

# 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.

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### GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE OLIVE LEAF.

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### POETRY.

[For the Olive Leaf.]

TO MR. G. C. W.

You bid me tune my harp again,  
But George, how can I sing  
When age and sorrow, care and pain,  
Have broken every string?

I often feel my heart grow warm,  
With images of light,  
And faint would speak with "words that burn,"  
On themes divinely bright.

But ere the trembling accents fall  
In language on my tongue,  
I feel a cold and wintry pall,  
Upon my spirits flung

Perhaps a look, perhaps a word,  
Disperses the forming lay—  
I feel the crushed and broken chord,  
And fling the lyre away.

I look on nature's bosom fair,  
And long to feel the glow,  
That did my youthful heart inspire  
But nature answers, no!

No more I weave the tender lay,  
Or raise the lofty strain—  
The scornful muses flit away,  
And make my efforts vain.

Then ask me not to wake my lyre  
With notes I used to sing,  
For sixty years have quenched its fire,  
And broken every string.

But age has never damped the glow  
Of pure maternal love;  
God grant that those so loved below,  
May all unite above.

P. H. B.

Monson.

BE CAREFUL.—A young girl in Plymouth has been deaf for ten years, caused by a portion of cotton remaining in the ear without her knowledge, that had been previously applied to cure the ear-ache. It has been extracted and her hearing is so acute that the striking of a clock sounds like the ringing of a church bell in her room.

### TALES.

#### THE SEA-PIECE.

The spring of the year 1800—and no-matter-what, found me, as its predecessors had done, the hard-fagging curate of a large parish in a northern county, upon the exuberant salary of £30 a-year, when an official looking document was laid upon my table one fine morning, which, on being opened, turned out to be the presentation to a living about twenty miles off, just then vacant, the patron of which I had been happy enough to make a friend of. My establishment not being on a very ample or overcharged scale, I was not long in completing my preparations for entering upon my new sphere of action, and taking possession of a neat ~~pygmy~~ <sup>pygmy</sup> house in the Elizabethan style, the grounds of which were separated only by a low wall from the churchyard. Amongst the earliest visitors who came, "on hospitable thought intent," to pay the compliments of that part of the country to the new incumbent, was a gentleman of quiet but most friendly and agreeable demeanor, who announced himself as one of my nearest neighbors, though not a parishioner, and pointed out his house to me from the drawing-room window, distant about two miles, on the opposite side of the valley, with a tall fir wood and winding stream between. He was accompanied by his lady, in whom it required no extraordinary share of penetration to discover the richness of a highly cultivated mind, softened by all the moonlight graces of the kind and accomplished gentlewoman. I was not long in returning that call; a few days found me riding through lanes of honeysuckle and holly, to the winding avenue which brought me in front of Ernsdale Hall. I was ushered into the saloon, where a cordial reception awaited me, and where, too, I found that there were other inmates of that quiet home,—that those sloping lawns and grassy terraces were trod by light and youthful feet,—that an abode which nothing could have made look dull while such a mistress was the presiding genius of the scene, was rendered yet more sunshiny and delightful by the presence of her attendant nymphs and graces. With such a family it did not take long for me to find myself upon a footing of easy friendliness and intimacy; and my grey mare would at any time have proved herself "the better horse," had she had to run a race in the direction of the Hall. There were some curious pictures in some of the cham-

bers, and in looking over them one day there was one which particularly attracted my attention. It was not for its age or particular beauty of execution, for it was evidently the production of a modern hand, and, though dashed off with considerable spirit, it certainly could not pretend to compare with the illustrious reliques of the olden time which graced the walls around it. It was the subject of it which caught my eye, and appeared to connect it with some tale of stirring interest. It was a sea-piece—the water was agitated and discolored, and the sky had a look of wild and storm-like grandeur. In the middle ground, or rather middle-water, of the picture, was a sloop-of-war, or, at least, small armed three-master, showing British colors, under press of sail, careening heavily to the gale, and close to her a much larger vessel, carrying still more sail, and apparently French colors, in the very act of upsetting. I am come of a naval family, and, though my lot is now cast in the Church, hereditary predilection seems to run strong in me. I have sailed over many a long mile of blue water, and love the very smell of it dearly. My curiosity, therefore, was strongly excited to know whether my host could tell me how he came by the picture, and whether he knew anything as to the seeming catastrophe it portrayed. "Oh, yes," he said, "that picture was painted by my order, and it has a story connected with it too long to tell you now; but come over some day soon, when we are alone, and you shall have it to your heart's content after dinner. I was on board that foremost vessel."

As I was not aware that the worthy Squire knew more of navigation than that highly-respectable and thoroughly well-bred individual the man in the moon, my curiosity, already excited by the picture, was wound up to the highest pitch by this unexpected *debut* of his character of a navigator and wanderer on the mountain wave, and, accordingly, a few days found my feet under his hospitable mahogany; from which, when the cloth was removed and the ladies retired, he thus began his tale:

"I dare say that you had little conception that I had ever been any long voyages; nor, indeed, can my present habits be said to savor much of the sea. I live now, as you know, like a quiet man in the country, and keep up a neighborly acquaintance with the people about me, as my father did before me. I call upon those whom it is proper to call, and give dinners to those to whom it is proper to give dinners. I go regular-

ly to church on the Sunday, always walking there by-the-by, with my family, both for the sake of example and to rest my horses and servants,—and the rest of my time I ride about, and busy myself in looking after my tenants and attending to the improvement of my estate,—and, for anything most people know to the contrary, I may have gone on in the same jog-trot way all my life, without experiencing any adventure beyond a roll into a ditch in hunting, or knowing any misfortune greater than the wetting of my hay, (a misfortune, by-the-by, which I am very cautious of encountering; and let me advise you, while I am upon that subject, my young friend, always to look well after your hay yourself, and see that your people make hay while the sun shines.) But this is not my story, and I can see you are fidgety till I get on to it. Well, as I was saying, few people suppose that I have been the traveller I have been, and probably think the sum total of my nautical adventures, if they think at all about it, to have been summed up in a summer day's run in a cockney steamer. I tell you, however, that never were people more mistaken. I have been a great traveller in my time, and it was upon one of my voyages that the circumstance occurred which afforded the subject for the picture about which you are so anxious to hear.

"It was about the height of the last war that the state of a large property which I then possessed in America imperatively demanded my personal presence. Just then, however, I labored under a most violent disinclination to leave the country. At another time I should have liked nothing better than an excuse for such a trip; and the chance of a brush with an enemy's privateer would only have put me in greater spirits for the run; but now the case was different. I began to think my life of great importance to society; thought much upon the great truth that good people are scarce, and that it behoved those who did exist to take more than ordinary care of themselves; and then, going out in the heat of the war, through swarms of the enemy's cruisers, seemed too much like tempting Providence; and then—but, to cut the matter short, for I see by your smile you have guessed how the case stood, I was desperately, violently, and uncontrollably in love—and what was still more, on the very eve of marriage.

