

*Handwritten:*  
H. W. ...  
1860

THE  
**Deal-Leaf.**

A RECORD OF THE

**ESSEX INSTITUTE FAIR,**

**HELD AT SALEM,**

**SEPT. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8,**

**WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBERS,**

**SEPT. 10, 11,**

**1860.**

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1860,  
By HENRY WHEATLAND, Secretary,  
IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE FOR THE DISTRICT COURT OF MASSACHUSETTS.

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Add the following names to the List of Tables, Directors and Attendants, printed on the 53d page :

TABLE NUMBER ONE.

Miss Sarah A. Pope, Miss E. M. Putnam.

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Miss Mary S. Ropes.

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Miss R. R. Nichols, Miss Mary Osgood.

NUMBER SIX.

Miss Martha Treadwell, Miss H. Russell.

REFRESHMENT TABLE.

Miss Eliza Newhall.

On page 50, line 30, for "apparatus" read "approaches."

Wherever "C. W. Tracy" occurs, read "C. M. Tracy."

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*Huntzine*

# Weal-Real.

Number 1. ESSEX INSTITUTE FAIR. Sept. 4, 1860.

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## WEAL-REAL.

PUBLISHED BY  
CHARLES W. SWASEY,  
AT HIS  
Book and Job Printing Office,  
193 ESSEX STREET,  
SALEM, MASS.

### WELCOME.

We welcome to our Hall and Fair  
All who would aid in Learning's cause!  
The noble work we fain would share,  
Which man to clearer knowledge draws.

With still increasing light it beams,  
As we the world around explore;  
From earth and sky its radiance streams,  
That all may see, believe, adore.

The beast, the bird, the fish, the shell,  
The flower, the crystal from the mine,  
Have each some word of truth to tell  
Of the Creator's vast design.

But oft with un instructed eye,  
And soul unmoved, on these we gaze;  
And e'en the glories of the sky  
No knowledge show, call forth no praise.

From Learning's hall to Nature's page  
With more enlightened minds we turn;  
Delighted still from youth to age  
New charms to see, new truths to learn.

As Nature to her children all  
Opens her realms of wonder wide,  
Aid us that Learning's sun-lit hall  
To none who seek may be denied.

### WHAT WE PROPOSE.

The objects of this publication are several: in the first place, we need scarcely say, our object is to increase the little fund with which we are to pay off a debt of the Essex Institute. When it was moved to its present quarters, considerable expense was incurred in removing the library and cabinets, and in fitting up shelves and cases to receive the collections in Natural History. This, by the liberality of private individuals, was greatly reduced; but still a balance remained due to the workmen, for meeting which, money was borrowed of the Savings Bank, and this borrowed money is still unpaid. It is due to the gentlemen who made the contributions above mentioned, to say that they have generously given all that they subscribed, without expectation of any return, and that the debt, which the Institute seeks to cancel, is what was incurred in addition to their contributions above described.

Again, it has been thought best that some record should be made of the sayings and doings of the Essex Institute Fair; an event which will be made worthy of remembrance, if taste and spirit ever deserve a record. These sheets will preserve the very soul of the enterprise, and make a living history of an epoch in the career of the Institute.

We trust our pages may be inspired with the same enthusiasm with which the whole enterprise has, so far, been conducted; and we

ask for contributions from all who feel an interest in our success.

But we have another purpose. As an advertising medium we hope to prove of service to buyers and sellers at the Fair. By presenting in each paper a catalogue of the different articles offered for sale, with references to the table where each may be found, we shall, as *cicerone*, guide all who accept our services at the Hall door. Thus, we shall not only save them time in the selection of articles, but also give them a general notion of what we have to offer, better than they can obtain in any other way, without great search.

Five numbers of this publication may be looked for;—one on the morning of each day of the Fair. They will contain, besides business notices, sketches of the progress of the Fair, and announcements of the evening entertainment, one or more serial stories, together with verses and short articles—all original; for which we hereby express our thanks to the generous contributors.

The alacrity with which our calls were answered, demands at least this recognition from the editors and managers.

A NEWS BOX will be found at the periodical table near the entrance of the Hall, which will receive, confidentially, all papers committed to its secrecy. And we beg our correspondents not to distrust, but rather to felicitate themselves, should their offerings fail to appear at once. Let them remember that we have four remaining days of the week before us, and that we must keep back some of our best things for Saturday's issue, if we would make good the bard's prophetic verses:

"The four first acts already passed,  
The fifth shall close the drama with the day!  
Time's noblest offspring is the last!"



**PLUMMER HALL.**

This building was erected in 1856, from funds left by the late Miss CAROLINE PLUMMER to the Proprietors of the SALEM ATHENÆUM.

The first story is appropriated to the collections of the ESSEX INSTITUTE, and has two ante-rooms,—one of which contains the herbarium, the other the historical collections. A large Hall in the rear has been finished expressly for the arrangement of the specimens in geology, mineralogy, and zoology.

The second story has a similar arrangement of rooms. The western ante-room is appropriated to the use of the librarian, and some of the principal works of reference, and the new books belonging to the Salem Athenæum; the eastern, to bound volumes of newspapers belonging to the Essex Institute, and the Library of the Essex South District Medical Society. The large Library Room is in the rear. The alcoves on the western side contain the Library of the Salem Athenæum; those on the eastern, that of the Essex Institute. The Libraries of the two societies number about 25,000 volumes.

Miss Caroline Plummer, whose bequest

founded the Hall above described, was the second of seven children of Dr. Joshua Plummer of Gloucester. She was born Jan'y 13, 1780, and died May 15, 1854. Dr. Plummer married in 1777, Olive Lyman, daughter of Rev. Isaac Lyman of York, and sister of Theodore Lyman, the late eminent merchant of Boston. Dr. Plummer moved to Salem soon after the Revolution, and died young, in 1791, and his wife in 1802, leaving five children.

Belonging to a family of marked intellectual attainments, she was early noted for her love of literature, her intellectual gifts and graces, and powers of conversation. Her education was of a high order. Her only school teachers were Mrs. and Miss Higginson—the latter of whom is well known to very many, who still look back with pleasure to the early instruction they received from her.

In Salem she found her friends and associates among the most refined and cultivated people of that day. Dr. Bowditch was ever her truest and most constant friend, and always esteemed most highly her rare integrity, honor and acquirements.

But the loss of her father and mother and sisters, which so early clouded her life, was rendered more singularly afflictive by the death of one after another of her brothers.— One perished by the hands of Indians while peaceably trading with them upon our North-west Coast at the age of 17 years; another was lost at sea in December, 1812, returning home from Russia—the ship in which he sailed never having been heard from after leaving port; and a third died by fever at Havana, in November, 1813.

About this time her only remaining brother, Ernestus Augustus, came home from his long residence abroad to mingle his tears with hers.

Now she "looked to him for her whole happiness;" and he "devoted to her his attention and his love." But within ten years he too was taken away, leaving her alone to cherish her grief in retirement, with none but intimate friends, whose sympathy could alone appreciate all her sorrows.

He died in Salem, in September, 1823.— The surviving sister, after years of lingering illness, died, as has been said before, on the 13th of May, 1854, leaving large bequests to Harvard College, to the City of Salem for a Farm School of Reformation for boys, and the Salem Athenæum.

The following is the clause of her will relating to the Athenæum :

" I give and bequeath to the Proprietors of the Salem Athenæum the sum of Thirty Thousand Dollars, directing said bequest to be very distinctly recorded as a gift from my beloved brother Ernestus A. Plummer, I making the bequest in conformity to what I think would have been his wish; he having felt a deep interest in the welfare of this literary institution, and the observatory [at Cambridge] having been furnished with large additional funds. The said sum of thirty thousand dollars shall be appropriated to the purchasing a piece of land in some central and convenient spot in the city of Salem, and for building thereon a safe and elegant building of brick or stone, to be employed for the purpose of depositing the books belonging to said Corporation, with liberty also to have the rooms thereof used for meetings of any scientific or literary institutions, or for deposit of any works of art or natural productions. Should said library ever become a public one, this bequest shall not be forfeited. I expressly prohibit any part of said building or its cellar from being used as a public or private

office of business or place for the sale or deposit of merchandize, being unwilling that said building should be used for any purposes which might endanger by fire the valuable library therein contained. The said building to be erected and the books belonging to the said Corporation to be deposited in it, within three years from the time of receiving my legacy or of my decease."

Thus by the noble bequest of this woman has an impetus been given to the cause of Literature, Science, and Philanthropy, which will ever render her name respected, honored and beloved, not alone in the City of Salem, but wherever learning and liberality can be found.

**LADIES! IS THIS A FAIR HIT?** In view of the embarrassment attendant upon selecting from amongst the applicants for admission to the projected Home for Aged Women, it has been thought safe enough to admit all those who will confess themselves to be "elderly."

Wherein lies the difference between a stock broker and a broker's stock?

One is agent for property, and the other a proper tie for a gent.

#### **Conundrums, Epigrams, &c., Wanted.**

A large quantity of the above, as fresh as possible, will be received at this office in exchange for stale ones, of which we have a goodly store on hand for those who prefer them well seasoned. Those are preferred which do not require a microscopic examination to find the point, and have salt enough in them to keep good through the week. Please to drop them into the News Box. We require a large stock, to take the place of the popular distich, to which we hope not to be obliged to resort again:

"These two lines, that look so solemn,  
Are stuck in here to square the column."

## **Wear-Beaf.**

An ephemeral publication, in five daily numbers. It will be devoted to the interests of the Essex Institute Fair, and will contain a catalogue and advertisements of the articles to be bought there, with sketches of objects of general and historical interest in and about Salem; a review of the origin and history of Essex Institute, Plummer Hall, and the Fair itself; and much original literary matter, both prose and verse, contributed by writers of such eminence as G. W. Curtis, Fitch Poole, Rev. Jones Very, Rev. C. T. Brooks, C. W. Tracy, Nath'l Hawthorne, and many other friends.

Published every morning, and for sale at the Periodical Table, near the entrance of Mechanic Hall, where all communications to the Editors may be deposited in the News Box.

### **L'ENVOI.**

Go, little skiff! and make thy way  
Adown the course of years!  
Kind favor's breeze forbids thy stay,—  
The smile of Beauty cheers!  
Spread wide thy five well-sprinkled sheets  
To catch the favoring gale,—  
For every puff thy progress greets  
Must help to swell the sale.  
Thy crew and builders,—what of them?  
Loud fame shall never tell  
How one or t'other spelt his name —  
A name is but a spell!  
Enough, if one who, studious, pores  
'Mongst shelves with vermin laid,  
"Where grateful science still adores  
"Her Henry's reverend shade,"  
Shall find, pinned up against the wall,  
This poor dismembered wing,—  
If worth a place in Plummer Hall  
Be deemed the song I sing!  
And there, transfixed, through dusty time  
This tattered ensign hang,  
Unknown the subject of the rhyme,—  
Thy Bard,—the age he sang.  
The wondering Naturalist shall pause  
And note that thou hast been;  
And, striving hard to classify,  
Shall strive in vain, I ween.



### THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S VISION.

Peter Stacy, the sexton of one of the largest parishes in Salem, was a man of quiet habits, and studious for one of his station and pursuits. He was accustomed to employ much of his time in reading, and to gratify this desire in the most effectual and yet in the cheapest way, he availed himself of the use of the Library of the Essex Institute. Here he might be often seen, seated away in a quiet alcove, poring over some old volume of the Institute or Athenæum Library. His tastes led him to works of Philosophy, Metaphysics and Mythology, Grecian, Roman and Egyptian. He was also a dreamy reader of the writings of Swedenborg and of the school of modern German Transcendentalists. He thus became interested in the old belief of the transmigration of souls, until he was led to hold Pythagorean views of Metempsychosis. He would even stoutly argue and make a defence of this doctrine, when he was sure it would not reach the ears of his minister. It was thus that he got possession of this idea—or rather, the idea got possession of him—that souls could and did migrate from one body to another.

One warm afternoon, early in September, as the sexton was seated in his arm chair, meditating on his favorite theory, he was summoned to dig a grave for the body of Capt. Marlin, a retired sea captain, and a member of the Old Marine Society. The Captain was an old salt, of full habit of body and little exercise, except his daily walk from his home to the Insurance Office, and therefore it was no wonder that he should die of apoplexy. His sudden death made it expedient to name the next morning for the funeral, so the grave must be dug on that afternoon. The Sexton went to the burial ground with his implements

of labor, but he met with unexpected obstacles in his work. The ground was an ancient place of burial, and so densely populated that every new tenant was sure to displace some former one. Twice he selected spots where he found coffins too little decayed to warrant him in disturbing their contents, and when he had selected a third, twilight was fast coming on. He, however, toiled on and excavated nearly to the required depth.

He now found a new obstacle, which threatened to make all his previous labor unavailing. His spade struck upon a substance which he knew from long experience in the sound, was a coffin in a good state of preservation. It projected about a foot into the newly made grave; yet he must get rid of the incumbrance. He accordingly struck down with all his strength upon the wood, which gave back a hollow sound as before. The hollow sound was followed by an articulate one, as of a human voice! It is but natural to think that this was a cause of terror to the sexton. It had no such effect, for Peter stooped down and putting his ear to the coffin head, calmly asked Who was there? The voice answered, and a short dialogue ensued, by which Peter ascertained that his imprisoned companion was one of his predecessors in office, who had now lain over twenty years in his subterranean abode. He also told Mr. Stacy that the earth lay lightly on his coffin, so that by the exertion of a little power it could be projected forward.

Peter Stacy was delighted with this intelligence, and with all his might gave the coffin such an impetus that it was projected farther than he expected or intended, he himself going with it through empty space,—down—down—down, he knew not whither! For a time, and he knew not how long, Peter lost

his consciousness, but when he came to himself he was gratified to find that he stood on the middle of the Common, with his predecessor by his side, divested of coffin and grave clothes, but in a rather ancient costume. It was singular that this great and sudden change which happened to Peter Stacy did not more astonish him. He only looked upon it as a happy relief from his anxieties, and with calmness surveyed the open field around him, which was once his favorite play ground.

(To be continued.)

### JANET WALFORD'S PORTRAIT.

Of the company who removed out of the New Plymouth Colony to Mishawum, was Thomas Walford, a smith. A young, industrious, sensitive man, he found the severity of ecclesiastical discipline repulsive, and, upon proper consultation with his wife Janet, he finally put his tools together and departed. At home in England he had been called a dreamer, he was so reserved in speech, and so intense in feeling. But always sweet and gentle, the homage of the husband to Janet was as constant and thoughtful as that of the lover.

Since their arrival in the colony however, a cloud had been slowly gathering over their happiness. While he hammered iron into coarse shapes with lusty blows, whose clear ringing seemed to Janet the sweetest music she had ever heard, he mused, and wondered, and doubted until he was ready to accuse himself of being the chief of sinners in persuading his wife to leave their English home. Had he been more religious in the grim fashion of those times, he would have escaped this vague remorse. But Thomas and Janet came to New England as poets, not as pilgrims. They came in the visions of

a softer land, in which life might be less laborious. They had pictured New England in the spirit of Captain Smith's description:—

“Here nature and liberty affords vs that freely which in *England* we want, or it costeth vs deereley. What pleasure can bee more than being tired with any occasion a shore, in planting Vines, Fruits, or Herbes, in contriuing their owne grounds to the pleasure of their owne minds, their Fields, Gardens, Orchards, Buildings, Ships, and other workes, &c. to recreate themselves before their owne doors in their owne Boats vpon the Sea.” “What sport doth yeeld a more pleasing content, and lesse hurt and charge than angling with a hooke, and crossing the sweet aire from Ile to Ile, ouer the silent streames of a calme Sea, wherein the most curious may finde profit, pleasure and content.”

With this vision of half tropical delight in their minds, the young pair had crossed the sea; and New England was a blank disappointment to them. The bleak landscape was less forbidding than the bleak life and the bleak men. To their imaginations, which had feasted at home upon the expectation of the simple and lovely charms of nature, the Puritan ban upon enjoyment was frightfully repulsive. Thomas, who had no stomach for martyrdom, held his peace and chafed silently, not caring to provoke discipline. He beat out all his disappointment and indignation into horse-shoes, and bolts, and bars. The more he inwardly protested, the more ponderously fell his mighty hand. But all the while the disappointment beat in turn upon his mind, and his Janet, whom he dearly loved, saw that he was more and more silent, and sad, and shy.

(To be continued.)

Who is the great poet of nature?

Jack Frost, for he clothes everything in rime.

## THE GARDEN OF THE SEA.

In making some repairs, the workmen found in the deep water at Essex Bridge, (connecting Salem with Beverly,) many exceedingly beautiful forms of Zoophytes; such as different colored *Actinias*, the *Tubularia indivisa* and Molluscs, in such abundance as to resemble a flower garden.

Earth is with flowers bestrewn,  
No spot devoid of them:  
From Pole to Pole, from Zone to Zone  
They form her Diadem!

The loftiest alpine height,  
The deepest, shaded glen,  
The desert arid, savage, wild,  
Are visited by them.

In crevice of the rock  
Securely waves the sedge,  
The daring hare-bell flings its spray  
Over the craggy edge.

Man feels their power divine,  
Their beauty cheers his soul,  
And some sweet flower, some tiny plant  
Tells of a High Control!

And hoary Ocean's Caves  
Are strewn with blossoms too!  
And myriad flowers its depth's bedeck  
And fill its waters blue.

And mimic forms of bloom  
There spring; the higher grade  
Of Life's great purpose to sustain,  
In wondrous beauty made.

The Sea Anemonies  
The richest tints can boast,  
Adorning many a rocky cave  
Along our surf-beat coast.

The Tubularias  
Are clustered, crystal cells,  
Within whose lengthened narrow walls  
The rosette floret dwells.

The Coral's lime-built base,  
Bright, starry flowers adorn,  
Like to some cultured garden's grounds,  
Refreshed by dewy morn.

And Sertularias, too,  
Wave like the plummy heads  
Of grasses bending with the breeze  
On the tilled fields and meads.

And Sponges, emerald green,  
A verdant carpet weave,  
Or hang in festoons in the rifts  
Where beats the murmuring wave.

Boast not, that earth alone  
Is garlanded with flowers.  
Earth has her bloom, the Sea has his,  
And fairer still his bowers,  
Where sport the Nereids of the deep  
To spend their joyous hours!

## THE CURWEN HOUSE.

Abridged from the Historical Collections of the Essex Institute, for October, 1890.



THE Curwen House, on the corner of Essex and North Streets, Salem, Mass., was erected A. D., 1642, by Capt. George Corwin, a very eminent and wealthy merchant of the place. He was born in England, 10th December,

1610, at Workington, Cumberland County, and held various offices of trust and honor in the Colony till his death, January 3d, 1685.

The house was occupied successively by several of his descendants, who likewise were distinguished.

In 1692 this house was in the possession of Hon. Jonathan Corwin, son of Capt. George, who was one of the Special Court of Oyer and Terminer, established that year for the trial of persons accused of witchcraft.

In the eastern front lower room some of the unfortunate accused were brought before Judge Corwin and other magistrates for their preliminary examination; but they were tried and condemned in the Meeting House, which stood where the church of the First Religious Society now stands, at the corner of Essex and Washington streets.

Capt. George Corwin, on whom, as Sheriff of the county, devolved the duty of executing the persons condemned for witchcraft, was nephew of Hon. Jonathan Corwin — but he never lived in the house. At the time of his death (1696) the excite-

ment against him was so great, owing to his official share in the witchcraft troubles, that his friends were unable for a long time to carry his body to the family tomb, and his remains were kept buried in his cellar until the excitement was over.

The house in its original form was quite an imposing structure for the day in which it was built. As it was erected, there were six stone steps from the ground to the front door, but by the raising of the street and settling of the house there is now but one. A porch, with a gable end, projected from the front of the house, with the front door in it, which opened into a spacious hall, and over the hall was a chamber. On either side of the porch were gables, (all the gables being surmounted by ornaments,) and on the back of the house was a one-story kitchen.

In 1746 the gables and porch were removed—two kitchens with chambers were added on the back of the house—the one story kitchen taken away—and the gambrel roof put on which now covers it.

The family name has been spelt at different times *Corwin*, and *Carwen*. The arms of the family are at the beginning of this article.

DO WHAT IS RIGHT, BECAUSE IT IS RIGHT.  
A wise man of the East was once in Rome, when the Empress lost a costly diadem, and it was found by him. Then all through the streets of the city, it was proclaimed, "The Empress has lost a costly diadem; whoever will return it within thirty days, shall receive a princely reward. But whoever delays, and returns it after thirty days shall be beheaded." Then the wise man waited, and returned it exactly when the thirty days had expired. "Were you not in the city before?" she asked. "Certainly, I was," he answered. "And did you not understand the proclamation?" "Perfectly," he said. "Then, why did not you return the diadem within the thirty days?" inquired the Empress.

"That you might perceive, that I did not return it on account of the reward you offered, nor from fear of your punishment, but simply to obey the command of my God, that tells me to keep from no one, that which rightly belongs to him."

"Praise to thy God," answered the Empress, and graciously dismissed the wise man.

## RHYMES AT SEA.

Black scowling clouds o'erhurling the deep;  
Where'er could reach the straining sight,  
The white-maned billows seemed to leap,  
And flash a white and ghostly light.

