

# 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.

BENJ. F. BROWN, Cabotville.  
WOOD & RUPP, Main St. Springfield.  
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### POETRY.

[Original.]

#### NIGHT.

Tis night! and Nature sleeps! how still! Save when  
Her breath awakes the silent leaf upon  
The bough, that o'er my lattice waves, no sound  
Is heard. Silence profound reigns through the sphere  
Of shade, and voices glad some through the day,  
Are hushed.

The lids have fallen down o'er eyes  
Of tears and smiles; while now alike, repose

In dreams the child  
Resumes some favorite play, and turning on  
His pillow, to his fellows calls aloud.  
The yeoman, weary with his day of toil,  
In slumbers wrapt, talks, driving back his steers,  
Which in his vision seem to have escaped.  
On Fancy's wing, clad in the robe of sleep,  
Is borne the traveler to his native hills;  
And wandering by the stream whose echo seems  
The glad return of childhood joys, looks up  
Around for forms he once here met, and smiles  
That linger on remembrance's cheek, seen long  
Ago. Beside him stands the long loved one,  
Familiar as when far he left her on  
His native shore. The same mild look is there.  
Upon her bosom rests his own last gift:  
The shadow of himself.

The tears that came  
And dimmed those gentle eyes at parting, now  
Have fled; and all he sees in vision's glass,  
He real thinks, and dreams it not a dream.  
Oh Night serene! that heals the wounds of day!  
Thy sceptre is the token of relief,  
Thy hand the soother of the troubled breast.

IMA.

PUNCTUALITY.—We have rarely, or perhaps  
never, seen a man thrive in business by his own  
exertions, who did not practice the virtue of  
punctuality. And most of us have seen men of  
talent and probity, unsuccessful for the want of  
it. On this subject it is not uncommon to hear  
such remarks as the following:—"I grant that  
Mr. So-and-so is a first rate workman, but then  
we cannot depend on him; for though he says  
the work will be executed in a week, it will prob-  
ably be a month. So I will employ Mr. —, who,  
if not so clever, will at least keep his word."

### TALES.

#### ADELAIDE CLIFTON.

She died like the silver moon,  
In the purple light of morn,  
Or the blush in the sky of June,  
When Eve's pale star is born.

Alas! that a bud so fair  
Should fall from so sweet a stem!  
Alas! that the clouds of care  
Should quench such a spirit gem!

Hast thou, in thy glorious realms of undying  
beauty, O Nature, aught so bewitchingly lovely  
as the soul of a gentle woman, unstained by sin,  
deeply imbued with the regenerating spirit of re-  
ligion, and the less hallowed, though elevating,  
spell of poesy?

Adelaide Clifton was the daughter of one of  
the proudest and wealthiest of our merchants.  
Nature with no sparing hand, had endowed her  
favored one with the most exalted powers of in-  
tellect, and with a form as fair, though fragile, as  
ever arose in beauty amid the trembling hues of  
a poet's vision.

Here was the ethereal cast of beauty which re-  
mained indelibly stamped on our memory, when  
forms and faces which, in the hour we first be-  
held them, were lauded as angelic, gleam through  
the mists of Time, dim and undefined. Here  
was the beauty in which mind may be said to have  
moulded matter, when the dark soul-like eye had  
language, a potential language of its own, which,  
combined with the innocent smile and the blush  
of modesty, tells that the mind within is pure and  
heavenly as the summer sky, and that each pass-  
ing sorrow is like its silver clouds robbed at their  
darkness by the beams of the unshaded king of  
day.

Methinks I see that angelic form even now.—  
That lofty brow, a throne worthy of a spirit en-  
shrined within—those long silken tresses, bright  
as the sunbeams in a sunset cloud—that arching  
neck, and that form which, since it hath melted  
like the dew from this cold earth, I have not, nor  
shall ever see equalled again. But why expatiate  
on them now? The beauty of that form is not all  
lost, for it hath but entered into new combinations  
—and that soul, once a lustrous beam on the  
morning, now glows brighter in the eternal and  
never ending day of heaven.

Adelaide lost her mother when but a child.  
She faded from earth in the noontide of her days,  
like the harp's last lingering tone, or the blue-eyed

violet in the icy gales of spring. The memory  
of her mother was but a dream in the soul of  
Adelaide—a remembrance precious as frail.  
Deprived by this calamity of her parent, the  
care of such a fragile flower devolved on her fa-  
ther—a cold-hearted man, who bent his knee to  
none but Mammon, and who looked upon the  
accumulation of wealth as the sole end and aim  
of our earthly existence.

Until the age of ten years, the education of  
Adelaide was entirely neglected; but the father's  
attention being at length awakened to the sub-  
ject by a female relative, she was sent to a fe-  
male boarding school to spend the sweetest  
hours of existence in little better than slavery.  
These hours were, however, gladdened by the  
charms of Poetry; for deeply was her mind im-  
pressed with that pleasing melancholy which is  
ever the parent of romance. And Religion too,  
poured her spiritual starlight over the soul of the  
lovely enthusiast, and weaned her heart from the  
vanity of this transitory scene of existence;  
raising her mind to the clime of the soul, which  
is, indeed, the only real and lasting habitation of  
the glowing visions of Poetry, and where alone  
they can reap fruition.

Five years passed away, and Adelaide return-  
ed once more to the home of her fathers, one of  
the most pleasant villas on the Hudson. Her  
father she seldom saw, he being almost always  
absent on matters of business at the metropolis,  
leaving the charge of his household affairs to the  
mother of his deceased wife, who from decline  
of health, was incompetent to the task. These  
duties devolved upon Adelaide, who, though  
young, discharged them to the full satisfaction of  
her father.

Adelaide had now attained her sixteenth year,  
and was acknowledged by all as passing fair.  
Unnumbered suitors bent the knee to the sylvan  
beauty, unknown to the father—but from that  
circumstance alone, she discouraged their ad-  
dresses. There was one, however,—her own  
cousin,—who from relationship was better re-  
ceived than the rest. He had seen but nineteen  
summers, when he returned from college. His  
form, like the soul which animated it, proclaimed  
him one of the proudest of Nature's nobility,  
and worthy the fond love of such a heart as  
Adelaide's. He was an orphan, and entirely  
dependant on his uncle, who failed not to point  
out to him on every occasion which presented,  
his unenviable situation and prospects. Before  
the suspicion of Adelaide's father were awaken-

ed, the two cousins had formed an attachment which but death could sever. He cursed, when too late, his folly in permitting the lovers to be so much in each other's society—for eight weeks had already elapsed since the return of Edward Colville from college, ere the period in question. He perceived how closely the affectionate hearts of the cousins were linked together, and he knew full well the weight of sorrow which must fall on the guiltless heart of his daughter on their separation. But he heeded not. Ambition, like the prophet's rod which swallowed the rest, had annihilated, or at least neutralized, each gentler passion in the soul of this stern father. He offered Edward Colville but one alternative—either to accept a commission of inferior grade in the Navy, or be turned upon the wide world without a friend to assist him, or to direct his footsteps. Prudence suggested the line of conduct most congenial to his well regulated mind, namely, to receive the commission, which, in spite of the whisperings of pride, was the course he ultimately followed.

