

THE OLIVE LEAF, AND FACTORY GIRL'S REPOSITORY.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

[SEMI-MONTHLY.]

IRVILLE IRWIN LESLIE, EDITOR.

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VOLUME 1.

Poetry.

[ORIGINAL.]

HAVE I NOT LOVED THEE?

Have I not loved thee? Where is there
On earth, a heart more true
Than this, that beats for thee alone,
And only trusts but you?

Have I not loved thee? Charge me not
Of falseness, base design;
A treacherous heart I never had,
A faithless is not mine.

Have I not loved thee? Mention when
I bowed to else but thee;
Or laid me low at Beauty's shrine,
And asked not thine to be?

The vows I've uttered, are they not
From out the heart's pure fount;
Living, as long as life is there,
Each promise to recount?

Forever banish, then, the thought
Of falseness in this breast;
The flame is kindled, and it dies
But when in death I rest.

L.

TALES.

Written for the
ELLEN RIVERS,
The Factory Girl.
BY MARY TOLLE

CHAPTER I.

O, there were brighter days, around where now
The gathering tempest long has burst; o'er heads
Defenceless, and on hearts still pure.

It was a stormy evening, and the bells of the
L— Corporation hall rung, when a small girl,
stepping out from among the machinery into the
entry, took down a thin shawl, and placing a lit-
tle dark hood upon her head, sallied forth amid
the sleet and hail. Passing up one of the principal
streets, she turned down a narrow lane, and
going a few doors, mounted the steps of a large
wooden building, and ascended a flight of stairs
to the third story. She entered a small room,
which, by the feeble rays of a lamp burning upon
the mantelpiece, seemed the abode of those whom
misfortune had, in other days, marked for its vic-
tims.

The furniture consisted of a bureau made of
rosewood, with carved pillars in front, a table and
workstand, together with a few chairs and look-
ing-glass. The walls seemed the remnant of
other and brighter days.

"How do you do to-night, mother?" she said,
advancing to the side of the bed, on which lay a
pale, emaciated woman, of middle life, apparently
in the last stage of consumption, "I have seen
the doctor, and he is going to call and see you in
the morning."

"My child," said the mother, in a feeble voice,
"the doctor can do me no good. It is wrong to
spend your earnings for that which will not ben-

efit me—it is too late; all the medicine in the
world cannot cure me."

"I thought he might help your cough, so that
you could rest through the night; you know that
if you can sleep comfortably, you will be better
through the day."

"Yes, Ellen, but I have no hopes of receiving
any relief from whatever he, or any one else may
direct. At the longest, I shall be with you but a
short time, and therefore, the less expense I am,
the better it will be for you, subsisting as we both
are, upon your small earnings."

"Do not trouble yourself about that mother; to-
morrow is pay-day, and I shall have more than
enough to meet our last month's expenses—all I
care about, is being obliged to be absent from you
so much, when you are so sick. I have been
thinking that I might get little Maria Burns to
stay with you through the day, and then if you
should be taken more ill, she could come and tell
me. I will ask her mother in the morning; I
think she would be glad to have her stay with
you most of the time. I have some little trinkets
which she would like, and if Mrs. Burns thought
it worth more, there is another room next to mine
which I can get, and that will more than pay her.
The garment she gave me will be worth more to-day
next week. I think I can find four, and then I
shall earn a quarter more than I now do."

CHAPTER II.

The morn that breaks the brightness of the hills,
Ere noon, may stagger in the darkest clouds.

Fifteen years previous to the above mentioned
evening, George Rivers led to the altar, Sophia
Bliss, a young and happy bride. He was then
the pride of his native village, with good talents
and ample fortune.