The pureness of that wondrous white—  
To memory's eye it stands alone;  
It glistened through the coming night,  
Like glimpses of the "great white throne,"

By one, of old, on Patmos seen,  
Who paced a rocky sea-beat strand,  
Where Ocean's surges rolled between  
The exile and his native land.

And might not, here, the spirit view  
That throne of snowy majesty,  
And Him who sat upon it, too,  
The Ruler of the raging sea?

Before our vessel's plunging prow,  
Yawned gloomily the giant wave,  
And frowned, a towering mountain, now,  
As if to topple on her grave!

But, lo! behind us—(what a sight  
The trustless, fainting heart to cheer,  
And shed from heaven a rainbow light  
Of comfort in the night of fear!)—

There, tranquil, as on some still lake,  
By summer-breathings lightly fanned,  
A group of sea-birds sit and take  
Their evening meal from God's own hand.

See them, far down yon watery dell,  
'Neath liquid mountains, steep and high,  
Now lifted by the billowy swell  
Far up against the blackened sky!

Still calm they sit, and calmly ride,  
Whether the billows sink or swell;  
Beneath God's wing they still abide,  
And in his house of safety dwell.

He spreads their table in this wild,  
This grim and watery wilderness;  
And shall, for man alone, his child,  
The Father's love and care be less?

Nor soon shall I forget the scene,  
Nor soon forget the holy hour,  
When mercy showed her gentle mien  
Amidst the dread displays of Power!

Hawthorne

# Weal-Leaf.

Number 2. ESSEX INSTITUTE FAIR. Sept. 5, 1860.

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## WEAL-LEAF.

PUBLISHED BY

CHARLES W. SWASEY,

AT HIS

Book and Job Printing Office,

193 ESSEX STREET,

SALEM, MASS.

### JANET WALFORD'S PORTRAIT.

(Continued.)

In Janet, however, the imagination, which had deceived, began now to adorn. Since the land was not what they hoped and expected, it should be the best that good humor and a brave heart could make it. If any child found an unknown berry, or a strange flower or leaf, it was brought at once to Janet Walford, who knew more of such matters than any body in New Plymouth. Her house was a pretty bower. You could have told the time of the year by the flowers upon her table. Janet was not exactly beautiful to those who did not know her. There was neither great symmetry of feature nor delicacy of color in her face. Her eyes were an honest gray,—her hair was an honest brown,—and she had honest, rosy cheeks. But the gray, and the brown, and the rose would not have seemed especially lovely to a casual eye. She had beauty doubtless, but it was prose beauty, as it were, not poetry.

She was very willing to go with Thomas to the green shores of Mishawum, and in the de-

gree that it was unlike New Plymouth it resembled the happy land to which they had dreamed they were coming. At least the bright air was less clouded by the sad garments and solemn faces of the dwellers beneath the hill at Plymouth, and the merry song of the birds was less mingled with the austere grave sound of the voices of the Pilgrims. Walford had little employment at his trade, but he busied himself with his garden, and he and Janet wandered along the shores and in the woods as far as they safely might, and occasionally held discourse with Roger Conant.

But Janet could not fail to see that the true temper of her husband's mind was touched. It was not easy to say how. There was an occasional impotence—a word, now and then even a look, which she understood,—and they told the story, and not a little alarmed her. The more, however, she thought she perceived it, the more diligently she concealed her suspicion and maintained an equable sweetness of demeanor. "You are so good, dearest—I love you so dearly," said her husband, "that it is strange you are not the most beautiful woman in the world."

He smiled as he spoke,—but a little chill crept over his wife's heart. She tried hard not to betray it, for he was studying her face with a scientific look, as it were,—as if to settle how it was that she was only just what she

was. His words seemed to have pushed her away, and yet she felt that he had not spoken with an unkind intention. Nevertheless the tears came to her eyes. She felt a foreboding at her heart.

While they yet sat silent a stranger appeared. The sight was so unusual that Thomas Walford and his wife rose and went towards him. It was a young man of Thomas's age, with a small pack in his hand, but of gayer and more courtly dress than was the fashion at New Plymouth, and his face was the best possible introduction. A few minutes had made the three acquaintances and almost friends. The stranger told his hosts that he had but lately come from England: not because of any religious call, but of a burning desire to forget among new and savage scenes some secret and consuming sorrow. His years hardly permitted the idea of a very long or very various experience; and his manner was unostentatious, but of a half-subdued melancholy, which verified his words.

"And, so as Mistress Margery would not smile, I came hither. It is not a new story, nor a very interesting one to strangers, and yet I believe it is one universally understood," he said, glancing pleasantly at Thomas Walford and his wife.

"Yes, yes," replied Janet, soberly, "that is a kind of sorrow every body, who can love, can understand."

They were silent for a little while, but when the conversation was resumed, it appeared that the youth's name was Edward Lyford, and that he was a painter by profession. There was something so unusual in this calling among the pious and stern settlers of the new colony, and something so utterly unpromising for a votary of the fine arts among a peo-

ple who suspected amusement of every kind to be of Satan, that Janet felt more closely drawn with sisterly tenderness to the young man, and Thomas Walford said gravely:

"Have you made any pictures in the colony?"

Lyford shook his head, not without a half rueful twinkle of humor in his eyes, as if he fully comprehended the amusing hopelessness of such an expectation.

"You shall make a picture of my wife—Janet," continued Walford.

The painter instinctively turned, and looked at his subject. The setting sun threw a soft golden light upon Janet's face, and a mingled expression of sympathy for the youth, anxious affection for her husband, and a womanly shyness at the direct gaze of the young man, flushed it with a tender carnation. She smiled as she said:

"A smith's wife is hardly worth the trouble."

"A smith's wife is a woman, I believe," replied Edward Lyford in a soft musical voice, "and a Queen is no more."

It was the first time in her life, that Janet Walford had ever heard such gentle flattery uttered with such courtly grace. And to hear it in the stern Puritan colony, restored to her the tropical expectations with which she and her husband had looked across the sea.

(To be continued.)

What may be considered the most salient point of the Fair?

Answer:—That table where the most sales shall be made.

Will purchasers, when they can, kindly allow the articles bought at an early day of the Fair, to remain on Exhibition until the end?

### MY POND — IN THE MORNING.

Yes, *my pond*. There is no impropriety in the expression, though I have no title deed of either the waters, or the thousand fantastically rounded rocks that underlie and surround them. The *habendum* and *tenendum* of the law have never, in this case, been written in my favor, and yet I hold it perfectly proper to speak of it as "my pond." I am very willing that the worthy individual who fancies himself the true possessor, and whose mill, away down the stream, owes all that it enjoys of life and activity to the gurgling and splashing waters, should come up and repair and adjust the gates and culverts,—I am willing he should sit down on the bank and calculate how to best pursue his curious alchymy—the coining of its myriad water-drops into dimes to replenish his own purse—I am willing he should bring his loads of earth and repair the gaps and breakages, after the North wind has visited my pond, and she has been dancing and frolicking heedlessly with him, to the detriment, perhaps, of some of the more gray and sober embankments. He does me no harm by his ownership, which I doubt not is very legal, and his operations keep my pond in pleasingly good order, without troubling me at all about the expenses. Still, if "possession is nine points in the law," I doubt if he be not left behind after all, for he has nothing of it but the water, and no good of that till it leaves the serene and shady borders; but I have something of this, and a thousand beautiful things beside that he never dreamed of, and probably would not see if I showed them to him, or recognize, when I try to describe them.

I like my pond. It is a pleasure to me at all times when I am awake, and I have doubt-

ed whether the modulated voices of its nocturnal inhabitants did not sometimes fashion themselves into a shadowy music, and steal over my senses when sleeping, to give a softer and more tranquil character to the sounds and scenery of dream-land. In the early morning I greatly like it, I often go out and sit by it, just when the gray ashes in the eastern sky are being stirred to waken the sleeping embers that are to kindle into the redness of a glorious day-fire. Then there will be small flakes and curls of mist all over the still wafer, that will sail down before the idle air of the morning; and sometimes the first rays of the rising sun, when I am looking eastward, will fall into the mimic cloud and fill it with scores of tiny rainbows that form, and break, and form, and then fade away again.

Occasionally a swallow comes circling rapidly through the valley after insects, and the water always has some morning stragglers of this kind, remaining out late, like *bon-vivants* from last evening's socialities. The quick eye of the bird is upon them, and stroke by stroke he sweeps them up with certain aim.—Every now and then he "dips the dappled wing" in the process, for a pleasant and refreshing variety, and then with a sharp clear twitter, whirls away in a new path, capricious and alert as ever.

The sparrows and linnets have been singing for an hour in the pitch pines and cedars on the hillside just west of my pond, for there the daylight strikes earlier, and they seem to love to sleep there for the sake of waking in good season. Sometimes I cannot point out a square yard of treetop, that does not seem to be full of singing birds, and the effect is that of a united concert of sweet sounds, flowing



out and down upon me from heights two hundred feet above my head. And here and there a singer has finished his hymn to the morning sun, and has come down to the pond-side for his ablutions. In such a case I see him at the edge of the shallow water, dipping and fluttering his feathers, throwing the drops from them in a merry shower, all careless of the cautions of grave doctors as to damp clothing, or of the fear of the hypochondriac, that he might go out some morning before the world got thoroughly aired.

The skater-hug is here, lively as ever, eluding, with a motion like lightning, the young perch and horn-pout that strike after him from below. And all round the shore, where the short alder-hushes hang down over the water, and the shadows of a multitude of jewel-weeds and queen-o'-the-meadows are drawn on its smooth canvas with such wonderful precision, the hullfrog with yellow chaps,—a descendant, perhaps, of the very hero of Old John Jocelyn's Rarities—the very hero who sat upright, a good foot high—the hullfrog sits, over dull with his last night's clamor, and managing only, with an occasional renewal of his old slogan, to prove that long immersions and sleepless nights have not worn out all his energies. Then his lesser relative, who cannot aspire to the patriarchal yellow mantle, and so tricks himself out, like another Joseph, in a coat of many colors, he takes up the croaking argument, and after a few disjointed propositions is fain to be quiet again.

But the eastern hill, which is not very high, is soon surmounted by the sun; and his rays, that have been travelling down the long slopes on the other side for an hour, now fall, aslant and glittering, directly on the mirror of my pond. From my neighbor's cottage,

on the beautiful knoll that flanks the water on the northwest, there come a family of chattering ducks, bent on a fresh aquatic excursion, with gossip to their heart's content. I do not see the fish leap up and break the clear surface as often as I did just now; the light penetrates more deeply, and perhaps aids them in their search for food without tempting them upward. The darting swallows of the early hour appear to be gone, and there are few birds except the sparrow that trills a short song from the tall elder-bush opposite, or the cathird, who now and then strikes into a strain of his delicious melody among the alders below the causeway. Day succeeds to morning—the hours that give vigor yield to those that require it to be used. I can hear the din of the hell and the wheel on the distant railroad, and the rattle of the teamster's wagon as it crosses the bridge two miles away. The mower, going to the field with his scythe and dinner-can, salutes me, and the baker hastens home after his hurried morning round, for the blue smoke from the cottage chimney has spread and lost its cloud-like outline, and the time is that of exertion, rather than of contemplation. And I turn homeward likewise, after an hour's pleasant reverie beside my pond.

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FOR THE EARS.—There will be instrumental music at the Fair *this* evening, by Parsons's Band.

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In what one respect do our Publications resemble the Literary efforts of the late lamented Mr. W. Shakespeare?

They are not written for a day but for all time.



### THE FAIR.

The long talked of and worked for Essex Institute Fair opened yesterday, under the most cheering auspices. Those familiar with the general appearance of Mechanic Hall, would be slow to believe it capable of such a display. The new paint and white-wash we attribute with some pride to the direct agency of our plain Saxon name, "Weal-Reaf." The scrubbing brush and decorator's hammer have not been idle, and when the curtain at last rose upon our show, the Hall was gay with streamers and evergreen. Around the entire gallery are suspended portraits of the Presidents of the Society, and amongst them will be seen the familiar faces of Story, Saltonstall, King, and White. The stage presents, on entering, the semblance of an evergreen arbor, before which a gorgeous display of flowers greets the eye, and from within whose recesses, music steals upon the ear. Upon the arch surmounting it are to be seen the name of the Institute, with the initials of the Essex Historical Society, and Essex County Natural History Society, out of which it grew.

Many of the articles exhibited, are calculated to strike, with their beauty, the most casual observer, while the *ensemble* of the display is perfect; and we desire to say that in noticing these articles, we are conscious that there must be many more as deserving. The News Box is open for the comments of others. What we say will be prompted by sincere admiration, and need expose us to no suspicion of favoritism or partiality.

The Afghan, at Table No. 4, will readily claim its share of attention, and can hardly be surpassed in its way, while the fine silk purse

beside it, displays less patent, but not less exquisite beauty.

No one should fail to examine two pieces of bead work, upon a deep maroon ground, which hang over Table No. 1, nor the made-up oval crickets upon that table.

The Zouave doll, at No. 5, is a pretty and new illustration of the *Zou-aviter in modo*, of which we have so many of late, while those who enjoy broad fun will find it, surviving much *crewel* treatment, in the two negro boys, playing cribbage at table No. 7.

There are some exquisite copals exposed for sale at the Periodical table.

The creative efforts of our townswomen have not stopped short of the higher arts. Besides producing many of the verses we have the pleasure of publishing, they have contributed to the Fair several paintings to which the pen of an artist only could do justice. Beside two beautiful pieces from one lady's easel, and an exquisite vase of flowers from that of another, we have four oil paintings by Mr. Wilkie, presented by a third lady, and a set of Medallions, representing the Elgin marbles complete, and other subjects, the gift of a fourth.

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Photographs of Humboldt, Agassiz, Oakes, Rev. Dr. Bentley, Wendell Phillips, Curtis and other distinguished persons can be obtained at the Periodical table — also, of the Curwen House, and other noted objects in Salem.

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We have the promise of a contribution from John G. Whittier.

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Why need none of our bashful friends dread to pay their addresses to the Muses?  
Because Heaven has made them to *be-nine*.

## LETTER FROM HAWTHORNE.

THE WAYSIDE, August 28th, 1860.

*My Dear Cousin :*

I should be very glad to write a story, as you request, for the benefit of the Essex Institute, or for any other purpose that might be deemed desirable by my native townspeople. But it is now many years since the epoch of the "Twice-Told Tales," and the "Mosses from an old Manse;" and my mind seems to have lost the plan and measure of those little narratives, in which it was once so unprofitably fertile. I can write no story, therefore; but (rather than be entirely wanting to the occasion,) I will endeavor to describe a spot near Salem, on which it was once my purpose to locate such a dreamy fiction as you now demand of me.

It is no other than that conspicuous hill, (I really know not whether it lies in Salem, Danvers, or Beverly,) which used in my younger days, to be known by the name of "BROWNE'S FOLLY." This eminence is a long ridge, rising out of the level country around, like a whale's back out of a calm sea, with the head and tail beneath the surface. Along its base ran a green and seldom trodden lane, with which I was very familiar in my boyhood; and there was a little brook, which I remember to have dammed up till its overflow made a mimic ocean. When I last looked for this tiny streamlet, which was still rippling freshly through my memory, I found it strangely shrunken; a mere ditch indeed, and almost a dry one. But the green lane was still there, precisely as I remembered it; two wheel tracks, and the beaten path of the horses' feet, and grassy strips between; the whole overshadowed by tall locust trees, and the prevalent harrerry hushes, which are

rooted so fondly into the recollections of every Essex man.

From this lane there is a steep ascent up the side of the hill, the ridge of which affords two views of very wide extent and variety. On one side is the ocean, and Salem and Beverly on its shores; on the other a rural scene, almost perfectly level, so that each man's metes and bounds can be traced out as on a map. The beholder takes in at a glance the estates on which different families have long been situated, and the houses where they have dwelt, and cherished their various interests, intermarrying, agreeing together, or quarrelling, going to live, annexing little bits of real estate, acting out their petty parts in life, and sleeping quietly under the sod at last. A man's individual affairs look not so very important, when we can climb high enough to get the idea of a complicated neighborhood.

But what made the hill particularly interesting to me, were the traces of an old and long vanished edifice, midway on the curving ridge, and at its highest point. A pre-revolutionary magnate, the representative of a famous old Salem family, had here built himself a pleasure house, on a scale of magnificence, which, combined with its airy site and difficult approach, obtained for it and for the entire hill on which it stood, the traditional title of "Browne's Folly." Whether a folly or no, the house was certainly an unfortunate one. While still in its glory, it was so tremendously shaken by the earthquake of 1755 that the owner dared no longer reside in it; and practically acknowledging that its ambitious site rendered it indeed a Folly, he proceeded to locate it on humbler ground. The great house actually took up its march along the declining ridge of the hill, and came safely to the bottom, where it stood till within the memory of men now alive.

(Conclusion to-morrow.)

### THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S VISION.

(Continued.)

He was surprised to find the flag staff and music stand gone, and instead of the beautiful iron fence, the field was enclosed by a low wooden railing. He turned to his companion, whom it is now proper to designate as Paul Oldham, to explain this altered state of things. Oldham unravelled the mystery, by informing him that they had been rowed back on the stream of time, forty-five years, and that they then stood in the early part of the century. Peter's curiosity was excited, and he proposed a ramble about the town. Paul Oldham consented, and they passed to the street under the wooden triumphal arch which bore the portrait of Washington. They then passed together up Essex Street, over the uneven surface of the sidewalks. We will not speak of the many changes noted by Mr. Stacy in their progress, as he was before aware of them by tradition or observation, although the time of his present visit was before his birth. The two sextons now directed their steps to Broad Street, as Peter desired to look at the house from which he had so lately departed.

On their arrival at Broad Street, Peter was greatly surprised to find that his house was not there, and that on its site was only a growth of tall, rank weeds. The two men now proceeded to the dwelling of Mr. Paul Oldham, on Boston street, where Mr. Stacy was presented to Mrs. Nancy Oldham. Nancy was a tidy, active and pleasant little woman, and a notable housewife. The couple had a little girl of two years, and lived happily on their limited means. Being a welcome guest, Peter was enjoying himself very well in his newly found home. He, however, missed many of the little comforts and conveniences to which he had been accustomed, and which had

become to him almost the necessaries of life. The light from the tallow candles was dim, and the smutty snuffers an abomination. He did not fancy the open fireplace, with its tan backlog, and its accompaniments of shovel, tongs, bellows and andirons. He hated the dirty tinder box, and to be obliged to hammer steel with flint to light a fire. Every thing had an "Old Fogie" look, even to the newspapers, which were ill-printed on coarse and dark paper, too near the color of the ink. News came along tardily, and everything else was slow.

For these reasons, and also for a greater one, that he had not forgotten his young wife and his two children, he now began to think of going back to his home, if it is proper to say going *back*, when he was to go *forward* some forty-five years on the dial of time.

The two sextons had not thus dwelt together without awakening in the breast of Paul Oldham a strong curiosity to know something more of what was passing in the times of Peter Stacy. The latter had told him large stories of the progress made in arts and civilization. He longed to see these improvements in Salem, and view with his own eyes the Cotton Factory, the Gas works and their illumination, Plummer Hall and its collections, the Rail Roads and public buildings.

Paul Oldham was one of those stout-built, strong and earnest men, who seem to have a sort of mesmeric influence on all about them. Peter Stacy was tall and gaunt in form, and he was, moreover, a vegetarian. Oldham was aware that he possessed a potent influence over his guest, and he thought of a plan by which it might be used to gratify his own extreme curiosity. He had imbibed, from his attention to the conversation and arguments of Pe-

ter Stacy, the belief in the Metempsychosis, and that by the power of a strong will, the soul may be made to pass into another body. His belief was as strong, if not as intelligent as that of Peter Stacy. He proceeded to communicate his design to Stacy, who had never before thought of witnessing a practical application of the doctrine. He quickly comprehended the plan, and was too easily persuaded to assist in its execution, but not without some misgivings that there would be a kind of moral obliquity in the deception which would have to be practised. To his credit be it said that he thought less of the philosophy or theological bearing of the question, than of its ethics. There was a painful struggle in his mind before he could decide to practise such a deception on his loving wife, to whom he was united by a tender and abiding affection. It was a great step, he thought, to give up his own frame to be tenanted by another soul, with dispositions, capacities, affections and intelligence, different from, if not opposite to his own.

When he thought that this soul was to occupy his own place, and clandestinely obtain the love and regards of his own beloved Anna, it almost overwhelmed him. He would only yield to the specious arguments and stronger will of Paul Oldham, with the stipulation, that the exchange of souls should be limited to the term of ten years, when he would go back to inhabit the body belonging to him by birthright.

With Paul Oldham, whose domestic attachments were not so strong, there was no such conflict, but he looked upon it as an exciting adventure, and perhaps a laudable undertaking, as adding to his stock of knowledge. He immediately made preparations for the ex-

change of bodies, and the first step was to make an exchange of dress. This was no easy matter, owing to the different size of the two men. When it was accomplished, the nether garment of Peter hung loosely about him, and came only about midway down his attenuated drumsticks. His own pantaloons, a mile too wide for him, could scarcely be drawn over the limbs of his companion, while his long coat tails came so near the ground that Paul looked like a tall man cut off.

