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.

Vol. I. **Cabotville, Mass., September 30, 1843.** **No. 13.**

POETRY.

DISTANT FRIENDS.

AIR—"*Bonnie Doon.*"

"When night has thrown her mantle round,
And wrapp'd from view the smiles of day,
I love, when all is still around,
To think of friends who 're far away.
When the full moon rides fair on high,
And from this earth my feelings stray;
When falls the tear, and heaves the sigh,
To think of friends who 're far away.

Or when the brow of summer fair,
Seems brighter with the smile of day,
I wish those joys serene to shine,
With friends belov'd who 're far away.
Or when, as now, the autumn drear,
Chills each sweet prospect fair and gay,
How sweet, with fond affection dear,
To think of friends who 're far away.

From me not absence e'er can part
That true, that pure unclouded ray
Of friendship from my tender heart,
For one belov'd tho' far away.
Yet, what is absence from a friend?
'Tis but a short, a fleeting day,
When our few years on earth must end,
And then we'll meet far, far away.

TALES.

COUNT RODOLPH'S HEIR.

The rich glow of an autumn sun reddened the evening sky when Count Rodolph von Lindensberg flung himself on a couch to rest, after a long day's journey. He had apparently been unsuccessful, for no grisly boar's head with its grinning tusks had been borne homewards by his triumphant followers; yet there was a gleam of proud satisfaction in his eye, and a curl on his lip, such as they wear who bring the news of a victory; and when Leona, his beautiful Italian mistress, offered him a cup of Rhenish wine, he waved it from him, as though his thirst had been already quenched at the purer fountain of the torrents on his native hills.

Leona softly replaced the massy goblet on a table which stood near; she unbuckled from his breast the leathern and velvet belt, to which was suspended his ivory hunting-horn, and on which was traced, in cunning embroidery, the motto, "Thy voice is ever welcome?" She shook the velvet cushion, filled with light eider-down, whereon that beloved head was to repose, and sate down to watch his slumbers, and guard them against interruption. For a while she sang, in a low, modulated voice, the wild airs of the country to which her lover belonged; then the mellower music of Italy stole, as if involuntarily, to lips which had learned, for Rodolph's sake, to speak a harsher language; and in a little space even that ceased; a tear, shed perhaps for many a dear memory in her own forsaken land, trembled on her long, black eyelashes, till, hastily shaking the gathered drops away she turned to gaze upon the sleeper. Long she watched and gazed with intense and eager love, her dark eyes dwelling on every feature, as though earth held no parallel to their beauty! Sometimes she looked on the broad, determined brow, and thought of the majesty and inspiration which sate on it as a throne—sometimes the bold and exquisitely chiselled profile fixed her attention, and recalled those early days of affection, when she saw in him the realization of all the dreams Grecian sculptor or painter ever wrought; then the calm, statue-like curve of the lip caught her eye, and she drew the lines, as it were, in her heart a hundred and a hundred times; or her glance would wander, with some stray beam of the evening sun, to those short and shining curls of brown which seemed nearly auburn in its golden light. And still, as she leaned and gazed listening all the while to his deep and measured breathing, as though it had been music, she brought to mind some trait of character, some act of frank generosity or daring bravery, some kind deed or gentle word—of the thousand she had treasured up—and dwelt separately on each; smiling to herself as she mused, and feeling as though such thoughts increased a love already approaching to idolatry.

Count Rodolph moved and murmured in his sleep. Gently, almost imperceptibly she bent, as though afraid to wake him, and yet loath to lose even those few murmured syllables. The smile forsook her lip, the color fled from her cheek as she listened, and a fierce jealousy flashed from her dark, dilated eyes. Again the sleeper uttered those fatal words, and Leona, starting up, exclaimed, 'Awake, Rodolph!' 'Awake, *traitor!*' she would have added, but the word died on her lips. 'Of what wert thou dreaming?' asked she, in a choked tone, as her lover's angry glance turned full on her, questioning what had disturbed his slumber.

A change passed over Count Rodolph's face; but he took her hand, and answered, with a forced smile, 'Must we remember dreams, when the reality is again present to us?'

Leona drew not away her hand, but it lay in his warm grasp, chill and cold as ice; and her voice sounded hoarse to his ear as she replied, 'The reality of thy dream is not present to thee; for in that dream thou didst call upon Adelaide von Ringhen.'

'Thou mockest, Leona!'

'*Thou* mockest!' exclaimed the Italian, while her whole frame shook with convulsive passion. 'Twice thou didst call on her—twice thy slumbering lips murmured *Adelaide von Ringhen, my beloved bride!*"

"We are not accountable for our dreaming thoughts," muttered Rodolph, in a tone of vexation.

"Then wherefore shrink from avowing them? "O Rodolph! these seven years my head hath lain on thy bosom—these seven years! Home, mother, country,—I left all to follow thee. Forsake me not! forsake me not!"

"Be patient, beloved Leona; I will never forsake thee; but thou hast demanded an explanation of the words I uttered unwittingly in my sleep; and perhaps destiny so ordered it, that thou shouldst partly guess from those idle sentences what is to be thy fate—and mine. Seat thyself near me, and listen."

Leona obeyed, listened calmly, while he confessed how often the boar hunt had been made a pretext for his absence, while, in fact, he was endeavoring to win the heart of the cold and gentle Adelaide; and how, as the certainty of his success became apparent, he imagined various methods of breaking the intelligence to his faithful companion. Once only, as he alluded to his uncle's wish to see an heir to his proud domains, Leona bowed her head still lower, and spoke.

"If my child had lived, then," said she, moodily, "thou wouldst not have cast me of!"

"*Thy* child! alas, Leona!" said her lover, while a smile of regret and bitterness curled his lip; "dost thou vainly imagine *thy* child could have been heir to Lindensberg? No! I would indeed have done a father's part by him, and he should have stood proudly among the best; but nobler blood must flow in the veins of Count Rodolph's heir."

A wild searching expression shot into the eyes

of the unhappy Italian, as they turned for a moment upon Rodolph; but he svw it not; his heart was brooding over the future triumph of presenting his young son to the vassels of Lindensberg.

With equal patience Leona heard all the arrangements for her future comfort; how she was to be provided for, and in what way she should return to her native land; but it was the calm of despair. As they parted, after this long explanation, Count Rodolph bent and kissed her cheek; it was pale and cold as death.

'We part not in anger,' murmured he. 'I shall never love another as I have loved thee. Dost thou believe me, Leona?'

The young Italian answered not; a shudder ran through her frame, and a mist was before her eyes. When she again raised them, Count Rodolph had left the apartment.

Leona moved towards the window. She thought of the vows Rodolph had then uttered, and to which she had listened with confident credulity of affection: she retraced the scenes where they had wandered together, and the words they had spoken. Her lost mother's reproachful countenance rose distinctly as on the day when her daughter's shame was made known to her; and, musing on the utter desolateness of her position, should she return to the land where she once had many friends, Leona wept. Long, long she wept, and wildly and often she clasped her feverish hands, and stretched them to heaven; but at length the fountain of her tears seemed dried. She rose from the ground, where she had knelt in despair-she smoothed back her tangled, raven hair, and, lifting the veil which had fallen from her shoulders, she turned once more to the window. Dark and terrible was the expression of her pale face as she did so, and the white, quiet moonlight fell on a brow convulsed with agony.—"*Thou* art mine enemy; thou who art to inherit hill, and dale, and river," muttered Leona, wildly, as she gazed on the tracts of forest and plain which lay below—"*thou* art mine enemy, heir to Lindensberg.'

