

Images of recently discovered stories by  
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# 1853.9.1 Fairfield - Cain

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C A I N.

By his command, so soon to be absorbed  
In grateful joy. Here, by His power Divine,  
Bade death release its prey, the untrammelled soul  
Return to earth, and gave a living proof  
And pledge of future immortality.  
And when His work all ended, He prepared  
To re-ascend His throne, this way he led  
His sorrowing followers, for a last farewell.  
It seems a humble village; few its homes,  
And few and poor its dwellers; cottage roofs,  
Except one simple turret, are they all!  
Yet, save the neighboring city, it were hard,  
If Palestine were searched, to find a spot,  
On which the Christian traveller should muse  
With fonder interest,—than Bethany.

WRITTEN FOR THE LADIES' CHRISTIAN ANNUAL.

C A I N.

BY FLORA FAIRFIELD.

"A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth."

JEHOVAH's awful mark upon thy brow,  
Thy once bright, happy heart for ever now  
A prey to anguish deep, remorse, and care,  
Great is the punishment that thou must bear.

"A fugitive" thou art: compelled to roam  
From that green, cherished spot of ground, thy home,  
With its bright, starry flowers, its balmy skies,  
Its waving groves, and fountain melodies.

The luscious fruit thou'st watched, the golden grain,  
Giving rich promise, thou'lt not see again;  
Nor shady haunts, where, with thy lovely bride,  
Thou'st wandered by the murmuring streamlet's side.

"A vagabond." Turning from her sad tears,  
Who pressed thee to her heart in bygone years,  
As heaven's best gift, in mortal fear, thou'lt stray,  
Through desert wastes and wilds, far, far away.

Great thy sin, and great thy suffering:  
Thus, action, even in this life, will bring  
Reaction; and the fruit of seed we sow,  
Often begins to ripen here below.

## HUMAN VENGEANCE.

‘VENGEANCE is mine, saith the Lord;’ but do mankind, generally, believe it? Do they not, on the contrary, believe vengeance to be theirs? Or, if not, do they not act as if such were their belief?

Suppose a new crime to have been committed in some of our Tivertons or Manchesters. The story is, as it were, wafted on every breeze to every family; and public indignation is roused, as it ought to be. But what shape does this public feeling take? Is every one ready, like a good citizen, to have the nature and causes of the crime fairly investigated, and the best course taken with regard to the criminal? Does every one remember that duty is his, but vengeance the Lord’s?

On the contrary, does not every one, the best of us, as a general rule, as well as the worst, say, ‘Vengeance is mine’? Many parents will say this in the presence of their children; and how many masters and teachers in the presence of their wards and pupils! Or, what is practically about the same thing, how many will cry out against the criminal at once; and not only cry out against him, but take vengeance on him in their hearts? ‘Monster he is that committed the deed; and I do hope he will be taken and hung at once,’ says a self-constituted judge or juror, sitting perhaps in the smallest chair at the table. ‘Hung!’ says another of the jury: ‘oh, no! hanging would be too good for such a wretch. He ought to run the gantlet, and then be shot!’ ‘He ought to be drawn in quarters!’ says another.

I should be sorry to traduce human nature; for it is quite enough perverted, without being slandered by me; and yet I have been an observer for half a century almost in vain, if such be not the spirit of the conversation in many family-circles, when some deed of horrid dimensions has been just committed. No waiting for the voice of those to whom God and the laws of the land have assigned the task of executing vengeance. The wise and the ignorant are alike

## THE WAYSIDE.



I'm almost home. Dear native home, — in this quiet little village, nestled down closely by this sweet murmuring river, — how many sweet memories cling to thee! how beautiful thou art, surrounded by these proud hills and fine groves, scattered among which are neat cottages, green fields, and flourishing gardens! — the delight of the sober farmer and his prudent, loving wife. Where else does the glorious sun look down so cheerfully? How like a mantle of gold is his light thrown over these distant hills! and with what beauty does he tinge the heads of those stately oaks, silver maples, and proud pines, as they bow a welcome to the morning! Nor has he forgotten to gild the spire of the dear old church, with which are connected sweet and sad recollections. There I received instructions from the sacred Scriptures, and heard holy words from the man of God, never to be forgotten. But where are those who listened with me? I must go read the inscrip-

# William Clifford

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## WILLIAM CLIFFORD;

### A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE NEVER LOST.

BY E. H. GOULD.



**F**ROM BETWEEN the crevices a little stream was seen, leaping high up the mountains; and as it fell from rock to rock, and murmured its way down the valley, so small it seemed, that she least impediment changed its course, or threatened to hinder it forever; but on it went, gaining strength at every step.

till a mighty river, strong in power, flowed on, sweeping along unheeding the obstacles that once impeded its progress.

Upon the banks of this stream is situated the flourishing village of —; in the midst of which, at the lone hour of midnight, a mother pale and sad sat at her dreary fire-side, waiting her son's return. The tears gathered in her eyes, and trickled down her cheek; not for herself fell those tears, but for her erring son, her only boy.

"Hasn't William returned yet?" asked Mr. Clifford, who now awoke, raised his head from the pillow and gazed round in great surprise. "Why do you sit waiting for him, Mary? He deserves to be shut out. I am out of all patience with him," continued Mr. Clifford. "He is just good for nothing about the store, for he takes no interest in it; and when I am obliged to leave to attend to my other business, he either gets in a gang of youngsters to play games with him, or shuts the doors and goes off to ride or sail, as he may choose. I've talked to him until I am tired, and the more I talk the worse he is, I believe. I shall not bear it much longer, but shall resort to something that will make him sorry enough for the course he is taking, depend upon it."

Mrs. Clifford made no reply; but these last words, spoken in an angry, decided tone, made her shudder, and a feeling of deeper sadness came over her.

With Mr. Clifford bargains and gains had been the one great thought of his life, and but little time had he ever devoted to his family or his son, whom he loved fondly; and ever indolent, not appearing to see his faults, or if he did, he forgot that "tall oaks from little acorns grow," and passed them by unnoticed, till too late he commenced to correct them.

The son, never having been restrained at all, now thought the father severe, and instead of trying to mend his ways and please him, he cared not how he vexed and wronged him; therefore difficulty was constantly arising. One day the store was closed too early, another it was kept open too late; then Mr. Clifford would not always account for his tardiness of change.

Mrs. Clifford saw with pain that her husband had commenced too late to correct her son; that in plucking out the tares he destroyed the wheat also; she, therefore, as a matter of necessity, tried

to hide his faults, and when he was not in, at the time of her retiring, she closed her eyes to sleep, but often were they red and swollen ere his return. How sorrowfully dragged the moments along as she listened for his footsteps; and how notetately did she creep to the door to meet her wayward son on his footstep, and with gentle words greet him. Ah, she knew not how often those few loving words spoken in the darkness of midnight, when he knew he deserved censure; she knew not how often they found way to his heart, awakened tender emotions, made him hate the life he led, and resolve and re-resolve to do better. But now it was hard to resist temptation, and to be commanded like a child, or endure the ridicule of his companions he could not.

"One o'clock and William has not come home," said Mr. Clifford, a few nights after the one we have mentioned. "I'll make the youngster repent if he can't do better!"

Just as he spoke these words the door opened, and a young man in the hall; he jumped from his bed, and ran and leaned over the banister. William had passed into the dining-room to get a lamp, leaving his companion (for whom he wished to get an umbrella) standing at the door.

To be disturbed thus, and not know exactly what was going on, either, was vexing to Mr. Clifford beyond endurance; he called out in a rough manner,

"What are you about at this time of night, you young rascal; if you can't keep better hours I want you to obtain a boarding place at once; I won't have such work depend upon it."

William was vexed in turn, and the more so as this sharp reproof was in the presence of his companion. A few angry words passed between the two, and Mr. Clifford left the house forever.

"I will, gladly, said William," and to-night, too," turning to his companion, he said, "John, be kind enough to get the hotel and engage a horse and carriage to carry me to some rail road station."

John entreated him to go home with him, and not think of going off in such a storm, in the middle of the night, too.

"No," said William, firmly, "if I am to leave my father's house I'll leave town forever, before the sun shines." And accordingly he went to his room to make preparations to leave.

"He's told me to go," thought the angry boy of nineteen; "but he's not offered me a cent to go with, when he well knows I am penniless. Does he suppose I shall go off so? No, not I; a part of that money in the drawer belongs to me. I helped earn it, and where is the harm of taking it?"

He had often taken a little change, or a few dollars, but this seemed a little more like pilfering; it needed only a little reasoning to still a seared conscience; he went to his father's desk drawer, in the sitting-room. Every sound startled him; he glanced around, turned himself about; it seemed that some one was looking over his shoulder, or creeping behind him that would at once expose the deed he was about to commit; his face flushed, his heart beat audibly. A false key was applied, and with a trembling hand he took a hundred dollars from the drawer. In his excitement about the money he thought of nothing else till his trunk was in the carriage. Then the deed he had committed flashed across his mind, and with it came the teachings of his mother, whom he was leaving forever. "But I must see her," thought he, as he started into the hall.

