

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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POETRY.

[ORIGINAL.]

WE ARE.

BY IRVILLE IRWIN LESLIE.

We are going, all going
To the grave;
As a star adown the west,
Sinks away as if to rest,
So we go.

We are passing, all passing
Fast away;

As a wave on ocean's face,
Down to give another place,
So do we.

We are dying, all dying
At the core;

As decay is written here,
Where the tints of health appear,—
Soon 'tis o'er.

We are seeking, all seeking
To be blest;

And for this we struggle on
Till the pulse of life is gone,
Still oppress.

We are endless, all endless
As our God;

And our hopes eternal are,
Like the spirits which we bear,
Or are vain.

TALES.

THE STRATAGEM.

"For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen, of brave Lochinvar."

"My dear father, you cannot, you surely will not sacrifice me to this man, whom I can never love—who is unworthy of my love! Oh! ere it be too late, let my entreaties move you from this unhappy purpose."

This was the anxious prayer of a daughter to her father, on the morning which was destined to see her finally contracted to a man whom she disliked and despised. But she spoke to obstinate ears. General Velthein had been accustomed for many years to receive unlimited obedience from those placed under his command in the Austrian military service, and, though not a harsh parent, could not bear to have his wishes thwarted, even by an only daughter.

"Do not provoke me, Aurelia," said he; "ought

I not to be the best judge of what is for your real interest and happiness? And can I have any other object at heart in this match? Besides, I will not take your opinion of Baron Mantheim as the correct one. He was a soldier, and circumstances permitted him to see little actual service, I am sure he is brave, and merits none of the foolish reflections which you are prejudiced enough to throw out against him. He is wealthy, too, and can place you in a situation befitting your birth and family. Finally, Aurelia, my word has been passed to him, and so there need be no more said on the subject."

The young lady was silent for a moment, and the general rose to leave the room. "Oh, dear father," said Aurelia, anxiously, as she started to his side, and laid her hand on his shoulder, "if I can expose this man's real character to you—if I can prove to you his utter want of spirit, his absolute poltroonery, will you not spare me this detestable union?"

"Ay, girl, if—if indeed you could do this," returned the General, "matters would certainly be somewhat changed. A coward were no fit husband of a daughter of mine. But you speak of things absurd—impossible; so, no more of this. Prepare yourself; Mantheim will soon be here. And fear not, my love," continued the General more affectionately, "but you will be happy. I have no wish but to see you so; and I act as I do, because I believe that that object can only be brought about by crossing your own selfish desires at this moment." Kissing her brow with parental fondness, the General then left his daughter's apartment.

For a short time afterwards, Aurelia sat absorbed in thought, her fair countenance indicating many anxious emotions. At length she rose from her seat, with the air of one who has formed some decisive resolution, and rang for her waiting-maid. The latter came at the summons. As she entered the room, Aurelia started somewhat hastily and discomposedly, and turned the key of a little closet door in her apartment. She then assumed a calm manner, seemingly regretting the hurried action into which she had been led.

"Get me the necklace which I wore yesterday, Bertha," said she to the girl.

"It is in your dressing closet, madam," answered Bertha, and she advanced with great alacrity to the door of the closet, by which her mistress had aroused her curiosity in locking so hastily. But Aurelia interposed herself between the girl and the closet, with sufficient quickness to prevent the other from entering.

"You need not trouble yourself to seek it,

Bertha," cried she; "I will get it myself. Go you down stairs, and learn when Baron Mantheim arrives. Inform him that I desire to speak with him immediately, and bring him hither. Go, and remember this."

Bertha could not avoid obeying the command thus given her, but she could as little refrain from betraying by her glances, that the conduct of her mistress had awakened in her both curiosity and suspicion. To say the truth, the girl and her lady were not upon those terms on which young heroines and their personal attendants are usually found, at least in stories and romances. Bertha had been induced, by pretty liberal douceurs, to take the side of the father, and of the lover favored by him, in the matrimonial matters under agitation in the old General's family, and, as a natural consequence had lost the confidence of the opposite party, her own mistress.

When left by Bertha, Aurelia did not long remain alone, for the waiting-maid soon returned, bringing with her the suitor countenanced by the General. As regarded mere looks, the Baron Mantheim could not have been much complained of or objected to, by Aurelia. He was young, and at least, tolerably well favored. In attire and appearance, moreover, he was very bold and martial, his moustache was of even more than national prominence. After he had seated himself, and requested to know what peculiar commands the lady had, at that moment, to honor him with, Aurelia addressed him somewhat thus abruptly.

"You are aware, sir, that your addresses have always been distasteful to me, and that I have endured them only in obedience to my father's commands. They are now more displeasing to me than ever."

The suitor seemed but little discomposed by this salutation, which, indeed, communicated nothing new to him.

"Let me hope, madam," said he in reply, "that time, and my anxious attentions, will remove this unfavorable feeling."

"Time can do much, sir," returned the lady, "but time can make no alteration in my sentiments towards you. I assure you of this, and hope that the assurance will make you forbear, even yet, from pressing your suit on one who can neither be happy with you nor make you happy."

"Pardon me, lady," replied the gentleman, assuming the appearance of great devotion, "it does rest with you, and you alone, to make me happy; and you will excuse me if I cannot consent to forego the prospects which your father's kindness and his promise hold out to me."

Aurelia looked down, and, after a pause, answered, with a slight, apparent degree of confusion; "Then, sir, I must beg to inform you—since you show so little generosity or forbearance—that there must be others who consider themselves entitled to a voice in this matter."

"Others!" cried the lover, startled into perceptible loss of color; "what others can there be entitled to interfere in the matter? Come, madam, you jest."

"I do not jest," answered Aurelia, with a tone of gravity which made an obvious impression on the baron, in spite of his attempts to assume a look of ease; "I do not jest, sir. There are other parties—there is one other party, at all events—who may feel called upon to question the right of your perseverance in this suit against my fixed inclination."

"Madam, what other party can this be?" exclaimed the baron; "you must allude to a lover; and who can he be? What will your father say to this, madam?—But pshaw! there is no such person," continued the doughty suitor, resuming, in part, his confidence, "there is no such person. You but jest, madam."

"I do not," said Aurelia, quietly, but firmly; "there is such a person, and at this moment he is not far distant from us."

"Not far distant!" cried the alarmed baron, "what do you mean, lady?"

"I say that the person to whom I allude is not far distant," repeated the young lady, "and that before you quit this room an explanation must take place between you."

The General's daughter then rose, and advanced to the closet previously mentioned. She turned the key in the door, and opening it slightly, exclaimed, "Albert! Albert Imhoff!"

"Stop! stop! madam, for heaven's sake!" cried the baron, of whose qualities the lady had expressed no incorrect opinion to her father; "stop, madam! I am not deaf to reason. If you are really attached to another, I should be sorry to persist. What would you have me do?"

"Resign my hand freely and voluntarily," answered the lady; "here are writing materials. Write me such a resignation briefly and quietly."

"What! resign your hand of my own accord," cried the baron; "oh! madam, what will your father say to me?"

"Albert! Albert!" exclaimed Aurelia, reopening the closet door, and again speaking into the interior.

"Stop, madam, for mercy's sake!" again cried the baron; "close the door, pray, I have but my sword; he might shoot me dead before I could move from the spot. I will write the resignation."