The morrow of that dark day came. Its morning was fair and bright; and, as Rodolph sprang from his couch, his heart felt lighter than for many weeks, for he had nothing now to dread or to conceal; and Leona had heard him far, far more calmly than he had expected. 'I was wrong,' said he, as he hastily slung on the hunting-belt embroidered by her hand. 'I was wrong in my estimate of a woman's strength of feeling. Perhaps she, too, began to feel the ties irksome which bound us together, and will return to her native land with pleasure. Now to the chase!' and, as he lifted the hunting bugle to his lips, he carelessly uttered the words, to which the young Italian had assigned a double meaning, '*Thy* voice is ever welcome!'

The chase was long and the day sultry; and when, on his return, Count Rodolph came round by the torrent's fall, from whence he could command a view of his own castle, he checked his horse, and wound his bugle three times. As its sweet, mellow tones floated past, and died upon the hill, he said, smiling slightly to himself, 'Now shall I judge of the mood in which I shall fiud Leona; if she be gentle, she will sound the silver-tipped horn, wherewith I taught her long since playfully to reply to this notice of my approach, and give me welcome; if she be sad and sullen, I shall miss the accustomed answer.'

There was a pause, a longer pause than for seven long years had ever been, between the blast of Rodolph's hunting-horn and his welcome home. The fitful autumn wind swept in a sudden gust among the trees which grow on the banks of the torrent, and scattered a shower of yellow, withered leaves past his plumed cap, as he sat, bending forward on his weary, but impatient steed, listening for the signal. In spite of his carelessness and inconstancy, a sudden and stinging melancholy smote on Rodolph's heart; the mocking smile left his lip; twice he lifted his bugle, and twice his pride struggled against the desire to hear an assurance that she he was forsaking loved him in spite of all. At last, that desire conquered; he might not have been heard; the wind was high, although the noon had been oppressively hot. He blew a loud strong blast, and listened intently, lifting his velvet bonnet from his head. Again there was a pause; and, with a feeling of deep irritation, Rodolph struck the spurs in his horse's side.—Rearing at the unexpected correction, the gallant animal sprang forward, trampling the withered boughs and loose stones by the torrent's side; when, just at that moment, faint and mournful, but distinctly clear the answering signal reached Count Rodolph. Three times it answered his thrice-repeated summons; and there was tenderness as well as triumph in his tone, as he murmured, 'Bless thee, Leona!' But the ear of the experienced huntsman told him that it was not from his home that the answering note was sent, but from a hill to the left, where a ruined castle stood mouldering to decay, untenanted and forsaken, and avoided by the peasantry as the scene of a foul murder done by a son upon his aged father. 'She hath been wandering from home, musing over the change in her condition; perhaps weeping for my sake,' he thought; and his heart softened toward the fond companion of his youthful years.

That evening was a long and lonely one to Count Rodolph. With his own hot and weary hands he unbuckled the clasp of his hunting-vest, and awkwardly arranged the mantle and pillow, whereon he was accustomed to rest, lulled by the sweet melody of Leona's songs; his thirsty lips drank from a goblet brought by a serving-man; he could not close his tired eyes but evermore gazed sorrowfully at the embrasure and fretted oak-work of the Gothic window at which they had stood the preceding evening. '*They!* He had thought without a sigh of sending Leona from him forever, of uniting his destinies with another; and now he could not bear to spend one evening awaiting her return; he could not bear the fond and foolish reflection that *us*, and *we*, and *ours*, would no longer refer to himself and the young Italian, but to some newer partner, to whom half the joys and sorrows of his life were unknown. He thought he had ceased te love Leona; perhaps he had; but the habit of seven years is strong; he could not imagine to himself a future in which *she* was to be nothing, who had been all the world to him. He shrank from the novelty and strangeness of a life which must, as it were, begin anew; throughout the course of which one haunting sorrow must ever pursue him, which he dared not confide, and in which unlike the joys and sorrows of the past, he could expect no sympathy.

He closed his eyes, and courted rest in vain. He missed the gentle hand that was wont to lie clasped in his, till his slumbering arm sank nerveless and unconscious by his side. He missed the ringing, warbling notes of her young voice; he missed the deep, watchful tenderness of her gaze, as he remembered it through countless evenings, when his eyelids, heavy with slumber, unclosed for a moment to turn on her a last look of love.

'How shall I live without thee, Leona?' sighed he; 'and why dost thou linger out so late, when the evenings are numbered that we may spend together? And again he gazed towards the window, while dreams of relinquishing the noble alliance proposed to him and thoughts, less honorable, of concealing Leona in some secure retreat, where he might yet see and visit her, passed through his mind. But still Leona returned not.

And when the next day, and the next passed on and all search for the young Italian proved vain, Count Rodolph felt to the core of his remorseless heart that he had underrated the sorrow of the deserted girl, and that she had departed to hide her shame and despair where none—not even he—might find her.

At length the lonely castle of Lindensberg was again the scene of festivity and rejoicings.—The sound of wassail and merriment was heard in the great hall, choral songs were chanted, flowers were strown, and the fair Adelaide Von Ringhen became Count Rodolph's bride. As the bridal procession passed through the long gallery which led from the chapel, a wreath of flowers, flung from above, fell at the Lady Adelade's feet. Several of the group immediately near the young bride looked up to discover by whose hand the offering was made; but Rodolph's keen eye discerned the shrinking form of Leona retreat behind one of those gigantic stone statutes which, at regular distances adorned the gallery. The discovery sent a chill to his heart; and it was the space of a minute before he recollected himself sufficiently to pick up the wreath, which he did, and with a forced smile tendered it to the bride. An excalmation burst from her lips; and, as her maidens crowded round, the wreath fell from her hands, while faint, and pale, and trembling, she looked up in her husband's face. He snatched the garland, and examined it more closely; a label, in a well-known hand-writing, dedicated it to '*The Mother of Count Rodolph's Heir*,' and he perceived that it was composed of nightshade, yew, and other mournful, *sculchral*, or supposed poisonous plants. He commanded it to be removed, and, flinging it from him, passed on as rapidly as the faint and tottering steps of Adelaide would permit; but none of the attendants, uneducated and superstitious as they were, dared to pick up 'The Garland of Death,' and many a fearful look was cast back, by the last loiterers of the procession, to the spot on the stone pavement where it lay.

