

THE OLIVE LEAF, AND FACTORY GIRL'S REPOSITORY.

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.

From the Boquet.

The little Girl's Address to the Butterfly.

Oh! whither away, pretty rover-so soon?
Wouldst thou from my flowers so fair?
Dost deem them less fragrant than those that exhale
Their sweets on the wild desert air?

Or art thou so fickle and faithless a swain,
So steel'd against love's boasted power,
That nor lily nor rose, in my garden that grows,
Can chain thy soft wings for an hour?

In sooth thou'rt a wanton vain glorious moth,
And as false as thy beauty is rare,
To woo my young flowers to list to thy love,
Then leave them to die in despair.

Then out on thee, rover, and out on thy wiles,
Hie hence with thy gay tinted wing,
I would not my flowers should yield their young hearts
To so fickle and faithless a thing.

TALES.

THE LOWLY LADY.

The sad but stately procession had passed into the church, and even the aisles of the venerable building were thronged with persons. One might have thought, who looked upon the coronet, glittering on the cushion of crimson velvet, and all the other insignia of high rank, that curiosity alone had drawn thither such a crowd; but a deeper interest was marked on every countenance; and the firm voice of the minister had faltered more than once, as he read the solemn service. Yet the coffin was that of a child, a little tender infant, who had died in its first unconscious helplessness. Every one thought of the father, standing up among them, and looking so desolate in his grief. More than one fond mother wept, and drew her red cloak closely round the infant on her bosom, as she gazed round upon the mournful pomp, and the little coffin, and the young nobleman—childless, and worse than widowed—O yes! worse than widowed! as he stood there, and followed with his eyes, the movement of the men then placing the coffin of his child in the shadowy darkness of the open vault below him. That church was a place of agonizing recollection to the young Earl of Derby. Often had he entered it a happy husband; and, as he walked slowly down the aisle to his carriage, he could not help recalling the day when his beautiful and modest bride had clung, in trembling bashfulness, to his arm, when he had there for the first time, called her his wife. 'I am sick of all this idle pomp!' he said to himself, as he entered the wide hall of his own magnificent residence, attended by his train of servants, and met by the obsequious bows of the men who had conducted the fu-

neral: 'I am sick of all this mockery! I will bear it no longer. Would that I were a poor, hard working peasant, with some honest hearts to care for me, and love me. I am heartily tired of your great people!'

Not many weeks after the funeral of the heir of the noble house of Derby, a solitary way-faring man stopped at the turning of a little foot-path, which led down the sloping side of the hill overlooking the village of H—. He had been leisurely wandering on since the early hours of the morning, and had not yet found the place where he would rest for the night. 'Here, at least, is a happy scene,' he said, as he looked down upon the little village at the foot of the hill. About fifty or sixty persons were scattered, in careless groups, about the pleasant green. Some of them were dancing beneath a venerable grove of elms, others were crowding round the only booth which had been raised in the rustic fair. 'At least, I may witness their enjoyment, though I cannot share it,' he said; and, in a few moments, he was standing beneath the old trees on the green.

But, although he was not recognized as the Earl of Derby, and disgusted by the attentions paid to his rank and station, he found the familiarity of vulgar minds, and low manners, not quite so agreeable as he had perhaps expected. Quietly he turned away from the noisy scene.—He passed over the old bridge, which crosses the clear and shallow stream, and turned down a lane, the banks of which were overgrown with wild flowers, and straggling bushes of birch, sufficiently high and thick to meet over head, and form a perfect bower of grateful shade. A poor woman was returning home thro' the lane with her children, her infant sleeping soundly on her bosom, and a curly headed urchin distending his cheeks with puffing at a little painted trumpet, the horrid grating of which had all the charm of novelty and noise to him. The young mother looked so hot and tired, and withal so good humored, that the Earl could not resist asking her if she could direct him to a lodging. 'Not in that merry village we have just left,' he said, 'for I am unwell and tired.'

The woman pointed to a little path, not very far from the spot where they stood, which turned suddenly out of the lane into a wood, overhanging the river; and directed him to follow it thro' a large corn-field, and up a very steep, sandy lane, and then, for about half a mile over—but such directions are tiresome enough, when one is obliged to listen to them to learn one's own way; here, they would be even more so. Besides, I am not sure the Earl attended to the poor woman, for he lost his way. He walked on, wrapped in his own melancholy thoughts, but soothed, in every sense, by the cool, fresh air, the gurgling flow of the river, and all those distant sounds, which, in the quiet fields on a fair calm evening, fall so sweetly indistinct upon the ear. But the

sun had set before the wanderer awoke to the recollection of the purpose before him. He looked around him; he saw green and sloping hills, many stately trees, and the same calm flowing gently below, but no house. At last, where the leafy shade was deepest, he discovered a pile of old, quaintly-shaped chimneys, opposed against the glowing sky. He had not proceeded far in the direction of the farm-house, which now plainly appeared among the trees, when a light step seemed to approach him, and then stopped suddenly; and he heard the sound of restrained weeping. A hazel copse separated him from the meadow whence the sound proceeded; but, on peeping through a little opening, he saw that a young girl was sitting on the bank of the meadow on the other side. For a little while she continued weeping—only for a little while—then clasping her hands together, she raised her head, and her whole heart seemed to look up to heaven in her meek and steadfast gaze.

Still she sat there, almost without stirring, except that, once or twice, she looked down upon the green grass, and her hand dropped, half forgetfully, and half playfully, among the flowers that grew in wild luxuriance beside her, as if she was pleased with, but scarcely knew she noticed them. Just then the rich song of the nightingale burst upon the stillness of the evening, and stole away her ear; and though her thoughts seemed yet to linger on about the subject which had made her weep, she listened till at last she smiled; and so, minute after minute passed away, and gradually she forgot all her trouble; and the only expression on her fair face was innocent gladness.

Let no one suppose that, in this fair country girl, we have met with any maiden of gentle birth brought down to a low estate by the hard uses of adversity; nor any wonder of her native village, gifted with talents of the highest order. Oh, no! Lucy was none of these. What was she? a fair and happy maiden of low birth; if to be born of poor and honest parents be low birth; of no accomplishments or education beyond reading and (let me remember,) yes, she could write. She read well, for her voice was full of natural melody; and practice, and genuine feeling, and above all, piety had made her very perfect.

Lucy's features were not beautiful, but their modest, innocent expression, was better, than mere beauty. Her hands were not the whitest in the world, though, delicately nay exquisitely, shaped: their little palms might have been softer; but, if it might have been said of her, as if the fair and happy milk-maid, 'she makes her hand hard with labor,' it might have been well added, 'and her heart soft with pity; for they who knew her, say she was the kindest creature that ever lived; and speak of a gentle and winning courteousness of manners, that gave a charm to every look, and every word she uttered. But although she was one of nature's own sweet gentle woman, and un-

affectedly modest and pious, she was only a poor uneducated country girl. There was one, however, who soon began to find new hope—new life, I might almost say, in the society of Lucy; one who, in spite of all the pride or aristocracy of his habits, and his prejudices, began to feel it a privilege to be addressed as a familiar friend by the pure-minded maiden; who felt, in his inmost heart the influence of her modest, cheerful piety; and paid her, from his heart the homage of respect and love that was the sweeter from being half made up of gratitude.

He could not help smiling, when he made his proposals in due form, to the relations of his sweet Lucy; for they did not choose to have their child thrown away upon one who, for what they knew to the contrary, might be little better than a beggar, or a sort of (they did not quite say the word,) 'vagabond.' They doubted, and questioned, and wavered, and questioned him again, till the Earl began to feel uncomfortable, and to stammer, and blush; and thus, in fact, to make them really suspicious: for he had quite forgotten to provide against this most probable issue of his suit to them.