But what was to be done? The property I could not afford to lose, and, as the mountain could not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must come to the mountain; so, taking a tender and heavy-hearted farewell of my bride that was to be, with many promises of being back in less than three months, (for, of course, I was certain I would drive the lawyers about, and settle my affairs in something less than no time,) I took my departure for America. I arrived there without accident or adventure of any sort, and though three months passed, and another weary three months rolled round, yet I was chained to the sluggish wheels of the law. At length the wished-for emancipation came; my affairs were settled to my entire content and satisfaction, and joyfully I turned my face towards home. Of course it was an object with me to secure the quickest and most promising mode of conveyance, (the Great Western you know, was then undreamt of,) and, therefore, though a large fleet

was preparing to sail, under convoy, as I knew it would be upwards of three weeks before they would be all collected, I determined to take my passage in the packet which carried the mail,—trusting to her light heels to escape the larger privateers or enemy's frigates, if we should meet any, and to her light 6-pounders, of which she mounted eight, to pepper the smaller craft. We sailed with the wind free, and nothing could be more agreeable than the early part of the passage. My fellow-passengers were many of them gentlemen, at least in manners, and all pleasantly disposed, each being willing to contribute his quota of amusement to the general stock. Among them was Sir Temple Monkton, who had some time before made such a noise in India by his honorable conduct regarding a duel, attempted to be forced upon him by some madman, about a lady whom they were both paying their addresses to, when he won the first fire, and gave his antagonist his life (the distance being five paces, and himself a crack shot.)

We had lighted our cigars one lovely breezy evening after dinner, and were lounging about the quarter-deck, listening with great interest to the particulars of this celebrated meeting, when the cry of 'A sail!' from the look-out at the mast-head broke up the conversation, and set every-body on their legs.

'How does she lie?' cried the Skipper.

'Broad upon the weather-quarter,' was the reply.

'Way aloft, Mr. Froth!' said the Captain to a Master's Mate. 'Way aloft, and see what you make of her.'

The youth sprang into the rigging, and was soon in the topmast-crosstrees with his glass to his eye.

'Can you make out her course?' sung out the Captain.

'Ay, ay, Sir—steering right for us, or, perhaps, a point or two higher.'

'That's to keep the weather-gage,' muttered an old Quartermaster, just loud enough for me to hear.

'What do you make her out, Mr. Froth?'

'Large armed craft, Sir—Frenchman, by the cut of his jib.'

'Um!' said the Skipper; 'one of your heavy privateers, I suppose—no chance against that fellow's broadside. We must try what sort of a clean pair of heels we can show him: if he's one of our own cruisers, we want nothing with him, and if he's an enemy, the sooner we're out of his way the better. Turn the hands up—make sail!'

In a few minutes, the gay little bark was staggering along under every string that would draw. But it was very evident that the stranger had seen us, and was not slow in following so good an example—as now, visible from the main-top, he presented the appearance of a cloudy pyramid of sail based upon the circle of the horizon. For a time he seemed to grow less and less; but, alas! the wish was father to the thought; for the broad clear above the sun, which had now gone down, showed at length, even from the deck, the rim of the world of waters distinctly dotted and broken by a rapidly-increasing speck; before dark, she had lifted the head of her foretop-sail. Some faces now began to look very blank; but the Captain, nothing daunted, declar-

ed he'd carry on if he ran us under water: I could not disguise from myself, however, that he took the precaution of getting out the despatches and signals, and loading the box with weights, preparatory to heaving it overboard. The Captain then returned upon deck. The enemy was no longer visible through the surrounding darkness, the evening having closed in murky and thick, though the breeze was still fresh and steady.

'I shall haul up close to the wind, and stand on for an hour, Mr. Snatchblock,' addressing the officer of the watch, 'and then, if we see nothing of him, clew up all and lie still, and so give him the slip in the dark.'

'Afraid that won't do, Sir,' said the officer addressed; 'those fellows run confounded cunning; ten to one they expect the manœuvre, and are prepared to meet it. If I might be allowed to suggest—as a stern chase must be always a long chase—we shall gain more chances by trusting to our heels a bit yet, than by running, as it were, into the lion's mouth. While the breeze stands, and the sea keeps down, we may play him two or three tricks before he catches us up.'

'I believe you're right, Mr. S.; we'll carry on till all's blue but what we'll get away.'

The Captain now ordered the lariards of the standing rigging to be slacked, and the carpenter to knock the wedge-pins from the masts to allow them to play free. It was soon evident by the log that this manœuvre had told most favorably on the progress of the vessel; and as the night was now far advanced, and no enemy to be seen, most of us bundled off to our berths, with the newly-awakened hope of running her out of sight before morning. I was up, however, at the break of day; indeed, my toilette was soon made, for I had thrown myself into my berth dressed as I was. The look-out was busy making use of his eyes at the mast-head, but the fog-bank astern was too thick to penetrate. Meantime she gallantly sped on 9 1-2 and 10 off the reel. It was evident we had made a famous run in the night, and now hope beat high. Towards 8 o'clock the fog was lifted; every eye was now turned in the direction where the enemy had last appeared, and judge our misery and disappointment, when she suddenly emerged into the clear—a towering pyramid of sail, visible down to her hull from the deck, and looming tremendously large in the partial haze. We looked at one another in mute anxiety and some were evidently calculating what chances of comfort they were likely to meet with in a French prison. As for me, my thoughts were only of making a desperate defence: the thought of my pining out the prime of my days in captivity—separated from the being without whom life itself seemed but a questioned blessing—no, that was too much—I would not be taken—away with the thought.

'Of course, you mean to defend the ship while a plank holds together, Captain?'

'Mr. Dunnage!' he shouted to the master, without taking any notice of my remark—'Mr. Dunnage! start the water all but the ground tier.'

The command was speedily obeyed; a clear cataract rushed from her sides into the sea, and the lightened vessel flow over the wave with the freshened impetus of the courser when the spur touches his side. The Captain then turned to me with a cold, grim smile—

'Fight the vessel, Mr. Fitzjames! why, that

craft would blow us clean out of the water the first broadside: I'll be bound for it, he shows a pretty row of teeth if we let him alongside; a dozen long 18's, and more, of a side, on the main-deck, and goodness knows how many carronades and 9-pounders on the quarter-deck and fo'castle. No, no, show him our legs—that's the only chance—unless we can manage to wing him as he comes up. Blow, good breeze, blow! Egad! I begin to think she holds her own. Jump down, Mr. Dunnage; take the carpenter and his mates down with you, and saw through every third timber-head the whole length of the ship, except where they interfere with the masts: I'll be hanged if that won't squeeze another knot out of her; and if Johnny Crapaud takes us, it'll give his carpenters a job to keep their fingers warm setting her to rights again.' The sound of heavy sawing was now heard through the ship, and, in less than two hours, Mr. Dunnage reported the job complete. The ship, deprived of so much support, now creaked and groaned fearfully as she sped over the rising sea, but her increase of velocity was apparent to the most unpractised eye. 'Hurra!' said the Skipper, rubbing his hands, 'if the breeze only stands so, we may wish Mounseer Crapaud a very good morning, and better luck next time: thanks to goodness, we've a summer passage before us.'