"Do so without delay, then," answered the lady.

The baron answered hurriedly, "Yes, yes, without delay."

Accordingly, the alarmed suitor took his seat at the table, and began to write in terms, which the lady at his own request dictated to him. The resignation which she demanded was so full and unequivocal, that the baron's repugnance twice got the better of his fears, and induced him to lay down his pen. But the magical whisper of "Albert! Albert!" brought him instantly to his senses, and he was glad to complete the

paper, and place it in the lady's hands. It may be guessed that it was with no very dignified look or step, that, at the close of the operation, he quitted the apartment of the General's daughter.

Left alone, Aurelia did not enter the important closet, but sat down on a sofa, waiting quietly for the results of what had passed. She was not mistaken in her calculation that Mantheim would fly without delay to the General, and relate in his own way all that had happened.

Within a quarter of an hour after the baron had quitted her, Aurelia was visited by her father, and at a short distance behind him came the baron. Both were fully armed. The General was in a state of fearful excitement and rage. "Girl!" cried he, "shameless, wretched girl! it would be charity to thee to take thy life on the spot; but let me first punish your betrayer; where is he?"

"Father," answered Aurelia, quietly, "for whom do you ask?"

"For your minion, miserable girl!" answered the General. "Show me instantly where he is!"

"There is no one here, father, to my knowledge," said Aurelia, "search, and you will find it so."

"What! think you this trick will serve you? Was not your base accomplice shut up here, to extort a resignation of your hand from the baron?" answered the enraged father; "and was not a pistol held to his head till your object was attained?"

"The young lady knows too well that such was the case, and that her accomplice is shut up at this moment in that closet," exclaimed the baron.

"Indeed!" said Aurelia, with a look of ineffable scorn, "has such been your pitiful tale? Father, look here! If there has been any one but myself in this closet to-day, banish me from your house and love forever!"

Aurelia then led the way into the closet. Neither there, nor about the apartments, did the General see any one.

"He has escaped!" cried the baron.

"No! he has not escaped," said Aurelia, disdainfully; "Father, ask baron Mantheim the name of this accomplice—this holder of pistols to men's heads!"

"His name is Albert—Albert Imhoff," answered the baron without questioning.

"Albert Imhoff!" exclaimed the General, "impossible! He died some months ago on the field of battle; he was my aid-de-camp."

"Yes, father, it was impossible that he should be here," said Aurelia, "but his name was enough. The very name of a brave man was enough to extort from Baron Mantheim's fears a resignation of my hand!"

"But Bertha, daughter!"

"Pardon me, dear father," continued Aurelia, "if I used artifice to gain my purpose, and to show you how unworthy of the hand of a brave man's child was he to whom you were about to bestow it. No one was ever in my chamber. This resignation was extorted, not by pistols, but by the mere whisper of a name."

"Why, baron,"—said the amazed General, turning round.

But the baron had slipped quietly away, nor did he ever re-appear to claim the annulment of the "resignation."

General Veltheim was taught by the preceding circumstances, that it would be much safer to allow Aurelia to choose her own partner for life. She soon found one who never gave her father cause to repent of his having indulged her with her own choice in the matter.

HINT TO THE LADIES.—Why do many fashionable ladies "stand awry?" Why have we so many crooked spines? It comes from wearing stays. The muscles that support the spine are strong and powerful; and the more they are exercised by the frolicking and free motions of growing youth, the stronger they become. When Miss is bound in stays, these muscles, like those of a bandaged leg, are diminished in size and strength, and she certainly has a slimmer body; but no mechanical contrivance of support is equal to God's handy-work; stays are not equal to muscles. Miss's head, though in one sense perhaps light enough, is now too heavy for her vertebral column to bear, and she bends under it. Or, if she will add accomplishments to a slim waist, leaning over the harp or the portfolio, she speedily gives the spine, now composed merely of bones slightly bound together, a hitch to one side. There is not one boy to a thousand with crooked spine. Nor is it likely to be so, for other reasons besides exercise of muscles. With man, whose lot it is to labor, the broad articulating surfaces of the different bones are kept in their proper places by strong ligaments, and the powerful tendons of muscles. In the girl, again—in the female intended by nature for the most free and beautiful motions—for the agile, flexible, and more lovely bendings and writhings, the articulating surfaces are small, the ligaments lax and supple, but the comparative weakness of joints is compensated for the fineness of poise given by muscles governed by the most acute and delicate nervous sensibility. Destroy these muscles, (or injure that fine sensibility,) which had another use besides giving mere roundness and beauty of mould, and the woman becomes, in reality, an ill-jointed machine; she shakes and falls to this side and that, according to the laws of gravity. Much was said lately about the distortions caused in the different manufactories, by men who only know about the matter from their own closets. I have seldom seen distortions in the mill people, and these, almost invariably belonged to the individual before going to the work; whereas it is now a matter of notoriety, that there is scarcely a young girl in a fashionable boarding school whose spine is not morbidly crooked. All the girls in the mills are engaged, more or less, in muscular exercises, and most of them are obliged to work with their clothes free and loose upon them, so as not to impede their exertions. Many of them possess a finer carriage than a young lady who has squandered much of her money, as well as her health, on the posture master. It is no distortion of the person that is to be dreaded in the mills; it is exhausting labor, and a vitiated atmosphere. Yet I hold a young lady in a boarding-school, as many of these institutions are at present conducted, as in a worse condition than the factory girl; for continued mental irritation (miscalled application,) close confinement, tight stays, slops and hashes, are more injurious than even ten hours' labor.—*Dr. Kilgour.*

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MANIAC LOVER.*

'Tis well! we ne'er may meet again, for then
Thine eye would a bright flame enkindle, which
Now slumbers, and but waits to be aroused
At the first breath of thought.

Could I e'er look
Upon thee as thou wert—beautiful, though
False—proud, yet guilty? No! 'twould flame my heart
Afresh with dark revenge; for thou didst once
Look love to me! Could I e'er listen
To the songs thy lips were wont to breathe? Nay,
'Twould plant the thorn still deeper in my breast,
Knowing that thou wast false; aye, false—ha! ha!
That word falls on my ear like thunderbolts,
From Mount Vesuvius hurled.

Say, say it not—
I am not mad. Yet I do feel 'twere not
Myself as erst. Ah! now I feel I'm mad!
And thou hast done it, thou false, smiling one!
An imp of darkness, in bright beauty dressed.
I see thy dark eyes, turned with haughty smile,
E'en now on him thou mad'st a maniac;
And were this soul of marble, it would still
Feel thy deep-cutting glances as they came.
Him thou mad'st a maniac! did I say?
Would I were one; then I would sing to thee
A song of love, of murder.

Aye, shouldst thou
Ever wed, I'll dip my dagger in the
Heart of him thou lovest; yes, tear him limb
From limb, with maddened fierceness—aye, his bones
Should blanch beneath the desert sun, and who
Could blame? for I was mad—delirious deed!
And thou didst, Mary, cause it all. Then I
Would laugh at thee; nor would I clasp thee to
This breast. Sooner should the dark viper crawl
Among these veins; for thou art false—enough.
Ha! ha! laugh on. Soon he thou hast deceived
Shall rot and feed the worms; then thou, false one,
Wilt laugh no more.

