

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND THE ARTS.

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Che Boston Alibe Branch,

TERMS .- Two Dollars a year to a single sub

17 TELL A.S. - I WO DONATS & year to a single subscriber, not hear. One who seemed to be the set of the year. No new sub- the dog, shook his handkerchief, waved his hat, scriptions will be taken for less than half a year. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, but at the will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, but at the will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the proprietors. Any person sending \$5 in advance, can have four copies; fools, you'll kill the best dog in all Alleghany,

any number of copies under ten can be had at the same rate; thirteen copies can be had for \$15; and then the copies for \$20, or \$1 each. The money always to be paid in advance. Two gentlemen or ladies can unite and have the paper for

\$3 in advance, may have the paper for one year; the old subscriber sending a new name, must at the same time pay when behold, instead of the frightened fawn, all arrears on old account. Or an old subscriber may send three names and \$5, and he saw the upturned, pleading face of the dog

his own will be receipted for another year. Single subscribers always \$2 in advance, and clubs to be renewed must also be paid in advance.



Uncle Ben's Hunting Story.

Long time ago, when I was a trifle younger and more suple than I am now, I took great delight in hunting. There was one spot in the mountains where a small creek emptied into the Alleghany, which was the greatest place for deer I ever found in all my travels. At that time there were no settlers within a good space round, and no hunter knew of the range ; so I had it all to myself.

I took good care of the deer, for I considered them as my own property. I never used to man, keep these refinements for your picture ! scare them, nor kill more than the occasion re- They are waste paper here. Leave your work quired. I always kept a little salt in dry alone. Many a better sketch has been weakenplaces for them to lick, then I scattered corn ed by over-much handling." and oats where I knew they would find them ; "Do you think that?" and after killing an abominable old panther that used to raise hob with them, and a family panion, then, without waiting for an answer, ness of his look. She also smiled.

the way of the skiffs. I could look at them now; the house when a voice behind her spoke. -you shall see it." I laughed to see them pulling with might and main, to overtake the hound they called Gun- after your labors." ner,-the fiercest of the pack, and exactly the She paused in her work and turned. color of the deer. One of the men stood ready to strike, as soon as they were near enough, all drooping. The sun beats here so hotly," "Come, Signor Rossi, and examine it." too much excited to see that it was their best she said.

dog they were going to kill. Meanwhile the men on shore had discovered the mistake ; they called lustily, but the others,

manœuvre he managed to avoid the hound's

woods where was "shelter and safety."

THE RIVAL PAINTERS.

A TALE OF FLORENCE.

CHAPTER I.

"Carlo, is not this room terribly hot?" he

"Ice touched with fire. I would not make a

"That I deny! You have more talent in

"He has good cause."

"What! still at work, Giovanni? Tut,

all balishes den din ebias has sold

too much taken up with their own noise, would paused again. The girl's face turned towards was flushed.

Florence. "How the stars shine down upon the river! It is a fair night," she said. "A night to dream of !"

parting from the mountains. Did you see how into tears.

signora?" He bent a little to her. She stooped and and amazed. Giovanni spoke to none of them. gathered a floweret that grew beside the door. When they had passed the city gates, he turned

you know what it means to say-"looked plucking off its leaves. sheepish ?"-If you don't, I can't tell you any more about those men as they rowed back to the shore with their tired dogs, and saw the But I ought to be ashamed to confess that to before, travel-stained at last, and weary, and fawn on the opposite side of the river, as it

think I am never idle? Ah, signorina," he meeting-place. exclaimed, "my work is often idleness !"

till the flower was torn to atoms; then she let fall the stalk, and suddenly raised her face. "It is finished, is it not?" she said. "That flower, signora ?"

"Your cartoon. Is it ready?" "To-night again ?"

and tired," she said.

cried, and he smiled gladly.

"I am often idle in the evenings," she said day solitary-so wildly and so far, that that at last. "To night I have waited a long while. night Lucia watched for half an hour alone,

She colored quickly.

punished, were doing their best to keep out of | hastened a little then, but she had not reached | friend, for I have his picture. Come with me | white tower, kindled their jasper shafts and | name ! Is it so much to ask in return one grain | arches into fire.

"Signora," it said, "the earth smells sweet They followed him into another room, on whose walls, side-by-side, were ranged the rival "The ground was parched. My flowers were but there stood a supernumerary fifth.

Less ambitious in subject than any other She did not move again until Giovanni gain- there, the picture represented only a single he rose, his boy's cheek was on fire. ed her side ; then they slowly paced on togeth- figure-a woman at an empty sepulchre, with er. They reached the house. Before the door her wildlips broken by the hopeless cry-"They

"Well, my old friend ?"

The old man heard the voice, and turned But he had forgotten state and ceremony-forgotten the audience-chamber and the ducal "I sat, a while ago, watching the last flush presence. He stood a moment, and then burst

CHAPTER III. They went back from their audience silent

terest against Max Rolf, he wandered the whole

you," she said-and she looked up and smiled. | with his indignant boyish shame, burning still "Why not to me?" he asked, "Do you upon his face, he came to their accustomed

She was waiting for him, and she came with her hands held out to welcome him. "Ah, mis, bene, you should have come soon not-late to-night !" was all her reproach to

him. Her voice and her look in a single instant melted him.

"Anima mia ! Mia vita !" he cried passionately; and, as he took her in his arms, the burden of his disappointment seemed to take wings. She was the same to him-and so all "Signor, you take no rest; and you are pale on earth might change! She was the same to him-or, rather, she was more than she had

I have strength in me for several hours," he ian nature, she passionately pledged her faith low and few. to him that night anew, and bound herself to She looked in his face, and caught the bright- elong to him for life and death-a solemn pledge, solemnly spoken beneath the bare arch

of hope, one ray of something that shall be He sat and gazed upon that airy height. only not despair ?" How it was !---clear, burning vision !---and yet She raised her head; suddenly her tortured sketches. The four claimed each as his own ; he who had created it, he whose wild-wide heart broke loose. name had sent its echo through five centuries, "Yes, it is much !" she cried ; "it is what

had been a shepherd boy upon these hills ! you have no right to ask, and no manliness to Giovanni sat till the sun had set; and when press me for !" And then she saw his face, and

don me ! Have pity on me !" she wildly moan-CHARTER IV. there was a not interest when they came here they Rossi gazed upon it till his time-worn cheek man with a spare figure, and a thin, lined poor"-she cried, and burst into tears. face-not beautiful to look upon ; sickly, pale, No sound disturbed her sobbing-no plead-

worn, and browbent; a solitary man, without ing, no passionate appeal now. In silence her kith and kin, wife or child; a stranger, with wild weeping rose and fell. But long after it a few friends. Those thin lips of his have had ceased, when she sat again mute and still, gained a habit of closing fast. What light is he came and knelt down at her feet.

suffering, have come to show their life only in in almost his old calm voice, "let me serve you the occasional flashing of his blue, keen, burn- now. Lucia, trust me. Tell me all." made himself a name in Florence.

ture, his last unfinished work-the fruit of his her more than his own self.

a staff, when the door of his room was opened, into the room and closed the door. and on the threshold-straight, firm, cleareyed as ever-stood Michael Rossi. Then Max rose quickly.

"It was growing late, signor," he said, I thought you had forgotten your promise." Rolf, is it finished ! Is this the picture ?"

"Aye, it is done. Come and see." It was a large painting for the altar of a "Nay, I will make no bargain at that price !

memorial. The two men stood before it, side by side- what I said." Max leaning on his staff again, his quiet, "I take it, then; give me the money?" omewhat sorrowful face changing no jot of

man spoke.

"Thou hast made mine age honored. The all he said.

in him-what strength of yearning, loving, "I would have lived to love you," he said,

ing eye. But he is one who in three years has She trusted him. All subdued, weeping passionately before him, as he knelt, she told the He was standing idly in front of a large pic- whole history of their love-to him who loved

latest strength. He was standing, sadly enough, The day was ended-the sun long set-when looking at it, wearily leaning both hands upon Max Rolf regained his own studio. He came

"The glory has departed. Ichabod !" said; and it was the sole dirge that his lips ever uttered.

A few days afterwards, a traveler went quietly out by the east gate of Florence; and in watcher's name. "Nay, Rolf, I was not likely to forget. Max Rolf's empty rooms the floors were swept.

CHAPTER V.

church; its subject that scene, wheresoever My money is good gold, Signor Ripardo, hard the gospel shall be preached through the whole to come at, and not to be lightly spent. The world, shall be told-so it stands written-for drawings are fair pictures enough ; but, by the

"Now, look you, Signor Ripardo, I am no its expression as he waited patiently till the old harder than my neighbors. We will say lids slowly fell.

another gold piece. By the saints, it goes to But for many minutes Rossi did not speak, my heart to see a young face look pale. Come, and his words, when they came at last, were signor, Speranza ! The world is always shift-

"You will have more pictures?" blessings of an old man rest upon thee !" was "Nay, I do not promise ! Time enough, signor, to talk of purchasing when they are paintNUMBER 47.

A smile came softly to Giovanni's lips. "She has beckoned to me every night," he said ; "I see her now, through the glancing of

her golden hair." Then into the man's clear eyes sprang sudden rushing tears. His hand was on Giovanni's brow; it did not stir; nay, it pressed

"Yes ; she has called to thee. Lie still," he burst into a passionate choking sob. "O! parsaid.

ed. "My heart is breaking. O, I cannot They neither of them spoke again. When to his fainting dream.

He had sunk from utter exhaustion. He lay for days and nights in a kind of trance; and when he was roused from this condition, he passed to a low, nervous fever, and moaned and muttered in his feeble delirium-always murmuring of old days in Florence.

He was brought very near to death; but he lid not die. After a long struggle, there dawned a day at last when the hot skin grew moist, and the great hollowed eyes shone soft and calm. That day his life was saved.

He had lain since morning for many hours apparently in a sound sleep : but towards evening he awaked. A very calm and silent awakening; so still that not a limb stirred; so still that for many minutes, as he lay looking forth through his almost closed eyelids, the watcher in his room thought that he still slept. The first sound that came was the utterance of that

"Rolf!" said Giovanni.

Rolf started and rose up-to meet the old familiar eyes wide open, gazing at him. He went to the bedside ; he bent down and touched the wasted hand, which shrank for a moment and then lay still.

"I often thought that you were here," saints, I have scores better. Come, I will give Giovanni said calmly. "When did you come?" "A fortnight ago."

There was a long pause, and then the large "Draw the curtain," he said; and Rolf

drew it. During the whole week that followed no single inquiry more fell from Giovanni's lips. It was as silent a sick room as ever patient had. He knew his companion, and would lie for hours watching him; he would take food and

"I must work for a few hours."

"Nay, I am not tired now ! I am refreshed. ever been. In the burning warmth of her Ital-

of wolves that weren't much better, I had it threw down his chalks, and retreating from be- "Yes. Hope gives us strength,"

\$8. An old subscriber, By getting a new one and sending Now the hero in the skiff stood ready with the moonlight, as it faded, seized the white "He has become my master !" snow?" "I saw it. You were watching them, too, he was in the act of striking, but by a timely

head, and hit the water. I wonder if any of She did not answer him until her fingers were away alone. Bitter against all the world, bit-

She bent her head again ; she was very busy

The speaker glanced anxiously at his com-

shook the water from its sides, gazed at them for a moment, then sprang into the green

"Not yet. I am going back to work at it."

all my own way, and quite a smart little sum fore his easel, leaned, facing it, against the of money I made, by selling venison to the wall. As he stood so in silence, his thin young traders on the Ohio : and all this time the face began to take a look of pallid weariness. stock of deer in the range rather increased "If I should not win it, Carlo !" he exclaimed, abruptly. than otherwise. "Who else should win? Not Ghiberti-not

One spring, Captain Simpson hired me to helpwork a flat-boat to New Orleans. Orleans in them days, was no child's play. a fine one-a bolder thought than mine. Look, However, I went ; we got there safe ; but a Carlo, there is something feeble there ; does it spell of the fever laid me up awhile, then I not strike you ?" ans, "cousining along,"-as the Yankees say, a Titian or a Tintoret?" -so that it was a year and a half before I got "Nay," smiling, "something less than that home. I must say I thought more about see- would content me." ing my deer, and visiting the old stamping He stood silent a moment; then suddenly-

ground, than anything else. How I did want to have a good hunt. I stayed at home one cried, and he flung back the hair from his night, and started off bright and early to the brow. woods, to stay a week; but when I got there, "I do not feel it, but you have got fever in

your veins, Giovanni. Come, the sun has set, not one deer was to be seen. Something had been beating about among let us stroll out till dark." the bushes, that I took to be a pack of wolves. "Nay, not to-night. I must stay here and

I looked at the signs awhile; thinks I, my work. I must get some light, too. Give me a jockies you'll pay for this. I followed the match, Carlo. See there-Rolf has lighted his creek down to the river, and so round that way lamp already"-and he raised his eyes, where, home. When I got to the river I saw what through the high north light, a yellow glimmer was the matter, clear enough. There was shone upon the wall from an opposite window. "What is it that Rolf does at night ?" about a dozen lumbermen, making a pine raft ; "I do not know-he makes a secret of it." they had brought a pack of hounds with them, "He is a strange fellow." four were tied up, and by the yelling I concluded there were as many more in the woods. And so, says I to myself, there's where my friend of him." deer are gone ; these nice chaps that never had ""Who does ?"

wit enough to shoot a deer by fair means, turn "The signor favors him." their dogs into the woods, and drive them into the river, and kill them with axes and shovels, or anything they can got hold of. I began to your little finger than Rolf in his whole body." get wrathy, for I look upon it as not only cow- "Amico"-and Gionvanni spoke with a sad, ardly, but downright, shameful murder, to quiet smile-"you are misled because you love worry an innocent creature for hours with a me. I would that I had thoughts like Rolf's." pack of dogs, scaring it to death, as it were, "You would have ill companions then."

"Nay, not if I had the choice of them"then when it takes to the water, as its last chance, for a gang of men to follow it up, and and the boy's dark eyes fired as he stood before beat it till it is glad to die to get away from his unequal youthful picture. them. I say its what a heathen would be "Giovanni," said his companion, carelessly, ashamed of. Well, as I was saying, the hounds "you have given that girl, crouching there, a

were yelling through the woods at a great rate, look of the signorina." and while I stood looking, they came round a Giovanni started. "Which one? There is no likeness," he said point close to me; three great, long-legged dogs after a poor little fawn, that looked as quickly. "Carlo"-he turned nervously from his cartoon-"away with you. The evening if it hadn't eat anything for a week.

If they hadn't come upon me so quick, I'd is too fair a one to waste in here with me." "Put out your lamp then for half an hour, have shot one of 'em, as sure as I'm a sinner. The fawn ran to the bank, (it was pretty high and come with me. Nay, Giovanni, it will do there,) and jumped souse down into the river; thee good," and the merry, well-conditioned the dogs followed, you may be sure, but that Carlo turned gently to his friend. "It will do wasn't enough; the men were at work close thee good, for thou art like a smouldering fire by; six of them got into a couple of skiffs and which wasteth daily. I think of thee a year followed after, hooting and screaming like so ago when the blood coursed in thy cheek as many wild Indians. No, not that, neither, In- freely as in mine. Thou workest too hard, dians have more sense. The wind was blow- dear boy."

ing hard, and made quite large waves in the "I do not work-I would I did !" These water; the sun was shining bright as it ever words came bitterly. Then quickly the voice did shine, and being exactly before us, it fairly and the look changed. "Well, we will go, dazzled our eyes to look at the river, but 1 Carlo !" he cried cheerfully. "Out with the could see the men and dogs paddling off down lamp. We will be idle for an hour."

stream, after the poor baby deer. It was a dis- They went together, leaving the room in graceful sight, but I watched them close, for I dusky solitude, descending a flight of steps was determined that whichever killed that crossing an old dark garden, emerging finally fawn, should have a good thrashing when he on the open country beyond the gates of Florcame ashore, if it cost me a lawsuit. My tem- ence. Then they bent their wandering steps per was rising with every dash of the oars ; and westward, between the Arno and the Apenwhat a bauling they kept up ; one would have nines.

thought they were after the sea-serpent, at A warm, Italian night, with the bright moon least.

It was :"Seek him, Gunner !" "Down with close-growing shrubs; the paths winding in stant. "Fifthly, a foreigner, Max Rolf." him, Vene ;" "Now we'll have him." I was surpentine wreaths among them ; but one space too mad to watch them any longer, so I turn- was clear, before and around the house, and ter the name. ed and looked up the river, and good gracious, here on this summer evening, delicately waterthere he was, that blessed fawn, swimming up ing her flowers, walked the old painter'sstream for dear life, and the men blinded by Michael Rossi's-daughter.

the sun and wind, were pursuing the dogs. She walked and did her work, and lingered. The poor hounds had lost sight of the deer in She lingered, till at last another step came on the tumult, and fearing they were going to be a distant path, and grew quickly nearer. She

'It is better than rest." stars. "While it abides, signora ; but it abides not

always." "Nay, it abides always with none of us." always fond of boating, but to take a boat to "Saffi might have won. His conception was fallen-golden-haired, white-robed, a motion- night !" They stood a moment less picture in the pallid light.

"Who are you, stealing in like a thief ?spoke till she looked up. "I must go in : the night is growing late,"

she said. She turned to go, but she took no steps, for The boy was no coward; he came forward

"I was not stealing in, signor. I am no trembling love, was the boy's face. He stood thief, he said. before her.

What are you doing at this hour with my "Signora !" suddenly broke his passionate ery. "Light of my life ! signora, stay !" daughter ?"

imprisoned. She tried once to fly; she faintly Giovanni took one step, and cast his arm about whispered-"Let me go in !"-and then she her. "I love her," he cried, passionately. "I

never moved again. "Lucia !" he passionately called her.

ne was answered. There was one moment's si- oaths sacred in the sight of God and man." lence, one breathless pause ; then her mild eyes There was a flush on Michael Rossi's face, were lifted, and he took her in his arms, with and a keen fire in his eye; but he stood motionless and erect-an old, stern, stately man.

CHAPTER II.

Look at the young face now as it works all Rossi's daughter"-the words rang out trumpnight! With that light upon it-with that et-toned in their keen, pitiless pride-"is no

speed. It does speed-by sunrise it will be "let go his hand !" done ; by mid-day, with a fevered, trembling She let it go ; with a proud impulse the boy

from the studio. Some months ago, the grand duke had signi- drew her to his side.

fied a gracious wish to select from Michael Ros- Then, standing alone, Giovanni looked at si's pupils one worthy to paint a picture for the her, till, sudden, swift, stronger than pride, the

become the candidates ; these cartoons were the again. Once more he cried aloudthe duke. the duration of these days, in the light of his arms out to her-"come ! Lucia, Lucia !" he

new-born joy, Giovanni could feel few pangs cried "come !" of either suspense or doubt. With him almost The opened arms were towards her. She

Lucia talked and hoped, already lifting exult it, she looked back one moment. antly upon their lips the name that both be-

lieved was presently to be in all men's mouths: lips, and passionately cried-

When a week had passed away, Michael Rossi and his four pupils were one morning sum- forever !"

moned to the palace. They went, and were admitted to the duke's presence; but when their olate upon the air-for she was fied. formal reception was concluded-

"I have received five sketches, Signor Rossi," the duke said, "and you bring me four pupils Rossi slowly said. "I hold my peace, for reonly.' "Five sketches, your highness !"