After the departure of her cousin, a settled melancholy took possession of the heart of Adelaide. The summer flowers had lost their charm for her, and the balmy breezes their melody. Her cheek became marble; there was the beacon of Consumption, and told that the Dread Spirit had become the tenant of so fair a temple as the trembling form of the gentle Adelaide.

Summer gave place to autumn, and Adelaide was stealing with noiseless footsteps to the grave. She still was resigned, for she drew her comfort from a spring which is as exhaustless as it is holy. "I heed not thy coming, O death! nor in the form in which thou wilt claim thy victim; for when the bloom of the heart is brushed away, what future spring can return it? Why should I mourn my lot, since, alas! it was my mother's doom?"

It was now that her father repented his unnecessary harshness; but with the cold calculation of a worldly mind, he mistook the remedy which he ought to have applied. He removed her immediately to our boasted metropolis, and introduced her to the vapid throngs of fashion. Had this sylvan flower been permitted to fade by slow degrees in its woodland solitude, she might have expired like the summer wave,—dying in music and brilliancy,—and been spared the yet greater sorrows which awaited her.

Sorrows were now deepening around the hapless Adelaide. The worst trial she was doomed to undergo, was being compelled by her father to receive the addresses of a young man, whom, without her knowledge he had affianced her. "When the parents are agreed," he would remark, in his cold, heartless manner; "it forms a strong presumption that the union is a fitting and desirable one; besides, what interest can I have but in the happiness of my daughter?"

On her father's communicating his wishes to the gentle Adelaide, he heart seemed to beat no longer in her bosom. Throwing herself on her knees, her dark eyes swimming in tears, she besought that iron hearted one to forego his determination. "I have not many days—nay, even hours—to dwell amidst these scenes of sorrow. Suffer me to die in peace, and depart as though I had never been."

"Peace, silly one! that pretty head of thine is turned with follies which have no foundation in reality in this world of business, where every man is born to enact his part. My determination is fixed; in six days you are the wife of Vandenburg, or no child of mine."

"Oh! hear me, father!" said the maiden, who had almost fallen at his feet, like a wounded dove; "I had a dream yesternight, which hath worn a spell of agony over my spirits. Methought I was gazing on our own blue spreading river, when a silver mist arose from its bosom, which gradually unfolded as a mantle, and displayed to me the form of Edward Colville—how changed!—his features were ghastly and livid! He pointed upward, and waved me on to approach. The flowery banks crumbled from beneath my feet, and I fell into the stream. I was borne away, away, till at length I arrived at a lonely valley. Flowers of every hue bloomed around, mingled with beautiful and gaudy colored shells. Trees, bright trees were waving in melody, and a tranquil sky spread above—but, father, it was green and sparkling as emerald! 'Yonder is our dwelling of love and beauty,' said Edward, whose face had now become as brilliant as a star; 'this is the realm of the departed.'"

"Peace, peace, maniac! for thou art naught else. In six days thou art the bride of Vandenburg, or an outcast!"

Submission to the will of a father, even though unjust, formed one of the most important principles in Adelaide's code of morality. "I resign myself," exclaimed she, "to my fate;—now, Heaven!—ther, into thy keeping I commit my undying soul; release me from these galling bonds, if such be thy holy pleasure."

The eve of the bridal day had come, and all was inerriment around; the bridemaid had twined the wreath of white roses, and the bride seemed resigned, if not happy, and her cheek was brightly beautiful when she retired to rest.

The fatal morning dawned: the bridemaid hastened to awake the bride; quietly she opened the door. "How calmly she sleeps!" was the involuntary exclamation. "What a strange fancy of hers, to array her tresses in her bridal wreath; yet she will not crush them, she sleeps so sweetly!—what a beautiful bloom on her cheek! Adelaide!" said the maiden, "wake! awake to happiness!" Thrice she repeated the summons, but no answer was given by the sleeper. The maiden, alarmed, drew aside the crimson curtains; but with them the bloom on the tranquil countenance of the sleeper vanished. The bridemaid rushed forward and shook her; the scream she uttered told that Adelaide Clifton was the bride of Death!

On the same day, news arrived that Edward Colville had fallen overboard and been drowned, about two weeks before. The frigate in which he sailed, when the accident happened, was in the midst of the wide Atlantic. The grave of the young rover is deep—deep—

"Mid the buried wealth of a plundered world  
Where sea-snakes glide  
O'er monarchs drowned,  
With their skulls yet in pride  
Of diamonds crowned;  
Where the bones of a navy lie around,  
Awaiting the stern trumpet's last sound."

And yet who shall say, O Spirit of undying Love! that thy pathway is a fated, a joyless one? Who, with a heart of feeling, would exchange it for one of adamant? No! be mine that rich sunlight of existence, even though the shadows of care and sorrow shall fitfully and gloomily efface it! Assuredly there was ecstasy even in the very despair of those two young hearts, so fond, so true, so all in all to each other, which had never visited the cold dreams of selfish aggrandizement of the heartless and mercenary parent! Ay, and when death shall have restored the captives,—when eternity shall unveil its beatific glories,—the one blissful moment of the reunion of two such kindred spirits shall outweigh in rapture the enjoyments of the cold, the worldly, and the calculating, throughout the wasteless ages of the Eternal Present.

[Original.]

#### THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Yes, my friend! thou art gone from this dark world of sin and sorrow. Thy earthly trials and sufferings are o'er. To earthly scenes and pleasures thou hast bid farewell; no longer to be tossed on life's tempestuous shoals—thou art in that blissful land, where the weary cease from their labors. How sweet the thought! how comforting to the afflicted mind, are the consolations of religion. Religion can heal the wounded breast—can dry the mourner's tear; it was thy guide through the gloom.

But a few short months ago, and health and youth were thine; but alas! the fell destroyer came, and death summoned thee to an early grave. The hectic flush and hollow cough told too plainly to be doubted, that thy stay on earth was short. A mother sought with tender solicitude to ease thy aching brow, and to prolong thy stay, but a mother's tender care could not save. A father too gazed on thy fading form with a mournful tenderness. A sister's tears and prayers were also thine, but they alike were unavailing, and friends sympathized with thee in vain; for thou wert doomed to an early grave.

How oft have we rambled together to enjoy the beauties of nature! How oft have we gazed on the starry heavens with wonder and admiration! How changed! those happy hours have like thee, passed away. But why should I complain? It was the voice of Jesus that called thee; and may I be permitted to rise and share with thee a heavenly rest.

'When shall we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever?  
When will peace wreath her chain,  
Round us for ever?  
Our hearts will ne'er repose,  
Safe from each blast that blows,  
In this dark world of woes,  
Never! no, never!

Cabotville Aug. 1843.

ROSALTHE.

A GEM.—A pleasant, cheerful wife, is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a scowling and fretful wife in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who delight to torture lost spirits.

The silence of the tongue is oftentimes the eloquence of the heart.

[Original.]

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.  
By A BROTHER.

WHEN loved ones from our side are torn,  
And in the grave laid low,  
The bleeding heart is taught to mourn,  
The bitter tear to flow.

'Tis thus a sister's loss we mourn,  
So early called away;  
Her course on earth was quickly run,  
But calm her setting day.

No more in that paternal home,  
Will Amanda's voice be heard;  
No more that smiling face be seen  
Around the welcome board.

Yet oft, methinks, in memory's ear,  
The echo of that voice,  
Like distant music, I can hear,  
And dream of former joys.