The first two years of their married lives were
as happy ones as earth, with all its charms, could
bring, or ever saw. As yet, George was a tem-
perate, kind and loving husband; his whole aim
and object being to make her whom he had chosen
for his bosom friend, the happiest of the happy.
During this time, there never had been a word or
thought to mar their felicity. Confident in each
others love, and surrounded by all that earth can
call blessings, the crowning one being the birth of
their first-born and ever only child, who would be
led to predict a day, in their lives, clouded by
sorrow and anguish. Alas! they lived in those
days which, the like, may Heaven grant, the earth
again may never see—days wherein a man was
not a man, unless he held the poisonous bowl to
his neighbor's lips, and thereby assisting him to
drink the dregs of woe and wretchedness. Then,
every village throughout New England, was blest
with a curse, and thither were seen the high and
low, rich and poor, flocking to pay their tribute to
the shrine of Bacchus. Among these was George
Rivers. The bar-room, at length, became his
daily resort. Not content with the sparkling
wine at home, which every man, in those times,
must provide, he began to relish the society of the

gambling table, and in a short time, had wholly
neglected his business, and given himself up en-
tirely to reveling and drunkenness.

It was during the fourth year of her marriage,
that Sophia became fully aware of his situation.
Till then, he had kept her nearly ignorant of his
profligacy and ruin.

Though for a long time he had been cold and
indifferent, still no harsh word, as yet, had escap-
ed his lips. During the long winter evening, she
would always sit up, however late his return, and
greet him with her smile of affection and forgive-
ness.

It had been a very cold and snowy day, and
George had remained at home with his family.
About sunset he took down his cloak and prepar-
ed to leave the house.

"Stay with me to-night, George," said a mild
and gentle voice, while, at the same moment, the
arms of Sophia were thrown about his neck,—
"stay with me, I shall be lonesome when you are
gone—I always am—the wind blows hard, and I
am afraid—come, stay with me and Ellen."

He could not raise his eyes to Sophia's, for he
knew their gentleness would revive the thought
of other days, and bring home to his own bosom
the pangs of guilt and remorse, for as yet he had
some affection for her who thus addressed him.

"I have business," he said, and without utter-
ing another word, broke from her embrace and
rushed out of the house.

Sophia took a seat with Ellen, at the window,
and watched him till he disappeared around the
corner of the street.

The drunkard's wife had shed many tears, but
those which then fell, were such as never before
rolled down her pale and stricken face.

Night came on, and with its gathering shades
rose the stormy blast, increasing in fearful tone
at every gust.

The hollow sound of the wind, as it rushed
into the crevices in the walls of the dwelling,
sent a solitary gloom into the breast of Sophia,
and a strangeness of thought weighed down her
heart to despair and fearful forebodings. Still
she resolved to wait his return, and treat him as
ever she had, with kindness and affection.

CHAPTER III.

O, fearful night! that hides the deeds of crime,
And shields the captive, or else seals his fate!

The fire blazed up gently on the hearth, where
the wife of George Rivers sat alone, pondering
the future, and reviewing the past.

The village clock had pealed forth the number
twelve, but as yet no footsteps were heard upon
the brick walk leading to the door. All was
nearly silent without; for the wind had gone down,
only when it came in fitful gusts. The eyes
of the mother were often turned to a small bed on
which lay a rosy cheeked girl, in a gentle sleep.
How lovely she looked; she had forgotten her
fears, if ever she possessed one. The future she
had never dreamed of, otherwise than a bright:

andscape of happiness. She knew not the effects of a father's profligacy on her coming years.

Sophia arose and advanced to the window, and throwing aside the white curtain, gazed out, partly to ascertain if the storm had abated, and part to catch the form, if possible, of one who still was dearer to her than all else, though deeply debased.

The moon had just arisen, and the street could be discerned to a considerable distance, but no one appeared there to gladden the heart of the anxious watcher.

Tears came again to her eyes as she dropped the curtain, and resumed her seat beside the dying embers.

George had never staid so late before, and the thought rushed to her mind, that something had befallen him. While pondering this, the sound of footsteps broke upon her ears—they were hasty—it could not be him she thought; some one is going for the doctor: probably—no, they are coming up the walk; and the next moment a loud rap at the door told plainly that tidings were to be received.

With a trembling hand she grasped the lamp, and advanced to the door. As she opened it, the visage of Peter a colored waiter at the hotel, presented itself.

"I came to tell you Mrs. Rivers," said he, almost breathless, "that your husband has been stabbed by another man, and the doctor thinks he can't live—he wants you to come over and see him."