'You see,' said an old uncle, at last, who was the head of the family: and the best spokesman, 'you may be a very good sort of a young man, and I have nothing to say against you; but you're plucking up a bit, a poor, sickly, idle body; and suppose you fall ill, or take to no kind of employ, and have nothing coming in of your own—why Lucy's fifty pounds, and the hundred that I shall leave her, when, please Heaven, I die, will go but a very little way. I tell you what,' he said, 'brother and sister,' (turning to Lucy's parents, and looking very wise,) 'don't be in a hurry to give your consent; Lucy, though I say it, is as good a girl as any in the land, and fit for a lord—yes! I say it again, (though you seem to smile,) young man—fit for any lord in the land.'

Lucy had been very busily plucking the withered leaves from a geranium, which her lover had given her; but now she turned round, pale and trembling, for she feared the effect of her uncle's harangue upon her father, who was apt to be as positive as his brother. She trembled, and her heart throbbed with agitation, for she cared not if he whom she loved were penniless; but she felt, that without the consent of her parents, (servants of God, and kind parents, as they both were,) she could not marry him. She turned, as gentle loving daughters will on all such occasions, to her own tender mother, and she had not to speak; her mother could read her looks, she could not resist the tears which rose so suddenly into the soft eyes of her dutiful child. Mothers, or wives, I meant to say, have a winning way of their own—particularly mild, submission wives, such as Lucy's mother; and what with her own influence as a wife, and her own woman's wit, or (in truer words) calm good sense, it was soon agreed that Lucy should marry her love on this condition—that the answer to a certain letter, to be written by him, for a good character, etc., proved satisfactory.

In due time, to the very day, a letter arrived, directed to Lucy's father. With this letter the father and the uncle were quite satisfied; and now Lucy, who had been, at times, unusually, silent, recovered all her cheerfulness; and went about the house singing (so her mother thought) like a nightingale. Thomas Clifford, for so he called himself, was married to his Lucy, and all

the fair and modest girls of the neighborhood were waiting round the church door, to fling basketsful of flowers in the little path, as Clifford led his bride to their own cottage.

He heard the blessing of many poor, aged creatures, who lingered about in the sunshine of the churchyard, upon his humble, yet lovely bride. Every one who met them on that happy morning, smiled upon them, and blessed them.

'High rank, heaps of gold, could not buy such blessing as this!' said he to himself; 'but my sweet and pious Lucy has won the love of every heart. These people, too, have known her from her childhood!'

* * * * *

'That is a grand place, indeed!' said Lucy, as, toward the close of their second day's journey, they approached an ancient and almost princely edifice; 'but does our road lie through the park?'

'Not exactly through the park,' he replied, 'but I thought my Lucy might like to see these fine grounds, and the house and gardens. I have known the gardener and housekeeper for years; and I am sure we shall find them very civil, and willing to show us any little attention in their power, and we have time enough though the sun is getting low, for we are just at home.'

Lucy was delighted. She had never seen a nobleman's house before, she said.

'Well! all those large rooms, and the pictures, and all the fine furniture are very grand,' said Lucy; 'but my eyes ache with looking at them; I like this garden a great deal better. What a beautiful one it is! But may we sit down in this arbor of honeysuckle so near the house?'

Lucy sat in silence for some little time, gazing round her at the venerable house, and the trees and gardens; at length, she said, 'I wonder if the lord of this grand place is happy? Is the Earl of Derby a good man, dear husband? Is he kind and free-spoken to the poor? Is he a married man?' she added, looking with a smile of peculiar sweetness in her husband's face.

'How many questions you have given me to answer, Lucy! Let me consider! Yes, he is a married man; he married, not many months ago, a young country-girl, such another as yourself, dear Lucy.'

'Poor thing!' said Lucy, and she sighed from her very heart.

'Why do you sigh, my own wife?' he demanded. 'Do you envy that poor country maiden?'

'Do I envy her?' she replied, in a voice of tender reproach; 'what a strange question! Do I envy any one?' and as she said this, she drew more closely round her the arm which encircled her slender waist; 'would I exchange my husband with any one!' she added, looking up tenderly and lovingly into his face; 'I sighed in pity for the poor young lady, (for a lady she is now) such a change is enough to turn her head!'

'Would it turn yours, Lucy?' he said.

'Perhaps it might! she said, in the simplest and most natural manner. 'But is she really happy? Does she love him for himself alone?'

'My sweet Lucy,' he began, and as he spoke, his wife thought that he had never seemed so tenderly respectful towards her; 'My sweet Lucy, you alone can answer these last questions; you smile! I see you look amazed upon me; but I repeat it, you alone!'

'But first, said Lucy, very artlessly, I must be

lady here; you must make me countess of Derby!

She had scarcely said this, when, from one of the castle turrets, a bell began to toll: Clifford rose up instantly, and, without saying a word, led his wife up to the castle. They entered the chapel there, in which the servants and the tenants had all assembled, and the chaplain was preparing to commence the evening service, then, leading the wondering Lucy into the midst of them, he presented her to them as their future mistress, the countess of Derby, his wife.

Lucy did not speak; she could scarcely stand; the color forsook her face, and she looked as one about to faint. She stared first at her husband, and then at the domestics around her, and at last she began to comprehend every thing. Eagerly she seized her husband's hand, which she had dropped in her surprise, now affectionately extended to her; then, with an effort that was very visible, but which gave new interest to her in the eyes of all present, she regained somewhat of her natural and modest self-possession, and, raising her innocent face to the ground, and met the respectful greeting of those around her with smiles, which, perhaps, spoke more at once to the heart than the best wisdom of words. The Earl of Derby led his wife to his own seat, and placed her beside him.

Lucy knelt down upon a cushion of embroidered velvet, with the sculptured escutcheons, and stately banners of the house of Derby above her; but, perhaps, of all the high-born dames of that ancient family, none ever knelt there with a purer heart, or with a humbler spirit than that LOWLY LADY.

WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER.

Young George was about to go to sea as a midshipman; every thing was arranged, the vessel lay out opposite his father's house, the little boat had come on shore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat he went to bid his mother farewell, and he saw the tears bursting from her eye. However he said nothing to her; but he saw that his mother would be distressed if he went and perhaps never be happy again. He just turned round to the servant and said, "Go tell them to fetch my trunk back; I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and she said to him, "George, God has promised to bless the children that honor their parents, and I believe he will bless you."

DEGREE OF GREATNESS.

The greatness of the warrior is poor and low, compared with the magnanimity of virtue. It vanishes before the greatness of principle. The martyr to humanity, to freedom of religion; the unshrinking adherent of despised and deserted truth, who alone, unsupported and scorned, with no crown to infuse into him courage, no variety of objects to draw his thoughts from himself, no opportunity of effort or resistance to rouse and nourish energy, still yields himself, calm, resolutely, with invincible philanthropy, to bear prolonged and exquisite suffering; which one retracting word might remove; such a man is as much superior to the warrior, as the tranquil and boundless heavens above us to the low earth we tread beneath our feet.

For the Olive Leaf,

Lines written at the grave of a young lady, whose death was deeply lamented.

