright, to take her from her father's house. They were discovered and ordered off. They refused to go, and an affray took place between them and the father and brother of the young lady. The elder Lamb gave Wall a severe cut in the forehead, and the younger Lamb received from Wright a dangerous stab under the heart. Wright fled.

The young lady denies that she ever consented to run away.

MURDER, MUTINY, AND PIRACY.

We learn from the New Bedford Bulletin of last evening the following facts. On Sunday, about nine o'clock, the sloop Fairhaven of Providence, from New Bedford for New York, when 6 miles S. E. of Cuttyhunk, fell in with a schooner running before the wind, all sails set, but no person visible on board. On boarding her found one anchor out with a short scope, longboat gone, hole cut in the cabin floor with an axe, Captain's trunk broken open and rifled, seaman's chests gone and the schooner scuttled, with considerable water in the hold.

She proved to be the schr. Lannia, from Alexandria, whence she sailed July 1st, with a cargo of corn, flour, &c. for Antigua, and a market in the West Indies. The following is a list of the officers and crew: C. H. Dearborn, master; Walter Nicholl, mate; J. Johnston, cook, and

David Babe, Wm. Webster, Geo. Matthews, seamen. The last regular entry in the log-book, was in the mate's hand, under date of July 10th.

A small book was found in the cabin, containing a few entries without signature, in which it is stated, that on the evening of the 14th of July, the captain and mate quarrelled and fought on deck, and rolled or were swept overboard. The inference, however, is, from the state of the vessel, &c. that the officers were murdered in a mutiny of the men, but the whole transaction remains shrouded in mystery.

BOUNTIFUL DONATION.—A messenger, says the Christian Watchman, entered the rooms of the General Assembly's Board of Foreign Missions in New York, and counted out *ten one thousand dollar bank notes*, saying it was for the mission to China, and no questions were to be asked as to the donors.

MUNIFICENT DONATION.—We understand, that William Appleton, Esq., of Boston, has recently given the sum of \$10,000 towards the erection of an Episcopal Missionary Chapel in that city.

SPANISH CHARACTER.

A noble trait in the character of the Spaniard is thus warmly eulogized by Barrow, in his "Bible in Spain;"—"To the honor of Spain be it spoken, it is one of the few countries in Europe where poverty is never insulted nor looked upon with contempt. Even at an inn, the poor man is never spurned from the door; and if not harbored, is at least dismissed with fair words, and consigned to the mercies of God and his mother. This is as it should be. I laugh at the bigotry and prejudice of Spain; I abhor the cruelty and ferocity which have cast a stain of eternal infamy on her history; but I will say for the Spaniards, that in their social intercourse, no people in the world exhibit a juster feeling of what is due to the dignity of human nature, or better understand the behavior which it behooves a man to adopt toward his fellow being."

ANECDOTE: ON TIME.—Two brothers, named Josiah and William, full grown boys, happened in a store one evening, where the attention of the company was somewhat attracted by a very long watch chain dangling at the forequarters of Josiah. One of the company asked, "What's the time, Josiah?" With no small ceremony Josiah drew out his watch, and after examining it for some time, referred to his brother, and said, "Brother William, is that a figury nine or a figury eleven?" William, after a few minutes deliberation, declared it to be "a figury seven." "Well, then," replied Josiah, "it lacks 'bout half an inch of eight."

A valuable sentiment.—"I had rather be taxed to pay for the poor boy's education than the poor man's ignorance; for one or the other I am compelled to do."

To be born—to breathe—to sigh—to suffer—to die. We struggle—pass on as a shadow—struggle again—and are known no more.

NIGHT.

Selected for the Olive Leaf,
BY MISS E. A. ARMSTRONG.

Let the Gheber kneel, in the deep idolatry of his heart, and pour out his prayers to the sun; ay, let him term it his God—his life—his all—while kindles his eye with rapture, as it drinks in its glorious beams; but for myself, I must confess, that night, calm, silent night, with its radiant sabbath glowing burningly above me, has a charm, a silent, yet holy eloquence, which we find not, we feel not, in the bustle and glare of the day. I love the golden sunlight; it thrills my very soul with joy; and I have gazed upon the splendors it creates, hour after hour, forgetful of myself, almost lost in admiration. I have seen this king, this God of day, when he came forth from the portals of the east, flinging abroad his golden rays, first on the over-arching sky, then on the earth; and the hill-tops caught his glance, and smiled, and almost seemed to glow with life, as well as beauty; and soon the glad rays came down upon the valley, and the streamlets ran, and leaped, and sparkled, as if rejoicing in his gorgeous beams; and the mists began to rise from the margin of river, brook, and sheeted lake, and climb up to mantle the brow of hill and mount, or float away, in purple glory, to the unseen gates of paradise; and as I watched them steadily, intently, until the curtain of distance hid them from my view, I have felt something within me, as it were, struggling like them to flee away from the shadows and storms of earth, to a brighter and happier home. I have seen the beauties of a summer's sunset, and have felt that they were ravishing. My eye would never weary of drinking in the glories which such a scene presents. To see clouds, deep, massy, gorgeous, piled upon each other in beautiful magnificence, seeming the 'pillared props of heaven,' the thousand colors of the sunbeam painted upon their fleecy folds; to see them rolling away, slowly and heavily, as if the shoulder of some unseen giant were applied to the whole mass, and, as they roll, continually changing their appearance,—now white as the plume of the plover, just wetted in the salt sea foam, now dark and threatening as if pregnant with wrath to man, and again glowing in all the colors of the radiant bow, limned on the retreating cloud—and thus to see them pass, till all have gone except, perchance, a lingerer here and there, that seems as loth to go from the cheering smile of the sun, while yet a single ray is left to gild and beautify earth, ocean, or sky—to gaze upon such a scene, I say, is indeed, delightful; and will and must draw forth the admiration, if not the adoration, of every intelligent existence. Here is an exhaustless field for admiration—something that will never tire—always beautiful, always new.