I'll haunt thee with my ghost;
And look upon thee until thou shalt quail
Beneath my maniac gaze. I'll kneel to
Thee, as oft before, and earnestly implore,
Till thy dark blood shall curdle in its veins; and when
I've haunted thee to death, I'll sing
Upon thy grave, and dance thy pealing dirge.
Ha! ha! and I will sing to thee
The maniac's gleeful song;
And call thee false, till echoes catch,
And roll it loud and long.

CORNELIUS.

Cabotville, July, 1843.

* The subject of these lines is now a wandering maniac, formerly a prominent member of ——— College.

[ORIGINAL.]

A SKETCH.

I saw them in the morning of life—in the bright, fresh days of childhood; and I gazed upon the radiant countenance, the pure, unsullied brow, and undimmed eye, till thoughts of my own early years came rushing upon me. My heart grew sad and heavy, as I thought of the stern, sad changes, the world had wrought in me since that happy, sinless time. Beautiful was the contrast between those fair, bright ones; the girl so slight, pale and delicate, so timid and shrinking in manner, with her low silvery laugh, and soft, sweet voice, falling like music upon the ear; and an eye full of the light of love and tenderness; telling truly and well, the wealth of strong affections, the rich stores of thought and feeling, slumbering within her heart. And then that bold, brave boy by her side, with his proud sense of self-reliance, his noble spirit, his bright, fearless glance, and clear, ringing voice—how my heart yearned over them, as I thought of the

thorns, sharp and rankling, that ere long would spring up in their pathway. They had been playmates since their remembrance, and loved each other with the warm, pure, unselfish love of childhood. It was strange, yet pleasant to mark the influence she possessed over his wild, fiery spirit; his very nature seemed subdued in her presence; his voice, when by her side, took a softer, sweeter tone, and his bold, restless glance, as it sought hers, was mild and gentle, even as her own.

A few years more, and Frank Irvin, within college walls was toiling, and not vainly, after distinction, bending all the energies of a strong mind to the accumulation of science, and cheered onward, by the lofty aspirations of a proud, ambitious spirit. Yet love for the gentle playmate of his childhood still burnt as warmly within his heart as in other days; and pleasant it was to see the kindling cheeks and glowing eyes of that beautiful maiden, as he poured forth into her ear his wild dreams of future fame, and the renown that one day should gather around his name. But there was a cloud in the bright sky of that youth, which, if not dispelled, threatened to envelop his life with gloom and darkness. Gay, witty, and possessing great vivacity of of spirits, he had become the centre of a circle, whose magic he could scarcely resist, and that circle, deprived of his presence, the song, the jest, the mirth and wit that fell so merrily from his lips, felt that the gay revel "had lost half its charm." The love of the exciting wine-cup was fast gaining upon him, yet had it been whispered in his ear, to beware of the drunkard's doom, he, Frank Irvin, the proud, the gifted and the strong minded, would have laughed the idea to scorn. * * * * *

I saw him again, when a portion at least of his young dreams was fulfilled; for fame and distinction, aye, and well merited too, was his. He was standing by the altar in God's holy temple, and beside him stood the fair being he had loved so long and truly, with the same meek, gentle eye, the same low voice and soft, sweet smile that had entranced his heart in childhood. There was joy and happiness in every lineament of his noble countenance; and his deep, dark eyes wore a proud triumphant expression, as with her small white hand, trembling in his, they vowed together, in God's presence, while life should endure to love and cherish one another.

Years passed away, and again I saw them, but they were not together. She was sitting alone, in the parlor of her splendid mansion, surrounded by articles of luxury, such as wealth only can procure, but wretched and heart weary even amid her splendor. Alone, at the quiet midnight hour,—while he in the midst of a circle of gambling, boon companions, was draining mid laugh and jest, deep draughts of wine, without one thought of the solitary one who sat waiting impatiently for his presence to dispel the doubts and fears, that, as the hours wore on, gathered heavily around her heart. I say doubts and fears, for till now he had never stayed so late; and though vague hints of the truth had been given by those who pitied the unconscious wife, yet till now she had refused to harbor aught of distrust, within her breast. True, at times, and latterly they had increased in frequency, she had remarked a hot flush on his face, a wildness in his eye, and a strange excitement of manner;

yet, with the confidence of true love, she had rejected every suspicion as wholly unworthy and unjust. She approached her children's couch. They slept the quiet sleep of childhood, and bending over them, her tears fell warm and fast upon each blooming cheek. A hasty, irregular step—and starting up wildly, she stood in the middle of the apartment, stiff and rigid as marble, with her hands clasped nervously upon her breast. A moment's delay, the door opened, and her husband, with inebriation written on every feature, and visible in every motion, stood before her. One long wild glance, as if to comprehend all, and pressing her hand tightly to her breast, with a low cry of agony, she fell to the floor.

Again, years passed away, and then I saw them for the last time. That fair, young girl, who had wedded with such glowing hopes and brilliant prospects, was now an inmate of a poor hovel, through the crevices of which moaned sadly the wild winter wind. Alas! for the poor drunkard's wife. Sorrow and suffering, pain and privation had done their work, and none would have recognized in that fragile form, and faded lip, that sunken cheek, and dimmed eye, the bright glad creature, who, years before, set out on the pathway of life with such glorious dreams of joy and happiness. Gambling and inebriation had driven them long since, from their once happy home. She had clung to her infatuated husband, through every successive step of decay and degradation, till a poor outcast, she had sought shelter with her children in that decayed abode, that scarce shielded them from the howling winds of heaven.

There were times when the poor drunkard writhed under the weight of the deadly serpent that had crushed him; when he strove to free himself from the coils he had wound so tightly round him, and with tears, such as are only wrung from a hard man's heart, he resolved to abstain from the destroying draught. But the sad eyes and changed faces of his wife and children were a continual reproach; the ruin he had so recklessly wrought, the memory of the past, and the cold contempt of the world maddened him; and to escape the keen biting remorse gnawing at his heart strings, he fled for forgetfulness to the fatal bowl. Every lofty aspiration, every noble impulse, every just principle, and generous thought had long since departed from his breast, and he stands before the world a foul bloated wretch, divested of nearly every image of his maker—a thing for the wild, thoughtless boys to hoot at in the street—an object of loathing and abhorrence.

Is there a fair young maiden bending with soft eyes over this paper, who has given her young affections to one who loves the glow of the red wine-cup and its exciting contents? I say to thee, young girl, beware. Shun him as thou wouldst a deadly serpent; heed not his entreaties, if thou wouldst avert the threatened danger of taking him under thy holy charge and keeping. Heed him not, I say, it is the rock on which thousands, fair as thou, have wrecked their earthly happiness. Tear him from thy thoughts: better to live on through life with a pining heart, or that it break at once, and be laid in the quiet grave, than to bear through long, lonely, dreary years, the hopeless, bitter lot of the drunkard's wife.

E. A. A.

OLIVE LEAF.

CABOTVILLE, JULY 24, 1843.

Our readers will at once perceive that we have this week changed the appearance of the Olive Leaf very much. We at the commencement promised improvement in its appearance, but did not think to make so much in one volume. However, as we have had occasion to, we feel that our subscribers will not regret it, inasmuch as we now promise them as good a paper as New England affords.