The parties who had eaten little at breakfast began now to do ample justice to a hearty lunch and our appetite for dinner was much increased by the joyful appearance of the enemy hull-down. 'Sweethearts and wives' was drank with enthusiasm, and every one felt triumphantly, almost uproariously, happy; but alas! for poor human prosperity—towards ten o'clock the breeze freshened, and though it sent us along with almost miraculous velocity, it was very evident that, if it increased to a gale, the ship, already weakened by the sawing through so many of her main supports, must be under the necessity of shortening sail, and that, with a heavy sea, the advantage would be, of course, tremendously on the side of a larger vessel. Our prognostications were too painfully fulfilled; for morning showed us under double-reefed topsails, being the utmost we could dare to carry, and the enemy under only single reefs, careering over the seas, not more than three miles astern, and evidently coming up hand over hand. Escape by flight was now impossible; our only chance consisted in winging her; and, accordingly, we began, as she drew within gunshot, to make a target of her foretopsail, in the hope of knocking some of her sticks over the side; but the shot from a long 9-pounder in her fo'castle was now beginning to fly over us fast—whereupon, some of the youths who had been most diligent in looking out, displaying and overhauling their arms and pistols, examining, priming, touching up flints, &c., at the time we expected to escape, thought proper to disappear and vanish below. As for me, I thought not of shot; my mind was occupied by one absorbing feeling; and my sole relief was in working, with desperate assiduity, in serving our tiny stern-chasers. I was just stooping down to pick up a rammer, when, bang, came another shot: I heard the crash of timber behind me, and before I could turn myself, our fore-topmast was over the side. The ship, of course, flew up immediately to the wind, and there we lay helpless, with our broad-

side right on to the enemy. The colors were hauled down in an instant, or he would have been right over us; and though he came instantly to the wind, he was scarcely time enough to save a collision, which would have sent us to the bottom. We were ordered to keep close under his lee till he could send a boat on board to take possession; and the weather moderating towards the afternoon, he sent one of the cutters with a prize-crew, on board, and we found ourselves prisoners on the quarter-deck of *La Belle Alliance*, French cruiser, of 36 guns and 230 men.

I will not trouble you with my feelings upon the occasion; indeed, I cannot tell you what they were: I suppose I was stupified; but I know I wondered at my own indifference and coolness. I knew that the cruel policy of Buonaparte had kept multitudes of English civilians languishing in a French prison. From his clemency, therefore, there was nothing to hope for; so I sat down in despair. Day after day rolled on, as we stretched across the broad Atlantic, and it is but justice to the French Captain to say that he treated his prisoners, especially the captive officers and passengers, with respect, courteously putting no immediate restraint upon our personal liberty. And now we could not have been above a week's sail from the British shore, for the passage was unusually fine, when, one night, swinging in my hammock in a feverish sort of slumber, after lying awake for hours, musing upon my situation till by brain turned round, I had a dream. And yet it seemed that, as Byron says, it could not have been all a dream. There stood by my couch the well known form and features of one adored and loved beyond expression, from whom I had felt as it were separated forever. 'There was'—to use the words of somebody, I think Lytton Bulwer (for I'm not good at young ladies myself,) which are remarkable, as one of my nieces observed, for their singular resemblance to the person described,—'there was the same wonderful innocence, and dove-like softness of expression—the same mild yet smiling eyes of the darkest blue, with that ingenuous breadth of brow, and the nose not cut in that sharp and clear symmetry which looks so lovely in marble, but usually gives to flesh and blood a hard and decided character, but small, delicate, with the least possible inclination to turn upwards, (the *nez un peu relevé* of the French,) serving to give a prettier archness to the sweet flexible lips, which, from the gentleness of their repose, appeared to smile unconsciously, but rather from a happy constitutional serenity than from the giddiness of mirth.'

Such was the character of the fair being who now bent over me, with a smile such as the guardian cherubim might cast over the objects of their mortal trust, whispering of hope, and happiness, and joy, when suddenly the vision changed. There was still the same features, the same liquid light in those lovely eyes, but the soft fair ringlets now appeared confined beneath the laced cocked hat of a naval officer; the sylph-like appearance expanded into the stately tread of martial manhood; and the flowing dress was suddenly exchanged for the heavy epaulettes and dark blue uniform of a Captain in the British Navy. The scene was the quarter-deck of an English 74; while to leeward lay a huge man-of-war of foreign build, with the British union-jack dis-

played at the peak, waving proudly above the French ensign, and strains of triumphal music were floating on the wind, which gradually arranged themselves into the air of

Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the wave!

when I woke myself by shouting in chorus at the top of my vocal organs,

Britons never will be slaves!

I jumped up; it was broad daylight, and some of the officers and English gentlemen prisoners were already on deck.

My misery was flown; it had given place to feelings of peace and hope. I felt in a delightful state of contentment and triumphant good-humor: I felt certain that we should soon be free. The memory of the vision haunted me so strongly, that I could not avoid communicating it at breakfast to Sir Temple; and, adding that I was certain of being, in two day's time at furthest, under the protection of the British flag. He smiled incredulously, and said something about dreams being to be always interpreted by the rule of contrary, and expectations too sanguine to be realized. He could not succeed, however, in damping my ardor, though I had failed to inspire him with kindred enthusiasm, as, followed by my friend, I bounded upon deck with a feeling of lightness to which I had for three weeks been a stranger. I here again renewed the subject of the conversation, and was in the midst of a strongly-contested argument on the absurdity of putting faith in dreams, when the man at the mast-head reported a sail broad upon the weather-beam.

'There she is;' I said triumphantly; 'in a few hours we shall be retaken—I know it.'

Sir Temple's incredulous glance to windward seemed to say, 'I wish we may get it!'

The French officers now held a consultation, the result of which appeared to be a determination to hold on our course till we should see what the stranger was like, more especially as she looked at least two hundred tons smaller than ourselves. As she rapidly neared us she was soon visible from the deck. The general opinion seemed to be, that she was a French frigate that had been expected to sail from Havre about a fortnight before, to commit depredations on the coast of Ireland. The ship, however, as a precautionary measure, was cleared for action; and our Captain ordered English colors to be hoisted, to deceive her if an enemy, and the band to be in readiness to play 'Rule Britannia' the moment the sound was likely to be heard on board the stranger. On came the gallant vessel; but as she neared us the hopes of the prisoners fell. Being nearly end on, we could not see her ensign, but the sharpness of her hull, the hoist of her topsails, and the unusual rake of her tapering masts, all proclaimed her to be of French construction; and when, at length, the fly of the ensign blowing clear of the gaff, showed the tri-color of France, as she rounded-to, and shortened sail, a throb of disappointment ran through every English bosom,—Sir Temple whispering, with something that might have been mistaken for a smile,

'Your dream, Fitzjames,—so much for you dream!'

And now the air of the 'Marsellaise' came floating across the waters. The French Captain was delighted at this rencontre with a coun-

tryman. The British ensign had long been hauled down, and the French national flag substituted in its room; and we were all lost in conjecture why he did not drop down within hail, as we, too, had shortened sail the moment he set the example, when a signal ascended to his main-mast head; but when the bunting blew out, the French officers exchanged glances, and instantly ordered the prisoners below. I had just time to see the French ensign descend from the stranger's peak, and the 'meteor flag' of old England shoot up to its place like a rocket into the sky, when I was hurried below; but I had scarcely reached the combings of the hatchway, when the report of a gun came booming across the waters, followed by a general broadside, the iron shower crashing through the bulwarks, and ripping up the planking, shivering ring-bolts, and strewn the decks with the dying and the dead. The broadside was quickly returned: the conflict had begun. The prisoners were stowed away in the ward-room, and a file of mariners placed over them, with orders to shoot the first one who stirred. I cared not for this: I felt sure that a few hours, perhaps minutes, would set us free. But I could not resist giving Sir Temple a triumphant glance, and shouting in his ear amidst the din, 'What think you now of the dream?'