COME, GENTLE HARP, thy tone accustomed cease,
And strike one plaintive, never by thee struck;
For near thee lies, beneath this turf of green,
The one who calls it forth. Canst thou not sing
Of her, still fresh on memory's page, as eve
Of yesterday? Wake then! the strain begin!
How soon, alas! how soon earth's flowers die!
In bloom to-day, to-morrow drooped and dead.
Like to a meteor, seen as quick as thought,
And out as soon; nought leaving but its bright
And shadowed form, traced quickly on the mind.
Thus came she forth, and passed away; a beam
Of light, which, ere it blazed in full, went out
As star of morn amid the dawn of day.
The Spring returned. Light o'er her tinted face
The zephyr came; and on its wings brought life
And death. Disease sent out its arrows through
The land, and victims marked of every age
And class. The young and fair fell with the man
Of silvered locks; and he of middle age
Felt through his frame the pangs of illness dart.
The circle long unbroken, breaks in twain.
The fairest culled by death's unyielding hand;
And she, the idol of a father's heart,
Laid 'neath the grassy mound. Weep not my harp!
For those who cannot weep. Who, free from all
That causes tears to flow, have ceased on earth
To live; too pure to hither longer stay.
How short, alas! to thee life's vision was.
Just entered on its scenes, then to return,
As if unfit for thee to gaze upon,
And leave them all, for those of higher source;
Found only where flows soft the stream of life,
And flowers of paradise immortal bloom.
Yes, thou art gone, of whom none knew a fault,
But disappeared amid thy virtue's blaze.
Tears fell from eyes that scarce before had wept;
And hearts unmoved by voice of human woe,
Gave utterance to grief. Slow followed they,
The young, mature, and aged, as forth they bore
Thee to thy silent home. Laid gently here
By those who loved thee most, who careless comes
To break the stillness hovering o'er thy bed,
And bring again the jarring sounds of earth
Discordant to thy ear? 'Tis past—they come
No more. The lights and shades of life have fled.
Here thou canst rest. The world cannot approach.
Above thy head the gentle flower shall spring,
And like thee die in bloom, and pass away.
The zephyr soft, will chant thy evening hymn,
And touch its lyre, by angel spirits tuned,
To notes of heaven. The dews that nightly fall
In silence, and at morning rise, exhaled,
In peace shall rest upon thy moon-lit grave.
And stars their vigils keep, till time shall cease,
And the last morn be ushered in, to wake
With thee thy kindred dust, prepared to join,
And soar with them to mingle in the skies. L.

For the Olive Leaf.

MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

Many there are in this enlightened age who by study and careful observation, have attained a point of honor which most certainly they deserve. And we would ask, has it been done with little or no exertion? Have they attained that which they so richly deserve, by idling away their youthful days in all the amusements of the age? Have they attained it by sitting down and folding their hands and saying, "it is useless for me to undertake to do any thing." No, it is perseverance, strait forward perseverance and firm resolution, that they would seek to know what was for their good, and by this they have risen from a low station to one that is to be envied by all their inferiors. How important it is that a young person should cultivate a mind that is capable of improvement; which is capable of expanding and being called forth, and brought into action. It is important that our powers of mind be cultivated to such an extent, that, with self command and

refinement, we can converse upon almost any subject that is named. There are instances in which young persons are introduced into society, when, from want of learning and refinement, they often appear very much to their disadvantage. Now if the mind of man can be improved to any extent, it can to a great extent, and it is by careful study and examination that we can do it.

Many times we see young persons whose minds are as empty and shallow as the wind;—there is nothing to them but vanity and nonsense; and people of sense, how quick they turn from them—their society is not sought among those that look for better things—their minds can be satisfied with reading a novel, or something similar. When I see a young person of this description, I am led at once to ask myself the question, what is the meaning of this?—and immediately there arises an answer in my mind—they have paid no attention to study, and in fact, have never had a desire for it.

On the other hand, we see a young person whose mind is well stored with knowledge, and who is adorned with all the virtues and excellencies which he or she is capable of possessing;—their company is sought by people of sense and learning, and they can profit by conversing with them. It is of no consequence, whether we are in possession of this world's goods. In order that man may shine and fill the station for which he was made, he must have a preparation. But many say they have no time for study and mental improvement. To this I shall not agree. Every one that has a desire for cultivating their powers, can by some means find time for the work. While the golden days of youth are passing, let them improve every moment in reading and study, and they will not look back upon those days and say they are misspent. Let us, as far as it is in our power, improve the passing moments, that we may be prepared for usefulness in this life, and be happy in another state of existence.

Cabotville, 1843.

CAROLINE L.

Advice to a Daughter.

BY REV. WILLIAM SPRAGUE.

There is one point, my daughter, which is too important to be omitted, I refer to the deportment which it becomes you to maintain toward the other sex. The importance of this, both as it respects yourself and others, you can scarcely estimate too highly. On one hand, it has much to do in forming your own character; and I need not say any lack of prudence in this respect even for a single hour, may expose you to evils which no subsequent caution could enable you effectually to repair. On the other hand, the conduct of every female who is of the least consideration, may be expected to exert an influence on the character of every gentleman with whom she associates; and that influence will be for good or evil as she exhibits or fails to exhibit, a deportment which becomes her. So commanding is this influence that it is safe to calculate on the character of any community, from knowing the prevailing standard of female character; and that can scarcely be regarded as an exaggerated maxim, which declares that "women rule the world."

Let me counsel you, then, never to utter an expression, or do an act, which even looks like soliciting any gentleman's attention. Remember that every expression of civility, to be of any value,

must be perfectly voluntary; and any wish on your part, whether directly or indirectly expressed, to make yourself a favorite, will be certain to awaken the disgust of all who know it. I would not recommend to you anything like a prudish or affected reserve, but even this is not so unfortunate an extreme as an excessive forwardness.—While you modestly accept any attentions which propriety warrants, let there be no attempt at artful insinuation on one hand, or at taking a man's heart by storm or the other.

Be not ambitious to be considered a belle.—Indeed, I had rather you would be almost anything else, which does not involve gross-moral obliquity, than this. It is the fate of most belles that they become foolishly vain, think of nothing, beyond personal display, and not unfrequently sacrifice themselves in a mad bargain, which involves their destinies for life. The more solid and endearing esteem you enjoy, the better; and you ought to gain whatever of this you can by honorable means; but to be admitted, caressed, and flattered, for mere accidental qualities, which involve nothing of intellectual or moral worth, ought to render any girl, who is the subject of it, an object of pity. You are at liberty to desire the good opinion of every gentleman of your acquaintance; but it would be worse than folly in you to be ambitious of a blind admiration.

I will only add, that you ought to be on your guard against the influence of flattery. Rely on it, the man who flatters you, whatever he may profess, is not your friend. It were a much kinder office, and a real mark of friendship, to admonish you tenderly, yet honestly, of your faults. If you yield a little to flattery, you have placed yourself on dangerous grounds; if you continue to yield, you are not improbably undone. Adieu for the present.

A BACHELOR'S OPINION OF MATRIMONY.

—Look at the great mass of marriages that take place over the whole world; what poor, contemptible affairs they are. A few soft looks, a walk, a dance, a squeeze of the hand, a popping of the question, a purchase of a certain number of yards of white satin, a ring, a clergyman, a stage or two in a hired carriage, a night in the country inn, and the whole matter is over. For five or six weeks two sheepish looking persons are seen dangling on each other's arm, looking at waterfalls, or making morning calls, and guzzling wine and cakes; then every thing falls into the most monotonous routine; the wife sits on one side of the hearth, the husband on the other, and little quarrels, little pleasures, little children, gradually gather around them. This is what ninety-nine of a hundred find to be delights of matrimony.

HOLINESS.

In the time of Whitefield, when this great man of God was addressing a large camp-meeting in Ipswich, an old woman was observed most devoutly interested in the speaker, at a distance too great for any of the words to be distinguished.—The old woman being thus observed weeping and intensely excited by the eloquence of the orator, was thus addressed: "My good woman, what is it that so affects you? You certainly cannot hear the words of the speaker." "Oh, no sir," she replied; "but then I can see the holy wag of his head!"

For the Olive Leaf.

CALL ME BEFORE I AM OLD.

I would not, ah! no, I would not live to be old;
Till my joys are all wrecked, and friends have grown cold;
But I would take my farewell, when they are around,
To shed me one tear, and to hallow my mound;
In the bloom of my youth, ere friends have grown cold,
O call me my Father, before I am old.

The blight of my years is now stealing me o'er,
And my hopes fade away, so cherished of yore;
The cot of my home has the moss overgrown,
And perished each wreck I once called all my own;
In the bloom of my youth, ere friends have grown cold,
O call me my Father, before I am old.

O tell me ye spirits that guard this lone spot,
Tell where are the loved, who once were but are not,
Where flowers e'er bloom? where thorns ne'er infest?
Sing they now with the good, in the land of the blest?
In the bloom of my youth ere friends have grown cold,
O call me, my Father, before I am old.

