

OLIVE



LEAF,

AND NEW-ENGLAND OPERATIVE.

FROM HUMBLE LIFE, UNTAUGHT TO SOAR FOR FAME,

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

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

SEMI-MONTHLY.

IRVILLE IRWIN LESLIE, EDITOR.

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POETRY.

[Original.]

TO AN AUTUMN WILD FLOWER.

I cull thee, bright flower in the woodland dell,
While round thee the autumn winds blow;
While the sisters of May, have faded away,
Thy fragrance continues to flow.

Unlike them, unchanged 'mid sunshine and shade,
Remaining alone and the last;
Forsaken like thee, may I never be,
Exposed to misfortune's cold blast.

I gather thee in from the tempest without;
I nurse thee as nursing a friend;
And if thou shouldst fade, still I should be paid,
With the pleasure of seeing thy end.

Like thee may the friends of my youth ever prove,
Unchanging, though fortune should frown;
And I to them be what they are to me,
Till to rest in the grave we lie down.

M. P.

Chester Mills, Oct. 1843.

TALES.

COUNT RODOLPH'S HEIR.

[CONTINUED.]

Time passed heavily with Rodolph. Involuntarily he tormented himself with conjectures as to what had been the fate of Leona; involuntarily he contrasted the cold and gentle manner, the reserved and timid disposition of his wife, with those which had charmed his youth.—She feared him; she feared all things; she understood him not; she had not the power to amuse him; and of her affection it might rather be said that she loved no other, than that she was passionately attached to him. Her very beauty was that of the snow—fair, cold, and dazzling. The glow of life that animated his lost Leona was wanting.

The chase now became Rodolph's principal delight; and a shade of fierceness, such as comes to those who love only savage pleasures, altered his once frank and even temper. He grew, too, less social; the feast and the wine-cup brought no smile to his lip; he was an altered man. Meanwhile the Lady Adelaide was

soon to become a mother, and her haughty relatives, as well as his own, looked forward to the birth of an heir with deep anxiety. As the eventful period approached, Lady Adelaide's terror increased; and though, in obedience to her husband's command, she spoke not her thoughts, yet the Garland of Death was ever present to her mind, and she marvelled whether the strange summons was meant for her, or the little unborn.

Rodolph's absences from home were shortened, and all he could do to cheer her sinking spirits was done; but in vain.

It was exactly a year from the day when Leona had disappeared, that Count Rodolph happened to ride home by the same path which he had pursued on that eventful evening. As he came to the torrent, he checked his horse, and looked sadly round. The evening was still and clear, and the glow of sunlight was on the changing foliage of the trees. Oppressed by dispiriting thoughts, Rodolph dismounted from his horse, and flung himself on the brown turf, where he remained idly dreaming of the past, and yet more idly planning for the future. Long years passed in review before him, and he recalled the sensations with which he used to listen for the sound of Leona's ivory hunting-horn. He took off his belt and gazed upon it; he perused and reperused the embroidered words, "Thy voice is ever welcome!" and a stilled sigh escaped him. "How she worshipped me!" was his thought, as he lifted the bugle listlessly, and applied it to his lips. Three slow, mournful blasts he blew, and, flinging himself with his face to the earth he wept.

Why starts Count Rodolph from his resting-place? Why does his eye glare wildly with a mixture of living hope and superstitious fear? He hears the answering signal float across the hill, mournful replying to his own. Without a moment's pause, he threw himself on his horse, and galloped towards the ruin of the hill. He saw her—he saw his own Leona! She was seated on the edge of the inner wall of the dried up moat, habited in a black velvet hunting-dress, such as she was wont to wear when she accompanied him to the chase; her eyes were turned towards the distant castle of Lindensberg; they were dim and sunken, and her hair was tangled, and had lost its glossy blackness, apparently by exposure to the elements. One hand supported her head, and the other rested on the ivory bugle which lay by her side. Leona was

though he loved her more than ever. She did not seem to perceive him as he crept towards her; and when, at length, kneeling beside her he took her hand, and faltered out her name, she gazed around, as if bewildered, and uncertain from whence the sound proceeded. Again he spoke, pressing that cold hand within his own, and sobbing in the agony of his emotion. She turned—she gazed on him; and that glance was present to him till his dying day, for he perceived that she knew him not. Yet was her gaze kind and sorrowful; and, parting his dark hair on his forehead, she murmured,

"Thou weepest! Hast thou been forsaken?"

"Leona! O beloved Leona! I am Rodolph, thy unhappy and penitent Rodolph! Where hast thou been that I have never beheld thee?"

"I've been to Italy," answered she in a calm, collected voice—"I've been to Italy, to see my poor mother's grave."

The heart of the inconstant lover beat within him, as the even tones fell on his ear. "She recovers; she will know me now," thought he.

"And why lingerest thou in this mournful spot?"

"Knowest thou not?" she answered, turning quickly towards him with a wild smile. "I wait"—and she put her lips close to his ear—"I wait for Count Rodolph's heir."

He shrank away, and rose from her side.—Then gazing at her with bitter sadness, he said, "Collect thy thoughts, Leona, and strive to comprehend me. I am Rodolph; I grieve for thee; rise, and let me conduct thee to the house of one of my vassals, where thou shalt be attended and cared for as though thou wert indeed the lady of Lindensberg. And I will come and see thee, Leona," continued he, passionately; "I will cheer thee, and love thee still. God knows, I love none better!"

There was a pained and perplexed expression on Leona's brow while he spoke, as though she struggled to understand. For a few moments she mused, and then she answered, in a tone of quiet courtesy.

"It is impossible for me, noble stranger, to accompany thee even so far on thy way, or to do thee this service, because I expect Count Rodolph, who returns, even now, from the chase; so farewell, and God speed thee." And she rose and bowed gracefully to her stupefied companion.

"O! if I could but leave thee in safety!" exclaimed he aloud, as he passionately gazed on her impassive face. And then the method so

often resorted to, of humoring partial madness, occurred to him, and he said, 'The way is long, and the path is steep, which Count Rodolph hath to tread; he cannot be home so soon. Come with me but a little way.'

'Nay, nay,' said Leona, shaking her head and smiling, 'he is nearer than thou thinkest; he is within sight of Lindensberg; I have heard the signal, and answered it.' And she held on high the ivory bugle. 'I will watch from the western gallery.' So saying, she turned and ran swiftly towards the ruin, and commenced ascending the broken staircase, which led to what had been the principal apartment of the castle; but between the ruins of the staircase (which were of a great height) and the solid building, wherein a dark arch showed the entrance of the ruined hall, there was a space which no mortal could traverse; and as Leona still ascended, and at length neared the summit of the broken steps, Rodolph shaded his eyes, that he might not see her dashed into the distant court below. He tried to call, but his voice was hoarse and whispering with fear. He waited, but the suspense was too terrible; he uncovered his eyes, and looked up; and there, gliding slowly, but securely across the abyss, he beheld Leona! She disappeared beneath the arch; and, rushing up the ruined stair crumbling the loose stones downwards as he went, he followed. 'There must be some frail support, some connection between the steps and the building, which my eye cannot perceive from below,' thought he, as he struggled on; but when he stood on the fast of that broken flight of steps as on a pinnacle, there was nothing to afford a chance of reaching the arch, and his head grew dizzy as he looked below.—Again superstitious thoughts crossed his mind, and one of the songs Leona used to sing to him after his hunting excursions, seemed to ring in his ear. He turned, and slowly descended, while the gathering shades of evening warned him to lose no time in reaching Lindensberg.—As he at length approached the castle he perceived a confused group waiting to receive him. Caspar, his favorite follower, advanced.