The old man looked surprised : the four can didates looked in each other's faces.

"Aye. Is he not amongst your pupils?"

a candidate." The duke laughed.

of heaven, borne witness to by silent, burnin sne said. They had met late, and they staved long to-

gether, forgetting the hour and everything but one another. It was almost an hour later than Her voice was low and soft. He did not their accustomed time, when they paused at answer her. She leaned against one column of last for their final parting at the familiar porch. arch, with their faces to the open air : when

He stood silent for many minutes and looked they turned them round, they lifted up their at her, all his boy's passionate fervor glowing eyes to find that, a figure had come between made a long walk of it through the wilderness, "Are an eagle's wings full-fledged at his first in his face; the wild devotion of his boy's them and the open door. They saw it together. stopped about among different tribes of Indi- flight? Do you look to be hailed to-morrow as heart deepening in the soft, delicious silence, One instant, and a cry had broken from the into irrepressible burning love. He never girl's lips : it was her father !

> Turn your face round! Ripardo !" the old man cried.

there before her, quivering and lighted with its proudly.

He caught and clasped her hands ; she stood He had drawn the girl rudely to his side.

love her, and she is mine ! Signor, you shall It was not her voice that answered him, yet not part us! she is mine by all that makes

a great cry of bursting joy.

"She is mine, not yours," he slowly answered; "she is my daughter, I say; and Michael

rigorous, unwearied hand, surely the work will wife for an unknown boy ! Lucia !" he cried

heart, Giovanni has seen his cartoon carried loosed his embrace. She cowered back, and they were parted. Rossi seized her arm and

Pitti Gallery. Giovanni and three others had passionate yearnings for her leapt up in him

sketches of their projected pictures, and to-day "'O, stay !'' he wildly pleaded ; Signor Roshad been appointed for their exhibition before si give her back to me ! I will work for her-I will win a name-I will wait; but I cannot They went, and days elapsed, but, through live without her! Lucia !"-he stretched his

all life was now fully centered in the nightly saw them, she bent, she wavered; she flung stolen meeting in the garden-the day's one away the hands that bound her, and leapt to hour of passionate happiness-when, with meet them. Something like a curse burst from glowing cheeks and brightening eyes, he and the old man's lips. Shuddering as she heard "Father, I am coming! wait! she cried.

Then she turned again, and coiled her hands young in years, strong in trust; a very boy and into her lover's hair, and wildly kissed his

"Be true to me !- trust to me! forever and

And in one moment more his cry broke des

"You cross my threshold, and you see my daughter no more, young madman !" Michael

proaches are vain. Go-and forget her !" Then the door was closed, and the boy was left alone. Alone, with his wild despair-his

bitter desolation-hopelessly prostrate upon "Five, certainly. I have their names noted the ground where the girl's feet had stood. here. Antonio Saffi, Guiseppe Ghiberto, Carlos The morning's sun beheld him on his road at the full. The old garden was shady, full of Mayer, Giovanni Ripardo"-he paused an in- from Florence. He set forth without hope or aim, and all day long he wandered. High upon "Max Rolf !" Rossi could only blankly ut- the hills he climbed ; all weary though he was, he never rested till the sun was going west.

He had climbed high, and far below him "Surely, your highness; but I do not know wound the way he came. When he paused at -I was entirely ignorant that he had become last, he saw its whole length, back to the city, still sparkling in the sunshine of its lifted

"He has stolen a march upon you then, my shine that, round the walls of Giotto's fair for thee I have toiled-for thee I have won a said.

Then Rolf's sunk cheek flushed up. He lift- ed.

strangely.

"How dark it is to-night !" he whispered.

The sun disappeared and set. As the room

was growing dusk he shivered once, and made a

feeble effort to lift up his head. There came a

"Oh! is no one there ?" he said ; but before

Daylight had utterly faded, and the moon-

"Light !-bring up a light here !" And

He was kneeling and throwing water on the

to the cold wrist, but its pulse scarcely beat.

"Go for the nearest physician. Do not lose

In his arms he took up Giovanni's wasted

down, for the first time a quiver came to the hand on his friend's shoulder.

Then he raised his head.

a moment. Quick !"

After that there was no more motion.

d himself erect; his emotionless voice grew "Well, be it so. Good day-e grazia !"uddenly soft and rich. Giovanna said, halt bitterly, as he turned "Master, give me my wages now ! I have away.

oiled !" he cried. He crossed the broad street, and plunged in The old man turned and looked for a moa few moments into a maze of narrow lanes.

"My son !" he said.

Quietly through the shady garden, quietly story, again turned a key and admitted himhrough the old arched porch, went Max Rolf self into a small, low-roofed room. It was his through the past days a score of times, Giobout his wooing. He came to Lucia every whole lodging.

day, and would sit and watch her as she work- The house was high, and it had been a long -sometimes venturing to lift her open book ascent. Giovanni shut his door, and sank and read to her, sometimes, when he was bold- down upon a seat with the panting breath of last he called him. est, daring to talk to her, subduing both look an old man. He leaned back and closed his and voice before her into a strange, touching, eyes. He was not five-and-twenty, and yet he softened harmony. Day by day he came about looked utterly spent and worn; the large, er, basking in the light of her silent presence, dark, sunken hollows of the eyes and the hagmaking her breath his life, wasting the whole gard outlines of the shrunken face telling a sad trength of his soul upon her; daring scarcely tale of suffering and want.

o look one day before him, lest the insecure A few moments were all that he allowed rembling bliss should vanish, and fling him himself to rest. Opening his eyes wearily again into the night of his old loneliness. He again, he slowly rose. The sun was an hour lived thus for a long month, warmed by the or two still from setting. He looked up where pale rays of his arctic sunshine as another the stream of its light fell on the wall and then might have been by tropic heat. with a sigh went to his easel. He sat down

He came one day at last, and found her and took up the paletteand brush. Once more, manner changed. She had always hitherto before he touched his picture, he leaned back been very composed and calm; but this day for a moment in his chair. when she met him her cheek was flushed. They "I wish I could rest," he muttered. spake a few words together, and then they sank Piteously and longingly his eyes turned to nto silence. She sat at work; he took his the sign upon the wall. It was his time-piece station near her, nervously turning over the __his task-master, too. He was too feeble to eaves of a book; they had neither of them ut- be anything but patient. After that second tered a word for many minutes, when at last look, he grasped his brush and worked. she abruptly laid her sewing down and spoke. It was an hour and a half later. He had not

"Signor, it is very hard for me-but 1 am moved from his seat; but now the perspiration orced to speak to you," she said. Her voice was trembling pitifully ; her face,

white when she turned it to him, had flushed all scarlet. He read its expression with one moment's

glance. Reading it there came no change up- looked up to it. on him. He only said, in a low voice-

"Speak to me." "I have learnt from my father why you come here," she said. "I had begun to fear it." Her hands were tightly pressed together. "You nust not come again.

One blank mute instant he looked into her face; then out of his great heart a low wild cry leapt up.

"Signora, my life is here !"

faint cry too. "Oh no-no-no !" she answered passion ately; "your life is not with me! go from me! the quivering lips closed he had fallen to the O, go at once! I cannot comfort you !" she floo faintly cried.

His hands was clenched upon the table at beams lay cold on the lifeless Giovanni. There his side, and the veins stood swollen upon his they lay for a long hour; there they lay till a brow, but he struggled bravely with his great step came up the creaking staircase, and a emotion, and it was conquered before he spoke. hand, which knocked unheeded at his door, at

Clear and low his next words came to her. length, turned the handle and went in. Then, "Will you hear me before you send me from suddenly a cry went down the steep stairsyou?" he said. "Listen to me-let me speak. Do you remember when I first came to Florence? when the light was brought it showed the death-The day that I first entered this house you ly figure on the ground, and one almost as pale were standing with your father in the porch. kneeling beside it, but with life-burning and Lucia-golden-haired child-do you rememtender-in his clear blue eyes. ber ?" He looked into her face-then with one instant's passionate struggle, his cry broke out white face. He chafed the cold hands, but all," he said. "We may hold the lamp, it

-"O, my child-my star-my life! I have there came no look of life; he put his fingers loved you from that hour through seven years!" She sat with her locked hands before her, and with her white face growing pitifully wild. She only murmured faintly when he ceased to

speak-"I cannot help it!" Then, "O, what shall figure and carried it to its bed. As he laid it I do ?" she cried.

Again his voice broke the blank silence.

closed eyelids. They trembled, and then the eyes "I have lived alone," he pleaded ; "I have opened, feebly and dreamily at first, then wide had neither kin nor friend; I have lived soli- and blank. They fixed themselves helplessly tary-a stranger in the land; but my life, on the stranger's face.

domes and spires-still sparkling in the sun- O, do not take it from me ! Sun of my heart, "Lie still; thy battle is over. Rest !" he upon Giovanni with his quiet, loving smile.

medicine from his hand, and would passively let him tend him in every thing ; but never a word, except for the need of the moment, did he ever speak.

It was thus for a full week. The week concluded, one evening, late at night, he was ment into the kindled face; then slowly and When he had walked for half a mile, he paus- awake. The room was lighted, a fire burning, worn face, too old, too sad and patient for the ing a bare, dark staircase to the uppermost years it bore. As he had lain looking at it vanni lay and looked at it now.

He never stirred till Rolf closed his book. When he had laid it down and risen, then at "Max Rolf!" he said.

Rolf went to him. The two were face to face, and not another word was uttered until Giovanni broke into a strange and abrupt inquiry.

"What brought you here?" he suddenly cried. "When every friend had left me, what made you come?" I never loved you-yet you have fed me-you have nursed and watched me. Max Rolf, I say again, why did you come?"

His eyes were on Rolf's face-on Rolf's pale cheek that was passionately flushed red. There was a moment's pause-the silence of a great emotion-and then Rolf spoke.

"I came because-because," he cried, "you are the life of the only woman that I ever loved !"

"Rolf," broke from Giovanni.

"Lie still, thou art too weak to move. Nay. boy, lie still; I will tell thee," said Rolf sadlv.

His momentary passion was vanished; he sat down by the bedside and began to speak. was breaking on his forehead, a haze was creep-

ing on his eyes, his fingers had begun to tremble "Giovanni, I loved her from the day I first came to Florence," he said. "She was the star in my heaven, the light in my heart for The light upon the wall had shrunk to a seven years. A month ago I told her that I small, high star. He leaned wearily back and loved her." He paused for a moment, and put his hand across his eyes. His voice had fallen lower when he spoke again. "It is all He pressed his hands upon his eyes, but they over now-a buried thing-the key turned were dimmer when he opened them. He sat in the door," he said, "and the chamber empty. quite still for a few moments; then, bending I left her that day-and I have seen her no orward, he stooped his brow upon his easel. more."

> Again a sudden silence, but this time Giovanni broke it. "And she? What of her ?" he cried.

"Ay-thou shalt hear. She told me of her

love-and so I came to seek thee. She told me

thou wast poor, and so I came to tell thee I was

rich. She sent me away empty-and so I came

to thee. I have neither friend nor tie on earth.

Let me work with thee-let me stay with thee

His head was raised, his clear eyes looked on

Giovanni's face-honest, true gaze as ever met

loving man. Giovanni read it-his whole heart

His open arms caught Rolf as he bent down.

"The light shines and the shadows fall on

The compact was sealed, and they parted

company no more. When Giovanni grew strong

again they set up their tabernacle together,

When they had lived together a few months,

one day Giovanni came quietly and laid his

"Max, wilt thee take me for thy pupil?"

"Thou knowest how it is," Giovanni sadly

Then Rolf rose from his seat, and looked

said. "Thou art my master, and I a child."

may chance to one another, in the dark places.

Breast to breast the two men embraced. Then

"Forgive me-stoop to me," he cried.

melted-he burst into sudden tears.

Rolf lifted his bent head.

-brother !"

Rolf smiled quietly.

and worked side by side.

Rolf turned him round.

"What dost thou mean ?"

H OLIVE BRANCH. 38 80 S M

"Dear boy, dost thou not understand," he aid, "that a day will come when we shall run no longer together, but thou wilt pass me in the race.'

"Nay, Max-"

"Hush-it is so. Still I may lead thee a little way," he said, and his smile grew brighter. "Thou must not go to her till thou art full fledged. So come-thou shalt be my pupil. It will be but a few steps behind-and then a few together-and then-" He broke off suddenly.

"My brother," Giovanni cried.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a spring day in Florence, with the old sunshine on her spires. At the posts of an open door, a little group of persons stood knotted together in busy talk.

"They say the man is a Florentine," said one. "A strange caprice if it should be so." "A strange piece of folly, I say! What

right has an honest man to conceal his name ?" "Nay, friend-his name is his own proper-

ty. But never fear that it will not be known ere long. That is too noble a picture to go ownerless."

"You think the picture is a fine one, then ?" "Per Bacco ! I know no one in Florence who could paint the like. The Duke is to have it for his gallery."

"Ay ?"

"They say he has sent a message to bespeak it . "

"What-to the empty air ?"

stands proxy for the painter. But, let that be as it may-" He broke off suddenly. "Ha, Signor Rossi !" he exclaimed, "you have come here, too, like the rest of us?" "Michael Rossi stood a step or two from the

door-a very old man now.

"I have come to see this picture that they talk about," he said. "Have you been up stairs, Signor Cecina? Is it worth the pain of mounting ?"

"Ay, a score of times! Lean on my arm, 1 will go with you, signor."

They mounted the stairs together, and entered a long room, in whose centre, large and solitary, stood the canvas of the nameless painter.

They went up and stood before it. It was a canvas richly laid with solemn colors ; the picture of a cross, bearing its Burden-that Face averted whose divinity painter never drew; that moment seized when the struggle and the long sorrow were all but ended-after the last agony of the Eloi cry; when the repose that was not death-the lull before the final cry, when the earth should be rent, and the graves give forth their dead-lay breathless over Calvary.

Michael Rossi stood before it, and never spoke a word. As though in sympathy with the spirit of the sacred scene, the room as he remained grew slowly silent. Voices and steps were still, and, ere long, before the solemn shadow of that Presence the old man sat alone. He never moved or spoke until a hand was quietly laid upon his shoulder ; he never moved, even then, until the hand pressed heavily, with a strange familiarity in its touch that roused him. Then at last he turned. hly with my parents, but in reality talking to

Who was this standing by his side? "Max Rolf ?" he suddenly cried. Yes, Max-with the pale, thin face and blue,

deep eyes of old. The old man's cheek was

WRITTEN FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH. LIFE SKETCHES. A LEAF FROM A LIFE. BY M. A. DENISON.

The glorious country !

such influences.

thrown open to me in which I might reign queen. All was tumult and confusion with me for months after; I was trying to realize what it was to be independently rich. Time passed on and Ernest Ware began to feel that I was no longer Nellie Bradshaw, the simple,

country belle, but Miss Bradshaw, the heiress. If I noticed the sad look that began to be hab-It seems like a dream to me now, sitting here itual with him, at first, I did not allow it to as I do in this splendor, and I cannot realize influence me. The plain wooden church, with that only five years ago, I was a simple country its quaint steeple and high pews, the village

girl, satisfied with a flower twisted in my hair, houses, homely and uncarpeted, appeared unhappy with asparagus buds strung around my lovely in my eyes, and I was not sorry when I neck, more than pleased at the oak-leaf trim- received an invitation from an aunt to spend ming with which I adorned my gingham frocks. the winter with her in the city. But so it was, 1, Nellie Bradshaw, lived in Ernest Ware scarcely spoke when I told him

Warrington, in an old, red farm-house on the I was going. He was naturally a proud man banks of a river. From my earliest childhood and felt keenly that I was changed. I rallied it was a pleasure to stand on the green moss of him once upon his strange manner. a sunny morning and count the snow-white "Ah, Nellie," he said gently, "you are very sails as they passed along that beautiful stream. rich now, and I am only a poor, country min-

The clouds were always glorious studies to me, ister ; I cannot expect-"' he turned away, the flowers I loved with a passion that has not for his voice faltered. died out yet, the breeze, with its soft pat upon "I hope you have not lost faith in me," I my cheek, made my heart beat with a feeling said almost angrily; "I hope you do not think

of delicious joy, and I knew none of the cor- I would prove fickle merely because I am richer ruptions of city life, except from hearing my than I was." tather read sometimes from the papers, descrip- "O no, Nellie-no-I trust you are still my tions of murders and revolting things that noble, betrothed wife ; that gold has not taken

made me only too glad that we were safe from the place of your Saviour, and that you still feel that the noblest office God has vouchsafed I grew up to the age of seventeen in War- to mankind is that of saving souls." rington. My teacher had imparted to me all I made some caustic reply which must have

the knowledge that he was master of, and 1 yet wounded him, for I had grown arrogant and points ! devoted every moment I could get to maturer petulant.

studies. Dear, simple Mr. Langley ! he was a city, full of proud, fond anticipations, gloryhim, and had fain encouraged me to do more ing in my wealth, in my youth and beauty. than that. Indeed, I had long suspected that My aunt, a vain, worldly creature, quite the dear soul loved me; but I could not return young, and recently married, took me under his affections. I often wished I could, for he her own protection. In her house was a sucgrew pale and moody, and finally, under pre- cession of dazzling splendors. The furnishing, tence that he needed change of climate, left the company, everything was gorgeous. She the sweet village and the school, and we never went with me and chose me beautiful dresses; heard of him again. I hope he found a wife she chaperoned me to places of amusement, worthy of his noble heart. I hope she is hap-and instructed me in fashionable arts, till my head was turned. She praised my beauty, and 1 acquired, in an humble way, the reputation not she alone. I never shall forget the sensa-

of a belle. The knowledge that I was hand- tion that thrilled me when I stood before the some, came upon me suddenly. I had seldom long mirror and surveyed myself, after dressthought of my looks, as my parents had never ing for my debut into fashionable life. How flattered me, nor allowed others to do so—and regally the creamy satin fell in wide folds about yet, kind hearts, it was by hearing their un-my figure; the heavy, curling locks crowned stinted praises, unawares, that the fatal spell with a tiara of pearls, the round, white arms was thrown over me. I had come home from adorned with bracelets of the same, the rich a walk and stood in our humble cottage door laces shading the full bust! I thought myself enjoying the soft luster of the twilight heavens. a queen. They called me that night the queen My father and mother sat together in the little of the ball-room. sitting-room to the right, and their murmuring Young, unused to homage, my judgment un-

formed, and ardently alive to pleasure, I received the homage accorded me as if it were my right. Men of genius and of wealth, followed and flattered me. Gradually my dreams of Ernest Ware grew less and less distinct. The quaint little church faded out of my thought; I gave my feverish fancy the reign, and chose another lord of my heart. Ernest

all this time never reproached me for my silence and unkindness, but his letters grew less frequent, and so did his allusions to our engagement. I had been flattered into liking one who had been my shadow ever since I made my appearance in the city. He was rich, distinguished and a convivialist. My conscience smote me when I listened to his passionate lan- in Europe received from this country by no And as some editors twist the truth into such

guage, and I knew the vows of betrothal were "Nellie is a pretty girl," said my mother, upon me; but I was blinded by the god of this with a shade of triumph in her voice as I still world.

led anger and astonishment.