I would not lie down to my long final sleep,
In the rude winter's time, when the wild tempests sweep;
But in mild autumn's tide, with the flowers I would die,
As sinks the lone star in the dim western sky;
In the bloom of my youth, ere friends have grown cold,
O call me, my Father, before I am old.
Holliston, June, 1843.

ALLEN.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

BY L. A. KINGSBURY.

I am aware, we are inclined to associate the word antiquity with such places as Egypt, Greece, Rome and Britain, but, though no dingy catacomb records the illustrious names of the ancient and mighty dead—though no massy monument of brass or stone, has propped our skies for a thousand years, yet, we have many way-marks, that point us back through the dark, misty and circuitous past, which compels us to believe that America was inhabited, not only before its discovery by Columbus, but even prior to the red men of the wilderness. It is true, destitute as we are of any record of such a race, that we are left to imagination and vague conjecture, in regard to the color, nation or exact degree of civilization; but it is no less certain, on that account, that a people, advanced far in civilization—many centuries back—plowed and sowed our fields, made implements of husbandry and war, and, for aught we know, reared their temples high toward heaven. At any rate, there have been relics found in the new countries of the west, which cannot be attributed to the present Indian race, unless it has unaccountably retrograded in civilization since the period to which they point. Implements of war and husbandry have been discovered, of which the Indian was profoundly ignorant when first discovered by Columbus, and of which he knows nothing at the present day.—That it was inhabited by a people differing from the present race, we infer from the mounds or tumuli of the West, which are ranked among the most remarkable antiquities of the world.—They are generally, found on fertile bottoms and near the rivers. Several have been discovered along the valley of the Mississippi; the largest of which stands not far from Wheeling, Ohio.—This mound is 50 rods in circumference, and 90 feet in perpendicular height. This is found filled with human skeletons; consequently, must have been contiguous to some large city where the dead were placed in gradation one layer above another, till it reached a natural climax.

Ancient forts have been discovered near Marietta. They consist of walls and mounds of earth

running from eight to ten feet high, and nearly forty broad at their base, and some of them enclose 50 acres of ground. Outside of this fort is a mound differing in form from the general configuration. Its shape is that of a sugar loaf, the base of which is more than 100 feet in circumference, its height 30 feet, encompassed by a ditch defended by a parapet or wall beyond the ditch, about breast high, through which is a way leading to the main fort. Priest in his excellent work on American Antiquities, supposes the ancient Romans may have built it on account of its similarity to the ancient Roman fortifications, in regard to its shape and appendages. Dr. Morse says, those of the ancient Danes, Belgae and Saxons, as found in England, were, universally, of the circular form, while the Romans are square, corresponding with those found in our own country.

In 1827 a planter discovered in Mont Video a sort of tomb-stone on which strange, and to him unknown characters were engraved. Beneath this stone he found two ancient and rusty swords, a helmet and shield, which had suffered much from rust; also, an earthen vessel of great capacity. On these articles were Greek words which deciphered, read as follows. 'During the dominion of Alexander, the son of Philip, King of Macedon, in the sixty third Olympiad Ptolemaios'—it was impossible to make out the rest, on account of the ravages of time. On the handle of the swords was the portrait of a man supposed to be Alexander the great. On the helmet there was sculptured work, that must have been executed by the most exquisite skill, representing Achilles dragging the corpse of Hector around the walls of Troy. From this it is clear, says, the Editor of the Cabinet of Instruction and Literature, 'that the discovery of this monumental altar is proof that a cotemporary of Aristotle, of the Greek Philosophers has dug up the soil of Brazil and Laplatia in south America.'

The remains of former dwellings have been found along the Ohio where the river has washed away its banks. Hearths and fire-places have also been brought to light, from 2 to 6 feet deep which are indubitable evidences that houses were once reared above them; if not such as now accommodate the millions of America, yet they may have been such as accommodated the ancient Britons at the time of the invasion of the Romans. At Cincinnati there are two Museums, one of which contains a great variety of Western Antiquities—many skulls of Indians, and more than a hundred remains of what has been dug out of the aboriginal mounds. Among these relics is a cup made of clay with three faces on the sides, each presenting regular features of a man, and beautifully delineated.

Mr Ash, an English traveler, relates a discovery which he made. He found, he says, three feet below the surface a fine mould, underneath which were small flat stones, lying in regular strata or gravel, brought from the mountain in the vicinity. This last, covered the remains of a human frame, which fell into a powder when touched or exposed to the air. Towards the base of the barrier, he came to 3 tiers of substances placed regularly in rotation; and as these formed two rows, four deep, separated by little more than a flag-stone between the feet of one and the head of another, it was supposed the barrier

contained 2000 human skeletons in a very great state of decay which shows their great antiquity.

There was discovered, says Priest, in 1775, adjacent to the town of Lexington in Kentucky, a catacomb, formed in the bowels of the limestone rock about thirteen feet below the surface of the earth. The removal of several stones of very singular appearance laid open a cave, deep, gloomy and terrific as they supposed. Having descended with lights, they found a very spacious apartment, the sides and extreme ends of which were formed into niches, occupied by figures representing men. Upon examination the figures were found to be mummies preserved by the art of embalming to as great a state of perfection as was known among the ancient Egyptians 1800 years before the christian era. The custom of embalming and preserving in this manner seems to be purely Egyptian, and Mr. Ash makes the following rational enquires. 'Shall we be esteemed presumptuous, if we hazard the opinion that the people who made this cavern and filled it with their embalmed dead, were indeed, from Egypt?' 'If they were not, where shall we turn for a solution of this mystery?'

To what country shall we travel? where are the archives of past ages, that shall shed its light here? It certainly seems contrary to reason to suppose the present race of Indians to be the authors of these works, peculiar to not only civilized, but to enlightened nations. The art of embalming was one of the greatest discoveries of science, and is it not the more reasonable supposition that America was inhabited by more enlightened people prior to the emigration of the Indian? I can possibly perceive how a nation may lose the knowledge of one thing, but I cannot perceive how a nation can be acquainted with the use of letters—of iron—the art of engraving and embalming as can be satisfactorily proved, and lose the entire knowledge of all them.

Again, should we suppose the Indian once possessed this knowledge, which he has since lost, we are still left in doubt and uncertainty.—Antedeluvian remains have been found at the depth of 80, and even a 100-feet below the surface of the earth which we may as reasonably attribute to any other people as to the Indian race, as those who inhabited America at that time were swept away with the rest of mankind by the deluge.

Entire pots, holding eight or ten gallons, have been brought up from the amazing depth of 80 feet, and others, adds Schoolcraft have been discovered at even greater depth. A gentleman near Cincinnati, in sinking a well was obliged to dig to the depth of 80 feet without coming to water, when his workmen found themselves obstructed by some hard substance, which was found to be the stump of a tree, three feet in diameter and two feet high, which had been cut with an axe. The blows of the axe, observes Priest, were yet visible. Ten feet below, the water sprang up, and the well is now in constant supply, and of high repute. This tree was undoubtedly Antedeluvian, consequently America was peopled before the flood. In fact, so strong is this belief with some, that they have advanced and defended with many plausible arguments the Hypothesis that America was the residence of Noah and the place where the ark was built.

There is a melancholy grandeur in the reflect-

tion that we stand upon the dust of a by-gone and extinct nation. There is something that awakens the pulse of lofty but sad emotion, to reflect that the soil of America—away back through the murky past,—perhaps beyond the flood was plowed and sowed, and her fruits garnered by ancient Romans, Grecians, Egyptians or some other strange people; and perhaps where silence unbroken, has reigned for centuries, the busy hum of business, and the happy whistle of the peasant shepherd, has echoed far and near.