'My lord count,' said he, 'I am the bearer of evil news. Thy lady liveth, but she hath been sorely terrified; there hath been born an heir to Lindensberg, but already he is no more!'

'What terrified the Lady Adelaide?' asked Rodolph, with forced calmness.

'My lord, you may remember, on the wedding-day, when the attendants of the Lady Adelaide were sent to the gallery of the chapel to search for the Garland of Death,—they found it not, nor hath it ever been explained how it was conveyed away, since none in the castle laid hands on it. But, on that day, my lord, and at the time of their search, three faint blasts of a hunting-bugle were blown, and—'

'Enough,' sternly shouted Rodolph; 'what hath this to do with to-day's misfortune?'

'My lord, the Lady Adelaide was in grievous pain, and fearing to die before your return, when we heard the welcome sound of your returning signal. But scarcely had a smile passed over her lips at a few congratulating and comforting words spoken by her women, when we heard three blasts, as on that day in the chapel gallery; the women shrieked, and the Lady Adelaide

spoke not. Only when the evening closed in, and still you appeared not, she bowed her head and murmured, 'It is for *him*, then; for my good and noble Rodolph, that the signal of death is sent! O rather for my little one, dear as he is!—rather, far rather, for me!' And as he spoke, the infant gave a wailing cry, and died!'

'Fool! loitering fool, not to come home, instead of seeking the ruined tower,' thought Rodolph, as he slowly sought the chamber of his wife. And though in his own secret soul a lingering superstition might be found, he resolved to cheer the Lady Adelaide by telling her the truth, and soliciting her forgiveness.

'This girl, whom I once loved,' said he, after he had explained his early history to the shrinking Adelaide, 'was in the habit of answering my hunting signal. It was she who, in her jealousy and anger flung down the garland thou hast deemed of such evil omen; and doubtless after we had left the chapel, she reclaimed the gift and departed, sounding the bugle from the distant hill, in order to excite regret and pity in my mind. She is a wayward thing—nay, I fear, crazed by her misery; and I have thought it better to tell thee this, because that bugle-horn may sound again; and I would not that thou shouldst be a slave to such terrors.'

Adelaide pressed her husband's hand, and sighed deeply. Rodolph spoke again—

'Sigh not for thy little one, but look forward with hope to the future; nor deem the death of so weak a blossom the result of supernatural agency.'

'I sigh not for my child,' said Adelaide; and she drew her faint hand away, and moaned as though with pain.

Perhaps, of all who inhabited the castle, Count Rodolph himself was the most wretched after this explanation. He recalled Leona's words, that 'she was *waiting for the heir*;' he shuddered as he remembered her gliding form between the ruined stair and the hall; and it struck him as strange and ominous, that she never answered his signal except when he sounded the horn from that one spot by the torrent's side. At other times he felt that she was indeed his unhappy Leona; and a feverish desire to discover how far this one ray of recollection illumined that benighted mind, oppressed and tortured him. At length a plan suggested itself, which he resolved to adopt. He observed the time which his ride from the torrent to the ruin generally occupied, and desired Caspar to remain by the torrent for that period, and then to sound the hunting-bugle three times, while he himself rode to the hill, and watched the effect on Leona.—But the experiment was only attended with fresh bitterness. For a few moments, indeed, the deserted girl seemed to recover her memory and reason; she started up on hearing the signal, and exclaiming, in a tone of joyful tenderness, 'Rodolph! dear Rodolph!' returned the expected answer, and smiled to hear the echo float over the hill. But then her countenance fell; tears gathered in her large black eyes, and she moaned and wept, repeating at intervals the single sentence, 'Why hast thou forsaken me, beloved?' In vain Rodolph addressed her; she answered him indeed, but it was as a stranger; and

he relinquished the painful experiment, satisfying himself with ordering his tenantry in the nearest village to supply the crazed being with all the necessaries and comforts of life, and never, on any pretext, to approach the castle—a command which the superstitious fears of the ignorant peasantry rendered superfluous.

Again the Lady Adelaide made Rodolph a father. The babe was strong and beautiful; and, as she watched its growth, the mother of the heir of Lindensberg smiled, at her own past fears. The count, too, became passionately fond of his infant son, and the misery of Leona's situation preyed less constantly on his spirits than heretofore.

The fatal day came, nevertheless, which was to deprive them of this object of mutual tenderness. The German nurse returned not with her charge at the usual hour; and after days of agonizing suspense and search, the body of the woman was found drowned in the pool beneath the torrent, into which she must have fallen. No trace of the infant could be discovered, except the silken mantle which it had worn; and the dark whirlpool was unsearchable and unfathomable.

It would be vain to attempt describing the effect of this blow on the mother of the lost child. She sank under it, gradually indeed, but securely; and all the superstition of fear returned to her mind. She would not at first believe that it was dead; continually insisting upon seeing the body and starting at every unusual sound, as though she deemed it the herald of intelligence respecting the fate of her beloved infant. At length a low nervous fever reduced her to a state of weakness, both of body and mind, which it was painful to see; and Rodolph availed himself of this opportunity, when she could not leave her chamber, to pretend that the body of the young heir had been found, and interred in the chapel. A marble monument was placed there; and, on the recovery of the unhappy Adelaide, she was led to weep over the empty tomb.

But for Rodolph there was not even the melancholy satisfaction of believing his little son interred, where he might from time to time visit him, and indulge his grief. To *him* was ever present the struggle of the helpless woman, and the whelming waters which had closed alike over her and his child: to him was ever present the haunting doubt of Leona's double existence.

Three years rolled away, and Rodolph had never joined his companions in the chase, nor ever sounded the bugle whose eternal answer wrung his heart. Caspar brought, from time to time, the intelligence that Leona came at regular intervals to the scattered village nearest the Hill of the Ruined Tower, for fruit, meal, chestnuts, and other necessaries—that she accepted silently what was offered her, and seemed greatly pleased at a present of two goats, which one of the peasants gave her, and which she had since kept in the grass-grown court of the old castle. If questioned, she became restless and suspicious in manner, and sometimes answered with a fierce haughtiness; but for the most part, she departed when spoken to, and ran swiftly towards the hill, looking back, from time to time, as if fearful of being pursued.

Meanwhile a new misfortune visited Count

Rodolph; the Lady Adelaide died, a prey to regret and nervous depression. He mourned for her with sincerity; nor was his sorrow untinged by remorse, when he reflected on the strange circumstances which had shortened her existence. The Lord Ulric of Lindenberg, his uncle, vehemently reproached him for having suffered 'that Italian witch' to remain on the territory, lamented the untimely decease of the rich Lady Adelaide, and tormented himself and his nephew with calculations to bring about a second union for Rodolph, with Gertrude Von Ringhen, her cousin, who would now inherit. But far other were the schemes of Count Rodolph. To quit Lindenberg, and carry the distracted Leona to her native land, and there, by the most soothing attentions, and the advice of skillful physicians, to restore her to health and to reason; to visit old scenes with her, and endeavor to renew the broken links of memory;—these were the plans which now formed the day dreams of the widower.

For this purpose he went daily to the ruined tower and watched and called, but in vain.—Leona appeared not. Burning with anxiety, he at length resolved to await her at one of the huts, the out-kirts of the hamlet, where she was wont to come for food; but the moment she perceived him approaching her, she fled precipitately.—He pursued and overtook her; when she paused and turning her pale face full upon him she said mournfully, 'What wouldst thou with me, dark stranger? And wherefore in Rodolph's absence dost thou steal upon me thus?'