The angry feeling that at first made him almost desperate, had now left him; he was dissatisfied with himself, and ashamed of his folly.

During all this time Mrs. Clifford remained in her room silent, knowing then it was useless to attempt to calm her husband or her son, though her grief was intolerable. She paced the room, hesitating whether to go down or not. "I can-

not endure the parting with him, nor can I bear to have him leave without seeing him," thought she. "I must see him."

At this moment she heard the sound of his trunk as it was placed in the carriage; she quickly started thence to meet her darling son, and breathe her last adieu. They met in the hall. At first both were unable to speak. She handed him a package—from the form and size he well knew what it contained—saying, as she did so, "Look at this often, William, and not forget your grief-stricken mother." He threw his arms about her neck, buried his face in her bosom, and gave vent to his feelings for a moment, as when a child, then whispered "farewell" and departed.

The sound of the carriage wheels, as they rolled away, were to Mrs. Clifford as the knell of the last hope. She with difficulty reached her room, threw herself upon the bed, and with bitter tears besought the Great Father of all to protect her darling son.

Think you, reader, that the father, though silent in his bed, thought not of his son? Ah, he repents his rashness; and but for his pride, and the belief that he would soon return, notwithstanding what had been said, he would have owned his fault, and begged his son to remain.

Mid the cares of his business, however, he was soon able to forget his son, or if thoughts of him intruded themselves, he soon reasoned himself into the belief that he done no more than others would have done, and would do under the circumstances. But to the mother his image was always present.

After stopping for a few days in several places William Clifford found himself in the city of Boston, a stranger, and friendless, as he found himself to be. He obtained board in Beattie Street, where he was to occupy a room with two others, in which there were two beds, for a few days, when he could have such a room as he desired.

It was dark when he arrived with his baggage, and on entering the public parlor, the first thing that attracted his attention was a party of young men, sitting around a table in the centre of the room, playing cards, evidently for amusement. He seated himself in an obscure corner of the room, and affected not to notice them.

One of the number was a young man about his own age, who, from his exquisite appearance, and the amount of jewelry he wore, one would take to be a clerk, on a salary of about three hundred dollars. Two of the others were nearly of the same stamp, and appeared to take little interest in the game. The fourth evidently took more interest and better understood the business; under his contracted brow and thoughtful look there seemed something hidden. William observed that he eyed him closely several times, which made him feel restless and uneasy.

The party soon separated and went out, leaving our hero, who was deeply absorbed in thought, alone. He now began to reflect upon what course to pursue, how and where to get business, knowing that his purse, if not replenished, would soon be empty. The hour of retiring came, and Clifford went to the room before mentioned, where, to his great surprise, he found the gentleman that had so particularly noticed him in the parlor and one of the young men that occupied the room, playing a game for a different purpose than before.

Young Clifford decided in his own mind not to have anything to do with it, or even to notice what they were doing; accordingly he sat down beside his trunk to read a few articles therein. The wine was passed round and he was urged to drink. "There is no harm in taking just a glass of wine with them," thought he, "then I shall retire;" but after the wine they entered into conversation, and soon young Clifford was invited to try his luck. "What, three dollars? supposing I lose," thought he. "I'll play just one game"

He did so and won. This gave him courage, and he reasoned that it would not do to quit after playing but one game, and winning, too; so another and another was played; Clifford winning nearly all. Now the man with contracted brow, whose name was Brown, and the one with whom Clifford had been playing, leaned back in his chair, and he-manned his losses, saying,

"It was useless to try his luck longer," and so on. Clifford immediately drew back from the table, for he was not the ignorant fellow Brown supposed. He knew Brown had given him the advantage and expected him to turn the luck, as he termed it, when a sufficient sum was presented to make it worth his while.

Clifford did not feel easy as he laid down upon his pillow that night, for he thought of his home and the ill-gotten gain. He did not much think his father would attempt to follow him, or make a noise about his missing money. He felt sure his pride would prevent this; but still it troubled him; and now he had doubled the sum remaining, in just the way in which he had resolved never to obtain another cent.

Several days passed ere he attempted to obtain any business; and when he did, it was with no resolution, and the salary offered was so trifling, compared with what he expected, that he soon became discouraged.

"I can't go into a store here and toil and drudge for six or eight dollars per week," thought he, "and pay half of it for my board;" therefore he gave himself up to idleness, dissipation and gambling, by which he obtained a plenty of spending money to dress as he liked, lodge where he chose, and drive a "fast horse" when he pleased. And thus nearly two years passed away, when suddenly his fortune changed. Losses, losses constantly attended him, till it was in vain for him to stem the tide. His companions one by one forsook him, and sick, penniless, friendless and alone he found him in a small upper room of a low-priced boarding house.

"I can't live so," said Clifford. "What am I to do? I owe a week's board now, and when it is ascertained next Saturday that I can't pay, I shall be obliged to quit even this cheerless place that only affords a shelter. Those who robbed me of my last dollar don't know me now; nobody will trust me; I can't obtain business of any kind, and if I could I am too feeble to do it."

The long, dark past now came up before him, and every false step, every wrong act assumed some horrible shape and stared him in the face. In the gloomy future he saw no hope, no light, and closing his eyes, he buried his face in the pillow and invited sleep to soothe his mind and enable him to forget his troubles; but all in vain; his fear and agitation forbade her approach.

"I cannot endure this," thought he, as he suddenly raised himself up, "and why do I try to live? I must die sometime, and what difference will it make whether it be to-night, or in misery, worse than death, I try to wear away a few years more in this horrible world. There is landmann right at my side, if I take it I shall sleep and forget my misery forever."

He rose from his bed and opened his trunk to seek for the portion that should end his days; and in so doing, his eyes fell upon the package his mother had given him on the night of his departure from home. It had never been opened, for he knew well that it contained a Bible. And it did, and the one from which she had read to him when a boy.

"Oh, my mother," he uttered, and sank back upon the floor. "What have I done? What was I about to do?" He glanced again at the Bible which he held firmly. "Oh, that I was now as innocent and happy, as when I first learned to read this book, and when I knelt beside my mother, and with her hand upon my head, repeated its sa-



The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SPRING.

BY E. H. GOULD.

Spring comes in sweet and soft array,
And throws her mantle o'er the hills:
Breaches on the air a sweet perfume,
And with new life the woodland fills.
The tender blade waves in the sun,
The trembling leaves dance on the tree:
The birds are glad with songs of joy,
And streams go rippling glad and free.
So gladness, come, and o'er our hearts
Thy radiant charms a halo fling;
Bid hope and joy eternal shine,
And love its wealth of pleasure bring.
Let vain regret for pleasures past,
And timid fear of future woe,
(Which rob the present of its joy)
Forever melt like Winter's snow.

BEAUTY.

Even then her presence had the power
To soothe, to warm—say, even to bless—
If ever bliss could graft its flower
On stem so full of bitterness—
Even then her glorious smile to me
Brought warmth and radiance, if not balm,
Like moonlight on a troubled sea,
Brightening the storm it cannot calm.—MOORE

A SOFT BREEZE.

Why such a golden eve? The breeze is sent
Careful and soft, that not a leaf may fall
Beneath the serene father of them all
Down down his summer head below the west.—KEATS.

CHEER UP.

Never so gloomily, man with a mind;
Hope is a better companion than fear;
Providence, ever benignant and kind,
Gives with a smile what we ask with a tear.—LONGFELLOW.

THE FLOWERS AND THE STARS.