Our matter this week is nearly all original, and is in a measure the sample of what we shall furnish our readers hereafter. We have commenced, as will be perceived, a series of Sketches of Authors, which we shall furnish regularly. They will embody as little language as possible, at the same time, being comprehensive and calculated to aid our readers in acquiring a knowledge of biography, which otherwise would cost them a great amount of research and money. We hope they will feel interested in them, and treasure up that portion of knowledge which is now in their power to obtain.

If there is any other way in which we can benefit our subscribers, it shall be alike adopted. Knowledge is what we should seek after, and in no way can it be better obtained than by scattering it in parcels before the people—not in such quantities as to glut the mind, but in portions which it can digest and retain. A little read and remembered is worth more than much forgotten.

We have one or two communications which we promised in a former number to publish, but on a second perusal, we find that some alterations would be necessary, which we fear would not be agreeable to the authors, and therefore we have hesitated in so doing. We are quite sure if they would try again, a better result would be the consequence. We say, don't be discouraged—try again.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'Fossil Remains in the West' is received, and will appear in our next. The author is requested to forward the remainder as early as possible.

Our correspondents will receive our thanks for their many favors. We are obliged to defer many contributions this week for want of room. All shall be treated fairly.

'L. F. C. L.' is informed that we should be glad to hear from that quarter. Pse if you please.

Favors from M. R. are received.

[ORIGINAL.]

AMBITION.

Too high thy flight, and it will downward tend,
When life's weak wing has spent its utmost strength.

The youth that starts in life, determined to surpass his fellows, and climb the hill of fame at all events, is in great danger of never reaching its summit. Ambition has slain its thousands where one escaped, who in a great measure possessed its undying flame. The toils subject to the attainment of honor will prove the destruction of the human system in almost every instance, provided there is not a large amount of discretion exercised in governing and controlling that mightiest of all passions.

It is true a portion of ambition is commendable, and should be possessed by every human being; but that amount which prompts man to do what is of no benefit to himself or his neighbors, is certainly to be feared.

A thousand instances might be cited, where it is evident that this great ruling propensity has hollowed an early and premature grave.

Among them, let me here mention one, the only brother I ever possessed, and whose death crushed the hopes and spirit of a widowed mother, and left a sister without one to whom she could look for assistance or protection.

He had early imbibed a taste for learning, and at the age of 15 entered the college at H., where he laid the foundation of the disease which tore him from our arms, and caused our hearts to bleed with anguish.

We were not wealthy, and it required some sacrifice on his part to sustain himself, with what we could do at home. At the close of the first term he returned; but a visible change had taken place in so short a time. His cheek had lost its freshness, and his brow wore a shade of anxiety, while from his own words it was plain that his efforts to keep in advance of classmates, had cost him whole nights of study and severe discipline. A mother's voice was not silent when she beheld the danger to which he had exposed himself; and each endeavored, with all the entreaties we could use, to persuade him to relinquish his determination of being superior to his companions, assuring him that such a course would lay him in the tomb, and leave us comfortless.

He went again, but not till he had promised that he would be more prudent, and return at the middle of the term. Weeks rolled away, and we had received no tidings from him. At length we obtained a letter from one of his classmates, whose parents resided in town with us, stating that Charles was in very ill health, and refused to leave the college, although advised to do so by his teachers. He also stated that his illness was brought on by excessive study and severe application.

Immediately after having received the letter above mentioned, I sat down and wrote to him, beseeching him to return home, reminding him of his promise, and with all the tenderness of a sister, solicited his attention.

He came—but oh, how changed! The lustre of his eye had fled, and his husky voice told us plainly, all hope of his recovery was vain. His strength shortly began to fail, and in two weeks he was confined to his bed, from which he never arose.

Three months rolled away, and the sods lay heavily and cold above him, while a mother and sister were left comfortless, to mourn the early exit of their only hope, laid low by AMBITION.

AN OPERATIVE.

Chester, July, 1843.

THE MOON.—How true an emblem of life and happiness! slow in its increase and slow in its wane, our raptures brief as the period of her splendor, and sorrow fleeting as her hours of total darkness; and the course of both with all their mutability, constant in their changes, as she is in hers.

[ORIGINAL.]

FRIENDS.

Who would wish to live without friends? Yet how few do we possess who are, and can be called truly such! In the day of our prosperity we may be surrounded by a large circle of those who, to all human appearance, would stand with us in every situation of life, and administer to our every want. But let the clouds of misfortune gather around, and adversity beat upon our heads, washing from us all which we ever possessed, and how small the number that will remain at our side, to help and cheer the sinking spirit, and wipe away the tear of misfortune.

A true friend is worth more than all the world; for of what real benefit would be the latter, when deprived of the former? Who would consent to live deserted by every human being, and without a heart to sympathize, or one soul to lean upon in the hour of affliction? Yet many there are who plod the earth, possessing no one being that would discommode himself whereby to make them happy, except from a principle of humanity.

Wealth cannot make true friends—such friends as men need. They are only such by nature; art fails in the attempt. MARY.

[Original.]

LOVE YOUR COMPANIONS.

Love your companions if you would be happy. It is impossible to enjoy the society of others, when there exists wrong feelings towards them on your part. If there has been a cause of unpleasant feelings on either side, if possible, have it removed at once, and pass by all the events which have caused a disunion of feeling. You are not aware what a good influence you have, when willing to forgive, and if possible, forget the circumstances of your falling out. The great evidence of a good man is his mercy to his enemies, when in his power; and the true token of a good heart likewise is to forgive those who have in any way wronged us.

Love your companions. This is expected of you, inasmuch as they should place implicit confidence in your word, and rely on you as a true friend. How much confidence could you repose in one who you was convinced did not love you, and prize your society as that which they could not well part with? Surely, you would say, there is danger of being betrayed by one I cannot call a true friend; and how can I think him or her a true and faithful companion who does not approach in heart somewhere near the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself?"

We would say, in conclusion, love your associates, and ever endeavor to make them happy by giving them no cause to complain of treachery on your part.

[ORIGINAL.]

FLATTERY.

Every one is ready to cry out against flattery; and nearly all would be quite unwilling to acknowledge themselves, and very much mortified to have others think it possible for them to be, affected by it; yet perhaps there are but few who are insensible to its bewitching power. The intoxicating draught would not be taken were it presented bearing its own name. To make it

palatable it is usually mingled with, and bears the name of truth and sincerity; and if it be but tasted, its influence is so soothing, so gratifying, and causing one to feel so delightfully satisfied with himself, that poor human nature seldom turns a deaf ear to the enchanting voice of those who bid her drink. But the contents of Comus' fabled cup were not more baneful than is the flatterer's charmed potion. The former is said to have changed mortals to monsters in appearance, the latter thus transforms the immortal mind. The thought of graceful forms assuming shapes of horrid deformity, is indeed frightful, and one from which we well may shrink; but is it any more disagreeable than that beings who were intended to be adorned with the lovely graces of benevolence and humility, should display the disgusting selfishness, and the silly self-conceit, which are peculiar to some of the brute creation?

We have only to look about us, to be convinced that it is possible for flattery to produce this effect. Think a moment, of its pernicious effects on that youth who has been flattered into the notion that he possesses superior talents. He is so full of his own consequence, that he can scarcely speak on any subject without bringing himself forward to display his imagined superiority. He does not suspect that he is becoming an object of ridicule, universal dislike and contempt.