"Yes, God be thanked ! How can I laugh? struck by lightning but no lives were lost. How, man! Because I have them—because my The last arrival from Europe brought \$1,wife is spared to be my help and comfort; be- 000,000 in specie from England and \$100,000 cause my little children's smiles and gambols from Havre.

open my heart to a sense of happiness poverty Cotton and breadstuffs are lower.

cannot deprive me of; because my poor, blind There is little activity in the stock market, brother still sits in his old chair in the corner, but it is predicted money will soon be plenty so serene that my out-door storms are chased and rates easy.

away as soon as I enter his presence; because my aged parent's eyes glisten upon me, and their OUR ANNUAL THANKSGIVING. blessings murmur amid the world's strife, and As doubtless our readers are aware. Thanksfloat around me in my dreams! That is why giving Day occurs in Massachusetts and also 1 smile, when many others, to their shame, in twenty-two other States of our Union, on mope and rebel! And if the worst comes, if I Thursday, the 26th inst. This time-honored, wanted.

am left alone,-and that is the most dreadful hallowed and festive occasion is one which trial I can imagine,-I will still smile through will draw together the separated members of my tears, for the finger of faith will be point- many once large family circles, and again ng to where my darlings await me !" unite them in cheerful greetings around the I paused here reverently, and wondered if old familiar fireside for a short season, at least. my faith were strong as this laborer's. His It is pleasant to contemplate the delightful revoice was silent; his companion had no com- unions which will enliven the board, and the ment to make; but, as their heavy footsteps amount of sunshiny happiness in store both for died along on the pavements until 1 could hear the young and the aged. We are grateful to the vacuum. The price, even in hard times, is grow paralyzing with years, tampering with them no longer, I felt that Smith was a true our Heavenly Father when we think how many disciple of Him, who, though poor, homeless, smiling faces, will, on Thanksgiving Day, aid and weary, went about doing good. in chasing away the gloom which has sur-

And do not his words come to us as a lesson? rounded us on account of dull business, and If there be any among usstill hopeful, though financial troubles. It is true, that we have all sore distressed, let us not drag him down by been embarrassed to some extent, in the comthe weight of our own woes; if, through this mercial distress, which has spread, more or night of trouble, one faith-lamp burns dimly, less, over every part of our land; but, we are let us gather around it, and look the way it to remember, we needed affliction. As a people we were going too far and too fast, and Salem, Mass

One who knows infinitely better than we do viduals, but as a nation, has seen lit to interpose his kind, but chastising hand, and we trust that we shall not fail of learning the main settled. lesson and improving for the future.

Let us, however, be thankful that we have not been dealt with in greater severity, and let us gratefully appreciate the multitude of blessings constantly bestowed upon us. We have many kind and sympathizing friends: perhaps death has not entered our circle ; there TF Mr. HARRISON WALLACE, our authorized Agent for the live Branch is now in Washington County, Maine, and vi-nuty. We hope our subscribers will have the needful in adiness to meet their bills. citude and watchful attention. ng to us; our health has not failed; our dwellfor this paper, is now in Middlesex Co., and vicinity. pope our subscribers will be in readiness, with cash in to give him a welcome reception. ing has been preserved from flames; we have our home. food, raiment, sleep, strength, all for national troops to protect the coffers of the our home, food, raiment, sleep, strength, all things necessary to our comfort and well be-

we will rejoice and be glad, and we will praise the name of the Lord, the Father of mercies, is now in Plymouth County and vicinity. We hope our the name of the Lord, the Father of merce in hand. Who give hliberally and upbraideth not.

We wish all the kind patrons of the Olive Branch,-not only in this State, but in every to the seaboard, is now demanded ; otherwise, A great army has been thrown out of em-State where Thanksgiving Day is observed,the choicest and most gratifying enjoyment in the reunited family gathering; and as they assemble around their tables loaded with the temporal comforts of a beneficent Providence, may they remember those, who, never once in their lives, sat down to such a feast, and while in the language of the Prophet Nehemiah. "They eat the fat and drink the sweet, send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepar-

NEWSPAPERS.

We have a right to expect that matters both As it is said, that "every crow thinks its own at home and abroad will soon assume a bright- chick the whitest," it would not be strange to er aspect. The general effect of the accounts find an editor speaking in favor of newspapers.

urce. Howev ver, we shall speak in favor of

whelming. Suddenly an enchanted land was | maintain ?" demanded Jones in tones of ming-| Liverpool packets, was entirely destroyed by | be found in papers of a higher character; then | with huge placards upon them, and asks if it fire on the fourth day after hersailing. It was they will be read, for the whole paper becomes is possible for any man to live who can mark entertaining. down in that manner. And yet he looks sleek,

If you wish your children to prize your fam- smiling and ruddy. There seems to be no ily papers, choose for them such as mingle the cavity under his waistcoat, his cheeks are puffentertaining with the useful. And, such, in ed out and his broad smile speaks of anything fact, you should choose for yourselves, if you but starvation. At the peril of his reputation, do not mean to grow tired of them. Papers and even of his soul, that man promises too devoted to one particular interest only, can much. He lies by the yard and he lies by the supply only one demand of the mind, and are piece ; he lies by the package and by the bale. too limited for general use. But a well con- He does not get the patronage of the really ducted secular paper, edited with care and clever and monied, because he promises too ability, and sustained by pleasant and talented much, and they don't believe him. He may contributors, containing also general news and manage to sell off his goods, but at the same items of important information is just what is time he parts with his reputation. People won't come the second time to trade, but will

should not be overlooked.

After these remarks, the reader will not cer- pass his store with the remark-"don't go in tainly be surprised, to find us saying that the there, that man promises too much." Olive Branch is, in our opinion, and that of And do we not all cheat ourselves with many others, just the kind of paper to give promises. Do we not tell what we shall do

satisfaction. Those who have not tried it will with the utmost confidence that self will not do well to make a beginning. And now is the break trust with self? Always promisingtime when you most need it. Now you have never doing, always going to, but never comtime for reading, and want something to fill up ing to the point. Conscious of defects which of small consideration, compared with the ad- them and allowing them to conquer us ! How vantage to be secured. We may have an inter- many promises has the cigar smoker made to est in this advice, and so has the reader, which himself? how many the wine drinker? How * many the convivialist? how many the tyranni-

cal husband? how many the slaternly wife? THE PRESENT CALAMITY. Above all do we not promise too much, too We are often asked, "How shall we meet the often with this deceitful existence? Feeling present state of affairs ?" "What can be done sometimes with terrible force that we are livo prevent a repetition of a similar crisis?"- ing wasteful lives, that we do not care for the We answer, everything depends upon individ- realities of another world, that we have not ual effort. If every person in the community done and are not doing any one soul a particle will look carefully to his own interests, and of good; that our examples are ruinous to our embarrassments will be settled, and re- yet we say with deceitful lips, "By and bye, by and bye ! I will turn over a new leaf, then

As matters now are so deranged, it is un- I will reform. Wait till trouble comes, or winding a knotty skein to clear away the en- disease in some form, then I will begin to cumbrances which impede onward progress, amend; I am going to." Eternally "going and it may take months to restore confidence to ;" that is the trouble, always promising too and currency to their wonted channels. And much! Why not do the little deeds that shall when restored they will become entangled tell for happiness here and hereafter, and leave again, just as surely as we omit personal soli- the large promises alone. Do, and then your promises may be relied on. The doing is the Above all things, we would first commend a test. M. A. D. peaceful issue. The military requisition calling

SOMETHING TO EAT.

sub-treasury in New York, seems to indicate a The cry comes to us from starving men, worebellious spirit, which we trust will never be men and children, "Something to eat." It is found among any oppressed or needy ones in a sad sound, a wail that has preceded revoluour city. Violence and crime, will never ef- tions before now. Bread! bread! we must fect any good results. Let us therefore early have bread or die ! is the motto of the hungernstitute such aid as the exigencies of the times stricken. Who can hear it and not do somemay require. The transmission of breadstuffs thing for the relief of the suffering?

much suffering will fall upon a large class of ployment. The song of the spindle is silent, deserving citizens. It is said, that some of the the loom no longer plied, the busy fingers are most influential members of the Board of Trade, idle. At how many hearths the wife sits down have actually received large consignments of almost despairing and presses her unconscious flour and provisions, in payment of demands babe to her bosom. fearful that in that fount the nourishment of nature may soon cease.

Before long, our navigation will be closed ; There are noble and heroic hearts that are the lakes and canals will be blockaded for the already responding to the cry for bread. They season ; thus one section of the country may be stand at their doors and pass the full loaves to at starvation point, while another shall have the hunger-smitten, and smile to receive their eager thanks. It does seem as if Heaven must

Of course, new obligations are not largely be near to the hearts of those men, sacrificing ontracted, and if there can be a liquidation of time and money in such a manner. It is Godold ones, by exchange of commodities, have we like to feed the multitude. He who sat on the not reached one of the great troubles which mountain side, broke bread with his own tennow alarm us? Again, we ought to work der hands and made the feast of loaves and earnestly now, while our rivers are flowing, fishes peculiarly blessed. How beautiful to means produced so discouraging an aspect as queer shapes, suspicion is often indulged in re- and an unimpeded navigation can transport emulate such an example; to be the almoner gard to anything that comes from an editorial to us the harvest we really own, if we will but of the great Jehovah's bounty. To strengthen

DF MR. WM. H. DALE, who has been engaged as travellin RT-MR. MELVIN WRIGHT, of Proctorsville, Vermont authorized Agent of the Olive Branch for Vermont State ont, is the AN HORACE Ross, our travelling Agent in Essex Coun-r, is authorized to collect bills and receipt for moneys, in our ing. We have reason then to rejoice, aye, and

MR. WILLIAM ELLIS, our Agent for the Olive Branch, YORK COUNTY. MAINE. -- Our subscribers in York County will please be in readiness for a visit from our Agent, MR. ELISHA S. CLARKE.

Ebe Boston Alibe Branch.

JOHN H. SLEEPER & COMPANY PROPRIETORS

To whom all letters should be addressed.

Boston, Saturday, November 21, 1857.

NOTICES.

UP OBADIAN WHITTIER is authorized to collect subscriptions

e Olive Branch in the State of New York. 46-4w

E DITORIAL.

THE CURRENT OF EVENTS.

was anticipated.

flushing red. They had grasped each other's hands-they looked into each other's faces : then Michael's voice leapt up. "It is thine !" he cried, triumphantly. "My

son-my son !"

"Nay, master, it is not mine : I never laid brush upon it," he said. "But turn thee round. Thou hast more sons than one."

He turned him round, but he spoke not a word more. It was Giovanni who went to his side and took his passive hand : it was Giovanni's voice that broke the pause which Rolf's

words had left. crush them. "Master, I have come back, he said, "not nameless now."

There was no answer yet.

"I served for her seven years," Rolf said, in his low, quiet tones, "and at the end of them she gave me my wages. It was a fair game, and fairly lost.'

"And thou ?" the old man suddenly asked. Giovanni's cheek flushed up.

"I have lived upon her memory," he cried, "in toil and poverty, in loneliness and sickness, through sorrow and through exile !" Erect the old man stood, his clear eye flash-

ing bright. "Thus, too, they did of old !" he said.

"They loved-they toiled-" "And in the end ?" Giovanni cried.

"They won !"

Michael Rossi went his way home alone; they did not go with him. But in the evening, when the moon was bright in the garden and upon the porch, there was once again a passionate meeting under the shadow of its arches. Quiet and white, with her sweet face and her calm step, Lucia came from the house. and met Giovanni there. He was changedhis radiant boyhood vanished, his young strength was broken ; but in the raising of a glance she knew him.

He called-"Lucia !" One cry went ringing on the night-they had met.

WRITTEN FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH A WORD TO THE WISE.

BY W-E WARE.

There are many laborers in the field of literature, and every day is adding to the number. There are many, too, who occupy places to which they have little right. There are others occupying lowlier positions who should be wreathed. Genius is apt to be neglected.

There are many Editors of current literature, who, if a good article is offered them, at a reasonable price, will refuse it, and publish in its place a low story from the pen of some silly, simpering person, who courts literary fame, and is anxious to give articles away. It is by such persons that the field of literature is usurped.

Our country is flooded with papers that publish "blood and thunder trash," and come out with a flashy title, and "Written expressly for long. The literary poison thus administered, will sicken its victims ere long, for they cannot long continue to relish such stuff. If their minds, and hearts, and tastes, are not wholly ruined, they will seek purer and better papers to read. I am glad that the Olive Branch is so pure in its character, is so salutary in its influence, and yet so sprightly and entertaining. As thousands are now turning away in disgust from vile papers, and their circulation is rapidly decreasing, let them take the Branch, and they will become intelligent and refined through its influence.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Nellie is a beauty," echoed my father; I was married. My wedding night was one of 'and the best of it is, she does not seem to furious storm. The thunder rolled and the know it." Alas! Nellie knew it then. Her cheek blaz-

were even good, but there was a living, poet-

beauty that cannot be described-a radiance of

expression that seemed to me, when his in-

He was going past, he said, and seeing Miss

Jennie, had ventured to speak. Was it not a

glorious evening? perhaps I would walk with

Of course I would; Miss Jennie had just

I went in and blushingly told my mother

Word, positively angelic.

copied by those of my own age.

him to the hill

"Yes," I heard my mother say in reply to

a question, "I have noticed that our young El-

der comes here more frequently than he did;

"He is a younger man than Mr. Langley,

and very much finer looking ; indeed, our El-

der would be accounted a handsome man almost

My cheeks burned then, and I cast a retro-

spective glance backwards. Young Elder Ware

had certainly shown me more marked attention

than any other girl of the village. I remem-

bered that he had once or twice, on lecture

evenings, lately, walked home with us, ostensi-

he doubtless looketh after our Nellie.'

anywhere," said my father.

me, through them.

lightning blazed even as I was pronouncing the ed with a richer color as she stepped out of the humble porch and gathered a rose-bud for her I heard not long after that Ernest Ware was curls. Her heart beat with a quicker, stronger sick ; then that he had recovered and grown throb ; a feeling of pride arose in her soul and

strangely eloquent. Sorrow had drawn him two sons. kindled her eyes with the fatal fire of vanity. nearer to his Master, and it was not long be-Nellie knew that she was beautiful, and the fore all men were sounding his praises. Soon latent feeling of ambition, so easily kept down he was invited to a larger field, then to anothbefore, grew into form, and serpent-like, coiled er; and finally to the largest church in this about all her better impulses, only at last to

near me now, neither would I have it so. I had hardly finished twining the beautiful rose-bud, when a deep, rich voice exclaimed, creature, a poor, but gentle girl, whereas he officers. "Good evening, Miss Bradshaw." I looked up hastily and felt my face flushing as I encounmight choose from among the wealthiest. I

tered the face of Elder Ware. He wore a straw wonder not at his choice. It is now past one. A dim light swings in hat that warm June evening, and as he lifted the centre of the room, another stands where it, and threw back the clustering locks, I I am writing. White statues gleam out, mirthought I had never seen a finer face. Not one rors, pictures; but there is a gloom over all. man in a thousand looks as did that noble and a deeper gloom in my soul. young shepherd of souls. Not that his features I will turn this leaf; sometime I may make were very exquisite, I am not certain that they

record on another. WRITTEN FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH

spired moments came, while preaching the A GOOD WORD THAT REACHED ME TO-DAY. BY KATE CARROLL

> It is pleasant to hear, amid all the complain ing and misery of the times, one voice breath-

found out that she was a beauty; that she ness of God. And why do not more of these ing good cheer, hope, and faith in the goodcould conquer hearts, and here was a fine cheerful sounds reach us? Is there nothing left to be thankful for? If mock fortunes tower up to the skies, shouldn't they tumble to the

that I was going to walk with the Elder if she ground like children's card houses? If peowould not object. She smilingly consented, and I, no longer the simple, gentle country of, the day of retribution ought to visit them, girl, but the beauty, went out to try the power and the sooner the better; not only for them, of my charms upon the handsome young min-but for the sake of teaching their servile imiister. Too well I succeeded. That very night tators of lesser note in fashion's scales, the in low tones he told me of his love. Standing righteous result, the perfect unsubstantiality on that beautiful hill overlooking the blue riv-of ill-gotten gains, mushroom notoriety, and uter now fast changing to grey, the stars coming ter rottenness of seeming to be, rather than being forth dimly one by one, the crowned summits what is seeming. Embarrassments of various in the distance bathed in purple and gold, and kinds come to us-stern teachers of many a one by my side who acknowledged my right to forgotten duty. I was thinking of this, as I reign queen of his heart, is it any wonder that was walking on one of our principal streets toyielding to the romance of the hour, I did not day. Before me were two men, in coarse

turn away from his passionate pleading? clothing, and whose air and style assured me Months passed and we were engaged. It was they were less used to the lordly hall, than the West. minister's wife, and every body seemed satiscottage floor. I drew nearer and heard one fied. My retiring manners had made me a "Have you any work, Smith?" in a manner

great favorite with the more settled inhabitants, while, as I had never had occasion to pre- would be the form of reply. expressive of deep conviction that a negative sume or put on airs, I was in general liked and "Not much ; a little jobbing about home,

and so," said Smith with a smile that was pos-I am certain that I once loved Ernest Ware. itively infectious to me, for I felt it beaming His voice was music to me, his smile sweeter all over my face.

than the sunshine! I would do much to gain "Dreadful times; I never knew such! What an approving word from him. Yet there were we shall do in winter is more than I can see." times when I grew restless and thought my And Jones gave a dismal groan, thrust his sphere contracted; I wished to be more widely hard, red hands further down his pockets, -, by -----, who writes for no other known and admired; I wanted to reign as I drooped his head, and curved his shoulders--a paper." Such a state of things cannot last had heard of some women reigning, the wor- very picture of gloom, distrust and despondenshiped and followed of a mighty train of ad- cy. mirers. These feelings were quickened and "Ah, there now, Jones! cheer up! Who

strengthened by a rumor that a rich uncle of ever saw the right way to move, if he didn't mine was very ill. I had no love for him; I look ahead!" had never seen him; but I had gathered in "O, dear !" sighed Jones.

some way that possibly he might leave much of "I think times will improve"his wealth to our family. I had heard also

that he lived in splendid style, kept servants in alms-house, and that is crowded now," inter-"Never. There's nothing for us but the livery, and though immensely rich, hoarded rupted the other.

and saved still, and was yet immersed in busi-"So much the better for us, then ; the crowd will keep us out, if our pride won't," laugh-

Again there came news of his death, and ed Smith. once more that he had left me seventy-five "How can you laugh? Haven't you a large bushel.

ion of specie payment by the Ernest released me from my engagement and New York and Boston banks was the most sat- newspapers, and our ideas will be so apparent views of political economy have not been sound, in thanksgiving; to lay up a remembrance in isfactory announcement.