Dear SISTER, in your grief I share,  
With sympathizing heart;  
We mourn, but yet should not despair  
When called from friends to part.

For God who in his mercy lends,  
In mercy takes away;  
Each painful providence, he sends;  
Should teach us thus to pray—

'Father, thy will on earth be done,  
As it is done above;  
And may these bitter trials prove  
The lessons of thy love.'

[Written for the Olive Leaf.]

## SKETCHES FROM A STUDENT.

INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

Middletown, Aug. 5, 1843.  
KIND READER:—

If you will step on board a Steamer at Springfield and take the pleasant trip to our city with me, I will in my manner introduce to you some objects of interest, with which I am acquainted, in and around this part of creation, which I will call my 'home.'

The city is situated on the west bank of the Connecticut, just where, or above where it turns from running south to the east. It is built upon a hill which rises gradually from the river, and to the distance of half a mile, its altitude is nearly three hundred feet. On this summit is the Wesleyan University. Ascending the chapel of the University to the bell-deck, we shall have a complete view of the city and its environs. It is nearly square, extending a little more than half a mile in either direction. We are nearly on its western, and the river on its eastern limits.

The river is the first object from this summit that attracts the attention. For about three miles its course is nearly south, then turning directly in front of us, runs easterly about as much farther and is lost from sight, behind the mountains. Its width here, is about half a mile, and is usually clear and rippleless. The banks near by are mostly sloping; but farther down, where the mountain breaks for its passage, it is hedged on either side by rocky precipitous banks, some three or four hundred feet high.

From this place a view of the river and the adjacent landscape, towards evening is delightful. From the city beneath us, arises indistinctly the hum of business. On the bosom of the river is seen many a sail pressing its way gently before the wind, while beneath its crystal surface is de-

picted the embankment scenery. On the adjacent green slopes and hills, and in the intervening valleys, is seated here and there a mansion scarcely visible through its shade trees.—Farther distant, arise the rugged and precipitous cliffs, bordering on the river, while in the distant horizon towers a lofty mountain. This I say is a delightful scenery—yes, I never have seen its superior.

But we now leave this, and our eye voluntarily turns back upon the city below, and lights upon its numerous spires and cupolas. None of these possess interest uncommon, unless it be that which designates the residence of the well known Dr. Jarvis. The mention of his name doubtless recalls to your mind that portion of his history which has given him publicity. He still resides here in a splendid mansion, and this is all we will say of him.

The buildings of the city, for the most part are of wood, and painted white, this together with numerous trees intermingled, gives it an appearance of neatness and beauty. The great width of the principal streets, and the many public places, also present to the eye a degree of commodity and spaciousness.

Near the north end of the city is an ancient cemetery. It contains stones and monuments bearing dates as far back as 1640; and you will recollect that it was in 1633-1635 our fathers came from Boston and Plymouth to make the first settlement in Connecticut. There may be then, and doubtless is, resting here those who first broke the soil and planted in this then wilderness, now pleasant valley—those who first disturbed the peaceful repose of the native proprietors, and engaged with them in combat—and we might hazard the assertion that careful attention may yet discover that some of our pilgrim fathers who came in the May-Flower rest here.

Here likewise is a monument bearing that venerated name, McDonough,—the hero of Champlain. It is interesting, and well worth the time and trouble, to visit this ancient place. We also find many other venerated names here. The style of the sculpture, the shape of the monuments, the peculiar syntax and orthoepy, as well as the singular epitaphs, render some of these sacred relics of the dead unique and attracting. But we will pass them and go to the cemetery connected with the University. Here we found a name more venerated, more dear to us, and more worthy than McDonough;—Wilber Fisk. A marble column shows his resting place. His days were few, but not less useful. That good man is dead! but he lives in the hearts of many, and will until those hearts like his own are no longer susceptible of holy emotions. He is dead! but his works live after him—not destined, as was he to disappear like the sun, before it reached its mid-day height. Age on age may complete their round, and the moss efface the last traces of our names from off our tomb stones; but the name of Fisk, will dwell in the hearts of many.

This ground is peculiarly solemn and venerable; not only because Fisk lies here, together with several young men, who bid fair to rise to eminence and distinction in science and usefulness, and who were just in the embryo of their greatness, but also because it is consecrated to be the resting place of many such individuals.—

Doubtless many great men will repose here, and many young men designing to live lives of usefulness.

Leaving this ground with all its sad, yet agreeable emotions, and passing down a little towards the west, we behold a small hut, where less than six months since lived and died the last of Washington's servants. He was a negro, and a slave; but the father of our country could not long keep a slave—he gave them their freedom and some little token of remembrance.

This man's name was Hamet. His age was unknown. He had when he died, a suit of uniform, furnished him by Washington, which he always wore on every public occasion; also a drum, sword, and other like articles. But what he considered the most valuable was the farewell present of his great master—a little coffin, containing a lock of his hair. The reflection on viewing these relics, especially the lock of hair, seldom fails to give an individual a feeling of more personable acquaintance, and a keener regret for the FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY.

Hamet was rather small in stature, quick and nimble in his movements. His business was the making of toys, such as drums, &c. He would frequently put on his military, take his articles for sale, and march through the city, beating his drum and selling them; this answering the two fold end of calling attention, and inducing the boys to buy such musical instruments.

But lest you should become weary of the details, I pass by many objects of note in this vicinity, such as quarries, mines, mountains, gorges, &c., to say nothing of artificial attraction, or individuals of consequence living here. Suffice it to say, this selection of the country is almost unparalleled for its numerous and very rare minerals and metals. Many of the mines are worthy of a call.

Of the views from the mountain tops, I leave you to imagine from what I have before said.—In fine, to do yourself and these objects justice, you should spend a few weeks in taking optical cognition of them.

As for my study, 'the quarter' I conclude your good hearted editor wishes 'to hear from,' I presumed you would be pleased to take a look into it. This, however, I must deny you the privilege of doing. My window commands a view, not at all grand nor mean—not in the bustle of business, nor in seclusion.

Here then at Middletown, in my studio, shall I occasionally, among my other scribblings, dip my pen for the Olive Leaf. When you next hear from me, I shall hope to interest you with the ADVENTURES OF A STUDENT.

L. F. C. L.

SUN-RISE—TO THE SLEEPERS.—The following pretty description is by Grace Hathaway:

"The man that misses sunrise loses the sweetest part of his existence. I love to watch the first tear that glistens in the opening eye of morning—the silent song—the flower's breath—the thrilling choir of the woodland minstrels—to which the modest brook trickles applause—these swelling out the sweetest of creation's matins, seem to pour some soft and merry tale into daylight's ear, as if the world had dreamed a happy thing, and now smiled o'er the telling of it!"

## OLIVE LEAF.

CABOTVILLE, AUG. 19, 1843.

Miss B. Pearson, of South Hadley, has forwarded us a solution of the Puzzles in our last No., and is entitled to one volume of the Olive Leaf. The solution we have not room for this week, in consequence of the paper being set up before we received the answer.

Our CORRESPONDENTS have manifested much interest in our welfare this week; and we regret that all that we have received cannot appear in our present No., the only reason of which is that they came too late.

'The Diamond Ring, or, The Last Token,' by Miss J. Allen, we promise a place in our next.

We like S. L. A.'s, and will cheerfully give it a place. S. W.'s also will appear.