On that young woman it is exerting a still more fearful influence; it has caused her to become so enamored of her beautiful person, that she seems to have forgotten the immortality within. It would be well for the fair one, if some power were permitted to bind her in a spell of ugliness until the flatterer's siren song should cease; for so long as she is charmed by that, the voice of truth will be unheeded.

While we pity the poor victims, how is our indignation excited against those, who are the cause of their infatuation. But ere we pronounce our maledictions, let us pause a moment and ask ourselves if we are without blame in this matter. Do we never, that we may gain favor, encourage the faults and follies of others, by our smiles, when we should frown? Do we never, lest we should give offence, withhold our censure, when it is justly merited and called for? And do we never bestow much praise when very little is due? If we do, we are not clear from the charge of flattery. To be sure, it is much easier and more pleasant to express approbation than disapprobation; but as the friends of truth we should be willing to make some sacrifices, in order to diffuse abroad its ameliorating influences. Let us resolve in our intercourse with the world, that none shall be confirmed in ways of folly through our instrumentality. And let us ever cherish feelings of gratitude and esteem toward those who speak the truth, however much it may be against ourselves.

B. J. P.

Chicopee Falls, July, 1843.

CHARITY ITS OWN REWARD.—He that clothes the poor, clothes his own soul. He that sweetens the cup of affliction, sweetens his own heart. He that feeds the hungry, spreads out a banquet for himself, more sweet and refreshing than luxury can bestow.

[ORIGINAL.]

The Criminal's Last Night.

Oh! injured Conscience! why com'st thou again
To haunt my spirit at this midnight hour?
Why break the slumber of forgetfulness?
Thy presence foul, brings horror deep, sinking
The soul, where writhing in despair, it seeks
For utter death, but vainly seeks.

Why tell
Me o'er again that which has brought me here?
Why rouse within this breast the agonies
Of hell?

Is it not enough that ere goes
Down another sun, I for the deed atone
With life, and suffer all the threatened
Penalty severe? Why then not leave me,
The moments few that to me now remain?
But oh, atone! Can life atone for death?
And such an one as this? O foolish thought!
A thousand lives would fail to satisfy
The law of Heaven.

Would that the blade which
Pierced my victim's breast, had pierced my own
—And now again comes up that awful scene!
O, Heaven! hide! but ah! in vain—it comes,
It nearer comes! my victim comes! and now
Before me stands, with lovely form, and smiling
Fondly, as she did, when to her heart I plunged
The fatal steel, or gasping lay, expiring,
At my feet!

O could I it forget! but no;
Forgetting is remembrance dire!

O Reason!
Dear to all but me—could I thee banish
From this tortured brain! but no—in vain I
Try. Thou holds't within thy throne of right and
Wrong; nor wilt thou it resign, till, past the
Verge of death, I to oblivion sink,
And sinking still in night, to rise no more.
O dark despair! wrapping again the soul
Within thy deathly shroud! I now submit,
And struggling cease, plunging forever in
The dark abyss!

But no—I hope—and what!
The hour is near, that fatal hour which seals
This life, and ends this tale of woe.

O! hope
Of death! the last sad cheering hope; the ray,
The only ray that lights this gloomy hour!
Thee I embrace; 'tis thee alone that calms
This tortured breast, and bids it hope relief.
O would that it were now! Why tarries it
So long? To me it seems an age untold.
But O Eternity! if life so short,
Seems not to pass away, or shorter grow,
When will the roll of thy eternal ages
Cease?

But hark! I hear—and what? Without the
Solemn tread; it speaks the gathering crowd;
And now the grating hinge announces near
The messengers of fate—I go.

Adieu.
Ye rugged walls, a last adieu. Ye who
Have long enclosed in darkness foul, this sad
And pining frame, I leave you now. No more
This tone of anguish shall you hear—No more
Thy secret vaults, at morn, at noon, at night's
Dread hour, shall echo with these notes of woe.
Within thee, O may silence ever reign,
Unbroken by the voice of man; and be
The witness never what thou hast again.
May these wild accents of departing life,
Amid thee ring, and ever ring, unheard,
Unceasing with the chime of death. Farewell.

Cabotville, July, 1843.

Get up early, if you would enjoy good health.
The bed after sunrise will not add freshness to
your cheek, nor strength to your body.

CURING A COLD.

Stuff a cold, and starve a fever.—Old saying.
—As much as we venerate the time honored
sayings and the wise saws of the olden times,
we must beg leave to call in question the first
clause of the above. It has no more foundation
in truth than the divine right of kings. Stuff a
cold, and starve a fever—as if a cold was not
likewise a fever!

But absurd as the first part of this saying is,
it has governed the multitude for ages. When
they feel the slightest advances of a cold, they
incontinently begin to stuff. The cold, thus fed
and encouraged, acquires a strength and de-
cision not its own, pushes on with vigor, block-
ades the nose, the throat, the lungs, and nearly
cuts off all communication with the vital air.
But the more the patient is stuffed with the
cold, the more he stuffs himself with food. One
would suppose they were stuffing on a wager—
the cold stuffs up the breathing apparatus, the
patient stuffs the alimentary canal. Only imag-
ine for a moment what a war of stuffing! But
it so happens, that the stuffing of the stomach
only increases the stuffing of the lungs, until the
stuffed patient, wheezing and barking, can just
speak in a hoarse whisper, and deems it a mat-
ter of prudence to call a physician.

The doctor comes. "How do you do, Mr.
Pheezer?"

Patient. Ugh! ugh! ugh! I don't know,
Doc—ugh! ugh! ugh!—Doctor, I've got a
terrible—ugh! ugh! ugh!—a terrible cold.

[Enter Wife.] Don't try to talk, Mr. Phee-
zer, you're so stopped up. I'll tell you how 'tis,
Doctor, Mr. Pheezer put on a damp shirt 'other
day, and took cold, and though I've done my
best to cure him, he's grown worse and worse,
till now, poor man, he can hardly speak above
his breath.

Doctor.. What have you done for him?

Mrs. Pheezer. Why, besides giving him a
sight of yarb drinks, and bathing his feet in
warm water, I made him eat as much good vict-
uals as he could any way stuff down. I han't
starved him, depend upon it, Doctor. I have
had a good dozen of turkies cooked, since he
was unwell, poor man—which is only a week
come to-morrow—besides three spare-ribs and a
goose—and as sure as I'm a living sinner, Doc-
tor, he's eat the bigger part on 'em.

Doctor. And he's alive yet!

Mrs. Pheezer. Yes—I desire to be thankful
he is; though I think he would'nt ha' lived but
a very leetle while, if I had'nt ha' done what I
have, don't you Doctor?

Doctor. No, good woman, I think if you
had starved instead of stuffing his cold, he
would have been well before now.

Mrs. Pheezer. Lord ha' massy on ye, Doc-
tor. Starve a cold! why, I never heerd of sich
a thing in all my born days.

Doctor. May be not, Mrs. Pheezer; but I
assure you it is the right way to manage a cold, if
you mean to get rid of it. For instance, let the
patient take a little tea, coffee, or a glass of wa-
ter, with half a cracker, three times a day—or a
little water grnel, if more convenient or agreea-
ble to the taste. By this management a cold
may be ordinarily be cured in two or three days,
while by the stuffing process it would probably
be prolonged as many months, unless death

should intervene and put an end to the cold and the patient together.