'Rodolph is here, and loves thee, and is free; beloved Leona!' murmured the unhappy man, and she again moved onwards. Leona made no reply; and side by side they toiled together up the steep ascent which led immediately to the castle; the slant beams of evening streamed through the broken arches, and gave a vivid and supernatural light and shadow to the mouldering building. 'It is the hour he should return,' said Leona; 'but I hear not the horn.' This hint was not lost on Rodolph; and at the same hour on the succeeding evening, having stationed Caspar on the fatal spot which he himself had never revisited, he sought the retreat of Leona. She was tending the two solitary goats in the inner court of the castle and having fastened them to the root of a larch tree which had crept through a fissure in the wall, she sat down on a block of stone, apparently faint and fatigued, when the blast of the hunter's horn pealed over the echoing hills. Instantly she started up; a wild expression of pleasure and tenderness overspread her attenuated features; and lifting the ivory bugle to her lips, she exclaimed, 'I hear thee Rodolph! I bless thee! I welcome thee!'

Alas! he that was so beloved, even in madness, stood by, unblest, unwelcomed, chilled and agonized, cursing his fate and hers!

He attempted not to converse with her; he attempted not to detain her, as she passed him up the ruined staircase; he gazed not after her. Utterly broken, and bowed in spirit, he hid his face in his hands, and wept. The tears of a man are painful. Rodolph conquered the weakness, and leaning his head back on the broken step above him, and lifting his gaze to the soft evening sky, he indulged in a reverie, as to the

possibility of bringing from Rome a physician who had been acquainted with Leona from her childhood, and who, from his knowledge of her constitution, might yet, perhaps restore her to reason.

So deep was Count Rodolph's reverie, that he perceived not its object stealing down the broken flight of steps, till she had approached the one above that on which his head rested. She stooped; she gazed into his startled eyes; and O! the thrill of hope and expectation that swelled the heart and quickened the pulse of the inconstant lover, when she murmured close to his ear, 'Rodolph! it is late, and thou art weary!'

'She knows me at length,' thought he; 'we shall yet be happy!' Then turning to her, and taking her unresisting hand, he murmured, 'I am indeed weary—sing to me, Leona!'—And she sang. Her haunting voice rang in his ear as it had done long years ago; and when, oppressed by the recollection, his bosom heaved, and his breath came gaspingly, she seemed to think he slumbered, and lowered the modulated tones to a gentle, murmuring harmony. Her arm stole beneath his head; he dared not open his heavy eyes, lest the illusion should be broken; but he felt her breath warm on his cheek, and he knew that she bent over him, and watched him, as in by-gone days. Dimly from beneath his own quivering lashes, he perceived her dark, loving eyes fixed upon him; and his heart ached with excess of hope.

Suddenly she rose; she grasped his arm with unnatural strength. 'Of what wert thou dreaming,' said she, in a tone of passionate jealousy.

'I dreamed not; I slept not. Beloved, hear me! 'Thou didst—thy dream was of Adelaide von Ringhen!' shouted the unhappy girl.—Then, kneeling, with her head on his knees, she murmured,

'Forsake me not! Rodolph forsake me not!'

With bitter agony he strove to make her comprehend him, but in vain; the ray was quenched, and when he attempted to detain her she looked wildly on him, and disengaging her hands, with a shrill scream she flew up the staircase, and in the dim uncertain light appeared, after a moment's pause, to flit across the empty space into the arch beyond.

Count Rodolph departed. He sought the southern sky of Italy; he wandered in scenes amiliar to him in youth; a heavy sickness fell on him, and months passed away ere he was sufficiently strong to resume his journey. The physician on whose skill he had depended to cure the disease under which his once-loved Leona suffered, was in Spain, attending a case of much difficulty, and in some respects similar, since the patient was afflicted with aberration of intellect caused by a sudden shock. A messenger was despatched to Spain, and brought for answer, that at a year, at least, must expire before the *dottore* could leave his present patient.—That year and part of the next were passed by Count Rodolph in wandering from place to place, without any aim except a restless desire of change. At length he received the welcome intimation, that he might meet the *dottore* at Rome, and thence proceed on their journey together. He was informed of the successful termination of the case which had been the cause

of the delay, and once more hope entered into his heart and abode there.

On his arrival at Lindenberg, the faithful Caspar gave but a melancholy account of the poor crazed being in whom he was so deeply interested. He described her as more distracted than ever; coming frequently to the hamlet, and desiring velvets of light and rich colors to be sent for, which was complied with; and yet she never appeared in any other costume than the black hunting-dress. She had also latterly become most sad and dispirited; weeping bitterly, and believing herself to be in attendance on some sick or dying person, for whom she ordered medicines, and chose the most tempting fruit, all which was procured and executed for her in compliance with the count's parting orders. Rodolph's heart sank; but the physician bade him to be of good cheer, for that this new delirium showed the disorder to be coming to a crisis. It was agreed between them, that the *dottore* should meet the poor maniac in the hamlet, and endeavor to make her comprehend who he was, and his desire to be of service to the sick person she attended; and that Rodolph should await them at the ruined tower. Contrary to all expectation, Leona no sooner saw the physician, than she recognized him; and falling at his feet, she kissed his hands repeatedly, weeping, and inquiring into the circumstances of her mother's death, and alluding to scenes and people natually familiar to both.

'There is hope,' said the *dottore* to himself, as he soothed and answered her. Then, suddenly changing her manner, she eagerly asked his advice respecting the sick person she was in imaginary attendance upon, saying he had a fever and was weakly, and she feared he would sink under it. She hesitated, and appeared restless when he offered to visit the invalid; but at length she nodded her head in token of assent.

Rodolph sat by the broken staircase awaiting their arrival in an agony of anxiety. He desired ardently to behold the effect of the signal, after the lapse of time during which he had been absent, and that the *dottore* should witness the only symptom of recollection which had hitherto been given by the unhappy Leona.

To this end he had ordered Caspar to remain by the torrent, and when a messenger from the hamlet should give him notice of Leona's return homewards, to blow three blasts, as usual, on the hunting-bugle.

When Leona perceived Rodolph, a faint smile of puzzled recognition stole over her wan features. She paused and hesitated; at length she said, 'It is long since we have met noble stranger, and I can hardly now give you welcome, for Rodolph is still absent, and I am much troubled because of the sickness of one I love; nevertheless—But come on, dear friend; why loiter we?' said she to the physician, with a sudden change of tone; 'perhaps even now he dies!'

So saying, she swiftly ascended the flight of steps. When she reached the summit, she knelt down, and lifting up a stone, drew from beneath it a coil of rope; this she wound patiently round, till a shattered plank which hung unperceived under the arch opposite, gray as the walls, and like them moss-grown and mouldering, was sufficiently raised to enable her, by a small

exertion of strength, to lift the end and rest it on the last step.

"Great Heaven!" said Rodolph, shuddering, "is she about to cross on that plank?"

"Hush!" said the physician.

"This is my drawbridge," said Leona, smiling with a sort of triumph at the *dottore*, and without noticing the question of Rodolph. Then, laying her hand on his arm, she added earnestly, "Once it cracked beneath me—once when I was carrying him across. But I never brought him out again."

"He who is now sick?" said the physician, in the voice of a person who humors a child in some folly.

"Yes" answered Leona sighing, "he is very sick." Then, stooping towards the *dottore*, she added, in a tone of great importance, "He is the heir to Lindensberg."

It was with a cold, shuddering regret that Rodolph heard this explanation of the illusion that possessed her. "The heir to Lindensberg is dead, Leona," said he, mournfully. The maniac shook her head.

"The woman died," answered she; "she fled, and fell into the dark waters; I took him, but could not kill him, although I know he is my enemy!"