Without replying, Sophia turned to regain the room, but sunk almost senseless at the door. Recovering herself in a measure, she threw on a cloak, and placing a shawl upon her head, rushed into the street, towards the hotel. As she came in front of the hotel, she was met by Peter again, who said he was just returning for her. She entered the bar-room. In the centre sat George, supported by two men, while the doctor was endeavoring to stop the blood which rushed from a deep wound in his left side, and ran across the floor, which meeting the gaze of Sophia, the throne of reason swayed till she reached and sunk in despair at the side of him, who was his own destroyer.

"O George!" said she; and he started. The voice seemed to arouse the dying spark of life; and calling all that remained into action, he extended his arms, while she threw herself upon his bosom.

"My fate is sealed, Sophia," he said; "but before I die, say that you forgive me. O, had I listened to you, I now should have been happy. O say that you forgive me!"

"Forgive! yes," was the reply.

"Where is Ellen?" he asked. "I want to see her before I die. Carry me home. Don't let me die here, where I have been ruined."

Being told by the physician that he could not be moved, he exclaimed "must I die here!"—These were his last words. The lamp of life began to wane to its last, and all hope of recovery was at an end. In a few moments he expired. The anguish of Sophia was unlimited. Her whole soul seemed to sink under the stroke while she supported his fainting head.

CHAPTER IV.

Rehearse that last dread night
That gave the birth of deeper woes.

As in the former chapter we did not detail the circumstances that led to the death of Rivers, we will in this, attempt to give the reader some idea of them.

On entering the hotel, the evening of his death, he was saluted by two persons partially known in the village, who invited him to drink with them. The invitation was accepted, and the glass was taken. Again another was called for, after which the two sat down to the dice board. They played awhile when George was invited to join them. At first he declined, but in a short time they prevailed, and he sat down to the like for the last time.

At first George won, whether by their consent or not, we will not say; but so it was, that at the end of the first four games he had won three hundred dollars.

Larger sums were now beginning to be staked. In the fifth game, George lost one hundred dollars. Here he desired to stop, saying that he must go home. This they would not hear to, but, gamblers like, brought up a point of honor—play as long as you win.

It was now half past ten, and they in the midst of the sixth game. This stood five hundred dollars; and each was doing his best to win. But the chances were against George. Two leagued against one seldom fail of effecting their purpose.

George lost. Five hundred dollars were now demanded, which was paid over.

Again they commenced, with a stake of three hundred. George won. The clock struck 12, and he arose to go. They now began to persuade him to remain and have one more game. He refused, and was preparing to leave the room, when one of them seized him by the arm, and asked him to drink with them.

"No," said he, "no more to-night," and with this he advanced to the door.

"You cannot go," said one, at the same moment stepping forward against the door. "We deal as honorable men, and never sneak off."

"True," said George, "and as such you cannot fail of giving me an honorable discharge."

"The only honorable discharge you can have, is to drink with us, and then stake." This came from the one who stood at the table evidently in an unpleasant mood.

"If that can be my only honorable discharge, it will never take place," replied George, in a somewhat irritated tone. "What I have, I shall keep. My chance was no better than your own, while a fair trial is all that you must expect."

"Insulting!" exclaimed the one nearest him. "It was through our indulgence that you won. To encourage you was it all."

"Yes, and to your disadvantage," replied George. "The cloven foot is seen; and the last of gaming has come."

Saying this, he laid his hand upon the latch, and raised it to go; but was prevented by the one leaning against the door. George insisted on leaving, which they were not inclined to consent to. Here commenced harsh words on both sides. Imprecations and threats soon followed. George was not to be driven, and this the gamblers began to perceive. Revenge was now their only hope of satisfaction, if such it can be called.

Their threats and oaths had aroused the bar-keeper in an adjoining room, and he entered. But

what was to be done? He dare not interfere; his voice was unnoticed; for he had dealt out the cause of their profligacy, and as the instrument of all taking place he could not, yea, dared not interfere.

The contest of words grew more fearful, till at length, personal violence was experienced. George defended himself from their attacks, and now did not feel inclined to leave till he had put them to some trouble.

After many struggles to drag him from the room, one of them drew a dirk, and plunged it into his side. [CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE SABBATH.