Mrs. Pheezer. Why, Doctor, I'm astonished at ye. I used ter think you knowed something; but now I'm convinced all your skill an't worth the snap o' my thumb. You need'nt come any more, Doctor. [*Exit Physician.*] Starve a cold! Well, of all the strange doctrine I ever heard of, this is the cap chief. Among all my sins, Lord help me, I haven't got this to answer for.

So Mrs. Pheezer pursued her stuffing regimen, her husband's cold became an inflammation of the lungs, and in a week after, Mrs. Pheezer followed him to the grave, consoling herself in the midst of her affliction, that she had not been guilty of the sin of starving his cold.

SKETCHES OF AUTHORS.

NO. 1.

JOSEPHUS, (FLAVIUS); the Jewish historian, was born thirty-seven after Christ, at Jerusalem. He was of the sect of the Pharisees, and for a while the governor of Galilee; after which he became the commander of the Jewish army, and supported with skill and great resolution, a siege of seven weeks in the fortified town of Jotapha, which was attacked by Vespasian and Titus. The town however was betrayed to the enemy; forty thousand of the inhabitants were cut to pieces, and twelve hundred taken prisoners.

Josephus finding that he could not save the inhabitants, escaped and secreted himself in a cave; but through the vigilance of his pursuers he was discovered and carried to the Roman general, who was about to send him to Nero, when, it is said, he predicted that Vespasian would one day possess the imperial dignity, and thereupon obtained both freedom and favor. After this he went with Titus to Jerusalem and advised his countrymen to submission.

After the conquest of Jerusalem, he went with Titus to Rome, where he wrote his 'History of the Jewish War' of which he had been an eye-witness, in seven books, both in the Hebrew and Greek languages. His 'Jewish Antiquities' in twenty books, is also an excellent work. It contains the history of the Jews, from the earliest times till near the end of the reign of Nero. His two books on the 'Antiquities of the Jewish People' contain valuable extracts from old historians, and are written against Appion, an Alexandrian grammarian, and a declared enemy of the Jews.

The time of Josephus' death is somewhat uncertain, but it is supposed he lived to quite an advanced age.

EVELINA.

The following beautiful Sonnet, translated from the Irish, is said to have been written some in the twelfth century.

"It was on the white hawthorn, on the brow of the valley, I saw the rising of day first break; the young, the soft, the gay, delightful morn; it kissed the crimson of the rose, mixed with smiles, and laughed the season on us.

Rise, my Evelina; soul that informs my heart; do thou rise, too, more lovely than the morn in

her blushes, more modest than the rifled rose, weeping in the dews, pride of the western shores!

The sky's blue face, when cleared by dancing sun-beams, looks not sterner than thy countenance, the richness of the wild honey is on thy lips, and thy breath exhales the sweet apple blossom: black are thy locks, Evelina, and polished as the raven's smooth pinions; the swan's silver plumage is not fairer than thy neck—and the witch of love heaves all her enchantments from thy bosom.

Rise, my Evelina, the sprightly beam of the sun descends to kiss thee without enmity to me, and the heath reserves its blossom to greet thee with its odors!—thy timid lover will pluck the strawberries from the awful crag, and rob the hazel of its auburn pride, the sweetness of whose kernel thou far exceedest; let my berries be as red as thy lips, and the nuts ripe, yet milky as the love-begotten fluid in the bridal bosom.

Queen of the cheerful smile! shall I not meet thee at the moss-grown cave and press to my heart thy beauties in the wood of Iniscother? How long wilt thou leave me, Evelina, mournful as the lone son of the rock: telling thy beauties to the passing gale, and pouring out my complaints to the gray stone of the valley.

Ah! dost thou not hear my song, Oh virgin? thou shouldst be the tender daughter of a meek-eyed mother.

Whenever thou comest, Evelina, thou approachest like summer to the children of frost; and welcome with rapture are thy steps to my view, as the harbinger of light to the eve of darkness.

[For the Olive Leaf.]

FRIENDSHIP.

A fair exotic I have known,
Of lovely form, and fragrance rare;
Fairer than rainbow hues it shone,
Brighter than gems which monarchs wear.

Though planted in a "vale of tears,"
Where grief oft rends the bleeding heart,
It calms to peace distracting fears,
Hope, joy, and life its fruits impart.

This plant will thrive luxuriantly,
Where love sincere, and truth are found;
But, doomed to cold formality,
Its leaves are withering, scattered round.

With sordid selfishness it dies;
With ostentation cannot dwell;
From pride and envy swiftly flies,
To seek some peaceful, happy dell.

O let me claim this plant as mine,
Cherished within my bosom be;
Its tendrils round my heart should twine,
Reared by meek simplicity.

Its name is *Friendship*, hallowed name,
Transplanted from a heavenly bower;
To bless our world with peace it came,
And here display its magic power.

In heaven it shines with holy light,
With perfect peace and purity;
No sorrow there, or sin to blight,
It blossoms fair, eternally.

B. J. P.

Donations for the Fall River sufferers in the town of Springfield, amount to \$620,22, besides various packages of clothing.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

Blanchard contrived to get to Paris, with his *vaisseau volant*, and made as much clamor as he could about his right to the invention. The thing was new in those days, and surrounded with a mystery similar to that which enveloped the philosopher's stone and the *elixir vitae*. All the world, therefore, listened to him; and when he appointed a day in the month of November, 1783, for the first ascent, all the world ran eagerly to gaze on the spectacle. Every thing was ready; the public expectation was at its height, when, suddenly, a youth of fourteen or fifteen years of age, a pupil of the military school, rushed through the crowd, and leaped into the car. The haste of the intruder was fatal to the experiment; for he broke one of the wings by means of which the balloon was to have been navigated, and the exhibition was at end. The name of this young enthusiast was Napoleon Bonaparte. His subsequent attempts to soar were more successful; but his fate was very different to that of the aeronaut. Blanchard ascended seventy times, and died victorious—"the idol," as an awkward fool of a poet has said, "and Archimedes of the French." Napoleon took one flight too many, and fell—to rise no more! Blanchard repaired his *vaisseau volant*, and, in 3 months ascended from Champ de Mars, in the midst of an immense concourse of spectators. Soon after, he crossed the channel in his balloon, and arrived in England. He then re-crossed it, and returned safely to France. This was the merit of his fortune, and of the winds, for he never could find out how to direct his aerial vessel. Nevertheless, he was a brave and illustrious man; riches and honors were showered upon him wherever he went; and when, at last, the poor cotton-twister—the despised rat-trapper—the famished GENIUS—(for this is the climax for ridicule and contempt!)—returned to his native place, the bells were rung, and he was led in triumphant procession through the streets. Great God, what a moment was that! What insignificant creatures must the princes of the earth have appeared that day in the eyes of Blanchard!—*Wanderings by the Seine.*

DIED.

In this village, 13th inst., Sarah Jane, daughter of Aaron Kelsey, aged 4 years.

In this village, 20th inst., Mrs. Lucy A. Moore, wife of Mr. Francis Moore, aged 27.