All was now ready, and the two sextons, in their ludicrous disguise, resorted to the precise spot on Washington Square where they alighted in their retrograde flight of forty-five years. Here the two men joined hands, and immediately, as quick as thought, Stacy became Oldham, and Oldham became Stacy! Oldham, in possession of the body of Peter Stacy, stamped on the ground and disappeared, while Peter, in the guise of Oldham, went moodily home to the dwelling and wife of the latter, where we leave him and follow the spirit of Paul Oldham.

(To be continued.)

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### TO MISS \_\_\_\_\_

Who, blushing deeply, presented me, last night, with a bunch of roses.

The white and red roses, to enmity bred,  
 In battle contended for glory and power:  
 Now Lancaster dips his proud war crest of red;  
 Now York in defeat rages pale as his flower!

Intertwined by thy fingers, their loving embrace  
 A mutual forswearing of strife should bespeak:  
 Yet I see, though the hopes of supremacy cease,  
 A new "war of the roses" revived in thy cheek.

---

The Historian, Prescott, was born in a house which stood upon the present site of Plummer Hall.

# Weal-Beaf.

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Copyright secured, according to Law.

## WEAL-REAF.

PUBLISHED BY

CHARLES W. SWASEY,

AT HIS

Book and Job Printing Office,

193 ESSEX STREET,

SALEM, MASS.

### THE LADY ARABELLA.

The Pines rose dark on the Cape Ann shore,  
And the summer morning breeze  
Broke over them — sounding as the roar  
Of the surf by the distant seas.

The Elm was green on the plain below —  
The Bob-o-link in tune —  
And the Strawberries blushed with Love's own glow  
Under the sun of June:

And the stern old trees, and tender vines,  
Were charmed by the love-warm air,  
And swelled into softer and richer lines,  
And the joy without a care:

And the Indian Fisher upon the deep  
Then saw, in his sea-ward view,  
A noble ship with her white wings sweep  
Through the ocean's deeper blue:

And floating through cloudy Isles of green,  
Moor safe in the inner bay,  
Where the Head-lands threw their arms between  
The Ocean and his prey:

And then in her majesty — brave and stout —  
As an Envoy tried and true,  
Speak in tones of thunder her message out  
From the Old World to the New.

Not the words of battle — but hope and cheer;  
And her presents were godly men

And women — the precious — the dear —  
The Old World's sifted grain.

Two visions came with that precious few —  
Rarcly seen in this lower air —  
A Christian Gentleman, real and true,  
And a Lady, as pure, as fair;

A proud Earl's daughter — with nought of pride —  
With a Soul the vain world far above,  
Who chose the life of the Sanctified,  
And the Palace left for the Tents of Love:

And came with her generous, gentle mate,  
But then as an onward, upward guide —  
A sunbeam of God on the Puritan's fate —  
A glimpse of his dream personified.

And he, her mate, his death-blow found —  
That she left him alone dull fate to brave —  
A dead man walking above the ground,  
While she lay dead witbin the grave.

There is that which touches the heart and soul  
In the Lady Arabella's story —  
A something rounded, complete, and whole —  
A radiant, perfect glory.

DISCONTENT. A toiling, drudging Ant,  
seeing a beautiful Butterfly upon a flower,  
thus spoke aloud its dissatisfaction with its  
own lot: "Ah, wretched me! I must live  
a life of toil and drudgery, while this butter-  
fly has nothing to do but fly where it pleases  
and live upon the flowers." The Butterfly  
heard the Ant, and replied, "O, thoughtless  
insect! while you toil in safety, a thousand  
birds are seeking to devour me. My life is  
brief. I shall probably be eaten up before  
sunset. Do not envy me a short hour of  
golden happiness, who am doomed so soon to  
end my life in misery.

### JANET WALFORD'S PORTRAIT.

(Continued.)

The next morning the painter produced from his little bundle the articles necessary for his task, and going into the neighboring thicket he returned with a few bushes that served him as an easel. Thomas Walford went to his work in the garden, and the little household duties being done, Janet sat down to her spinning and Edward Lyford began his task. The silence of the warm morning without was broken only by the myriad sounds of summer. The noble forest trees were full of singing birds. Vines hung upon the thickets by the river. The wild rose bloomed, and the tassels of Thomas Walford's maize glistened in the sun. Edward Lyford and Janet talked of England, which was still home, and still dearer than ever, to every pilgrim over the sea. The painter was of gentle blood and of a higher society than Janet had ever seen.—His conversation about their common home had, therefore, an exquisite and inexplicable flavor to her imagination, and as her wheel hummed and her busy fingers flew, her anxiety was dissipated by delightful magic, while as the painter raised his eyes from time to time to catch the outline and expression of her face, unconsciously to himself he saw all the inward beauty that made her character so lovely.

Occasionally Thomas came in from his solitary labor to steal a glance at the picture. The work was so pleasant the painter did not hasten, and several days were passed before it was completed. Every time her husband came, Janet saw that he gazed at the picture with delighted earnestness, which convinced her that he would find it a solace in his moody melancholy. But to her surprise and disappointment when he turned from it,

instead of greeting her with the warm sympathy she anticipated, his eyes wandered coldly by her, and settled upon her face curiously, as if looking for something they did not find. And then as she remembered his words "it is strange that you are not the most beautiful woman in the world," she felt the same bitter chill creeping over her heart, and the tears she would have shed seemed to be frozen.

During the last day of his work upon the picture, Edward Lyford would not suffer it to be seen. But toward sunset he laid down his brush and exclaimed: "There! Thomas Walford, there is your wife!" As he spoke, he turned the portrait to the light before the eyes of Thomas and Janet. The likeness was perfect, but the face was exquisitely beautiful. It seemed to flush and throb with the rarest and deepest emotions. It was Janet, — but it was Janet as you thought of her rather than as she looked. It was a portrait of her inner self.

Her husband gazed at it speechless. His eyes saddened, and his brow grew heavy, and drops of moisture gathered upon his face.— Janet instinctively put her hand into his, but he clasped it mechanically. She instantly withdrew it but without his perceiving it.— Edward Lyford looked in profound surprise from one to the other. He knew how good the picture was, and he had expected a joyful recognition of its excellence, but in the husband he saw only a wild excitement, which was not pleasure,—or if it were, it was the insanity of delight; and in the wife he perceived only an inexpressible sadness.— After a long and searching study of the portrait, which seemed to absorb him utterly, Walford said triumphantly:

"Yes—Yes; that is my wife." From

## TO A NORWEGIAN SAILOR

ON BOARD THE PISCATAQUA.

that moment he seemed to be unconscious of the existence and presence of Janet. The routine of life went on. He spoke to her whenever it was necessary; but, so far as she was concerned, he was one walking in his sleep. Every day he came often from his work and stood silent for a long time before the picture, for which he had woven a frame of twigs. In the silence of the night he rose from Janet's side, and, lighting a candle, hung over the portrait with all the eager and respectful passion of a lover. His wife wondered and wept, — but she understood it all. She knew that, in the portrait, he saw with his outward eye all that his heart only perceived when he was with her. She knew that it was a dream, — a spell, which his own over wrought sensitive nature had cast upon itself. It was a worship of exterior beauty. Was it more than that? Was it a feeling that the face was a literal mirror, and that the soul was not lovely, unless the face were symmetrically beautiful?

Edward Lyford, meanwhile, the unconscious magician, who had bewitched this man, and apparently destroyed the happiness of the family — who was he? Poor Janet found herself asking this question; while her mind was perplexed with remembered stories of wizards and the evil one. She had not forgotten that the elders, in New Plymouth, were fond of assuring the young women, that Satan went about to beguile them in the shape of a fair young man. She detected herself glancing at the comely countenance and graceful figure of the artist, and wondering if he were indeed the devil or one of his angels. Then the poor woman bitterly accused herself of injustice; and, weeping piteously, doubted if she too, were not becoming suspicious and changed like her husband Thomas.

(To be continued.)

O Jacob, what a chest is thine,  
Stout as thine own Norwegian pine!  
With admiration, not quite free  
From envy, do I gaze on thee,  
As, walking up and down the deck,  
With flushed and bare and brawny neck,  
Thy weather-beaten face, the while,  
Uplifted with a radiant smile,  
Thou seem'st with pride to show that breast,  
That manly, staunch Norwegian chest.  
O Jacob, in that chest of thine  
Thou keep'st a treasure, would were mine!  
More precious, far, than worlds of wealth,  
The priceless treasure, rugged health!  
But, brother Jacob, this my song,  
I see, has well nigh done thee wrong.  
'Tis true that thou, with honest pride  
Along the deck are wont to stride;  
But 'tis not pride of brawn and bone  
That in thy walk and look is shown;  
No, 'tis the manly pride that stands  
With cheerful heart and faithful hands,  
To do its work, or great or small,  
To do it well and do it all.  
Th'is, by my Muse shall be confessed,  
O Jacob of the brawny chest!

Why did Joseph's brethren push him into the pit?

They thought it a nice opening for a young man.

How long did Moses lie in the bulrushes?  
He lay his full length.

Why is a man riding fast up hill like another man taking a little dog to a young lady?  
Because he is taking a gall a pup.

Who are the oldest bores on record?  
The Etruscan augurs.

What animal is there in the clouds?  
Rain, dear!

Why is Prince Albert like a stag in the queen's park?

Because he's Victoria's own dear.



## THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S VISION.

(Continued.)

Paul found himself suddenly, not transported to, but already in the open grave of Capt. Marlin. The twilight enabled him to see the hole at the end of the grave, caused by the exit of his own coffin, and he lost no time in closing it up with earth from the bottom of Capt. Marlin's grave. Picking up his implements, he then took the direction pointed out by Peter Stacy, and presented himself at his house. Here he was met by Peter's spouse, with a reproachful inquiry why he staid so late, as his supper had been waiting. Oldham was about to stammer some excuse, which was rendered wholly unnecessary, as his loquacious companion went on to relate some gossip of the neighborhood. Paul was not perfectly at ease in the body of Peter Stacy, for he found it painful to exercise that unwearied caution so necessary to maintain the character he had assumed. More than once, his wife — or rather Peter Stacy's wife — found him in a kind of brown study, which required all her art to dispel. Paul, (who was always addressed by Mrs. Stacy as Peter) would not always respond when spoken too, which greatly troubled her. Anna Stacy was of an affectionate disposition, strongly devoted to her husband, and the same winning ways, which had often cheered his heart, were continued without stint to enliven the new possessor of his mortal frame.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that she succeeded. It was however unfortunate, that in returning the endearments thus proffered, Paul addressed her as his "dearest Nancy," an indiscretion well calculated to awaken feminine jealousy. It was well that Annie was

not of a suspicious temper, and that she relied fully on the faithfulness of her husband.

The next morning was an anxious time for Paul Oldham. He was to attend the burial of Capt. Marlin, but did not know even the street of his late residence, and it would look oddly for the sexton to make enquiry. He however succeeded in planting the mortal remains of the Captain, without any blunder, which attracted much attention.

One of the greatest perplexities Mr. Oldham had to encounter, while controlling the bodily shape of Peter Stacy, was the frequent allusion to past events and conversations, which, as the veritable Peter, ought to have been present to his memory. It seemed incredible, for instance, that he should forget that five days ago his youngest child seemed near to death's door by the croup, when he had anxiously watched with it through the night. This apparent loss of memory was so manifest, that people began to whisper among themselves that Peter Stacy was losing his faculties.

As time passed on, and Paul became familiar with the generation among whom he dwelt, confidence in his good judgment was restored. He made fewer mistakes, and was less liable to be placed in situations of embarrassment. These occasions, though less frequent, were still liable to occur. On one evening he started off to the Salem Theatre on Crombie street, and found himself in a prayer meeting. Once he was called into the Probate Court, to testify to his signature to a will, which Paul never signed, but which bore the signature of Peter Stacy. He swore to being present, and witnessing the instrument, and justified the perjury to himself by some



mental reservation, hardly consistent with absolute truthfulness. On another occasion he was summoned as a principal witness before the criminal court in a case of assault, where his body was known to be present, but the existing Peter Stacy was suspiciously ignorant of every circumstance of the affair. He very narrowly escaped imprisonment for contempt of court. Once at a meeting of the Reliance Fire Club, he was fined for not giving the pass-word, which he never knew. By slow degrees, and the lapse of time, he was enabled to consider himself as Peter Stacy, and he almost forgot the name and family connections of Paul Oldham. A numerous progeny had sprang up around him, his domestic felicity was complete, and he had no desire to change his circumstances.

(To be continued.)

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### THE FAIR.

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The success, which has thus far attended the Fair, has met the most sanguine expectations of the friends of the Institute. The attendance has been very large, and the sale of the articles has shown a just appreciation of the efforts of the ladies, and they cannot but feel that they have been well rewarded in the object for which so much time, labor and care have been expended.

Yesterday afternoon the school children were admitted at a largely reduced price, and the Fair was made unusually attractive by the merry, laughing faces, and cheerful voices of children.

Our friends from the adjoining towns have also favored us with their presence and aid.

There are not many new articles to notice, beside those so fully described in yesterday's issue, and in the Extra Weal-Reaf; which well serves, by the way, as a guide book to

the various tables, and as a catalogue, in part, of the numerous Fair articles.

At the Periodical Table there is an *illuminated* copy of the Lord's Prayer, an exquisite work of art, by Julian Hawthorne, son of our townsman, Nathaniel Hawthorne.

At the same table are fine specimens of fossils and polished marbles, and to those of an antiquarian turn, we would point out a lot of witch buttons, continental money, old coins, and medals.

At Table No. 4 is a beautiful worsted shawl sent us by some kind friend from out of town.

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Our NEWS BOX at the Fair begins to yield up its treasures. For instance, some wag fires this shot into us, in the shape of a conundrum, we found in the Box :

"Why is the newspaper published at the Fair like real estate in California?"

"Because it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to make out the title."

And again:—"What may be the difference between the editors' opinion of the above conundrum and our own?"

"We think it is pertinent, but they may think it is impertinent."

[What means have we, pray, to make out the *title* of the author of the above, any more than he ours.—Eds.]

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CROWDED—our Editorial Box, and with good matter. We hope to be able to issue a Supplementary Number or two, and thus preserve some good intellectual fruit.

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☞ There will be music this evening, and perhaps speaking. We have a promise from Prof. Agassiz of an evening visit, if he can possibly leave his work in Cambridge, upon which he is now engaged.

### MY POND -- AT NOON.

The whole of this world looks differently as we view it in different lights, like a great painting. Philosophize about it as we may, one's prospects and circumstances will seem unlike in a brilliant sunshine and under a sky covered with clouds. So it is with my pond. I do not mean that it is ever a gloomy object, but its beauty takes on a new style—more gay and profuse—as it begins to bask under the more vertical rays of noon-day.

I often choose the middle of the day to walk along the causeway or dam, that in part restrains its waters; for the light penetrates considerably below the surface, and objects low down in the water can be tolerably well perceived. In the little shallows among the projecting stones, the coldness of deeper spots is probably not felt, for I see thousands of little fish and tadpoles of many styles, congregating there, as if they enjoyed the situation extremely. A faithful pair of pouts swim along the gravelly margin with lazy stroke, timing their motion to suit the strength of their infant family, who frisk round them by scores, all of one size, and none more than an inch long. For a few moments they swim on, and then settle on the bottom, motionless as sticks, while the young gambol over and round them, every one with his miniature set of horns and cirrhi, a ludicrously faithful copy of his parents on a far lesser scale. Or perhaps, while one of the old ones lies enjoying the warmth and the sports of her offspring, the other starts off and swinishly roots up the mud all about in quest of food—standing on his head meanwhile, like an acrobat. I love such exhibitions of brute fondness for the young; but I can but remember, that when the noses of those same little creatures shall be hard enough to stir the mud, and their tails strong enough to strike

out with boldness and certainty, all trace of this tenderness will vanish in mere fishy greediness. The beauty of these little fellows will be well nigh gone, for every one will be a pout like his ancestors, eager to eat up all the young ones except his own.

The dragon-flies like this time as well as I do. They come from all quarters, and in many forms; from the great "darning-needle," who scares the children with his fierce ways and slender body, down to the little individual in azure blue, with his whole being, save the wings, included in the bulk of a cherry stem. There is a large one with brown wings and a body of unimpeachable whiteness, who whips about above the surface, till he finds a stem of sedge sticking out of the water just to suit, and there he perches, and for aught I know, goes to sleep. Or perhaps such creatures never sleep, but run out their brief life in ceaseless action, and then drop dead like the shrill-singing locust that I picked up yesterday.

As I am contemplating these creatures, a splash apprises me of the presence of a cow or two, who come down to stand in the shallow water on the eastern side, and drive off the flies with brush-fulls of water sprinkled from their restless tails. The ducks have not forgotten the morning excursion; but sit along the margin, some in the water and some on the bank, where sun and shadow mingle pleasantly, all jabbering in low tones of the forenoon's experience. The black and white spaniel trotting by, stops to lap at the brink, and his master going home to dinner, catches him and throws him in. I wish he had not; he has broken the delightful, sunny repose that was brooding me and my pond together like two tired infants, and now the thousand circles are chafing each other all over the surface

in affright, as the dog paddles back to the shore. Presently he leaps out, and shaking off the drenching moisture as a libation to the Nymph of the Lake, he runs home, carefully shunning his master in future.

The small stream that feeds my pond does not tire, though almost all else grows languid in the mid-day heat. I can hear its prattling noise, as it comes in over the rounded pebbles, and the sound harmonizes well with the droning hum of the bee that keeps around me, and the small talk of the fowls that are searching in the neighboring thicket for beetles. Now and then the leader of the expedition reports progress with a jubilant crow, and his rival on the other side responds to the challenge, and then another by the highway yonder, and so away to the far-off town.

The laborers are quietly resting; I can see some in the back-doors of their cottages, or under a shady tree, refreshing themselves till the time for work. Everything is still. The cows seem dozing, and the lonely horse in the meadow below me has forgotten all things save the flies. The clouds in the sky are quiet, the rocks, and trees, and bushes are quiet, and so am I, and so is my Pond.

PRIDE. "I look down upon you, and I despise you," said a Crag to a Pebble far beneath it. As it finished speaking, an Earthquake ran beneath the Crag, which, loosened from its airy summit, fell into ruins and dust in the valley below.

Why is a good sermon like a kiss?

1st. Because it requires but two heads and an application.

2nd. Because it is warmly impressed upon the dearly beloved.

## VERSIFICATION

OF A PASSAGE IN LAMARTINE'S STONE-MASON OF ST. POINT.

Oh the Mill of St. Point! the mossy old Mill!  
Wherever I wander, I see it still.  
I see it when the sunshine smiles  
At morn and eve on its bright red tiles;  
I see it in the slumberous noon,  
When the waters fall in a dreamy tune;  
I see through the windows the meal dust whirl,  
I see the blue smoke through the poplars curl;  
I see the goats on the rocky wall,  
As browsing they hang and fear no fall;  
The pigeons and hens in the yard below,  
Pecking and chasing to and fro;  
And, up and down, the patient ass  
Along the rocky stair-way pass.  
The busy wife in the evening-shine,  
I see her through the window-vine;  
While, up the ladder of ivy-ropes  
That o'er the glimmering water slopes,  
A troop of little prattlers creep,  
And in her face so archly peep.  
Oh, the Mill of St. Point, the lovely Mill!  
Still do I hear the murmuring sound  
Of the waters, as its wheel goes round:  
The measured sound of the bolter still,  
"That heart of the house, that pulse of the mill!"

### The Flowers are Always Gay.

Whether the sun be shining,  
Or whether the sky be gray,  
Light on the grass reclining,  
The flowers are always gay.  
Nodding their heads together,  
Asleep in the noon-tide heat,  
Or dancing in stormy weather,  
With rain drops light as their feet.  
With never a sigh of sorrow,  
And never a thought of pain,  
They fold their leaves on the morrow,  
And fall like the soft, spring rain.  
Yes! whether the sun be shining,  
Or whether the sky be gray,  
Wherever dull man is pining,  
The flowers are always gay.

## LETTER FROM HAWTHORNE.

(Concluded.)

The proprietor, meanwhile, had adhered to the royalist side, and fled to England during the Revolution. The mansion was left under the care of Richard Derby, (an ancestor of the present Derby family,) who had a claim to the Browne property through his wife, but seems to have held the premises precisely as the refugee left them, for a long term of years in the expectation of his eventual return. The house remained with all its furniture in its spacious rooms and chambers, ready for the exile's occupancy, as soon as he should re-appear. As time went on, however, it began to be neglected, and was accessible to whatever vagrant, or idle schoolboy, or berrying party might choose to enter through its ill-secured windows.

But there was one closet in the house, which every body was afraid to enter, it being supposed that an evil spirit — perhaps a domestic Demon of the Browne family — was confined in it. One day, three or four score years ago, some schoolboys happened to be playing in the deserted chambers, and took it into their heads to develope the secrets of this mysterious closet. With great difficulty and tremor they succeeded in forcing the door. As it flew open, there was a vision of people in garments of antique magnificence, — gentlemen in curled wigs and tarnished gold lace, and ladies in brocade and quaint head-dresses, rushing tumultuously forth and tumbling upon the floor. The urchins took to their heels, in huge dismay, but crept back, after a while, and discovered that the apparition was composed of a mighty pile of family portraits. I had the story, the better part of a hundred years afterwards, from the very schoolboy, who pried open the closet door.

After standing many years at the foot of

the hill, the house was again removed in three portions, and was fashioned into three separate dwellings, which, for aught I know, are yet extant in Danvers.