It would seem impossible that man could forget his Maker. When we remember his absolute dependence on the Almighty, subsisting day by day on the unmerited, overflowing bounty of his hand—his life, which is at best but a lengthening shadow, held by a gossamer tenure, which a breath at any moment may destroy; when we regard the rich gifts, which he has received from his Heavenly Parent, ennobled by conscience, crowned with intellect, made but a little lower than the Angels; when we consider his position in the world, surrounded by the stupendous wonders of the universe, himself an atom, standing upon a point—yet endowed with a mind, in which that universe is reflected as in a mirror—made capable, through the divine quality of reason, of scanning the immense systems which expand themselves in the infinite of space, of comprehending the adamantine laws, which control their movements, of appreciating and enjoying the everlasting harmonies which pervade the apparent disorder, and confusion. When we behold man so honored, so enriched, so blessed, truly does it seem impossible that he could forget his Creator, Preserver, Benefactor! His heart will be an altar, from whence will unceasingly arise the incense of gratitude! he will carry with him in all his walks, an abiding consciousness, a profound conviction, that he owes a debt he never can repay. Alas! alas! it is not so! All these various appeals to his understanding, are in themselves insufficient. And the infinitely Wise One, who created the heart, and who from the beginning knew all its waywardness, knew they would be insufficient. He foresaw the fascinations of self—the enchantments of pleasure, the spells of ambition, the ten thousand magic voices of this world, continually sounding in the ear of man, engrossing his spirit, calling him off from his highest duty. To silence these magic voices, to break these spells, to dissolve these enchantments, to tear self from its idols—in pity to his erring creature—in aid of his feeble and uncertain virtue—he established a day of holiness to himself, to be observed through all time—on which the tide of passion should stand still, the eager and reckless chase of life be arrested, and the vexed, feverish spirit disenthralled from its sordid bondage be lifted up into a calm, purifying, invigorating communion with its celestial original.

Treachery.

'Tis treachery the vilest to forsake

A friend who in thee faithfully comes;

'Tis crime, in life unparalleled, to break

The heart whose hope alone in thee resides.

O leave the world, ere thou shouldst be a friend,

Who, trusting, thinks thee faithful to the end.

[ORIGINAL.]

SPRING.

Once more mild Spring, thy gentle form I greet,
Inhale thy breath with fragrant odors sweet;
While Nature's choir, in one melodious strain,
Proclaims that winter's o'er and passed again.

All nature smiles, as if to welcome thee,
While floods of music float from tree to tree.
The merry brook, by winter fettered long,
Sparkling, doth glide to swell the genial song.

Delightful spring! with thy bright sky above,
To wander forth and view the scenes I love;
While 'neath my feet and far around is seen,
The meadow-carpet, spread with liveliest green.

I love, indeed, to roam in forest bowers,
On Spring's glad morn and pluck the early flowers,
All Nature then her brightest robe displays,
An emblem true of childhood's happy days.

Hail gentle Spring! with joy I welcome thee;
Thy breath revives and gladdens all I see;
Thy visage is the emblem to my sight
Of Spring immortal, in a world of light.

Cabotville, May 4, 1843. P. S. L.

Historical.

Combat between the Horatii and Curiatii.

B. C. 667. Every opportunity of extending their dominion was eagerly seized by the Romans. Tullus Hostilius, the third king, was one who delighted in war and strife, and in this he resembled his subjects, who were all fond of military achievements. He only sought a pretext for leading them to battle. Some peasants of the nation of Alba had plundered his subjects, and Tullus Hostilius had lately sent ambassadors to demand restitution of the stolen goods. But the Romans had likewise robbed them, and the Albans, as he expected, refused. War was therefore declared between the two nations.

Both armies at length took the field; the Albans encamped within five miles of Rome. No sooner were the armies in sight of each other, than their ardor for fighting cooled, and the Alban general was found dead in his camp, without any sign of violence. Mitiuz was chosen in his stead. The generals of each army came to a parley, and agreed that one of the cities should rule the other; but this started another difficulty; which city should have the preference; Tullus proposed to decide this by single combat with Mitiuz; but the latter refused, and agreed that three should be chosen out of each camp, and that nation, whose champions were victorious, was to rule the other.