The fall of Delhi, seems now to be made they will commend themselves to everybody certain. It appears the British assaulted the except the professors in that school about which dread words that were to bind me to a reckless place on the 14th of September, and after six the young man wrote, where they "do not al-gamester."

city. A considerable number of the natives Ours are a reading people throughout the escaped, including the king of Delhi, and his country, with a few exceptions. And to no one thing are we so much indebted, for the

The exhibitation caused by the receipt of the general intelligence, the business qualifications. intelligence of the fall of Delhi, says the Eng- and the science of political government, of the lish journals, occurred at just the right time to masses, as to the newspapers. Our common offset any depression that might have resulted schools lay the foundation of our country's edthe city of my residence. He does not come from the financial advices received at about the ucation, it is true, and our academies and colsame time from this country. The British loss leges aid in the literary department of this

They say he is soon to be married to a lovely up to the 16th is reported as 600, including 50 education. But what would a student fresh from his Alma Mater know, if he had formed

The grape-growers at the West are receiving no acquaintance with men and things as the large accessions to their numbers from Europe. world turns them up? He would be as green This is with a view to the production of wine. as the Emerald Isle, or a fresh importation There is now in this port nearly 250 ships, from "that same." The newspapers, in fact, barks and brigs, with slender prospects for im- make the man, and finish the education of mediate employment. The storehouses and the scholar. In these we have a complete map bonded warehouses, are crowded with goods. of the world as it is, and a perfect history of for which there is no demand for home con- everything that transpires, in every day life. sumption, and the shippers are obliged to ship Strike these vehicles of information out of ex- den-bower, where the young hearts beat to days; will you give me something to eat?" abroad, to raise funds to meet their exchange istence, and the dark days would rapidly re- vows of affection breathed for only their ears, Something to eat, alas! that this cry must falling due in England.

and for several weeks past have been very falsehoods which are often published.

heavy. If a man wishes his children to move in the The late imports of fruit have resulted in world with respectability and success, he will great losses, and bunch raisins are selling for see that they are supplied with newspapers. only 8 cts. per lb., or \$2 per box. How readily one detects a newspaper reader from Jobbers' sales in October in all branches of those who are deprived of such a means of inusiness, were the smallest for many years. formation. The small amount of money paid Active preparations are making to lay the out for three or four select papers, is returned Atlantic Telegraph cable next June. Four a thousand fold, in the useful information hundred additional miles of cable have been gained, to say nothing of the pleasure of readordered, and if the effort to recover the 340 ing, which is certainly a great intellectual enmiles now submerged, should not be successful, joyment.

that amount will also be added, so that the This is the season of the year, when attention length of the cable will be nearly three thou- can be given to reading. In most cases there sand miles. is less out door business requiring attention ; A circular from the Children's Aid Society and, of course, there is more time allowed for proposes to organize a plan by which young the culture of the mind, and recreation from women in the Eastern cities can be forwarded the sternness of labor. The evenings are long, West where there is a great demand for them and something is required to render the hours for useful labor. pleasant and useful. Books will do much in Many of our large wholesale stores are sell- this respect, but their subjects are local and ing off at retail at greatly reduced prices, limited. Newspapers take a general range, and confident? thereby affording bargains to small purchasers. and lay the whole moving world right before The Siamese Twins are now exhibiting them- your eyes. Their variety of subjects, as well selves again. They are 49 years of age, have as their freshness-being the doings of yestereach a wife and seven children. They are out day and to-day-must interest as nothing else can. A thousand things might occur in one's An appropriation of \$250,000 has been made own town, or even neighborhood, in which he the subject of discussion in New York to ena- has a deep interest, and yet he would know ble the unemployed to find work. nothing about them, were it not for the pa-

Hundreds of girls have been sent out West pers. But an evening's entertainment with from the Children's Aid Society, where em- these gives him the same advantages possessed ployment awaits them. It was a moving spec- by those around him. tacle to see them reduced to such straits. In the selection of papers, however, there

Sixty colonies of bees were taken to Califor- should be some judgment exercised, especially if they are to be read by all the members of the nia by the last steamer. The record of marriages this fall shows a de- family, as should be the case. Religious papers ficiency compared with the past-the effect of are good to an extent, but you cannot well force all your family to read them, because hard times. The U. S. Marshall in New York sold a lot you may like such reading. Most readers want of diamonds recently which previous to the something that presents a greater variety than financial crisis, were valued at \$27,000. They such papers generally do. And what is cheerwere now sold at panic rates, in lots of ten ful and lively is certainly admissible, if it incarats, and brought from \$25 to \$30 per carat. structs while it entertains. But there is a There has been a tremendous freshet on the class of newspapers designed for entertainment. Susquehana River overflowing the Erie Rail- very unsuitable to lay before a family, esperoad, and it is feared will do much damage. cially a family of daughters. A vein of im-There is a pressing want for teachers in the purity, profanity and licentiousness runs

adult evening schools in this city. Male teach- through these papers, that renders them wholers are especially wanted. ly unsuitable for such a purpose. You want There arrived one day from Prince Edwards pleasant reading, with purity of thought and

Island 2200 bushels of potatoes. words. A paper too serious, dull, or heavy, In Wisconsin and Illinois, corn standing in will not be read. A paper too intellectual the field is offered on an average at 10 cents per and learned, though the matter is highly imthousand dollars. The intelligence was over- family, a blind brother, and infirm parents to A fine ship, one of the line of Boston and among the young. Articles of this kind may to your sympathy, by flaunting damaged laces after another, and say with long faces and juv-

to common sense and common observation, that or while Great Britain was predicting for us a these immortal souls that will shine in tenong time ago what has now actually happen- fold splendor on the great day of accounts. ep, we should have shaped our course so as to And there are other men, devilish in spirit-

its warehouses filled to overflowing.

due from that quarter.

DON'T PROMISE TOO MUCH!

promises too much."

and fire his lordly house. We are all apt to promise not only ourselves 1t is a sad sight to see a man hungry in the but others too much, thus taking upon us ob- midst of so much plenty. It was a heartligations which we cannot fulfil. The lover- rending sight to behold a well-dressed, intellilisten to him. It is a moonlight evening. The gent man come to the door of a certain family, fields shine in the silvery lustre and the earth a few days ago, saying,

is eloquent with beauty. It may be in a gar- "Madam, I have not tasted food for two

turn. The press is the mighty instrument of and listening night; it may be in the pleasant often greet our ears the coming winter ! And The exports last week amounted to \$700,000, truth, notwithstanding the many errors and lane, where the wild rose blossoms, showing alas! that so many will perish who cannot her colors almost as clearly as by day; it may bring themselves to ask for food; who like the be in the crowded street, in the silent parlor, proud sinner would "rather starve than come." but O, how passionate the words that fall from We trust that the poor will be sought out and those young lips! Neither shall know sorrow relieved, not with ostentatious charity, soundthrough neglect of the other. From all care, ing its own trumpet, but with gentle, considhe will shield her, from the shadow of sorrow, erate thoughtfulness. The Bible is profuse in protect her; be to her ever as now, love her its commendations of those who help the poor, as truly, tend her as carefully. She shall never and visit the afflicted ; and filled with terrific hear an unkind word from him, never see a judgments against those in whose houses is frown, never suffer through his wrong doing or "the spoil of the poor." In describing the fasts that a nation should observe, the Word

That man promises too much.

in his mouth, standing at the corners till late at night, visiting the bar-room, the club and To "bring the poor that are cast out, to thy the saloon. See her, pale, wan and old at house."

too much? were they not too self-dependent "Thou shalt be like a watered garden, and

not." Elate with the first joy of a new and better Beautiful promise ! knows what he can do, he can estimate his inspiration.

pass, and the spiritual vigor is impaired. God from the gray rock, making the verdure fresh may have left him to his own feeble reliance, and delightful on every hand, sparkling in the and more than once he has done that which he sunshine, giving refreshment to all who draw promised not to do. Cast down by the fail- near, and in times when the water fails in the ure, mortified at his short-sightedness, he does wells, and the earth grows dry and parched, not strive to recover lost ground, and by and still leaping, singing, sparkling, gladdening the by he is sneered at as "One of your professing hearts of the thirsty; would not be likened Christians-look at him ! A pretty fellow to to that beautiful semblance of God's never failing mercy?

The man in business often promises too much

His stock of goods is marked at "ruinous the following manner : prices," he is "giving away" his most valu- "Judge Claggett, of the first Judicial Court

portant, will not find many interested readers gar himself and his little family. He appeals or out of countenance they would get up, one

ake efficient means to secure it. We fear our the failing heart, and raise the powerless hands

have averted the present mismanagement. Satan's emissaries wearing the human form, As every one upon whom financial calamity who would take from the starving his very falls, must lend a helping hand to redress the life blood, before they would give a penny for evil, let us all seek by individual effort in re- his refreshment. They are those to whom the lieving ourselves, to do that which so largely words of Holy Writ apply, the terrible woes contributes to our national prosperity by fru- that shall befall rich men, "extortioners," gally using and widely dispensing all the re- "oppressors of the poor," who "grind the sources which fall to our own share of distribu- faces of the poor," who "oppress the hireling in his wages :" such men are living yet, thriving, flourishing. They have storehouses full of flour ; homes filled with luxury, abounding "Ah ! son," said a good Quaker mother, as in splendor, all wrung out of the down-trodshe stood on the steps of her humble dwelling, den laborer, who may ere the winter passes, parting with her son for the first time, "thee tear down the granaries of the rich oppressor

like a spring of water whose waters fail

neglect.

condemns the long faces of the hypocrites. See him in after years winking at his neigh- the head bowed like a bulrush, the spread bor's wife, strutting the streets with his eigar sackcloth and ashes, but this is its command-To "deal bread to the hungry."

thirty, a spiritless, slaternly woman with "To cover the naked." wrinkled brow, uncombed hair and slip-shod "To draw out thy soul to the hungry," and shoes, and tell us, did they not both promise the promise is,

The young Christian promises too much.

life, he is ready to sacrifice himself for the A watered garden, the slender stems, the cause he has espoused. His language is almost gold and crimson hues, the delicate flame-like wild in its extravagance. He will never do petals, the rich, green leaves, the borders of certain things again, no, sooner will he strike emerald, the tender moss, all shining with off his right hand, or thrust out his right eye. raindrops, or watered by the careful gardener. He will go hither and thither, east and west, till fragrance distils on every breath of air, north and south, proclaiming glad tidings : he and beauty and odors fill the soul as with an

own strength. He promises too much. Years Who that has seen the living spring gushing

The trouble was, he promised too much. Give thou to the necessities of those who The spirit was too lofty, the power emanated need. Give whether you have much or little from his own feeble will; if he had been more to spare. Your few crumbs, bestowed with a modest, more quiet, he would have been more blessing will outweigh, in the sight of God, guarded, and promising but little would have the great alms of the wealthy.

Lawyers in Limbo.

An exchange shows up the Iowa lawyers in

M. A. D.

able merchandise. There never was such a in Iowa, made a rule that lawyers who had cases sale; there never was a man so willing to beg-This did not please them. And to put his hon-

be a church member !"

performed a great deal.

THE BOSTON OLIVE BRANCH.

enile accent, "Please thir, may I go out?" | his house for three months on trial, and if | those "rough winds," and imagine ourselves out His honor bore this as long as he could, when they were mutually pleased, to marry; the in "a storm of sleet"-O! how cold ! he had them all put in jail. The Burlington Hawkeye says that "no public edifice, not ex-stayed the three months, and is now Mrs. —. cepting the penitentiary, ever contained so much latent rascality as the Madison jail, when filled with the lawyers of the district."

Western lawyers and those of Massachusetts ! from three to six thousand inhabitants which, nothing that we have met with, as yet, is half as the level of the sea. If a body of our lawyers were congregated in fifteen years ago, were wild forests or unbroken hard as this article ! We shall, however, submit The New York Evening Post says the moveany particular place, we might say : "No pub- prairies. lic edifice, not excepting the 'church,' ever contained so much latent honesty and truthful- occurred upon the Lake Shore Railroad, at ness, as that place does." We never think of Painesville. A very pretty young lady entersending lawyers to jail ; no, not we.

MORAL COURAGE.

BY IDYL.

made an awful face. He was frightened. Some- about it, took it off, seated herself opposite me, body had suggested that something ought to be unlocked her carpet-bag, took out a small done, and that he ought to do it. "Daren't;" cried Spooks.

"don't you know how ?"

"Yes, he spozed he did." "Havn't you got the ability, the learning, HENRY ELLIS, THE IMPOSTOR. the position, the-in fact everything you need We have several times advertised HENRY for such an undertaking?" pursued deacon ELLIS as an impostor, who was soliciting sub-Straw.

Spooks trembled, and "spozed he had." "Then why don't you?"

"O! murmured Hiram Spooks, making a in the State of Maine. This man has never weather-cock of his right hand forefinger ; paid any money to us, but is a gross impostor, there's Colonel May, over there, he don't ap- and should be arrested as a swindler. The last prove of it, and Doctor Ellis would be mad, we heard of him, he was in York county, and Lawyer Snodgrass goes against it, and the Maine.

ter not provoke 'em, though I know its right, size-sandy complexion ; hair thin, and light and ought to be advocated." colored. He goes by the names of Henry El-"Philander !" shouted Deacon Straw, while lis, W. P. Elliston, J. J. Bond, &c.

his face flushed ; "well, you are a-a-Spooks, Our only Agents in Maine, are Harrison and nothing else ;" he retorted. Wallace, Elisha S. Clarke, and J. B. Harvey. I wish there weren't so many Spookse's in

this world. I know any quantity of them.

"DOG CHEAP." There's a woman Spooks not far from here, who "Belcher, opposite the City Hall, is selling is kept in a corner making faces all the time, ten pounds of sausages for one dollar."- Wo because she hasn't the moral courage to give cester Spy.

up an expensive kitchen girl and do the work Sausages would soon be cheaper still, were herself. The poor fool thinks it would seem it not for the increase of robberies. People vulgar to wash, clean the knives, (two of them, are now compelled to keep their dogs for the for her husband and herself,) and manage protection of their premises.

the little etceteratic business of the kitchen. Some ladies in a butcher's shop were once I know another Spooks, a man, who is al- purchasing some sausagas, when a rough-lookways going to make some splurge, but who by ing man hastily entered, and threw down the delaying, is always just a little too late. He carcase of a dog, remarking-"That makes hasn't the moral courage to do anything on nineteen !" The ladies have preferred mutton his own responsibility, but having an extensive to sausages ever since. acquaintance, he calls at fifty-four doors to A certain gentleman says he never detected

get advice before he dares to venture. The any dog meat in sausages, but he once found of Christian faith. consequence is, he always was, is now, and al- therein the tube of an oil lamp threaded with a ways will be, a poor Spook. piece of wickin !

Another Spook is a woman of decided ability who hasn't the moral courage to do what she knows is right, rather than what is fashiona- During the recent political campaign, pre-

ble. Hence, she encourages extravagance in vious to the gubernatorial election, a gentlecertain classes, that her example might be the man of this city, who is a government officer. means of elevating to something like true attended a political meeting in one of the greatness. She feels continually that she is neighboring cities. During the meeting he wrong, and bears a stinging conscience all the was called upon to speak, when he prefaced time, and constant self-accusation. She feels his remarks as follows : "Mr. Chairman, and that Heaven made her a woman, and she has gentlemen, it was not my intention to speak degenerated into a puppet, a machine, a nonde- this evening; I thought, as it was such a script, a milliner's show-block, a simpering, pleasant evening, and the ride was so cheap, heartless thing, whom many envy but more de- that I would just walk out here and say a few spise. She feels all this at her brilliant (?) par- words to you." It is needless to say that the ties where people search for a corner in which gentleman alluded to, is a Patriot. H. H.

"THE GLOWING COALS :" that's the thing ! commend us to that very fire during the winter evetowns and cities, have sprung up and grown in gown and slippers, with the Olive Branch to read. What a contrast there must be between the this "great West." There are several towns of "HARD TIMES :" Times are hard, indeed ; but

> I was slightly amused by an incident that to burn. * ed the car in which I was seated, and in passing through, she caught her mantilla upon the back of a seat in such a manner, that quite a large rent was made in it. The lady, instead of declaring it to be "too bad," and making

Hiram Spooks stood up in one corner, and herself and her neighbors generally miserable work-bag, from which she took thimble, scissors, needles and sewing silk, and before we "Philander !" exclaimed old deacon Straw, reached Cleveland, she put on her mantilla looking as well as new. HARRY HARTLAND.

> scribers and collecting money for the Olive Branch, and other papers, in New Hampshire. We now hear of his impositions upon people

curious.

more money.

French & Co.

Religious Matters.

Rew Publications.

We wish him success for he deserves it.

···· The efforts of the Methodist among the and 15.000 German members.

···· We notice in our religious papers an inwhich prevailed so extensively in all parts of the country last winter.

SUNDAY AND LORD'S DAY .- These were the only names, in English, for the first day of the week, before the existence of Puritanism. The former expression was used by our Saxon ancestors, with all Teutonic nations. The latter was adopted from the Christian form of Southern Europe. Saturday, in Italian, still retains the name of Sabbato. The word for Sunday, in Russian, means resurrection, "identifying the day, as the Southern nations do,

THE MUSTACHE IN THE ENGLISH PULPIT .- A writer in'a late London periodical states that nearly all the English clergymen, living between two and three hundred years ago, wore the mustache. In his list of those who wore the beard on the upper lip, we find the well-known names of John Donne, George Herbert, Robert Herrick, Jeremy Taylor, nas Fuller, and Robert South. The famous the mustache; also, Wickliffe, Cardinal Pole, Abp. Cranmer, Bishops Ridley, Latimer, Jewel, Hol-bech, Thirldey, Goodrich, Skip, Day, Abp. Laud, A correspondent of a

and a host of others.

Weekly Summary of Relos.

···· The public debt of Russia is said to amount to 6,933,000,000 francs, about \$1,386,600,000.

···· The highest habitation in Europe is on the summit of the Aiguille du Goute, 13,000 feet above

it to the best offire, hoping that it is not too hard to burn. ment in favor of short credits gains strength, and there is a strong probability of its becoming geneeral. The main obstacle is the difficulty of procuring unanimity of action.