Uneasy and wretched, yet gratified, in spite of what had occurred, at this proof that Leona had not abandoned Lindensberg, Rodolph burned

fr the moment when he might escape from the noble company by whom he was surrounded, and speak a few words of explanation with the Italian. Three mortal hours passed away, and the bridal feast had passed untasted either by Adelaide or Rodolph, when the former, complaining of weariness, desired to be conducted to her chamber. Rodolph supported her from the hall, watched her slight form, as leaning on her favorite maid, she ascended the oaken staircase—waited till the last of the white-robed attendants passed under the dark arch which led to the apartments of the lady of Lindensberg, and then, with a checked sigh, turned hastily to the chapel gallery. In vain he sought; in vain he even ventured to breathe Leona's name aloud. No sign of life was in that long and dimly-lighted apartment; and he remained standing alone, disheartened and stupefied gazing on the statues behind which he had perceived Leona in the morning.

He was interrupted by the sound of footsteps, and looking eagerly forward, perceived two of the Lady Adelaide's attendants, who, trembling and uncertain, advanced hesitatingly into the apartment.

'What seek ye here?' asked Count Rodolph sternly provoked alike at the interruption, and the disappointment it occasioned him.

'We come for the Garland of Death my lord; the lady Adelaide desires that it be brought instantly to her chamber.'

'Fools!' exclaimed their irritated master, 'see ye not the garland hath been borne away by some one of you this morning? Go! return to the Lady Adelaide, and say Count Rodolph will attend her and chase these foolish fears; bid the minstrels in the outer hall strike up the 'Welcome to Lindensberg,' and desire Caspar—'

What more Count Rodolph intended was lost; for at that moment three faint blasts were heard, and well the master of Lindensberg knew the sound. A cold dew stood on his forhead, his muscular frame shook with an emotion he could not control, and his cheek blanched like that of a woman.

'Begone!' shouted he furiously, as he perceived the attendants observing these signs of agitation 'begone! and tell your mistress I come.'

His young bride received him in tears.

'Alas!' said she, 'some evil will fall on thy house because of me. The Garland of Death hath disappeared, no one can tell how; for none of my attendants ventured this morning to take it up; and—'

'Hush, my beloved,' said Count Rodolph, caressing her; 'if that be all, *I* can certify to thee that the garland was given and reclaimed by a living hand.'

But, at this moment, a chill doubt stole over the mind of the stout knight himself, remembering the ominous sound of the bugle-horn just at the moment when he desired to hear 'Welcome to Lindensberg.' Was that indeed the result of of accident? or did the spirit of the lost Leona haunt her once happy home? Adelaide gazed on her husband in fear and dread: he saw her not—he saw her not—thought not of her—

'His eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;'

and from that hour, the Garland of Death was a forbidden subject in the castle.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE UNTIMELY JEST.

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Mordaunt Ormesby had been the acknowledged lover of Cecilia Davenant for some months, and their union was only deferred until he should have taken orders. His fortune was considerable, and hers was very great, so that pecuniary considerations were of no weight with them. One evening I accidentally overheard a conversation between them, which gave me some painful doubts as to their future happiness. They had just returned from a walk, and as they seated themselves on the piazza, near the window where I was reading, Cecilia exclaimed in a half petulant tone,

"Really, Mordaunt, you have grown so stupid and dull lately, that you are absolutely tiresome—what is the matter with you?"

"Tiresome," returned he, in a tone of melancholy sweetness, which thrilled my heart, "tiresome even to you, Cecilia?"

"Oh! well, I didn't mean tiresome exactly; but what is the reason you are always so dull? I wish you loved mirth as well as I do."

"I am sorry you even indulge such a wish as that," said he, gravely, "as you well know it is one which can never be gratified. I love to see *you* gay, but certainly never expect to possess such a frolicsome spirit myself.,'

"I declare I am absolutely afraid to talk to you, you take every thing so seriously," returned she. "I once heard you called the knight of the rueful countenance, and I really believe you deserve that title."

This was touching Mordaunt in the tenderest point. His dread of ridicule rendered him tremblingly alive to such a remark.

"Pray who was witty enough to bestow such an appellation upon me?" inquired he in a tone of pique.

"There," said she, laughing, "didn't I tell you that you took every thing too seriously; now you are vexed about that harmless jest."

"Will you be so kind as to inform me the name of the person?" asked he, in the same tone of vexation.

"Oh, I forgot," answered the heedless girl, "Ned Willoughby, I believe."

I was about to start forward and repel the false accusation, when Mordaunt replied,

"No, Cecilia, that I cannot credit; whoever it might be, I know it was not Edward. He has too much regard for me to wound my feelings by unmerited ridicule. I can easily believe that woman's affections are governed by caprice, but with man's nature I am better acquainted. *You* may be amused by a senseless jest, even when I am the subject of it; but Edward Willoughby would never heap ridicule upon his friend."

He spoke this in a tone of the deepest mortification, but she only laughed still more heartily. He rose hastily—

"Cecilia," said he, "I am not just now in the humor for merriment. If you will trouble yourself to recollect that on the coming Sabbath I am to preach my *first* sermon, you will probably understand the reason of my gravity. Allow me also to remind you that you have in your possession a manuscript which I wish to make use of on that occasion. As you probably have been too much occupied to peruse it, will you be kind enough to return it to me?"

"Oh, I cannot go for it now," said she, carelessly. "I suppose it will be time enough to-morrow. I dare say you know it by heart already."

"I know somewhat too much by heart," muttered he. "I will send for it to-morrow." And before she could reply, he bade her good day and departed.

As soon as he was out of sight, I issued from my retreat.

"For Heaven's sake, Cecilia," said I, "take care what you are doing. I have overheard all your conversation; and, believe me, you are trifling with Mordaunt in a manner which you will repent."

She burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Why, really, sir, I thank you for advice, but I have seen him in such a humor fifty times. He will come to-morrow and beg pardon for his ill humor. I will pout for a little while and then forgive him, and we shall be as good friends as ever."

In vain I remonstrated with her. The thoughtless girl had too often seen the power of her charms to doubt it now, and I left her with a painful presentiment of evil upon my mind.

The next day was Saturday, and Mordaunt, who was deeply impressed with the importance of the task he had undertaken, shut himself up in his room, and begged I would not interrupt him.

"Shall we go to Mr. Wilson's this evening?" said I.

"No," replied he hastily; "Cecilia's gaiety is too oppressive sometimes. I have reflected upon the duty I have to perform to-morrow, until I am unfit even for your society. My feelings are not in unison with her light and cheerful spirit."

In the evening I was admitted to his apartment and found him despatching a note to Celilia, requesting the return of his manuscript. The messenger was delayed a long time, and finally returned without it, saying "Miss Davenant was engaged with company, but would send the manuscript in the morning." Mordaunt bit his lip, and the flash of anger passed over his pale cheek as he dismissed the servant.

"Edward," he said, "I sometimes do not know what to think of Cecilia. She is so incorrigibly volatile I frequently fancy we can never be happy together. Last week I gave her the sermon which I intend preaching to-morrow, with a request that she would read it and give me her opinion of it. Perhaps I asked to much from a gay and giddy girl; but she might at least have tried to comply with my wishes. I have in vain endeavored to obtain possession of it since, and I dare not trust myself in the pulpit without it; for although I am perfectly familiar with every line, yet I know my self-possession will fail me when I am compelled to address a large audience."

I saw that Mordaunt's feelings were deeply wounded, and I in vain endeavored to soothe them. Though it was rather late, I went to Mr. Wilson's house in the hope of getting the manu-

script, but Miss Davenant had retired to her apartment, and returned unsuccessful.