'The nature of the trap into which the Frenchmen had fallen was very evident. They had been deceived in the first instance, by the French build of the vessel, (which turned out to be a cruiser captured from France and commissioned into our service,) assisted by the ruse of the French colors and French national air; and it was not till the private signal was displayed,—which, of course, they were unable to answer, that they discovered their mistake. Meantime broadside followed broadside in close and stunning succession; and for half an hour nothing was heard but the thunder of the cannon, intermingled with the lighter roll of musketry, the hurraing of the combatants, the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying,—when of a sudden, all became still and silent as the grave. Most of us shook our heads, and supposed our Skipper had had enough, and was making sail to escape, for none dared to think he had taken his gallant foe. But my ardent hopes were not so to be quenched.

'Depend upon it,' said, I 'John Bull is only knotting and splicing his rigging, that has been shot away in the action; we shall hear more of him by and by.'

'And, true enough, not more than an hour had elapsed when the welcome music of a distant cannonade again burst upon the ear. The sound grew nearer and louder, till from the stunning peal and quick concussion it was evident the vessels were yard-arm and yard-arm. Anon came a crashing thump, which made us reel through every joint and timber, followed by a wild hurrah, at which our guards rushed upon deck. The English frigate had evidently piped 'Boarders away!' The roar of the heavy guns now ceased, but the crack of the first discharge of pistols, when there was no time to load again, was followed by the furious tramp of feet, the cold clash of steel, and the heavy fall of men. A few minutes more, and the French came umbling down the hatchway, whilst three triumphant cheers that rent the air, told that the

day was won. As the hatches were immediately secured from above, we were left for another half hour literally in the dark upon the subject of our liberation, when at length, the door of the ward-room opened, and a young man, in the dark-blue uniform of the British Navy entered at the head of a party of jolly sons of Neptune, naked to the waist, black and grimy with the gunpowder, and seamed with alternate streaks and channels of blood and perspiration.

'What cheer, ho!—Prisoners away!'

'Prisoners no longer, thanks to you!' said I, addressing the officer. 'It's a mighty pleasant thing to be on the right side of the hedge! as the Irishman said when the mad bull was coming across the lane.'

'A hearty laugh at length followed this stale joke; and where all were in such spirits, the same would have followed the most execrable one ever invented; in a moment we darted up the hatchway, and stood in the light of the blessed heaven once more. We hastened aft to the quarter deck, and were presented to the Captain of the British frigate, in whom I recognized an old acquaintance, an officer of well-known name; but, oh, how laughingly unlike his genuine bluff countenance, shaded by enormous whiskers, to the fairy Captain of my dream. But the dream had been fulfilled in all necessary particulars, and that was enough for me.

'We were now at liberty to attend to the scene around us! close to the captured vessel in which we were, two of whose topmasts were by the board, and mainmast with six 9-pound shot in it, lay the beautiful hull of the captor, her sides bearing evident marks of the recent conflict; herself shorn of a topmast, sails in tatters, and rigging severely cut, but not so much otherwise the worse for wear. But the scene on the Frenchman's deck, especially at the six aftermost guns, which we were informed had been three times cleared, baffled all description. The effect produced by the grape, canister, and langridge, which our tars had crammed in at top of the round shot, in the heat of action, had been tremendous. The wounded had all been removed to the cockpit, but the decks were slippery with gore, and the bulwarks spattered with blood, and fat, and brains; and as the vessel heaved heavily to the long swell, a puddle of blood and water slobbered and bubbled in the lee scuppers, with a strange and death-like splash. The crews, however, were hard at work, cleansing this charnel-house; and the recaptured foremast-men, whom the British Captain had already marked for his own as not the least valuable part of his prize setting to work with a will, she soon began to assume a different appearance.

'The work of transferring the prisoners to the frigate was rapidly going on, and all signs would soon be obliterated of the work of death and havoc. A prize crew being put on board the vessel, and spare topmasts rigged on both her and the British frigate, both ships made sail and filed for the British shores.

'The Captain's cruise being up, he intended to run in himself, which would give him the additional advantage of acting as convoy to the prize; and as an old acquaintance, he kindly invited me to be his guest on board his own vessel including Sir Temple Monkton in his invitation.—This was joyfully accepted, and my heart bound-

ed as we made sail once more for Old England's shores.

'We had not held our course however for forty-eight hours, during which, by-the-bye, we had run the prize out of sight, she having sprung her wounded mainmast in the night, when a small vessel hove in sight steering our own course, which, when we closed with her, proved to be a mail-packet homeward bound with despatches for us from the Admiral, if he fell in with us at sea. These, on being opened, proved to be orders to cruise for a fortnight longer; so, by the advice of the Captain—though not quite liking the risk, after the former mishap, yet driven on the other hand by anxiety—I agreed to take my passage home in the mail-packet, a small Government corvette, of about 290 tons, and mounting eight light 6-pounders, like the one in which we had been taken, Sir Temple continuing my companion devoyage.

'As no enemy had been seen or heard of, however, by any of the vessels whom the corvette had spoken, and as her sailing qualities were highly commended, we thought we might reckon on being pretty safe for so short a run, as the sea was covered with English cruises. And so indeed it appeared for a couple of days, during which we spoke only one vessel, and that a British 74, on her way out to join the fleet; but as I was sitting in my birth, indulging in delicious reverie produced by a cigar I had been smoking, and mentally inditing an epistle to one whom I so often hoped to hold in my embrace, my ears caught the now rather unwelcome cry of 'A sail, from the mast-head. I flew upon deck—a large vessel was reported seemingly in chase. It was blowing pretty fresh, and night coming on; but the Captain immediately ordered on all sail, which we could the better venture upon, as the wind was free, our course being about E. and by S. with wind at W. N. W. That was an anxious night on deck with most unpleasant misgivings as to the character of the pursuing vessel, who was evidently coming up hand over hand, and sailing like a witch, while her sides showed the utter hopelessness of escape by dint of fighting. I was now pretty well versed in manœuvres of escape; but though the Captain did all he could for the trim of the vessel, he refused to resort to the desperate expedient of sawing through the timbers, and would not allow the rigging to be slacked, as the wind threatened a gale, and the sea was getting up.—By mid-day on the following day, during which I had never left the deck, the enemy was within gun shot astern, cracking on stud-sails, and every thing set, and holding on through the squalls without starting tack or sheet; his colors now leaving no doubt as to his nation. The first puff of white smoke from his weather-bow had just heralded the roar and whiz consequent on the discharge of a long nine, and the game seemed to be all up; for in ten minutes he could run us down if we did not strike, or luff to the wind, and pepper us at leisure, when I heard the Captain say to his First Officer, 'Egad, Mr. Marline, I'll play him a trick; he's coming up under every thing, stud-sails and all, at the rate of thirteen and a half knots. I'll haul suddenly to the wind, letting every thing go by the run in the way of the lighter hamper; and before he can stop himself, he'll shoot under our stern to lee-



ward, (his fire can't do us much harm in his hurry,) and we can make all snug, and go away to the northward, within eight points or so of the wind, which you know is our best point of sailing; and five hundred to one, he carries some of his spars away in following; by-the-bye, I see a sharp squall too, darkening to windward. Now, Mr. Brail, hands to the weather-braces, and topgallant sheets, and let all stun-sails, go by the run. Now, then, cried Mr. Skipper, taking the command from the office of the watch in the excitement of the moment; now then, steady my men,—down with the helm, quarter-master—down with it—hard down—and stand by to meet her.'