···· The Calais (Maine) Advertiser says fortyone bears have been killed this fall in a few of the CONTINENTAL HARMONY. A collection of the most by Mr. Nelson Sweet was judged to weigh 600 lbs.

celebrated Psalm Tunes and Favorite Pieces, de-signed particularly for "Old Folks' Concerts." and the Social Circle. Boston: Oliver Ditson &

···· The Empress Eugenia has lately permitted This will doubtless prove quite a popular col-her ankles to be seen without gathering up her lection of good, old familiar music. There is no mistake but that "Ditson" knows how to get up things in his line after the most approved fashion.

.... Mr. John Holland, Jr., of Lewiston, has a cow, which has yielded in six months 2,458 quarts THE FIREMAN: or, a History of the Fire Depart-ments of the United States. By D. D. Dana. Illustrated. 12 mo. Cloth. Boston: James

This volume will be read and re-read by many Worcester County, in session at Worcester, Thomas ersons with a great deal of interest. It contains Graham, for breaking into and robbing the house an account of many large fires, mentioning various incidents, accidents, anecdotes and facts which cannot fail to command the attention. Also, sta-

tistics of losses by conflagrations in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and other principal cities of the Union. The list of theatres destroyed by fires and accidents will not be deemed valueless by the at least 70,000 firkins more butter than ever before in one season.

ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AF-rains, 1858. No. Four. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. A small, 25 cent pamphlet, but worth ers comprise the estates of widows and orphans, as well as many cautious capitalists, the aggregate losses of which are estimated from \$40,000 to \$50,000.

···· A singular marriage lately took place in Wilkes county, N. C. A man named Holloway, married his step-mother, the second wife, the widow of his own father ! She had six children, three of Germans in this country commenced in 1835, and now number as its results, 130 German preachers having nine children of his own, the couple set up house-keeping with fifteen children.

···· Ship Baltic, a favorite emigrant ship, which dication of the revival of the religious interest usually brings a large number of passengers, arrived at New York on Friday, with only 29 all told. The return of large numbers to the old country, with reports of the prospective distress for the la-boring poor here, and letters from this side to friends on the other, with discouraging news of the times, will act as a powerful check to emigration.

···· Legal proceedings have been commenced to attach the property of Thomas Allibone, late Pres-ident of the Philadelphia Bank, for his liabilities to said bank. The suit is brought by the directors, who depose that the defendant is indebted to the though more significantly, with the great triumph bank upwards of \$200,000. The affidavit then states that he has absconded to a foreign country with the design to defraud his creditors.

···· Whilst the cotton trade seems to be almost in a languishing condition in England, it is extending itself by rapid strides in Russia. Mills are being built and enlarged in all directions. Amongst the former is a collossal establishment, which is in progress of erection close to St. Petersburg. The John Knox, and the celebrated John Bunyan, wore new mill will have in it 100,000 spindles, for spinning 38's and 40's yarn, mostly mule, but with

···· A correspondent of a Western paper, in speaking of the Mormons, says :-- "I have informa-MINISTERIAL SUPPORT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—In the Minutes of the General Association, there is a column of the statistical tables containing the amount of salary of each pastor, and stated supply amount of salary of each pastor, and stated supply received from his people. Supplying a few blanks with our own estimates, we find that the whole amount paid in the state for the support of 151 ministers, is \$84,763, which is an average salary of \$561 to each minister. Among the Associa-tions the bighest average is naid by the churches

CURED BY WISTAR'S BALSAM. Read the following from the Kinderhook, (N. Y.) Sentin lated July 31 :--

"A remarkable cure of Consumption has recently been en cted by this medicine, in the town of Chatham, in this ounty, and which was related to us by Dr. Herrick, an emnent physician of that town, to whom we have permission to refer. A young lady who had long labored under an affection of the lungs, was considered by her friends as beyond the each of medicine, and she was informed by her medical atendant that she must die. She was induced to send for a ottle of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, as a last resort. The young lady experienced great relief, and two more bottles were successively procured and administered. She is ow happy in the restoration of health."

None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper. [28]

OXYGENATED BITTERS.

The peculiarly efficacious medicine, as a remedy for Dys pepsia, has no equal, and a trial will satisfy the most skeptical sufferer that its value cannot be over-estimated. It will ure Dyspepsia. [3]

LYON'S KATHAIRON.

The immense sale of this unequalled preparation 1.000.000 BOTTLES PER YEAR.

nd its universal popularity proclaim it emphatically "THE PUBLIC FAVORITE."

The Kathairon is pronouncee by all to be the most excelnt preparation for the Hair ever made.

This unprecedented popularity has induced unprincipled rsons to endeavor to sell worthless imitations and counterits in place of the genuine LYON'S KATHAIRON-the ablic are cautioned against such imposition. Sold by all pectable dealers everywhere, for 25 cents per bottle. HEATH, WYNKOOP & CO.,

Proprietors and Perfumers, 63 Liberty st., New York. 47-4w

IN CONSEQUENCE of the repeated and increas-

g application of our customers for Ready Made Clothing, e have prepared a full supply, among which are Raglans Sacks, Dress Frock Coats, and English style of Business coats. We continue to make to order, as heretofore, from goods selected with great care, and none will be offered either in made clothing, or to order, but such as we can conscienously recommend. Every article will be made by competent workmen. In short it is our intention to furnish clothing of wood quality at as low prices as it can *possibly* be offered, reying upon the increasing amount of sales for a fair remuneration ; believing it more for our interest to effect large sales at small profits. We continue the sale of Furnishing Goods, and have just received our supply of Under Shirts and Drawers, suitable for the present and approaching season. Purhasers are requested to call and examine for themselves, they will not be urged to purchase, or dictated as to their choice,

elieving, as we do, that the customer should be his own judge as to price and kind. Weask the particular attention of CLERGYMEN to our mode of doing business, believing they will approve of the principles here laid down, all of which will be strictly adred to. We keep a constant supply of German Black Cloths and Doeskins of "Wulfing's" manufacture, peculiarly adapted to professional men; they retain their color to the last, and are of great durability. The store is located No. 28 WASHINGTON STREET, near Cornhill, Dock Square, and State

street, Boston. S. B. LANG & CO. 41-tf

SOMETHING FOR ALL TO DO.

All persons, male or female, wishing employment, will do well to apply at once to HIGGINS, BRADLEY & DAYTON, Publishers and Bookseilers, No. 20 Washington street, Boston, for an agency to sell their choice publications. Some agents can, and do make, from four to eight dollars per day. By thus engaging in this laudable business, you will not only find a pleasant employment and lucrative pay, but be instrumental in circulating high toned, moral and intellectual works.

Catalogues and circulars giving full particulars of the Books and Terms, will be forwarded free of expense, to all Such as desire further information. 42-tf

REMARKABLE BARGAINS .- The hard times have compelled many of our merchants to offer their goods at great discounts, and those who are so fortunate as to have the cash are taking advantage of the pressure. A splendid opportunity is ow offered by Messrs. Simmons, Piper & Co., at the famous Oak Hall for the community to clothe themselves; goods remarked down below cost, and garments that have been selling for ten and fifteen dollars are now selling at five and en dollars. One hundred thousand dollars worth of Boys' Nothing is offered at a trifling cost; gentlemen's woollen hose, worth 371 are selling at 17 cents, suspenders at 121 cents; in short, every description of clothing and furnishing goods are selling at wonderful discounts. Now is the time for the people to clothe themselves for Winter. Call at Oak Hall without delay.

Northern, Wib 00 @.. 16 46-2w

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET. Thursday, Nov. 12, 1857.

At market 1450 beef cattle, 750 stores, 4600 sheep, 680 wine, 250 fat hogs. Prices-Beef Cattle-Prices have further declined and

Quotations are reduced to correspond, viz. :- Extra \$7a7, 50; first quality 6,50a7; second 6a6,50; third 5a5,75. Working Oxen-Sales dull, a few noticed ; \$70, 82, 110 a130. Cows and Calves-Sales \$22, 27, 31, 35, 40a48.

Sheep-Sales of small lots \$1,50, 1,75, 2,12, 2,50, 2,75a3. Shoats-Prime York shoats to peddle, 7a71; Ohio fair quality \$61. At retail from 7 to 91.

Fat Hogs-61a61.

RETAIL PRICE. INSIDE FANEUIL HALL MARKET.

PROVISIONS_# 15. Roasting Pigs. 2 00 @ 8 00 Sutter, lump ... 27 @.. 30 Woodcocks, each.......25 12

WHOLESALE PRICE

INSIDE FANEUIL HALL MARKET. BEEF, PORK, LARD, &c. | Clover, Western 13 m.. 15
 BEEF, PORA, LARD, &C.
 Gover, western 13 00.15

 Corrected by J.H. & A.Sum
 Forl Meadow, bus. @ 5 00

 ner, Nos. 37 & 39.
 Berly Boll, Cash price. 17 00 @18 00

 Navy Mess, bbl...
 @14 00
 Navy Mess, bbl... @14 00 No. 1, do....1100 @12 00 Clover.....3 HAY. Pork, Boston, ex. cl. bbl..... @25 00 Bost. clear..... @24 00 Ohio, ex. cl..... @23 00 Do, clear..... Ohio, Mess..... Do, Prime ... Wib,...HIDES. ...7 @... 8 on Lard, in bbls, ib..... Ø.. 12 Ohio, leaf, do,do... Ø.. 124 B. Ayres, b.... 28 @... 29 Pernambuco, d. s. & b...... R. Grande, b...27 @... 28 Ohio, leaf, do, do... @.. 121 Hams, Bost. b.... @.. 11 Do, Ohio, 15.....none Tongues, bbl.25 00 @... BUTTER, CHEESE AND Western, green, ib.....8 @... 9 African, #1b....23 @... 30 EGGS. Corrected by Chamberlain, Calcutta, Slaughter.1 70 @ 1 90 Green....1 40 @ 1 60 Dry.....1 25 @ 1 40 Kimball & Doe, Nos. 79 & 81. Butter, Lump, 100 fbs new. 24 00 @27 00 Butter, Junp, 100 [bs new.24 00 @27 00 Tub, Ist qual. 20 00 @22 00 2d " " . 13 00 @16 00 Do, country.....30 @...33 Cheese, best # ton.....7 00 @ 9 00 Do, country.....30 @. Baltimore city..30 @.
 Do, Common,
 Do, dry hide....29
 D...31

 9 ton.....600
 0
 800
 Bost. Slaughter.22
 D...25
 Sole, Boston, middling..... 22 @... 25 Eggs, 100 doz.... @20 00 FRUIT & VEGETABLES. Corrected by James Hill, Nos. 107 & 109. Do, heavy......21 @. N.Y. sole, heavy.20 @. Apples, # bbl.. 250 @ 350 ples, # bbl.. 2 50 @ 3 50 middling..... 20 @... 24 ars, bush..... 2 00 @ 5 00 NY.do light BA, 20 @... 24 Jears, bushter, bill Jicily Oranges, per box....none. Calf, Rougn...... Do, Finished.....65 @....80 CURRIED LEATHER. per box.....3 50 @ 4 00 Heavy wax. West, \$ ft.....16 @.. 18 Mercers, bbl, 2 50 @ 2 75 Buenos Ayres...17 @.. 19 Rockland, cask..65 @.. 70

TEN years ago I was a cripple by this dreadful complaint. At last I discovered a simple remedy which cured me permanently. For ten letter stamps any person may have the recipe. I will warrant it a sure remedy. CARLOS R. HOLBROOK, 47-4w Davenport, Iowa. AN OPPORTUNITY FOR EMPLOYMENT. AGENTS WANTED. O get subscribers, and to make collections for one or two popular weekly papers. Apply to this office.

CHILBLAINS.

- . in 6 2

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

T is no longer necessary to pay THREE dollars to obtain first class, elegantly illustrated and carefully edited Maga ne, filled with original reading of the most interesting chan

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY opened the eyes of the public to the fact, that they can ain a better Magazine for ONE dollar a year than they have etofore been charged THREE dollars for.

"TOO CHEAP ! TOO CHEAP !!"

y the old class of publishers. "How can a Magazine, d ining ONE HUNDRED PAGES Of original reading matter try or fifty illustrations in each number, be afforded for OLLAR a year, or at TEN CENTS by the single number ? VERY EASILY DONE :

Step into our publishing and printing-house, and observe our facilities for doing business, and the heavy edition we print— nearly 90,000 copies—and you will understand how it is done, and that it pays handsomely.

ITS CONTRIBUTORS.

No Magazine in the country has a more numerous or valu-able list of regular contributors than *Ballou's Dollar Month-ly*. Among those who are engaged upon its columns we may mention the following :

rancis A. Durivage,	Miss Mary W. Janvrin,
rederick W. Saunders,	Miss Margaret Verne,
B. Williams, M.D.,	Miss Susan H. Blaisdell,
aj. Ben. Perley Poore,	Mrs. Caroline Orne,
ames Franklin Fitts,	Mrs. M. E. Robinson,
H. Robinson, M.D.,	Mrs. J. D. Baldwin,
Villiam O. Eaton,	Miss Anne T. Wilbur,
V. C. Smith, M.D.,	Mrs. L. S. Goodwin,
iddings H. Ballou,	Mrs. C. F. Gerry,
ieutenant Murray,	Mrs. Mary A. Lowell,
rant Thorburn, (Laurie	Mrs. Caroline A. Soule,
Todd)	Miss Ellen Alice Moriarity,
ohn R. Danforth,	Miss Alice C. Benton,
ol. H. D. Hall, U.S.A.,	&c., &c., &c., &c.

with occasional contributions from many other accomplished ITS FLORAL DEPARTMENT.

TAS FLOKAL DEF ARTMENT. Each monthly issue of Ballou's Dollar Magazine contains a division devoted to a carefully prepared synopsis of Floral matters, relating to the cultivation of house plants, rearing of hot-house flowers and garden ornaments generally. Impart-ing in the course of its yearly issues a vast fund of valuable, entertaining and delightful information relating to this refin-ing and beautiful employment, which affords such choice and agreeable occupation for female hands.

ITS HOUSEWIFE'S DEPARTMENT.

TTS HOUSEWIFE'S DEPARTMENT. A portion of each number of Ballou's Dollar Monthly is regularly devoted to the recording of valuable domestic re-seipts for the convenience of the house, hints in domestic concomy, important receipts for cleansing, dyeing, removing stains, -specifics for various human ills, -for the prepara ion of delicate cakes, and nice confectionary. Rules also for he best modes of nice cooking, and for the preparation of telicacies for the sick room, or the table. This is a most val-table portion of this monthly. ITS CURLOUS DEPARTMENT.

ITS CURIOUS DEPARTMENT.

The Conclose of Data Monthly contains a division which is devoted to the chronicling of such strange and cu-rious matters as may be collected during the month, wonder-ful phenomena, strange discoveries, startling occurrences, and such matters as challenge attention by the remarkable circumstances attending their development. This division is always of peculiar interest.

ITS MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

Under this head we class the tales, sketches , poems, biog-raphies, and adventures, contributed to *Ballou's Dollars Monthly*. They are calculated to deeply entertain the reader, at the same time creating a love for all that is good and beau-tiful in humanity; and while bright eyes love to read delight-ful stories, this magazine will ever be a favorite. Not a vul-gar line is ever admitted into its clear and brilliant pages.

ITS ILLUSTRATIONS.

ITS ILLUSTRATIONS. Each number of Ballow's Dollar Monthly is beautifully illustrated, adding vasily to the intrinsic value of the work, and contributing to form at the close of each volume an ele-gant illumined book. The illustrations are finely executed, and the accompanying descriptions are prepared expressly for this work with great care by the editor, who has seventeen years of editorial experience on the Boston press. ITS EDITORIAL MATTER.

The editorials of Ballou's Dollar MATTER. The editorials of Ballou's Dollar Monthly are carefully prepared, and treat upon all the current themes of the day, without sectarian or party spirit. Its foreign miscellany is carefully condensed, and its current news so compiled as to convey the greatest amount of news in the smallest compass, while it presents each month a division of "Merry Making," well spiced with wit and humor, to laugh over and enjoy. ITS HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

This nonnormal intervention is the provided in the provided in the provided in the provided partment, which has been pronounced by the press to be fully equal to the London Punch, in spirit and he true excellence of witty illustration. This exceedingly enertaining department of the work has given it an extensive eputation, and is the first portion to which the general read-r is sure to turn.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY

s printed on the finest of paper, being the cheapest Magazine in the world, and containing more original matter than any ther. Never meddling with political, sectional or sectarian uestions, its aim is to make home cheerful and happy. Just ach a work as any father, brother, or friend would introduce

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

30 to 50 Per Cent. Saved

OAK HALL!

WE HAVE NOT FAILED, NOR SHALL WE,

Unprecedented Low Prices

WILL TURN INTO

CASH

OUR IMMENSE STOCK

GENTLEMEN'S CTOTHING.

Boys' Clothing,

FURNISHING GOODS!

AMOUNTING TO UPWARDS OF

\$200.000!

THE BEST STOCK EVER MANUFACTURED FOR RETAIL TRADE !

Dr We have been engaged the past week in arranging the Goods in our WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEPARTMENTS, and every article is marked in *Plain Figures*, at prices that will insure a Speedy Sale of the whole, and

to yawn, and groups form themselves into scandalizing societies, and other puppets march round to show off their satins and their feath- We have been advised to take the field as a ers; and where all go home to find fault with lecturer. So we thought of looking about for everything they have seen, heard, and eaten. a subject, and in doing so we found the fol-And yet, woman as she n ight be, she is so com- lowing in one of our exchanges, as Doctor Elpletely under the thumb of fashionable influ- der's receipt for a popular lecture : "Taka ence that she has dwindled into a thorough, one drop of thought, beat it up to a bushel of contemptible Spook. It is likely that she will bubble, and throw rainbows on it for one

die and be buried, a Spook. hour." I know another Spook-a clergyman who This has completely discouraged us. For, daren't say his soul is his own, before certain without intending to over estimate our humble of his church members. There's Deacon Brew- abilities, we really believe we could furnish er who keeps a distillery ; it won't do to tread the "drop of thought ;" but how to "beat up on his toes, for they're all covered with corns, the bubbles," is a stumper. And then, those and it would hurt. There's Mr. Somebody rainbows! where in the world could we get so else, who has failed twice, and saved two ele- many?

gant establishments by the means ; he's a member, and his toes are corned. It wouldn't do

to make him wince, for every wince would cost "I hear that you are often seen riding out that clergyman a hundred dollars or more, and with young Gofast, when I am away on busihe can't afford it. So he applies the gospel ness," remarked Greeneyed to his wife, the like chloroform and sets the conscience fast other day, in a fit of jealousy. asleep ; and sometimes in a sleep that never "What, have you just learnt that?" asked

knows a waking in this world. she. "Oh, I often rode out with him before I Everywhere, in every condition of life, the was married; in fact he was quite attentive to Spooks are in the majority. Most of them are me a long while before I had the misfortune to fat and sleek ; eat, sleep, and work comforta- become acquainted with a gentleman that nevbly, grow accustomed to ease, and are some- er takes me to ride !" Did Greeneyed feel any what surprised when death overtakes them. better?'