It was well for Rodolph, that the dizzy stupefaction which came over him at these words, prevented all evidence of emotion on his part.

"Well, Leona, I cannot cure him unless I see him," said the physician, in a composed tone; and, as he spoke, he laid his hand heavily on Rodolph's shoulder. Leona crossed the narrow quivering plank, and disappeared beneath the archway.

"Think you this is true? O God! think you it is true?" murmured Rodolph.

"It may be," said his friend; "or the poor woman may have heard broken snatches of the story from the peasantry who supply her with food and so have grown to imagine herself an actor in the event she has heard related. This is not an uncommon symptom of madness; but, true or visionary, a word from you is fatal. Speak not, move not; and perhaps you may regain at once Leona and your son."

Rodolph groaned, and hid his face. There was a long pause.

"She mocks us, or she hath forgotten," said the unhappy man at length, raising his haggard eyes to his friend's countenance. The *dottore* motioned for silence.

"Leona," said he, in a loud, clear tone, "I have other patients to visit; is the boy there?"

"I do but adjust his mantle," was the reply; and suddenly there appeared in the archway, as in a framed picture, two living figures; Leona, and a child of six or seven years of age, tall, pale, and meagre, with long, silky, brown hair, curling down to his waist; and large, blue eyes, that seemed painfully dazzled even by the mellow light of the evening. His excessive paleness was rendered yet more apparent by the varied brilliancy of the colors which composed his dress, a scarlet velvet mantle being fastened on a suit of glowing purple, trimmed with white miniver, and a small cap of emerald green, embroidered with pearls, set on his head. His cheeks were hollow, and his lips looked as though they had never learned to smile, so wan,

and stiff, and feverish, did they appear. He leaned against his companion for support, and one thin little white hand clung to the folds of her drapery. At the unusual sound of a strange voice he started, and his unaccustomed eyes sought to distinguish objects, and beheld the count and his friend, a faint shriek of terror escaped him.

"Hush," said Leona, soothingly; "be not terrified, and thou shalt soon see Rodolph;" and the child's wan lips moved, and he repeated with the exactitude of tone, and the faint sadness of an echo, "Rodolph!"

She lifted him in her arms, and smiling sadly at the physician, she said, "Shall I bring him to thee, or will the cold air hurt him?"

"Bring him," calmly replied the physician, as he now measured with his eye the strength of the plank, and the additional weight which it would sustain in the passage of the attenuated and frail little being, so miraculously preserved. Lightly and steadily Leona advanced, while Rodolph's outstretched arms seemed already nearly to clutch his long lost child. She had reached the centre, when suddenly Casper blew the three blasts on the signal-horn. Leona paused; the blood rushed to her colorless cheek, the light to her sunken eye.

"I hear thee, Rodolph!" exclaimed she; and pressing the pale child closely to her heart, she raised the ivory bugle to her faded lips.

There was a crash—a wild cry—and all was over.

Rodolph and the physician gazed on the archway. Where was the maniac, and the pale child with its silken hair? Where was the frail plank which stood between them and that living tomb, wherein his little son had so long been buried? What had gone down into that dark abyss?

Rodolph and the physician descended the broken stairs slowly, quietly, stupidly; to what purpose should they hurry their pace? A dock grew on the last step but one; the physician switched it with his cane: it was a rank weed, unsightly, and the impulse was to destroy it: he had not observed it as he ascended. They came to the end of the broken flight of steps, and stood in the court below. Something lay close to the *dottore's* feet: he looked down; it was a little, pale corpse, in a gaudy dress.

"In a fall from a very great height," said he speaking very slowly, and glancing upwards, "the subject generally dies of suffocation before the ground is touched; it is not therefore, commonly a death of pain."

Count Rodolph groaned and pressed the hand of his friend. A little beyond lay the maniac Leona. She still breathed; and as Rodolph approached, she opened her large, dark eyes, as if instinctively aware of his presence.

"Rodolph, beloved," said she, "I have been dreaming a dreadful dream. Even now, methinks, I suffer pain—I cannot rise; the cold has struck my limbs with a numbing pain; thou shouldst not have allowed me to slumber in the open air. I dreamed (alas! what torturing pain I suffer!) that thou didst forsake me for another—that thou wert wedded—that there was an heir to Lindensberg. O, rather than so dream again, I would wish to die now, on thy bosom." And she flung her arms around his neck, and moaned, and a slight shivering ran through her

limbs. Her eyes, which had been gazing in his face, closed suddenly.—She was dead.

* * * * *

"We are apt," said the old physician, when returning with Count Rodolph from one of his annual visits to Leona's tomb,—“we are apt to pity people for dying, and for the manner of their death, as though it were the crowning agony of nature; yet there may have been hours of unendurable misery in a man's life, to which his death may seem like a pleasant dream. Which, think you, was the bitterer hour to her who now rests in peace—that in which, bruised and dying, but with her arms twined round thy neck, she imagined herself waking from a slumber in the cold autumn wind, or that in which she first answered the blast of thy hunting-bugle, after thy confession of intended separation?"

OLIVE LEAF.

CABOTVILLE, OCT. 14, 1843.

We have several communications on hand which we were obliged to exclude from this number of the Olive Leaf, in consequence of a press of matter, and the same cause must be our apology for not furnishing our usual quantity of Poetry, as well as for appearing before our readers with so meagre an editorial column. But the conclusion of several interesting articles in this number, being a matter of absolute necessity, we hope they will furnish sufficient interest to our readers to compensate for our silence, we having been actually crowded out of the Paper. We feel very jealous of our rights, and have hardly sufficient philosophy to bear it with patience when our editorial limits are encroached upon, and in future shall endeavor to make room for our humble self.

THE PLANET SATURN.

This planet is the farthest from the sun of any that are known as belonging to the solar system except Uranus. It is 900,000,000 of miles from the sun and moves around it in 29½ of our years. It does not move in its orbit only about one third as fast as our earth. It turns swiftly on its axis, performing this revolution in 10 hours and 16 minutes. Objects at the equator are consequently carried more than 23,000 miles an hour. A day on that planet is not quite half so long as on the earth. The diameter of this body is 79,000 miles, so that it is more than 900 times the bulk of the globe on which we live. It is much flattened at the poles, the distance from one to the other being rising 6,000 miles less than the equatorial diameter. Dark spots and belts are seen on its surface, which give it a striking appearance when seen through a telescope. But what distinguishes this body from all others is a bright luminous double ring, which was discovered first by Galileo in 1609. The ring is carried along with it in its revolution about the sun, but it no where touches the body, being 30,000 miles distant from any part of it. The rings are detached from each other. Their appearance is beautiful, but very wonderful to the beholder. What these are no one of course can determine. Some have supposed that they are composed of clouds; others that they are made up of a vast assemblage of planets; and Dr. Hershell, whose opinion is always valuable, thinks that the rings are solid bodies of equal density with the planet.

Saturn has seven moons, some of which are about as large as our earth. Five of these were discovered in the 17th century by Huygens and Cassini, and the two others by Hershell, in 1789,

soon after his forty feet reflecting telescope was constructed. The various aspect of these moons to the intelligent beings of that planet, (as it is probably there may be such beings there) must be truly magnificent. While one is rising, another will be setting, another will be in an eclipse, and another emerging from it. Farther, one will be new moon, another at the first quarter, another full, and another at the last quarter; and finally, sometimes all of them will be seen shining in one vast assemblage in the same hemisphere at once. The works of Jehovah are truly worthy of Him who spake them into being by the word of his power. They are worthy of being investigated to the extent of human ability and comprehension. A knowledge of them expands the mind, inspires the heart with reverence and gratitude, and fills the soul with enlarged conceptions of the Creator.

ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

This was the most celebrated in the world. It was founded by Ptolemy Soter, in the new city of Alexandria, who assumed the sovereignty of Egypt on the death of Alexander, and augmented by his successors till it contained seven hundred thousand volumes.—When Alexandria was besieged by Julius Cæsar, one part of it, with four thousand volumes, was burned to ashes. Cleopatra added to the remainder two hundred thousand volumes from the Pergamean library given her by Mark Antony, and subsequent additions made it more numerous than before. During the revolutions in the decline of the Roman empire it was often plundered and again replenished with books.

When Alexandria was taken by the Mohammedans, Amrou, their commander, found there one Philoponus, a learned man; and as Amrou was a lover of letters, the conversations of Philoponus highly delighted him. On a certain day when they were together, Philoponus said to Amrou,—you have visited all the repositories or public ware-houses in Alexandria, and you have sealed up things of every sort that are to be found in them. As to those things that may be useful to you, I presume to say nothing—but as to things of service to you, some of them perhaps, may be more suitable to me.

And what is that you want? said Amrou.—The philosophical books, replied Philoponus, preserved in the royal libraries. This said Amrou is a question which I cannot decide. You desire a thing whereon I dare issue no orders, till I have leave from Omar, the commander of the faithful.

Letters were immediately written to Omar by Amrou, informing him of what Philoponus had requested, and an answer was returned by Omar to the following purport: “As to the books of which you made mention, if there be in them what accords with the book of God,” meaning the Koran, “there is without them in the book of God all that is sufficient. But if there be any thing repugnant to that book, we in no respect want them. I command you therefore to order them all to be destroyed.”

Amrou, upon this, ordered them to be dispersed through the baths of Alexandria, and to be there burnt in making the baths warm. By this means, in the space of six months they were all consumed.

SONG.

I've no gold in my coffers, nor steeds in my stall,
Nor kine in my pasture my own I may call;
No ships on the ocean, no corn in the lea;
But the dark eye of Eva looks kindly on me.
Kindly on me.

The rich ones may scoff me, the proud ones despise,
Their kindness—their scorn, I equally prize:
I care not for them, I'm both happy and free,
While the dark eye of Eva looks kindly on me.
Kindly on me.

The miser may smile as he thinks on his gain,—
The sailor may pride in the dark azure main:
How worthless is glitter—its wreck oft we see,—
But the dark eye of Eva looks kindly on me.
Kindly on me.

THE YOUNG REFORMER,
OR THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY.

[Concluded.]

The hours passed slowly away. At length the great bell of the old cathedral began to toll—it was the signal for the sacrifice: and the rushing multitude pouring forth, pressed to the spot where the victims of cruelty and superstition were to meet their doom. It was not within the city they were to die, but in a sweet spot, meet for the gay sports of childhood; and there amid the quiet beauties of nature, in the bright glowing sunshine, with many a green hill, and flowery field stretching away in the distance before them, there rose the piles that were to light their souls to Heaven. Each stood on his death-pyre; there was the old and weary, whose race was nearly run, youth, with life just opening bright and fresh before him, woman, weak in frame, but firm in spirit, and the strong man, in the prime and vigor of manhood, all wearing the same expression of high resolve, with the same holy faith shining in each calm unquailing eye. Dark robed priests were among them, striving even at the last moment, with the skill of men versed in the mysteries of the human heart, to tempt them back to life. One, a Spaniard, who came over to England in the train of King Philip, and detested by the people, for the cruelty and intolerance with which he pursued the reformers, drew near Walter Pembroke.

“My son,” said he in soft winning tones that contrasted strangely with his harsh repulsive features, “my son, there is still hope—renounce the false doctrines, the heretical opinions with which your youth has been misled, and even yet the church will gather you as an erring but penitent child to her bosom. Look abroad on the sunny earth! have the bright dreams youth ever loves to weave, faded thus early from your heart, that in the bloom and freshness of life, you would pass from it forever?”

“The earth is fair,” was Walter's answer, “and life is dear to me, but I tell thee cruel priest, I will not sully my pure conscience,—I will not sell my birthright of eternal hopes, for the few remorseful years which thou canst give me. Go to the man, who after pining long years in the darkness of a damp lone dungeon, stands again beneath the broad sky, in the flashing sunshine! sooner with soft words, could you woo him again to that dreary prison house, than win me back to the dark false faith I have quitted. Ye may consume the body, the frail casket is in your power, but the bright gem enshrined within it, is immor-

tal! over that ye have no control: in God's own presence will it glisten forever.

A red angry spot glowed on the priest's dark cheek, he made a quick impatient gesture, and the torch was applied: a moment more and the dry faggots were in a fiery blaze. Not a feature blanched, as he felt its hot consuming breath upon him, but clasping his hands, he prayed for strength to endure the agony of that hour. Then a clear, loud exulting strain of music burst from his lips. Soft and sweet rose those notes of praise amid the crackling flames, as if he was sitting in some pleasant spot, with those he loved around him. At length the sounds died away, a strong ruddy glare fell upon the uplifted countenance, and those that looked with hushed hearts upon it, deemed that the music of the better world was sounding in his ear,—that the gates of Paradise were opening before his gaze; so bright, so glorious, and so radiant, was its expression. Higher yet mounted the fierce, red flames; they reached his vitals. A few moments more, and his spirit was in Heaven.

When Amy Wentworth reached her home after her interview in the prison, she rushed to her room—her mother sought her there, but she begged so earnestly to be alone, that she left her. She sat down by the window, the branches of a running rose were trained across it, forming a leafy screen, and the air was rich with the perfume of the pale white roses, that gleamed amid the green glossy foliage. She rested her cheek heavily on her hand, and sank into deep and bitter thought. She had long since turned from the superstitions of Rome, but there was peril in avowing the truth, the love of life was strong within her, and she hid its light in her soul. A few weeks since, had she been accused of being a reformer; with white quivering lips, she would have denied the charge. But now death seemed shorn of its terrors; she no longer clung to life, and she felt, for that faith which she had borne so tremblingly within her, she would now endure the keen pangs of the stake itself. She knelt down and prayed long and fervently, and rose with a strengthened heart. Suddenly a deep heavy toned bell boomed on the still air, it was the death bell: and then thoughts of Walter, and his fearful doom swept over her, till her brain seemed on fire. She pressed her hand to her burning temples, “how my head throbs,” she murmured, “if I could but shed one tear,” and throwing herself wearily on her low bed, strange forms and fancies seemed gathered round her.

Her mother was startled by strange cries, and a low wailing sound, and rushing to her chamber found her child, her eyes glassy in their unnatural light, her cheek purple in hue, with hot scorching fever upon her, and raving in wild delirium. Her words were all of Walter. “I should have been by his side in the dark prison, beside him at the stake, but no: I was unworthy. I feared to die. See there,” she exclaimed starting up wildly, “how madly the red flames leap about him, how they hiss and reach out their long fiery tongues, and oh look—there, see his heart, how it writhes and quivers in its last agony,” and with foaming mouth, and distended eyes, she sank back exhausted on her pillow. For long, long days, disease preyed upon her. At length the fever and delirium left her, and she opened her eyes, calm and collected, but with life fast

ebbing away. "Poor Walter," she murmured, "he said we should meet again, but he thought not it would be so soon. But I rejoice that it is so, for what have I to do with life.—Put your arm under my head, mother, I know by the bright tinting of yonder clouds, that the sun is rising, I would see it once more." A bright golden rim, peered above the top of a green hill, it enlarged, and soon the sun burst forth in full-orbed splendor. A low sigh fell on the mother's ear, she turned her head, Amy lay with her long bright sunny hair, sweeping over the white pillow, with the same sweet smile she ever wore still on her features, but there was no light in the blue eyes, life had departed forever. ELIZABETH.