The next morning, as soon as I thought Mordaunt would admit me, I sought his chamber. He was exceedingly pale, and I could easily discover that he was very much excited. About an hour before church service the manuscript arrived. Mordaunt opened it, and after reading the first few pages, said,

"I have not time to overlook it now. I believe I must trust my memory."

We went to the church together. An unusually large audience was assembled; and, seated in the front pew directly below the pulpit, was the gaily attired and beautiful Cecilla. Mordaunt read the psalm in a low sweet voice, which, like the air, rather felt than heard, seemed to pervade every part of the building. The prayer which followed was one of the most affecting appeals to heaven that ever issued from the lips of mortal. When it was finished he sat with his face bent down between his hands, as if to recover strength for the more important task which now awaited him. At length he rose. His voice was exceedingly tremulous as he repeated the text which he had chosen, but in a few minutes his self possession seemed to return, and his manner, so firm, so dignified, and so impressive, gave new force to the truths which his eloquence had adorned. The attention of the audience was intently fixed upon the preacher as he proceeded to explain the disputed points of his subject, and he was gradually approaching that part of his discourse which is usually designated the practical application, when he suddenly paused. A deep silence and almost breathless attention denoted the interest of his hearers. Still the pause was unbroken. I looked at Mordaunt—his face was crimsoned with emotion. He appeared busily turning over the leaves of his manuscript as if in search of some connecting link which had been wanting. His search seemed in vain. His brow grew almost black with suppressed agitation. A slight titter began to be heard among the younger part of the audience. Mordaunt was still silent. At length a laugh was distinctly heard from the pew which Cecilia occupied. Mordaunt bent over the pulpit and for a moment fixed a stern and wild gaze upon her. He in vain endeavored to speak. The words seemed to rattle in his throat, but he could form no articulate sound. He sat down. The more serious part of the audience remained in mute amazement, while the laugh had become almost universal among the young people. After the lapse of several minutes Mordaunt again rose, and in a low and hurried voice, muttered something about the loss of a part of his sermon, and hastily apologising to the audience, abruptly left the church. The confusion which followed can scarcely be conceived. I made my way to Cecilia as soon as possible. Her immoderate mirth convinced me that she knew more than any one else of the mystery. But I could get no information from her, and, disgusted at her heartlessness, I left her and hastened to Mordaunt. In vain I knocked at his door and implored to be admitted. He refused to allow me to see him. I could hear him pacing his apartment with steps which betrayed his agitation. But it was not until some hours had passed that I was allowed entrance. His face was dreadfully pale, his eyes blood-shot, and his whole appearance was that of a man just recovering from an attack of epilepsy. The mystery was soon explained. In the anticipation of a frolic, Cecilia had cut out a leaf of the sermon. Taken completely by surprise, Mordaunt entirely lost his self-possession. In vain he endeavored to regain the thread of his discourse. Overwhelmed by mortification and anguish (for he well knew that it could be ascribed to no hand but Cecilia's) he was unable to frame a connecting link for his ideas, and the consequence was utter humiliation.

After a long and agitating conversation between us, he rose to seek Cecilia.

"Shall I accompany you?" said I.

"If you choose," was the reply; "but remember I must see her alone."

When we arrived at the house I took a seat on the piazza with Mary, while he, having requested a private interview with Miss Davenant, retired to the drawing room.

What passed during the time they remained together I never heard. Mary and myself were completely engrossed in the discussion of the painful circumstances in which a thoughtless jest had placed both. I remarked with some surprise that Mary seemed much agitated, and spoke of her cousin with a degree of severity very foreign to her usual sweetness and gentleness. For a moment a suspicion that Mordaunt might have found a more congenial spirit in her, crossed my mind, but the recollection of her uniform tranquillity during the progress of his love affair with Cecilia, entirely destroyed the probability of it.

In a few minutes we heard a confused murmur from the room. The low and tremulous tones of Mordaunt's voice were distinctly heard, followed by the accents of deprecation and entreaty from the lips of Cecilia. By degrees the voices were raised. We heard Mordaunt utter these words:

"I have loved you as few men can love, as few women deserve to be loved; but in proportion to the strength of my affection, is now my hatred. I know that christian charity would condemn me for this, but I cannot help it. You have humbled me to the very dust, trampled upon my feelings, ruined my prospects, and crushed my spirit beneath a weight of humiliation which can never be shaken off, and at this moment the poisoned adder is less loathsome to my sight than the vain and senseless being who could sacrifice her best affections to a senseless jest. Farewell."

In an instant he issued from the room, and hastening down the steps of the piazza, scarcely allowed me time to overtake him before he arrived at his own apartment. The next morning a note was handed me from Mordaunt, stating that he had quitted the country forever. I hastened to his lodgings, but he left them at daybreak, taking with him all his baggage, and none knew his destination. What were the feelings of Cecilia at this unforseen event, I never knew. She loved Mordaunt as well as such a gossamer spirit could love, but she probable soon forgot his loss and her folly. She immediately left Princeton, and a few months afterwards I heard of her marriage with a southern planter.

Fifteen years passed away, during which time, being deeply engaged in professional duties, I heard nothing of my early friends. One afternoon conversing with a gentleman from England, the discourse turned upon the popular preachers of the day. He mentioned one who had for some years, he said, attracted the largest audience in London.

"One of your countrymen, too," added he, "educated, I believe, at Princeton."

Feeling a vague sort of interest in his account, I asked the name of the popular preacher.

"His name is Ormesby."

Scarcely believing my own ears, I eagerly questioned him concerning his private history, and was told that he had taken up his abode in London about ten years since, had soon become very popular, had accepted a valuable gift of a nobleman who was very much attached to him, and through whose means he had risen to the highest dignities of the church; that he had been married about five years to an American lady whom he had met with in London, and finally, that he was living in great splendor, as much beloved for his virtues as honored for his talents.

As I was on the point of visiting England myself, I obtained Ormesby's address, and my first visit after my arrival in London was to him. He received me with the utmost affection, and introduced me with a smile to his wife, the identical Mary Wilson whom I had once known at Princeton. I learned from his own lips the particulars of his history. After he had been for some time established in London, he accidentally encountered Mary Wilson, who, with her father, was travelling in search of that health which a hopeless love for Mordaunt had destroyed. He had by that time learned more of human nature, and he could not long have remained blind to Mary's partial regard. He offered his hand, and never had cause for one moment to repent his generosity. Though not warmly attached to her when he married, her sweetness of temper and tenderness had won his most devoted affections, and they were now completely happy. I ventured to ask about Cecilia. He smiled sadly.

"She is a widow, the mother of two destitute children," said he. "Her husband squandered away her fortune, treated her with the utmost harshness, and finally died of intemperance, leaving her without a friend or a shilling in the world. She is now an inmate of my house. Mary sent for her as soon as she heard of her misfortunes, and for the last two years she and her children have been members of my family."