S. L.'s shall not be forgotten.

Will the author of 'To ———,' forward us another copy, as the one received has been mislaid, and we cannot recover it.

We shall publish an interesting Tale in our next No.

## CHEAP READING.

Those of our readers who would beguile their tedious hours by reading, amusing or sentimental, can find it at Benj. F. Brown's, Ferry street. He has 'Newton's Theory of Attraction Confuted,' and 'Animal Magnetism Demonstrated.' New publications of all kinds are kept by him for sale at very low prices. Among his late received publications may be found 'The Private Secretary,' a romance from the French of 'George Sand,' 'The Miser,' 'The Attache; or Sam Slick in England,' &c. All very cheap.

☞ We wish to call the attention of our readers, ladies and gentlemen in Cabotville, to the new Writing Academy now being opened in Chase's buildings, Merchants' Row, by Messrs. D. & J. Martin. We are acquainted with them, and can fully recommend them as gentlemen in every respect. Their style of writing is easy, and should be possessed by all. Their specimens of both drawing and penmanship are beautiful, as will be seen. We advise our readers to secure the opportunity, as such an one seldom presents itself. We would just say to our correspondents in C. that if they wish to write easy and well, now is the time. The day for improvement cannot always last.

**DISTRESSING.**—Drowned in this village, last evening, Aug. 15th, a son of the Post Master, Mr. Christy, aged 5 years. He was playing, as supposed, alone by one of the cisterns, and fell in, and when found, life was extinct.

He was a gentle boy, and his sunny brow and bright smile have often drawn from us a commending look, as we passed him in the street, with his playmates. One thing is remarked of him, that he was never known to disagree or quarrel with his young associates.

Holliston Academy, Aug. 11, 1843.

FRIEND LESLIE :—

I am glad to know your efforts to lay before the public a good, moral and literary Paper have been attended with complete success.

I receive the Olive Leaf regularly, and I will assure you, I hail it as an olden and well tried friend. But I meet with one difficulty, which is intolerable. It is the favorite of all the students in this Institution, and when it is once out of my hands I never know where to find it. I wish you would come down and obtain 15 or 20 subscribers, or send me as many numbers that I may supply them.

And knowing you look back with pleasure to Holliston, and call up the pleasant scenes of school days, when we roamed together the flowery path of science, and looked forward to the unknown future, and dreamed life's path like hers would be ever strewn with flowers, I take the liberty to send you a short notice of this school.

Yours, L. A. K.

## HOLLISTON NORMAL ACADEMY.

The Fall Term of this Institution commences the first Tuesday in September, and continues 11 weeks. Perhaps there is no Institution in New England that holds out greater inducements to one who wishes to obtain a thorough and a practical education, than this. The motto of the Preceptor, Mr. Rice, seems to be, *Improvement*, and while many schools have been very much reduced on account of the pecuniary embarrassment which the community has experienced for the last few years, this has steadily increased till the catalogue numbers, some terms, between one and two hundred scholars. Not only does he endeavor to make the instruction every way satisfactory, but there are other strong inducements to those who are to carve their own fortunes in the world, and climb unaided the hill of science. The practice of boarding themselves is very common and very popular here, and many get along in this for \$10 or \$15 per term. Arrangements have also been made to give employment on shoes, to those who wish to defray a part or all of their expenses in this way, or for the laudable object of preserving health. Considering the apparatus with which this Institution is provided, Philosophical, Chemical, a large Electrical Machine and a beautiful Telescope, the tuition is very low, being for English Branches, \$4.00.

Natural Sciences and Languages \$4.50.

Here we find students from all the New England States preparing for teachers, college, or for the active business of life; many of whom have spent two or three years in the languages and the higher branches of Mathematics.

## SKETCHES OF AUTHORS.

## NO. 3.

BUNYAN, JOHN, the author of the Pilgrim's Progress, a beautiful allegory, was of humble birth, being the son of a traveling tinker, and was born at Elston in Bedfordshire, 1625. He followed for a while his father's occupation, and led a wandering, dissipated life, after which he entered the parliament army, and was at the siege of Leicester, where, being drawn out to stand as a sentinel, another soldier of his company desiring to take his place, he consented, and thereby, probably avoided being shot through the head by a musket ball, which killed his companion.

It is impossible when reading the account of the first twenty years of his life, not to be impressed with the truth of the special providence of God. His preservation from drowning, from destruction by an adder, by a musket shot, and from death by various ways, is a great argument in favor of the truth of the governing hand of our great Creator.

It appears however, that he continued insensible of his sinfulness by nature, and necessity of faith in Christ, till he one day met with four poor women at Bedfordshire, 'sitting at a door, in the sun, talking about the things of God—about a new birth—the work of God in their hearts, as also how they were convinced of their miserable state by nature—of the mercy of God in Jesus Christ, of his word and promises—of the temptations of satan—and of their wretchedness of heart and unbelief.'

Bunyan was so affected with the conversation of these good women, that he availed himself of every opportunity to converse with them. His profligate companions saw a change in him, which was to them offensive, and being unable to persuade him to give up the idea of becoming a christian, they abandoned his society. Soon after, having obtained a hope of salvation, he united with the church under the charge of Mr. Gifford, a Baptist dissenting minister in Bedford, A. D. 1653.

In 1656, Mr. Bunyan feeling it his duty to become a preacher of the Gospel, delayed not to commence the arduous work. This excited considerable notice, and exposed him to great persecution. Subsequent to the restoration, his preaching brought him within the gripe of the law, and he was nearly thirteen years immured in Bedford jail, where he supported himself and family by tagging laces. His leisure hours were spent in writing the Pilgrim's Progress, and other works. He was at last released, through the interposition of Dr. Owen and Bishop Barlow, of Lincoln, and he resumed his ministry at Bedford.

After his enlargement he traveled into several parts of England, to visit the dissenting congregation, which procured him the epithet of Bishop Bunyan. In king James the Second's reign, when that prince's declaration in favor of liberty of conscience came, Mr. Bunyan, by the voluntary contributions of his followers, built a large meeting-house at Bedford, and preached constantly to great congregations. He also visited London annually, where he was very popular, and assemblies of twelve hours have been convened at Southwark to hear him, on a dark winter's morning, at seven o'clock, even on week days. In the midst of these and similar exertions, he closed his life; and at the age of sixty on the 31st of August, 1655, 'he resigned his soul into the hands of his most merciful Redeemer.'

He was interred in Bunhill burying-ground, and over his remains a handsome tomb was erected.

Many have been the eulogies pronounced on his name and writings, which by him were never sought. He possessed a stern and rough countenance, but his conversation was mild and affable. He had a great talent for repartee. A Quaker visited him in Bedford jail, and declared that, by order of the Lord, he had sought him in half the prisons of England. 'If the Lord had sent you' replied Bunyan, 'you need not have taken so much trouble to find me out; for the Lord knows that I have been a prisoner in Bedford jail for the last twelve years.' His works form two folio volumes.

## HOW TO MAKE A WIFE UNHAPPY.

See her as seldom as possible. If she is warm-hearted and cheerful in temper, and if, after days' or weeks' absence, she meets you with a smiling face, and in an affectionate manner, be sure to look coldly upon her, and answer her with dry monosyllables. If she force back her tears, and is resolved to look cheerful, sit down and gape in her presence till she is fully convinced of your indifference. Never agree with her in opinion, or consult her in any of your affairs, for that would give her an idea of consequence.