The ancient site of this proud mansion may still be traced (or could have been ten years ago) upon the summit of the hill. It consisted of two spacious wings, connected by an intermediate hall of entrance, which fronted lengthwise upon the ridge. Two shallow and grass-grown cavities remain, of what were once the deep and richly stored cellars under the two wings; and between them is the outline of the connecting hall, about as deep as a plough furrow, and somewhat greener than the surrounding sod. The two cellars are still deep enough to shelter a visitor from the fresh breezes, that haunt the summit of the hill; and barberry bushes clustering within them offer the harsh acidity of their fruits, instead of the rich wines which the colonial magnate was wont to store there for his guests. There I have sometimes sat and tried to rebuild, in my imagination, the stately house, or to fancy what a splendid show it must have made even so far off as in the streets of Salem, when the old proprietor illuminated his many windows to celebrate the King's birthday.

I have quite forgotten what story I once purposed writing about "Browne's Folly," and I freely offer the theme and site to any of my young townsmen, who may be afflicted with the same tendency towards fanciful narratives, which haunted me in my youth and long afterwards.

Truly Yours,

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Contributors will please remember that brevity is the soul of wit.

# Weal-Keaf.

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## WEAL-KEAF.

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### THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S VISION.

(Continued.)

We now return to Peter Stacy, whom we left on the Common, just encased in the body of the stout Mr. Oldham. As he walked slowly and thoughtfully towards the home of the latter, he felt a sense of loneliness and dependency he had never before experienced. He began to bewail his too easy acquiescence in the plans of Paul, and deplore his long separation from his faithful Anna. As he looked upon the bulky body he inhabited, so much unlike his own, he became displeased and discontented, yet he wondered that he was able to carry about this mass of flesh with so much ease. Though little inclined to levity he could hardly repress a smile as he contrasted the thick, stumpy legs of Paul Oldham with his own spindle shanks.

Pursuing his way to the house of Mr. Oldham, he met many people who nodded to him and spoke familiarly — “Fine day, Mr. Oldham” — “Charming weather, Mr. Oldham” — “How are you Paul?” At first he hardly knew whether he should respond to such familiarities, and he asked himself,

“What do these fellows mean? I am Peter Stacy as much as ever I was.” These were his impulsive thoughts, but a little reflection convinced him that the new character he had assumed must be carried out.

He grew more thoughtful as he approached Boston street, as he had an indefinite kind of dread of his first meeting, in this new character, with Nancy Oldham. Peter Stacy was a conscientious man and he hesitated to practice such a deception as was implied by the change of bodies. “But what,” said he, “can I now do? If I freely and openly declare all to Mrs. Oldham, she will surely consider me insane, and never believe a story so improbable.” His next thought was, to abscond at once and never meet her again. In favor of this plan was the consideration that he would be doing a good and praiseworthy act. It would bring a glow of conscientious rectitude to his soul, such as always accompanies the resistance of evil. He was firmly resolved to take this course, and he already felt the inward reward of doing a good action. Just as he came to the full enjoyment of this triumphant feeling, he arrived at the door of the house. He then paused a moment to hear the tones of a female voice singing a cheerful lullaby to her child. This sound chained him to the spot, and his heart was touched with new emotions which changed the tenor of his thoughts.

(Conclusion to-morrow.)

**MY POND --- IN THE RAIN.**

If I stay in-doors when the sky is leaky, and the chickens go about with drooping tails, I am apt to grow dull and feel as if the world hated me and I half disliked myself. My pond is as good a friend then as ever. There are very many of the beautiful traits of Nature that are only brought out by rain, just as water reveals the fine hues of minerals, and oil gives translucency to paper. So I like to go out and see how the drops come dashing down upon the water, making a little jet leap up, as it were, to welcome them; and then, as it subsides, scattering a hundred minute globes of silver around it, that roll and swim about for a second or two before they sink and disappear. A regular merry dance these droplet-fairies keep up, thousands of them on every side, coming down just when and where you would never think to look for them.— The evolutions of the military art, and the interlacing figures of the ballet are tame and simple compared with the movements in this kaleidoscope of rain-diamonds. And all the while there is that low, constant, and charming, chippering sound, as if each drop cried out for joy, in its tiny, one-syllabled voice, when it found itself back in the lap of its maternal element.

The wind has something to do in this matter, but there are no dark clouds and no thunder and lightning, for this is no passing shower, but a deliberate, cool-blooded rainy day. And the wind comes rushing down the valley in interrupted gusts, like broken charges of cavalry; and the streaming rain flies before it in misty sheets, making me think of the spirits of Night driven before the car of Aurora. Then there is a rustling, hurrying sound, and the crowding drops fall in my pond

in a long curving winrow, sweeping along like a flight of grain from the hand of the sower.

It amuses me much, at such times to see how my little pond, a dozen rods wide, it may be, endeavors to work itself into a passion, and imitate the boisterous ways of the sea.— The puny waves will roll down before the wind in childish fury, each with its little white cap, like a paper helmet, and dash themselves with puerile madness on the small white and blue pebbles that appear to dread such terrible rago of the elements. I have seen many such cases in my day, where the actors were very unconscious that their will to do great things far outstripped their ability. But the kitten will bite before it will do any hurt; and the pond, I suppose, is impelled to betray its innate disposition, which, were the water a little more briny, might get quite sea-like, after all.

I see another curious object for my attention in the bands and spots of smooth water that checker the whole surface like districts of neutral territory exempted from all intrusion. I cannot see what may be the cause of this very clearly. As many drops of rain are falling in the smooth places as elsewhere; but they make no ripple, and no circles run from them. Elsewhere, the dashing, pattering rain stirs up the whole expanse in intersecting circles that run upon, and cross each other, till the area is all in wrinkles; but these never over-step these boundaries. The ripples stop as short as if they reached a rock, and the water beyond is smooth and unbroken. It is a curious thing, and I like to watch it.— The course of the wind is concerned in it, for the form and disposition of the smooth bands varies as the wind changes. Now they run parallel all over the pond like giant ribs;

now they break into irregular outlines, as if of new-found continents and islands, known only in the geography of the water-sprites.— My friend says an oily fluid of extreme tenuity floats on the water and is moved about by the wind; and wherever it lies, the water cannot ripple. It may be, or there may be some profound law of vibration underlying it. I do not know, and am not now concerned to enquire.

The rain hurdens the foliage around the border of the pond, and the young twigs, usually very smart and upright, now hang over the water in easy curves, and the redundant moisture drops from their tips like crystal.— The brook at the upper end hables as loudly as ever, and as the increasing waters rise gradually higher along the banks, the small cascade at the waste-way begins to work, and adds its part to the harmony of natural sounds, already strong and varied. By and by, when the water shall be yet higher, and when, at night, the draft upon its stores by the mill shall be interrupted, I shall hear a louder plashing from this little water-fall, and its monotone shall be well conjoined with the subdued and fitful whispering of the wind, and the antic pattering of the drops of rain.

I prefer to be out in the rain. To contemplate from a window a storm is far from lovely, but when I brace myself up to it, and go out and take him by the hand, as it were, I discover under his cloudy brow a lurking smile and a look that betrays a free and joyous spirit. And many such meetings do we have beside my Pond.

How do we know that Dryden was a lover of sherry-cohlers?

Because he wrote "Straws may he made the instruments of happiness."

## RHYMES AT SEA.

AIR:—"The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!"

The Land, the Land, the solid Land!  
The green, the fresh, the halmy strand!  
Without a har—without a bound,  
It run's the earth's wide pastures round,—  
It pierces the clouds, it soars to the skies,  
And now in lovely valleys lies.

I'm on the land, I'm on the land,  
I am where I would ever stand,  
With the blue above, and the green below,  
And heauty wheresoe'er I go;  
If tempests arise and wake the deep,  
What matter? I the sounder sleep.

I love,—oh, how I love to loll  
On some high, grassy, breezy knoll,  
When every mad wave with a shock  
Comes thundering up against the rock,  
And ocean yawns far down below,  
What time the South East Blasts do blow.

I never hear the Ocean roar,  
But I love the green earth more and more,  
And backward turn to her sheltering breast,  
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;  
And a mother she was, and is to me,  
And in her lap may my last sleep be!

AMBITION. A paper Kite, which was flying high in the air, had a mind to reach the stars, and hesought the Wind to help her break the string, which kept her to the Earth. The Wind did so, and the string parted. The Kite, however, being deprived of her proper check and halance, pitched down headlong into a forest, and was impaled upon a branch, and there remained torn and tattered, a spectacle and example of folly.

FOLLY AND WISDOM. A fool found a diamond, and, on seeing that it was something that he could neither eat nor drink, threw it away. A wise man picked it up, and with it bought a Principality.



## A DREAM OF THE FAIR.

I went last night to the "Institute Fair,"  
 And wandered about 'midst the gorgeous show  
 there,  
 Until my poor head was all in confusion;  
 I was ready to say 'twas an "optic illusion."  
 I went home quite late and crept into bed,  
 Relieved on my pillow to lay down my head;  
 But no sooner to sleep did I close my eyes,  
 Than visions unwelcomed did straightway arise.  
 For tidies and ottomans loomed up in view,  
 And babies and sugar-plums — and elephants, too,  
 While a huge Mariposa hung over my head,  
 All gorgeous in colors of yellow and red;  
 And a brilliant-hued Affghan enveloped me round—  
 Its weight almost dragging me down to the ground.  
 Of sunsets and clouds a brilliant display—  
 As bright as e'er seen in the famed Naples bay—  
 There were stockings and socks, and slippers and  
 shoes,  
 Embroidered and knit in the rainbow's hright hues,  
 All sizes and patterns, and seeming to try  
 To please every fancy and dazzle each eye.  
 There were toys without number, (no time to de-  
 scribe,)  
 And of babies and dolls appeared quite a tribe;  
 All dancing around me, by magical power  
 Seemed gifted with life for the time and the hour.  
 The ice cream advancing, said: "Pray try a  
 glass;"—  
 The pears and the apples came trooping "en  
 masse,"  
 All trying to tempt, as the evening before,  
 To open the purse-strings, "just one time more."  
 I was growing excited, a bit frightened too,  
 And wondering what upon earth I should do,  
 When I heard softly opening the door of the hall,  
 And then I saw gladly our friend Capt. Saul.  
 'Twas morning, (altho' I'd not seen it before);  
 And quick, at the sound of the opening door,  
 Everything in its place was quickly arranged,  
 Not an article seemingly having been changed,  
 And I gladly awoke and found it a dream,  
 My chamber illumined by morning's first beam,  
 And I thought to myself, that I never would take,  
 Another ice-cream, or a piece of plum-cake,  
 For to eat things like these before going to hed,

Will give one the night-mare, and troublesome  
 head.

And the pleasures and joys we have felt through  
 the day,

Will be to us sorrows, as sleeping, we stray  
 Through the visions and dreams plum-cake will  
 evoke;

Which, if eaten at night, you will find is no joke.

◆◆◆◆◆  
THE FAIR.

WHO ARE OUR CONTRIBUTORS? We are  
 sorry that there should be any uncertainty or  
 ignorance as to who are our contributors, or  
 what article Curtis wrote, or Poole, or Brooks.  
 We supposed they could be easily distinguish-  
 ed by the style of the authors.

In future, if any one should be desirous of  
 knowing, by applying at our office we could  
 furnish him with the address of all our con-  
 tributors, and by writing to them, all informa-  
 tion wished for, could most certainly be ob-  
 tained.

There will be two or more *extra numbers*  
 of the *Weal-Reaf* issued after the Fair is over,  
 so that our drawer may be emptied of its valu-  
 able contents.

Subscribers desiring to complete the volume,  
 with an index and table of contents, can have  
 the paper sent to their address, by leaving it  
 at the Periodical Table.

If the author of the jest about "our title"  
 will disclose to us his "real estate," we prom-  
 ise to "institute" proceedings.

Look at the "mock turtles," at table No.  
 3. They would make an alderman's mouth  
 water. So of the pigs, so of the tomatoes if  
 rightly under-stewed.

The Photograph of Dr. Bentley, turns out  
 to represent the Rev. Dr. Barnard. Excuse  
 the blunder.



TABLEAUX are forthcoming to night, commencing at 8 o'clock, and with the cordial co-operation of friends, it is hoped they will be *vivants*.

Our News Box is no *Box et praterea nihil*;—witness the following deposit.

“When did Sir Isaac Newton cut up shines?”

When he divided the rays of light.”

What if they had proved refractory?”

Translated from the German.

“Let another praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips.”

Proverbs xxxvii, 2.

A man was walking on the banks of the river Euphrates, and the waters flowed peacefully and soundlessly along. “Why are not your waves, raging and roaring,” asked the man, “like the waters of other rivers?”—“There is no need of my roaring,” said Euphrates, “my name travels far and wide without that. The meadows which I water become green: the trees which are planted on my borders grow rapidly; so people instantly recognize me, and know who I am.”

A short time after this the man arrived at the river Tigris. The waves rushed along, wild and foaming. “Ay! ay! why do you roar so loud?” said the man to the stream. “Ah! exclaimed the river, of what use is all my roaring, even now, they will not esteem me, and praise me as much as I deserve; notwithstanding, I cry out perpetually, that I am of some value in the world.”

The man went still further on. There he saw some trees, loaded heavily with the most costly and delicious fruit; but silently they held out their branches and offered it to him. “Why are you so still,” asked the man, of

the trees, “Why do you not rustle, in the wind, like your brothers of the forest, who let their voices be heard afar?” “They know us by the fruits we bear, and praise us notwithstanding our own silence,” said the trees.

Soon after, the man came to a forest where the trees reached almost to the sky. “What a noise you do make,” said the man, as the branches rustled rudely in the wind. “Alas!” said the trees, “we are obliged to roar and rustle, for they do not value us as much as we deserve. “Yes! yes! I will try to remember that, whoever esteems himself, highly, and praises himself, is not deserving of high praise; for real merit does not need self praise.

NATURE'S INVITATION.

Nature would lure us from the murky room;  
Her halmy kisses through the casement steal,  
The rose with climbing fingers brings perfume,  
And calls us forth at Beauty's shrine to kneel.

The bird's soft, twitt'ring note, ere we arise,  
Doth fill with melody the passing dream;—  
The sun has painted for our drowsy eyes  
The morning landscape with his brightest beam.

The leaves have bathed themselves in glist'ning dew,

Fresh in their beauty, as when earth was young,  
And human hearts nor death nor sorrow knew,  
But like the morning stars together sung.

Nature would woo us in the wood and glen:  
The stones, the flowers that pleased the childish eye,

Birds, fishes, insects, now to thoughtful men  
A book of wondrous meaning, open lie.

Unwritten music fills each leafy grove;  
All Nature's secrets wait the seeker's quest,  
Whether the waves above the mystery move,  
Or it lies folded in the floweret's breast.



### THE OLD PLANTERS' HOUSE.

In 1624, January 24th, a charter was given to a company called the Dorchester Company (from Dorchester, England,) which settled the same year at Cape Ann, with Roger Conant as Governor.

The enterprise was not successful, and in a few years they sold out their rights and privileges to the Massachusetts Company. This company sent out John Endicott as Governor—and he arrived in Salem, then called Naumkeag, in September, 1628.

Soon after Endicott's arrival, he had the house, which had been used by Conant, taken down and removed to Salem for his own residence. The tradition is reliable and unbroken, that this is the same house referred to in the deposition of Richard Brackenbury, of the 20th of January, 1680-1, "I understand this company of London having bought out the right of the Dorchester merchants in New England, that Mr. Endicott had power to take possession of their right in New England, which Mr. Endicott did, *and in particular of a house built at Cape Ann*, which Walter Knight and the rest say they built for the Dorchester men; so I was sent with them to Cape Ann to pull down the house for Mr. Endicott; the which

we did;" and it was removed to Salem, and it still stands on the northerly corner of Washington and Church streets.

It is uncertain how long it was occupied by Endicott, for he owned other houses in Salem before his removal to Boston in 1655.

What a story its huge rafters could tell, if they but had a tongue to speak! Of birth and death, joy and sorrow, quiet and contentment, and troubled anxious forebodings. And what a goodly company have assembled under its roof; Higginson, Skelton, Hugh Peters and Roger Williams. And from its door passed the funeral procession of the saintly Lady, Arabella Johnson.

In later times it was occupied by the Rev. John Sparhawk, Pastor of the First Church from 1736 to 1755, and for many years after that as a tavern, under the name of the "Ship Tavern."

The present owner, who remembers it since 1784, says it had then undergone no material alteration from the original style of architecture, and still retained its primitive peaks and gables, and was but two stories high, the upper story projecting over the lower, as was the custom of the day.

In 1792, the then owner destroyed every vestige of the original architecture, by raising it another story, and taking off the peaks, which gave it such a picturesque appearance. Its frame is still sound, and of solid oak timber brought from England, and put together in the most substantial manner. In one of the beams of the cellar can be seen the initials I. E. made by small nails driven into it.

The above sketch was engraved from a drawing made by Geo. A. Ward, Esq., of New York, representing it as it appeared about the year 1775.

**JANET WALFORD'S PORTRAIT.**  
(Conclusion to-morrow.)

The summer days passed, but brought no peace to the melancholy household upon the banks of Mishawum. Edward Lyford pondered how he could help the harm he had done. He had long and friendly conversation with Janet, but they agreed upon no plan by which Thomas could be roused from his morbid mental condition. He, too, sat in his door at evening and talked pleasantly with them both, still treating Janet as an utter stranger, and evidently regarding the portrait either as his wife, or the portrait of the woman he had married, but who had mysteriously disappeared.

"I cannot but hope she will return," he said one evening as they were all seated together at the door.

"Who?" inquired Janet.

"My wife, Janet," he continued calmly.

"The portrait that Lyford painted is perfect, I should know it anywhere. It is more than that: it is a miracle."

He passed quietly to other topics and presently took his candle and retired.

"I will tell you what shall be done," exclaimed Edward Lyford to Janet when Thomas had gone. "I will change the portrait secretly; a little by little every day, so gradually that he cannot observe it, until it is the mere fac-simile of your face. Then some day I will remove the canvass, and fit your actual head into the frame, while you sit draped behind the table."

Janet smiled at the painter's ingenuity and shook her head.

"No, no," said she, "you remember that Thomas said that the portrait was his wife, and so it is, and he must see that it is."

The painter looked inquiringly: "How do you mean?"

Janet colored slightly and said: "If I never looked to him like the portrait, he will never believe that I am his wife."

Lyford laughed and said pleasantly, "I propose to make the portrait like you, and you propose to make yourself like the portrait, and you are like it. It is just you," he continued, gazing earnestly at Janet. "I'm sure I don't see how I could change it."

The tension of Thomas Walford's brain was too great. He lay for many days insensible or entirely delirious. The summer wind blew softly into his sick chamber, and the summer stars shone peacefully over his quiet home. But the wind was not more gentle or soothing than his wife's coming and care; the stars were not calmer than her serene eyes.—She was with him every moment of the day and night. His eyes could not open but he saw her,—his hands could not reach out but they clasped hers. Even Edward she did not suffer to enter the chamber, but he took up Thomas's hoe and did the work that must be done in the garden. Janet's sole prayer was, that her husband might not die until he knew her again.

In the sharp struggle the strong man's frame was wasted, and he lay like an infant upon his bed. One morning he opened his eyes and saw Janet, who sat by the bed side, holding his hand and smoothing his forehead. His eyes were full of the old light of love with which he had looked at her, when he wooed her and won her in England long ago. In hers that light had never faded or wavered, but they filled with tears.

They said little that day and that little was not very important. But every day he recovered, and every day Thomas Walford said gaily that

he was being born again. Edward was admitted to his chamber, and presently Thomas could sit in a comfortable chair at the door, looking out upon the peaceful river. The portrait he had not yet seen,—but one day he asked Edward to bring it to him. Janet grew pale as he spoke, and the painter almost trembled. But they said nothing and Lyford went in and returned with the picture.—Turning it briskly he said cheerfully, “There Thomas Walford, there is your wife!”

Walford gazed at it earnestly but with a half smile. Janet was almost breathless as she watched him; and there was profound anxiety beneath the cheerful tones of the painter’s voice.

“It is very good,” said Thomas Walford at length, “it is curiously good, for you have painted here what has been painted upon my heart ever since I knew my wife, but I knew not that any one else, and especially a stranger, could see it. Yes! it is very good,” he added after a pause of intent consideration of the portrait. “But, good as it is, and marvellous, it is not quite my wife. It is only paint after all.”

As he spoke, Thomas Walford turned to Janet, and lifting her hand reverently kissed it. “No, Edward Lyford,” said he, “here is my wife.”

“Love is stronger than witchcraft,” exclaimed the painter joyfully. “How much better this is than being burnt for a wizard; and now I suppose I may go, since my mischief is all undone.”

(Conclusion to-morrow.)

How many foreigners does it take to corrupt one’s manners?

It takes forty Poles to make one Rood.

TO THE ESSEX INSTITUTE.  
PETITION OF THE TWO SEALS AT THE AQUARIAL  
GARDEN, BOSTON.

Duly impressed with your kind feeling hearts,  
Wedded to science, and the useful arts,  
Each cherished relief, of both land and sea,  
Is kindly kept; so we petition thee.