An illustrious Roman had two daughters; one he gave in marriage to a Roman, and the other to an Alban. Each daughter had three sons at a birth. The Romans were called the Horatii, and the Albans the Curiatii; all six were remarkable for their strength and dexterity in fighting, and to their swords was left the decision of the question.

The armies were placed in due order; the brothers took their arms; their hearts, no doubt, beating high with the hope of victory, and happy in the assurance that, at all events, their prowess would save the lives of hundreds of their fellow-creatures.

Boldly these young heroes stood before their own armies, and heard the prayers of their fellow-soldiers for their success.

The signal was given. The youths moved forward to the encounter. Presently they were engaged hand to hand, and in the desperate conflict felt not the wounds they received, although the spectators, with aching hearts, saw them soon covered with blood. But the glorious spirit of patriotism prevented the heroes from feeling pain; they were insensible to every thing but honor.

The three Albans were desperately wounded, and loud shouts ran along the Roman army. In a few seconds two of the Romans fell and expired. The acclamations were now heard among the Albans; such is the fate of war.

The surviving Roman saw that all depended upon him; it was an awful moment, but he did not despair; he manfully roused his spirits to meet the exigencies of the hour. He saw that force would not avail, for three to one was fearful odds, but he had presence of mind enough to think upon what was best to be done. How valuable is presence of mind!

Horatius drew back, as if fleeing from his foes. I suppose you will cry out, as the Roman army did, "Shame! Shame!" But Horatius was too brave to trouble himself about what was said; he was only thinking of what was to be done.

The Curiatii pursued the retreating hero, and as Horatius expected, one came up before the others: this was what he wanted. When the Roman hero found one of the Albans near him, he turned about, and, exerting all his skill and bravery, soon laid him dead at his feet. By this time another of the brothers had arrived; him, too, Horatius quickly despatched. Only one remained on each side; the hisses of the Romans were turned into cheerings. But what was their joy when they saw the last of the Curiatii stretched upon the ground! Can you not imagine the joy of the victor when he returned triumphant to his friends?

What followed, it is painful to relate. When Horatius reached Rome, he saw his sister bitterly lamenting the death of the Curiatii, one of whom she was engaged to marry; and, in the dreadful moment of ungoverned rage, he stabbed her to the heart. Alas! to what crimes does not passion lead! Horatius was condemned to die. His aged father implored the judges to show some mercy to his son; that son, whose valor had lately obtained for Rome the dominion of a new state, whose valor had saved the lives of many Romans, that son, whom he himself would have punished, had he overlooked the conduct of his weak complaining sister. The people could not withstand the tears of the old father.—The life of Horatius was spared. But, no doubt, he deeply lamented that his rash anger had made him tarnish the honors he had so dearly purchased!

For the Olive Leaf.

Old Age.

There are five stages of life, infancy, childhood, youth, manhood and old age. From the first to the fourth period, the faculties are perfecting. From that to the last stage the senses are gradually yielding to the decaying hand of nature. He who has approached old age is sensible that his lamp is nearly extinguished; he can only with his few worn out and decayed senses, lament his past follies. He considers

that his riches, if he possesses them, will not prevent him from sharing the fate of the poor man. He has, it is likely, passed through varieties of fortune; he has experienced prosperity and adversity; he has seen families rise and fall, peace and war succeeding in their turns, and everything around him undergoing many alterations.

In whose eye does not the tears gather when he beholds the aged man about to lay down, the last the burden of his wearisome life. After all he has beheld, his eyes are closed forever. He has become a stranger to all on earth; a race who knew him not—have arisen to fill the vacancy. Thus passes the world away. L. M. S.

For the Olive Leaf.

TEMPER.

Temper is a mixture of different qualities; irritation of disposition, or vehemence of the mind. A person under the influence of passion, is inclined to do many things for which he is sorry when it is past. Every one possesses temper, though not in the same degree; and as our happiness depends upon its management, it must be governed, or it will govern us.

It is so consonant with an enlightened reason, so conformable to our better judgment, and productive of so much happiness and inward satisfaction, that the government of our tempers, brings with it its own reward. This must be apparent to every reflecting mind, for it lies in the very nature and universal laws of creation.