The next day I dined with him and saw Cecilia. Her sunken eye and pallid cheek told a melancholy tale. Her spirits were entirely gone, and when I contrasted the blooming appearance of the happy Mary with the faded and wretched countenance of her once brilliant cousin, I could not but feel that Cecilia had paid dearly for *an untimely jest.*

THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS.—When the celebrated Beau Nash was ill, Dr. Cheyne wrote a prescription for him. The next day the Doctor coming to see his patient, inquired if he had followed his prescription. "No, truly, Doctor," said Nash, "if I had I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of a two-pair of stairs window."

[Original.]

WHO CAN UNDERSTAND?

BY OLD D. T.

Fly away, little Dove, on thy outspread wing—
An emblem thou art of all innocent hearts;
Though while with us often all gaily you sing,
Thou doth speediiy vanish—as beauty departs.
Stop, stop, thou pretty little bird,
And sing * * a song—
No note has * all summer heard,
Though * has waited long.

WOMAN.

O, 'tis not alone with the glance of her eye,
The sound of her voice or the breath of her sigh,
The words of her love, or the clasp of her hand,
That woman o'er man holds her gentle command;
But we bend to an influence dear as the light
That beams from the stars in the silence of night;
Nor care we to question the hallowed control!
That lives like divinity shrined in her soul.

OLIVE LEAF.

CABOTVILLE, SEPT. 30, 1843.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We regret that the second part of the 'Sister's Grave' was not received in time for our present No. The remainder of 'The Young Reformer' has not as yet arrived and we cannot delay the paper any longer. The author will please forward it as early as possible. In future we shall commence the publication of no tale until the whole is forwarded. We have, in a number of instances been disappointed as well as our readers; and we assure them that no more of the like will happen.

'L. F. C. L.' is informed, that his request could not be granted in consequence of having his matter in type previous to receiving the order. Will he favor us with the second as early as possible? if he will we doubt not but our readers will be gratified.

'Fossil Remains in the West' is received and will appear as soon as we can possibly make room for it.

Our correspondents must exercise a little patience; for it would require a sheet three times as large as our present, to publish all we receive in one week. We shall endeavor to do justice to all, and be partial to none. Therefore let none be discouraged in trying to improve their mind and talents.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Monthlies for October.

Graham's Magazine for October—a splendid number, laden with choice contributions from the *best American Authors*, and richly embellished with three highly finished steel engravings. A poratrait of Chs. Fenno Hoffman—Othello relating his adventures, Highland Sport. At B. F. Brown's.

The Ladies' National Magazine, that gem among the monthlies can be obtained at Ben. F. Brown's.—The October number presents unusual attractions to the Ladies, its contents are from our best female authors, viz. Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Pierson, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Spencer, &c. &c. Its embellishments are truly splendid "Cemetry of Mount Auburn," "Boquet of Lilac, Clochette, Nuguet etc., fashions for October" printed in color.

Ladies' Companion for October is also received, Contents entirely original, it is enriched with three supurb steel engravings. "The Love Charm," "Ida," and October Fashions, also two pages original music. For sale by the year—or number at Ben. F. Brown's—The New Mirror edited by J. P. Morris and N. P. Willis, a weekly magazine—each No. contains a fine steel engraving—price only 6 1-4 cents at Ben. F. Brown's—The Rover a weekly Magazine, a finished Steel engraving in each No. price 6 1-4 cents—at B. F. Brown's.

DESTRUCTION OF THE INQUISITION AT MADRID.

Col. Lemanouski, formerly an officer under Napoleon, now a Lutheran minister in this country, and a man of remarkable qualities, recently gave, in a lecture, the following vivid sketch of a scene of which he was an eye-witness:

In the year 1819, being then at Madrid, my attention was directed to the inquisition in the neighborhood of that city. Napoleon had previously issued a decree for the suppression of this institution, wherever his victorious troops should extend their arms. I reminded Marshal Soult, then governor of Madrid, of this decree, who directed me to proceed to destroy it. I informed him that my regiment, the 9th of the Polish lancers, were insufficient for such a service, but that if he would give me two additional regiments, I would undertake the work. He accordingly gave me the two required regiments, one of which, the 117th, was under the command of Col. De Lile, who is now like myself, a minister of the gospel. He is pastor of one of the evangelical churches in Marseilles. With these troops I proceeded forthwith to the inquisition, which was situated about five miles from the city. The inquisition was surrounded with a wall of great strength, and defended by about four hundred soldiers. When we arrived at the walls, I addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the holy fathers to surrender to the imperial army, and open the gate of the inquisition. The sentinel who was standing on the wall appeared to enter into conversation for a few moments with some one within, at the close of which he presented his musket and shot one of my men. This was a signal for attack, and I ordered my troops to fire upon those who appeared on the wall.

It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The walls of the inquisition were covered with the soldiers of the holy office; there was also a breastwork upon the wall, behind which they kept continually, only as they partially exposed themselves as they discharged their muskets. Our troops were in the open plain, and exposed to a destructive fire. We had no cannon, nor could he scale the walls, and the gates successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them. I saw that it was necessary to change the mode of attack and directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed and brought on the ground, to be used as battering-rams. Two of these were taken up by detachments of men, as numerous as could work to advantage, and brought to bear upon the walls with all the power which they could exert, regardless of the fire which was poured upon them from the walls. Presently the walls began to tremble, and under the well directed and persevering application of the ram, a breach was made, and the imperial troops rushed into the inquisition. Here we met with an incident which nothing but jesuitical effronty is equal to. The inquisitor general, followed by the father confessors in their priestly robes, all came out of their rooms, as we were making our way into the interior of the inquisition, and with long faces, and their arms crossed over their breasts, their fingers resting on their shoulders, as though they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and defence, and had but just learned what was going on; they addressed themselves in the language of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying: "Why do you fight our friends, the French?"

Their intention, apparently, was to make us think that this defence was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping, if they could produce in our minds a belief that they were friendly, that they should have a better opportunity in the confusion and plunder of the inquisition to escape. Their artifice was too shallow and did not succeed. I caused them to be placed under guard, and all of the soldiers of the inquisition to be secured as prisoners. We then proceeded through room after room, found altars and crucifixes and wax candles in abundance, but could discover no evidences of iniquity being practised there, nothing of those peculiar features which we expected to find in an inquisition. Here was beauty and splendor, and the most perfect order on which my eye had ever rested. The architecture—the proportions were perfect. The ceiling and floors of wood were highly polished. The marble floors were arranged with a strict regard to order. There was every thing to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste; but where were those horrid instruments of torture of which we had been told, and where those dungeons in which human beings were said to be buried alive? We searched in vain. The holy fathers assured us that they had been belied; that we had seen all, and I was prepared to give up the search, convinced that this inquisition was different from othets of which I had heard.

But Col. De Lile was not so ready as myself to give up the search, and said to me, "Colonel, you are commander to-day, and as you say so it must be; but if you will be advised by me, let this marble floor be examined more. Let some water be brought in and poured upon it, and we will watch and see if there is any place through which it passes more freely than others." I replied to him "do as you please, Colonel," and ordered water to be brought accordingly. The slabs of marble were large and beautifully polished. When the water had been poured over the floor, much to the dissatisfaction of the inquisitors, a careful examination was made of every seam in the floor, to see if the water would pass through. Presently Col. De Lile exclaimed, that he had found it. By the side of one of these marble slabs the water passed through fast, as though their was an opening beneath. All hands were now at work, for further discovery; the officers with their swords, and the soldiers with their bayonets, seeking to clear out the seam and pry up the slab. Others with the butts of their muskets striking the slab with all their might to break it, while the priests remonstrated against our desecrating their holy and beautiful house. While thus engaged, a soldier who was striking with the butt of his musket, struck a spring and the marble slab flew up.