Newark. N. J.

[Original.]

AUTUMN.

To a real lover of nature, there is no season of the year that has the charms of autumn.

To him it is truly sublime. Unlike many, who see beauties only in the rose and cowslip, or admire except when the violet decks the distant meadow, he finds subjects, on which to dwell with delight that cannot be found in any other part of the year. Some talk of the raptures of a morn in spring, and seem enchanted with the first notes of the red-breast echoing in the distant vale.

This is truly delighting; but for one give me an autumn eve, with its winds for music. The tones are deep; they strike upon the ear, and echo in the soul; they produce sensations evidently different from those produced when amid the flowers of spring, or gorgeous tint, of summer. Their effect is also different. Who can gather around the fire-side, and listen to the hollow breeze, without feelings of the most sublime nature; especially one who is far from home and friends! It is then, if at no other time, that the mind is carried back to scenes of deeper interest; and, reflecting on the past, is lost to objects near.

Instead of the mellow notes of the birds of spring, give me its farewell song, amid the falling leaves at day's decline, before the morning comes, to take their flight toward a milder clime. It tells of scenes long passed; when was heard the last farewell of those who were, and still are dearer than all earthly treasures. The tempest, bursting over the cottage speaks of, and reminds each of a long home in the grave; and awakens sensations not produced by any other object. We are apt to look upon autumn with an unfavorable feeling, and call it gloomy. This is because we do not appreciate its charms or see its beauties. It is true, it makes a different impression on the mind than spring or summer; but are not the sensations produced by it, of as sublime a nature as can be? No one can dispute it, who is in any degree nature's admirer.

To conclude, we would say, give me autumn with its charms, and you may love spring for its flowers. ELLEN.

Ware Village, Sept. 1843.

A beggar asked a bishop for a penny: he refused it. He then asked for his blessing. The bishop assented to accord it, when the beggar refused to accept it; "for" said he "if it was worth a penny, you would not give it to me."

A PARAPHRASE OF ISAIAH, CHAPTER LXI. VERSES, 1, 2.

To ———

'Tis God himself, within me, that I feel—
He prompts my lips his purpose to reveal!
I come—the Lord's anointed—here to speak,
And preach his word—glad tidings to the meek:
To heal the broken-hearted captive's pain;
Forever to dissolve OPPRESSION'S CHAIN:—
From prison to release the wretched thrall,
While, from his limbs the galling fetters fall.
Hark! hapless mourner! lend thy anguish'd ear,
Hark! I proclaim the Lord's accepted year.
The day of vengeance of our God unroll;
And herald comfort to the mourner's soul.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THE MIND.

The improvement of the mind is of the first importance. If left uncultivated, it becomes like a garden overgrown with weeds, I have felt the truth of this more forcibly since I became an operative in the Factory, where all are compelled to labor almost incessantly from daylight until dark. There seems to be but little time for mental culture; and I have sometimes thought the mind like a caged bird, unable to expand beyond the prison wall, of the Factory; but upon farther reflection I find this is erroneous. I believe there may be highly cultivated minds even in a circle of factory girls, and I know of no better way to secure this than observation and reflection, together with the perusal of useful books. Watts on the mind says much upon this subject, which if attended to, I think might be beneficial, it is a work which I believe every young lady might peruse with pleasure and profit. There are many I think about us in whose hearts there is a desire to become enlightened and useful; of moving in the walks of respectability, and becoming blessings to those around them. Shall they be told to extinguish the rising desire; that the depths of degradation into which they are cast will admit of no remedy?

No, I hope not; but rather tell them that there is no obstacle that may not be overcome; that patience and perseverance can obtain almost any summit.

HULDAH.

[ORIGINAL.]

DISINTERESTED BENEVOLENCE.

The first principle developed in the life of an individual, is selfishness, which confines the thoughts to the little world within; imagining that all things were designed for his, or her particular enjoyment.

Disinterested benevolence is directly the opposite of selfishness; it leaves those narrow limits, and, expanding with generous growth, diffuses its heavenly influence to all around; seeks opportunities to relieve the sufferings of others, to comfort the dejected, and by every act of kindness contribute to the happiness of the whole human family.

Some have exercised this heavenly principle to such a degree, that they have become distinguished philanthropists, and are justly esteemed "the friends of man." But the brightest example is found in the person and character of Christ; who so loved the world that he left the bosom of his Father, and purchased our redemption, even at the expense of his precious life. His example should be imitated by every one, especially by those who have professed to be his followers.

The more a christian becomes assimilated to Christ, the stronger will be this principle within; and the more he exercises this grace, the nearer will he approximate to Christ. Were it the mark to which every christian was urging his way with an ardor proportionate to its importance, many might receive the blessing of such as are now ready to perish; while the widow's heart would sing for joy, the captive rejoice in a perpetual jubilee, and all nations hail with gratitude the news of salvation through a crucified Redeemer. Each in his neighbor would see a brother and a friend; heaven would commence below, and the transition from this to an eternal world, would be little else than an advancement from glory to glory. MELONA.

Cabotville.

THE GRAVE.

What is the grave? A pillow of repose,
Where all must rest, and never more awake
To the world's toil. Sinner and saint,
Ere'er and slave; king, peasant, lord, vassal;
Pomp, poverty, humility and pride;
Ambition that disdains to tread the earth,
And mounts among the stars, lo here it lies!
Empty distinction!—honors, titles, power,
Unite with meanness, beggary and shame;
The grave alike receives them, while it mocks
At the survivor's grief, who in his turn,
Awaits the mandate which he now deplors.
Others shall weep for him; and in their fall
They shall be wept by others. Thus the work
Moves onward in its melancholy march,
One vast extended funeral, fraught with tears.
None cease to mourn but those who cease to feel,
In the kind refuge of the grave's embrace.
And yet we shun it—shudder at our friend;
Cling to the flitting phantoms that delude us;
Build on the winds, confide upon the waves;
Nor see the tempests that shall wreck our hopes,
Nor dream of changing tides, or hidden shoals
That lie beneath the smiling treachery
Of ocean's glossy surface. Others sink;
We wonder; yet we fear not; though the storm
That blasts their hopes, increases in its rage,
And thunders against ours. Let it rage on;
Each, self-secure beholds its ravages,
Now here—now there—on every side of him,
And rushes thoughtless, heedless on his fate.

Omniscient Heaven! this, alas! is man!
Thy creature man; thy miniature; a ray
Of thy bright effluence; an immortal soul;
Blest with perceptions, faculties and sense,
Reason, reflection, consciousness and will
Inferior but to angels! sovereign here;
Plac'd o'er thy other and less favored works;
Bound to thee, indebted to thy love,
For all he ever has been or shall be;
And this is the requital—the return
Rendered to thee, Perfection of all good.

A TALE OF TICONDEROGA.