Never think you have any thing to do to make her happy; but that all happiness is to flow from gratifying your caprices, and when she has done all a woman can do, be sure you do not appear gratified. Never take an interest in any of her pursuits, and if she ask your advice, make her feel that she is troublesome and impertinent.— If she attempts to rally you good-humoredly on any of your peculiarities, never join her in the laugh, but frown her into silence. If she has faults (which, without doubt she will have, and perhaps may be ignorant of,) never attempt with kindness to correct them; but continually obtrude upon her ears, "what a good wife Mr. Smith has." "How happy friend Smith is with his wife." "That any man would be happy with such a wife." In company never seem to know that you have a wife, treat all her remarks with indifference, and be very affable and complaisant to every other lady. If you have married a woman of principle, and will follow these directions, you may be certain of an *obedient* and a *heart-broken wife*.

[Original.]

#### FLOWERS.

BY L. ALLEN KINGSBURY.

"Flowers are the brightest things, which earth,  
On her broad bosom, loves to cherish;  
Gay they appear as childhood's mirth,  
Like fading dreams of hope they perish.

They wreath the harp at banquets tried,  
With them we crown the crested brave;  
They deck the maid—adorn the bride,—  
Or form the chaplets for her grave."

Who does not love the bright and beautiful flowers, that a benevolent Creator has planted on every sunny hill side and laughing vale of our fair earth? Who can go forth into the fields on a beautiful summer's sabbath morning, and look upon the flowers that meet the eye, and load each zephyr with their balmy breath, and not feel his heart go forth, in involuntary praise, to their Author as he hears the still, small voice, within him, whisper "My father made them all." Who can examine a flower—a simple flower—and witness its delicacy, its symmetry, the peculiar care and provision made for its protection, and idly assert blind chance planted the rose and the myrtle, and coiled the clambering ivy around the colossal oak? Who can look upon the rich *carnation* and the variegated tints of the *violet*, and not see beyond nature, nature's God?

Flowers are lovely not only for their beauty, but for their hallowed associations, and the universal language they speak. Who does not revert with fond enthusiasm, as he meets the modest violet in his path, to the sunny days of his childhood, when he roamed the green hills of his home, to gather the wild flowers for a delicate and feeble sister, or for a fond and doting mother? Who does not remember with what a thrill of joy was ushered in the bright, beautiful "Merrie May" morning when, arm in arm, with the *loved and the best*, he clambered over hill and dale with the happy throng, as artless and unsophisticated as the flowers themselves, to gather a bouquet of spring's first smiling ones? I know there are many flowers of more gaudy hue and more highly prized by Flora's pupils, yet, I have always had a sacred attachment to the modest

little violet; for as spring's first born, it was always my favorite in the "rosy garland" with which we crowned the "blushing queen of May." I may be superstitious, but they seem to me as the great connecting link which binds me to the past, and I have learned to hold them in such estimation, on account of their associations, that there seems an invisible spirit within them, pointing me back to memory's earliest page; and I cannot meet them without an involuntary "God bless ye, lovely violets."

"Why better than the lady rose,  
Love I this little flower?  
Because its fragrant leaves are those  
I loved in childhood's hour.

Let nature spread her loveliest,  
By spring or summer nursed;  
Yet still I love the violet best,  
Because I loved it first."

Flowers have been termed the language of angels; with which they hold converse with man. This may be fancy, yet, how beautiful the idea that our Father has instituted a universal language, and permits the good angels, that look with anxiety on man's welfare, and rejoice over the return from his wanderings, to impress upon us, through the medium of flowers, the great law of love, of purity and innocence. There are many who believe the departed spirits of the good are commissioned to return to earth, and interest themselves in the affairs of those they left behind, and, though invisible, to influence them in the path of virtue and watch over them.

If such be the case, is it impossible that they adopt the artless and immaculate flowers as the instruments of leading man to his blest and happy home, by faintly shadowing forth the happiness and purity of Heaven?

Why may we not suppose them to be the language of angels? Deity has spoken to man, and made known his will by a frequent reference to them. Inspiration is replete with allusions to the flowers, and many important moral lessons are inculcated by beautiful and significant similes drawn from Flora's smiling parterre. No allusion is made to them except to impress upon us something transient or spotless and beautiful.—"Consider," says the Sacred Penman, "the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Perhaps more frequent allusion is made and more comparisons drawn from these sparkling gems of nature by the Inspired Penman, than from any other of the inexhaustible store-house of nature. This is, undoubtedly, on account of the stability and universality of the language they speak. Their language is an ancient one. All human languages are subject to change, but no letter in the alphabet of the angels doth ever change. It traces its origin co-existent with man's creation. They were cultured in the garden of Eden, ere our first parents knew aught unholy and impure.

Eve loved the flowers. In her pristine purity, she had watched them with holy pleasure and nurtured them and watered them from the glassy stream, that playfully rippled through the midst of Paradise. When she had sinned and was banished that holy spot, even then, she could not for-

get to love them. As the mother's anxiety for her little ones doth never sleep; so Eve remembered and wept the loss of her beautiful and fragrant flowers,—and, as she turned with a desponding heart from the sacred objects of her love and care, she broke forth in the impassioned language of unrestrained grief.

"O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!  
Must I leave thee, Paradise? thus leave  
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,  
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hoped to spend  
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day,  
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,  
That will never in other climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last  
At even, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,  
Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank  
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?"

The language of flowers is universal. They are expressions of esteem and approbation, hence the ancients strewed them in the paths of their conquerors. The refined and polite taste of the Grecians, which gave them an exquisite perception of the beautiful, prompted them to manifest their esteem for the victors, in their games of strength and agility, by binding around their brows wreaths of flowers, olive or of laurel.

Their language is that of affection and love. Having no affinity for that which is selfish and unholy, they eradicate all impure and grovelling passions, and call forth the noblest attributes of our nature. Mirroring forth the love of their benevolent Author, who has clothed them in so much beauty, they strengthen the bonds of friendship, and rivet heart to its kindred heart. Affection and love is often communicated in their chaste and heavenly dialect. There is a poetry and an eloquence in their language, which appeals more successfully to the heart than sweetest language of human invention; hence, the bestowal of a simple flower often speaks that, the tongue could never communicate.

"Before the morning breeze could steal  
Morn's sprinkled pearl-drops from the rose,  
I culled it, that it might reveal  
The tale, my lips dare not disclose."

Who does not value a flower bestowed by some loved friend? With what pleasure do we watch over it? with what care do we cherish and water it? What a peculiar feeling of sadness steals over us as we look upon its blighted loveliness? We preserve it perchance, long after it has faded, for its endearing associations, and for the pleasant memories it calls up; and when, at last, we part with it, it is with a regret we feel in parting with nothing besides.

"I never cast a flower away,  
The gift of one who cared for me,  
A little flower—a faded flower—  
But it was done reluctantly."