How they fare in another existence, I have no present means of knowing.

WRITTEN FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH. A WESTERN TOUR.

water.' MY DEAR BRANCH :--- In my recent Western There are some men then that we heartily tour I enjoyed the pleasure of traveling all wish were in hot water. We have never yet including the driver, who was my beau ideal of seen any goodness in them, and if hot water day by stage, with eight inside, and five out, a "whip,"-six feet two-broad shouldered or anything else, could draw goodness out of and strong limbed, with an inexhaustible fund of good stories, and a capital mode of telling them. He cracked a joke as well as he did his

whip, and cracked the latter so you could hear THE MECHANICS' APPRENTICES' LIBRARY ASit a mi-, well, a great ways. Had the road SOCIATION are to have a public course of lecbeen bad, or the day been unpleasant, or had tures on Tuesday evenings, commencing Nothere been cause for any but the most happy vember 17th. Among the able lecturers we feelings, I think the driver would have made us notice the name of Hon. Rufus Choate. merry in spite of ourselves. And he seemed

to be as great a favorite the whole length of the thirty miles, which he had traversed six times "REPINING:" With some slight alterations, we a week for five years, as he did with his pas- shall insert this article, though we are not much sengers of but a few hours' acquaintance. in favor of repining.

What a king he was as he sat on his coach "To W-E W-E :" The compliment intended box, with his four reins between the fingers of is doubtless deserved, but the article is quite too his left hand, his whip in his right lying at an long, for one of the kind; as every line must be angle across his reins, or swinging through the doubled on account of its extreme length. There air. to end in a tremendous. crack !- the farm- is also something very pretty and even poetical in ers stop in their harvesting to holloa "good these lines, but they should be written with more morning ;" the village squire, and country care, in conforming them to correct rules, to instore keeper bow with respect as he passes; the sure their publication. We like the author's style, school boys throw their hats in the air, and and should be happy to receive other communica hurrah for the stage! while the school girls tions.

wave their handkerchiefs and wonder if there is "A DREAM OF YOUTH :" This is quite a pleasanother man in the world that knows as much. ant dream, and we will let our readers see for Even the village dogs show their esteem by themselves. trotting along with the stage, wagging their "DEPARTED :" Too defective in measure and

tails, and looking wistfully to the driver, for accent. the usual "how are you Watch." As he comes "HILARITY :" Perhaps, when we feel a little

to a post town the blacksmith leaves his hot more like hilarity, we may be able to comprehend iron, and the cobbler drops his lap-stone to this article. At present we must lay it aside. say, "How are ye?" and ask, "What's the "LINES :" While we are sorry that the author of news ?" of "Charley, the driver," while the these "lines" is so "bashful," we certainly canpostmaster is changing the mail. not agree with the sender, in regard to their mer-

At the hotel where we changed horses and its. took dinner, the driver pointed out to me the "GLADLY I'D COME :" These lines are too eccenlandlord's wife. He informed me that she tric, and the article quite too long for our use. The and thirteen times greater than the moon does to us-exhibiting similar phases to herself, but in a the following incident : Three years ago, Ma- rules of measure. jor T----, (the landlord) lost his wife, and for "THE DYING SUMMER :" This is acceptable,

about thirty months he had remained a widow- though some of the expressions would have been er, when an old acquaintance from New Eng- more appropriate some weeks earlier. land, in a joking way, advised him to marry "K :" Not accepted. again, and recommended the lady who is now "Swker Words :" These words are certainly

Popular Lectures.

Cool.

"In Hot Water."

"Men are frequently like tea-the real

strength and goodness are not properly drawn

out until they have been a short time in hot

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Fact.

The receipts of the American Tract Society have

cluded.

Science and Industry.

SUSPENSION BRIDGES .- Scientific authorities are eginning to doubt the permanence of suspension ridges. The recent fall of two in Canada, one at the Montmorenci Falls, and the other at the Desjardins Canal, has led to investigations, which indicate that the incessant vibratory movements to which the iron supports are subjected, together with

the ablest scientific minds will probe the matter thoroughly. ARTIFICIAL STONE. - A species of concrete,

which ashes are a principal ingredient, has of_{late} been advantageously introduced for building in Paris. One manufacturing firm is reported to utilize most of their waste in the working up of this new material. So rapidly has this artificial stone been improved, that slabs for floors are now

paving flags, sinks, walls, floors, roofs, exterior paving flags, sinks, walls, floors, roofs, exterior ornaments, without using wood or brick. By this process, the house, however large it may be, is a monolith; and this monolith equals, at least, in solidity, massoury of hew stone and in respect to the store and will doubtless have a temporary effect upon American stocks. Several failures have taken place. expense, it costs much less than the coarsest build- the worst of the crisis had passed. ing in rubble."

TIDAL PHENOMENA .- In contradiction to the esposition of the planet upon its axis.

whilst the

tions, the highest average is paid by the churches depressed, although the stock on hand is not over in Hollis Association, which is \$753. The high-est salary paid by any one church is \$1,500, the lowest \$300.—*Congregational Journal.* DECREASE IN CONTRIBUTIONS.—One of our ex-changes has condensed the recent statement of sev-eral of the Societies, as follows:— Western, 12 a 14c.

The receipts of the American Tract Society have decreased \$11,000 during the past six months. For the same period, the receipts of the Seamen's Friend Society, were \$9,000, against \$11,000, during the same period in 1856. The income of the Home Missionary Society has diminished from \$\$,308 in September, 1856, to \$2,419, in Septem-ber, 1857. The receipts of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions have seriously have The following statement was found written nissioners of Foreign Missions have seriously men and wine have caused it, and the first night J Commissioners of Foreign Missions have seriously decreased since August; other Societies show a similar decrease, and if their incomes diminish during the coming, as they have done during the past few months, their position will be most dis-tressing. There are two things which are impera-tive upon Christians; first, to offer earnest prayer

to Him to whom the silver and gold belong, and then to give as freely as God enables them. Let us one and all respond unfeignedly to the sentiment with which this painful paragraph is con-cluded. ducer would accept of prices that would justify the Western merchant in purchasing, the money would be forthcoming. Farmers will not sell until the prices suit their views. It must be the work of time to bring them to a knowledge of the changed state of affairs. We have been in the market all this fall, endeavoring to purchase grain for cash, at such prices as we thought we could stand on a declining market, and we have not been able purchase five hundred bushels of wheat in all the season. You cannot force things ; wait, and we will send the products of the West in due time."

the action of the elements, cause a granulation and loss of tenacity in the iron wire, which must in the end destroy its supporting power. If the re-sults are reliable, the fall of any suspension bridge is only a question of time. It is to be hoped that ped by some strangers, who told him his wheel was coming off. They assisted him to replace it, and as he was about getting into his wagon again, they threw a bag over his head, and robbed him of his gold watch and \$8, and then left him with the bag over his head and tied about the waist so as to in-close his arms. They left him in that condition, from which he was finally released by a farmer who discovered his situation.

IMPORTANT NEWS .- The steamship Arabia, armade seven metres long by six metres wide, which, being laid all in one piece, no beams or vaulting are necessary underneath. The inventor says: ish bayonet, but not without a great loss of rank ish bayonet, but not without a great loss of rank "I fabricate in betons agglomeres, as hard as the best stone, all the parts of a house ; cellars, drains,

solidity, masonry of hewn stone, and in respect to The latest accounts however confirm the belief that The Arabia brings a million of dollars in specie.

TIDAL PHENOMENA.—In contradiction to the es-tablished and popular theory that the moon affects the tides, a scientific writer now argues that they are the effects of the rotary and pendulum-like motion of the earth itself; as, for instance, when the earth is in a certain position upon its axis, the ccean masses flow back upon uniform currents. THE LATE MR. CRAWFORD THE AMERICAN SCULPocean masses flow back upon uniform currents, was never again to take up. Thenceforth the world causing an ebb tide at a particular point, and dur-was never again to take up. Thenceforth the world was to him what it was to Milton-nay, sadder. ing six hours the earth turns one-fourth upon its axis, causing a flow-tide to commence at the first told that a tumor was feeding on his brain. We point, and an ebb tide to commence at a second point, thus onward around the earth, the tides varying according to the time and the relative silently, indeed,—who can wonder ! he had those

osition of the planet upon its axis. THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.—As the moon's axis nearly perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic. is nearly perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, she can scarcely have any change of seasons. But what is still more remarkable, one half of the moon

has no darkness at all, while the other half has A RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENT TALKED OF.has no darkness at an, while the order attenate-two weeks of light and two of darkness alternate-ly; the inhabitants, if any, of the first half, bask for the week with more decided symptoms of im-the business at stantly in earthshine, without seeing the sun, ilst those of the second never see the earth at whilst those of the second never see the earth at all. For the earth reflects the light of the sun to the moon in the same manner as the moon does to the earth ; therefore at the time of conjunction, or new moon, her further side must be enlightened by the sun and the nearer half by the earth ; and at the opposition or full moon, one half of her will be enlightened by the sun, but the other half will be in total darkness. To the lunarians the earth seems total darkness. To the lunarians the earth seems of specie payment was one of the topics of discus-the largest orb in the universe; for it appears to fore than three times the size of the sun, the second board were not so active, and prices of

···· Germany is coming to America, notwithreverse order : for when the moon is full, the earth is invisible to them, and when the moon is new, they will see the earth full. The face of the moon ap-pears to us permanent, but to them the earth pre-sents very different appearances, the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, in the course of each twenty-four hours, successively rivet their attention. The moon being the fiftieth part of the bulk of our globe, we duithin 228 000 miles of us may be brought the reverse order : for when the moon is full, the earth In second wife. The Major took her address, and wrote to her proposing matrimony. She replied, expressing a willingness to superintend (Commo Winter :'' Very good ; but the au-thor draws his picture so vividly, that we can feel (Commo Winter :'') the second with the province of the bulk of our globe, and wrote to her proposing matrimony. She MARRIAGES.

In this city, 8th inst., by Rev. D. C. Eddy, Mr. Duncan Chisholm to Miss Eliza Jane Jewett. 11th Inst., by Rev. A. B. Fuller, Mr. Alfred Fisher, of Alna, Me., to Mrs. A. H. Brown, formerly of Billerica,

Mass. Mass. 12th inst., Nathan Hobart, of Waltham, to Octavia, daughter of Benjamin Hobart, Esq., of Abington. 5th inst., by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Albert F. Chandler to Miss Martha R. Fuller, formerly of Enosburg, Vt. 8th inst., by Rev. W. Gilbert, of West Newton, Augus-tine W. Gardner, Esq., of Columbia, Ill., to Miss Louisa M. Whitman.

tine W. Gardner, Boy, o. Const., by Rev. F. W. Holland, In East Cambridge, 7th inst., by Rev. F. W. Holland, Mr. Edwin A. Hinckley, of Barnstable, to Miss Mary A. Madison, of Cambridge.

In Cambridge, 4th inst., by Rev. Dr. Albro, Addison S. larke, Esq., of Westfield, N. J., to Miss Rebecca H.

Madison, of Cambridge.
In Cambridge, 4th inst., by Rev. Dr. Albro, Addison S. Clarke, Esq., of Westfield, N. J., to Miss Rebecca H. Woodbury, of C.
In Weymouth, by Rev. C. W. Mellen, Mr. Alva S. Morrison, of Braintree, to Miss Lizzie A. Curtis, of W.
In Worcester, 5th inst., by Rev. D. W. Faunce, Mr. Daniel M. G. Merrill, of the Lawrence Courier, to Miss Mary Merriam, of W.
In Hingham, 1st inst., by Rev. Calvin Lincoln, Franklin Curtis, Esq., of Quincy, to Miss Caroline Higgins.
In Worcester, 4th inst., Edward B. Parker, of Boston, to Harriet E. Winslow, of Porland, Me.
In Quincy, 8th inst., by Rev. T. W. Tucker, Mr. Samuel T. Allen to Miss Mary A. Damon, both of Q.
In Hingham, 10th inst., by Rev. Joseph Richardson, Granville M. Clark, of Boston, to Abigail Stephenson, daughter of Capt. James Stephenson, of H.
In Medield, 8th inst., by Rev. J. W. Lathrop, Mr. J.
E. Lynch, of Nova Scotia, to Lucy H. Bryant, of Dorchester, daughter of James Bryant, Esq.
In Methuen, 5th inst., by Rev. Mr. Phillips, Mr. William C. Sleeper to Miss Hattle A., daughter of Hon. Joseph F.
Ingalls.
In Binfalo, N. Y., 4th inst., Mr. D. Wallis Morrison, of

Ingalls. In Buffalo, N. Y., 4th inst., Mr. D. Wallis Morrison, of Cincinnati, Ohio, to Miss M. G. Whitney, daughter of Luke Whitney, Esq., of Ashland, Mass.

DEATHS.

In this city, 10th inst., Abigail Agnes, infant daughter 10th inst., Mrs. Mary Sutton, 77, widow of Abraham Sut-

7th inst., Kendrick Carlisle, 20 yrs. 9 mos. 11th inst, Miss Elizabeth M. Adams, 60, formerly of

9th inst., of consumption, Mr. Edwin Johns, 21 yrs. 6

10th inst., Noah Ridlon, 52.

toth inst., Noah Ridlon, 52. 5th inst., Benjamin Crombie, only son of Henry W. and Harriet E. Crombie, 19 mos. 21 ds. 5th inst., Phineas, Jr., second son of Rev. Phineas and ugusta S. Stowe, 3 mos. 5 ds. 8th inst., suddenly, Mr. Frederic A. Sumner, 59. 4th inst., Mr. William H. Whittemore, 31, son of Mr. oel Whittemore.

An Host., Mr. William B. William Or. 51, son of Mr. Joel Williamore.
In East Boston, 2d inst., Alvine Romunso, son of George W. and Julia A. Grafts, 13 mos.
In Charlestown. 11th inst., Mrs. Sarah Webb, widow of the late Nathan Webb Esq., 88 yrs. 4 mos.
In Somerville, 4th inst., Mrs. Hannah, widow of the late Russell Bailey, of Marblehead, 51 yrs. 4 mos.
In Chelsea, 8th inst., suddenly, William P. Haley, 43.
In Roburry, 7th inst., Mrs. Hannah Watson, 83.
In Brookline, 7th inst., Agnes Winthrop, daughter o J.
Wingate and Elizabeth W. B. Thornton.

Marine Items.

DISASTERS.

Barque Irma, Nobre, from Maracaibo, of and for Phila Barque Irma, Nobre, from Maracaloo, of and for Phila delphia, was driven ashore night of 22d ult, on a reef off Cat Island, San Salvador, during a violent gale from NW, but succeeded in getting off two days afterwards by dis-charging one half of cargo, which was taken on board again, and arrived at Nassau 2d inst, to undergo tempora-ry repairs. She would sail for destination in a few days. Pkt ship Jeremiah Thompson, at New York, loading for iverpool, took fire on Tuesday night about 11 o'clock. The fire was first seen among bales of cotton between decks. The fire department filled the hull with water at 1 AM of Wednesday, and the vessel settled in the mud.

Ship Coquimbo, Blaney, from Callao July 18 for Hamp-ton Roads, put into Pernambuco prev to Oct 13, with fore and mizen masts sprung.

Barque Triton, Cousins, from Calais via Rockland for Barbadoes, put into Portland 8th inst, leaky. Brig Fanny Whittier, (of Boston) Gage, from New York

from Buenos Ayres, put into Pernambuco 13th ult, for re-pairs, having been run into night previous : had foremast and fore yard sprung, starboard rigging cut away, foresail, foretopsail and mainsail split. Barque Yammacraw, Moody, from Manzanilla for Fal-

barque i admatraw, shooy, non maizama for Fai-mouth, E, with a cargo of malogany, was lost on Mari-ner's Reef, 60 miles west of Havana, on the 26th ult. The Y was formerly called the City of Glasgow, and was par-tially burnt in the harbor of Savannah, and afterwards bought and rebuilt by Messrs R A Allen & Son, and E A Soullard, of Savannah, who had her name changed.

Barque Aerial, of (of Newport) Melvill, from Havana, ut into Charleston 7th inst, with crew all sick; one man ad died on the passage. The officers were well.

Sch Esther Burr, (of New Orleans) Ottison, from Havan for Rustin, was capsized at sea in a hurricane Sept 27. he crew cut away the masts, righted her, and succeeded getting the wreck into Sisal, where it was condemned a unworthy to be repaired.

Brig Kineo, of and from Bluehill for Norfolk, with stone, went ashore a mile S of Scituate Light, at 5 PM on Sun-day, in a thick fog: crew safe.

Barque Wm O Alden, Megill, of N York, at Belize, Hond, Infuge who bluck, again, of a lot a second, flow of the forward for which are solved was struck by a sea, no date, &c., which crushed her forward cabin, swept her deck load, and did other injuries. After the gale subsided, and while at anohor on the Bahama Banks, with a large light in her rigging, all her crew being exhausted and worn out, she was run into by a large hermaphrodite brig, which cut and tore her badly, stove her bulwarks, cut through her deck, and her wales planking down a foot under water. The

and her wales planking down a foot under water. The brig then left the barque to her fate, although informed by Capt Megill, that he had lost his boats, and that the water was filling the barque. Barque Ocean [Favorite, (of Bristol RI) Pearce, from Oardenas for Liverpool, put into Charleston 8th inst, in distress, having experienced a heavy gale second day out, and sprung a leak. She was leaking badly, and would probable have to discharge cargo for repairs.

Schr Thacher Taylor, of and for Yarmouth, from Port-and, went ashore on Dennis Point night of 10th inst, and t last accounts remained high up on the ledge, leaky.

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WRITTEN FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH. "MATTIE."_"OLIVE BRANCH."

BY WILLIAM H. DONOHO.

Ah ! vain, indeed, for me the task To picture such a life as thine, So, from the stranger's heart to ask Response to feeling deep as mine ; So that the man of selfish aims Tempted, distraught, by wrong desires, His evil nature curbs and tames And to a holier life aspires; So the most careless shall confess Seeing thee in thy Saviour cease. "Thy ways were ways of pleasantness And all thy paths were peace."

Not yet the winter winds are keen-No snow flake chills the tranquil air ; Still lingering roses cheer the scene, Some faltering leaves the boughs still bear,-And can it be the summer's bloom, The singing bird-the south wind's fled ! The crisp eaves rustling round her tomb? That thou, dear Mattie, thou art dead ?

Ah yes ! we who remain, to mourn ent, changes, and decay, At length to long for that last bourne Where all our winged treasures stay,-Yes, we have seen the glowing year Fade in the ice king's fatal breath. And oh, dear Mattie, seen thee wear The hectic livery of Death.