Flowers of the sky, ye, too, to sow must yield,
Fall as your sister stars of the field.—BARNEYS.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

The Rev. E. M. P. Wells, of St. Stephen's Mission to the Poor, says that during the past winter he has seen a large number of American young men, of temperate and correct habits, compelled, for want of work, to ask for a few days' meals, and a few nights' lodgings. A hard winter, like the past, occasioning temporary suspensions of many kinds of business, causes great suffering. ... Erskine, having successfully managed a case for a large coal company, they gave him a dinner, at which, when called upon for a sentiment, he gave the following:—"Sink your pits, blow your mines, dam your rivers!" The language sounded strangely, but the advice was genuine. ... The Holyoke Mirror tells of a man who gumbled at buying school-books for his children, and the next minute spent a dollar in treating "the crowd." ... Recently, in the Court of Sessions, in New York city, Madame Leon, alias Felice Dupres, a lady of wealth and position, was sentenced to six months imprisonment in the penitentiary for shoplifting, a falling for which she has been notorious—another afflicting case of "moral insanity." ... Keachings, the chief of the Kaw Indians, was buried lately with his horse, that he might be well mounted when he rose from his last sleep. ... The Transcript says, that Gen. Andrews is "one of the best soldiers enrolled in the Massachusetts militia." ... Isn't it delightful to dream of the coming of summer? ... Shadows, clouds and darkness may rest upon her path, but still she is coming. We hear her with the same old and ragged winds of the chilling spring-time, and we know she will surely be with us soon. Ah! how does the pale invalid, who longs for her genial, kiss, yearn for the first day of June! ... The other day, we were agreeably surprised by a pleasant call from Danvard, the artist and traveler, and the time passed rapidly as he was chatting about his adventures. His panoramas of the Mississippi and Palestine have yielded him a fortune—and never did the mantle of success descend on worthier shoulders. ... It has been calculated that 65,106 tons of fertilizing matter are annually wasted in the waters of the Thames, London. How many tons of food that might be made to produce, instead of polluting the stream that washes the great city! ... Several of the New York omnibus lines have adopted the plan of receiving fares from the passengers when they enter, instead of when they leave. But the fun of the thing is, that when the traveling is in the wretched condition that sometimes exists in the streets of New York, the omnibuses are unable to complete their journey—but the prepaid fare is not returned. ... Lucy Eastcott, who has created such a furor by her singing in Great Britain, is an American prima donna, and hails from Springfield, Mass. ... It is proposed to lay down an electric telegraph between Havana and Key West. Electric telegraphs will soon interweave the whole world in their mesh-work. ... A white oak log landed at Wayne, Michigan, lately, made 2432 feet of sound lumber without a knot. This is not a common log. ... An Albany taxidermist, Mr. Hurst, has sent Mr. Buchanan a buck's head surrounded by an American eagle, both finely preserved. ... The squirrels on the Common, and in the Granary Burying-ground, have stood the winter remarkably well. We have seen them sport high among the elm-trees, many degrees above zero. ... The heavy snow, lately, reminded an incorrigible painter of the French Rain of Terceira. The wretched man is still at large. ... The fabrics of whalebone, steel and India rubber, in which our fashionable ladies encase themselves, have been faithfully termed "Belle-toesers!" ... Our late religious exchanges are filled with interesting accounts of numerous awakenings to grace. The past three months have been very prolific in revivals. ... When Dr. Johnson was assailed with a torrent of invectives by a Billingsgate fisherman, he retorted by calling her an "individual." It almost broke her heart. That word was not in her vocabulary; and considering it as a most withering invective, she collapsed. The unknown is always terrible to the ignorant. ... Death by the garrote is said to be the most merciful of all modes of capital punishment. We wonder if the garroters of New York adopted this practice for that reason. ... Mr. Clay once asked a charging bull what her delusion of true politeness was. He replied, "A perfect ass!" Perfect ass is certainly the name of elegant manners, but it does not follow that the perfectly easy man is perfectly polite. ... A majority of our papers appear to be in favor of having our police uniformed. One advantage would be, that

when a citizen needed the intervention of the police, he could select his man at once. ... The Vigilance Committee of San Francisco desire, it is said, to have their acts legalized by a retrospective act of the legislature. It was a terrible social state that necessitated the organization of that body; but there have been times on our Atlantic seaboard, when it appeared as if such an association were needed. The question was agitated during the garroting mania in New York. ... How many monitors we meet with to enforce a realization of the awful fact that in the midst of life we are in death! Recently, Rev. Wm. H. Lovering died in Texas—and while Rev. Stephen Wright was about to perform the funeral service on the following day, he fell down in a fit of apoplexy, and instantly expired. ... During the Revolutionary war, Benj. Smith, now living at Walpole, in this State, paid one hundred dollars of continental currency for a man of ship! The continental currency was as much depreciated as the assignats during the French revolution. ... The prodigious sale of Irving's "Life of Washington" is an encouraging proof of the literary taste of the times. Good books are always sure to find purchasers. ... There is a story extant, that the Dutch were expelled from an East Indian settlement, because their consul, in enumerating the wonders of Europe, said that in his own country water became a solid body one year for some time, when men, or even horses, might pass over it without sinking. On hearing this tale, his tropical highness fell into a violent passion, and expelled the official, declaring that after so palpable a falsehood, he could never have anything to do with Europeans. ... A. M. Pierpont, of Jefferson county, New York, sent \$2000 to the Episcopal Church Book Society, and by mistake it was published as \$2000. As the best way of remedying the mistake, he sent the society an additional \$1000—a novel way, certainly, of correcting a typographical error. ... Mexico is still, like Turkey, a "sick man," whose dissolution seems inevitable. The wrongs of the Aztecs are avenged by the political sufferings of the descendants of their persecutors. ... During the past six years, the shipments of silver from England to the East have exceeded one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. ... Speaking of silver, reminds us of a consolatory remark addressed by a Dutch grocer, in New York, to a little girl, whom he forced to take a Spanish quarter. "Only just take dat in Cuba, and dey'll give you twenty-five cents for it." ... The Boston Herald has discovered a new curiosity for our friend Kimball's museum—a man twenty-five years old who never lost an umbrella. ... We shall have a very early summer, if the fact of our having mosquitoes and butterflies in February be any prognostic. ... A coarse-looking German woman, named Anna Melster, pretending to be a heavenly goddess, lately succeeded in forming a congregation of some two hundred members, in Philadelphia, whom she blessed of money, jewelry, dresses, and whatever she wanted, saying that she exacted them by divine command. The husband of one of her deluded victims had her arrested for fraud. It seems almost incredible that in a city like Philadelphia, two hundred idiots could be found to countenance such an impious, brazen impostor. But the race of fools is never extinct. ... Chief Justice Shaw, who has been very ill during the greater part of the winter, is now out, enjoying his usual health. ... The Boston Traveller says of atheism:—"We very much doubt the real honest and total disbelief of anybody how degree by sections here. ... Athiests, generally, are persons who would distract anything but cerebral or mathematical demonstration; and they mean to say, by their skeptical creed, that the future has not been mathematically demonstrated to them as administered by a Divine Being." ... George Wilkins Kendall occupies a large plantation in Texas. There he appears to enjoy himself after all his wanderings and adventures. By the way, a new edition of his Santa Fe expedition has just been issued—one of the cleverest and most popular books written on this side of the Atlantic. ... The casting at Munich of the bronze horse for the colonial Washington Monument, is described as a most interesting event. Fifteen hundred tons of metal had to be melted for the purpose. The success of the casting was announced by the master, and received with deafening cheers. ... The way to be as happy as the nature of things subinary permits, is to be constantly employed. "I have lived," said Dr. Adam Clarke, "long enough to know that the great secret of human happiness is this—never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an untruth. You cannot have too many irons, so long and all sleep them all going. ... The Common is beginning to look pleasant, now that the large granite block of ice that disfigured its surface has disappeared. But it is the decomposition of the ice which gives the grass its early emerald green, and keeps it fresh and verdant until late in the fall. So that we mustn't quarrel with the wisdom of our city fathers—who are very respectable fathers, after all—nor with the management of the city forever. ... The work of building up the dock in the rear of the Boston Custom House, goes bravely on; and before many months, huge granite stores will cover the space where lately the Hingham stationer's park rode out the northeasters brilliantly and proudly. The whole aspect of that part of the city will be changed. ... Speculators have a "fatal facility" for manufacturing cities on paper. There are towns in the great territories of the West, which, say the New York Times, "have no existence except on paper. Yet the lots are sold at prices as high as good vacant lots in the upper part of the city of New York." ... A remarkable shower of earth lately caused a great excitement at Quito, South America. Quite a Quito "mure"—not meteoric. ... A man was lately arraigned for intoxication before our police court, but discharged, because he was "how come you so?" on other—and it seems that he is not legally an intoxicating liquor. The defendant went away singing the air from "The Beggar's Opera," "How happy could I be with thee?" A young lady, worth a quarter of a million, lately eloped from a fashionable seminary, in New York, and married the man of her heart. The bride is not quite fifteen, and the bridegroom just double her age—so that when she is sixty, he will be one hundred and twenty. ... We hate the affected pherology of some of our poets, with their "wavelots," "boamlets," "cloudlets," "labelets," etc., and are ready to cry, with Hamlet, "By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!" Such phrases are best "let alone." ... The Transcript says, that Dickens has met with his extraordinary success, because "He is true to nature—kindly and lovingly true. He hates pretension; he laughs at the shame of society, he individualizes character in the true Shakespearean style. And as long as Hamlet, Falstaff and Dogberry are known and quoted, just so long will Little Nell, Sam Weller, Captain Cuttle and Fogg be as familiar in our mouths as household words." ... Rufus Choate lately spoke of Daniel Webster, as "his more than friend," the unfortunateness of whose powers never was soured during his lifetime, and who only needed occasion to have proved himself the world's unsurpassed orator. ... We enjoyed a pleasant call from Dr. Hayes, the Arctic discoverer, the other day—the tried friend and companion of the lamented Kane. Dr. Hayes is lecturing upon the interesting subject of the expedition.