Our story’s short; suffice, we happily married,  
But on our wedding tour, too long we tarried;  
“The stars our nuptial torches—the cave our bed,”  
“Solitude our priest, and we were wed;”

Nor dreamed that cruel man, at least so soon,  
Would mar the pleasures of our “Honey moon.”  
Surprised and captured on our native shore,  
We fought “Blue-noses”—yielded—now implore;  
“T was all in vain, since fate had so decreed,  
We blubbered, and on “blubber” ceased to feed.  
Borne from our favorite haunts, new Scotia’s shore,  
Bereft of all, friends, liberty, and mere;  
We’re now the sport and gaze—our acts and mo-  
tions,

Of those great city folks, so full of notions.  
They tell us truly, our untutored minds  
Need culture’ and, that “progress” finds  
Freedom for slaves, and not such stringent laws,  
But our example aids the temperance cause;  
Though often drinking, never from the “can,”  
A blest example to degraded man;  
No thanks to him, that his unfeeling heart,  
Has made us captive, never more to part.  
By instinct gifted, and by culture trained,  
Blameless our lives, unspotted and unstained;  
With oil of gladness, and remote from strife,  
We trust to crown and seal our wedded life.  
Since “Fanny bathes,” and “Ned the organ plays,”  
Serene our nights, and peaceful now our days,  
The gaping crowd, with wonder shall confess,  
“Tis Heaven alone, not man, can truly bless.

Thou guardian, of all things on land and sea,  
We fain petition for redress from thee,  
Preserve our skins from covering lowly trunks,  
Embalm our bodies like the ancient monks;  
And when we’re dead, just class us fish, or brute,  
But only take us to the Institute.

Witness our flappers,

NED,



FANNY,



Hawthorne

# Weal-Beaf.

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## WEAL-REAF.

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### JANET WALFORD'S PORTRAIT.

(Concluded.)

But he did not go. He remained with Thomas Walford and his wife upon the green shores of the Mishawum. There was a portrait painted upon his heart, as well as upon the smith's. Mistress Margery remained in England, and the comely matron wondered, sometimes, why she heard nothing from the young painter, whom she remembered in her youth. She did not suspect, perhaps, that she was herself the reason why neither she, nor the world, ever heard his name. He lived quietly by the river with Thomas Walford and Janet. He held their children in his arms, and when they grew older he was their playmate; and, as the growing settlement came nearer to their retreat, he painted all those portraits of the chief people, which now adorn so many homes in New England. Yet in all the colony there was no happier household than that of Thomas Walford at Mishawum. He sat at his pleasant door, and smoked the pipe of peace in the contented evening of his

day; and when Lyford slyly suggested that they should all sail southward to the Tropics, Thomas answered — "My travels are over — I have found my wife, and I will let the Tropics go."

I don't precisely know where you will find the authentic memorials upon which this little story is founded. Possibly a diligent research among the manuscript treasures of the Massachusetts Historical Society will bring them to light. Perhaps, also, as tradition vaguely declares, they are inscribed upon the back of Lyford's portrait of Mrs. Thomas Walford, which is said to be still in the possession of her descendants, although I have not yet been able to find a clue to their present residence.

For myself, I heard the story as I lay one summer morning among the long green grass upon the Mishawum shore, and listened to the gossiping waves. Their conversation is always sparkling, but I know that they are uncertain. Perhaps I did not correctly understand them. Perhaps, also, they were trying to deceive me; but if I had not been too lazy to raise my head, I am quite sure I could have seen through them. However, I suppose that nobody doubts that Edward Lyford painted Janet Walford's portrait. If he does, and will clearly prove that no such picture was ever painted, it will save people the trouble of searching for it.

### THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S VISION.

(Concluded.)

Peter Stacy's resolutions were now sensibly shaken. After the reflection of a few moments, in which he pictured to his mind the deep distress which would wring the heart of the widowed companion of Paul Oldham, tears came into his eyes, and a terrible anxiety weighed down his spirits. A terrific conflict was going on between his sense of duty and his feelings of humanity. He resolved not to enter the house, but continued his walk to Broad street, to the site of his own dwelling. Here he dwelt fondly on the recollections of his well beloved Anna, who, he trusted was now happy in the possession of his animated body, while in blissful ignorance that it was inhabited by the spirit of another. This thought, not without its dark shadows and painful bearings, was on the whole, cheering.

He now retraced his steps, his mind eased, if not satisfied, and pursued his way to Boston street, where, with something of confidence, he entered the dwelling of Mrs. Oldham. She was busied about her household matters, setting the table for the evening meal. Peter seated himself in Paul's arm chair, watching the proceedings, when Mrs. Oldham spoke up — "Why, where is Peter Stacy?" Peter came very near saying "here I am, to-be-sure," but gathering his wits, he was enabled to say, in a tone of unconcern — "He has gone home." As Peter was only a temporary boarder, no surprise was manifested, but it gave Nancy Oldham occasion to make some free remarks upon her late guest. She praised so highly his good temper and agreeable disposition, as to make Peter blush to his neck and the roots of his hair — or rather, to the neck and hair of Paul Oldham.

She, however, continued in her merry, rollicking and sarcastic vein to portray his personal appearance in terms far from flattering. She ridiculed his "spider legs," and "lancaster jaws," and called him "Giraffe," and other names sarcastically applied to the lean portion of humanity. Peter could not help joining heartily in the contagious laughter, which accompanied these witty caricatures of his absent body. This merriment had the good effect to restore him to a degree of self-possession which he very much needed. — When he sat down to the table, he noticed that plates were laid both for himself and Mr. Oldham. He, unwittingly, took his own place, instead of the place opposite Mrs. Oldham, who joked him severely, as her husband was a man of strict method, and never was before known to occupy any other place at his own table.

Supper over, Nancy Oldham sent her supposed husband away to do some errands, while she cleared the table and put the child to bed. Peter went out and delivered the messages, but found it difficult to sustain his double character of Oldham in the body and Stacy in the mind. He went into a dry goods store on Essex street to buy some tape, when looking around, he thought he saw his friend Paul Oldham, and stepped quickly up to him to shake hands. Paul also approached, and Peter did not discover that he was before a looking glass until he struck his hand against the plate, when he heard a suppressed titter from the clerks and customers in the store, which hastened his retreat.

Peter found that it was much easier to forget Paul Oldham than Peter Stacy. Forgetting his short frame, he would stoop or duck

his head at every doorway not of ample height for a six footer with a stove-pipe hat.

The next day Peter kept house so that he might accustom himself to his strange metamorphosis, and better sustain his position as Paul, the husband of Nancy Oldham. To do this required not a little tact. There were a hundred household affairs and matters of domestic gossip of which he could have no knowledge. He answered questions at random or entirely evaded an answer. Nancy noticed this absent mindedness, but charitably forbore to make observation of it to him. Business called him abroad where he encountered many of the embarrassments we have noticed in the experience of Paul Oldham.

Years rolled on, and Peter Stacy became gradually more and more at home in the dwelling of Paul. He even began to look upon Nancy as his conjugal partner, especially as a troop of chubby faced children were growing up around them. His thoughts wandered less frequently back to his Anna, and he thought little of the time when he would again be restored to her.

One afternoon as he was sitting in his room with all his children around him, he suddenly felt a trembling and shrinking of the body as if it caved in, and at the same time a stretching out as if he had suddenly grown taller. This caused him no pain, yet it was a queer sensation, and he hardly knew what to make of it. He then looked down upon his body as well as his drowsy powers would permit, and found that it had really caved in! His limbs were also lean and spare. He was long and lank instead of short and fat. This sudden change bewildered him, and he asked Nancy what it meant. The female figure moving about the room was not Nancy Old-

ham — but it was Anna Stacy! Yes, Peter presently discovered that it most certainly was his own dear, kind, but deserted wife! All his qualm of conscience suddenly returned, and he felt himself a guilty criminal and cried out to Anna to "forgive him." Anna replied by a merry laugh and a rough shake of his shoulder, telling him to "wake up, as he had been asleep this half hour and it was time to go and dig the grave of Capt. Marlin."

Peter awoke!

#### A Rare Subject for a Historical Picture.

Against the black back-ground of Puritan persecution and the Witchcraft abominations, there are some incidents which stand out boldly, in New England History, and surrounded with an almost radiance of honor and beauty, the character of Judge Sewall.

Having sat amongst the justices at the special term of the Court for the trial of the alleged witches, and yielded a conscientious assent to their condemnation, later events convinced him, as well as most of those connected in any prominent manner with the persecutions, of the fatal error of the whole proceeding. Upon this, regardless of the self-mortification he must suffer, and moved only by a feeling that he had outraged the noble sentiment of justice which characterises the upright Judge, upon the day of the general Fast appointed by the Lieut. Governor Stoughton, then acting for the Governor, Lord Bellamont, for the purpose of expressing the deep sense of regret and humiliation then felt, in relation to the witchcraft persecutions, in the winter of 1696-'7, he rose in his place in the Old South Church in Boston, and in presence of the assembly, handed up to the pulpit a written confession, acknowledging the mistake



into which he had been led, praying forgiveness of God and his people, with a request to all the congregation to unite in supplication, "that the errors he had committed might not be visited by the judgments of an avenging God on his country, his family, or himself." And he annually observed a day of humiliation and prayer up to the close of his life.

In his manuscript diary of the trials, along the margin of the page, in his own hand writing can now be read these words: "Væ! Væ! Væ!— Woe! Woe! Woe!"

The Jury, also, that served through the trials, signed and circulated an humble declaration of regret for the part they had borne in the trials, "confessing their errors and fears that they had been mistaken and deluded, asking forgiveness of God for Christ's sake."

To the credit of the State it should not be forgotten that restitution, as far as possible, was made to those that had suffered by loss of property or position.

But the conduct of Judge Sewall stands alone; and what a painting might be made of the gray old man, full of years and honor, standing alone in the broad aisle of that ancient edifice, and in such a presence, doing the penance prescribed by the holy confessor, whom we call CONSCIENCE.

---

#### THE DUTCHMAN'S SORE THROAT.

Said Hans to me, one day, "I'm some petter hut more worse,  
I've eot von schmall colt, vich makes me a leetle horse."

---

#### ADVICE TO PIKE'S PRAEKERS.

Take warning, ye gold diggers, lest all your toil be fruitless;  
If you work standing in your shoes, your labor will be hoodless.

#### YE FYRST OF MAYE.

At one of the tables of the Fair is a group of figures representing May Day and the May Pole, from seeing which, our Rhymster has produced the following:

On the first of merry May  
Little children dance full gay;  
'Tis a custom we are told  
In our father country old.

On the morn by break of day  
Village maidens gather aye.  
One is crownéd Queen of May  
She is sprightliest, fairest fay!

Then the blossoms on the thorn  
White as snowy wreaths are borne,  
And in honor of this day,  
It does bear the name of "May."

In the olden country dear,  
May's the sweetest of the year,  
Violets do scent the air,  
With the primrose meek and fair.

There the first of merry May  
Boasts of many a flower so gay,  
And the grass is velvet green  
Clothing fields in lustrous sheen.

So the May the poets sing  
Differs from our own I ween!  
England's May is fine and warm,  
But New England's brings us harm.

For full oft the sullen sky  
Shuts Hepatica's blue eye,  
And the cold and chilly rains,  
Of the Saxifrage restrains.

And we wait from week to week  
For Anemone so meek,  
For the Columbine so red  
Climbing from her rocky hed,

For the yellow finger-five,  
Which doth call the bees from hive,  
For our scentless violets blue,  
And the tawny sedgegrass too.



Yet we love the May Pole well,  
That of olden time doth tell,  
For it minds us of the Spring,  
And of times when birds do sing.

And we love to ramble wide  
Though of blossoms we're denied,  
Long then live the first of May,  
Long let us enjoy the day.

Longer still our children roam  
To bring some few flowerets home;  
Promise still of Sunnier day  
Is our fickle first of May.

### ◆◆◆◆◆ THE FAIR.

The Tableaux Vivants, announced for last evening, were duly presented. Time fails us to make extended mention of this excellent performance in to-day's paper, but we should do injustice to our feelings, should we go to press without a single word of commendation.

The following are the fresh and telling scenes which made up the programme. It would be invidious, perhaps, to compare them one with another. Suffice it that the efforts of the numerous performers met with the favor they deserved. Let each modestly take home the due share of praise.

A scene from the "Minister's Wooing," represented Mary dressed for the Ball and exhibited to the Doctor.

"Huldah and Ezekiel," creations of the poet Lowell, but indigenous products of every New England hamlet, exposed their shyness to the audience — while "Zekiel's

"heart went pit-a-pat,  
And hern went pity "Zekiel."

"The Game of Life," the old game, ever played over, never played out, was left as undecided as ever. It looked, at our last glance, as though whoever might be the loser, the angel could not fail to win.

"Love, at first sight," told its own story.

"Past and Future."

"John Alden and Priscilla," Longfellow's Miles Standish — "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

"Taking the Veil," exhibited none of the deficiencies of the novice.

"Statue Scene," Winter's Tale, an elaborate picture and a thrilling scene.

House of the Seven Gables, by Hawthorne. — Scene: The Carpenter Maule exercising his magnetic power over Alice Pynebon.

"Pomona, Flora and Diana" in compliment to the three Goddesses displaced from the Stage to make room for the *Tableaux*.

"Angels' Whisper," Mother and Child.

"Liberty," a Soldier and a Sailor sustaining the National Flag.

Thus patriotically closed the evening's entertainment.

—  
HAVE PATIENCE. Ever since the first publication of the *Weal-Reaf*, we have been trying to put into it *all* the good articles offered, and have found it as difficult, as it would be to put a gallon of wine into a quart measure. Have patience with us, or we shall wish you were — *Editors*.

—  
The Fair closes this afternoon, and during the forenoon there will be an auction sale of fruits and flowers.

—  
We shall print two extras next week.—Eds.

◆◆◆◆◆  
To study grammar faithfully must be a task immense,  
For even when you're in the mood, the labor is intense.

## LINES

ON SEEING A DOLPHIN GLIDE ALONG BY OUR  
SHIP ON SUNDAY, NOV. 13, 1853.

Exquisite creature, that glidest by,  
Like a beautiful vision, before my eye!  
In the grace of thy motion so calm and so light,  
A sprite of the Ocean, thou charmest my sight!  
Whence hast thou borrowed that delicate blue?  
From thy native element's changeful hue?  
And whence hast thou caught each golden gleam?  
From the golden sun's resplendent beam?  
... Ah! fleeting vision so soon withdrawn!  
I seem to see thee, but thou art gone!  
But look! see yonder that small, blue thing  
That leaps from the billow with cloudy wing—  
Alas! tiny creature!—strain—strain thy flight!  
The monster pursues thee, my "beautiful sprite,"  
He's bent on destruction—on murder—ah well!  
My vision is scattered—dissolved is the spell.

But ah, not soon shall forgotten be  
That finny fairy of the sea....  
Spirit of Beauty! Father Divine!  
It was but a faint and distant sign  
Of the perfect beauty they shall see  
Who look on thy face in purity!

## MY POND—IN THE EVENING.

I doubt if the proprietor of any villa, or estate in the country, can make it yield him a greater diversity of pleasure than I can obtain from my pond. The mere spiders and half developed tadpoles have each some word of pleasant entertainment, if I will listen; and at every successive hour the advancing sun seems to illuminate a new set of bright points in its character, just as it brings on a fresh phase of the moon, and a different time for the click of the tide-mill yonder.

When the afternoon is getting rather worn and it draws toward nightfall, I frequently sit at my window and look away over the blades of corn, and over the old picket fence so garnished by the woodbine, and to where my

pond lies like a very large brilliant lost by chance among the rank-growing verdure. As the sunlight falls more and more flatwise on the surface, I see every little break and undulation flash like an electric spark, as the bream and pond-perch strike up after flies, or the skater-bug darts upon its less conspicuous prey. Swarms of countless gnats are dancing like notes in the yellow beams; and the multitude move up, or down, or hither and thither, all by one impulse, as if the myriads had one common life, or the swarm an identity of its own. The swallow skims round in low and rapid circuits, only a few inches from the water, and now and then I note a stop in the short cry of the night-hawk, and anon he comes down like a meteor, sweeping up again with a loud "boom," and then rising to resume his round in the upper air.

There are in nature innumerable contrasts of tone and tint that are lovely, but what more so than in the blending of sunshine and shadow? The tall hill on the west has now begun to project its shade on the further edge of the water, and my neighbor's cottage, with the fowls picking their evening repast before the door, has bid adieu to the sun likewise.—But I can yet see his great golden eye looking at me from among the cedars on the crest of the hill, and his rays have only just left the shining mirror of the pond. Toward the east, behind me, the foliage of the oaks is almost lemon-colored, and a soft effulgence hovers along the slopes like a glory. The pond has lost all its gayety. The diamond and crystal are no longer fit to typify its appearance; it is polished jet or liquid ebony. The scattered scintillations on the surface are as visible as ever, but they do not shine; they rather seem like obscurity vivified, giving

force to that only appropriate word—"darkling." As I study the figures along the banks, I see that the boys who are angling idly for the unwilling fishes, seem darkly drawn, indeed, when seen against the shore, but appear well nigh white where I bring them against the sable waters.

The active pursuits of the day-time are ceasing. The quarryman has been at work all day on a rock on the opposite side; but the ring of his drill is over, and he is picking up his implements to return home. But there is another sound, of greater variety and prominence, that echoes across from the little by-road, where a troop of boys have gathered to play ball after school. I hear them calling to their mates on this side of the valley, and the replies are banded back and forth in the loud tones and exuberant mirthfulness of childhood.

Yonder, by that clump of alders, sits a young navigator, anxiously watching the performance of his miniature argosy, which he just now committed to the water at the causeway, and which is gliding up the dark expanse before the south-westerly breeze. Its white sails grow yet whiter against the depths on which they are relieved, and I can hardly tell which has less life or more gracefulness, that boat or the white drake that moves out slowly from the shore, as if to examine it.

It grows darker. The pond would be almost invisible now, but for the thickly growing band of foliage round it, which, though itself sombre, is yet less so than the water, and forms a fit setting for it, like antique bronze encircling a jewel of black lava. The thin crescent of the new moon hangs in the west, and there is another just like it, far

down in the water; for it seems as if I could look away under the base of the opposite hill, through the opening of some vast cavern.— And there is not only the moon, but a counterfeited of the evening star; and one lonely cloud, that yet faintly reddens with the memory of the setting sun, has its copy, too, in those lower and more mysterious heavens.— The robin in the apple tree is still warbling out his half mournful, half contented song; and I can see the capricious flittings of the nocturnal bat, and hear the seemingly spiritual notes of one solitary whip-poor-will. I will turn from all this and seek my rest; and may my slumber be deep and tranquil as thine, oh, my beautiful Pond!

A FAIR STATEMENT. What an affair a Fair always is! But this has been the greatest of Fairs. So many fair hands busy—so many fair eyes watching—so many fair heads arranging, and devising—so many fair and beautiful things—at fair prices—and fair bargains, and fair dealings—and fair return of change—and the *fare* low—and to crown all, fair weather—and fair patronage.

What shall we do with the money? Why, hear what we want:

Earth's glorious things we crave,  
The denizens of air,  
The sporter 'neath the restless wave,  
The coral structure there.

Yes, to study whatever God has made, from the tiny shell washed upon the shore, up to the Saurian and huge Mastodon. We make the beginning—our children's children will carry on the work. \*

Why is a washer-woman a great fool?

Because she sets out the tubs to catch soft water, when it is raining hard.

## RHYMES AT SEA.

### ONE MORNING.

'Twas morn — but drowsily I lay ;  
 Light were the flowery chains of sleep ;  
 Our ship, four thousand miles away,  
 Rocked like a cradle on the deep.

Down on the cabin roof the rain,  
 From Equatorial clouds, fell fast,  
 With soothing sound, and through my brain  
 Came thronging visions of the past.

Another morn, [alas ! far back !]  
 Blithe childhood's morning, fanned my brow,  
 Untried the future's cloudy track,  
 Life's spring-time floated round me now.

And ah ! another voyage lay  
 Before my fresh and hopeful soul,  
 And buoyantly I held my way,  
 Nor heard afar the billows roll.

How many a joy of that old time,  
 And ah ! how many a pleasing pain !  
 Came back, as in a morning-chime,  
 Amid these pattering drops of rain.

Again I pressed that little bed,  
 The morning-sonnds of home around,  
 While summer rain-drops, o'er my head,  
 Fell on the roof with dreamy sound.

I woke — alas ! that bappy home,  
 My dream brought near was far away !  
 What crowded years of trackless foam  
 Between me and my boyhood lay !

Yet blessed be the dream, although  
 It tells of unreturning bliss ;  
 That vision shall, full well I know,  
 Be true in brighter scenes than this !

### THE WHERRY VOYAGER.

The hero of the wherry voyage  
 From Boston to New York,  
 Was passing through a gaping crowd,  
 'Mong whom I heard this talk :

" You want to find a Sexton, sir ?  
 Well, there's the wherry man."  
 " You needn't try to humbug me !"  
 " Aint he the berry man ?"

MODEST WORTH. A Violet once sprang  
 up on the side of a bank, but then in the  
 midst of grasses and herbs—glad, in her timid  
 modesty, to be hidden from the rude eyes and  
 observations of the world. She was, howev-  
 er, found out by a Lover of the Flowers, and  
 to her great surprise and confusion. Trem-  
 bling through her whole being, she asked him  
 in a low tone, " How came you to find me  
 out ?" " By your fragrance, my dear," he  
 replied.