It is also evident that in order for us to be happy, our tempers must be controlled. If it were not so; if true happiness was not prompted by this means, and the government of our passions were not accompanied by a heartfelt satisfaction we should soon get discouraged in attempting it.

He who has endowed man with the highest capacities, has so formed him, that he is led ultimately to acknowledge virtue; while he has annexed to it that happiness, which all experience in overcoming their passions.

It is not enough to restrain our tempers when in the presence of superiors. This might be effected when in reality our passions existed; though in a concealed state.

The criterion of a person's government over his passions, is his conduct to his equals and inferiors, when something arises calculated to greatly excite him. Moralists have extolled the government of the temper, both in ancient and modern times. It has been said of Columbus, "he has been extolled for his skill in governing others, but far greater praise is due him for the firmness which he displayed in governing himself.

If then, we would live happy through the whole period of our lives; if we would, upon a faithful retrospect, feel that we have not mis-spent the talents entrusted to our charge; if we would secure to ourselves a happy old age, if permitted to live till then, let us, without procrastination, commence the task of self government. Let us govern our tempers, lest they govern us. Cabotville. E. F. C.

The world is the hell of the good, and the heaven of the wicked; or it is all the evil that the former shall meet with, and all the good the latter should enjoy.

[ORIGINAL.]

To ———

Fondly cherished Hope! undying,
Ling'ring till life's latest breath;
Till this harp unstrung, is lying
Toneless in the hand of death.

Fondly cherished when the brightest
Earthly pleasure fades away;
When the heart is heavy, lightest,
Touched by joy or sorrow's lay.

Fondly cherished—yes when o'er me,
Sadness comes or joyous glee;
When the light or shade's before me,
Still the same art thou to me.

Fondly cherished! thou wast given,
As a star on man to shine,
Till the heart has found a heaven,
And the soul is made divine.

Linger then—'tis dark and dreary,
When thy visions come no more;
And the soul of life is weary,
Wishing daily, it were o'er.

Cease to live! it would be dying,
To remain when hope has fled;
When the hearts, we love, are lying,
Low among the silent dead.

When thy smile has ceased to cheer me,
Lit by hope and love sincere;
Then will fade, forever near me,
Every other object dear.

When the grave is made thy pillow,
O'er which gentle zephyrs glide;
There, beneath the bending willow,
Let me slumber by thy side.

IVOLINVA.

For the Olive Leaf.

The May-Flowers, or the Effect of Passion.

A TRUE STORY.

In passing through the city of H——, last summer, I visited the Insane Hospital.

I was much struck with the appearance of one of its inmates, a young woman of about twenty years of age. She was tall and graceful, with rather a haughty look and mein. She was still handsome, and would have been beautiful, but for the wild expression of her dark eyes.

When I first saw her, she was sitting with her head resting upon her hand, and repeating in a low, mournful tone, "She is dead, she is dead!" Then continuing, she exclaimed, "How pale and cold and still she is." Shuddering, she covered her face with her hands, as if to shut from her sight some mournful scene.

Being much interested with her appearance, I was at some trouble to learn her history; and I will repeat it as related to me.

Hellen and Alice Graham were cousins. Alice was an orphan. Her parents having died when she was very young, she was placed under the care of her uncle and aunt Graham, the parents of Hellen. She was a beautiful girl; merry as a lark, with mild blue eyes and dark, auburn hair, which hung in long ringlets over a neck and bosom as white as snow.

Hellen, on the contrary, was a generous, high spirited girl, with eyes and hair like the raven's wing. But she had one fault, which nearly eclipsed all her good qualities—she was very quick tempered, and being an only child, she was nearly idolized by her parents. Her father would often watch her, when something had occurred

to ruffle her temper; while her eyes would sparkle, her delicate nostrils expand, her lips quiver, and her bosom heave like the waves tossed by the wind. But he took no pains to correct her, but thought, as she grew older, with so many good qualities, all would be well. Little did he think that this would be her ruin.

Hellen and Alice were much attached to each other. They worked together, studied together, and together they rambled through the woods, and climbed the neighboring rocks and mountains.