WAYS OF THE RICH AND GREAT.

Let amusements be as innocent as they may, and let society be as free as it may, from ambition and envy, still, if the life of society were a life of amusement, instead of a life of serious avocations diversified by amusement, and society, it will hardly situate attain to happiness or inspire respect. And the more it is attempted to make society a pure concentration of charms and delights, the more that will be the failure. Let us resolve that our society shall consist of none but the gay, the brilliant, and the beautiful—that is, we will exclude from it all attentions towards the aged, all forbearance towards the dull, all kindness towards the ungraceful and unattractive—and we shall find that when our social duties and social enjoyments have thus sedulously been set apart, we have let down a stone into the well instead of a bucket.—Henry Taylor.

Choice Miscellany.

HOW TO SPEAK TO CHILDREN.

It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporal punishment, or by rewards addressed to the senses, and by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which are seldom regarded—I refer to the human voice. A blow may be inflicted on a child, accompanied with words so uttered, as to counteract entirely its intended effect; or the parent may use language, in the correction of the child, not objectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence. A few notes, however unskillfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence. Think you that this influence is confined to the cradle? No; it is diffused over every age, and ceases not while the child remains under the parental roof. Is the boy growling rude in manner and boisterous in speech? I know of no instrument so sure to control those tendencies as the gentle tones of a mother. She who speaks to her son leniently, does but give to his conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the pressure of duty, we are liable to utter ourselves hastily to children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone—instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every fretful expression awakes in him the same spirit which produced it. So does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings. Whatever disposition, therefore, we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone in which we address it.—New Yorker.

DETERIORATION OF BONE AND MUSCLE.

It is a fact already well known, that we, Americans, especially the sons of New England soil, are deteriorating as a race. Much, of course, is owing to the unnatural habits of life, which our so-called civilization has entailed upon us. But the real reason why the New England race has so rapidly dwindled in animal fibre, is owing to the want of material in the soil to produce muscle and bone. The hard granite soil does not furnish the proper ingredients, mainly limestone, to form the bones; or the richness of materials to form muscle and the softer parts of the body. In Kentucky, Ohio, and Western Vermont, men grow to large size, because of the limestone formation beneath the soil. Paris families have emigrated from Massachusetts to limestone regions, and the result in the next generation has been a larger bone development in those who left Massachusetts, than in those who remained. Kentucky, Ohio and Iowa will grow great men. The finest figures in the world will be found in the valley of the Mississippi, in a few generations. In-door labor, so unnatural for men, will weaken the vital powers, and stop the growth in large cities; but the great and glorious West, with its broad prairies, will compensate for the growing feebleness of the Eastern States.—Dr. O. W. Holmes.

POWER OF SEA BREAKERS.

From experiments which were made some time since at the Bell Rock and Skerryvore light-houses, on the coasts of Scotland, it was found that, while the force of the breakers on the side of the German Ocean may be taken at about a ton and a half upon every square foot of surface exposed to them, the Atlantic breakers fall with double that weight, or three tons to the square foot; and thus a surface of only two square yards sustains a blow from a heavy Atlantic breaker equal to about 54 tons. In November, 1824, a heavy gale blew, and blocks of limestone and granite, from two to five tons in weight, were washed about like pebbles at the Plymouth breakwater. About 300 tons of such blocks were borne a distance of 200 feet, and up the inclined plane of the breakwater, carried over it, and scattered in various directions. A block of limestone, seven tons in weight, was in one place washed a distance of 120 feet. Blocks of the same weight were torn away by a single blow of a breaker, and hurled over into the harbor; and one of two tons, strongly trenched down upon a jetty, was torn away by an overpowering breaker.—Scientific American.

New Publications.

KATHIE BRANDE. A Freside History of a Quiet Life. By HOWARD LEE, author of "Thorsley Hall," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. 25 cts.
We are much mistaken if this unpretending story does not find its way to thousands of fresides, and thousands of hearts. An admirable novel. For sale by A. Williams & Co.
THE FRASIDES OF EURANDER. 2 vols., 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857.
Literal prose translation is the only way to deal with classic poetry. This version is by Theodore Aldis Buckley, who has added a mass of valuable critical and explanatory notes. The learned and unlearned will alike welcome the appearance of these choice volumes. For sale by A. Williams & Co.
EL GASTOR, OR, NEW MEXICO AND HER PEOPLE. By W. W. H. DAVIS, late United States Attorney. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 422.
A very clever sketch of Mexico and the Mexicans, by one who has had ample opportunity of observation, and the capacity to profit by it. The volume is very neatly printed and illustrated. For sale by A. Williams & Co.
DORA. By A. STROLLER IN EUROPE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 88c.
Dora means "gilded," and the title implies that the author has penetrated beneath the glittering surface of Europe, and shown us the reality beneath the mask. The book is clever, pungent, dashing, and, above all, readable from beginning to end. A large portion of it is occupied with Paris, and since "Paris is France," we have seen nothing more truthfully descriptive of the gay capital of the French nation. For sale by A. Williams & Co.
THE CONSTITUTIONAL TREE-TOEK. By FURMAN SHEPARD. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson. 1857. 1 vol., 12mo.
This familiar and practical exposition of the Constitution of the United States, the foundation stone of our liberties, should find its way to every school, academy and family. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.
LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE, AND OTHER SCENES OF THE HEART. By MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENRY. 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co.
This elegant volume embraces some of Mrs. Henry's most charming stories. We learn that the book is meeting with a very extensive sale. For sale by A. Williams & Co.
OLIVER TRIST. By CHARLES DICKENS. 2 vols., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.
Who does not remember the profound sensation created by the first appearance of this work—an impression which time has only served to render more profound? In this work, Dickens entered a new field, and made original. Our Philadelphia publisher has issued this work in splendid style, liberally illustrated, uniform with the other productions of the same author. It is the favorite edition of Dickens's works. For sale by A. Williams & Co.
FRANK FORBES'S SPORTING SCENES AND CHARACTERS. By HENRY WILLIAM HENRY. 2 vols., 12mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.
These sparkling volumes embrace Herbert's best contributions to sporting literature—"The Warwick Woodlands," "My Shooting Box," &c. There is an endless variety of adventures by "Woodcock" and "Name" for a whole year, in the elegant, simple and ringing style for which the author is celebrated. The illustrations from his pencil are well drawn. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

The Poet's Corner.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]
WITHERED LEAVES.

BY E. H. GOULD.

One breath from Autumn's chilly lips,
One touch from his cold, icy hand,
And Spring's sweet beauty, Summer flowers,
Lie faded, withering, o'er the land.

But, in these faded, withered leaves,
We may a twofold lesson read:
The end of all our hopes and aims,
In this poor life of pain and need.

Still more, these have behind them left
The choicest sweets of their best days,
The essence of their noonday pride,
To live and shine with richer rays.

Ay, well for us, when death's cold hand
Has laid us low within the dust,
If generous acts and noble deeds
Still live in hearts we've learned to trust.

MORNING.

Magnificent
The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as e'er I had beheld—from front,
The soil mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grate-tinged, drenched in empyrean light;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dew—
Dews, vapors, and the melody of birds,
And laborers going forth to till the fields.—WORDSWORTH.

KINDNESS.

There is a golden chord of sympathy
Fixed in the harp of every human soul,
Which by the breath of kindness when 'tis swept,
Wakes angel melodies in savage throats;
Inflicts some chastisement for every wrong,
And melts the ice of hate to streams of love;
Nor aught but kindness that fine chord can touch.—D. K. LEW.

MODESTY.

Modesty's the charm
That coldest hearts can quickest warm;
Which all our best affections gains,
And gaining ever still retains.—J. K. PAULDING.