THE CLOUD. A cloud lowered over a  
 Farmer's fields, and as if portending ruin and  
 destruction. " It is filled with wind and  
 hail, and thunder and lightning," he said,  
 " and my crops will be ruined." The cloud  
 appeared yet more formidable. The Farmer  
 was in despair, when, lo, it dissolved in a  
 gentle mist, and the Farmer's fields, therefore,  
 were more than doubled in their yield.

COURAGE AND FEAR. A bold man, walk-  
 ing in a forest at night, thought he saw a man  
 in the road before him, who might be a rob-  
 ber. He went on, however, and found him  
 to be a shadow ! A timid man soon followed  
 him, saw the same object, and turning back,  
 took another road to avoid the imaginary dan-  
 ger ; but was there set upon by robbers, plun-  
 dered, and murdered.

Why would a patch-work quilt be an ac-  
 ceptable present from a quarrelsome neigh-  
 bor ?

Because nobody could doubt its being a  
 piece offering.

Why should the Essex Institute, be exceed-  
 ingly productive ?

Because of its excellent *Wheat-land*.

*Matthews*

# Weal-Leaf.

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## WEAL-REAF.

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### THE NATURALIST'S SONG.

Found among the Papers of the late Dr. ANDREW NICHOLS, of Danvers, the First President of the Essex County Natural History Society — and a zealous and enthusiastic Botanist.

Lo! the Naturalist searches to Earth's utmost bound,  
Where e'er there is beauty 'twill surely be found;  
Though deep in the Ocean or mountain it dwell,  
In the tint of a flower, or the form of a shell.

His mind is delighted wherever he goes —  
Through tropical gardens or boreal snows,  
For he every where sees, that a Being most wise  
Formed and rules all below, and above the blue skies.

To the young this pursuit giveth vigor and strength,  
And often protracts to an unusual length  
The life, an enjoyment of votaries true,  
As was seen in a Prince and a Holyoke too.

Weight of visions, of raptures, and wisdom reward  
All, who upon nature bestow their regard.

"Hark! hark! 'tis the voice of an angel invites!  
"Busy mortals come share in our feast of delights;

"A perpetual feast where the viands ne'er cloy,  
"Where the beauties of Earth give a foretaste of joy  
"Ever new, ever changing, most sapid and sweet,  
"Which the faithful, in Heaven forever shall treat.

## ROBERT VOORHIS.

There are now, probably, but few persons surviving of those who resided in Bridge St., fifty years ago. I was then living at the corner of Matthews lane, now Lemon street, leading from Bridge street to the North River. At the bottom of this lane was a high bluff, partially covered with locust trees, which skirted its brow; and extending out towards the channel formed, at certain stages of the tide, almost a peninsula. It was called Northey's Point, and part of it was leveled several years ago, to furnish a site for the Gas works.

As it overlooked a wide range of landscape, I was often drawn there, on pleasant summer evenings, to watch the varying beauties of the western sky at sunset.

It was on one of these occasions, that I was startled by the sudden appearance of a singular man, who was climbing the bank, near my feet. But as he spoke I was at once set at ease, by his bland speech and pleasant look. He was nearly six feet tall, very erect, had a light olive complexion — full hazel eyes; and a remarkably well developed figure. He was dressed in a long coarse overcoat, which was ornamented with a bright scarlet collar, and this, with his gait and peculiar manners, gave him the appearance of a military character.

As he addressed me, he held out a large bamboo cane, which he wished to have filled with pure water, and inquired of me where he could procure it. Upon invitation he came up to our house, where he supplied his wants, and afterwards daily repeated his visits there, for a like purpose. Occasionally additions were made to his frugal store, of fruit and pastry, for which he was very grateful, expressing his acknowledgments in graceful language.

By rendering these civilities, I acquired his confidence, and in the course of my frequent visits to him, was made acquainted with the secrets of his personal history, which interested me very much; and I now feel at liberty to disclose them, as he consented to their publication in a pamphlet form many years ago. I never saw this book, but have recently read some interesting extracts from it, inserted in Bliss's valuable history of Rehoboth.

He told me that his name was Robert and he was a fugitive slave from South Carolina—the instant after his arrival at Salem, he took the surname of Voorhis, which belonged to one of his masters, and which he assumed in compliment to him for his many acts of kindness.

He was about thirty-five years of age, and was born of slave parents in Princeton, New Jersey, in the year 1770. When quite young, he was passed as a part of the marriage portion of his master's daughter, into the possession of Mr. Voorhis, and lived with him till he was nineteen years old, when he became pleased with a young girl, from Maryland, and she consented to marry him, provided he would first obtain his freedom.

His master consented, and named a low sum for the price of his liberation. Robert soon found a man, professing to be his friend,

who advanced the necessary amount, but who required as a condition, that the certificate of freedom should remain in his hands, as security for Robert's re-imbursing the sum so paid.

Robert married this young lady, and lived very happily for two years, having quite extinguished the ransom debt; when late, one night, he was dragged from his bed, and manacled by some ruffians, under the orders of his perfidious friend, then shipped off to Charleston, S. C., and there sold as a slave.

He contrived, soon after, to effect his escape, and secreted himself on board of a vessel bound to Philadelphia, where he arrived in safety. But he had hardly stepped ashore, when he was arrested, under suspicion of being a fugitive, and was again sent back to Charleston, where he was sold at auction.

Before his new master could furnish employment for him, he again escaped, and sought refuge on board of a vessel commanded by a quaker, and then waiting a fair wind to sail for Boston. This gentleman was very kind to Robert, and, upon their arrival at Boston, furnished him with means to reach a place of safety, and gave him directions how to conduct himself to preserve his freedom.

Robert then came to Salem, sought a secluded place, where he might remain unmolested, and found it in the pleasant spot where I met him.

He made an excavation under the roots of a large locust tree, and furnishing it with a rough bench and a few articles of potters ware, took up his residence there for several months. Though he had attracted considerable notice in the street, there were but a few who knew his retreat, and perhaps there was no one, he-

## OUR GREAT PARK.

sides myself, at that time, who was permitted to share his confidence.

I was quite young and was deeply impressed by his affecting story. His eyes flashed, and his voice became choked when he referred to the perfidious villain who tore him from his family, and subjected him to the awful sufferings which he underwent in attempting his escapes.

He was very courteous in his manners, and occasionally would exhibit in his conversation tones of thought and correctness of diction, not unbecoming a man of culture and deep religious sentiment.

His habits were very simple. A draught of water and a few biscuits, with an occasional substitution of fruit, constituted his daily meals.

Soon after I left the neighborhood, he shipped on board one of Mr. Derby's vessels, and made two or more voyages to India. I then lost all trace of him, and remained thus in ignorance of his movements till I read Mr. Bliss's book, to which I have referred.

It appears that he removed to Rehoboth in 1808, and occupied a small plat owned by Hon. Mr. Burgess, near the Seekonk river, and his hermitage continued for many years a noted place for the resort of the curious.

A short time before his death several gentlemen became interested in promoting his comfort, and caused to be erected for him a suitable dwelling house, where he resided till his decease, which occurred on the first day of April, 1832.

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When does a man destroy his intellect?

When he hangs his head.

Strangers, who visit Boston and New York, are taken to the Common and the Central Park, as to places well worth seeing, and certain to appeal to tastes and wants inherent in all the children of Adam; and they seldom fail to express an amount of admiration and satisfaction, which might satisfy "Little Boston" himself, if he were not in an unreasonably exacting mood. In this admiration of the breathing spaces and pleasure grounds of the above named cities, the people of Salem share, but, curiously enough, they seem to feel no pride, and to take little satisfaction in their own parks, especially in their Great Western Park. It is not of Hide Park, which lies along Gallows Hill towards Danvers, that we speak, but of the park on the other side of the Turnpike, extending to Swampscott and Lynn, and embracing more than 1,000 square acres, with every variety of surface, with an unusually fine and full flora; its fauna not to be despised by those who have learned to take an interest in the little things of this world; its landscape, such as may satisfy both him who likes a "prospect," and him who is fond of seclusion and of limited "studies;" and the range, which it affords, such as may suffice alike the "constitutional" walker, the arm-linked lover, the mad-cap school boy, and the weary man, who asks only to unbend and lie fallow for a few hours.

Our Great Pastures fully answer to this description, which indeed does them nothing like justice; but, we fancy that, our citizens are not in the habit of taking their visitors into this park for a stroll, or of waxing eloquent in praise of it. On the contrary, the general feeling is that the lands in question are a



rather undesirable and stubborn portion of our suburbs; the possession of which no citizen of Chicago or St. Louis would for a moment envy us.

With this general feeling a few of the warmest friends of the Institute are far from sympathizing, and speaking for them, our conventional "we" carries far more weight than there can be in the opinion of a single scribbler.

Now it has happened to the writer to take some dozen strangers into this park at different times. Each and all of them have been delighted with it, and have quite agreed with him in considering it a great possession for any city — one of peculiar attraction and beauties. He and these friends of his are of opinion, that it would not be desirable to attempt much in the way of artificial improvement there, and that it is on the whole well that no drive is ever likely to be laid out through it, and that it will probably never conform to the standard of civic pleasure grounds.

Beautiful as Boston Common is, magnificently beautiful as the Central Park of New York will one day become, our rough and despised Great Pastures have a beauty and a charm, which all the wealth and art of the larger cities cannot create. Where else can one find such exquisite shadows and such grades of subdued color, when the sun is low? Where else is there (unless in a positively mountainous region) such change of outline and of the entire character of the view, as one shifts his position by a few rods? There are purples, grays, and greens, and browns, on those lieben-spread rocks, those sterile banks and hills, and among those scrubby trees and hushes, that will enrich the soul of any one, who will look for them — resolutely putting

out of his head the vulgar error, that beauty of color is not to be found except among the bright and pure members of the spectrum. And we take this opportunity of confiding to the reader, that we hope for a reform in the popular taste for color, from the use of the neutral tints now so fashionable. They are resting our eyes, and thereby intensifying our perception of the more delicate shades and of all the harmonies of color; and thus they are working to make this park of ours more valued and better understood; especially as it has quite enough bright color to bring out that which is quiet and tender, and almost neutral. It is dashed here and there with the yellow of the Wood Wax and the Golden Rod, and with the red of the Barberry and the changing leaf—the trimmings, you see, ladies, for the more sober colors which preponderate.

A better sketching ground for learning nature, by means of fragmentary "studies," can scarcely be found, than is afforded by its ledgy little hills, broken and bristling with evergreens, its shrub-fringed pools and its dark hollows. *Ruskin*, himself, might take delight there. And was there ever such a place for boys on half-holidays! What a chance it offers for camping out, including all the charms of out of door cookery and feasting! We wonder it has not long ago suggested a trial of the English game of "Hare and Hounds," as set forth in "School Days at Rugby."

Fortunately the papers of the Institute have been enriched by a very valuable contribution from Mr. G. L. Streeter—in which there is much delightful and reliable information about this park of ours; and to this we refer all readers, who have the good sense to ask for the main *facts*, and those given, to draw

their own inferences. But to them and to all, we say, visit this great possession of yours, and become familiar with it, and you will find all that we have hinted; and more than this, you will find there that indescribable and delicious refreshment, which comes from Nature, before man has wrought his transformation on her face.

### THE FAIR.

THE FAIR, FRIDAY EVENING. Friday evening—the last evening of the Institute Fair—was rendered uncommonly attractive by the presence and remarks of Prof. Agassiz, and closed with a series of very beautiful Tableaux, which were noticed in our last number, and were got up at a very short notice, exhibiting therefore, the spirit, energy, and capacity of the actors and managers in a most creditable light.

At 7 1-2 o'clock the venerable President of the Institute, Hon. D. A. White, introduced Prof. Agassiz to the audience, or, more properly speaking, the audience to the World-renowned Naturalist, and substantially in the following manner:—

Upon introducing Professor Agassiz to the audience, Judge White briefly alluded to the Fair, and the admirable spirit and manner in which it had been conducted by the ladies of Salem, who had given their attention to it. He heartily expressed his thanks for their generous exertions in behalf of the Essex Institute; and congratulated them on the approbation and sympathy of the illustrious Naturalist, who honored us with his presence, and who was so nobly devoting his life to the great cause of science, in aid of which they had thus contributed their own exertions and influence.

At the conclusion of Judge White's remarks, Prof. Agassiz addressed the audience substantially as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Knowing what you anticipate as an entertainment for this evening, I feel very unwilling to claim your attention for many moments; but I must tell you what *great pleasure* it gives me to witness the spirit and enterprise with which you come forward to aid the Essex Institute in its laudable efforts to relieve itself from embarrassment. In thus doing you are aiding science more directly, perhaps, than you have any idea of; for you little know how great and permanent your aid may be; and having made—as I have done—science my profession, I may be permitted, for the moment, to classify myself with the Professors of Science, and in their name to *thank you heartily*.

A new era will soon be inaugurated.—The past has been an age of art, but that is passing away to give place to a nobler era—that of Natural Science; and a controversy, greater and more important than any religious controversy which the world has ever seen, will agitate the people, for the question will be no less than the inquiry whether there is a great first Cause, a designer, or whether things made themselves, and this is a world of chance; then the eager inquirer, in turning to seek for those who shall teach him, will find the men for the age—from a class of the young men of to-day—who were fitted as guides by the *Essex Institute of Salem*.

From this Essex Institute, which to-day you aid, will come forward those whose light shall guide the earnest seeker, and to you shall be the thanks, that they are not bewildered by those who are infidel to the best in human nature, who seek to escape from the recognition of an intelligent Creator who made each and all things, and who saw that all was good.

## FALL.

BY A MARKET REPORTER.

The season now is far advanced  
 Our correspondents write, —  
 The price of fuel is enhanced,  
 And gas for evening light  
 Is in request, and meters show  
 Quite an advanced consumption;  
 Promising, in a year or so,  
 Our dividend's resumption.

The expiration of the term  
 Which now completes the year,  
 Brings us acquainted with "the firm  
 Of Meadows, Brown and Sere."

Vertumnus and Pomona, too,  
 Are quoted weekly here,  
 By market clerks, like me, who woo  
 The muses o'er their "bier." — (Lager?)

## SALEM ATHENÆUM.

In connection with the account of Plummer Hall, a brief sketch of the history of the Institutions occupying this building may be appropriate.

Oldest in chronological order is the SALEM ATHENÆUM, incorporated in March, 1810.— Its conception was suggested undoubtedly by the Boston Athenæum, incorporated some three years previous. The charters of the two Institutions are in many respects similar—the leading object of the same, being "the promotion of Literature, the Arts and Sciences."

The original plan of the Boston Athenæum included a Reading Room and Library, a Museum or Cabinet of Natural History, a Repository of Arts, a Laboratory and Apparatus: thus indicating that its organization was on a very broad and extensive basis, embracing within its scope all departments of human knowledge.

The founders of our Athenæum were actuated by similar motives, and laid a broad

basis for future operations — commencing at first with a Library, and trusting to the future for the further extension of their views and plans. To this end they purchased the *Social* and *Philosophical* Libraries, (one organized in 1761, the other in 1781;) and on Wednesday, July 11, 1810, their rooms in Central Building, Market (now Central) St., were opened to the proprietors, with a goodly collection of books upon the shelves, duly arranged and properly classified.

In April, 1815, the Library was removed to rooms in Essex Place — in 1825, to rooms over the Salem Bank — in 1841, to Lawrence Place — and in April, 1857, to PLUMMER HALL, which, we trust, will be a final resting place for this valuable collection of books.

The present number of volumes is about 12,000. They have principally been obtained by moneys arising from the sale of shares and the annual assessments, although many valuable works have been received as donations from friends of the Institution.

☞ Mr. Whittier's intention to contribute to our pages was distinctly expressed, and we are left to surmise, from failing to hear from him, either that a letter has miscarried, or that his engagements got the better of his inclinations, or that his health, which is not such as we could wish, failed him.

☞ It is very much regretted that persons were, by an inadvertance of the managers, permitted to pay full prices and enter the Hall Saturday after the process of clearing it had commenced. Will they make themselves known?

### ESSEX INSTITUTE.

The Essex Institute was formed by the union of the Essex Historical, and the Essex County Natural History Societies.

The former of these societies owes its origin in a great measure to the active exertions of the late Hon. John Glen King, of Salem, and George A. Ward, Esq., then of Salem, now of New York. The first meeting was held April 21, 1821, Hon. Joseph Story presiding. The first corporate Meeting on Wednesday, 27th of June 1821, and the Society was organized pursuant to their act of Incorporation by the adoption of By-Laws and the choice of officers. The venerable Dr. E. A. Holyoke, who always took the most lively interest in whatever concerned American literature and science, was elected the first President. The zeal and ability of the members, and their friends, in a short time gathered together a good collection of portraits and curiosities illustrative of the early history of the county, and a nucleus of a library containing files of several newspapers, pamphlets, public documents, &c. These were first deposited in Essex Place, then in the room over the Salem Bank, and afterwards in Lawrence Place, until the union.

The formation of a society of Natural History was proposed in the Salem Gazette for Tuesday, Feb. 1, 1831, in a communication under the signature of Elah, written by Mr. Benjamin Hale Ives, an enthusiastic Naturalist, and zealous co-operator in the early progress of the Society until his death, which occurred on the 26th of January, 1837. Other communications occasionally appeared, but no definite action was taken until December, 1833, when on the 16th inst., a meeting was held, which resulted in the organization of the

Essex County Natural History Society, Dr. A. Nichols of Danvers President, and John M. Ives of Salem, Secretary. An act of Incorporation was obtained in February, 1838. The Cabinet and Library were first deposited in Essex Place, then in Franklin Building, next in Chase's Building, then in Pickman Place, and finally in Plummer Hall, in 1857, where they have since remained.

Soon after the organization, the attention of the Society was directed to Horticulture. Its rooms have been opened occasionally during every season, with greater or less frequency as circumstances would permit, for exhibitions of Fruits and Flowers. The first exhibition took place on Friday, July 11, 1834.

During the autumn of 1847, the two Societies held several meetings to effect a union. A joint committee was appointed to draft a plan to serve as a basis of organization. The plan offered by the committee was accepted by the Societies at a meeting held 14th Jan., 1848. The Act of Incorporation from the Legislature was obtained in February of the same year, and, on the 1st of March following, by its acceptance the Essex Institute was organized. Daniel A. White was chosen President, and has been successively elected unanimously to that office.

(Conclusion to-morrow.)

The Tableaux at Mechanic Hall on Friday evening were the most beautiful Amateur performances ever given in Salem, in the estimation of good judges. The music, too, was well arranged, and appropriate for the subjects presented.

Does not the credit of exhibiting the first amateur Tableaux ever seen in Mechanic Hall rest with the Institute?

## THE MOTHER'S VISION.

"Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed!"

"Give me—give me *back* my child!"  
 So prayed in anguish fierce and wild  
 A mother, when before her lay  
 The idol she had form'd of clay,  
 Shiver'd and broke; — (for fierce the strife  
 Ere death had triumphed over life)  
 "Give me—give me *back* my child!"  
 Still rose that cry of anguish wild;  
 In vain, (by her unreck'd, unheard,)  
 Affection pour'd its tenderest word,—  
 Deafen'd by grief, she heard no tone,  
 Save that sad utterance of her own;  
 Still swell'd to Heaven that frantic cry  
 Delirious in its agony!—  
 Imploring still in accents wild  
 "Give me—give me *back* my child!"

Worn out at last by misery,  
 Sank to a sob that wailing cry;  
 On the cold bosom of her dead  
 Lower and lower droop'd her head;  
 Bathed in the bitter tears she wept,  
 Exhausted nature sunk and slept;  
 Aye!—*slept*—such torpid, leaden sleep  
 As pulses rack'd by pain may steep!  
 But while entranced her senses lay,  
 The unfetter'd spirit sour'd away,—  
 On unseen pinions wafted through  
 The yielding depths of purest blue,  
 As waves on waves successive roll,  
 Visions of splendor bathed her soul;  
 She saw Heaven's crystal gates unfold—  
 She walk'd the streets of shining gold—  
 She saw the Saints with crowns of Palm—  
 She heard the Martyr's glorious psalm—  
 Before her gleam'd that wond'rous river  
 Whose living waves flash joy forever—  
 And over all, around, above,  
 The all-pervading Eye of Love  
 "Till sight, and sound, and sense, were blent  
 In perfect fullness of content!  
 Then—robed in white, before the Throne,  
 She saw a little, radiant one,  
 Who, to the golden harp he bore,  
 Sang the sweet—"Holy! Evermore!"