In its decline we marked the leaf Seem almost portion of the sky, So spiritual, as life grew brief, So heavenly as it came to die :

How could we else than weeping see How nearly it resembled thee? At length the closing scene drew near-

Draw near with me and contemplate ; Sad, yet exulting, see and hear,-Can but the good thus meet their fate? Departing strength of earthly frame--Observe the fluttering pulse and breath :

Increasing strength of soul-(HIS name, His merits)-Where thy sting, oh Death

Her voice grows faint ; so soft, so low, So distant as the end is nigh ; Already seems her brow aglow, Her tones attuned to harps on high.

More feeble still-the murmuring sound Now fails to impress the listening ear Unconscious of the scenes around Her spirit views the heavenly sphere : She smiled-in God's reflected light

She seems transfigured in our sight. Now she would speak again-breathe low ;

Let every priceless word be caught ! Still in that light-failing, and slow ; Poor weary "dove," the "branch" is brought ;-"Beautiful Garden !"- Oh how well

Confirmed its transient place of stay ! The truth His promise can dispel The storm, when sin is washed away "Garden of Eden !"-Now that light Seems to increase-recede-return ; The "dove" is pluming for its flight-

The hovering soul for heaven doth yearn. One faint caress-one last fond ray-

One glance toward the eternal shore-The light goes out on earth for aye-The "dove" will seek the "ark" no more ! Washington City, D. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH. SUMMER'S GONE. Oh, Summer, sweet Summer, say, why didst thou le Oh, where are the nestlings that rocked on the tree, While their parents were joyously singing to me ! And where are the flowers that bloomed by my door ! Alas, I may seek them, but find them no Oh, Summer, sweet Summer, say why didst thou leave ! We garlands of roses no longer can weave !

THE BOSTON OLIVE BRANCH

quilt. She seemed all engrossed with the birds' bill, and spoke to no one. Everybody wonder-

ed if she had heard what they were saving when

she came in-but her pleasant countenance

raised the most fearful, and everyone longed to

commence a personal attack. Old grandma W—— was the first to commence. She meant

to "do up the matter" very delicately, and in

so roundabout a way, that the lady should not

suspect her of curiosity. So she began by

"I bought it," was the quick reply.

"You have, ha; what made you?"

O, I have good reasons.'

'I did not wear it."

began by saying :

"They did," was the reply.

was as good as a confession. "When did he come?"

"Was you looking for him ?"

"Saturday evening.

the place?"

"He had."

"What was it?

for our n

"Here

"Where, then ?"

"No.

high on every match; the men that build yachts and spend their hundreds and thousands a year upon them : the men that have fine clubhouses and give costly suppers and dinners; the men that drink and smoke and gamble; the men that take the lead in all vices, that make women their victims and companions in vice, and support by their patronage all the haunts of vice in every city of America. The natural taste of women, and especially of

Miscellaneous.

LOVE AND DUTY.

BY W. WARE.

"Nonsense, child! Will you forever mourn

is among the invited guests, and it is the fond-

"Mother, my heart is given to another.

"Why will you, child, still cling to that fool-

ish dream? I tell you Frank is either dead, or

"Nay, mother, I cannot think so. I think

"But it is late, and I hear the carriage at the

has forgotten his childish love."

we shall yet hear from him."

into the mind of her daughter.

scheming mothers.

that they are,

articles of dress?

NONE FOR THE MEN.

"In our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy and hard to please."

fear the night is damp.

est wish of my heart to see you his bride."

party.

still lives."

accord with this gaiety."

WRITTEN FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH.

"Come, my dear, are you not ready yet?" American women, is for quiet, innocent and domestic enjoyments. It is the men that per-vert this taste; that encourage pomp and show and finery and sin; that load them with jewelsaid the fashionable Mrs. Sanbourn, as she impatiently waited the appearance of her lovely daughter, who was to accompany her to a large ry, laces, silks, velvets and satins, for the sake of indulging their own vanity; that give them money to spend in sumptuous entertainments,

"One moment, mother, and I shall be ready: because their own names may thus become known to fame as splendid, dashing fellows and but I would so much rather remain at home this evening, I do not anticipate the least en- millionaire joyment. You know, mother, my feelings ill We blush to make all these admissions, for

we are all more or less guilty of one or other of these vices and extravagances. There is scarcely a man in the community who can honthe loss of Frank Marshall? Clarence Laplin estly say that, in the last few years, he has not given way to the prevailing tendency of the American character, and violated the principles

of prudence and economy, if not those of mo-rality. Let us be candid and honest in our Would it be right for me to marry until we know what has become of Frank? I think he amendment. Let us, at the same time, be generous and chivalrous to the women, and not meanly charge upon them the calamities of the country, which are, after all, chargeable only upon ourselves. Let us think of the noble manner in which they have met the present re-

verses; of the readiness with which they have adapted themselves to the altered state of again !" things ; of the words of comfort they have given to those who have suffered ; of the sacrifices she answered : ed my mind.'

door. Wrap your cloak well round you; I they have made and are continually making for the sake of assisting those they love. Let us confide in them, explain to them the Emma Sanbourn was the only daughter of and instruct them in those chapters of political hidden mysteries of finances and speculations, wealthy parents. Her father died when she was but a child, leaving his widow in the pos-in the bitter lesson of the present time. Then we shall find them, after these times are past, session of immense wealth. Emma was at this able to act and live understandingly, and ready

time the reigning belle, and offers not a few to caution and check us when, in a season of were made for her hand. Wealth dazzled the financial prosperity, we show a disposition to rying ground ?" eyes of many a suitor, but all were alike re-jected by the beautiful belle. Her heart was in the possession of one who had four years before our story commences, left his native land in Utah or New Mexico. They have learned and crossed the broad ocean, and to him she had plighted her faith and promised her hand. No tidings of him had reached his early home and founds since he left them and many fillere, and de-serve henceforth to be taken into our confidence. But above all, they deserve to be exonerated from the charge of being, in any considerable the time, and she had worn an old black silk. and friends since he left them; and poor Em-ma knew not whether Frank Marshall was among the living or the dead. Mrs. Sanbourn

thought him dead, and by dint of much arguing at length succeeded in instilling this idea THE WIDOW'S BEAU.

VILLAGE GOSSIP. Services had commenced in the neat, little

Clarence Laplin loved Emma with a pure, sanctuary which the inhabitants of Fairmount unselfish love. He had gained the mother's had consecrated to the service of God. The minister had reached the psalm and Scripture lesson, and the first line of the opening hymn. an unwilling consent from the lips of Emma. Itesson, and the first file of the opening and the lips of people were fixed intently upon him, They were married ; it is useless to enter into for he was not only a good, sound, eloquent the particulars of the event. Suffice it to say they were married in a style seldom equalled the two but of the following one, too, and thus enchained not only the attention of the true but of the false worshipers. The house even in the metropolis of the new world. Emma was in a whirl of gaiety for months after. Perhaps it was best, as it afforded her but little time to think of her absent lover. Was very still—the clear, includes to the or the speaker were the only sounds that throbbed on the balmy, golden air, which the mid-sum-mer Sabbath morn had breathed in that holy was very still-the clear, melodious tones of There was to be a party given of unusual

The first syllable of the second line was trembsplendor on the occasion of the return of a ling on the lips, when a rustle at the door, and the entrance of two persons, a lady and a genamong the invited guests, but had been unable tleman, dissolved the charm. In a second eveto learn the name of the young man in honor of whom the entroted guess, but had been unable is learn the name of the young man in honor of whom the entertainment was given. The eagerness the progressing of the couple. A evening arrived on which the party was to take place. The parlors of Mrs. Hammond were and when quietly seated in the front pew, immediately in front of the pulpit, what a nudgelegantly decorated for the occasion. ing of elbows there was-aye, how many whis Emma, as usual was surrounded by a train pers, too. In vain the sound, the good, the eloquent of admirers, leaning gracefully upon her hus-

band's arm, when the arrival of the gentleman was announced. The name was clearly pro-for anybody else, but the widow, and the widnounced, Mr. Frank Marshall. ow E--'s young, genteel, and dashing-look-A scream, and Emma lay in her husband's ing attendant. How she had cheated them! Hadn't she arms pale and lifeless. It was a long time before they succeeded in producing the first symptom of life in her inanimate form. From that protestations, hadn't she come out all at once hour Emma was a changed being; she lingered dressed in white, and walked into the church a few short weeks, then her broken spirit soar- in broad daylight, leaning on the arm of a ed to its home above. After her death a note young gentleman! Yes, indeed, she had. She would plead guilty was found directed to Frank Marshall, which ran as follows: DEAR FRANK,-I loved you till my dying day. been subpoened : She was actually ut tucked white; a beautiful robe of India mull, tucked Blame me not for breaking my vow. I firmly to the waist with an open corsage, displaying believed you dead, or myself forgotten. Four the elaborately wrought chemisette, draperylong years I waited, hoping to hear from you; but hearing nothing. I concluded you were lost Mechlin lace, undersleeves of the same expenbut hearing nothing, I concluded you were lost to me forever. I gave my hand to Clarence lace hat, with orange bud flowers, white kid Laplin, but my heart was yours. Farewell. We meet no more on earth; may we meet in peat over as soon as the service was ended. Your own EMMA. heaven. Thus are the lives of many young and happy Don't he wear white pants of the latest pat-

palsy seemed to have fallen on the group, as, thing else, we shall be just a hundred dollars looking up, they perceived the very lady about richer.

whom they were conversing so eagerly, stand-ing in the door-way. "Good afternoon, ladies," said she, in her usual quiet way. "I am glad to see so large Mrs. W.-Well, you know I must have a

and happy a gathering. It is a beautiful day new dress this week, and instead of paying for it a hundred and fifty dollars, I propose to take And then she proceeded to the table and advantage of the times and buy one that will helped herself to a block of patchwork, inquired for the sewing-silk, which having received, Mr. W.-Tries to speak, but failing in the

she sat down in the only vacant chair, and com- attempt rushes from the house without even menced hemming a very red bird with a yel- kissing Mrs. W., as he had always done before. low wing on a very green twig, which latter had already been hemmed on to a square piece of cloth, and the whole, when completed, was desired to Edgar? designed to form the twentieth part of a bed-

Curtain Drops.

Bouth's Department.

WHY AUNT HANNAH WAS AN OLD MAID.

"What is that you are talking about, "Why, it is really beautiful. Where did you girls?"

"Why, aunt Hannah, Ellen has been giving me the greatest talking to you ever heard of, just because I climbed the old apple tree in the garden. For my part, I can't see what "In New York, last spring." "O, you did, did you? but I thought you aunty?" terrible harm there can be in it. Do you,

were never going to wear anything but black And the speaker, a fair, healthy-looking Every eye scrutinized the lady's face in search girl, paused for an answer.

Thus appealed to, aunt Hannah smiled some of a blush, but it continued as pale as usual, as what sadly, and said, "I don't know, Jennie, "I did say so once, but I have finally chang- but Ellen is right; but first I will tell you, had it not been for climbing a tree, I should not have been here to answer this question of yours. Here the hearers and lookers on winked and linked, and looked very expressively at each mutu.

"But did you not spoil your beautiful white ess on Sunday night, wearing it up to the bu- should climbing a tree have to do with such a years)-"Shuttin' up, sir !" thought it would have such an effect upon me, Here was a damper to the old lady. She had I guess you wouldn't catch me near one," said ich a long lecture to read on extravagance, Jennie, with her brown eyes opened to their full and she was determined to do it, too, when undimensions. "Do tell us about it, aunty, mayfortunately for her eloquent strain, Mrs. ---- 's dress had hung up in her wardrobe all be it will be an example and warning to me.'

"Well, girls," said aunt Hannah, "the After a while the old lady took a fresh start. year I left school, the high-school I mean, one She would not be so baffled again. She intended and would find out all about her beau be- kept by Mrs. Dawson, of Boston, I had some fore she went home, that she would. So she very grand notions, just as you girls have now, and feeling as if every one must be impressed "Your company went away this morning, and feeling as if every one must be impressed do?" "But as it is never done I thought you didn't they?" do at first sight, that I was an uncommonly smart must have some other way of passing your girl, I held my head as high as if I had been "He didn't stay very long, did he?" "Not so long as I wished he had," was the the President's wife. Well, there was a young doctor living in Cooperstown, and he seemed to aphatic answer. And how the ladies looked at each other. It take a great fancy to me: and I felt that if I got Reuben Marsh (for that was his name,) I should get the best match in Cooperstown. "Well, things went on, and Reuben was at father's every Sunday evening, and sometimes "I had been expecting him for a fortnight or a little oftener. I felt sure he meant some-"Why, du tell if you had then, and you nev-er told on't neither. Had he any business in the greatest lot of linen sheets, and it would have done your eyes good to have seen them, after I had washed and ironed them ; and then This was rather more direct and blunt than the quilts I made ; there was the Irish Chain, the old lady had meant to put, and she forth- the Wild Goose Chase, the Rising Sun, and I with apologized by saying: "I didn't mean that—I—I only thought can't tell what all. I even stitched my name that was to be, in a corner of one of my sheets. O, I'd as lief you'd know as not; he came to but I was careful enough not to let any one see it, I can tell you, for I carried a pretty high O, widow E----, how did your good name head before folks. Well, I had about as much go down, then ! Be careful what you say, or you will only have a remnant of character to done as I dared to do before anything had been go home with—and remnants go very cheap. "He did, did he? and he didn't come for why he did not speak out, when one Saturday

inything else, then ? But was you glad to see morning I started to get some apples, to make "Indeed I was. It was one of the happiest pies of, for we always had to bake up a great many on Saturday, to last over Sunday, you moments of my existence." "Well, well," said the old lady, hardly know. Well, I had got my pan nearly full knowing how to frame the next question ;- when I saw some very large red ones upon the "well-well, he is a real good-looking man, topmost branches of a tree near me, and I reany way.

Witticisms and Anecdotes.

···· Our Mothers-The only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch. Talleyrand, during the revolution. when asked by a lady his opinion of her dress, he replied, "it began too late and ended too

.... It is a very erroneous imputation upon one of our prominent politicians that "he drinks hard." There's nothing in the world that he decrease that he does easier.

· · · · Waiter to a verdant Kentuckian at a New York hotel—"Roast beef, roast mutton, roast turkey, boiled mutton, boiled codfish (pauses for breath.) Verdant Kentuckian-'Yes, I'll take them all."

victed of illegally selling spirits, on receiving sentence, fervently clasped her hands and pray-ed that "his Honor might never live to see his" wife a poor widow, and obliged to sell rum to

support the childer." · · · · A lawyer in one of the western courts and many directions given, to preserve the lately threw a cane at another's head. The court required him to apologize for it. He did so, and added : "While I am about it, I may so, and added is the four preserve the second sec

ly cheated by an old woman stealing a jar of cheapest way that I have ever tried, is to seald whiskey, and leaving a jar of water in its the cider previous to its fermentation. My place, described her as speaking a strange dia-lect, neither Irish nor English. A punster keep sweet and fresh, is to heat it until it boils; said, he had reason to complain of the jar-then take it from the fire and cool it; put it in gon.

···· Grocer-"Well, Augustus, you have been apprenticed now three months, and have seen the several departments of our trade-I wish to give you a choice of occupation." Apprentice—"'Thank'ee, sir." Grocer—"Well

a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb said, "A passive is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as, Peter is beaten. Now what did Peter do?" The boy pausing a moment, with the gravest coun-towname imaginable replied (Well I don't

···· A tidy housewife once said to a slattern, "How do you contrive to amuse your-self?" "Amuse?" said the other, starting, "don't you know I have my housework to do?" "But as it is never done I thought you time.

••••• "Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your solemn oath, declare that this is not your hand-writing?" "I reckon not," was the cool reply.

"Does it resemble your hand-writing ?" "Yes, sir, I think it don't." 'Do you swear that it don't resemble your earats of gold. hand-writing?'

hand-writing ?" "Well, I do, old head." "You take your solemn oath that this writ-ing does not resemble yours in a single let-ter ?"

'Y-e-a-s, s-i-r.'' "Now, how do you know ?" "'Cause I can't write."

· · · · Mr. Jenkins was dining at a very hospitable table, but a piece of bacon near him was so very small that the lady of the house remarked to him : "Pray, Mr. Jenkins, help yourself to the bacon. Don't be afraid of it." 'No, indeed, madam, I shall not be. I've

seen a piece twice as large, and it didn't scare COMMERCIAL BOARDING INSTITUTION. me a bit. \cdots · A lawyer and a doctor were discussing the antiquity of their respective professions, and each cited authority to prove his the most ancient. "Mine," said the disciple of Lycurgus, "commenced almost with the world's era. Cain slew his brother Abel, and that was a criminal case in law." "True," rejoined

The Farm and the Garden.

KEEPING POTATOES IN WINTER .- Potatoes ooil in winter, if buried, from three causes. First and greatest, want of ventilation. Seeondly, and nearly allied, dampness. Thirdly, and more rare, freezing. Farmers find most of their potatoes spoiled at the top of the heap;

where they suppose they became frozen; but the top, with a crowbar, and closed with a wisp of straw, would have allowed egress to the confined air, and saved the potatoes. The best way to secure potatoes out doors, is to make large heaps, say 50 or 60 bushels; see

that they are dry and clean, by digging before wet weather comes on ; cover them all over with one foot of packed straw, and three inch-

How TO PRESERVE CIDER SWEET .- From time to time many ways have been recommended as well apologize beforehand for throwing another cane at him the first chance I get." •••• The Irish shopkeeper, who was late-and inconvenience attends them all; but the casks, and close them air tight. In this way I have kept it without any apparent change until cider that was put up without scalding would be scur enough for good vinegar. How long it may be preserved in this way I do not know, but any one can easily determine by trying the

Yes, girls, chimping a tree made no an oral Apprentice—''Thank'ee, sir.'' Grocer—''Well are an oral apprentice part or the bashness do you have a by the state part or the bashness beyond his best!'' Aug.—(with a sharpness beyond his best!'' one-half, an excellent syrup can be made for culinary purposes, which can be kept for any length of time as well as molasses; and any lengt

tenance imaginable, replied, "Well, I don't know, without he hollered." This apple syrup is valuable as a medicine. I find it much used in this vicinity for the cure I find it much used in this vicinity for the cure of colds and coughs, and I have known fami-

lies who used no other article for their children when troubled in this way.

ACTION AND RE-ACTION IN FARMING .- Never keep animals on a short allowance—if you starve them, they will surely starve you. Although in draining land thoroughly your

purse may be drained, yet the full crops that

follow will soon fill it again. Always give the soil the first meal. If this is well fed with manure, it will feed all else! plants, animals and men.

Heavy carrot crops for cattle will soon return

Every farmer should see daily every animal he has, and inspect its condition. Weekly vis-its, as is the case with some, soon result in weakly animals.

MR. EATON'S COMMERCIAL BOARDI TABLISHED IN WORCESTER, MASS.,

WIGS AND HAIR WORK.

F. BURGESS, manufacturer of every description of and Gent's Hair Work of the most natural and life I rance yet made, consisting in part of Wigs, Top Pieces

B.