Editor's Easy Chair.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

The streets will soon resound again with the tones of drum and fife, and be enlivened with the parades of our fine military companies. During the past season, while "tired of war's alarms," our children soldiers have indulged in social pleasures, and among other fetes, the Tigers' Ball, in Music Hall, has left many agreeable memories. The utmost respect was paid in Havana to the memory of the lamented Dr. Kane. The captain-general, Concha, and a brilliant staff, were present at the translation of the remains on shipboard. Dr. Karl Muehler, of Berlin, who began authorship at sixteen, lately died at ninety-four—a proof that a life devoted to the muses may be spun out in a thread of great length. Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. regularly import one thousand copies of the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, the total money value of which, at the completion of the work, will be \$111,500, as they are \$115 50. Two perspective painters, says an ingenious writer, "lead us poor, bewitched mortals through the whole theatre of life, and they are Memory and Hope. The New York Playmate says, that the essence of the correspondence between Secretary Davis and Gen. Scott is, "you're another." A dead dog reminds an inveterate joker of a shipwreck—"a bark lost forever." In New York, city doggers and rovers "streat sweats." There is nothing like courage in misfortune. Next to faith in God and in his overruling providence, a man's faith in himself is his salvation. Ruffians steal children in New York city for the sake of obtaining the rewards offered. Some of these kidnappers frequently get a hundred dollars for the restoration of a child. We used to think such atrocities were only committed by playwrights and novelists. Benjamin Hardridge is the man who professes to have discovered the means of liquifying quartz rock, so that he extracts every particle of gold at the rate of fifteen tons a day. Truly this is an age of wonders. The stories that the wheat crop has been ruined by the late winter are all moonshine. In France, suffrage is free; but the government agents are the only vote distributors, and you have to take whatever ballot is handed you by these myriads of imperial tyranny. The Watchman and Reflector has lately contained some very brilliant letters from a Parisian correspondent. Who is he! He is too fine a writer to remain any longer under the mask and dominion of an anonymous writer. We wonder if it is true, as the Post asserts, that a Cape Cod captain has set up as a rival of Agassiz, is lecturing on ichthyology, and illustrates by a dried codfish. The newest foreign prima donna imported to this country is Mademoiselle Gardin, who made her first appearance at the fine new opera house in Philadelphia. It is not handsome, but has a powerful and sweet soprano voice. Our opinion of Mrs. MacMahon, the Fifth Avenue actress, is, that if she had appeared as a novice, without extraordinary pretensions, her performances would have been regarded as tolerably good. She has great defects of voice, pronunciation and gesture; but the two latter are remediable—and who can possibly have a worse voice than Mrs. Brady? It is a gratuitous insult to say positively that she can never make a distinguished actress. We have seen many deplorable "sticks" grow up to eminence and popularity. The first settlement of Abingdon commenced about the year 1783. For any man to pretend to write nothing but what is absolutely original in thought and expression, the Philadelphia Ledger thinks, would be absurd. An idea is scarcely ever perfected by the man who first conceived it. So it is with mechanical inventions. David C. Broderick, the new senator from California, is a New Yorker by birth, and formerly a very popular member of the New York fire department. Oster, who murdered Warden Tenney, of the Charleston State Prison, has exhibited no sign of remorse or repentance. He is a thoroughly hardened criminal. It is stated that there are six hundred supererogated or interdicted priests now in or near Paris, and many of them in a state of destitution. Naples is still in a very uneasy state. If King Bomba is not very careful, before a great while the people will take away his pretty playthings—the crown and scepter. Isn't it rather singular that mice and rats are only beneficial to the wealthy classes? In all our experience, we never knew a physician to advise a poor man to go to Saratoga, or any other watering-place. The police of the city of Baltimore are now all uniformed. This practice will soon be generally adopted. The fishing business along our coast has com-

menced briskly. A generous dry goods dealer in New Haven offers to take Spanish quarters at twenty-six cents each, so that he would have had not entirely deserted this ordinary sphere. The lands occupied by the old Marine Hospital at Chelsea, will be on sale about the 15th of May. It is expected they will yield more than enough to pay for the new hospital. The quantity of maple sugar manufactured this year has been enormous, the season having been particularly favorable. A steep of about thirty tons, designed and built by convicts, has lately been launched at the penitentiary, Wetumpka, Alabama. Sir David Beard's mother, hearing her son was taken prisoner to India, and chained to another prisoner, replied that she "pitied the man David was chained to." Capital punishment has been restored in Rhode Island. Gas costs but 38 cents per thousand cubic feet in London and Liverpool; here it averages \$2.50 per thousand. Can't be afforded a little cheaper? Dr. Johnson compared plaintiff and defendant in an action at law to two men ducking their heads in buckets, and darning each other to remain longer under water. A man in Michigan has invented a machine for shearing sheep. He is said to be a retired lawyer's clerk. The Catholics are about to erect a new church on Walnut Street, Salem, at a cost of \$25,000 or \$30,000. The latter sum will build a very handsome edifice. A bill is before the Louisiana legislature allowing a man to take a \$3 newspaper at the expense of the State. If it passes, we shall have to increase the necessity of our Pictorial. One of the ancient historians, in describing the necessity of Michael Serretus, says—"He was upwards of two hours in the fire, and the wood being green, little in quantity, and the wind unfavorable." The small quantity of wood was an added accident—lighter wood burns, should at least be sparing of fuel. Mr. Buchanan's niece, Miss Lane, will be the honoree of the White House. The English word wig, is derived from the Latin-pilus (a hair). Latin, pilus; Spanish, pelo—thence peluca; French, perruque; Dutch, peruk; English, perwick, perwig, perising; and, by contraction, wig. Lavater says, "Never make that man your friend who hates music or the laugh of a child. Bossini, the composer, made a vow never to enter a railroad car, and he has kept it. He travels by horse power entirely. Lord Byron observing one day to Rogers that punning was the lowest kind of wit—"Indeed," said Rogers, "it is the foundation." Hood gives this graphic picture of an irritable man—"He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his own prickles." What we commonly call a falling star, is believed by the Arabs to be a dart launched by the Almighty at an evil genius; and on beholding one, they exclaim, "May God transmute the enemy of the faith!" Miss Adelaide Phillips is a great pet with Boston folks. Well, she certainly should be, for this is her home. Have you seen the new paper, "The Weekly Novelleto"? It's a sprightly little craft. Step into the nearest periodical depot and get a copy for four cents. Mrs. Frances Ann Kenble created a perfect furor by her dramatic readings in Boston. She is unequalled in this line on either side of the Atlantic. Mr. Hland, of New Orleans, has discovered a mode of making hemp from the common cotton stalk, that it is said will enable us to dispense with importations of foreign hemp. If this is true, it is an important matter. Somebody says that there is a decided difference between perseverance and obstinacy. One is a strong will, and the other is a strong wont. An advertisement announces "For sale, an excellent young horse—would suit any timid lady or gentleman, with a long silver tail." The Frenchman eats roast horse, the Chinaman eats roast rat, and the New Zealander eats roast missionary. "Live virtuously, my lord," said Lady Russell, "and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long." There is about twenty-one and a half million dollars in the United States treasury. We forget how many times the country has been "ruined." What is the difference between a cashier and a schoolmaster? One fills the mind, and the other fills the till. The Chinese wear for eyelids is eminently beautiful, signifying the cradle of tears. George Peabody, Esq. has given \$200,000 to the city of Baltimore, to establish an institute in that city, with the general objects of moral and intellectual culture. You know as well as we do, that owls look wiser than eagles, and many a sheep skin passes for chamois. "If thalberg makes such music when he is only playing," said a lady, "what must he do when he sets himself at work!" A house in St. Louis lately received \$1000 through the post-office, with the remark that "the sun belonged to them." Ah, "conscience makes cowards of us all!" The experiment of raising tea in South Carolina proves to be a failure. The tea grows well enough; but to pick it, roll it up, and dry it—all of which must be done by hand—can only be done in China, where wages are one dollar a month and board yourself. Mr. Kenble, the favorite American actor, is now playing with distinguished success in New Orleans, where he is a great favorite. The man who "shot at random" did not hit it. He has since lent his rifle to the youth who aimed at immortality. It is a curious fact that Girard College turned out, last year, more lads to follow the business of printing than any other class. Nineteen pupils have taken to the types, and twelve have prepared themselves to become farmers. An exchange says, that restless and crying infants may frequently be relieved and quieted by a draught of cold water. Who knows but this simple agent might probably supersede both spanking and paragonic? In turning over the pages of one of our exchanges, the Commercial Advertiser, Hawaiian Islands, we see one of our American circus companies announced as playing there, and read the names of William Franklin, the dancing tiger, and the medical astronomer of Miss Harriet Martineau, the authors, write that she has been unable, in consequence of very severe illness, to go beyond the porch of her home during the last fifteen months. A doctor advertises, in a country paper, that "Whoever uses the Vegetable Compound Universal Anti-Purging Aromatic Pilla once, will not have cause to use them again." We rather think they wont. A foolish young chap, only nineteen, threw himself into the East River, New York, and was drowned, because a worthless girl jilted him. She was not even respectable. Charles Lamb quaintly remarked, that he was naturally shy of novelties—new books—new faces—new years. He described this feeling to a mental twist, which made it difficult in him to face the perspective. Gambling is a vice that consumes the gambler. It is the first vice of boys at school who gamble for marbles—it is the vice of men who gamble for thousands of dollars. The passion commences with marbles, and ends with bank notes. Cypress Hill cemetery, seven miles from Williamsburg, L. I., equals Greenwood in beauty of natural scenery.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.