In this village, 22d inst., Mrs. Olive M. Scammon, wife of Mr. Samuel F. Scammon, aged 32.

Mary Jane, daughter of Josiah and Lucia A. Smith, aged 14 months.

In this village, 22d inst., Annette M. only daughter of Horace Waterman, aged 1 year.

It is but a few weeks since, that Mr. W. followed to the grave a beloved wife and companion, who left behind this budding plant to cheer his disconsolate hours, but which, it seems, has flown away to the embrace of its mother. Even such is life.

Virtue is no enemy to pleasure, grandeur, or glory; her office is to regulate our desires, that we may enjoy every blessing with moderation, and lose them without discontent.

CONUNDRUM.—Why is a broken article like a deaf and dumb man who is affected by excessive joy?

[ORIGINAL.]

THE LOVED ONE'S GRAVE.

There's darkness on the wave,
While low the winds are sighing,
Above a watery grave,
Where one beloved, is lying.
He sleeps amid the deep,
The billows o'er him rolling,
While stars their vigils keep,
In the blue azure strolling.

No funeral knell was struck,
To tell afar his dying;
No marble marks the spot
Where he I loved is lying;
No tear was o'er him shed,
No form of loved one bending;
But far away is heard,
His ocean dirge ascending.

'T was mine his love to share,
In youth, pure and unceasing,
Then like the balmy air,
Were hopes and joys increasing;
But they have fled—in vain
The bliss of earth is given;
The joys I feel again,
Will be the joys of heaven.

LARA.

[Original.]

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

He has here no abiding place, no continuing city—a pilgrim, sojourning in a strange land, beset on every hand with sin; tempted and tossed on the rough sea of life, and feeling at times that his little bark is about to sink beneath the waves. But often do his eyes light on the promise—"Lo, I am with you alway," and he is encouraged and struggle until at length the storm abates and he glides smoothly on, his soul filled with unspeakable joy, and as calm as a summer evening. And as he looks, by an eye of faith, to that bright mansion which a Saviour has gone to prepare, he exclaims in the language of the poet,—

"I would not live alway, I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way."

Who would not be a Christian? He has a hundred fold in this world, and in that to come, eternal life. O! blissful thought! These bodies may be consigned to the narrow grave for a short season, but on that auspicious morn when the great archangel's trump shall awake the sleeping millions from their dusty beds, then those that have done good shall come forth to everlasting life, and shine as the stars forever and ever. When sun and moon shall have ceased their shining, when the elements shall have melted with fervent heat, the earth also and the works of man consumed, the good man shall rest in the bosom of his Redeemer, and enjoy the society of angels and glorified spirits forever.

O. E.

Cabotville, July, 1843.

YOU'VE BEEN CAPTAIN LONG ENOUGH.

Walking up the street the other day, I met a little republican corps, which amused me greatly. The band consisted of four urchins, from six to ten years old, accoutred in boyish style, with pasteboard caps and tin swords. The troop was merely large enough to furnish captain, lieutenant, ensign and trumpeter; a pretty fair epitome of some of our military establishments—all officers

and no men. Being Americans, and all in office, I very naturally supposed they were satisfied and happy; but my eyes had not followed the young soldiers far, when I perceived their lieutenant, a sturdy chap, make a dead halt.—'What's the matter, Bill!' called out the captain. 'I tell you what, Ned, you've been captain long enough, I'm going to be captain now!'

Some altercation followed, and the refractory lieutenant only vociferated the louder, 'You've been captain long enough, it's my turn now!' A compromise was at length effected, and the ambitious young officer agreed to budge on a few yards further, with the promise of being made captain at the end of the street.

I laughed as the little pageant moved out of sight. 'This,' said I, 'is an abridgment of human society—this is the genuine spirit of man. That little troop is frequently brought to my mind. When I hear politicians blustering about reform, and keeping up a perpetual noise about evils, which every body hears of, and nobody feels, I say to myself—'Ha! your troop would be all officers, and even then, the meanest little scapegrace among you would soon rebel from his duty, and call out—'I tell you what Ned, it's my turn to be captain now!'

When I see a lover all devotion, and a husband all indulgence, I wonder how long it will be before he says—'I tell you what Ned, it's my turn to be captain now!'

When I hear a blooming young girl ask the question—'Don't you think Miss Such-a-one begins to fade?' says I to myself, 'Your ambitious little heart begins to think, 'I won't be a lieutenant any longer.'

And when I hear a belle rejoice in her rival's marriage, I wonder whether she does not think, 'I'll be captain now!'

I might mention a hundred things that bring the discontented lieutenant to my mind, but I forbear, lest my readers should exclaim, 'I tell you what, you've been captain long enough!'

ANON.

THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

Selected

BY MISS L. HERMON.

"Please, my lady, buy a nosegay or bestow a trifle," was the address of a pale, emaciated looking woman, holding a few withered flowers in her hand, to a lady who sat on the beach at Brighton, watching the blue waves of the receding tide.

"I have no half-pence, my good woman," looking up from the novel she was perusing with a listless gaze; "if I had I would give them to you."

"I am a poor widow with three helpless children dependent upon me; would you bestow a small trifle to help us on our way?"

"I have told you I have no half-pence," reiterated the lady somewhat pettishly.—"Really," she added, as the poor applicant turned meekly away, "this is worse than the streets of London; they should have a police on the shore to prevent such annoyance," were the thoughtless dictates of the HEAD.

"Mamma," said a blue-eyed boy who was lying on the beach at the lady's feet, flinging pebbles into the sea, "I wish you had a penny, for the poor woman *does* look hungry, and you

know you are going to have a nice dinner, and you have promised me a glass of wine."

The HEART of the lady answered the appeal of the child; and with a blush of shame crimsoning her cheek at the tacit reproof his artless words conveyed, she opened her reticule, placed half a crown in his tiny hands, and in another moment the boy was bounding along the sands on his errand of mercy. In a few seconds he returned, his eyes sparkling with delight, and his countenance glowing with health and beauty. "Oh! mamma, the poor woman was so thankful; she wanted to turn back, but I would not let her; and she said, 'God bless the noble lady, and you too, my pretty lamb; my children will now have bread these two days, and we shall go on our way rejoicing.'" The eyes of the lady glistened as she heard the recital of her child, and her HEART told her that its dictates bestowed a pleasure the cold reasoning of the HEAD could never bestow.

LITERARY STATISTICS.

In the library of Mr. Rogers the poet, at his house in St. James' Place, London, is the original agreement between Milton, and his publisher, Samuel Symons, in 1666, for the copy of "Paradise Lost." It is written on one page of foolscap, signed by the contracting parties, and witnessed by John Fisher and Benjamin Green, servants to Mr. Milton.

The autograph of the great poet, notwithstanding his blindness, is remarkably regular and distinct. This interesting relic, we need hardly say, is carefully preserved by its distinguished owner. It is framed and glazed, and occupies a prominent place on the walls of the classical and hospitable mansion of the poet of memory. Mr. Rogers, we believe, gave seventy guineas for this relic! For the poem itself Milton received ten pounds, five being paid in advance and five at the end of two years, when thirteen hundred copies had been sold.