The flower is a striking emblem of human life, and is often compared to it. The tender bud resembles the new-born infant. We look upon them, not for what they are, but for what we expect them to be. As the bud gradually expands and finally bursts the calyx that incloses it, and presents the full blown rose, so the feeble mind of the "little one" daily expands, till, at length, it throws off its infantile fetters and goes forth, possessed of the noble faculties of man. The flower is transitory; so is human life. We see



the flowers, touched by the rude hand of untimely frost, ere yet it has bloomed into loveliness, droop upon its tender stalk and die: so we see the child, just like that flower, touched by the cold hand of death, ere the embryo soul has matured, fade away from earth. But love and affection do not dispense with these choice gifts of Heaven, even at death. They speak not only of those on earth, but they speak a language not of this world, and converse of things where grows the rose without the thorn. So highly do we appreciate them, and so essential do we consider them for a place of perfect purity and happiness, that one can scarce think of Heaven, and picture in the mind the "pure river of water, as clear as crystal," but fancy garnishes its meandering banks with flowers of more than earthly beauty. Hence, we strew them upon the urn of our departed friends and plant them upon their grass-grown mounds, to mark their lowly resting places and express our hope that they have gone home, to roam where frost never comes, midst flowers that bloom in an eternal verdure.

"Earth's beautiful flowers! to my heart ye were dear,  
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,  
Had scattered my existence's bloom;  
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,  
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,  
And I wish you to grow on my tomb."

#### THE DEITY.

There is no way in which the young can better learn the sentiments of devotion, or the old preserve them, than by cultivating those habits of thought and observation, which convert the scenes of nature into the temple of God; which makes us see the Deity in every appearance we behold, and change the world, in which the ignorant and the thoughtless see only the reign of time and chance, into the kingdom of the living and ever-present God of the universe. Reflections of this kind arise very naturally amidst the scenes we at present behold. In the beautiful language of the wise man,—'The winter is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come.' In these moments we are witnessing the most beautiful and astonishing spectacle that nature ever presents to our view. The earth, as by an annual miracle, arises, as it were, from her grave, into life and beauty. It is in a peculiar manner the season of happiness. The vegetable world is spreading beauty and fragrance amidst the dwellings of men. The animal creation is rising into life; millions of seen, and myriads of unseen beings, are enjoying their new-born existence; and hailing with inarticulate voice the power which gave them birth. Is there a time when we can better learn the goodness of the universal God? Is it not wise to go abroad into nature, and associate His name with every thing which at this season delights the eye and gratifies the heart?

That which we acquire with the most difficulty, we retain the longest—as those who have earned a fortune are usually more careful of it than those who have inherited one. It is recorded of Professor Porson, that he talked his Greek fluently, when his memory had become so impaired that he could no longer articulate in English.—*Sav. Chronicle.*

#### OH WRITE TO ME, LOVE!

BY MRS. CORNWALL BARON-WILSON.

Oh! write to me, Love, at the close of day,  
When all the ruder cares of life are past,  
And each ungentle feeling dies away,  
Or is remembered like the tempest's blast,  
That raved at morn amid the forest trees,  
(Ere twilight soften'd into murmur'd sighs,  
Fanning the foliage with their gentle breeze;)—  
Oh! write to me, Love when the sunbeam dies!

Oh! write to me, when the pale stars are keeping  
Their silent watch from yon blue Heaven above,  
Like eyes of Cherubs through the curtains peeping  
That veil'd of old the Mercy-seat of Love!  
In that still hour when the fond soul is burning  
With higher thoughts than unto earth belong,  
And the full heart Reason's cold dictates spurning,  
Gives forth its feeling like the breath of song!

Oh! write to me, when ev'ry passion slumbers,  
And thoughts of tenderness engross the heart;  
When the lone Poet wakes his magic numbers,  
And tears (not Grief's) from the warm eyelids start!  
When thoughts of peace, and feelings deep and holy,  
Steal o'er the sense, and make the soul their own;  
When the bat flits on leathern pinion slowly,  
And lengthen'd shadows o'er the grass are thrown!

Oh! write to me, Love, when the stoic-feeling  
Of the cold, cautious Day hath ceased to chill;—  
When the Heart's pent-up stream, no form congealing,  
Comes gushing forth Affection's urn to fill!  
Springing like eager birds to quit the nest,  
And try their callow wings, unfetter'd free,  
E'en at that hour when all that's good seems best,  
Then in thy musings think on—WRITE TO ME.

#### FOSSIL REMAINS IN THE WEST.

(CONTINUED.)

BY S. L. LOOMIS.

In giving a correct theory with regard to the "Fossil Remains of the West," the argument divides itself into two parts, first, the time when an enlightened race constructed these ruins, and second, what causes have placed them in the situation in which we now find them.

Notwithstanding the importance attached to the first part of this argument, we shall at present omit it, and consider the second part,—What cause or causes could bury some of these remains to the depth of 100 feet.

To a general observer, no cause appears more prominent or even adequate to the effect than the "Noachian Deluge;"—and, in fact, that has been ascribed as the cause. In the infancy of Geology there was no doubt as to the truth of this, but now, the question is, *whether there is any evidence* of the occurrence of a general Deluge at any epoch. Not a few believe that *no such evidence exists*; while those who admit of a general Deluge, for the most part regard it as having taken place *anterior* to man's existence on the globe.—(*Hitchcock's Geology*, p. 299.)

It is true, we observe a washed appearance over the entire surface of the solid parts of the globe, which indicate a general deluge, but on closer observation we find that the "Noachian Deluge" is wholly inadequate to the effect.

The stræ on the rocks and the situation and size of boulders, are appearances that cannot be explained by the Noachian Deluge. The stræ on the rocks are all parallel and run N. by W. in their course. Some of the furrows are a foot deep, and six inches in width. Boulders of enormous size have been transported to a great

distance. On cape Ann and cape Cod are boulders weighing from *two to three thousand tons*. Near Neufchatel is one weighing nearly four million lbs., and at Fall River is a boulder of conglomerate, weighing over *ten million lbs.* Boulders, from this size to a pebble, have been transported from one to six hundred miles. Moraines have been elevated to the height of *three hundred feet*.

Sacred History informs us that the eastern continent was inhabited by men and beasts before the flood, and that Noah preserved animals of all kinds: therefore, we must have the same *species* that existed previous to the deluge, and, farther we should find, *if the deluge was general*, skeletons of these animals buried and preserved as well as *stumps, nails and ashes*. But on the contrary we find in the drift, animals of a very different species. In its accumulations we find the skeletons of the Megatherium Dinotherium, &c., and in the North of Siberia animals have been found with their flesh preserved and in one instance an elephant was found preserved entire, being covered with hair or fur.—*Smellie's Nat. History.*

From these facts it is very probable that the present species did not exist when the deluvium was deposited.—*Professor E. Hitchcock.*

Therefore the diluvium was not deposited by the flood, and if not deposited by the flood, this washed appearance is not the result of the Noachian Deluge. With this before us we may come to the conclusion, which nearly every geologist has, though without denying the occurrence of the Noachian Deluge, that no certain marks remain discoverable of that event on the globe.—*Hitchcock's Geology.*

The question now occurs to the mind, if there are no traces of the flood to be seen now, what was the effect and extent of it. We can judge of this best by considering the object to be effected by it, which was to destroy the human race. And as they were confined to a small portion of the Eastern Continent we may conclude with reason that the flood was also confined within the same limits.—*J. P. Smith, D.D. F. R. S. &c.*

The time given by the sacred historian will limit the effect to a great extent. Forty days is a very short space for the water to effect any great geological change or changes, the effect of which would be visible for the period of *four thousand years*. But it is sufficient for our argument that the effects of the flood are not seen on the American continent. And therefore we must look for some other cause to produce the appearance which is exhibited in the West.