All who have read the life of this great man will remember the great importance he attached to correct pronunciation. His biographer, Mr. Gay, records the fact that in correcting Dr. Parrish, twice in his manner of pronouncing words, while the doctor was reading him a short article the day before his death; and that when the doctor hesitated about adopting Mr. Randolph's mode of pronunciation, the dying man exclaimed, in his usual impatient and absolute manner—"Pass on, sir—pass on; there can be no doubt of it!" This had seemed to me to be slightly colored by the biographer; but the accompanying incident convinced me that it was but the ruling passion strong in death. When Tazewell was at the zenith of his fame, on one occasion he made a speech at the bar, far surpassing even himself in eloquence. On finishing, Randolph approached him, and complained bitterly, with an oath, that it was fated that nothing human should be perfect. Tazewell, who was receiving impassioned congratulations from his friends, asked Randolph what he meant. His questioner, with all his usual acerbity, indignantly demanded, "Why did you not say 'hor-izon,' instead of 'hor-izon'?" Were it not for that barbarism, there would have been one nation speaking.—Ed. Hilditch.

Choice Miscellany.

THE LOST CHILD.

After the taking of the Malakoff, a sergeant of Zouaves conducted, in the absence of officers (they had all fallen from the shot from the ramparts), that which remained of his company through the half ruined streets of Sebastopol. As the Russians, in retreating towards the bridge which joins the two parts of the city, rained bullets from their ranks, the detachment sheltered itself behind a house, which its inhabitants, full of confidence in the defensive Russian forces, had just quitted. A terrible cry was heard on the first story. The sergeant entered, and saw a woman covered with blood, dead, and an infant in her arms. To take the innocent creature—to carry it where the firing came not, this was for our brave sergeant the affair of some seconds. The orphan was confided to the Vivandiers, who took the best of care of him; afterwards he was brought from Sebastopol to Marseilles, then from Marseilles to Paris.

Shortly since, an unknown lady, clothed in mourning, and accompanied by an old man, descended from her carriage at the Barracks Pepiniere. She asked for Sergeant B—; they told her that he was now first lieutenant, and gave her his address. On entering the modest apartment of the officer, the young lady fell fainting on a chair—she saw, playing about the room, the child whom she had lost at Sebastopol. Lieutenant B—related simply his conduct, returned with emotion the child to his mother, asking, as his sole recompense, permission to see and embrace him from time to time. To lay the hotel of the Countess C— is as full of joy as it was sombre with melancholy. The brave lieutenant is received, not as a visitor, but as a benefactor, by the young widow. Perhaps other ties will consecrate that paternity of courage and of disinterestedness.—Evening Gazette.

BOSTON BEFORE AND AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

Long previous to the Revolution in America, I had repeatedly visited Boston. What a strange contrast after an absence of more than thirty years. In 1763, '64 and '65, from sunrise to sunset, on Sundays, no person was permitted to go from house to house, or walk the street, except going to or from a place of worship, without being liable to a fine or exposure in the public stocks. When the old and young people walked out on Long Wharf, to enjoy the cool air on summer evenings, so prim and demure were the young women, that it was jocularly said, before they walked out they were obliged to stand before a looking-glass, to fold their arms properly, and put their mouths in serious plaits, from out of which they were not to be disturbed until their return; and truly, they moved more like automatons than animated beings. In 1794, I found a Roman Catholic chapel freely tolerated, and was entertained in a handsome, crowded theatre; two circumstances which if I had ventured to predict when I first knew the place, I should have run some risk of being tarred and feathered. Not a Jew was able to live there some time previous to the Revolution. Now there is an abundance, with every species of accommodation, as bad as well as good, equal to any that can be found in the seaports and cities of Europe. In the market, the difference was this—pigeons, that sold at twopence half-penny a dozen, and often given away at the close of the market, sold in 1794 from two shillings and sixpence to three shillings a dozen. Beef and mutton, that I have known sold at three half pence and twopence, were sold from seven pence to ten pence a pound, with every other article of provision in proportion.—Lieut. Harriot's Struggles through Life.

SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

The London Lancet says, that there are a quarter million of persons living in Great Britain constantly under ground in the darkness of mines. The average age of Sheffield workmen is thirty-five years; the averages of the dry grinders of needles very much under this figure. The chief disease among tailors is fistula; among bakers, scrofula and skin diseases. The latter may prevent the four insects and weevils from irritating the skin of their hands by rubbing them with oil. The most dangerous part of the painter's trade is "flattening" white lead, turpentine and closely-heated rooms generate colic. The remedy is sulphuric acid, cleanliness, tubs of fresh water, and fresh air; and, as an antidote, the more frequent use of white zinc or zinc lead. In the manufacture of liquor matches, heated or allotropic phosphorus is said to be not so dangerous to the jawbones as ordinary phosphorus.

New Publications.

THE MORAL PHILOSOPHY OF COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1857. This work is designed as a companion to the "Physiology of Marriage," by the same author and publishers, and its views are generally sound and valuable. ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS AND DISCOVERIES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Compiled by S. M. STURTELL. New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 617. This work gives a succinct account of the various English and American Arctic expeditions to the present time, and embodies many interesting and important facts. For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Beatin. SCANDINAVIA, FROM GIBEL TUREK TO STAMBOUL. BY HARRY GRAYSON (Lieut. Wisn, U. S. N.). New York: Chas. Scribner. 1857. 12mo. pp. 362. "Los Gringos," and "Tales for the Marines," by the same author, give him an enviable literary reputation, which will be much increased by the present work. The style of these sketches is rare and brilliant, permeated by a vein of pleasant humor. We have some fine scenery-painting, some vivid historical sketches, and a little dash of antiquarianism. We predict for this pleasant book a success on both sides of the Atlantic. For sale by A. Williams & Co. AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO POLITENESS AND FASHION. BY HENRY L. BRETHER. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1857. 12mo. pp. 479. This is a very peculiar book, and interesting to all who believe that "manners make the man." Its rules for etiquette are illustrated by sketches and anecdotes of distinguished persons. Some of its dicta will excite discussion. For sale by A. Williams & Co. THE STAR AND THE CROCODILE, or, A Daughter's Love. By A. S. ROE. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1857. 12mo. pp. 110. A pretty little melodrama the reader in favor of this work, and an acquaintance with its contents amply rewards perusal. It is really a charming story. For sale by A. Williams & Co. NEW MUSIC.—From Oliver Ditson we have received the "Song of the Brook," from Tennyson's "Maud," "The Blue Bird," Schottische, "The Mother," and the "Rose Redcaw." REMARKS FROM THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES. BY Mrs. S. GOUGHAN. New York: Charles Scribner. 1857. 16mo. pp. 349. These "anecdotes" embrace sixteen well-written biographical sketches of the gifted and good of this and the preceding century. It is an admirable book to place in the hands of the young, being both agreeable and instructive. For sale by A. Williams & Co.



## MY BROTHER.

BY E. H. GOULD.

I grieve that death should bid thee lie  
 In grave so lone, so cold, so drear,  
 That none were near when thou didst die,  
 Away from home, my brother dear.  
 No hand could smooth thy aching brow,  
 No lips could speak thee kindly word,  
 Nor mourner o'er thy grave can bow,  
 And nought but winds to chant thy dirge.

That forest wild must be thy bed,  
 And distant far must ever be,  
 Where friendly feet may never tread,  
 And tear-dimmed eyes can never see;  
 Yet, while my heart clings to thy grave,  
 I hear thee whisper from above,  
 "On wings of light my spirit waved,  
 And bends to hear a sister's love."

And still we mourn thy vacant seat,  
 And miss thy cheerful look and tone,  
 Yet sometimes feel thee with us meet,  
 At twilight hour in thy old home.  
 For musing then, when quiet all,  
 We feel an angel hovering near,  
 And listening, words of comfort fall  
 With soothing sweetness on the ear.

## UNCLE MORTIMER.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

"IDA," said papa, one morning, "your Uncle Mortimer and Zeb are coming to Philadelphia to pay us a visit. There's the letter I've just received!" And he tossed it over to me.

I eagerly read it, and found that he and his confidential man would be with us in less than a week. So I had to make immediate preparations for their reception. I received no small amount of teasing from my brother John respecting my old beau Zeb, and he mostly finished by saying that it was very well a certain young gentleman of my acquaintance was out of the way, as he might be inclined to be jealous. I knew he would tease till he was tired, so put up with it as well as I could.

Everything was ready—the spare rooms properly fixed up for our visitors, an immense fire burning in the grate, and the supper table laid out—when a carriage stopped at the door, and my uncle and Zeb alighted. Uncle Mortimer greeted me very cordially, and then turned to converse with my father and brother. Zeb made a very low bow, and I perceived that he was much improved in his appearance. I had acquainted my father with Uncle Mortimer's eccentricities—so he was not disconcerted when he found the confidential man seated at the same table with us. He behaved pretty well—though

he had an awkward habit of coloring up to the ears whenever I looked at him. Once he handed me a plate of biscuits—a most courageous thing for him to do.