For each edition not exceeding fifteen hundred copies, five pounds were to be paid, but in seven years the poet died, and the widow disposed of all her right, title and interest in the work, for an additional sum of seven pounds.—Thus the whole copy-right of "Paradise Lost" brought to the author and his family seventeen pounds, and the bit of paper upon which the agreement was written was sold and eagerly purchased for seventy guineas.

Milton was more than fifty years of age, blind, infirm, and solitary, when he began the composition of his great epic. At a similar advanced period of life, Sir Walter Scott, struck with misfortune, entered into an engagement to liquidate, by his literary exertions, a debt of one hundred and twenty-eight thousand pounds. Milton rested his long cherished hopes of lasting fame upon the work thus begun; Scott staked his character and reputation upon the fulfilment of his last engagement. Both entered with characteristic ardor upon their tasks, and, amid the pressure of increasing age and infirmity, never lost sight of their anticipated reward.

In seven years, Milton completed his divine poem, and held in his hand the passport to immortality. In seven years Scott had paid all but one sixth of his enormous debt. The prize was within view, independence seemed almost in

his grasp, but he had overtasked his strength, and disease, soon to be followed by death, came like an armed man, and closed the superhuman struggle. When will the annals of literature record again two such instances of heroic determination, under such adverse circumstances, united to the highest creative genius and crowned with such marvellous results.

HIRED MOURNERS.

It is well known that the Romans hired mourners to attend their funerals, who were paid well, in proportion to the vehemence of their sorrow. In like manner, (says a late writer,) it is the custom in India to engage women for pay, to assist on such occasions, to add to the solemnity of the mourning by their tears and lamentations. These weeping hirelings when sent for, instantly assemble about the deceased, with hair dishevelled and half their bodies bare, and commence by setting up a loud shout of lamentation in unison; then weep in gentler cadence, and beat time to the measure, by thumping their bosoms with both hands. Sometimes, in mild apostrophe, they reproach the dead for his cruelty in departing, and sometimes join in high eulogiums on the virtues and good qualities which he exhibited in his life. Each, in turn, pours out her measure of reproof and commendation. This assumed grief disappears as soon as the body is carried to its obsequies. They receive their wages and mourn no longer.

A SABBATH BREAKER REBUKED.

"An incident occurred on the arrival of the U. States at Honolulu, worthy of record. The frigate came to anchor on Sabbath morning. Captain Armstrong immediately sent off a lieutenant to make the necessary arrangements for firing a national salute. The lieutenant, in company with the United States consul, called at the residence of Governor Kekuanaoa, but he was at church. A note was despatched informing him of the frigate's arrival, and that an officer was ready to make arrangements for a salute. The governor returned an answer that he was at divine service, but would attend to the business on the following day, at nine o'clock, A. M. Hence the quiet of our Sabbath was not disturbed by the discharge of cannon on sea or land. I could not but contrast the conduct of Governor Kekuanaoa with that of the commanders of most vessels of war, as well as most of the public men in many parts of Christendom."

HAPPINESS.

Gisborne on female education, says: "Human happiness is on the whole much less affected by great but unfrequent events, whether of prosperity or adversity, of benefit or injury, than by small but perpetually recurring incidents of good or evil. The manner in which the influence of female character is felt, belongs to the latter description. It is not like the periodical inundation of a river, which overspreads once in a year a desert with transcendent plenty.—It is like the dews of heaven which descends at all seasons of the year, returns after short intervals, and permanently nourishes every herb of the field."

ARAB BEAUTY.

Addison says, in his book of travels, speaking of some Arab girls:—"Among them was one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw, apparently about 20 years of age. She was of a dark complexion, with eyes as black as jet; the inside of her eyelids were blackened with kohl, her teeth were white as ivory, and her hair fell down her neck and over her shoulders long enough for her to sit down upon. She had large silver ear-rings and a silver ring through her under lip, gently drawing it down and displaying her fine teeth. Through her hair was passed a silver arrow, confining her veil to the top of her head, which was thrown back negligently over her shoulders; she was habited in a long, blue, loose shirt, open at the breast; her bare arms were covered with bracelets and amulets, and a string of beads was wound round her neck; her feet were bare, and two large rings were fastened round her ankles. She walked, as all Arab women do, with a grace and beauty of carriage I never saw surpassed; nor in simplicity and elegance of appearance have I ever seen a fine lady in Europe, with her jewels and pearls, equal this plain and simple Arab girl."

WOMAN IN INDIA.

As soon as the Hindoo female has entered into existence, it is to be frowned upon by her parents merely on account of her sex. Her whole life is a series of insults and of disgrace. In the days of her childhood, she is made the drudge of the family, and every one thinks he has a right to despise her. If she is betrothed to an individual who is to become her future husband, she is sold like a slave to a man who loves her not, and who cares for her not. Should her intended happen to die before the marriage be consummated, then she is doomed to perpetual widowhood—that is, to perpetual infamy. In case he should survive, and she should enter the state of wedlock, it is to repair to the house of her mother-in-law where she is scolded; and buffeted, and treated almost like a beast of burden. Let her be hungry, she is obliged to wait till her master is satisfied. Should she fall into an error, there is no correction but an appeal to the lash. When they undertake a journey, she is not suffered to walk by the side of her husband; she must come up behind him, bearing the burden, as well as the heat of the day. Every step is to her a step of degradation. Her very sex has disqualified her for giving her testimony in a court of justice.—*Campbell's India.*

DEATH OF A LUNATIC BY DROWNING.—Last Saturday morning, a female named Margaret Oliver, a native of this city, aged 26, confined in the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island, was discovered to be missing, and it was supposed she had escaped. Yesterday morning, her body was discovered afloat in the East river, and conveyed to the residence of her friends on Seventy-first street, near the Third Avenue. The Coroner held an inquest, and as it was believed that she had eluded the vigilance of her guards, and purposely thrown herself into the water, the verdict was in accordance with these facts.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

BLUE BEARD AND HIS CASTLE.—The ruins of the Chateau de la Verriere, on the banks of the Erdre, in the department of the Loire Inferieure are according to the tradition of the neighboring peasantry, those of the celebrated Blue Beard, the hero of the well-known nursery tale. This formidable personage, who is not altogether a creature of fancy, was Giles de Retz, who lived in the reign of Charles VII., and was a vassal of John V., Duke of Bretagne. He was tried at Nantes, on suspicion of having destroyed a number of children who had been seen to enter the castle, and were never heard of afterwards.

The bodies of several were afterwards found, he having caused them to be put to death to make use of their blood in writing charms and forming incantations to raise infernal spirits, by whose means he believed, according to the horrible superstitions of the times, that buried treasures would be revealed to him. On his trial he confessed the most horrible acts of atrocity, and was sentenced to be burnt alive; but the Duke caused him to be strangled before he was tied to the stake. This execution took place December 25, 1440, and a detailed account of it is still preserved in a MS. in the archives of Nantes.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. 4.

ACROSTICAL.

My 1st, &c. is the island of	Cuba.
My 2d, &c. is	Ural.
My 3d, &c. is	Mecca.
My 4th, &c. is	Barca.
My 5th, &c. is	Barca.
My 6th, &c. is	Red.
My 7th, &c. is	Lauderdale.
My 8th, &c. is	Aberdeen.
My 9th, &c. is	Ned.
My 10th, &c. is	Danube.

Answered by Miss L. Willard,
F. Hermon.

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