Then the faces of the inquisitors grew pale, and as Belshazzar, when the hand writing appeared on the wall, so did these men of Beliel shake and quake in every bone, joint and sinew. We looked beneath the marble slab, now partly up, and we saw a staircase. I stepped to the table and took from the candlestick one of the candles, four feet in length which was burning, that I might explore what was before us; as I was doing this, I was arrested by one of the inquisitors, who laid his hand gently on my arm, and with a very demure and holy look, said, "My son, you must not take that with your profane and bloody hand; it is holy." "Well, well," I said, "I want something that is holy, to see if it will not shed light on iniquity; I will bear the responsibility." I took the candle and proceeded down the staircase. I now discovered why the water revealed to us this passage. Under the floor was a tight ceiling, except at the trap-door, which could not be rendered close; hence the success of Col. De Lile's experiment. As we reached the foot of the stairs, we entered a large room, which was called the Hall of Judgment.—In the centre of it was a large block, and a chain fastened. On this they had been accustomed to place the accused chained to his seat. On one side of the room was one elevated seat, called the Throne of Judgment. This the inquisitor general occupied, and on either side were seats less elevated, for the holy fathers when engaged in the solemn business of the holy inquisition. From this room we proceeded to the right, and obtained access to small cells, extending the entire length of the edifice; and here what a sight met our eyes! How has the benevolent religion of Jesus been abused by its professed friends. These cells were places of solitary confinement, where the wretched objects of inquisitorial hate were confined year after year, till death released them of their sufferings, and there their bodies were suffered to remain until they were entirely decayed, and the rooms had become fit for others to occupy. To prevent this practice from being offensive to those who occupied the inquisition, there were flues or tubes extending to the open air, sufficiently capacious to carry off the odor from those decaying bodies. In these cells we found the remains of some who had paid the debt of nature; some of them had been dead apparently but a short time, while of others nothing remained but their bones still chained to the floor of their dungeon. In others we found the living sufferer of every age and of both sexes, from the young man and maiden to those of threescore and ten years, all as naked as when they were born into the world. Our soldiers immediately applied themselves to releasing these captives from their chains, strip themselves in part of their own clothing to cover these wretched beings, and were exceedingly anxious to bring them up to the light of day. But aware of the danger, I insisted on their wants being supplied, and being brought gradually to the light as they could bear it.

When we had explored these cells, and opened the prison doors of those who yet survived we proceeded to explore another room on the left.—Here we found the instruments of torture, of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could invent. At the sight of them the fury of our soldiers refused any longer to be restrained. They declared that every inquisitor, monk and soldier of the establishment deserved to be put to the torture. We did not attempt any longer to restrain them.—They commenced at once the work of torture with the holy fathers. I remained till I saw four different kinds of torture applied, and then retired from the awful scene, which terminated not while one individual remained of the former guilty inmates of this ante-chamber of hell, on whom they could wreak revenge. As soon as the poor sufferers from the cells of the inquisition could with safety be brought out of their prison to the light of day, (news having been spread far and near, that numbers had been rescued from the inquisition,) all who had been deprived of friends by the holy office, came to inquire if theirs were among the number.

O, what meeting was there! about a hundred who had been buried alive for many years, were now restored to the active world, and many of them found here a son and there a daughter, here a sister and there a brother, and some alas! could recognize no friends. The scene was such that no tongue can describe. When this work of recognition was over, to complete the business in which I had engaged, I went to Madrid and obtained a large quantiy of gunpowder which I placed underneath the edifice, and in its vaults, and as we applied the slow match, there was a joyful sight to thousands of admiring eyes. O! it would have done your heart good to see it; the walls and massive turrets of that proud edifice were raised towards the heavens, and the inquisition of Madrid was no more.

[Original.]

TO L. ALLEN K.

Dear Sir—I engage in a delicate task;
'Tis a favor, a boon that the poet would ask:
She would ask it with trembling, perchance with a sigh,
As no one will hear her, no one being nigh.

I've oft heard thy praise breathed, full often been told,
That the mysteries of science, thyself could unfold;
And skilled in Phrenology's mystical art,
Could read on the head, what is felt in the heart.

But this is not all; thy far-grasping mind,
Not even the trammels of language can bind;
It can cross the wild ocean, old Europe can greet;
And her store-house of knowledge is spread at thy feet.

Thou canst gather the wit and the learning of France,
Unshorn of their beauty, thy store to enhace;
And Spain, the bright land of the mountain and vine,
Pours with soft swell and cadence, her gifts at thy shrine.

Thy voice has a sweetness, a richness its own—
We note not time's flight, while we list to thy tone;
Like the murmuring rill it invites to repose,
And steals from the bosom its burden of woes.

I pause—thou art deep in all learning, but yet
The gifts of thy person, I would not forget;
That tall manly figure, proportioned with grace
And the impress of intellect stamped on thy face.

But the long cherished wish of my heart is untold,
Oh, say, shall it find thee, impregnably cold?
Oh, dare I to breath it sir, shall I declare?—
It is for one lock of thy beautiful hair. KATE.

Providence, Sept. 1843.

People who are resolved to please always at all events, frequently overshoot themselves, and render themselves ridiculous by being *too good*;

[Written for the Olive Leaf.]

ADVENTURES OF A STUDENT.

By L. F. C. L.

It was nearly surise when Leray Summerfield came hastily out of his room, interrogating, 'Have they gone?" The laughter that followed, from those he addressed, was to them a sufficient reply, and he returned to his room filled with confusion and regret.

The day previous had closed the exercises, at the University, for a time, and many of the students were returning to spend a few weeks in the society of their friends, and former acquaintances. Summerfield and several others had agreed to make ready and start sometime during the night previous, that they might reach an adjacent village, in time to take the first conveyance to the place of their destination. The day previous had been a very busy time with Leray, and retiring late, he did not awake till morning; when he found that his companions had gone, and by some ill fortune he had been left. He was at a loss what to do, now; he wished neither to follow his companions, or stay where he was. * * * * * * * *

Three years at college had greatly increased the excessive diffidence which he had before acquired. Naturally his manner and appearance were noble and commanding. Possessing great powers of intellect and decision, had not his bashfulness predominated, he might have ranked high as a scholar: but he had never stood above the mediocrity; and among his mates was ever the object of sport, and often ridicule.

His father, an uneducated man, put him early at books; and here he had passed thus much of his life. Whatever came in the course of study for a collegiate, he was familiar with. His book learning for a young man of his years, was great. He was deep and profound, a powerful and sentimental writer; but having been educated exclusively by a private teacher, until his admission to the university, he knew comparatively nothing of the peculiarities of mankind. Solitude being his chief enjoyment, he had never intruded upon society, and was illy able to judge of its merits and demerits.