At the time of the commencement of my story, Hellen was sixteen years of age, and Alice a year younger.

It was a beautiful morning—the first day of May, when they, with several other girls of their acquaintance, went to the fields and woods, to gather flowers.

None were happier than Hellen and Alice, as they tripped lightly along; now stopping to listen to the song of the birds, as they fluttered from tree to tree; or to gather the flowers that grew upon their way. * * *

They were seated upon a green mossy bank, tying their flowers into small bunches, when one of their number came bounding along, and exclaimed, "Oh, girls, come with me, and I will show you some beautiful flowers."

Eagerly following her, they crossed the brook, and by a narrow path climbed up the steep rocky bank, until they paused, nearly half way, upon a large flat rock, hanging directly over the stream, which was now nearly fifty feet below. Then pointing to the rock above, they saw, almost on the pinnacle, a splendid bunch of wild Lady Slippers.

The exclamation of delight, which broke from the lips of the girls, were mingled with those of regret, when they found that it was almost impossible to reach them. The fine tints of the flowers, which were very rare in this region, made each of the girls eager to possess them.

Lizzy Manly, one of the youngest girls, exclaimed, with an air of assurance, "Oh, I can get them;" but she soon returned, and was greeted with peals of laughter.

But putting on a mock heroic air, she repeated—

"Les roches fut roide; les aigue fut epines."

"Well," said Alice, laughing, "that is bad; but the best way, I think, is to follow the example of the fox, and call them 'sour grapes,' for we can't get them."

"Not so fast, Miss Alice," said Hellen, "I'll have them yet."

"That is if you can get them," said one.

"I am afraid you will sing a different tune before you get through," said another.

This only made her more resolute, and she determined to get them at all hazards. She commenced climbing, slowly, the nearly perpendicular side of the rock; while the rest watched every movement, with breathless attention. Now she has reached the most dangerous part; one false step would precipitate her a hundred feet below. But still she goes safely on; supporting herself by the creeping vines and short bushes, that grew upon its side. She reaches the flowers. Holding on to the ivy for support, with one hand, while with the other, she breaks them off, and throws them down to those below. They now call to her, encouraging her to return, which was even

more difficult than to ascend. Slowly and cautiously she descended the dangerous path, until she reached the level rock, upon which the rest stood.

"Well done," said the girls, as they crowded around her, with inquiries if she was hurt.

Alice was the only one that stood apart. She, with her back turned to the others, was busily engaged in picking out the largest and finest flowers to put with Hellen's, and she did not wish her to see them, until her bouquet was finished.

Hellen could not see what she was doing, and she was hurt with her apparent unconcern; for she thought Alice would have been the first to congratulate her upon her success.

"Miss Alice," said Hellen, haughtily, "what are you doing with my flowers? I would thank you to hand them to me."

"Don't be impatient," said Alice, laughing, and trying to hide the half finished bouquet behind her.

Hellen came toward her, and Alice, stepping back, stood upon the very edge of the rock, and held them over.

"Now," said Alice, playfully, "come another step and I will throw them over the precipice."

Hellen sprang angrily forward. Alice, unprepared for this sudden motion, started, and accidentally let the flowers fall. Hellen, thinking it no accident, stood with her face now pale, now red with anger.

Alice burst into tears, and approached her, when Hellen, forgetting where they stood, pushed her violently from her. She reeled upon the very edge of the rock, and with a loud scream, fell into the abyss below.

Before the horror-struck girls could regain their senses, Hellen, with the quickness of one in despair, had darted from them, and was flying down the narrow pass, which led to the brook, and was soon hid from sight by the trees.

The next moment and a piercing scream from her, broke upon their ears.

When they reached the spot, what a scene burst upon their view. There lay Alice in the edge of the water. Her hair was swept back from her white forehead, and upon one temple was a deep gash. She was dead! The water was not deep, but in falling, she had struck upon a sharp pointed rock, which produced instant death. And here, beside her, on the green turf, lay the now insensible Hellen. * * *

I will not continue this story. It is sufficient to say, the light of reason has never returned to the unhappy Hellen; and she seems to see continually before her, the pale and bleeding body of her playmate and cousin.