No trace of suffering dims that brow,  
 Refulgent in its brightness now, —  
 No shade of earth, no sadness lies  
 In the sweet splendor of those eyes, —  
 But by the sudden rush of joy  
 Flooding her heart, she knew her Boy!  
 One moment to her sense was given  
 That foretaste of the bliss of Heaven,—  
 Then — while the harp's ecstatic thrill  
 Trembled to silence, and was still —  
 While that sweet hush, like heavenly balm,  
 Bathed all in its delicious calm —  
 There rose from earth, a wild, sharp cry,  
 A jarring peal of agony —  
 A fierce, shrill cry — she knew the tone,  
 That sharp, harsh discord was her own, —  
 Imperious, passionate, and wild, —  
 "Give me — give me *back* my child!"  
 As, (like some noxious cloud,) that cry  
 Rose through the pure, blue depths of sky,  
 The Boy — her beautiful, her own,  
 Turn'd his wrapt glances *from* the Throne;  
 Bent earthward, with a sad surprise,  
 The sweet light faded from her eyes,—  
 O'er his pure brow a dimness crept —  
 He veiled his radiant face, — and wept!  
 Sleep fled, — from her sad resting place,  
 The mourner raised her tearful face,  
 Tearful and pale, — but on her brow  
 There sat a holy calmness now, —  
 Something of the pure peace of Heaven  
 Seem'd to her heart an aspect given,  
 As, kneeling where her dead was laid,  
 She meekly bow'd her head, and prayed  
 "Keep — Holy Father! — keep my child;  
 My lamb! — my dove! — my undefil'd!  
 Resign'd I yield him up to Thee,  
 Blest in *Thy presence* must he be!  
 And I the while, at Heaven's gate  
 Will humbly strive to watch and wait,  
 'Till in the furnace purified,  
 And by my sorrow sanctified,  
 I, in Thine own good time, may be,  
 Led by my angel-child to Thee!"

When is bread alive?  
 When there's a little *Indian* in it.

Hawthorne

# Weal-Beaf.

Number 7. ESSEX INSTITUTE FAIR. Sept. 11, 1860.

Copyright secured, according to Law.

## WEAL-BEAF.

PUBLISHED BY

CHARLES W. SWASEY,

AT HIS

Book and Job Printing Office,

193 ESSEX STREET,

SALEM, MASS.

## ESSEX INSTITUTE.

(Concluded.)

Thus organized, the Institute consists of three departments. The HISTORICAL, having for its object the collection and preservation of whatever relates to the geography, antiquities, civil and ecclesiastical history of Essex County, in Massachusetts. The NATURAL HISTORY, for the formation of collections of natural productions in general, and more particularly of those of the County, and for a library of standard works on the Natural Sciences. The HORTICULTURAL, for promoting a taste for the cultivation of choice fruits and flowers, and also for collecting works on horticulture and agriculture, in connection with the general Library.

The Library contains about 16,000 volumes, and about 17,000 pamphlets — exclusive of duplicates — political, historical, &c., &c., unbound and arranged according to subjects. These have been principally obtained by donations or exchanges.

The several articles in the cabinets may be classified under the following heads: Historical, Zoological, Herbarium, and the Mineralogical and Geological.

The MEETINGS of the Institute are as follows, viz: *stated quarterly meetings*, devoted principally to the reading of reports, choice of

## MEMORY.

In soothing cadence hallowed Memory breathes  
Æolian melody on the tuneful heart;  
Lightly her rosy fingers sweep the keys,  
Inviting joys and bidding griefs depart.  
New pleasures oft may cheer the passing hour —  
Delusive Hope, unreal bliss forecast;  
Albeit, Memory's sweet, entrancing power,  
Awakes the scenes elysian of the Past.  
Life seems a Romance that we conn'd in youth,  
Unlike the Present, with its toil and strife;  
Nor yet a Romance — for its haloced truth  
Thus speaks: To love and do is all of Life.

## FAIR PLAY.

Was ever such another fair?  
Ever such lovely *fairs*?  
All here may something find to wear,  
Amid these various wares.  
The ladies here do "set their caps,"  
Though they may not be smitten: —  
If one the article dislikes,  
Why, let him take a *mitten*.  
How many a young gallant, alas!  
Who having tried his best,  
Returns with an aching heart,  
A (pen) *wiper* in his breast.

officers, and occasional communications of some historical or scientific subject. *Occasional meetings*, on Wednesdays at noon, for the transaction of ordinary business. *Field meetings*, for explorations of localities for subjects of Natural History. *Evening meetings*, devoted to the investigation and discussion of subjects appertaining to each department of the Institute.

The first Field Meeting took place in Danvers, on Tuesday, June 12, 1849. These meetings were discontinued after some two or three years, but were resumed again in the summer of 1856, and since that time have been attended with great success.

The first Evening Meeting took place on Thursday, December 11, 1851, and since that time have been continued during the winter months, at such times as may be agreed upon. The Evening Meetings are held at the rooms of the Institute. The Field Meetings, similar in character, are held in different places in the county, as circumstances may decide.

**PUBLICATIONS.** The Institute have printed vol. 1, and about 350 pages of vol. 2d, of the proceedings — vol. 1, and 4 numbers of vol. 2, of the Historical Collections — also a small volume entitled Journal of the Essex County Natural History Society.

**MEMBERSHIP.** Any person willing to contribute to its support, influenced by personal interest, or from an impression of its general utility, may become a member of the Institute; hence it might occur that the whole number of resident members, compared with the number of those more immediately and practically devoted to its objects, may be very great.

In the spring of 1857, the proposals offered

by the Salem Athenæum to the Essex Institute, for the occupancy of a part of Plummer Hall, after some modification were accepted, viz: —

The proprietors of the Salem Athenæum agree: —

1. To allow the Essex Institute to use the rooms on the *lower floor* of Plummer Hall, for any purposes consistent with the terms of Miss Plummer's Will.
2. To allow the Essex Institute, after the Athenæum has been accommodated, sufficient space for their library on the *second floor*, together with such privileges in all the rooms on the same floor, as may be necessary for the care, delivery, and consulting of their books.
3. To allow members of the Essex Institute, who have paid all their dues to that body, to consult the books of the Athenæum Library: —

*Provided*, That the Essex Institute, at a legal meeting called for the special purpose of considering the subject, shall agree: —

1. To pay to the Athenæum, annually, the sum of three hundred dollars.
2. To allow the Proprietors of the Athenæum to consult the books of the Institute Library.
3. To pay one-half the expense of warming the building and keeping its apparatus unobstructed.
4. That two years' notice by either party may terminate this agreement.

#### **The Fair.**

Before the final arrangements were made for the removal of the Library and Cabinets to Plummer Hall, the sum of \$2,600.00 was obtained by subscription. This amount was presumed to be sufficient to defray the expenses of removal, fitting of cases, &c., but more



was required to be done than was anticipated, and accordingly a debt was incurred to meet the increased expenditures.

To liquidate this debt, and to place the funds of the Institute on a good basis, several ladies proposed to hold a Fair. A meeting of ladies was accordingly held at Plummer Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 6, 1859, to discuss this subject. The weather being unfavorable, no definite action was taken, and the meeting adjourned to the following Tuesday, the 13th of December.

At the adjourned meeting, Tuesday, Dec. 13, the following ladies were chosen to make the necessary arrangements for a Fair, to be held sometime in the course of the following summer :

*President* — Mrs. John L. Russell.

*Vice President* — Mrs. John Webster.

*Secretary* — Miss Ellen D. Webb.

*Treasurer* — Miss Martha G. Wheatland.

*Managers* — Mrs. W. C. Barton, Mrs. H. M. Brooks, Mrs. Geo. C. Chase, Mrs. Geo. H. Chase, Mrs. James Chamberlain, Mrs. F. Creamer, Miss Caroline Follansbee, Mrs. Nathan Nichols, Mrs. E. B. Peirson, Mrs. Geo. D. Phippen, Mrs. C. M. Richardson, Mrs. S. E. Shepard.

*Committee* — Mrs. John Chadwick, Mrs. Joseph Cloutman, Miss C. M. Creamer, Mrs. Charles Endicott, Mrs. B. F. Fabens, Mrs. Nathan Frye, Miss Harriet Hodges, Miss Anna Johnson, Miss Harriet King, Mrs. E. S. Parker, Mrs. E. Putnam, Mrs. T. Russell, Miss S. H. Ropes, Mrs. S. A. Safford, Mrs. J. O. Safford, Mrs. E. Valentine, Mrs. Stephen Webb.

Meetings of the Ladies were held every Tuesday afternoon at Plummer Hall, to make articles for the Fair.

At subsequent meetings of the Managers, Mrs. Stephen Webb, was appointed a manager, in place of Mrs. Shepard,\* deceased — and Miss Abby Osgood to fill Mrs. Webb's place on the Committee. Also, that the Fair take place at the Mechanic Hall, on Tuesday, September 4, 1860, commencing at 2 P. M., and to continue for several days.

\* The late Mrs. Lizzie W. Shepard, wife of S. D. Shepard, deserves a longer notice than our small columns permit. In character, excellent — and endeared to all her associates in the work of the Fair — she manifested her interest in the undertaking to the last; and, though now translated into the sphere of all joy, has left with us her example of generosity, unselfish labor, and gentle enthusiasm for all that is good, and wise, and pure. She was the daughter of Cyrus and Matilda Bangs — was born at Dover, N. H., April, 1833 — died at Salem, July 21, 1860.

Several articles were picked up in Mechanic Hall — evidently lost by visitors at the Fair. These can be found at Plummer Hall, where the owners will please apply.

The Fair closed on Saturday forenoon, by a peremptory sale of the fruits, flowers, and other articles remaining over.

The gross receipts amount to \$3,200, a sum that must satisfy the expectations of the most sanguine amongst the friends of the Institute.

We cannot refrain from expressing our cordial acknowledgement to the weather, as among the largest contributors to our success. If the storm of Saturday and Sunday had overtaken us earlier in the week, our exchequer must have suffered, and our spirits drooped. Messrs. Eurus and Boreas have our thanks for their most considerate absence.

## EVERY THING SPEAKS TO

M.F.

Every thing speaks to me ;  
 Voices each hour,  
 Breathe o'er my spirit  
 A hallowing power ;  
 Softly they seem to say :  
 Will thou attend ?  
 Message I bear for thee  
 'Tis from a friend.

Dawn of the morning ;  
 Setting sun's ray ;  
 Noon with its busy hum ;  
 Evening clouds gay :  
 Twilight's calm hour,  
 That whispers of rest ;  
 To the toil worn and weary  
 A Heaven-sent guest.

Last rose of summer ;  
 First fall of snow ;  
 Wail of the winter wind,  
 Foretelling woe :  
 Bright hues of Autumn,  
 That smile at decay ;  
 And saint-like seem glad  
 To be passing away.

Teachers so gentle,  
 Lessons so wise ;  
 Who can resist them ?  
 Who dare despise ?  
 E'en sages in wisdom  
 To Nature's book turn ;  
 From insect and lily  
 Bid Ignorance learn.

Song of the whip-poor-will,  
 Buzz of the bee ;  
 Coo of the ring-dove,  
 Flower on the lea ;  
 Bird, breeze and blossom,  
 Stars gemming Night's pall,  
 Every thing speaks to me ;  
 Voices have all.

Why is a horse the most miserable of animals ?

Because his thoughts are ever on the rack.

## LINES.

How widely open Nature holds  
 Of her domains, the palace door !  
 Inviting to her treasures rare,  
 Of all degrees, both rich and poor.

Explore her chambers' sparry depths ;  
 Or scale some mountain-piled throne,  
 Whose canopy, the azure sky,  
 Where sterile silence sits alone !

Or trace the molten silver vein,  
 Or golden nugget rudely cast,  
 When the rude elements combined  
 In struggles fierce, through Epochs past.

Or plough the briny ocean deep  
 With swiftest keel, to farthest Ind,  
 And mark the wonders of thy way —  
 Strewn on each side for thee to find !

What myriad forms of beauty there !  
 The orient pearl, the crimson weed,  
 Midst which the scaly tribes disport,  
 And where the mightiest monsters breed.

What myriad forms of beauty there !  
 That float upon its heaving breast,  
 Or cradle in its depths profound,  
 Or fearless skim its foamy crest.

Or track the pathless desert o'er,  
 Or glide across the icy plain ;  
 'Neath tropic suns or Arctic night,  
 Beauty and Wonder hold their reign !

The iceberg rich with sanguined tints  
 Betrays the alga's presence there !  
 Some tiny moss or daring plant,  
 Still revel 'neath the sun's fierce glare.

Waving above some secret spring  
 The feathery Palm is seen afar ;  
 And weary travellers seek its shade,  
 And hail it, as their guiding star !

Oh glorious Mind, that lives for Her !  
 Oh glorious eye that learns to see !  
 Oh happy heart that trusts to know  
 How widely opes her Palace free !

That we may thus instructed be,  
 Fair Science, come, with us abide ;

Nor leave us when the day is spent,  
And we are near life's evening-tide.

Unveil the Father's love divine,  
'Neath Nature's beauteous vesture wrought,  
That humbly wise we daily grow,  
And Wisdom be enshrined in Thought.

◆◆◆◆◆  
**THE FAIR.**

**List of Tables, Directors, and Attendants.**

TABLE NUMBER ONE.

|                           |                      |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| Miss Caroline Follansbee, | Miss Mary Safford,   |
| Mrs. S. A. Safford,       | Carrie B. Perkins,   |
| Elizabeth Valentine,      | Georgianna Dodge,    |
| J. H. Silsbee,            | Priscilla C. Hodges. |

NUMBER TWO

|                       |                       |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Mrs. Henry M. Brooks, | Miss Harriet M. King, |
| Eldred S. Parker,     | Harriet A. Austin,    |
| James O. Safford,     | Lydia D. Cabot,       |
| Miss Anna Johnson,    | Julia M. Tarr,        |
|                       | Mrs. Charles Hoffman. |

NUMBER THREE.

|                     |                       |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
|                     | Mrs. George H. Chase, |
| Miss Abbie Pierson, | Miss Eliza B. Chase,  |
| M. G. Wheatland,    | C. E. Bemis,          |
| Harriet Hodges,     | C. D. Hodges,         |
| Josephine Lee,      | Alice Silsbee.        |

NUMBER FOUR.

|                       |                     |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| Mrs. John L. Russell, | Mrs. Charles Paine, |
| John Webster,         | Miss Ellen D. Webb, |
| George C. Chase,      | Sarah H. Ropes,     |
| F. M. Creamer,        | C. M. Creamer.      |

NUMBER FIVE.

|                      |                        |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| Mrs. Nathan Nichols, | Mrs. B. F. Fabens,     |
| Stephen Webb,        | James B. King,         |
| Edward Putnam,       | Miss Abby Osgood,      |
|                      | Miss Annie R. Nichols. |

NUMBER SIX.

|                     |                        |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| Mrs. Wm. C. Barton, | Mrs. Thos. B. Russell, |
| George D. Phippen,  | Miss Caddie Safford,   |
| Charles Endicott,   | Eliza Trask,           |
| Joseph Cloutman,    | Sarah W. Barton.       |

NUMBER SEVEN.

|                        |                        |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| Mrs. C. M. Richardson, | Miss Augusta Chadwick, |
| James Chamberlain,     | J. T. Richardson,      |
| John Chadwick,         | Lizzie Church,         |
| Nathan A. Frye,        | Anna Perkins.          |

FLOWER TABLE.

|                       |                       |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Miss Ellen L. Hodges, | Miss Grace A. Little, |
| Mary O. Hodges,       | Hannah F. Nichols.    |

PERIODICAL TABLE.

|                    |                         |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| Miss E. Wheatland, | Miss Harriet Mansfield, |
| Lucretia Stevens,  | S. Augusta Nichols,     |
|                    | Miss. Ellen Brown.      |

FRUIT TABLE.

|                     |                       |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| Miss Ellen Creamer, | Miss Sarah C. Daland, |
| Susan H. Ropes,     | H. B. Spooner.        |

REFRESHMENT TABLE.

|                   |                      |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| Miss Mary Bray,   | Miss Ellen Baker,    |
| Caroline Perkins, | Anna Batchelder,     |
| Sarah Dalton,     | Pamela Austin,       |
| Augusta Creamer,  | Anna Snell,          |
| Mary Nichols,     | Ellen Stevens,       |
| Sarah Chase,      | Catherine Russell,   |
|                   | Miss Carrie Edwards. |

◆◆◆◆◆  
**VALEDICTORY.**

The Editors of the *Weal-Reaf*, in taking a kindly leave of their readers, after a short but pleasant editorial acquaintance, desire publicly to acknowledge their indebtedness to the contributors, who have relieved them, by their timely aid, of much anxiety and labor. They have printed articles from Curtis, Poole, Brooks, Tracy, Jones Very, and Hawthorne; from Miss Very, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis Russell, Theodore Atwill, of Lynn, Mrs. Anna L. Angier, of Providence, R. I., and many very acceptable pieces from unknown sources.

They desire to add that the flattering patronage enjoyed by the *Weal-Reaf*, and the generosity with which their labors have been greeted, encourage them to believe that the experiment, in which they were enlisted, has not in any sense proved a failure.

OUR NAME, *Weal-Reaf*, is the Anglo Saxon for Tapestry, or Wall Covering — means in our case intellectual Tapestry — a weaving together of various mental threads into a many colored whole.

Why does a sculptor die a horrid death?  
He makes faces and busts!

Why is an auction unlike sea-sickness?  
One is a sale of effects, and the other the effects of a sail.

## THOMAS LANE, A. B.

"Said he, 'I am a handsome man,  
But I'm a gay deceiver!'"

Tom Lane was a young Bachelor,  
"A Bachelor of arts;"  
A second Tamerlane was he,  
The very "knave of hearts."

A modern Blue-beard, neat and trim,  
This whisker'd, perfum'd dandy,  
Snap up confiding female hearts,  
As children do steam candy!

His mother's maid, his sister's friend,  
And all his female cousins,  
With the pupils of two Normal schools —  
He broke their hearts by dozens.

In rings, and chains, and filagrees,  
Exhaustless was his treasure —  
And billet-doux, and valentines,  
He had them without measure.

And locks of hair, from paly gold,  
Up through all shades of Browns,  
Red, flaxen, black, he might have sold,  
If he had wished, by pounds!

We will not stop to contemplate  
This Cupid under arms,  
Nor stay our patience to relate  
The victims of his charms:

From high to low, the spark once fired,  
In widening circles ran,  
As if all womankind conspired  
To spoil a vain young man.

The ladies all admired his air,  
His walk, his smile, his face,  
They thought him (and he thought himself)  
A paragon of grace!

Among his set, "the upper ten,"  
The blaze was kindled first,  
But burn'd with tenfold fierceness, when  
It reached the *under crust!*

The sewing-girl who stitch'd his lawn,  
In secret worship sighed,  
"Till she grew a "maiden all forlorn,"  
With stitches in her side;

She said his hair "was elegant!"  
And "splendid" were his eyes!  
And duly as she told his charms,  
She checked them off with sighs.

She could not hope to be his wife,  
And so she sew'd, and sigh'd,  
Until it wore her thread of Life,  
And then—she stop'd, and died!

Well! she was good, and *all* the good  
Will meet with their deserts;  
And if she reaps what she has sow'd,  
She'll never want——for *skirts!*

The pretty, laughing, laundry maid,  
Fresh, rosy Bessy Stubbs,  
Shed tears for him, like summer's rain,  
And caught them in her tubs.

And, with a trick like April skies,  
As sung by many a hard,  
*Soft* water fell from her blue eyes  
While she was crying *hard!*

She rung her clothes, and rung her hands,  
Her heart was *badly mangled*;  
She grew as white as any sheet  
Which from her clothes-line dangled.

She told her sadirons *she* was sad;  
She said, "'twould be her ruin;"  
She said, "her cup of life had had  
A monstrous share of *bleaching!*"  
She said, "her future was a blank!  
She had no right to hope;  
Why! *he* might marry London Bank!  
And *she*—wan't worth her soap!"

The more she talked, the less she pined,  
She was a girl of spirit;  
She bade Tom Lane go to the——wind,  
And married Deacon Skerrit.

But is it wise, or is it well,  
As I have said before,  
Like some Ojibway chief, to tell  
The scalp-locks which he bore?

The moral (and this is a point  
We lay peculiar stress on,)  
Is meant for all who morals want,  
A most instructive lesson.

At twenty-five, Tom felt he was  
Too young a choice to make;  
At thirty-five — he looked about  
To see *who he would take.*

At forty-five — he seemed to care  
For pastorals, groves, and meadows;  
At fifty-five — he dyed his hair,  
And talked of wealthy widows.

At sixty-five, he'd found he said,  
How vain were female hearts!  
At seventy-five — he died unwed,  
A Bachelor of Arts!