Entry, Book attever. Individual instruction—Tuilion for urse \$22. A good, pleasant home in the fan letor with Board \$3.50 per week. Total cos dress WM. H.

Those dear little flowers are scentless, and dead ! Those loved little songsters in numbers have fied ! And the trees, as their leaves they so gently let fall For their own mother Earth are now "weaving a pall !" Oh, Summer, sweet Summer, say, why didst thou leave ? We garlands of roses no longer can weave !

Oh, where are the charms that attracted the eye When the berries were ripening beneath the clear sky? And where are the zephyrs that fanned the fair brow Of the beautiful child who an angel is now? Oh, Summer, sweet Summer, say, why didst thou leave? We garlands of roses no longer can weave !

A beauty is left us that's "passing away !" For the red and the yellow bespeak a decay ! Like the blush on the cheek of the sufferer, we know, The glory around us must very soon go ! Oh, Summer, sweet Summer, say, why didst thou leave? We garlands of roses no longer can weave ! M. D. M.

WRITTEN FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH. WHERE SHALL THE WEARY REST?

BY MRS. CLARA B. HEATH. Where shall the weary rest? On life's dark waves? ab, no,-Their wild and ceaseless flow. No rest, no peace can know, 'Tis all unblest ! Where shall the weary rest? Within the quiet tomb, From whence no voice can come? Yes, that shall be their home,

Their home so blest !

A TRIFLING GIFT.

A triffing gift-one little rose, Just bursting into bloom ! For such the little stranger was, Which came with sweet perfume To cheer me in my loneliness, And drive sad thoughts away ; A foretaste of those gardens fair. Whose flowerets ne'er decay. One little rose ! and yet how much

This welcome gift I prize ! No golden treasure ever seemed So beauteous in my eyes. The kindly tone and look it bore To other charms gave birth, Enhancing, as they clustered there. Its own intrinsic worth.

How oft one kind and gentle word, Will peace and joy impart, And make the warmest sunshine glow Upon the saddest heart. How oft one trifling gift will speak, Where words are needed not ! The heart soon learns the thought to read

That seeks to sooth its lot.

Sweet memories linger round each flower, Which friendship ever gave ; A holy incense floating o'er Each little perfumed grave. From every withered leaf and bud, Flows forth a touching strain,

'Till voice and lute in memory's ear, 'Echo the soft refrain. I dearly love such chosen gifts,

For in them all I find A welcome balm most sweet and pure. To cheer the lonely mind. And nestling 'mid the velvet leaves There seems some fairy fair, In perfumed whispers breathing forth.

The kind thoughts written there. Still come to me in all your pride, Ye blushing roses bright Each petal can a page unfold,

My spirit to delight. I joy to feel your presence near, Surrounding me with love. Like holy angels freely sent,

With blessings from above. Portsmouth, N. H.

THE BAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark and dreary ; It rains, and the wind is never weary ; The vine still clings to the mouldering wall, But at every gust the dead leaves fall, And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ; My he is constant and the wind is never wery; It rains, and the wind is never wery; My thoughts still ding to the mouldering Past, But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast, Aud the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ; Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ; Thy fate is the common fate of all, Into each life some rain must fall, Some days must be dark and dreary. [Longfellow.

creatures shortened by the work of unwise and tern, and a white vest, and a coat of "satin finish," and white kids, too, and don't he sport a massive chain, and didn't he gaze often and lovingly on the fair creature beside him? Yes, he did so, and there is no further room to doubt. Widow E— had cheated them. WORDS FOR THE WOMEN, BUT

She had won a beau, laid aside her mourning, put on her bridal attire, and was going to be The sex has been slandered, and needs and narried in church. Who the beau was, or deserves a vindicator. Women are not, by any means, the authors of our present distresses. whence he came, was more difficult to solve. Service proceeded. The choir sung, and the It is a mean, unmanly spirit that pretends to minister prayed and preached-the people won-

charge the embarrassments of the country upon them. It is bad enough for the poet to declare dered when the ceremony took place. To their utter astonishment they were left to wonder.

For when the benediction was pronounced. widow E---- and the strange gentleman walk-

Let us not, now that our hours of ease are gone, ed with the rest of the congregation quietly and very hard times are upon us, attempt to out of the church. When they reached th shift to their shoulders the responsibility of the panic and misery that prevails throughout the and she placed her hand very confidingly on the fand. The women are said to spend some twenty to thirty millions a year on foreign fin-ery. This may be so, but if it is so, it is but a mere drop in the bucket of our national ex- ries and doubts rolled over and over in the travagance. And even if it is so, do not the brain not only of gossiping ladies, but sober, men encourage them in such expenditure? matter-of-fact. The like of such a thing had never occurred in the village. There was somethem with the money for such expenditure, and thing new under the sun; a lady had a beau, urge them to dress finely, so that they may not and nobody knew it. O, widow E-, didn't your ears burn all be surpassed in the street, at church, at the opera, and at the balls, by the splendor of their at day? We wonder they didn't drop off. Surely they neighbors? Are there not thousands of men, married as well as single, in our large cities, who lavish silks, laces and jewelry upon women The Rev. Mr. D— preached to a crowded

who are not their wives and daughters? Do not the wines, the brandy, the cigars, the broadcloths, the jewelry and the finery of the men equal what the women spend upon foreign articles of dress? railway speed before, they traveled then on the It is a great mistake to attribute all the finan-lectric wires. The minister might have preachcial distress to our expenditures for foreign lux-uries. No; our heaviest indebtedness to for-eign countries, and the consequent calamities alone occupied the village mind—the widow's

in business, are to be attributed to our specu-lations in railroads and other great enterprises, It actually, seemed too, as though the lady In business, are to be attributed to our specu-lations in railroads and other great enterprises, which have done a vast deal for the develop-ment of the wealth, but which has pushed on without the protection of a proper tariff of duties on the materials used, till we are in a state of bankruptcy. Have the women had

anything to do with our railroad enterprises, Look out, widow! your character is on the getting better. Mr. W.—Excuse me, my dear, but I beg you won't say anything about the times ; it except occasionally as innocent and suffering holders of stocks? No; they are all the work If she knew it, apparently she didn't care,

of the men. The hundreds of millions that we owe to Europe for railroad iron and for sub-beau, and the next day with him rambled off owe to Europe for railroad iron and for sub-scriptions to railroad stocks are a debt contrac-ted by the men. All the wild railroad schemes of the West, all the great speculations in lands and town lots in the West, all the magnificent financial enterprises of every part of the coun-try are men's work. The women were never even consulted about them. All the wild-cat, irresponsible banks, in different parts of the land, are men's institutions; all the swindling operations that have been developed by the cri-sis have been performed by men; all the trick-

sis have been performed by men; all the trick- er time. Perhaps you will wonder, too. We ery, the favoritism, the deceptions in different do, at least.

banks have been wrought by men, for their own benefit or for the benefit of other men. All the humbug of the stock-boards, the bulling, the board of the stock-boards, the bulling, the bearing and the gambling, are done by men. home.

The women can only look on at these things, And what a chattering there was when the And what a chattering there was when the my plan. bustle of assemblage was over. There was but my plan. Mr. W.—Object! catch me objecting to anyin helpless, silent inactivity. In all the chief social extravagances of the one topic; but that was all-sufficient, all-entimes, as well as in the wild undertakings of grossing—the widow's beau—for he must be business, it is the men that take the lead. It her beau, or ought to be.

is the men that build brown stone and marble palaces and furnish them with gorgeous uphol-stery; the men that keep fast horses and bet

"I think so, too ; and he is not only good- solved to climb up and get them at all hazards.

"Why, du tell if he is! why, you will live through the orchard but Reuben! I was terlike a lady, won't you? But what is his ribly frightened at the idea of his seeing me perched up in an apple tree, for he was so gen-

"Henry Macon." "Macon-Macon ! Why that was your name teel. No sooner did I see him than I began to before you were married!" "It was."

"Then he is a connection, is he?" "He is."

"Du tell if he is, then. Not a cousin, I me that I lost my footing, and down I fell upnope; never did think much of marriages be- on a limb, after the fashion of little boys who tween cousins." play horse with the broom stick. Just as 1 "Henry is not my cousin. landed, Reuben came up, and the sight of me

"He isn't? Not your cousin! But what connection is he, du tell, now ?" "He is my youngest brother."

He burst into a hearty laugh ; but soon check-If ever there was a rapid progress made in ing himself, he asked me if he could render ewing and knitting by any circle of ladies, it me any assistance, but I was so mortified and was those composing this society for the next me any assistance, but I was so mortified and fifteen minutes. Not a word was uttered, not an eye was raised. Had the latter been done, saying, I exclaimed, 'Go away and mind your

the roguish and expressive glances which pass- own business !' And he did as I requested, ed between Mrs. E and the minister, who, unobserved, had stood on the threshold a sient spectator and a curious hearer, perhaps, good while afterward, told me that he came (mind you, we only say perhaps) they might that morning to ask me to be Mrs. Reuben have guessed more correctly the name, charac-have guessed more correctly the name, charac-ter, standing, and profession of the widow's whom I liked well enough to give up my independence for. But, girls, I always sigh

AURI SACRA FAMES. If some financial Solomon, Before another set of sun, Don't tell us what is to be done To scare up cash, We all, perforce, must cut and run, Or go to smash.

Four weeks ago the precious stuff Was rife and plentsous enough, And no "short shinner" feared rebuff, Who sued for pelf; Sure to hear "flush," or "quantum suff.— Friend, help yourself!"

And confidence was like the air-

Above, around, and everywhere ; and no one took a thought of care

If what seemed so material, were

Now, confidence is in its grave, And Wall street's bravest of the brave Can't summon plack enough to shave The strongest paper; E'en Astor's wins no greeting, save-"Avaunt, thin vapor !

And as for gold, the thics is not-No grain, iota, tistle, jot, Remains of all the glorious lot So lately ours-The whole bright boodle gone to pot With last year's flowers.

A DRAMATIC SCENE.

MR. AND MRS. WIGGINS AT BREAKFAST.

down his muffin, and looks at her seriously.

Mr. W.-Now that sounds like sense. My

dear, you make me feel light-hearted, for to

tell you the truth it is the very thing I wanted to propose to you; but I didn't know how to

do it. You women have such a way. The fact

is, my dear, we must retrench, and no mistake

about it. (Wiggins swallows his mufin whole

were no better.

To ascertain

But mere inan

Guess Mork.

when I see an Apple Tree.

WRITTEN FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH. Enigma. No. 1. I am composed of 21 letters. My 4, 14, 12, 14, is the daughter of Atlas. My 9, 17, is the name of a river in Italy. My 14, 6, 3, is the daughter of Jupiter and goddess of discord My 4, 19, 20, 5, is the name of troublesome animals My 20, 12, 7, 20, 3, is the daughter of Sol. My 13, 21, 7, 20, 3, 7, 10, is the name of a rivr in South America My 7, 14, 7, 12, 1, 14, 15, is the name of a river My 20, 14, 7, 7, 12, 5, is a girl's name. My 20, 14, 7, 7, 16, 8, 15, 14, is the goddess of hor-

My 11, 14, 20, 5, is what ladies use. My whole caused much excitement in New York a few months since. And we must follow it arow, If some financial Solomon Don't tell us what is to be done To raise the "tin"-Banks, nabobs—every mother's son-Must all cave in ! [N. Y. Evening Post.

WRITTEN FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH. Enigma, No. 2.

I am composed of 28 letters. My 18, 24, 18, 7, 4, 2, is the name of a Roman My 18, 9, 20, 28, 13, 4, is the name of a Roman

My 10, 16, 3, 2, " " " " " My 27, 21, 4, 24, 9, 23, """ My 18, 5, 23, 28, 17, 13, 10, 17, 24, 23, 7, is Mrs. W.-My dear, I do hope the times are the name of a Roman ruler. My 25, 22, 10, 28, 16, 4, 24, 18, is the name of

olunderer of Rome. will take away my appetite and spoil the break-My 8, 5, 25, 2, 1, 20, 14, 17, is a ruler of the Turks

Mrs. W.-O! I am sørry. But I- (Hesi-My 27, 26, 9, 4, 13, 6, 11, 19, is a prince of tating.) Mr. W.-But what, Mrs. Wiggins? (Lays North Wales. My 12, 3, 20, 21, 16, 14, 24, 18, is a German

My 15, 7, 14, 21, 24, 23, 9, 10, 8, " " Mrs. W.-I just thought I would make a proposal to retrench our expenses, if the times

My whole often appear in "print." PHILADELPHIA.

> WRITTEN FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH. Charade. No. 3.

> > L. N. G.

joints.

My first by kings was once retained And from his wit much pleasure gained, My next in iron you behold, In diamonds but not in gold. My whole requires no artist's skill

3-Napkin.

Answers

and empties his coffee cup at a gulp, with im-mense satisfaction in his countenance.) Mrs. W .- I knew you would not object to To draw it -brutes the office fill.

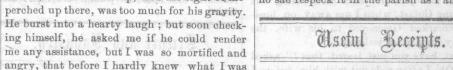
thing you propose, my love. Mrs. W.—Well, my dear, I can save you T6 Enigmas and Charade in our last number : 1-The Financial Crisis. 2-A Family Newspaper.

Mrs. W.-And if you can save fifty in some-

Esculapius, "but my profession is coeval with the creation itself. Old Mother Eve was made out of a surgical operation." The lawyer dropped his green bag.

"I think so, too ; and he is not only good-looking, but he is good-hearted—one of the best men I ever knew." "You don't say so ! but is he rich? "Worth a thousand or so," said the lady carelessly. "Why, du tell if he is ! why, you will live

···· A Scotch minister rebuked his man John for getting occasionally a little elevated in the course of his perigrinations on sessional scramble down as fast as I could, when my in the course of his perigrinations on sessional business, and John excused himself on the plea that the countryfolk pressed him so heartily to take a dram. "John," replied the minister in a tone of grave rebuke, "I also visit my people, but reheat thiss, valleys, giens, stone, gravel, mucs, and, indeed every-of depot on Worcester road, and, also, of one on the Charles Newton is the healthiest town in the State ; the mortality for same years, averaging only one in 35.-9, whereas, during the same years, it averaged in the State ; the mortality for County, one in 35. The population is more than 7000, and there bust reheat the schools are of the bust reheat. hair caught upon an ugly limb, and down it came around my shoulders. This so confused but nobody thinks of treating me. "Ay, but," said John, that's maybe because you are no sae respeck it in the parish as I am."



BREAD .--- It is said that one of the most wholesome kinds of bread that can be used is made thus, without salt, saleratus, yeast, or ca

made thus, without salt, saleratus, yeast, or rising of any sort: Take bolted or unbolted flour or meal; thor-oughly moisten the whole with pure soft wa-ter, scalding hot, that is about one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit, make it up firm, not sticky, then roll and cut it in strips, or in any other form, not over a quarter of an inch thick, and half an inch broad. Bake quickly in a hot oven until the water has nearly all evaporated. and half and then broad. Bake quickly in a hot oven until the water has nearly all evaporated. Hydropathists say that a sweeter bread than this was never tasted. It certainly is pure bread, cannot sour, will keep almost indefinite-ly; and, if made of unbolted flour, must be the most heathful and nutritious bread that can be prenared. Built people won't use it Tours with respect, BuFUS PRATT. the most heithful and nutritious bread that can be prepared. But people won't use it, because they have not been accustomed to it —just as Hans would never use an iron tire to his cart wheel, because he had never seen

anything that has unmixed good in it.
LEMON CAKES.—Quarter as many lemons as you think proper; they must have good rinds.
Boil them in two or three waters till they are tender and have lost their bitterness. Then skin and put them in a napkin to dry. With a knife take all the skins and seeds out of the pulp; shred the peels fine, and put them into the pulp. Weigh them, and put rather more than their weight of fine sugar in a stew-pan, with just safficient water to dissolve the sugar. Boil it till it becomes perfectly dissolved, and then, by degrees, put in the peel and pulps. Stir them well before you set them on the fire. Boil the whole very gently until it looks clear and thick, and then putit into flat-bottomed glasses. Set them in a stove and keep them in

glasses. Set them in a stove and keep them in a continual and moderate heat, and turn them Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer.

out upon glasses as soon as they are candied. SAGO PUDDING .- Boil two ounces of sago with

Sago Pudding.—Boil two ounces of sago with some cinnamon, and a bit of lemon peel, till it becomes soft and thick. Mix the crumb of a small roll finely grated, with a glass of red wine, four ounces of chopped marrow, the yolks of four eggs well beaten, and sugar ac-cording to taste. When the sago is cold add this mixture to it; stir the whole well togeth-er, and set it in a moderate oven to bake. When done stick it over with citron cut in pieces and afterwards blanched and cut in pieces, and afterwards blanched and cut in REV. D. T. WOOD, Middletown, New York. "My own halr slips.

HARD GINGERBREAD.—Take 1 1-2 cups sugar; 1-2 cup sweet milk;
I-2 teaspoonful of soda and 1 of cream of tartar; 1 egg, and ginger enough to suit taste, or cinnamon and nutmeg may take the place of ginger. Knead in flour to make a very hard dough and roll to thickness of pie-crust. With white granulated sugar, an extra nice cake is produced.
A CEMENT FOR STOPPING THE FISSURES OF IRON VESSELS.—Take two ounces of muriate of am-

VESSELS.—Take two ounces of muriate of am-monia, one ounce of flowers of sulphur, and York "Recommends it. monia, one ounce of flowers of sulphur, and sixteen ounces of cast-iron filings or turnings: mix them well in a mortar, and keep the pow-der dry. When the cement is wanted, take are rort of this and trent wanted, take and retail merchants in the U.S., Cuba, or Canada. one part of this and twenty parts of clean iron

Depot, 355 Broome street, N. Y. mortar, mix them with water to a proper consistence, and apply them between the joints.

tle snuff, to keep you awake?'' "Doctor," was the reply, "would it not be well to put a little snuff in the sermon?'' an be found, within the same distance of boston, that can com-are with this for convenience and beauty of location. The land borters on a handsome pond a quarter of a mile ong, and contast as also, a small pond of more than a quarter of un acre, already so ked with fish. There are woods, groves, alls, valleys, giens, stone, gravel, muck, and, indeed every-hing on it to make a most splendid country seat—within a mile of de pot on Worcester road, and, also, of one on the Charles River Branch.

highest order. For further particulars inquire at Olive Branch Office. 14-tf

FINE HEAD OF RICH GLOSSY HAIR.

Talk of beauty, it cannot exist without a fine head of hair,

DROFESSOR WOOD'S HAIR RESTORA-

to his cart wheel, because he had hered using the swen summer a polynomial to be straight of the system of the sys

IT IS NOT A DYE.

GRAY haired, bald, or persons with diseases of hair, or scalp, read the following and judge of the articles. Mrs. S. A. Allen's Zylobalsamum,

HARD GINGERBREAD.—Take 1 1-2 cups su-REV. JAMES MCKEE, New York City, Recommends it, &c. REV. W. PORTEUS, Stanwich, Com. "It has met my most