It was on a bright and beautiful morning in the year 1758, that the army of General Abercrombie embarked on their ill-fated expedition to Ticonderoga: one thousand and thirty-five boats received as gallant an army as ever marshalled in the colonies. As far as the eye could reach, Lake George was covered with boats, from each of which floated the crimson folds of the ensign of Britain, and the thrilling tones of the bugles swept over the surface lake, awakening noble aspirations in the bosoms of the soldiers, and giving life and animation to this magnificent sight. It was truly a splendid spectacle. Hardly a breath of wind disturbed the diamond like surface of the lake, while the gentle waving of

plumes and the flash of steel, gave an appearance of magic to the scene. There were many brave spirits engaged in this expedition, who in the buoyance of youth shouted with joy as they rose from their seats and took a view of the immense flotilla in their rear, as it shot now one way and then another, while the uniforms of the soldiery glittered in the rays of an unclouded sun. The army of Abercrombie was composed of nearly 16,000 men, 9,000 of whom were provincials, and to this formidable force was added a fine park of artillery, with all the accoutrements of war; never did an army set out under better auspices, or with greater advantages. The object of this expedition was to reduce the fortress of Ticonderoga built by the French in 1756, and situated about 200 feet above the waters of Champlain in a commanding position, and garrisoned by an army of five thousand Frenchmen, who, aware of the importance of this fortress as a key to the whole of Canada, had made it almost impregnable.

But to return. The first boat of this immense fleet contained General Abercrombie and suite, the flower of the English army. He listened smilingly to the various remarks of his young officers, who with their golden epaulets and scarlet dresses, almost concealed him from view. But there was one among their number to whom he paid marked attention. It was the young but brave Lord Howe, who for the first time had entered the arena of military fame; and who early fell in the cause which he so nobly espoused. The fleet arrived at a point about three miles south of Ticonderoga near sun-down; and the heavy but distant roar of artillery from the fortress proclaimed that the French were ready to give their enemies a warm reception. The tents were soon pitched, sentinels placed, and the whole army; wearied with the labor of the past twelve hours, sunk into a state of sound repose. The officers generally had retired early, rejoicing, no doubt, at this short cessation from the turmoil of the day. But in the tent of the commander-in-chief none were asleep. At the head of the table upon which a naked sabre and a pair of highly finished pistols lay, sat Abercrombie—his features betrayed the inward workings of his spirit, and his brow wrinkled by a thousand cares. His principal officers were around him in full uniform, while the brilliant light of a lamp shone upon their rich dresses with singular effect. There was something awful in the stillness of the hour, interrupted only by the booming, heavy sound that ever and anon came from the direction of Ticonderoga. Anxiety was depicted on the countenances of all the officers who surrounded the veteran commander; and the doubtful issue of the expedition upon which they had embarked, tended to increase their perplexity. Abercrombie for some time remained silent with his face buried in his hands as if in deep anguish. Then looking around on the chivalrous band of officers who with erect forms and stern countenances, stood like marble statues, he spoke, "Lord Howe, I have need of your services—are they at my command?" The young nobleman bowed assent, "Let the remainder keep strict watch in my absence"—and without further ceremony the two officers pushed their way through the astonished band and took the direction of Ticonderoga. Sentinel after

sentinel was passed; and the rattling of their muskets gave sure token of their knowledge of the presence of their superiors as they rendered the customary mark of respect.

The night was extremely beautiful—the moon poured a flood of light upon the calm, placid waters of the lake, while the snow-white canvass of soldiers' tents, with the loud 'all's well' of the sentinels echoing from hill to valley, added a charm to a scene peculiarly beautiful in itself. The two officers hurried along with great rapidity, unmindful either of the charms of the evening, or the roar of the falls produced by the creek which connects the waters of Lake George with those of Champlain. They soon reached a level plain in the rear of the fortress, and here prudence compelled them to pause. Before them was that celebrated fortress whose frowning battlements seemed to bid defiance to human assault, defended as it was in front by a shelving precipice, the base of which was washed by the waters of Lake Champlain; and fortified in the rear by every thing that the skill or ingenuity of man could invent. The French guards paced along its massive walls, their polished arms glittering in the moon beams, while to pass away the lonely hours they either hummed some mournful ditty, or gazed upon a beautiful sheet of water almost immediately under their feet. Lord Howe started, when one, as if warned of danger, turned his attention to the spot where Abercrombie and himself had taken their position, but he gazed only for an instant, and with shouldering arms resumed his measured tread as if satisfied with the result of his investigation.

While the two officers were examining the weakest part of this stupendous fortress in order that they might accomplish its overthrow with ease, an Indian sprung from the shade of a tall sycamore directly in front of the British officers. Abercrombie laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword, but Howe immediately recognised the Indian as a Huron chief whose tribe was at that period in close alliance with the English. "Is my brother a fool," said the Huron, with that bitter sarcasm which is so peculiar to the Indian, "that he skulks under the walls of Ticonderoga like an owl?"—Abercrombie smiled and was about to reply, when he felt the hand of the Indian chief grasp his arm, and raised it towards the extreme part of the fortress. The eyes of Howe followed its direction; and suddenly the sally port gate was thrown open and a French regiment swept with full speed toward the camp of the English. Howe returned to the camp with hasty steps, but the Huron waved him back with his hand. "Is my brother a deer, that he can equal the Frenchmen in a race? My people are in the valley below; let me send forth the cry of revenge." He put his hand to his mouth, and the shrill war-whoop rose on the midnight air, and received a loud response from an hundred voices in the valley below. The artillery of Ticonderoga sent forth a sheet flame toward the spot where Abercrombie, spell bound, rested upon the hilt of his sword: another volley would have been fatal, had not the Huron said, pointing at the same time to the French regiment almost invisible in the distance, "Let the footsteps of my brother be quick, or the bones of his men will bleach in the valley."

The Indian instantly plunged into a deep

ravine, followed closely by the English officers, who were compelled to exert their utmost powers to keep near him, so rapid were his movements. They soon reached the camp; it was one wild scene of confusion almost begging description. Some were under arms and ready for defence—others entirely defenceless, were shot down by the incessant rolling fire of a large number of the French: and the dark forms of the Huron warriors flitted about, while the cracking of their rifles told that the midnight war-whoop of their chief had not been in vain. Abercrombie and Howe threw themselves in front of the terrified troops, and their presence and command soon restored order. "Stand firm, brave Grenadiers, 45th ready, charge." The rushing of the Grenadiers against the French line soon decided the contest,—steel rung against steel—battalion, completely overwhelmed, fled in dire confusion. The Hurons finished the victory by scalping their dead enemies, and driving the routed foe back to the fortress, which, as if conscious of the defeat, still vomited forth flames and smoke against an unseen foe.

Taken as the English had been by surprise, discipline supplied their want of preparation, and saved them from total ruin. Abercrombie and Howe entered the tent with their uniforms soiled with powder and spattered with blood. "A warm skirmish," said the young gentleman as he threw himself upon a couch. "Abercrombie, our moonlight view of Ticonderoga was near being fatal—but where is the Huron, he deserves a reward—a nobler fellow never stepped on earth." The Indian rose from the extreme part of the tent as Howe showered these compliments upon him, and spoke. "My brother is a brave—and the tomahawk of the Huron is red with the blood of his enemies." So saying, he threw his mantle from his shoulders, exposing to view the dripping scalps of a dozen Frenchmen. Abercrombie shuddered at the sight. But the Huron waved his polished hatchet, shouted with demoniac fierceness, "the French are women—their bones shall bleach on the sand—and the wolves shall devour their flesh—and the Huron will dance over them in their agonies." He ceased speaking and left the tent.

Day-light soon broke, disclosing a scene of confusion. The cries of the wounded came from all parts of the camp, where they were lying helpless; but by the unremitting attention of the officers, good order and comfort to the greatest possible degree, were restored. For two days did Abercrombie hesitate to commence a regular siege, and batter down the walls of Ticonderoga, or take it by assault. He decided in favor of the latter, and asked the opinion of his officers. Howe was in favor of a regular siege—the nephew of the Earl of Huntington for an assault. While they were vehemently disputing, the Huron chief entered the tent. They asked his advice, and with a dignified grace he extended his arms towards them as if in the act of supplication, and said in a low thrilling voice. "My brother is a great chief—but wisdom has departed from his councils—the sun of my brother is behind a cloud."