The moral is — which each young man  
Should in his heart implant, —  
If you don't marry *while you can,*  
When 'tis *too late* — you *can't!*

#### VISIT OF THE FAIRIES.

Now, brothers and sisters, I am going to tell,  
A story of things which will please you quite well.  
You must know that last night we started away,  
To wander about till the dawning of day,  
To try and pick up some new information,  
Which useful to us might be as a nation.  
To the city of Salem we thought we'd fly down,  
For we often have heard of that steady old town  
Which was settled we've heard, so long, long ago,  
And where witches were hung, as you very well know.  
(I'll tell you a secret, if you'll never tell;  
They say there are witches there now, quite as well,  
But never a hit like those that were hung,  
For these are quite blooming, handsome and young.  
You can frequently see them out in the street,  
Looking so pretty, so smiling and sweet.)  
But if about them I'm tempted to speak,  
I should n't have done till the end of next week.  
As we swiftly flew o'er the streets of the town,  
Looking to see where 't was best to come down,  
We spied a large building, all lighted so bright,  
Whence musical strains floated out on the night.  
"Come, let's alight here," we cried one and all,  
"And see what may be in that bright lighted hall."  
So we quickly rushed in (without paying a cent,)  
The door-keeper wondering what it all meant;  
For we raised such a breeze as we whisked through  
the door,

That his tickets were scattered all over the floor;  
And we merrily laughed to see his dismay,  
And said "'tis too bad," as we all flew away.  
But when we got in, the light was so bright  
That it dazzled our eyes and bewildered our sight;  
So down 'neath the tables we stealthily slid,  
Till the people were gone we snugly lay hid.  
When the gas was put out and every one gone,  
We lighted our own little lamps, and they shone  
Like the stars up in heaven — twinkling and bright,  
Or the soft, subdued beams of the lovely moonlight.  
We perched on the portraits, we hid in each flower,  
And played "hide and seek" in the beautiful hower.  
We tasted of fruit, of candy, and cake,  
And a sly little sip of ice-cream we would take.  
The tables were covered with beautiful things,  
All around and amidst them we fluttered our wings.  
Young ladies sat there, in the brightest of hues,  
(We only just reached to the tops of their shoes;)   
Though their open eyes stared and watched every  
motion,

They spoke not a word; and I've rather a notion,  
They were what are called dolls; I've heard people  
say,

Children down upon earth delight in their play.  
I was flitting about to examine the work,  
When I suddenly found myself stopped with a jerk;  
For my toe I had caught in an *awful* long stitch,  
I could hardly get clear by a very hard twitch.  
To mortals no doubt all the stitches were small,  
And everything else was "an fait" in the hall;  
Prodigiously large the things all appeared,  
To us little fairies, and greatly we feared  
Our necks we should break, or tear some of the things  
As we flitted about on our light, airy wings.  
We swung in the stitches, round the dollies we  
danced,

When looking up quickly with horror we chanced  
To see that the day was beginning to break.  
Reluctantly, sadly, we gathered to take  
Our last observations — looked once more around,  
Then out of the window escaped with a bound.  
So let's send a vote to the people down there,  
The ladies and friends of the "Institute Fair,"  
Our heartiest thanks for the pleasure we found,  
And the heartful time we had looking around.

### THE FRIEND WASGOOD.

A proverb says, "The night is nobody's friend," and so he, who has a journey to make, if he does well, takes daylight for his companion, and retires with that, and goes on his journey again, with it. It is related, that once, in a deep, dark forest, there was a solitary tavern, whose landlord was a ruthless man. It happened that a traveller was belated, and was obliged to pass the night there. The landlord took pains to ask him, before he had time, about his journey, and as soon as he found in what direction he was going, he declared he had business on that road, and invited himself to be his companion on the way. The traveller did not object to this, for he suspected no evil; and long before the day dawned, the landlord called him, saying it was time to be on their way, if they wished to arrive in season at their place of destination. But the traveller had not gone far, in the darkness of the night and the depths of the forest, when the wicked landlord fell upon him, robbed and murdered him; then dragged the body to a distant pit, and threw it in.

One evening, another stranger came to the accursed, solitary house. He was a wise and experienced man. At supper the landlord asked him in what direction he meant to travel, in the morning. The stranger answered without hesitation. "Then I can give you my company, and be your guide through the forest," said the landlord. "I have to take the same journey, to-morrow; I will call you in good season." "Well," said the stranger, "I shall be glad to have company." It was hardly midnight, when the host came to to awaken the stranger, with these words: "Arise! it is time we should be on our way." The stranger arose, but when he saw that it

was still midnight, he said, "it is too early, for me, yet." The landlord waited an hour, then he came again, and cried out—"It is time now! "The earlier we start, the sooner we shall arrive there. I know the road very well."

"I cannot go away yet," said the stranger, "for I must wait here, for a friend, who will go with me."

"Where is your friend?" asked the landlord, eagerly.

"He left me last evening," said the stranger; "he must be back quite soon."

"From which road will he come?" asked the landlord, "and what is his name?"

"His name is Wasgood, and he will come from the eastward."

The landlord went out a little way into the forest, and went toward the East, calling out, "Wasgood! Wasgood!" but no one answered. Then he came back and said, "I have not met any one." "No matter," said the stranger, "I must wait notwithstanding, for I am quite certain my friend is coming."

At last, when it was broad daylight, the stranger said—"Now it is time for us to start on our journey."

"But where is your friend?" asked the landlord.

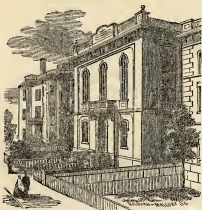
"My friend is here already," said the wise man, smiling. "Daylight is he; to be sure he is also called Was Good, for it is written in the scripture, 'And the Lord saw the Light that it was good, and he named it Day.'"

"Your Weal-Reaf, of course, is a wheel of fortune to some; to other contributors, more reef than weal, whereby many have made shipwreck of their faith, if, indeed, such relic of antiquity as faith still exists."

# WEAL-REAF EXTRA.

## FAIR ADVERTISEMENTS, &c.

### PLUMMER HALL.



### LITTLE CLOTLIDE.

My dear little friends, who have come to the Fair,  
To buy, with Mamma's, something tempting and  
rare.

Just listen to me, while a story I tell you,  
About a nice Doll, we are anxious to sell you.

Her name is Clotilde — pretty name, is it not?  
And she can be seen — but I'll not name the spot,  
For I want you to look very carefully round  
And see where, you think, Miss Clotilde may be  
found.

Her hair is bright black, and her eyes are black,  
too,  
And her full, brilliant cheeks, rival roses in hue,  
While her small, ruby lips ne'er look sulky nor  
pout,  
For Clotilde is too good, to be cross or "put out."

Her dress is not satin, nor tulle, nor lace,  
But suitable, handsome, and hard to deface,  
For children and dolls are more pleasing and fair,  
If they don't think too much, about what they shall  
wear.

She does not speak English — does not understand  
Many words of the tongue of her own Fatherland,  
But if she SHOULD answer your questions or mine;  
I think she would say, simply, "Ja" "oder"  
"nein."

A few months ago, when the flowers were just peep-  
ing  
From snow-covered beds, where so long they lay  
sleeping,  
Our little Clotilde came across the wide sea  
To seek a new home in this "land of the free."

She has no dear Mother, no Father nor Brother,  
Her sisters are all far away from each other,  
And she pines for a friend, and the love which she  
knows,  
My dear little girls, you COULD give, if you chose.

Do you think you should know her? look around,  
in the Hall,  
For a dark green silk dress and a cherry edged  
shawl,  
And when you have found them, you need not be  
told,  
That the lonely Clotilde, is the doll you behold.

Then please ask Mamma to present her to you,  
As a friend and companion, both loving and true,  
Thus making ALL happy — herself too, "ma chere,"  
By this generous gift to the "Institute Fair."

### Have you been to the Fair?

Have you been to the Fair, the "Institute Fair?"  
They say they've a heap of pretty things there;  
Come, here is the Hill, so let us go in,  
And glance at the novelties gathered within:  
But stop for a moment, stop at the door,  
Were ever such changes heard of before!  
The dingy old Hall, invitingly clean,  
Arrayed in a co-tune of liveliest green,  
With red, white and blue in pleasing array,  
The old stars and stripes forever and aye;  
While half peeping out, half hidden in green,  
The prettiest flowers are everywhere seen;  
Around and above, all over the room,  
We catch their bright hues, and breathe their per-  
fume.

Yon Platform we're sure is Flora's domain,  
The Goddess is there with all her bright train,  
From green house and garden, from wood land and  
vale.

From hill top and meadow they've come to the  
sale;

So good people all, who come to the Fair,  
Be sure that you know what's doing up there.  
But now, passing in for nearer survey,  
Where shall we begin, and what shall we say;  
That this is most charming, that very nice,  
Would use the descriptors all in a trice;  
Beside, where all are so pretty and rare,



How hard to select, or even compare;—  
 So let us look round in a general way,  
 And as we pass on, our thought will say.  
 First then the Cushions, we're jotted them down,  
 Enough, as we think, to furnish the town,  
 For Sofa and Chair, for Head and for Feet,  
 Some daintily wrought, some simple and neat,  
 For parlor and basket, table and wall,  
 Cushions and cushions all over the Hall.  
 Then there are Blankets, so lovely and rare,  
 Wrought with such exquisite beauty and care,  
 In texture so fine, so soft for a nap,  
 Who'd mind the cold in so graceful a wrap;  
 For cradle or carriage, for young or old,  
 The prettiest things that ever were sold.  
 And then there are Bags of all sizes and hues,  
 Lap-bags for work, and long bags for shoes,  
 Large bags, and small bags, and carpet-bags gay,  
 Sure never was seen a more useful array.  
 Then come all good housewives, come to the sale,  
 You'll find what you want without any fall;  
 Here are Crickets, and Chairs, and Ottomans too,  
 With Mittens, and Slippers, and Mats of all hue;  
 Aprons, and Jackets, and Pants by the score,  
 Piles of nice clothing as ever child wore;  
 Needle-hooks, Baskets, and Sontags hard by,  
 With Sunsets and Clouds, though not in the sky,  
 Cases for dressing, and Shaving, and all,  
 With Tiddles, and Dollies, and big Parlor Ball;  
 In short, I should say, a "mighty big store."  
 "Of things that had never been neighbors before."  
 And now up the stairs "Refreshments" we see,  
 "Hot Coffee," "Ice Cream," and good cup of Tea,  
 While Caswell appears as *Charge des Affaires*,  
 With ladies at hand to serve their light wares;  
 Oysters and Crackers, with nice buttered Roll,  
 If tired and hungry, will make you quite whole;  
 Or if you prefer, a Sandwich you'll find,  
 With Tartlets and Cakes, and Fruit of all kind;  
 Confections and Bonbons, just as you please,  
 Were ever arrangements better than these.  
 I'm sure all in all, above and below,  
 Old Salem ne'er saw a gay<sup>r</sup> Tableau.

## FAIR ADVERTISEMENTS.

TABLE NO. ONE.

Travelling Bags; Toilet Cushions; Shawls;  
 Ottomans; Infants' Cloaks; Mouchoir Cases;  
 Infant's Emb. Sacks; Afghan; Infant's Carriage  
 Blanket; Sofa Pillows; Perfume Bags;  
 Embroidered Wallets; Ladies' Toilet Sacks;  
 Ladies' Aprons; Children's Aprons; Tiddles;  
 Sontags; Infants' Sacks; Night Caps, &c.,  
 &c., &c.

TABLE NO. TWO.

1 Child's Suit—dress, petticoat, skirt and  
 shirt; 1 Round Cricket; 1 Afghan—for sofa  
 or obaise; 2 Travelling Bags; 1 Lady's Tal-  
 ma; 1 Child's Talma; Worsted Tiddles;—  
 2 pairs of Woolen Sleeves; 1 Sontag; 1 Red

Riding Hood; Toilet Cushions; 2 Sofa Pil-  
 lows; 2 Travelling Cases; 1 Crayon Picture;  
 1 Set of Crochet Table Mats; 1 Large Doll;  
 5 Medium Size Dolls; 2 Rigolettes; 1 Mari-  
 posa; 2 Knit Dolls, and 4 Dolls' Jackets;—  
 Crochet Mats; Knit Tippets; 2 Knit Shirts  
 for babies; 1 Emb. Yoke and Sleeves; 2 Cro-  
 chet Yoke and Sleeves; 1 Baby Basket;—  
 1 pair Crochet Slippers; 1 Kid Needle Book;  
 1 Large Worsted Tidy; Animals; Pen-wip-  
 ers; 2 Scrap Bags; Knitting Bags; Black  
 Silk Aprons; Gent's Dressing Case; Sontag;  
 Child's Blanket; Mariposa; Needle Book—  
 with place for spools; Elephant, and Doll;—  
 Long Cricket.

TABLE NO. THREE.

1 Carriage Afghan; 3 smaller ones;—  
 9 Aprons; 1 Knit Blanket; 2 Crocheted  
 Blankets; 2 very handsome Embroidered Blan-  
 kets; 5 Knitting Bags; 4 pr. Infants' Bands;  
 5 Carpet Bags; 1 Bracket; 6 Quilted Bibs;  
 2 Lined Baskets; 1 Lined Basket for an Inval-  
 lid; 8 Shoe Bags; 1 Chair Seat; 12 Toilet  
 Cushions; 7 small Cushions; 2 Sofa Cush-  
 ions; 20 Pocket Cushions; 1 very large Doll;  
 1 Crying Doll, nicely dressed; 8 smaller Dolls;  
 6 still smaller Dolls; 6 very minute Dolls;  
 5 Gentlemen's Handkerchiefs; 12 nice Hold-  
 ers; 3 Infants' Crochet Caps; 1 furnished  
 Berceinette; 1 furnished Baby House; 8 Night  
 Caps; 10 prs. Mats; 3 Mariposas; 3 Che-  
 nile Nets; 5 fringed crash mops; 1 pr. Cro-  
 cheted Mittens; 14 prs. knit Keins, with Belts  
 and Bells; 9 Embroidered Flannel Sacks;  
 5 Embroidered Thibet Sacks; 11 Crocheted  
 Sacks; 8 Rigolettes; 7 prs. Knit Shirts;  
 1 Knit Jacket; 1 fine Cake Tidy; 1 Knit  
 Opera Cape; 4 prs. made up Slippers; 2 So-  
 fa Pillows; 30 Pen Wipers, some sunshade;  
 1 Crocheted Talma; 4 Crocheted Scarfs;  
 10 Knit Tippets; 1 Rattle; 2 prs. Socks;  
 1 pr. Footstools made up; 1 pr. Footstools,  
 not made up; 1 doz. Rattles; 1 Complete  
 Suit, for a boy 3 years old; 1 Sack and Pants,  
 for a boy five years old; 4 Quaker Lady Toi-  
 let Cushions; 8 Needle Books; 4 White  
 Skirts, for ladies; 2 White Skirts, for misses;  
 Enameled Cloth Dressing Case; Brown Linen  
 Dressing Case; 3 prs. Knit Drawers; 4 small  
 Oil Paintings; 4 Framed Crayons; Set of  
 Women Quilting; Black Woman and Baby;  
 4 Round Toilet Cushions; Knit Breakfast Cap;  
 Sets of Underclothes, and hosts of other things  
 too numerous to mention.

TABLE NO. FOUR.

Large Affghan; Small Affghan; Knit Shawls; Knit Capes, large and small; Pen Wipers; Mariposa; Elephants; Knit Dolls large Doll; Cotton Dolls; Infant Sacks; Infant Shirts; Tidle; Mitts; Needle Books; Emery Cushions; Knit Caps; Children's Clothing; Socks; Toilet Cushions; Dressing Cases; Dancing Dolls; Work Basket; Round Cricket; Knit Bags; Dolls' Bedsteads; Travelling Bags; Shopping Bags; Sofa Pillows; Worked Chairs; Embroidered Skirts; Embroidery; Wooden Ware; Red Riding Hood; Mice; Easy Chairs; Baby Basket; Sontag; Slippers; Gent's Handkerchief; Night Caps; May Pole; Doll's Mittens and Shoes.

TABLE NO. FOUR.

Here are goods for ye all  
At Table FOUR;  
Come and see, come and buy,  
E'er the Fair be o'er.

Here is a May Pole,  
Purse for the miser;  
When you shall open it,  
Hope you are wiser.

Here is a knitted doll,  
That will not break;  
Here, too, are dancing dolls,  
All in a shake.

Dolls, too, of all size,  
Pick as you will;  
Needle Books and table mats,  
"Blackberries," full a gill.

Aprons for children,  
Caps for the breakfast table;  
Napkins for cake baskets;  
Buy if you are able.

Wrap up the baby  
In this affghan small,  
Or a larger affghan  
Will wrap you all!

Come here ye city gents!  
Handkerchiefs for ye,  
Cases for your letters,  
As good as good can be.

Wipers for the steel pen  
Lest it should get rusty;  
Sacks and shawls for ladies,  
When the weather's gusty.

Strawberries and tomatoes  
Good all the year!  
Bags for your vegetables,  
That are not dear.

Cocks, that grow angry  
If they are shaken;  
Holders ready all for use  
When the "flats" are taken.

Bags made to hold your shoes,  
Whenever you travel,  
Collars, underclothes and shawls,  
Work, that will not ravel.

Here are goods for ye all,  
At number four;  
Come and see, come to buy,  
What need we say more?

TABLE NO. FIVE.

Moss Basket; Baskets of Flowers; Crosses of Lichens; Baby's Embroidered Blanket;—Baby's Embroidered Shoes; Lady's Toilet Slippers; Toilet Cushions; Book Marks;—Game Cocks; Emereys; Knitting Bags;—Embroidered Tidies; Crocheted Tidies; Crocheted Mats; Bead Mats; Dolls; Doll's Chair; Sofa Pillow; Cone Mats; Embroidered Biroche; Gentlemen's Wallets; Swiss Baskets; Travelling Bag; Crocheted Shawl; Embroidery; Night Caps; Babies' Shirts; Rigolettes; Worked Cricket; Sleeves; Embroidered Sacks; Knit Sacks; Pen Wipers; Shaving Papers; Dressing Cases; Scissors Cases; Knitting Case; Shell Cats; Work Basket; Dish Cloths; Dish Mops; Head Dresses; Cone Basket; Tomatoes; Hour Glass; Pincushions; Embroidered Handkerchief.

TABLE NO. SIX.

1 Large Affghan; 1 Sofa Pillow; 1 Chair Seat, wrought; 1 Infant's Basket, furnished; 4 Flannel Skirts, wrought; 2 large Needle Books; 2 Lined Baskets; 1 Tucked Skirt, child's; 2 Ladies Tucked Skirts; 1 doz. Dolls, different sizes; 1-2 doz. Rag Dolls; 1 Snow Basket; 1-2 doz. Children's Worsted Balls; Boy's Knit Reins; Toilet Cushions; Crocheted Raglans; Dish Mops; 2 Crocheted Shawls; Lamp Mats; Tidies; Cigar Cases; Needle Cases; Elephants; Embroidered Mantle; Crocheted Mittens; Infant's Linen Shirts; 1 very large handsome Bird House; 2 Crocheted shawls; 1 pr. Crocheted Slippers; Infants'

Socks; 2 Mariposas; Infant's Suit, consisting of knit blanket, jacket and cape; Scent Bags; Infants' Jockey Caps; Tomato Cushions;— Letter Cases; Dressing Cases; Shaving Cases; Invalids' Pillows; Sontags; Ornamented Eggs; 5 Pena Setts, including handkerchief, wrought; Piccushions, and many other smaller articles.

TABLE NO. SEVEN.

Cushions; Babies' Cloaks; Sacks; Mittens; Slippers; Aprons; Wall Bags; Head Rests; Collapsible Band Boxes; Spectacle Cases, and Wipers; Dressing Cases; Easy Chairs; Needle Cases; Quaker Dolls; Shaving Cases; Knit Dolls; Toilet Companions; Mats; Tiedies; Balls; Play House Furniture; Watch Cases; Roll-ups; Pen-wipers; Highlanders; Hoods; Mariposas; Work Baskets; Taper Stands; Socks; Carolinian Slave; Berioche; Sontag; Worsted Work; Cloud; Reins; Cats' Collars; Ironing Scene; Swan Iron; Easter Eggs; Bibles; Toys; Sugar Plum Bags; Dolls' Saques; Feather Basket; Night Caps; Holders; Coiffures; Pocket Handkerchiefs; Shoe Bags, &c., &c.

**Business Advertisements.**

FLOWERS, in beautiful profusion, as rich as the taste and generosity of our friends can make it, will be offered for sale, upon the stage.

A PERIODICAL TABLE will be found in the Hall, upon which will be exposed for sale the publications of the Essex Institute up to the present time. Photographs of objects of interest, in and about Salem, and the issues of the Weal-Leaf, complete from its commencement.

A NEWS BOX will be placed there, to receive contributions to the Weal-Leaf from visitors.

AN ENTERTAINMENT, consisting of vocal or instrumental music or speaking may be expected every evening, and will be duly announced in the morning issue of the Weal-Leaf.

The Fair will open every morning, during the remainder of the week, at 10 o'clock, and remain open without intermission throughout the day and evening.

Tickets for admittance will be sold at the door, at 25 cents each, and 6 single, or one season ticket, for one dollar.

Fresh fruits and all sorts of dainties will be constantly supplied. The ices are from the justly celebrated saloon of Mme. Simon.

A wag got into the Fair yesterday in some surreptitious way, for the strictest orders have been given at the door to exclude this mischievous class of persons, and the result of his visit is the following, which we found closely folded in the news box:

"The author of the line quoted by you, Mr. Editor, in your prospectus, — 'Tune's noblest offspring is the last,' was evidently some poet in sympathy with the shoe interest. Was it the Quaker Bard, or the South Danvers Wizard?"

We answer, that he must ask the gentlemen alluded to, and not us. We disclose no names in connection with what we print. And further, that he need not again intrude himself here in the hope of finding either of them.— Both are excluded, except as contributors, by the directions above alluded to as having been given at the door. The one is a notorious wit, and the other is Whittier.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE ELEPHANT at Table No. 2?

"Three Blind Mice all in a row" at Table No. 4.

BLACK WOMAN AND BABY for sale cheap at Table No. 3. Sold for no fault, the owner wishing to travel in Canada, would prefer not to separate them.

There will be no Raffle at this Fair.

GRAB BAGS will be provided for those of a predatory turn.

Any reader, discovering a joke in this paper, can either take it, or return it at the office.