'Down went the helm, away flew the braces and topgallant sheets, as the ship darted to the wind, with the speed of a race horse; the stunsail sheets were simultaneously let go, and away flew the whole covey in a cloud to leeward,—The enemy saw our manœuvre, and with wonderful rapidity and daring hastened to defeat it. Down went his helm, and up he came to the wind under all sail; but at this instant of wild and maddening excitement, a mightier hand was spread abroad upon the waters. The squall came down in thunder, black as night, cutting off the tops of the billows, and ploughing the ocean into marbled sheets of foam.

'Stand by, to let all go by the run,' cried our Skipper; 'stand by the sheets and halliards—keep her away, Mr. Brail.'

'Hardly were the words out of his mouth, when the squall struck the Frenchman, who, maddened by the ardor of the pursuit though feeling fearfully to the gale, or paralysed at the last moment, had never shortened sail. The squall struck him—he gave a sickly reel, his masts bent like willow wands to the shock; another instant, and his main-topgallant yard-arms dipped the wave; a furious sea came down: it broke over him—its spray flew mountains high;—a shrill cry mingled with the blast. The spray cleared, and we were alone upon the waters. The proud and gallant vessel had gone to the depths beneath; and the hearts that so late beat high with hope and anticipated conquest, were whelmed beneath the wave.

'The squall swept by—there was a pause in the blast, and our hearts stood still. We had had a narrow escape ourselves, and were all but on our beam-ends; but the Captain's coolness and precaution saved the vessel, with the loss of some of our sails. At much hazard we ventured to put about, and retrace our way over the spot where the Frenchman had disappeared, as near as we could judge, thinking that some solitary wretches might be floating upon hen-coops or spars. But no, the work of destruction had been complete! and of all that proud crew, there lived no one to tell the tale.

'When the first thrill of horror had subsided, we could not of course but rejoice at our escape and once more the helm was put up—the top-sails filled—and away for home, away. A very short passage brought us in sight of the British shores. I need not tell you how soon I was whirling along the road at the back of four rattling posters, and I dare say you can form a tolerably acute guess as to which road I was going. My marriage took place soon after: and the sea-piece painted from my description, and un-

der my directions, by a promising young artist from Liverpool, now hangs as you know, over the mantel-piece in my bed-room.

'By-the-bye, the port stands at you. I am taking hock.'

'Not any more wine, I thank you.'

'I think I hear the harp going in the next room; so, if you have no objection, I will join the ladies.'

## OLIVE LEAF.

CABOTVILLE, OCT. 28, 1843.

We take great pleasure in announcing the organization of the *Young Men's Institute* of Springfield, of which the Hon. WM. B. CALHOUN is President. The object contemplated in the formation of this institution, is one which must commend itself to the deep sympathy and hearty co-operation of every friend of youth. The moral and intellectual improvement of Springfield has not kept pace with the astonishing increase of her population, and the rapid development of her business character; and she has been lamentably deficient in great enterprises which affect the mind and the heart. We therefore hail this Institution as the harbinger of better things for our youth, and greet it as a twin sister of that almost first attempt at public taste and improvement, the Springfield Cemetery; and while the one is made delightful by shady groves, and rural walks, and ceaseless fountains from the forest streams, may each citizen lend his aid in weaving for the other a garland of perennial flowers which shall beautify and adorn the mind and improve the heart.

But we hope the young men do not design their Institution to benefit only themselves, and we enjoin upon them not to be too exclusive. It is in vain to think of elevating the tone of morals, or cultivating the finer qualities of the heart, if we make no calculation on the aid and countenance, and no provision for the benefit of the fairer portion of our race. Whatever the mothers and daughters of America are, such shall be her sons; and as we believe the female mind and heart to be capable of as great attainments as those of the opposite sex, we bespeak for them a fair opportunity of proving our position, feeling assured if such opportunity is afforded, it may soon be said of woman,

"So far from the reach of mortal control  
Are the depths of her fathomless mind,  
That the ebbs and flows of her noble soul,  
Are tides to the rest of mankind."

LYCEUM—The first lecture before the Springfield Mechanics Lyceum was delivered in the Rev. Dr. Osgood's Church, on Wednesday evening by the Hon. John Q. Adams. The house was crowded to overflowing at an early hour. The lecture, as might be expected, was deeply interesting, and was listened to with much attention.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

NOVEMBER MAGAZINES—Received by Benjamin F. Brown, Ferry Street—*Godey's Lady's Book* enriched with contributions from Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Embury, Miss Leslie, Professor Frost, Joseph C. Neal, and other popular writers, Embellished with two beautiful Steel engravings, Colored Fashion plate, three Wood Cuts and two pages of original Music; price 25 cents per Number or 3 dollars per annum.

*Graham's Magazine*—Embellished with a Superb Mezzotint, Colored Bouquet (Piony and Tulip) and the latest Fall Fashions Colored, Original articles from Mrs. Stephen's, Mrs. Csgood, Mrs. Smith, Epes Sargeant, Edgar A. Poe—T. C. Graffan, R. H. Dana, etc. etc. 25 cents per No.

*Ladies' National Magazine*—Edited by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and C. J. Peter Dow, among the Contributors are the best Female Writers of America. 'Contents entirely Original.' *Embellishments*, 'Innocence, a magnificent Steel engraving, 'Koshiusko's Garden at West Point,' an embossed view, and a colored Plate of the latest Parisian Fashions. \$2 per annum or 17 cents per Number.

[ORIGINAL.]

TO KATE.

I've just received, dear Kate, that favor of thine,  
And I've treasured each word as well as each line;  
I've commenced a reply, and if nothing fail,  
I shall send you a line, *post paid*, by the mail.  
You always was dear to me, very dear, Kate,  
But one thing is wrong, you are out of the State.

You say that my praises quite oft have been told;  
By the ladies? Pray dear, don't think I'm too bold;  
They say I am handsome? and witty and wise?  
Dear angels! I scarce can believe my own eyes.  
You always was dear to me, very dear, Kate,  
And you'd better by far come into the State.

My knowledge of science you far overrate,  
Though I rise early, and sometimes "sit up late;"  
I confess, my dear girl, by some mystical art,  
I've found *bumps* on the head and *rents* in the heart.  
I've talked with "long Billy" since fate bade us part,  
He tells me to write thee the love of his heart.

It's true I've deciphered the dark and obscure,  
Though not strictly French, nor Spanish that's pure;  
I know you'll allow, when you send me your next,  
I leave all behind in the pure "German Text."  
You always was dear to me, very dear, Kate,  
But one thing is wrong, you are out of the State.

Since you praised my *new coat* and *beautiful hair*,  
Proposals have come from a *score* of the fair;  
And what caused me much joy, though little surprise,  
Each sported a *bustle* of exquisite size.  
Do praise my *good sense*, not my beautiful form,  
Else I fear the dear ones will take me by storm.

I send you *that lock*—it's a beautiful red,  
But I fear there'll be left no hair on my head;  
I've a bundle of notes from your Providence girls,  
Each asking, as you, for a lock of *those curls*.  
You always was dear to me, very dear, Kate,  
But one thing is true, I shall enter the State.