The situation, as before stated, of the fossil remains is on the banks of the rivers most exclusively.—*Drake's Cincinnati.*

The alluvial strata in these vallies vary from 10 to 100 feet. It is a well known fact that rivers are continually changing their current, filling on one side and encroaching on the other, &c. The Connecticut river changed its bed so much between Wethersfield and Glastenbury, that the owners on one side claimed land on the other. An island has been formed in the same river just above Middletown within *sixty years*, containing a number of acres and is now cultivated.—*See a plate of the River, History of Ct.*

The quantity of matter carried by Lowell in

the water of the Merrimac annually is nearly *two billions of pounds* Avoirdupois. If it were coal it would last the print works in that city, *one hundred and sixty seven years.*—*Dr. Dana.*

The river Niger has formed a dell which covers the surface of *twenty five thousand* square miles. Sand at the mouth of the Mississippi river has been formed to the distance of several leagues, and throughout the whole length of the river there is strong evidence that it has materially changed in its course. From this known effect of rivers and peculiar quantity of soil existing where these fossil remains are found; and in the absence of other causes we may consider the changes produced by them as sufficient to bury the remains in the situation which they are found.

Wesleyan University, Aug. 11, 1843.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### LORD BYRON IN 1823.

"I like music," said he, "but do not know the least of it, as a science; indeed, I am glad that I do not, for a perfect knowledge might rob it of half its charms. At present I only know, that a plaintive air softens, and a lively one cheers me.—Martial music renders me brave, and voluptuous music disposes me to be luxurious, even effeminate. Now, were I skilled in the science, I should become fastidious; and, instead of yielding to the fascination of sweet sounds, I should be analyzing, or criticising or connoisseurshipizing, (to use a word of my own making,) instead of simply enjoying them as at present. In the same way, I never would study *etymology*. I don't want to know why certain flowers please me: enough for me that they do, and I leave to those who have no better occupation the analysis of the sources of their pleasure, which I can enjoy without the useless trouble." Byron has little taste for the fine arts; and, when they are the subject of conversation, betrays an ignorance very surprising in a man who has travelled so much. He says, that he *feels* art, while others prate about it; but his neglect of the beautiful specimens of it here, goes far to prove to the contrary. \* \* \* Maurice the boatman employed by Lord Byron during his residence here, speaks of the noble poet with enthusiasm, and loves to relate anecdotes of him. He told us, that Lord Byron never entered his boat without a case of pistols, which he always kept by him: a very superfluous ceremony, as Maurice seemed to think. He represented him as generally silent and abstracted, passing whole hours on the lake absorbed in reflection, and then suddenly writing with extreme rapidity, in a book he always had with him. He described his countenance, to use his own phrase, as "*manifique*" and different from that of all other men, by its pride (*fier*te was the word he used.) "He passed whole nights on the lake, always selecting the most boisterous weather for such expeditions. I never saw a rough evening set in, while his lordship was at Diodati," continued Maurice, "without being sure that he would send for me: and the higher the wind, and the more agitated the lake, the more he enjoyed it. We have often remained out eighteen hours at a time, and in very bad weather. Lord Byron is so good a swimmer, that he has little to dread from the wa-

ter. Poor Mr. Shelly," resumed Maurice, "ah! we were all sorry for him!—He was a different sort of a man: so affectionate, so generous; he looked as if he loved the sky over his head, and the water on which his boat floated. He would not hurt a fly, nay, he would save everything that had life; so tender and merciful was his nature. He was too good for this world; and yet, lady, would you believe it, some of his countrymen, whom I have rowed in this very boat, have tried to make me think ill of him; but they never could succeed, for we plain people judge by what we *see*, and not by what we *hear*." This was, in language somewhat different, the sentiment of our boatman's account of Byron and Shelly, two of the most remarkable spirits of our age. He seemed to admire the first, but it is evident he loved the second.—*The Idler in Italy.*

#### [For the Olive Leaf.] EARTHLY SORROW.

Go where falls the orphan's tear,  
By a dying mother, there  
Learn a tale of woe, and hear  
What thy heart would shrink to bear.

With him watch her closing eyes,  
Till the spark of life has fled;  
And the spirit upward flies  
From the bosom of the dead.

See the tears of anguish start,  
As he sees her lifeless lay;  
And the fondest hope depart,  
Lost amidst youth's brightest day.

Left alone without a guide,  
Friendless o'er the earth to roam;  
No kind being by his side,  
None to point him out a home.

Follow where he treads the path  
By misfortune marked, and say  
If he asked of what thou hath,  
Wouldst thou from him turn away?

Cold thy heart, unfeeling too,  
Must it be, not to relieve  
Him, when asking thee to do  
Favors thou wouldst glad receive.

Go thou, and a lesson learn,  
Than is this, of deeper woe;  
Vain your search, where else you turn,  
Earthly joys with sorrow flow.

L.

#### THE WALTZ.

A friend has favored us with a peculiar letter, written by a girl to a friend at a distance, from which we extract the following description of waltzing:

'Mi dere how ken i opin your ies to The dan-sas thats goin on i wish i cood sho you it is tu bad but kwite fashunable, tha doo it this wa, the man goes up and lukes rites into thee woman ies to see if she wants to wals, thats the name ov it; then he Lafs and with Out winking putts his arm Round her waste, kaches her hand in Hisn while she laes the other on his arm an then tha turn roun and roun till she feles dissi like or kwere an he turns when she dos and soe tha goe rounand roun till tha think thed bettur stop an then tha rest till tharereddy to doo it agen.—*Bellows Falls Gazette.*

Remember the Poor, for they are our equals, and many of them infinitely our superiors, in all but clothing and food.

#### [Written for the Olive Leaf.] TO WILD FLOWERS.

Bright, smiling, tiny flowers,  
Why are ye blooming here?  
I wondered tow'rd these bowers,  
Thinking not such beauty near.

But I have found in thee,  
Beauty and grace combined;  
In every leaf I see  
The wisdom of God's mind.

Your various forms and hues  
Were made to cheer the eye;  
And all who gaze on you  
Will mourn to see you die.

Thou soon must fade and droop,  
And the bright Orb of day  
Will kiss you as he stoops,  
And doom you to decay.

When forth at morn I stroll,  
To view the works of God,  
Thy beauty cheers my soul  
With hope beneath the sod.

Thou no fit emblems art  
Of sorrow, woe or sadness;  
But glowing, like my heart,  
With peace, and hope, and gladness.