'Parting day
Dies like a dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color, till it gasps away,
The last still loveliest.'

But I digress. After all my admiration of the thousand scenes of beauty that day presents, still can I turn with the sincerity of early love, and in the fullness of my heart exclaim, with one of our own sweet poets,

'Most beautiful, ecstatic, holy night!
How I do love thee!'

A veil seems drawn over the cares and sorrows of earth for a brief period, and as the last dim light of day is fading from our view, and the shadows of night deepening around us, we are reminded that even thus is passing the brief day of life—thus, soon will the shadows of the tomb shut from our vision the blessed light of the rejoicing sun.

Whispers, as of unseen spirits, are ever floating around us, at this calm and holy hour—and is it not soothing to think, that, perchance, the spirits of departed friends—those dear ones to whom our hearts so fondly clung—are hovering around us, like guardian angels, to shield us from danger, to whisper to us of their radiant home, and raise our aspirations to the God of all! We seem enveloped by an atmosphere of holiness—the very air is redolent with music, falling upon the spirit like a spell, and we seem, as it were, raised nearer heaven, and more lost to earth, than we can feel in the hurry and bustle of day. We look up to the sky—the illimitable sky—studded with innumerable stars—and we feel our spirits yearning, ay, panting within us to hold communion with those worlds of light. In every gentle spirit lives a tone that echoes back the sweet and simple language of the poet:

'If those bright orbs that gem the night
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits reunite,
Whom fate hath torn asunder here—
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this dreary world afar,
Meet soul and soul, and cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star.'

Let not us, who enjoy the clear light of revelation, judge those with too much severity, who, in the olden time, bowed down in worship to the stars of heaven. Theirs was an idolatry that degraded not. And did not the quiet heaven, with its myriad eyes, look down, approvingly, on worship and worshippers? O, heard they not a voice in every star, that spoke to them of Deity? Theirs was a worship that chastened, and purified, and exalted the soul; and, though they erred, who shall say that they erred fatally? Not we who kneel on velvet cushions in the magnificent temples which our pride, and not our love to God, has piled; uttering the prayer which our hearts feel not, pouring forth burning words with our lips, while our spirits are lifeless within us. Their temple was the earth curtained by sky and cloud; their altars were the flinty rocks cushioned alone by moss; their songs were echoed by mountain and hill, and the voice of many waters gave the solemn response. They worshipped in spirit and in truth, ignorantly it is true, but not the less fervently. And who, I had almost asked, who can refrain from worshipping this burning record of Universal Mind, this

'Beautiful language of the unseen God!'

Can a being, fashioned by an almighty hand, endowed with deathless energies, go forth alone at the still, calm, holy hour of midnight, and gaze on the mysterious beauty, the silent magnificence, of the starry worlds, nor feel a thrill, a struggle within him, as if his soul had caught a glance of the high land of its birth, and was panting to go home to the bosom of its Father

and its God. Who can feel, as his eye is lifted, and the starlight rests on the uncovered brow, that he is to sink, in a little while, into a sleep that shall never know of waking? Surely, something must whisper to the soul of an immortality—an immortality the very consciousness of which lifts the proud spirit above its clog of clay, and places man upon a glorious height—an elevation which is, in truth, but a little lower than the angels.

Those blessed stars, those radiant characters of light, have been beautifully termed, by a popular author, 'the poetry of heaven.' Yes, they are indeed poetry, written by the finger of Jehovah upon the eternal sky, and he who cons it well may learn full many a high and holy lesson. He will feel the rust that hath gathered around his spirits from the chilling mists of earth, wearing away, and his soul resuming more and more of its original brightness, and thus preparing to join ere long, the chorus of 'those eternal harmonies above,' those never-fading stars, which are

'For ever singing as they they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.'

SNUFF THE CANDLE.

A simple servant boy one evening went up to the drawing room, on the bell being rung. When he returned to the kitchen, he laughed immoderately. Some of the servants asking the cause of his mirth, he cried, "What do you think, there are sixteen of them who could not snuff the candles, and were obliged to send for me to do it."

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