I will take that sweet verse, write 'neath it your name,  
Which is now on my heart, and deathless in fame,  
That no friend may mistake as others before,  
And credit this *gem* to Lord Byron or Moore.  
With regret I now close, but less is the pain,  
As I know, my dear Kate, you'll write me again.

L. ALLEN K.

Holliston, Oct. 1843.

A LIVING PINE-APPLE.—There was a competition between two German princes who would show the most choice dishes at table. A heavy bet was taken, and judges chosen. They attended an entertainment of one the of princes, which was so profuse and costly that they conceived it could not be outstripped by any other. After this they were present at the second prince's, when there graced the centre of the table what was considered a pine-apple of enormous size. When the dessert had been spread around it, the prince calling the attention of the judges, said loudly, "Borolawsky, come forth!" On this the supposed pine fell to pieces, where it appeared the dwarf count had been cased up, who respectfully bowed round to the company; when the judges declared that the second prince had gained the bet, the other not having so "dainty a dish" to set before his guests as the pine and its contents.

A fop having one day stopped at a tavern, the landlord of which was remarkable for telling a good story, stepped up to him and said, "Landlord I hear that you can tell a good story! come let us hear one of the greatest lies you ever did tell!" The landlord, making a very polite bow, said, "Sir, you are a gentleman."

[Written for the Olive Leaf.]  
THE DISTRICT SCHOOL MISTRESS.

By H. R. SMITH.

In many of the ancient, sanctimonious and time-honored towns of New England, where the District School constitutes the highest literary Institution of which they can boast, the School Teacher is a personage of no small importance. Next to the minister the school teacher is to be consulted by the parishioners when they wish to decide any question of difference arising between man and man. And why should it not be so? it is here, that the child receives his rudimental education, and it is here that many a youth terminates his literary course.

After the close of the winter school, and the children have had a "good long play spell" a school mistress is engaged to take charge of the children for summer. It is frequently the case that she is a *distant* connection of the "school committee" or of some one of his more intimate neighbors, and not only distantly connected but distantly situated from them, so that she comes to the district an entire stranger to its inhabitants. She may be an interesting young lady,—and, to maintain the dignity which should characterize a person of her station, her deportment will be quite lady-like. She must moreover be so familiar with human nature, as to be able to present herself in a variety of appearances, and so to adopt that variety, as will suit the whims of the different individuals whom she may come in contact. She must *please* the children, and the parents, and to insure complete success, she must by all means please the 'young folks,' of the village.

Being possessed of all these qualifications,—no matter what may be her tact for teaching 'the young idea how to shoot,' she will make sure progress in her undertaking. She is generally treated with marked attention by the people of the district, and as it is customary for the teacher to 'board round,' no pains are spared in making preparations for her reception, when she sends home word by the scholars that she is coming next day to board with them.

She goes home at night with the scholars and introduces herself to the family as the school teacher, and takes up her abode among her pupils. When supper is announced, and she gathers with the family around the festive board, the countenances of the children all tell of the 'extra fixings' prepared for the 'School Marm' and in which they too may share. The anxious Mother is now ready to inquire how her little girl or boy progresses, and whether or not they have been good children and have paid attention to their books, and minded their teacher,—to all which she responds with a corresponding degree of earnestness. Thus day after day she pursues the same monotonous course, until Saturday noon at which time the children must be made to say the commandments and a part of the 'Shorter Catechism,' or at least that part which teaches the 'chief end of man'—the children are now permitted to go home, and the teacher repairs to the house of her 'uncle' where she is to pass the Sabbath.

Early on Sabbath morning, while the sun is shining in splendor, and the breezes, coming cool

from the hills, are quite reviving, the family of Mr. Johnson are all on the way to church. The distance being so great as to preclude the possibility of his wife and children walking thither, they are therefore transported in the family vehicle made expressly for that purpose, and on this occasion the children are placed a little closer together to make room for the 'School Marm'. They arrive at the church quite early, and are seated before many others get into the house.

We have said that the school teacher was a stranger in the place, and of 'interesting' appearance—so while the bell is tolling, the 'young folks' who are always looking out for something new, make the discovery of our stranger, as she sits 'straight as a candle,' not daring to turn her head to right or left, because she is in a strange place. All eyes are now turned toward Mr. Johnson's pew, many conjectures are made concerning the new comer, and the inquiry is after heard, 'who is it?' 'where does she belong?' and as Mrs. Johnson takes her seat at the farther end of the pew, she is made contiguous to several other pews, and occasionally may be seen some individuals slyly whispering to her as if to make inquiry after her health, but who are all on tiptoe, to find out who that young lady may be, sitting in her slip. At noon, the young folks who 'stay,' are very anxious to invite Mr. Johnson's eldest daughter to come and sit with them in their pew during recess, and her cousin the 'School Marm' is not slighted. Occasionally a young man sends his sister to exchange civilities with Miss Johnson, and also to 'get acquainted with the school Marm,' for it is by this time generally known who she is; so that before the minister makes his appearance for the afternoon services, several of the young men have approached so near as *almost* to get an introduction to the School Marm, and *all* acknowledge her to be a slick one.

The services of the afternoon being over, and the benediction pronounced,—a mighty rush is felt in every aisle of the house which leads toward the door, and great confusion is had about the steps at the entrance while the carriages are driving up to the door for the purpose of 'loading in,' and for a few minutes nothing but running to and fro, is to be seen—but presently all is still and the good people are peacefully returning to their homes.

On the way the young people are remarking on the events of the day, and in particular upon the School Marm. Says one young lady 'What a beautiful bonnet she wore.' 'How neat her dress' says another. One remarks 'dont you think she is handsome?' another says 'she certainly appears interesting, I do wish I could become acquainted with her,'—and in the meantime the young men are contriving how they shall also get acquainted with her.

Evening comes,—and some of the gentlemen find it very convenient in their Sunday night rambles, to pass very near the house of Mr. Johnson, which now seems to be the grand centre of attraction, and some of the most *daring*, among them will venture to call, and as matter of course, acquaintance is formed with the School Marm. During the week nothing but the charms of Sophia Johnson's cousin are made

the subject of conversation by the young people in all their circles, and she is acknowledged to be the belle of the neighborhood.

Matters had passed along smoothly for about three weeks, when suddenly a report was circulating among the young folks that Josiah Wormwood had called on the schoolmarm. Every young man was now on the alert to form an acquaintance with her as soon as possible, with a view to effect if possible, a 'break-down' on Josiah, for they all hated him. For a while it seemed doubtful, whether Josiah or one of the more successful of his rivals, should rank first on the list of competitors, but Joe with the ambition of a young Napoleon persevered in his suit, and soon triumphed over his more chicken-hearted foes,—and when a walk or a ride was proposed, Josiah was ever at the side of the beautiful School Marm, and acted his part like a genuine hero.

Affairs soon became settled, and the young men who had found themselves nonplussed in their advances to the much admired school teacher, had got healed of their broken-hearts, and the young women too, had decided that 'Josiah and the School Marm were a going to get married,' and Joe himself, already began to feel that the 'goods was his.'