John watched the proceedings quietly, though his eyes gleamed with suppressed merriment. Supper passed over pretty well—the only mistake Zeb made was in tossing the contents of his tea-cup over my papa, at which Uncle Mortimer was very angry.

"You scoundrel, sir!" said he; "you'll never be fit for respectable society."

After supper, my uncle despatched his managing man on some errand, and turning to me, said:

"Do you know, Ida, I came down here expressly to please Zeb? Don't you think he's very much improved? He's been studying Chesterfield some, I can tell you! Well, he wanted to come to the city and visit the theatres, and such like—but I think his principal reason for wishing to come was to see again a certain young lady, who once paid a visit to Cow Farm—(There, now," said he, laughing and drawing back, "don't touch my ears! they're half an inch longer from the pull you gave them last year.) I thought that I, too, would like to see the lady—so we packed up and started. In reward for this, we find our fair demoiselle offended, because a gentleman dares to admire her in the distance."

"The worst of it is, uncle," chimed in John, "he did not succeed in making a favorable impression when Ida was at the farm. It's too late now, for she's going to be married next fall."

"My dear little niece going to be married? You don't say!" said he, delightedly. "Who is the favored gentleman?"

"Mr. Cornelius Brown, attorney at law, etc., of New York city," replied John, laughing.

I was now thoroughly vexed with him.

"Really, papa, I wonder that you will sit there and allow John to plague me so!"

"What is it, my love?" he inquired, as he laid down the paper and wiped his spectacles. "John, you surprise me! You ought to be ashamed!"

He looked very penitent—the sly rascal—now that he had told all he had to tell, and there my uncle sat for an hour by the fire, laughing and rubbing his hands, till at last he signified his desire to retire to rest.

The next morning I was preparing to go on a shopping expedition, when Uncle Mortimer offered himself as an escort.

"Well, Ida, so you're going to be married! I hope you'll be more fortunate in your matrimonial speculations than I was."

# THE BOSTON OLIVE BRANCH.

Wm. Thompson

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

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### The Boston Olive Branch

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### Critical Fairy.

#### Edward Langdon's Variation.

#### THE OPERATED BURN.

The following is a reproduction of the story of the operated burn, as told by the patient himself. It is a story of suffering and endurance, and is one of the most interesting and touching stories that have ever been published. The patient, a young man, had been operated on for a burn on his arm, and the operation was a most successful one. He had been in the hospital for several weeks, and during that time he had undergone many hardships and sufferings. He had been treated with the most skillful hands, and he had been nursed with the most tender care. He had been given the most powerful medicines, and he had been subjected to the most painful operations. But he had borne all these things with a brave and patient heart, and he had at last emerged from the hospital, a man who was once again able to enjoy the pleasures of life. The story is a most interesting one, and it is one that will interest all who read it. It is a story of the human mind and body, and it is a story that will show us the power of the human spirit and the strength of the human body. It is a story that will show us that we are capable of more than we think we are, and it is a story that will show us that we are capable of enduring the most terrible sufferings and hardships.

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THE BOSTON OLIVE BRANCH.



LETTER TO A FAVORITE CAT.

My dear little puss, I am writing you a letter... I hope you are well and happy... I have been thinking of you very much...

HYMN.

My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart... My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart... My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart...

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart... My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart... My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart...

CHOICE GLEANINGS.

Who sustains blame? In the eye of the beholder... Who sustains blame? In the eye of the beholder... Who sustains blame? In the eye of the beholder...

Feminine Department.

FEMALE BEAUTY, OR FEMININE BECOMING.

Personal beauty is only a fleeting glory... It is not the least of the beauties of the soul... It is not the least of the beauties of the soul...

MY OWN OLIVE BRANCH.

My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart... My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart... My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart...

CHOICE GLEANINGS.

Who sustains blame? In the eye of the beholder... Who sustains blame? In the eye of the beholder... Who sustains blame? In the eye of the beholder...

Miscellaneous.

A FEW WORDS ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

My dear friends, I am writing you a letter... I have been thinking of you very much... I have been thinking of you very much...

MY OWN OLIVE BRANCH.

My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart... My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart... My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart...

CHOICE GLEANINGS.

Who sustains blame? In the eye of the beholder... Who sustains blame? In the eye of the beholder... Who sustains blame? In the eye of the beholder...

A FORTUNATE RUN.

George Ballantine is in luck in his life... He was a young man of dry and sunny... He was a young man of dry and sunny...

MY OWN OLIVE BRANCH.

My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart... My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart... My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart...

CHOICE GLEANINGS.

Who sustains blame? In the eye of the beholder... Who sustains blame? In the eye of the beholder... Who sustains blame? In the eye of the beholder...

Olive Yeates.

My dear friends, I am writing you a letter... I have been thinking of you very much... I have been thinking of you very much...

MY OWN OLIVE BRANCH.

My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart... My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart... My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart...

CHOICE GLEANINGS.

Who sustains blame? In the eye of the beholder... Who sustains blame? In the eye of the beholder... Who sustains blame? In the eye of the beholder...

The Farm and the Garden.

My dear friends, I am writing you a letter... I have been thinking of you very much... I have been thinking of you very much...

MY OWN OLIVE BRANCH.

My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart... My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart... My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart...

CHOICE GLEANINGS.

Who sustains blame? In the eye of the beholder... Who sustains blame? In the eye of the beholder... Who sustains blame? In the eye of the beholder...

Medical Receipts.

My dear friends, I am writing you a letter... I have been thinking of you very much... I have been thinking of you very much...

MY OWN OLIVE BRANCH.

My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart... My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart... My heart, my heart, my heart, my heart...

CHOICE GLEANINGS.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND THE ARTS. FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1857. NUMBER 47.

The Boston Globe Branch. PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY JOHN H. BEECHER & CO., 100 NASSAU ST. N.Y.

Original Story. Uncle Ben's Hunting Story. Long time ago, when I was a little boy...

It seemed a little thin, but she had not reached the house when a voice called her name. "Hello!" she said, "the north wind was after her hair."

THE RIVAL PAINTERS. A TALE OF FLORENCE.

CHAPTER I.

"What still at work, Giovanni? You see, long time ago, when I was a little boy, I had a great deal of fun in my garden..."

"I should have said, but she had not reached the house when a voice called her name. "Hello!" she said, "the north wind was after her hair."

CHAPTER II.

"They were back from their studies, and Giovanni was sitting at his desk, looking at a book..."

"I should have said, but she had not reached the house when a voice called her name. "Hello!" she said, "the north wind was after her hair."

CHAPTER III.

"They were back from their studies, and Giovanni was sitting at his desk, looking at a book..."

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CHAPTER IV.

"They were back from their studies, and Giovanni was sitting at his desk, looking at a book..."

"I should have said, but she had not reached the house when a voice called her name. "Hello!" she said, "the north wind was after her hair."

CHAPTER V.

"They were back from their studies, and Giovanni was sitting at his desk, looking at a book..."

"I should have said, but she had not reached the house when a voice called her name. "Hello!" she said, "the north wind was after her hair."

CHAPTER VI.

"They were back from their studies, and Giovanni was sitting at his desk, looking at a book..."

It was a dark day, Giovanni. "What still at work, Giovanni? You see, long time ago, when I was a little boy, I had a great deal of fun in my garden..."

"I should have said, but she had not reached the house when a voice called her name. "Hello!" she said, "the north wind was after her hair."

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It was a dark day, Giovanni. "What still at work, Giovanni? You see, long time ago, when I was a little boy, I had a great deal of fun in my garden..."





MY CASTLE IN THE AIR.

Have you seen my castle in the air?
Have you seen my castle in the air?
Have you seen my castle in the air?

THE FORGOT-ME-NOT.

Alas! I know the forgotten flower,
The flower of the field,
The flower of the field.

THE AERONAUT.

Alas! I know the forgotten flower,
The flower of the field,
The flower of the field.

Miscellaneous Matters.

COMPARATIVE ABSURDITY OF THE SIXTH.
A woman may be ugly, ill-made, unamiable, ignorant, or stupid, but she is scarcely ever ridiculous.
A thoroughly absurd woman is one of the rarest things on earth.

from the fact that they may be destined to suffer of ailments, of disposition, of manner, of talent, of education, and of wit, without being actually devoid of grace, affection, and a yearning glow.

HEALTH "FLIRTIATIONS."

When you were "sincerely" flirting with the girl, you knew the least you could do for her was to pick up the ends of your loose talk, and the most that she could do for you was to keep her from coming to the rescue of your own health.

A LOVER'S PERSISTENCE.

The most common and most attractive manifestations of consistency of character, proceed from those persons in whom the affectionate disposition is dominant.