There is most truly a sadness in the picture, as we look back with the eye of imagination, or, I may say, of strong belief, and see the now termed New World, dotted by numerous towns and mighty cities, thronged with a teeming population. I know it may be considered an idle whim, of vague and perhaps groundless conjecture, but as I look at the argument for the past existence of such a people, fancy calls up from the dust of ages a happy and civilized nation, and where nought for centuries has been seen but the uncouth wigwam of the savage Indian, fancy, active fancy erects commodious dwellings, courts of justice and temples of worship. Where nought has been heard but the savage yell and the serpents hiss, I hear the greeting of fond friends—the happy laugh of a happy peasantry—the bleating of the flock—the lowing of the herd, and the sweet melodious matin song of the Robin and the Lark! Where nought for ages has broken the stillness of the wilderness but the creak of the wild cat, the tiger and the screech-owl's shrill notes—music's rich strain swells out from the happy peasant's cot, and borne away upon the still evening air. The unconscious dust sleeping within those tumuli was once, perhaps, animated with a patriot's soul or a poet's wild imaginings.

Imagine that mighty river, the father of waters, that has mirrored back for ages the stars of heaven and has borne upon its bosom nought but the Indian's rude canoe, was once whitened by the canvass of an enterprising and happy people; and I see the beauty and fashion of those cities once existing on its banks, sailing on its unruffled bosom. The whippoorwill's low, sad notes are heard—the evening stars alone look upon the happy scene—the swelling canvass bears them pleasantly on and the 'boat-man's welcome home' rises up to heaven from light and happy hearts—I see the bending forms of youth and age, who have wandered far to kneel by the side of those tumuli, and shed a tear over dust of some loved and remember'd friend; and there I see the artless girl, by the moon's dim light, with a heaving bosom, and a tearful eye, planting some favorite flower which shall bloom over a loved mother, or partner's resting place, and which shall be sacred to their memory. This is fancy:—be it so:—It is a fancy I cannot if I would, control. They have passed away and were it not for the scattered relics we find—which speak in an indefinite though decided language—Oblivion might reign empress over their history and final extinction.

Holliston June, 1843.

The greatest dupes are those who waste an anxious existence in the disappointments and vexations of business, and live miserably and meanly, only to die magnificently rich.

SUNNY-EYE

A LEGEND OF THE THAMES.

BY CHARLES H. BRAINARD.

No portion of New England is so deeply fraught with events of interest in the early history of America, as the territory on either side of the river Thames, extending from Norwich to New London. This delightful tract of country was once in the possession of a powerful tribe—the Mohegans. They were a noble race of beings, and were distinguished for their bravery and prowess in battle, and their strong friendship for the whites. The chief of the tribe was Uncas, whose deeds of noble daring form a prominent feature in the history of the aborigines of our country. But this once numerous race have become nearly extinct—a small remnant reside on the western bank of the river, about six miles from Norwich. Through the benevolence of the neighboring citizens a small church and school-house were some time since erected, and the efforts thus made to improve their temporal and spiritual condition, have, to a certain extent been successful.

While visiting this little settlement, a few months since, I gathered from an Indian, whose head was whitened by the frosts of eighty winters, the following narrative, which forms a melancholy passage in the history of Uncas.

His declining years were cheered by the society of an only daughter, the beautiful Sunnyeye. In her were combined all those peculiar traits of beauty which distinguished the Indian female. Her form was of perfect symmetry, and the mild expression of her countenance was a true index of her disposition—she was the idol of her father's heart, and he clung to her as to the vital principle of his life. His affection was repaid by her unceasing attention to his comfort, and the daily manifestation of her dutiful regard.

'Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound—
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.'

Early trained to the fatigue and hardships of savage life, she roamed unattended through her native forests, and bounded from rock to rock with the fleetness of the antelope, or plunged fearless into the rapid current of the Thames. Her beauty and gentleness were the theme of admiration among her tribe, and many were the noble sons of the forest who knelt at her feet and sued for her hand in marriage—but though she bestowed on all a look of tenderness, her heart remained proof against the soft spell of love.

It was on an afternoon near the close of summer, when a gallant ship from England sailed up the Thames, and anchored near the Mohegan settlement. Shortly after, a boat containing her officers landed upon the shore. They directed their steps to the dwelling of Uncas, where they were received with that cordiality which had ever characterized his treatment of the whites.—The Lieutenant of the ship was a tall, athletic youth, with a form like an Apollo, and a countenance indicative of energy and daring, heightened in expression by a hazel eye of extreme beauty; he was one formed to captivate the heart of women. Sunnyeye, seated in one corner of the rude Cabin, watched him with intense interest; and from that moment a new and indescribable emotion took possession of her heart. Long did the officers tarry at the hut

of the chieftain—the wine cup was passed freely round, and their boisterous mirth betrayed its exhilarating effect. It was near the hour of midnight when they left the shore and rowed back to the ship. Having grown stupid from the deep potations they had imbibed, they failed to notice the absence of the young Lieutenant, who lingered near the hut of Uncas.

He had attentively gazed upon Sunnyeye, and struck with admiration of her rare beauty, he resolved to entice her from her forest home, and carry her to England. Leaving the cabin unobserved by his companions, he concealed himself behind a tree until the plashing of oars informed him they were rowing to the ship. Carefully looking around him, lest his movements might be observed, he entered the cabin. Uncas had fallen asleep, and was stretched upon the floor.—Sunnyeye was seated near him; her eyes were bathed in tears, and her face expressed the deepest grief. She started at the sudden appearance of the officer,—but his kind looks reassured her. No time was to be lost. Addressing Sunnyeye in those accents of tenderness which are sure to find their way to woman's heart, he urged her to leave the home of her childhood, and accompany him to England. He pictured to her imagination scenes of splendor and magnificence, and promised to make her the mistress of his splendid fortune. Sunnyeye looked for a moment upon the sleeping form of her father, and her tender regard for him struggled against the love she bore the handsome stranger—but his tender persuasions overcame her sense of duty, and love, all powerful love, outweighing every other consideration, she yielded to his wishes. Hastily collecting a few trinkets, the gift of a fond father, and wrapping her mantle around her, she left the hut, and was hurried to the shore by her companion. On hailing the ship, a boat was sent to his assistance, and in a few moments they stood upon the deck. A light breeze having sprung up, all sails were loosened, the anchor weighed, and before sunrise the lovely Sunnyeye was many leagues from the scenes of her childhood, and was never heard of after.

My limits not allow me to detail the subsequent history of Uncas. Crushed in spirit by the loss of the only stay of his declining years, and disheartened by the rapid decrease of his tribe, who had suffered severe losses in their numerous battles; he rapidly sunk to the tomb—and though his deeds of noble daring have been told in every clime, and his name written in the archives of our country, nought but the moss covered base of an unfinished monument now points out the spot where he sleeps.*

*Since the first publication of the above sketch, the ladies of Norwich, animated by a patriotic desire to commemorate the noble deeds of Uncas, have contributed the needed amount of funds to complete the proposed monument, which now stands over the tomb of the Mohegan chief.—It is built of solid granite, and will we hope, be as imperishable as the memory of his greatness.

There is a woman in St. Louis who professes to imagine herself the virgin Mary. She is a native of Scotland, and says she had a call from the Holy Spirit to leave Glasgow and go to Nauvoo.

Love the neighbor as thyself, and all is peace.

The Olive Leaf.

CABOTVILLE, JULY 8, 1843.

THE FOURTH IN CABOTVILLE.

Never, since the sun was placed in the broad heavens, was there a day more propitious than last Tuesday, the anniversary of our nation's freedom. The sultry heat of the week previous, gave way to the gentle, cooling breeze, and languid nature, feeling it fanning her locks, made an effort and rose up upon her elbow, and took breath.

The King of day was ushered in by the discharge of cannon and ringing of bells. The six bells of the village "gave utterance" for the space of an hour, filling the air with chiming echoes, dying away alternately on the slightly ruffled bosom of the winding Connecticut, after which a stillness ensued—an evidence that the looked-for guest had arrived, and taken up his quarters.