One pleasant evening, after completing his toilet, Josiah sallied forth intending to call for the school Marm, and engage her company for a short walk, as the moon shone with unusual lustre. As he neared the house, he was indulging himself in a mental reverie. Many and pleasing were the thoughts that flitted through his mind, and much the pleasure he anticipated enjoying that evening in company with her, whom he felt was dearer to him than ~~all other~~ subjects, while he promised himself a fine moonlight walk with his lady-love. He knocks at the door, and is admitted into the presence of his adorable girl,—but instead of the fond caresses he had been wont to receive, he finds her in the parlor, quietly seated by the side of an old and acknowledged lover of two years standing from her native town! Poor Joe! he found at once, that here was an opportunity to *stand back*; he saw too late that he had been *barking up the wrong tree*, and that the triumph he had made over his fellows, was now followed by a downfall of his imaginary happiness. He withdrew in silence from what was *now* the object of his hatred, and as he retraced his steps homeward, he fancied that he already began to hear the well known voices of his rivals, taunting him with their jeers for his having been at the same time, both a *victor*, and a *victim*.

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REVOLUTIONARY.—One day in the middle of winter, General Greene, when passing a sentinal who was barefooted, said, I fear, my good fellow, you snffer much from the severe cold. Very much, was the reply, but I do not complain. I know I should fare better, had our General the means of getting supplies. They say however, that in a few days we shall have a fight, and then I shall take care to secure a pair of shoes,

—  
LICENSE.—A maimed soldier begged charity of a poet, saying 'I have a *license* to beg.' 'Lice thou mayest have, but *sense* thou cast have none, to beg of a poet.'

## TO THE DEPARTED ONE.

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 thy soul,  
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,  
Nor thy heart flung back from its goal.  
I know thou hast drunken of 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 the far away dwelling, wherever it be,  
I believe thou hast visions of mind;  
And thy 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 in 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.  
My sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,  
For a bright vision appears,  
Is born, like the rainbow, in tears.

## THE POOR LAWYER.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I had taken my breakfast, and was waiting for my horse, when passing up and down the piazza, I saw a young girl seated near the window, evidently a visitor. She was very pretty, with auburn hair, and blue eyes, and was dressed in white. I had seen nothing of the kind since I had left Richmond, and at that time I was too much of a boy to be struck with female beauty. She was so delicate and dainty looking, so different from the hale, buxom, brown girls of the woods—and then her white dress? It was dazzling! Never was a poor youth so taken by surprise, and suddenly bewitched. My heart yearned to know her, but how was I to accost her? I had grown wild in the woods, and had none of the habiliments of polite life. Had she been like Peggy Pugh, or Sally Pigham, or any of my leather dressed belles of the pigeon roost, I should have approached her without dread; nay, had she been as fair as Shurt's daughters, with their looking glass lockets, I should not have hesitated; but that white dress, and those auburn ringlets and blue eyes, and delicate looks, quite daunted while they fascinated. I don't know what put it into my head, but I thought all at once I would kiss her! It would take a long acquaintance to arrive at such a boon, but I might seize upon it by sheer robbery. Nobody knew me here, I would just step in and snatch a kiss, mount my horse and ride off. She would not be

the worse for it; and that kiss—oh, I should die if I did not get it.

I gave no time for the thought to cool but entered the house and stepped lightly into the room. She was seated with her back to the door, looking out of the window, and did not hear my approach. I tapped her chair, and she turned and looked up. I snatched as sweet a kiss as ever was stolen, and vanished in a twinkling. The next moment I was on horseback, galloping homeward, my heart tingling at what I had done.

After a variety of amusing adventures, Ringwood attends the study of the law, in an obscure settlement in Kentucky, where he delved night and day. Ralph pursues his study, occasionally argues at a debating society, and at length becomes quite a genius in the eyes of the married ladies of the village.

I called to take tea one evening with one of these ladies, when to my surprise, and somewhat to my confusion, I found here the identical blue-eyed little beauty whom I had so audaciously kissed. I was formally introduced to her, but neither of us betrayed any signs of previous acquaintance, except by blushing to the eyes. While tea was getting ready, the lady of the house went out of the room to give some directions, and left us alone. Heaven and earth! what a situation! I would have given all the pittance I was worth, to have been in the deepest dell in the forest. I felt the necessity of saying something in excuse for my former rudeness. I could not conjure up an idea, nor utter a word. Every moment matters were growing worse. I felt at once tempted to do as I had done when I robbed her of the kiss—bolt from the room and take to flight; but I was chained to the spot, for I really longed to gain her good will.

At length plucking up courage, on seeing her equally confused with myself, and walking desparately up to her, I exclaimed,

"I have been trying to muster up something to say to you, but I cannot. I feel that I am in a horrible scrape. Do you have pity on me, and help me out of it!"

A smile dimpled upon her mouth, and played among the blushes of her cheek. She looked up with a shy, but arch glance of the eye, that expressed a volume of comic recollections; we both broke into a laugh, and from that moment all went well.

Passing the delightful description that succeeded, we proceed to the denouement of Ringwood's love affair—the marriage and settlement.

That very Autumn I was admitted to the bar, and a month afterwards was married. We were a young couple, she not above sixteen, I not above twenty, and both almost without a dollar in the world. The establishment which we set up was suited to our circumstances, a low house with two small rooms, a bed, a table, a half dozen knives and forks, a half dozen spoons,—every thing by half dozen,—a little delf ware, every thing in a small way; we were so poor but then so happy.

We had not been married many days, when a court was held in a county town, about twenty-five miles off. It was necessary for me to go there, and put myself in the business, but how was I to go? I had expended all my means in our establishment, and then it was hard parting with my wife so soon after marriage. Howev-

er, go I must. Money must be made, or we should have the wolf at the door. I accordingly borrowed a horse, and borrowed a little cash, and rode off from my door, leaving my wife standing at it, and waving her hand after me. Her last look, so sweet and becoming, went to my heart. I felt as if I could go through fire and water, for her. I arrived at the county town on a cool October evening. The inn was crowded, for the court was to commence on the following day.

I knew no one, and wondered how I, a stranger and mere youngster, was to make my way in such a crowd, and get business. The public room was thronged with all the idlers of the country, who gathered together on such occasions. There was some drinking going forward, with a great noise and a little altercation. Just as I entered the room, I saw a rough bully of a fellow, who was partly intoxicated, strike an old man. He came swaggering by me, and elbowed me as I passed. I immediately knocked him down, and kicked him into the street. I needed no better introduction. I had half a dozen rough shakes of the hand and invitations to drink, and found myself quite a personage in this rough assemblage.

The next morning court opened—I took my seat among the lawyers, but I felt as a mere spectator, not having any idea where business was to come from. In the course of the morning a man was put to the bar, charged with passing counterfeit money, and was asked if he was ready for trial. He answered in the negative. He had been confined in a place where there were no lawyers, and had not had an opportunity of consulting any. He was told to choose a counsel from the lawyers present, and be ready for trial the following day. He looked around the court and selected me. I was thunderstruck! I could not tell why he should make such a choice. I, a beardless youngster, unpractised at the bar, perfectly unknown. I felt diffident, yet delighted, and could have hugged the rascal.

Before leaving the court he gave me one hundred dollars in a bag, as a retaining fee. I could scarcely believe my senses—it seemed like a dream. The heaviness of the fee spoke but lightly of the man's innocence—but that was no affair of mine. I followed him to the jail, and learned of him all the particulars in the case; from thence I went to the clerk's office, and took minutes of the indictment. I then examined the law on the subject, and prepared my brief in my room. All this occupied me until midnight, when I went to bed and tried to sleep. It was all in vain. Never in my life was I more wide awake. A host of thoughts and fancies kept rushing into my mind; the shower of gold that had so unexpectedly fallen into my lap, the idea of my poor little wife at home, that I was to astonish her with my good fortune. But the awful responsibility I had undertaken to speak for the first time in a strange court, the expectations the culprit had formed of my talents; all these, and a crowd of similar notions, kept whirling through my mind. I had tossed about all night, fearing morning would find me exhausted and incompetent; in a word, the day dawned on a miserable fellow.