Boston, Aug. '43

E. B. R.

ORIGIN OF GREAT MEN.—Homer was a beggar; Hesiod a small farmer; Esop and Terence were slaves; Virgil was a potter; Horace was a shop keeper; Cromwell was a butcher; Richardson and Franklin, printers; Akenside, and Kirkwhite, and Cardinal Wolsey, and Daniel Defoe, were sons of butchers; Gen. Green was a blacksmith; Washington was a surveyor; Ben Johnson was a brick-layer, but when he had a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket. Halley was the son of a soap-boiler; Herschell was a poor fifer's boy in the army; Simpson was a weaver; Whipple was a cabin boy; Rodger Sherman, Linnæus, Parens, Pendrel, Holenst, Gilford, Bloomfield and Fox were shoemakers; Pope Adrian the VI, was the son of a poor boat builder; Columbus was a weaver; Demosthenes was the son of a cutler.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—On Sunday evening an aged and respectable looking matron, the mother of the murderer Green, who was recently sentenced to be hung in Columbus, Ga., passed through this city, having traveled from Baltimore, on her way to see, commune with, and offer consolation to her wayward son in this hour of extreme adversity. What a striking evidence of the devotion of a mother for her offspring, and how beautiful does it illustrate the truth of the remarks of the writer who alluding to a mother's love, says:

'A man's mother is the representative of his maker. Misfortune and even crime, set up no barriers between her and her son. Whilst his mother lives, he will have one friend on earth who will not listen when he is slandered, who will not desert him when he suffers, who will so-lace him in his sorrow, and speak to him of hope when he is ready to despair. Her affection knows no ebbing tide—It flows on from a pure fountain, offering consolation or spreading happiness through all this vale of tears, and ceases only at the ocean of eternity.'—*Sav. Chron.*

[Original.]

## HOPE ON.

HOPE ON, hope on thou child of grief,  
The clouds will pass away;  
The morn will break, the gloom depart,  
And darkness turn to day.

Hope on, hope on, there's brighter hours,  
And rest for thee to find;  
A calm succeeds the tempest's roar,  
And peace the troubled mind.

Hope on, hope on,—thy duty 'tis;—  
Expect a brighter sky;  
Hope is the heart's eternal spring,  
Without it, it must die.

Hope on, hope on,—though dreary is  
Thy pathway, and beset  
With ills,—there is a resting place;—  
Hope on, and ne'er forget.

ALMA.

[Original.]

## SENSIBILITY.

Sensibility of mind, and fineness of feelings, are always the attendants of true genius. These which by themselves constitute a good heart, when joined to a good head, naturally give a greater tendency to virtue, than vice. For they are naturally charmed with beauty, and disgusted with every kind of deformity. Virtue, therefore, which is amiable in the eyes of our enemies, must have additional charms for those whose susceptibility of beauty is more delicate and refined; and vice, which is not usually loathsome, must appear uncommonly odious to those who are seldom shocked at real turpitude.

It is a melancholy consideration, that man, as he advances in life, degenerates in his nature, and gradually loses those tender feelings, which constitute one of his highest excellencies. The tear of sensibility, said Juvenal, is the most honorable characteristic of humanity.

Whatever real pain may sometimes be occasioned by sensibility, it is in general counterbalanced by agreeable sensations; but which are not the less sincere and soothing, because they do not excite the joy of thoughtless merriment. The anguish of the sympathetic heart is keen, but no less exalted are its gratifications. Notwithstanding all that has been said on the happiness of a phlegmatic disposition, every one who has formed a true estimate of things, will deprecate it as a curse that degrades his nature. It is the negative happiness of the dullest of quadrupeds, doomed to the vilest drudgery.

Men destitute of delicacy, and that solid merit which is usually accompanied with diffidence, often rise to the highest eminence; acquire the the largest fortunes, fill the most important offices, and give law to the sentiments as well as practice of others. In judging from themselves, they have no adequate idea of the dignity of human nature, and the comparative perfection of which it is capable.

Yet if of happiness this earth can boast,  
Let me aver 'tis those possess it most  
Who know sweet sensibility's extremes,  
The soul's pained, pleasing, transitory dreams;  
For what insensibility can taste,  
Is all but empty pleasures, void of rest.  
Give me by tender sympathy to know  
The secret springs of every sufferer's woe;  
My heart shall share, my ready wish relieve,  
And what I want in pow'r, in pity give.

Oh! should I, doom'd to exquisite distress,  
Feel all the pangs of keen unhappiness;  
My mis'ry heighten'd by no friend's approach,  
To cheer my dreary, solitary couch;  
E'en then, whate'er my tortured breast endure,  
I would not wish less feeling for a cure.  
'Tis this ensures our high degrees of bliss,  
In the blest realms of pure sabbatic peace.

Sensibility is the parent of virtue,—an ornament of human nature, and unhappy must that man be, who is void of it. He must be a monster in human form—he must forever be a stranger to those dispositions and affections of mind which exalt our species, and which are the sources of the most refined pleasures.

Say, who enjoys a happy frame of soul,  
But him who owns soft sympathy's control?  
Does he whose bosom never learned to glow  
With gen'rous joy, or melt with others' woe?  
Ah! can the heart where human kindness lives,  
Ask the solution which its feeling gives?  
Say what is bliss? the mind's unclouded day,  
When the storm's settled, and the prospect gay?  
The soft, the delicately temper'd mind,  
Enlarged to love, to elegance refined,  
Which, unrestrained by charms of sordid care,  
Springs from the clay to breathe a purer air,  
Beholds with joy the comprehensive bound,  
Traced by the Deity's free hand around;  
To envious spite or peevish pride unknown,  
Partakes of others' bliss, imparts his own;  
Feels the distress another's breast endures,  
Ceases to feel it only when it cures;  
And what it takes from human grief employs  
As the best subject of its future joys.  
Such is the heart, whence, tempered to the tone  
Of harps seraphic, round the eternal throne,  
Heav'n has attuned with all its sweetest things,  
And keen delight on every fibre rings.  
By man thus framed, responsive nature's seen  
In her just colors, and her loveliest mien;  
While all her features stamp upon his mind,  
Th' impression a Creator's plan designed.  
For him Philosophy her truths explores,  
For him wise Erudition opes her stores;  
For him bright fancy spreads her purpled wings,  
For him the muse unlocks her secret springs.  
The graces in each chaster beauty shine,  
And virtue moves in majesty divine.

Cabotville, Aug. 1843.

C.

## BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

It cannot be that this is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast upon the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are for ever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow comes over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then passes away, and leaves us to regret its faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which "hold their festival around the midnight throne," are set above the grasp of our faculties; forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an alpine torrent upon our hearts. We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever!

## ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 5.

ACROSTICAL.

My 1st, 3d and 6th is	O il.
My 2d, 1st, 4th and 5th is	L ove.
My 3d, 6th and 2d is	I ll.
My 4th, 3d, 1st and 2d is	V iol.
My 5th, 4th, 3d and 6th is	E vil.
My 6th, 3d, 9th and 5th is	L ife.
My 7th, 2d and 3d is	E li.
My 8th, 6th and 5th is	A le.
My 9th, 2d, 7th and 8th is	F lea.

Answered by Miss Mary I. Gray, and Miss Eliza J. Fuller.

Cabotville, Aug. 1843.

## ENIGMA.—No. 6.

I am a word of 5 letters.  
My 5th and 4th is a French article, noun, adjective and preposition.  
My 2d and 3d is an English interjection.  
My 5th, 4th and 1st is the French word for duke.  
My 1st and 3d is an abbreviation.  
My 1st, 3d and 5th is the name of a Cape.  
My 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th is the French word for nail.  
My 4th and 1st, 2d and 1st are geographical abbreviations.  
My 5th and 3d is a syllable in music.  
My 3d and 4th is a French conjunction and adverb.  
My 5th, 4th and 3d is the French for a passage in music.  
My 1st, 2d, 3d and 5th forms a covering for all mankind.  
My WHOLE is daily seen. MARIA.

## PUZZLE.—No. 3.

BY E. J. F.

FILOEALVE.

IIIIILLLEEEERRRNNVDSVOTN.

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