Agreeably with the order of the day, at 9 o'clock, the bells of the several churches again rang, at which time the Sabbath School scholars, with their teachers, assembled at their respective churches, where each received an appropriate badge; after which they were escorted by the band to the square in front of Cabot Hall, where the procession was formed.

The order of the procession was as follows:

The Band.

Chief Marshal.

The Sabbath Schools in order of their organization.

Children unconnected with the Sabbath Schools.

President and Chaplain of the day.

Committee of Arrangements.

The Clergy.

The Ladies.

Citizens of the Village.

At 10 o'clock the procession began to move. No language can do justice to the scene viewed as it was by us from a neighboring height.

One thousand youth and children of a New England village, which, twelve years ago contained hardly a hundred souls; and nearly all belonging to Sabbath Schools. We ask where is the extent of the good influence shed upon the future conductors of our state and nation? Surely it cannot be estimated.

After passing through the principal streets, the procession entered the grove, a quarter of a mile distant, previously fitted up for the occasion.

Language again fails to do justice to the spot, selected by the enterprising inhabitants of Cabotville, in which to celebrate their independence. A limited description is all our readers must expect.

The spot was a ravine, the area of which measured a few rods in width, and extended to a considerable distance. Both sides were thinly set with trees, but of sufficient size to form a perfect shade, inasmuch that the rays of the sun were nearly excluded. In the centre of the valley ran a pure stream of water, coming directly from a never-failing spring, at the other end of the grove, high upon the hill side. Over this stream was placed a table nearly a hundred feet in length, laden with choice delicacies prepared for the occasion.

One thing should not be forgotten, which is the advantage for possessing the pure cold element, water, which exceeded all others we ever witnessed.

From the spring above mentioned was laid lead pipe, which conducted the water into two cisterns, placed at each end of the table, supplying all who might wish.

A prayer being offered up by the Chaplain of the day, the multitude partook of the dainties prepared; after which addresses were listened to from Rev. Mr. Buckingham, Folsom, Clapp, and Warren; followed by Mr. Leavitt, and Col. Nettleton of Chicopee Falls.

The following are the sentiments and toasts given on the occasion.

By Rev. Mr. Folsom. *Old Ireland*—The birth-place of genius, eloquence, and patriotism—may her long prayer for deliverance from unjust oppression, be responded to by all civilized nations, with a hearty and significant *Amen*.

Sentiment by the Marshal of the day:

Independence—May it ever be celebrated with as much unanimity as it is this day in this place.

By the Chaplain of the day. *George Washington*—May the memory of his goodness, his greatness, his wisdom, and his success, be transmitted down to generation after generation, as long as the sun and moon shall endure.

By Miss S. Humphrey. *The Sabbath Schools in Cabotville*—May they ever remain an ornament to our village. From them, may there arise many bright luminaries, whose visit to heathen shores, shall be like the footsteps of Aurora, to scatter the darkness that enshrouds Pagan minds, and picture forth the glories revealed by the pen of Inspiration.

By I. I. Leslie. *Cabotville*—The stranger's home, the nursery of Political and Religious liberty—may it ever sustain its philanthropic spirit, and have for its motto, "We are United."

Sentiment. *The Union of the "United States" of America*, consummated by the glorious Declaration of Independence, in '76—may it be the rich inheritance of our children, to the latest generation of men.

By H. Robinson. *The Sabbath School children of the land*—Those buds of promise which require only to be protected from the noxious influence of bad company and example, and to be watered with the dews of heaven, to expand in due season, into blossoms, radiant with beauty, fit to be worn on the brow of Angels.

By W. McKinstry. *The Rising Generation*—May they, and those who shall succeed them through each successive generation, grow wiser and better than their predecessors, by a progressive state of improvement, through all futurity to the end of time.

By E. P. Huntington. *The Sabbath Schools of Cabotville*—Six in one, and one in six.

By a Superintendent. *The Bible*—The source—best support and defence of civil and religious freedom.

Sentiment. May the future as well as the present Mothers of America, in pointing to their children, be able to say, with the Roman matron, "These are my ornaments."

By I. I. Leslie. *Mr. Lincoln, Chief Marshal of the day*—May it ever fall to our lot to be marshaled under so able a chief.

By the President of the day. *Union*—That union which gained our liberty, in the time of the Revolution—that union which brought together these Sabbath Schools—so may we meet, from year to year, and may we be benefited by these meetings—may we lay up treasures—such treasures "As those which nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,

The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy."

THE TEA PARTY.

At three o'clock another procession was formed of about three hundred ladies and gentlemen. The order of the procession we are unable to give, otherwise than it was accompanied by the Band, followed by their Orator, Chaplain, President, Committee of Arrangements, &c.

After passing through some of the principal streets, it entered the grove, where a refit-up was provided, consisting of all the delicacies of the season.

After a prayer by the Chaplain, an oration was pronounced by Mr. J. H. Farnsworth, when the company seated themselves at the tables.

The refreshments being taken, addresses, sentiments and toasts were offered, accompanied by long and repeated cheers.

REGULAR TOASTS.

The 4th of July, 1776—May that day and the names of those worthies so honorably associated therewith, ever be held in sacred remembrance by the sons and daughters of America.

The Battle of Bunker Hill—The first blow for liberty. Its immediate impression was trifling, but its ultimate consequences the most disastrous to John Bull, and felicitous to Brother Jonathan.

The American Government.—Wise in its construction, philanthropic in its design. May its laws ever be

administered with an honest desire to benefit the people.

Old Massachusetts.—The home of the Pilgrims and the field of the brave. Justly renowned for the importance of her early history, and the example of her present character, for learning, wealth and morals. May she continue to dazzle as one of the brightest gems torn from the British crown.

Common Schools.—The bulwark of a nation's prosperity. By them, in their most healthy condition, may the American Union never cease to be defended.

The Printing Press.—Though it be itself as black as midnight, yet nevertheless, it illuminates the world.

The deeds of Lafayette.—May they be held in sacred remembrance by every true American.

George Washington.—A name worthy to be held in everlasting remembrance by every friend to true freedom.

Our Pilgrim Fathers.—May their virtues and integrity be held sacred by their posterity.

The Rock of Plymouth.—The prophet of old struck the rock and living water gushed forth. The Pilgrim Fathers touched New England, and virtue, learning, civilization and freedom sprang up beneath their feet.

The Mothers of the Revolution.—May the patriotism which animated them, be infused into the hearts of the daughters of the rising generation.

The Sons of the Pilgrims.—They only await the smiles of the daughters of Massachusetts to become Pilgrim Fathers.

The Ladies.—Their bright eyes and smiling faces mirror forth gladness and sunshine, and may they never be darkened by a single cloud.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

By S. Churchill. *Freedom*.—May all mankind make free to enjoy the principles of liberty; but never take the liberty to subvert the principles of freedom.

By J. Dow. *The Constitution of the United States*.—The great charter of our liberties, founded upon the eternal principles of justice and the rights of humanity. It preserves the old and is a true guide to the young.

By O. R. Post. *The American Eagle*.—May she make her nest of materials gathered from the head of the British Lion.

By R. E. Robertson. *Civil and Religious Liberty*.—May the down-trodden sons and daughters of Erin soon know what it is to enjoy it.

By E. F. Childs. May unity of feeling and love of liberty, be the aim of every American citizen down to the end of time.

By J. D. Sias. *Washington, Lafayette, and O'Connell*.—Generations yet unborn will point back to them and say, "Behold the life guards of Liberty."

By R. E. Robertson. *A good man*.—May the time come when the man whose conduct is the most conducive to human happiness, shall be considered the best man.

Woman.—The morning star of our youth, the day star of our manhood, and the evening star of our declining years.

Tea Parties.—The first tea party introduced into this country was in cold salt water. May every succeeding tea party remind us of the original.

By Benning Leavitt. Our distinguished guest and fellow citizen, John Chase, Esq.—Welcome home from the shores of England to his native country. Welcome back to Cabotville.