INTEGRITY OF CHARACTER.

Who ever possessed it that did not derive an-fold advantage from it? It is better than the gold of Ophir; it is of more value than diamonds and all precious stones.

OPPOSITION.

"A certain amount of opposition," says John Cook, "is a great help to us. It keeps us against, and not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none."

Sparking Humor.

THE YANKEE MARIONET.
The following sketch, taken from the Herald, shows how "Good Percy's" regiment was almost exterminated by the British.

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Editorials and Anecdotes.

... A Philadelphia paper says that a man is flying a kite that the lightning put his own house on fire.

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The Gleaner Editor.

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The flower of the field,
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Answers to questions from readers, including 'The Gleaner Editor' and 'The Olive Branch'.

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REPINING.

REPINING. BY T. TAYLOR. And every opinion, with her hair deep black...

REPINING. TO MISS J. L. S. BY MARY HARRIS. When, through the golden glow of day...

REPINING. SPARKING HONOR. A BIRD SINGS AND SINGS TO THE MOUNTAIN...

REPINING. THE SERVANTS' HAIR OIL AND THE BOARDERS. At the boarding house where there and his friends...

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REPINING. SPARKING HONOR. A BIRD SINGS AND SINGS TO THE MOUNTAIN...

and every opinion, with her hair deep black...

"Partners, indeed," says the red head...

"Good morning, what is it?" "I don't see you..."

YANKEE COURTESHIP. The editor of the N. Y. Atlas - a Sunday paper...

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proceed "having" husband and Sally did not...

"I don't like to see such a man," "I don't know..."

REPINING. SPARKING HONOR. A BIRD SINGS AND SINGS TO THE MOUNTAIN...

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Medicines and Anecdotes.

...Harris - Hills and things that men and women play with for money.

...To women should part, except her who has lost the power of thinking.

...A lady feelings pining great is apt to make odd, because she has to try and dandy.

...When you get the question, and are answered to.

...A lady - Are you the new servant? I see your Girl - Servant, what? O, not at all!

...A lady - Are you the new servant? I see your Girl - Servant, what? O, not at all!

...A lady - Are you the new servant? I see your Girl - Servant, what? O, not at all!

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The Crisis Column.

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THE ALPINE TREK.

THE ALPINE TREK.
I was on the summit.
The snow was deep and white.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.
Along the steep bank to bed.
The wind was cold and keen.

MORNING IN EARLY SUMMER.

MORNING IN EARLY SUMMER.
The breeze of dawn breathes his good-morning kiss.
To bed and bed and flower, and human bliss.

Sparkling Humor.

Sparkling Humor.
A little humor goes a long way.
It is the salt of life.

A REAL NATIVE.

A REAL NATIVE.
The ignorance of this country among us.
Is well illustrated in the case of General W.

BACKWOODS' ELOQUENCE.

BACKWOODS' ELOQUENCE.
A man on his trial for murder, having been found guilty by the evidence, is supposed to have successfully defended by his counsel in the following speech, which is quite as good a warrant for the verdict as any other.

Whiticians and Anecdotes.

Whiticians and Anecdotes.
Why is love like a coal ball?
Because it is an infernal transporter.

The Guss Mark.

The Guss Mark.
I was composed of 10 letters.
My first, is a letter which is a gem.

ANSWER.

ANSWER.
To Enigma, No. 1, in our last.
1.—The death of William Herbert.

THE BOSTON OLIVE BRANCH.

THE BOSTON OLIVE BRANCH.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY SATURDAY BY
John H. Sloop & Co.

OFFICE—NO. 10 WASHINGTON STREET.

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R. Marsh

OLYMPIA BRANCH

ROMANCE AND LIBERATURE

VOLUME XXIII.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1858.

NUMBER 41.

A Fine Original Story.

TRUE LOVE; OR THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

BY E. D. SMITH.

It was in some lying in the harbor near London. She is ready to sail; the wind is fair, you still she remains looking...

"It is all right; we have done our part," said the fermest of the boatmen. "How is that, boy?" inquired the other boatman.

"The female shuddered, and a more deadly pallor overcame her countenance, as she replied. "He has been dead an hour."

Robert Collingworth was the victim of three delusions, and succeeded to the estate of his father. He had long been wedded to a lady of great worth, and almost despaired of ever having an heir...

In the midst of their rejoicing a shadow fell across the breast of Robert Collingworth. He was indeed a father, but the wife and mother were no more. He watched the infant hours of his little son with great pleasure; and was happy to see him at three years of age, a healthy, lively, and most promising child.

"O, such a dress," he muttered. "If I could should befall that boy, then all is lost!" and he wrung the hands in his agony. "Still I've had a dream," he added, half to himself.

"Yes," replied Margaret, weeping violently. "But where is he? I must see him!" "O, sir, it grieves me to say—" "Not that he has been carried away with the common herd, without coffee or bread?"

Several years after the events transpired, which we have recorded, a great occasion was created throughout the town, when it was known that Hon. Josiah Homer, a man of immense wealth, and great political influence, had really determined to take up his residence at Allport.

"The cause of my sadness, father, (though I had hoped no one saw him) is a struggle in my heart, between duty and inclination." "Explain, Lucia," said the Squire, quite surprised.

"I heard you say, father, but a short time ago, promised Lucia, that if something did not occur in your favor soon, you would be a ruined man, a bankrupt; and for that reason, I've felt as a duty to you, my dear son, looked how and would upon me, I ought to accept the proposals of Orlando Homer?"

"I'm in want of energy, and everything I undertake fails in a poor way," replied Lucia. "That will do very well," said Squire Hammond. "I am sorry you regard this matter in such a light. It would be Orlando Homer you would have wealth at your command, could take a position with the first in the country, go to Washington to spend your winter, and altogether you would live a gay life."

"I shall be wedded to a man I never could love, compelled to spend my days with a person, whose society I cannot endure for an hour. The glitter of gold could never hide his stupidity from me, nor else it had on others," continued Lucia, "why then to his wealth and his father's honor, not to his."

"It is possible," he muttered, "that he, whom I've looked with favor, raised in my office from a mere boy, guessing him every privilege, even to live with his mother in my cottage, at the foot of my garden, should now try to steal the heart of my daughter in return? The camp!" and he stamped upon the floor in his rage.

"Yes, I love my daughter! What permission?" "Yes, I love your daughter," replied Donaldson, firmly. "And you will not be unkind to her? Such a family!" said Squire Hammond, raising and pointing the beam.

"No, never," replied Donaldson "without your entire consent, this matter shall go no further." "That can never be granted," said the Squire, firmly. "Then I go, and seek my fortune elsewhere; and you may find one who will love your daughter more than I do, who will be willing to worship more for her happiness," replied Donaldson.

"I'm sad because I look upon those hills, and each familiar object for the last time." "And why? What has happened?" "I must go, Lucia, and win fortune and fame." "Not my father!" whispered Lucia, blushing.

"He is indignant." "And why, pray?" "Alas! Lucia, I'm but a threadbare student, without fortune or birth." "But you have talents and nobleness of character for your birthright," pleaded Lucia, "and virtue and truth, which are better than riches."

"No, Lucia, it would be useless; he is irremediable. Still his objections are such as we may hope to remove at some future time, and the exact amount you have given me, that your love shall remain unchanged, give me some vengeance to battle with life. But my mother!" "I will not forsake her," said Lucia.

"Go! Robert, go; stay not an hour longer; you have done enough for me already; but I—

The speaker continued and trembled till her whole frame shook. "No, mother, I will not leave you. You watched over me in my tender years, now you are old, and feeble, I'll not forsake you." "Oh, Robert, forgive me; I've wronged you, and yet you have been the only comfort of my life. I never knew a happier hour till you clung about my neck. But go from me now, I can bear it no longer; your presence is a torment to me."

"O, don't talk so strongly, mother, you alarm me. Tell me all about your past life, and if the person can be found who has wronged you, I'll be revenged on him. Tell me of my father, how he lived, and when he died." "Your father, Robert?" the speaker turned pale and gasped for breath.

"What is the matter? Is the matter?" he exclaimed as he saw her deathlike appearance. "Let me call a physician." "It is too late, Robert, this pain will soon be ended," and she motioned him to bend his hand to her lips, and she whispered in broken sentences—then fell back insensible. A physician was immediately called, but it was beyond the power of human effort to save the dying woman; she had taken a powerful poison.

Robert sat beside her lifeless form for hours like one bewildered. He could scarce believe the strange tale he had heard even from dying lips. The amount he had twenty-four hours counted, but a dream to him. At length he opened the secret drawer as he had been told, and there found the exact amount of gold, and the several articles as described.

"Do you know me, George Collingworth, and refuse me aid when I'm pining?" said the beggar. "I don't know you," replied Collingworth. "The reward upon him is still fierce glass and said—