I got up feverish and nervous. I walked out to breakfast, striving to collect my thoughts, and

tranquelize my feelings. It was a bright morning—the air was pure and frosty; I bathed my forehead and my hands in a beautiful running stream, but I could not allay the fever heat that raged within. I returned to breakfast but could not eat. A single cup of coffee formed my repast. It was time to go to court, and I went there with a throbbing heart. I believe if it had not been for the thoughts of my dear little wife in her lonely house, I should have given back to the man his dollars, and relinquished the cause. I took my seat, looking, I am convinced, more like a culprit than the rogue I was to defend.

When the time came for me to speak, my heart died within me. I rose embarrassed and dismayed, and stammered in opening my cause. I went on from bad to worse, and felt as if I was going down. Just then, the public prosecutor, a man of talents, but somewhat rough in his practice, made a sarcastic remark on something I had said. It was like an electric spark, and ran tingling through every vein in my body. In an instant my diffidence was gone. My whole spirit was in arms. I answered with promptness, for I felt the cruelty of such an attack upon a novice in my situation. The public prosecutor made a kind of apology. This, for a man of his redoubtable powers, was a vast concession. I renewed my argument with a fearful growl, carried the case triumphantly, and the man was acquitted.

This was the making of me. Every body was curious to know who this new lawyer was that had suddenly risen among them, and bearded the Attorney-General in the very outset. The story of my debut at the inn on the preceding evening, when I knocked down a bully, and kicking him out of doors, for striking an old man, was circulated with favorable exaggeration. Even my beardless chin and juvenile countenance was in my favor, for the people gave me far more credit than I deserved. The chance business which occurs at our courts came thronging in upon me. I was repeatedly employed in other causes, and by Saturday night, when the court closed, I found myself with a hundred and fifty dollars in silver, three hundred dollars in notes, and a horse that I afterwards sold for two hundred dollars more.

Never did a miser gloat more on his money, and with more delight. I locked the door of my room, piled the money in a heap upon the table, looked around it with my elbow on the table, and my chin upon my hands, and gazed upon it. Was I thinking of the money? No—I was thinking of my little wife and home.

Another sleepless night ensued, but what a night of golden fancies and splendid air. As soon as morning dawned, I was up, mounted the borrowed horse on which I had come to court, and led the other, which I received as a fee. All the way I was delighting myself with the thoughts of surprise I had in store for my wife; for both of us expected I should spend all the money I had borrowed, and return in debt.

Our meeting was joyous, as you may suppose; but I played the part of the Indian hunter, who, when he returns from the chase, never for a time speaks of his success. She had prepared a rustic meal for me, and while it was getting ready, I seated myself at an old fashioned desk in one corner, and began to count over my money and put it away. She came to me before I had fin-

ished, and asked me who I had collected the money for?

"For myself, to be sure," replied I, with affected coolness, "I made it at court."

She looked at me for a moment incredulously. I tried to keep my countenance and play the Indian, but it would not do. My muscles began to twitch, my feelings all at once gave way. I caught her in my arms, laughed, cried, and danced about the room like a crazy man. From that time forward, we never wanted money.

[Original.]

#### FAREWELL.

It is a bitter word—farewell,  
Though spoken oft with seeming smile;  
The trembling lip, the tear doth tell,  
It burns upon the soul the while.  
Affection's power, no cold good-by can tell,  
But from the heart, God bless thee, fare thee well.

I've seen the mother, weeping turn  
From the world, when griefs her bosom swell;  
Bending o'er the last and loved one's urn,  
Exclaim, farewell, my child, farewell.  
A mother's love, no cold good-bye can tell,  
But from the heart, God bless thee—fare thee well.

I've watched where spirits wait to soar,  
When tears upon the orphan fell;  
When hand grasped hand to grasp no more,  
'Twas then, my friend farewell, farewell.  
Affection's power, no cold good-bye can tell,  
But from the heart, God bless thee—fare thee well.

I've heard the captive's long drawn sigh,  
He looked from his lone darksome cell,  
On the clear stream, the star-lit sky;  
And wept, childhood, freedom thee farewell.  
The exile's heart, no cold good-bye can tell,  
But from the soul, God bless thee, fare thee well.

I've heard the minstrel lover sing,  
At midnight hour, his fingers fell  
Upon the sweet-harp's answering string,  
Which breathed in accents wild—farewell.  
The power of love, no cold good-bye can tell,  
But from the heart, God bless thee, fare thee well.

ALLEN.

Holliston, Oct. 1843.

#### WEDDING "BIDDINGS" IN WALES.

Some correspondents have favored us with printed copies of the papers used as invitations to weddings among the lower classes in Wales, in some part of which it is customary for the persons invited to make donations of money or of such articles as may be useful to the newly-married pair, except similar assistance when a wedding takes place in their own family. This primitive custom is curious and interesting, and doubtless tends to the promotion of a neighborly and social feeling among the people where it prevails; we are not, however, prepared to admit the actual utility of a practice which must often have the effect of facilitating the marriage of young people before they are in a condition to provide for the wants of their household. We subjoin copies of the different forms which have been sent to us:—

"May 7th, 1830.

"As we Benjamin Jones and Mary Coslett, intend to enter the matrimonial state on Friday, the 28th instant, the young woman intends to make a Bidding on the occasion at her father's house, called Lliw-forge in the parish of Llandilotal-y-bount in the country of Glamorgan, where your agreeable company is humbly solicited; and whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow on her then will be thankfully received, and cheerfully repaid by her father and mother when called for on a similar occasion."

At some distance below, in smaller print, is added:—

"N. B.—The young woman, and her father and mother Thomas and Esther Coslett, and her brother, Thomas Coslett, desire that all gifts of the above nature due to them be returned to the young woman on the above day, and will be thankful for all favors granted."

The form, second in date, only differs from the preceding in going rather in the name of the young man and his parents than in that of the young woman. The third we give entire, with the exception of the postscript, which is similar to the above, except it is equally addressed to the friends of both parties; and adds a request that all the debts of this nature due to a deceased uncle of the young man may be paid on this occasion.

"Caermarthenshier, February 1, 1834.

"DEAR FRIEND,—We take this convenience to inform you that we confederate to such a design as to enter under the sanction of matrimony on the 19th of February inst. And as we feel our hearts inclining to regard the ancient custom of our ancestors, *sef Hiliogaeth Gomer*, we intend to make a wedding-feast the same day, at the respective habitation of our parent; we hereby most humbly invite your pleasing and most comfortable fellowship at either of which places; and whatever kindness your charitable hearts should then grant will be accepted with congratulation and most lovely acknowledgement, carefully recorded and returned, with preparedness and joy, when a similar occasion overtakes you, by your affectionate servants.

DAVID JOSHUA,  
MARY WILLIAMS."

The customary form is that which is first given: the last seems a rather ambitious departure from the established precedent.

#### MARRIED

In this Village, by Rev. S. G. Clapp—Mr. Wm. L. Hitchcock, to Miss Mary C. Ellis, all of Cabotville.

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