"Come, Huron, speak out," said Howe "no fables."

The Indian gazed proudly upon him, and laughed scornfully—"my brother is rash—had

it not been for the war-cry of my people, the beasts of prey would have fattened upon his bones."

"You are right, you are right," said the generous hearted young nobleman. "Forgive me, Huron, I am over-hasty." The Indian chief bowed his head and put his hand upon his breast, as if in forgiveness of the insult.

None slept that night in the tent of Abercrombie—for all the native eloquence of the Huron, and all the entreaties of Lord Howe, could not alter his determination to take Ticonderoga by assault. He was immovable, and the Indian chief, followed by his warriors, moved mournfully away, chanting the death song, as if in anticipation of his final end. For three days the English moved not from their camp. The morning of the fourth dawned with unusual splendor the troops were marshalled for the assault—the continued roll of the drum called them to arms; and the aid-de-camp rode furiously to different parts of the line. The whole troop moved with admirable precision and regularity. In front rode Abercrombie, Howe and the other chief officers. On their left wing was the Huron band of 500 choice warriors ornamented and painted in their own peculiar fashion. The step of the Huron was slow and solemn; and as the fortress of Ticonderoga broke upon the view of the army, a shout of exultation made the welkin ring—but the Huron shouted not—he only gave utterance to the death chant. Abercrombie rode slowly in front of his Indian allies, and spoke in a low voice, "Is the Huron a coward, that he chants his ditties before the whole army!" Fire shot from the eyes of the chief, as without deigning a reply, he turned to his warriors and gave his final command, "Forward!" They all sprang against the very battlements of the fortress. Abercrombie galloped to another part of the line where Howe had dismounted and was marshalling his troops. "Howe," said he, "I fear the result. Look at the desperation of the Hurons." "I warned your excellency of the consequences," said the gallant young nobleman, "but you would not hear." Then turning to his troops, with animation he exclaimed, "Forward, the whole line." Under a destructive fire of grape and cannister shot, the troops rushed to the assault with trailed arms. The shrill war-whoop of the savages rose above the din of the combat, proving that they at least were worthy the trust reposed in them. Never did the English troops behave better—but it was absolutely folly to attack a fortress, (garrisoned by 5000 men) without even the aid of artillery. In vain did Howe rally his men. The rolling fire of the French soldiery swept down whole regiments—and while that gallant young officer had gained the battlements, and was fighting hand to hand with the French artillerymen, he received two balls in his head, and fell dead in the arms of his men, who discouraged by his death, sprang from the ramparts. In vain did Abercrombie, maddened by defeat, implore his troops to stay. Nothing could withstand the blaze of fire that issued from the battlements of Ticonderoga; discipline was at an end, and Abercrombie was obliged to consult his own safety in flight. As he retreated, with as much order as possible, a French regiment rushing from the gates of the fortress, poured in a destructive fire;

and he would undoubtedly have been massacred, had not the survivors of the Hurons thrown themselves directly before him, and thus made a diversion in his favor: although in the attempt the Huron chief fell covered with wounds—his blood flying over the soiled uniform of Abercrombie, as he exclaimed in his death agonies, "Is my father wise, and is the Huron a coward?" No reproach could have been keener. Abercrombie felt and remembered it in after years. Rushing in front of the lines, he gave the order to retreat—and the retreat became a perfect route, with the loss of two thousand men wantonly and foolishly sacrificed. Near the fortress of Ticonderoga the body of the Huron chief was buried by his few surviving followers. No marble marks the spot, no gaudy mausoleum covers his remains, but the sycamore and the pine wave their branches over his lowly tomb. Had his advice been taken, Abercrombie would have preserved a gallant army from destruction, and a brave and gallant young nobleman from an untimely death—the banner of his country was disgraced, and her glory sullied by an ignoble defeat.

[Original.]

DEATH.

STRAY LEAVES FROM MY OLD PORTFOLIO.

Who is secure from death? who can resist his strength, or oppose his power? We may dread the gloom and darkness of the grave, but who may shun it? we may shrink at the thought of death, but who may disobey his summons? Seeking new victims, he is ever present, the traces of his footsteps are in every climate. Through the hot and arid plains of the Torrid regions, and over the ice and snows of the Frigid Zones, in the still secluded spot chosen for retirement, and 'mid the noise and hum of the city; over regions of greenness and fertility, and through the wastes and sands of the desert. Rank, age, sex, are disregarded, earth has no ties too strong for it to sever, no affections too ardent for it to withstand. His hand is stretched forth upon the king, in his royal array, surrounded by all the pride and magnificence of power, but pride and magnificence avail him nothing; like others he passes away, and gorgeous funeral obsequies, and a splendid monument, are all that remain for one who but yesterday ruled the fate of a kingdom, and swayed the destinies of a nation. He enters the castle, and the proud noble is laid low; he noiselessly passes the threshold of the cottage, and the sturdy peasant, like some giant oak, is prostrated in his strength. Age with its whitened locks, and furrowed countenance, youth, with all the greenness of its affections, and the warmth of its feeling; childhood, with its happy heart and engaging sweetness; infancy in its beauty and helplessness, all, are equally exposed to death, alike fall victims to his power. It steals on the man of science, whose restless energies have gone forth into the world, and endeavored to account for its wonders, whose mind has sought to solve the mysteries of the universe, and whose commanding intellect has grasped subjects that appear to defy the power of man to elucidate. It steals upon him, and what now avails the knowledge he has acquired, the treasures of science he has accumulated? nothing! and the darkness of the grave soon conceals him from our view.

I once gazed upon the face of a young school-mate, the beatings of whose pulse, and the throbbings of whose heart had ceased forever. She was a beautiful girl; modest and retiring in manner: there was yet, an expression in her pale sweet countenance, that excited an interest in the heart. For weeks, she was absent from her accustomed places; disease was racking her feeble frame, consumption with its cold, chilling touch was preying upon her heart, and her mother was compelled to see her beautiful flower withering beneath its blighting influence, and passing slowly and gradually, from her sight. She died, and on a bright sunny day in spring, we were invited to attend the funeral of our deceased companion. After listening to the solemn and impressive address of our pastor, we passed out of the church, and there upon the green before the door, was the coffin, and at its head stood the mourning father, the sobbing mother, and weeping brother; gazing on that pale dead face, with all the intensity of grief. We, the living, in the bloom of health, gazed likewise; and many a usually thoughtless heart trembled with emotion; many a gay countenance saddened, and many a bright eye dimmed as we gazed. Death had not robbed her of her beauty, though clad in the habiliments of the grave, its traces still lingered in her countenance. That countenance I shall never forget; so calm, so placid in its expression, with its marble features, its fair hair parted on the low broad brow, its drooping eyelids, and lashes, so gently pressing the colorless cheek; while ever and anon, a rich stream of sunlight, beamed through some opening in the dense crowd—and flashing upon that pale, cold face, as if in mockery; and then as suddenly vanished. Together we gazed long and earnestly, the living upon the dead; and many a warm tear fell from eyes that seldom wept—and a solemnity gathered round many a heart, that in other moments cast aside reflection. The pastor breathed forth the aspirations of his heart to God, the benediction was pronounced, and while preparations were made for conveying the body to its last home, musing upon the mysteries of death, slowly and sadly we parted.

ELIZABETH.

Newark, N. J.

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