

last. And any change from the ordinary position of the words indicates emphasis. Thus for the sake of emphasis I have reserved, to close this history of the Olio, a tribute to its founder. Convinced that there was a better way of spending our winter evenings and social gatherings than in aimless chat and semi-barbarous plays, our female patron plead for the introduction of a literary nature in them. By so doing she has raised, and is still raising, the moral tone of this neighborhood, and, through our example, other neighborhoods. Though she has for many years been compelled to forego the pleasure of listening to what is said and done at the meetings, yet there must be in her mind a silent satisfaction purer and holier than the mere gratification of any of the outward senses—the assurance of being the means of leading youthful minds by pleasant water-courses and green pastures in the happy realms of literature. Young ladies, wherever you may settle in future life, follow her worthy example, and let the light of your genius be shed abroad. You have a mighty influence for good as well as a proverbial one for evil. They tell me that Adam and the human race were led astray by Eve, that the beauty of Helen “burned the topless towers of Ilium,” that the lovely Thais set fire to Persia’s gilded fane. Be this as it may, I am fully persuaded in my own mind that also in the hands of woman are placed the humanizing powers of the world.

The history of the Olio, during its first ten years, has been compiled and read, and will now be laid away in the archives for future generations to decipher.

THE OLIO.

I was sitting alone in my mansion,
In the evening’s twilight glow,
When a flood of fancies swept o’er me;
The pictures of long ago.

In the days when youth was happy,
And life and love were free,
And the earnest mind was building
The hopes of things to be.

I saw the visions of beauty
Successively come and go;
But the glory of greatest brightness
Surrounded the Olio.

When I think of the fruit that has ripened
From seeds that were planted then;
The youth of the circle, growing
To virtuous women and men.

When I meet the familiar faces
In the various paths of life,
From the dreamy vales of the rustic
To political whirl and strife.