A few moments thought, sufficed to fix in Leray's mind a plan for spending the vacation. He determined to make the excursion, of finally reaching his native place by going east till he should arrive at its meridian, then follow that, till it should terminate his tour. His object in doing this, was not only to reach his father's residence, and see the country, but also to test his Mathematical and Astronomical powers.

With only a pocket compass as a guide, he commenced his journey towards the east; and after the lapse of nearly four hours, he found he had arrived at the summit of the last range of mountains that commanded a view of his late home. He seated himself upon a rock to rest, and take a view of the place he had left. Having gazed long, and with seeming satisfaction, he bade the city farewell, and sung to Freedom,

"Upon this lonely mountain,
I swing my hat in glee;
I swing it round rejoicing,
That once again I'm free.

I'll rove where fancy leads me,
I've naught to make me care;
There's none, not one that heeds me,
I'm free I'm free as air.

Hey dey! ye woods and mountains,
Hey dey! I'm free, I'm free:
Ye gurgling brooks, and fountains,
Thy freedom is for me."

With an air of uncommon pleasantness and delight, he left the rock and made way into the dense wilderness on the farther side of the mountain. He was now sure it was his delight to be alone. With none to embarrass, he could show his manly and noble powers; act, speak, and look as he wished without being the object of ridicule. He was happy; "as free as air." It was his soul to wander among nature's wild majesty, and apostrophize to her sublimities.

Time passed, and night began to spread over nature her dusky mantle unconsciously to Summerfield. He chided himself for not having looked before, for a resting place for the night, yet he proceeded unanxiously, and carelessly until his ear caught the evening song of a cur.

Following the direction from which it came, he soon encountered a man, who readily asked his presence till the next morning. Summerfield was too much fatigued to need much urging to induce him to comply.

Being conducted to the house he was not a little surprised to find in this lonely wild, instead of a small cottage as he expected, a large and ornamented mansion, which bespoke something singular in its form, as well as location. Refreshments were set before him in such style, and conversation of such a character entered upon, that Summerfield doubted much concerning his host always having lived in that place.

Half an hour had rendered Leray quite interested and free in the conversation, and his diffidence began to leave him to the full sway of his disencumbered faculties. But here a lady, not exceeding eighteen summers, entered the room, bidding him "good eve." So sudden and unexpected was her appearance and especially her address to him, that he was completely lost. He did not even reply, for he could not; the room to him was "all sides up, and all sides down" for a moment or two; and he sat like "patience on a monument." And although the conversation upon which she immediately entered, at the moment hightened his confusion, yet so familiar was her expression and manner, that he soon began to behave quite natural.

He looked upon her with increasing admiration, and thought he had never seen a lady so exceedingly beautiful, so fair, so handsomely proportioned, so delicately white, so graceful in all her motions, so refined in expression, and lovely in the glance of her eye. He wondered he had never seen such a lady before, and more than half believed there was none like her.

The evening passed, and he retired, but not to sleep. Alas! poor Summerfield! that was a long, sleepless, thoughtful night. He had imagined that love-sickness and broken hearts, was only the affliction of some of Adams' *weak* sons and daughters. All the stories of combats between rivals, and "love stories about murder," that he had gathered from all the old greek and latin pages he had ever scanned, seemed now to be stern truth, indicative of the feelings they possessed; notwithstanding that he had always regarded them as being vitally connected with mythological mysticism. He deemed it no marvel that suitors should challenge each other to combat, if their goddess was as fair as the one on his mind, and considered himself stupid for not entering before into their zeal and warmth.

Bnt what was to be done? He had no business to cause him to remain the next day, or "call again" The most profound silence had been observed by the family in regard to their name, occupation, or the circumstances that settled them here; nor did he know the town they were in, or how to get where he had been again, save by the "east line" that he had come. Something must be done, and he prepared himself. Morning came, but Summerfield did not appear. His host (whom we will call Mason,) summoned him, at a late hour to breakfast. After some delay he came from his room, and eating but very little breakfast, said he felt rather feeble and tired. Mrs. Mason urged him to remain till the next day, as she thought it presumptuous for him to start if he was ill, and he might be better then. Apparently much against his wishes, he however concluded to tarry. His success in this, his first point, gave him a sanguine hope for the day's business. But he had not seen his lady, and he began to query as to where she was—but not long, for she soon made her appearance, with a most bewitching salute. She was as beautiful as previously, as attracting as beautiful: her jewels, her ringlets, her cheek, her eye, all, like the rose of morning, seemed only to have gathered new freshness and beauty from the shades of the night. And not less had his diffidence increased. Of the quadrantal bows, and salutatory speech, he made, and his variegated countenance, we leave you to imagine.

But setting this aside, Summerfield passed the day in a comparatively happy manner; but it was with extreme mortification and chargrin, that at night he left his lady knowing but little if indeed any more concerning the family, than he did the night previous. He was satisfied, yet extremely dissatisfied with his success, in obtaining a knowledge of the persons around him. During the day he had endeavored to obtain some clue towards accomplishing this, his desired object. He had watched every expression, and led on every topic that seemed to touch near it, but it was all in vain. Every mention had been avoided, and every question eluded, till Summerfield was convinced that this was a forbidden subject. He would have contented himself with knowing her name, but even *this* was denied.

But Summerfield was not satisfied to rest without more information; and *more* he would have, if to get it was not an impossibility. But the *how* to get it, was as great a query now, as the evening before.

In the morning he breakfasted with Mr. and Mrs. Mason at an early hour, and immediately set out to continue his journey, leaving his pocket-book under his pillow; *forgetting* it doubtlessly. He seemed to be in possession, at that ime, of an uncommon number of bonds, notes &c., for a *student*, rambling in the country; at least so his pocket-book indicated. He prosecuted his tour some little time after he left with vigor; though he appeared to meet with more difficulty than he did before. He could not run his line straight, sometimes, without thrice going over the same ground; and was not able to discover the swamps, and bogs till frequently he found himself at a stand and his feet at a "dead *set*." At noon he had not made half a dozen miles. His thoughts moved with considerable more rapidity *back*ward than his body did forward. During the afternoon, he suddenly emerged from the forest he was in, and discovered upon a little cleared place, a cottage. Tired, and with an appetite somewhat more fierce than on the previous day he called. A girl, whom he designated a country-dairy-maid, answered the summons, and asked him in. He desired a drink of milk. She not only granted his request, but accompanied it with some refreshments, remarking that as he doubtless was fatigued, he was welcome to remain and rest himself, as well as to what she had set before him. But Summerfield's thoughts were too much elsewhere to notice her observation. Finishing his meal, he uttered some unintelligible apology for calling, and left, as she was mentioning her pleasure to wait upon him when he chose to call again. One thing, and only one, he seemed to have remembered distinctly concerning this call; he heard some one call the dairy-maid by the name, Mary.