By John Chase, Esq. I am happy to meet you on this occasion, and thrice happy to greet you all here on my return from a foreign country. I rejoice that we can unite and celebrate this day in a manner so far above what I have witnessed in England.

There on all public occasions for pleasure or amusement, a numerous police and large companies of soldiers are always in attendance to preserve order. This, I hope and trust, will never be required in this happy country—but may we all be able to keep the peace without a standing army. I will give you for a sentiment,

Our Independence.—May it continue through all succeeding generations, as our fathers bequeathed it to us.

By Rev. Mr. Folsom. *America and England*.—The former governed by the sovereign people—Broadcloth

and silk stockings are cheap—The latter governed by a mere woman—Calicoes is viz.

By T D Blossom. *The Orator of the Day*—May it fall to his happy lot to show forth his oratorical powers on more occasions than one, like this.

By the Toast Master, G N Whitman. *The Chaplain of the day*—A representative of a past age; of the time when our fathers deep laid the foundation stone of our free institutions. May the period of his earthly sojourn be lengthened out, and he remain still longer a pure and spotless example of a former generation.

By T D Blossom—*The Chicopee Falls Band*—May we ever be so fortunate as to listen to the performance of such respectable and excellent musicians.

By the Chaplain—The Soldiers of the Revolution receive with grateful emotions, the respect shown to them by one generation after another—By this we know that the spirit of the revolution is yet alive—and may it live as long as seed time and harvest shall succeed each other.

By S Churchill—*The Soldiers of the Revolution*—While we admire the heads that designed, may we not forget the hands which accomplished the glorious work of our independence.

By D Chapman—*The Ladies of Cabotville*—Unsurpassed by any in the world for beauty, modesty and intelligence.

By the President of the day—*The Revolutionary Soldiers of '76*—May we ever venerate the names and deeds of those worthy forefathers who fought and bled to gain for us this noble and glorious independence which we this day celebrate.

By J H Farnsworth—The Members of the Chicopee Falls Brigade Band—They have delighted our hearts with music sweet and melodious. May those martial strains carry us back to the time when our fathers marched even to the cannon's mouth to the tune of *Yankee Doodle*.

By T D Blossom—*The Toast Master*—By his exertions in behalf of the Tea Party, we consider him not a whit behind any man.

By S Churchill—*The Ladies*—God bless them! May they ever be ready to honor us with their smiling faces on occasions like the present.

The Ladies of Cabotville—For beauty, intelligence and moral worth, equal to any in the world, and when united with Chicopee Falls, superior to all creation.

These being ended the procession was again formed, and all retired from the grove.

Thus passed off and ended the sixty-sixth anniversary of our nation's independence, which may Heaven grant may never be spent less happily.

To Readers and Correspondents.

Our correspondents must exercise patience, especially those whose articles are poetical. We will endeavor to do them justice.

Our readers are informed that the remainder of "My Grandfather's Story Of The Lost Children" is necessarily deferred this week.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Who would not read? especially, when so little labor will secure such an amount of valuable knowledge as is contained in Harper's Family Library now for sale at Ben. F. Brown's, Ferry street.

Never since the world became inhabited, was there a time when all classes could have such access to the fountain of knowledge. A book which once cost thirteen years labor by the operative, can now be obtained for one day's! Surely we do not value our privileges.

On our table has been laid a host of publications, and we hardly know which to notice first.

The "New Mirror," published every Saturday in New York, in pamphlet form, edited by Morris and Willis, is certainly among the first of literary comers. Each number contains a beautiful Steel Engraving, and matter which does one's soul good to read—6 cents per copy.

"The Rover," a weekly Magazine, highly embellished, is also among the first of that class of literature—Tales. Those who wish for sterling stories will find them here. All the above for sale at Ben. F. Brown's, six cents per copy. Ferry street.

Mr. Brown has also the following: "Mark Manly or the Skipper's Lad," a tale of Boston, by Professor Ingraham. "The Twins, and Other Tales by Frederika Bremer." "Mar-

ried Men," translated from the French. "Martin Chuzzlewit" by "Boz," with illustrations, "New Englander," &c.

All the popular Magazines of the day can be found at his establishment, and as most of them commence a new volume the present month, it affords a grand opportunity for those who wish to subscribe, to give Mr Brown a call, as he pledges to bind them at the close of the volume, at one third discount from the lowest cash price.

For the Olive Leaf. THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

"The chamber,
Where the good man waits his fate,
Is privileged above the common walks of life,
Quite on the verge of heaven."

Who that has ever stood beside the couch of a suffering christian, but will utter the prayer, "Let me live the life of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

He has long believed and practised the great truths of God's word. In the footsteps of his divine Redeemer, he has walked through life. His highest ambition has been to do good and shed around him the mild influences of the gospel.—He courted not earthly honor, but chose rather to bear the stigma of a frowning world, if he could but win Christ. And now, as he retrospects the past, with his soul firmly anchored on the broad promises of God, and his eye on the reward, he exclaims with the great apostle, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, and kept the faith." No fearful forebodings of the future seize that spirit; all is calm as heaven. It is a holy hour—and so near does heaven appear, that he almost hears the flapping of Seraph wings, as they watch around; while "faithful to his promise, stands the Angel of the Covenant," ready to walk with him through the vale of death; and as he nears the dark stream, celestial glory kindles in his eye; while he catches a glimpse of those heavenly beings, and kindred spirits, made perfect in glory, who

"Wait his passage through the shade,
Ardent for his coming o'er;
See, they throng the spirit shore."

Thus, triumphantly he passes away, and as we gaze on the remains, sorrow arises in our hearts, that one, thus cherished, must leave us. But we mourn not without hope. He still lives, and there comes a time, not far in the future, when friends shall meet again. Blissful thought! connected with it are the highest interests of man. The earth affrighted may flee from the Judge of the world, and the solid mountains melt like wax; but the soul of man shall survive nature's great change, and rest in the bosom of its God.

Cabotville, July, 1843.

S. H.

THE GERMAN PEASANTRY.

"In Germany, the peasants are the great and ever-present objects of country life. They are the great population of the country, because they themselves are the possessors. This country is in fact, for the most part, in the hands of the people. It is parcelled out among the multitudes; and wherever you go, instead of the great halls, the vast parks, and the broads lands of the nobility and gentry, as in England, you see the perpetual evidences of an agrarian system. The exceptions to this, which I shall afterwards point out, are the exceptions; they are not the rule.—The peasants are not, as with us, for the part totally cut off from property in the soil they cultivate, totally dependent on the labor afforded by others; they are themselves the pro-

prietors. It is perhaps from this cause the feel that they are laboring for themselves. The women and children all work, as well as the men, for it is family work; nay, the women often work the hardest. They reap, thresh, mow, work on fallows—do any thing. In summer, without shoes or stockings, clad in a dark blue petticoat and body of the same, or in other colors, according to the costume of the neighborhood, and with their dress, and with their hair burnt to a singed brown, or into different hues, with the sun, they are all out in the hot fields. Nay, you may even see women driving a wagon, in which two or three men are sitting at ease, smoking. They take dinner to the fields, frequently giving their lesser children a piece of bread, and locking them up in the cottage till they came home again, the elder ones being at school till they join them in the afternoon.

This would be thought a hard life in England, hard as it is, it is not to be compared with the condition of laborers in some agricultural parts of a dear country like England, where eight or nine shillings a week, and no cow, no pig, no fruit for the market, no work in the winter, but dependence for every thing on a master, a constant feeling of anxiety, and the desperate prospect of ending his days in a Union work-house, is too commonly the laborer's lot.

The German peasant's lot is hard, but they have not actual want. Every man has his house, his orchard, his road-side trees, as we have seen commonly so hung with fruit that he is obliged to prop and secure them, in all ways, or they would be torn to pieces. He has his corn plot, his plot for mangel wortzel, hemp, and so on.—He is his own master; and he, and every member of his family, have the strongest motive to labor. You see the effects of this in that unremitting diligence which is beyond that of the whole world besides, and his economy, which is still greater.