A short time subsequent, he arrived at the extent of the "east line," and changed his course to the north. As he commenced upon this, he reflected that comparatively he had but began his tour, and that he *must* return to the unknown lady's to get his pocket-book, and this would make his excursion to great; and he was liable to be sick by the way, in the woods; and he should have many hard hills to climb, and marshes to encounter; and after all this, he could not see as it was likely to test his knowledge much, yet he was very unwilling to admit that he started upon what he *lacked the decision to terminate.*

Natural nobleness of character decided, and sunset brought him to a village hotel. Here he had hoped to rest, and prepare himself during the night, for the adventures of the succeeding day. But the mental agitation, and physical fatigue of the day rendered what little sleep he could catch at intervals, only an accumulation of unfortnnate circumstances. Terrific visions of trouble in the forest, interspersed with scenes of unsullied bliss in the society of his "unknown lady," were the constant attendants upon his slumbers.

Morning found him spiritless, and sick, and indisposed to leave his present situation. A day of solitude in his room, furnished the opportunity for a complete digestion, and understanding of his affairs; and the result was, a full and total abandonment of his *great excursion.* He regarded the scheme as the consummation of folly, at the expense of great labor and peril. He determined to return direct on the morrow to Mason's, to get his papers and remain till ——, and then return to College.

Having fully settled this conclusion, his strength, and spirits revived uncommonly and he was soon able to get from his bed; and before night he was almost as well as usual; and I doubt not that his subsequent sleep was sound and refreshing, and his *dreams* at least as *pleasant* as during the antecedent night.

Arising betimes in the morning, with strength

and disposition being adequate, he set his face Masonward, with strides, of which, his shadow at sunrise made handsome imitation.

His rapid march, upon the subtense of the angle of his parallel, and meridian, brought him in sight of the secluded mansion once more—afraid to approach, yet longing to be within.

Summoning all his courage he ventured to appear at the door and rap. He stoood in suspense, every instant expecting his lady's appearance—fearful lest his diffidence should overcome him: he heard the steps approaching the door—the blood rushed to his face, returned, and rushed again—he hardly knew where he was, or what he wished—the sweat stood in big drops on his forehead—he trembled from crown to sole—the door opened and *Mrs. Mason bid him "come in."*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LINES.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest;
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad
Where Love has put off in the land of its birth,
The stain it had gathered in this,
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss.

I know thou art gone where thy forehead is starred
With the beauty that dwelt in the soul—
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal;
I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe that flows
Through a land where they do not forget—
That sheds over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret.

This eye must be dark that so long has been dimmed,
Ere again it may gaze upon thine;
But my heart has revealings of thee and thy home,
In many a token and sign:
I never look up with a vow to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there;
And I hear a low murmur, like thine, in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

In thy far-away dwelling, wherever it be,
I believe thou hast visions of mine;
And the love that made all things as music to me,
I have not *yet* learned to resign;
In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still.

And though like a mourner that sits by a tomb,
I am wrapped in a mantle of care—
Yet the grief of my bosom—oh, call it not gloom—
Is not the black grief of despair,
By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
Far off a bright vision appears;
And Hope, like the rainbow, a creature of light,
Is born, like the rainbow, in tears.

HE NEVER TOLD A LIE.—A poor African mother, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, was once mourning over the death of her son, who had been slain in battle by a Moor. As he was borne along on horseback, she proclaimed to the mourning group all the excellent qualities of her boy. But the one for which she chiefly praised him, formed itself a noble epitaph: "He never," said she with pathetic energy, "never, never told a lie!" Happy the mother who has this thought to console her, when following a beloved child to the tomb.

[Original.]

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MARIA L. DAMON.

Who died in this village Aug. 8, 1843, *aged* 17.

"Whom the gods love, die young."

IF LIFE were but a gentle sea,
On which a billow never rose;
And every breast from sorrow free,
And each a stranger here to woes;
How hard 'twould be to say farewell,
Forever to the forms we love;
How big with grief the heart would swell
When thitherward they all should move.

But when the bloom of health is gone,
And hope of life forever fled;
How oft we wish their sufferings done,
Though they were numbered with the dead;
For who would ask to hold a soul,
That long has struggled to be free,
Where tempests gather, sorrows roll?—
Nay, let it go eternally.

Those eyes that once with lustre glowed,
Are closed forever—dark and drear
The silent chamber, her abode,
Who moved in gayest circle here.
She fell as falls the autumn leaf,
Touched by the silent, with'ring blast;
Nor tarried to assuage the grief
Of truest friends, but onward passed.

Afar from kindred hearts she lies,*
Nor followed they her gentle form,
As to the grave 'twas borne away,
And laid to rest from life's rough storm.
Yet she was loved—and eyes there were,
That gathered with the gushing tear;
One heart that fondly clung to her,
In health and sickness, hope and fear.

Cabotville, HAVARA.

* The Parents and relatives of this gentle girl reside in a distant State, and could not visit her during her sickness, or at her death. Alas! how many young beings like her, die here among strangers and without having even a stone raised to mark where they lie!

TRANSLATIONS OF THE BIBLE.

We give below specimens from the six principal English translators of the Bible, to show the change that our language has undergone in the last five centuries:—

Wiclif's Translations. 1380.

But feith is the substance of thingis that ben to be hopid, and an argument of thingis not aperynge, and in this feith eeld men han getun witnessinge.

Tyndale. 1534.

Fayth is a sure confydence of thygnes which are hoped for, and a certayntie of thygnes which are not seen. For by it the elders were well repored of.

Cranmer. 1539.

Fayth is a sure confydence of thygnes which are hoped for, and a certayntie of thygnes which are not seen. For by it the elders obtayned a good reporte.

Genevan. 1557.

Fayth is that which causeth those things to appeare indeed which are hoped for, and sheweth evidently the things which are not sene. For by it our elders were wel reported of.

Rheims. 1582.

And fayth is the substance of things to be hoped for, the argument of things not appearing. For in this the old men obtained testimonie.

King James.

Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. For by it the elders obtained a good report.

A lady going to eat plumb cake and caudle at a friend's house one morning, ran to the cradle to see the *fine boy*, as soon as she came in: Unfortunately the *Cat* had taken up the *baby's* place; but before she could give herself time to see her mistake, she exclaimed with up-lifted eyes and hands, "Oh! what a sweet child! the *very picture of its father!*"

We have most friends when we least need them, and most enemies when we most dread them. Men bestow their smiles when fortune pays her addresses; but they find it convenient to withdraw when misfortune claims our civilities.

"No." The celebrated John Randolph, in one of his letters to a young relative, says, "I know nothing that I am so anxious you should acquire as the faculty of saying 'no.'—You must expect unreasonable requests to be preferred to you every day of your life, and must endeavor to deny with as much facility and kindness as you acquiesce."

Pleasure is a rose, near which there ever grows the thorn of evil. It is wisdom's work so carefully to cull the rose as to avoid the thorn, and let its rich perfume exhale to heaven, in grateful adoration of Him, who gave the rose to blow.

Epigram.

Quoth angry Tom to Will, 'I much suspect,
That in your face a swindling rogue I view:'
'Tis fact,' says Will, 'for if my eyes reflect,
They show one rogue reflected into two.'

"Will you give me that ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a girl? "for it resembles my love for you—it has no end." "Excuse me sir" was the reply, "I choose to keep it, it is emblamatic of my love for you—it has no beginning."

Printed by WOOD & RUPP, Springfield.