HOWITT

A poor Irish woman, with the simplicity and the intelligence that characterize her country, upon witnessing some of the many wonderful improvements of the present age, exclaimed, 'Ah! then, what a beautiful world it will be when it is finished!' The idea led to a train of thought not altogether uninteresting, the result of which was, to represent everything that hitherto seemed to be perfect, in a most imperfect state. Will it be finished in this state of existence? No! the resurrection day must dawn ere its perfection can be accomplished; and when we turn to the page of history, and trace the improvements that have taken place only a few centuries back, down to our time, we may not re-echo the poor Irish woman's exclamation of 'Ah! then, what a beautiful world it will be when it is finished!'

"Little boy," said a religious old lady to a ragged urchin in the street, 'were you ever confirmed?' "No marm," replied he, 'but I was vaccinated once!'

Girls are unwise when they suppose outward decoration make the man, and are carried away with a fine coat, a stiff collar, a forced smile, and a dozen polite bows. Search the heart, and if you find nothing but rubbish there, don't fall in love with a popinjay, or a decorated automaton.

For the Olive Leaf.
TO FRANCES.

When I see thy cheek all paleness
When I know thee, gentle, kind,
O! 'tis then I feel thy absence—
None like thee this heart can find.

Hark! methinks I hear some angel
Call thee, Frances, come away;
Thou no more on earth shalt grovel—
Come and join our heavenly lay.

Here's thy mansion in bright glory,
Jesus waits thee to receive;
He will hush thy every sorrow,
Child of heaven! cease to grieve.

Thousand seraphs wait to hail thee,
Welcome to thy blest abode;
Heavenly spirits shall attend thee,
And protect thee on the road.

Haste thee! haste thee! sister spirit!
Is there aught on earth you love,
When thy Savior, who has bought thee,
Calls you to himself above?

He holds out the palm of victory,
And a glistening starry crown;
See, a robe of dazzling glory,
Which He bids you to put on.

Rivers here of love are flowing,
Flowers of Paradise do bloom,
Sweeter far than breath of morning—
Haste thee, haste thee from thy gloom.

Though thy friends on earth still tarry,
And with tears thy grave bedew;
Trust them to a kind Redeemer.
He will bring them safe to you. ISADORA.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY MISS E. M. CHANDLER.

The great effort of female education should be, to qualify woman to discharge her duties, not to exalt her till she despises them; to make it her ambition to merit and display the character of the most amiable and intelligent of her sex, rather than aspire to emulate the conduct and capacity of men. In our country, where, under the mild light of Christianity, free institutions guaranty freedom of thought, of expression of action, the full and free development of mind may be expected; and here, if in any country on earth, women may hope to take their true, their most dignified stations, as the helpers, the companions, of educated and independent men.—And while our citizens are endeavoring so to improve their inestimable privileges, that the men of future ages may be better and happier for their labors, have women no share in the important task? Their influence on the manners is readily and willingly conceded by every one; might not their influence on the *mind* be made quite as irresistible, and far more beneficial, and that, too, without violating in the least, the *propriety* which, to make their examples valuable, should even their, mark their conduct? The business of *instruction* is one of vast interest, because fraught with such important consequences to Americans. It is necessary that *all* our people should be instructed, as universal education is the main pillar that must eventually support the temple of our liberty. It is therefore a duty sacredly binding on our legislators to provide for the instruction, during childhood and youth, of every member of our republic. But while there are so many pursuits, more lucrative and agreeable to active and ambitious young men, there will be a lack of good instructors—of

those who are willing to make it their business. Let, then, the employment of *school-keeping* be principally appropriated to females. They are both by temper and habit admirably qualified for the task—they have patience, fondness for children, and are accustomed to seclusion, and inured to self-government. Is it objected that they do not possess sufficient soundness of learning—that their acquirements are showy, superficial, frivolous? The fault is in their education, not in the female mind. Only afford them opportunities for improvement, and motives for exertion; let them be assured, that

'to sing, to dance,

To dress, to troll the tongue, and roll their eyes,'

is not all that is required to make young ladies agreeable or sought by the gentleman—that they may converse sensibly without the charge of pedantry, and be intelligent without the appellation of a *blue*; in short, that they are expected to be rational, and required to be useful—and they will not disappoint public expectation.

THE TOLLING BELL.

It is not the sound of the church-going bell which calls the village to worship on the Sabbath, that reminds us a spirit has taken its flight to the eternal world; but it is the slow and solemn peal that strikes the ear and effects the heart, and tells us that we too are mortal—that we are fast hastening to that borne from whence no traveler returns. But ah! how soon, how sudden these reflections pass away! They vanish in the allurements of the world, and the mind is absorbed in the things that are fading and transitory, and which must shortly cease to afford us any enjoyment.

The repeated tolling of the bell teaches us that there is but one step between man and death—that although a friend has been called a little before us, we should feel that all are fast following her footsteps, and realize that here we have no continuing city, nor abiding place.—Ought we not, with intense interest to seek for that city which is out of sight—for that inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away,—be prepared for that eventful hour when the angel of death shall proclaim time with us shall be no longer? S. L.

ENIGMA NO. 4.

AN ACROSTICAL.

I am a word of 10 letters.

My 1, 2, 4 and 8, is an island in the Atlantic ocean.

My 2, 6, 8 and 7, is a range of mountains is the eastern part of Europe.

My 3, 5, 1, 1 and 8, is a city in Arabia.

My 4, 8, 6, 1 and 8, is one of the Barbary States.

My 5, 7, 4 and 5, is a river in Europe.

My 6, 5, and 10 is a river in North America.

My 7, 8, 2, 10, 5, 6, 10, 8, 7 and 5, is a county in Alabama.

My 8, 4, 5, 6, 10, 5, 5 and 9, is a town in Scotland.

My 9, 5 and 10, is a nick-name.

My 10, 8, 9, 2, 4 and 5, is a river in Europe.

My whole is a range of mountains in North America.

G. L.

NON COMMITTAL. An old woman was asked what she thought of one of her neighbors by the name of Jones, and with a very knowing look replied, "Why, I don't like to say anything about my neighbors; but as to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think, and then again I don't know—but a'ter all I rather guess he'll turn out to be a good deal such a sort of a man as I take him to be."

An Incident.

We attended, the other day, the funeral of a most eminent lady, whose death had caused many a heart to bleed, and which was invested by circumstances under which it occurred with peculiar solemnity. A large assemblage was present on the occasion, and a silence, only exceeded by that of the grave, pervaded the whole house. Just at this moment, when the minister of God was about to break the death-like silence, an old family clock which stood in a corner of the room, and was hidden from view by the white drapery that shrouded it, struck out, in tones of awful distinctness, the passing hour. The effect was electrical. There was a general sensation and movement, as if each individual present felt how striking a moral lesson was conveyed by that simple incident. It was a sermon within itself. Those impressive lines of Young immediately rose to our mind, and doubtless to the minds of others:

"The bell strikes on, We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood
It is the signal that demands despatch."

Morally considered, a clock is perhaps at all times one of the most useful monitors we have. Look at it, we behold the progress of time; hear it strike, we are told another hour is gone. What is the age of man? At best but a few years.—Years are comprised of days, days of hours, hours of minutes, and minutes of seconds. A single second is made up of seconds. A single second is all that separates him from eternity.—Look at the clock. How fast those seconds succeed each other; how rapidly they come and go; yet every one that passes shortens life. [Ral Reg.

Solitude.

Perhaps no punishment is greater, or harder to be borne by a bad man, than to be left in solitude and darkness, to hold communion with none but guilty self. It is then that conscience begins her work, and imagination pictures to his mind the horrors of his situation. Then the pious admonitions of devoted parents—the tender solicitations and entreaties of interested friends, and, in truth all the precepts he has received from early infancy, will be brought before the eye of his mind, to aggravate the loneliness of his situation, and make him realize the horrors he has brought upon himself.

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