Oh, my dear reader, profit by this mournful tale; and if you are of a hasty temper, learn to control it; for you know not what dreadful deed it may lead you to commit. NELLA J.

Springfield, April 27, 1843.

It is better to love than to be loved when you cannot return it. In this case surely it is harder to deny than to be denied.

Give me a woman's hand with one sole pledge of truth, and it is worth all the legal promises of man. It is true, like him she may violate her word, but not till then should her faithfulness be doubted.

[ORIGINAL.]

WE PART.

We part—those words, I hear them now,
As when they came from thee;
The wound they caused can ne'er be healed,
But in eternity.

Thou didst not love me, and thy smile
Was cold when turned on me;
And yet I worshiped thee—I feel
This heart beats but for thee.

Thou bad'st me to forget—no, never!
Mem'ry still clings to thee;
Though not one hope will lead me ever
To think thou'lt smile on me;

Be happy—may thy gentle heart,
From sorrow e'er be free;
And Heaven's own hand thy footsteps guide,
O'er life's dark billowy sea.

May brightest cherubs smooth thy couch,
And hover round thy sleep;
Wreath buds of fragrance o'er thy brow,
And watchful vigils keep.

Once more a boon I ask; 'tis small;
When gladsome is thy heart,
Forget me not—perhaps we meet,
No more to say—"we part."

Cabotville, April 1843.

W.

[ORIGINAL.]

A THOUGHT.

O blissful thought! that I shall live again,
Nor cease to be when nature shall dissolve.
That for this mortal, put immortal on;
And coexistent with departed souls,
Talk with the Deity. To live a life
Eternal with Himself—vast words! how true!
Nor die till He, the God of all, expires.
For heaven and bliss exchange a world of woe;
For virtue's realm, a sphere of vice and crime.
From sorrow's vale, to heights of endless joy;
From beggar, heir to an immortal crown;
From mortals vile, to sainted spirits pure;
From death to life—eternity its end.
Arise. Best thought! thy native spot is heaven.

MARIA.

Biographical.

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

Lucretia Maria Davidson was born at Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain, September 27, 1808, being the second daughter of Dr. Oliver Davidson and Margaret his wife.

Her parents being in straitened circumstances, much of her time was devoted to the cares of home; yet she read much, and wrote poetry at a very early age. She had a burning thirst for knowledge.

In October, 1824, a gentleman, on a visit to Plattsburg, saw some of her verses, and being made acquainted with her circumstances, determined to educate her in the best manner. Accordingly she was placed in Mrs. Willard's school at Troy; but her incessant application, began materially to affect her health.

After returning home, and recovering from her illness, she was sent to Miss Gilbert's school at Albany. But soon again became very ill. On her return the hectic flush of her cheek told her approaching fate. She died August 25, 1825, aged nearly seventeen years. The last name she uttered was that of her patron.

Her person was singularly beautiful. She had a high open forehead, a soft black eye, perfect symmetry of features, with a fair complexion, and luxuriant hair.

The prevailing expression of her face was melancholy.

In her fifteenth year she wrote the following verses:—

"To A Star.

How calmly, brightly, dost thou shine,
Like the pure lamp of virtue's shrine!
Sure, the fair world, which thou mayst boast,
Was never ransomed, never lost.
There, beings, pure as heaven's own air,
Their hopes, their joys together share;
While hovering angels touch the string,
And seraphs spread the sheltering wing;
There, cloudless days and brilliant nights,
Illumed by heaven's refulgent lights.
There, seasons, years, unnoticed roll,
And unregretted by the soul.
Thou little sparkling star of even—
Thou gem upon an azure heaven!
How swiftly will I soar to thee,
When this imprisoned soul is free!"

Her poetical writings, besides many which were burnt, amounted to two hundred and seventy-eight pieces, among which were five poems, with several cantos each. She also wrote some romances, and a tragedy.

In our own language, except in the cases of Chatterton, Kirk White, and John Urquhart, we can call to mind no instance of so early, so ardent, and so fatal a pursuit, of intellectual advancement.

By the early death of a person of such growing power, and unequalled promise, we may be taught the vanity of all earthly hopes, and be led to estimate more highly, and seek more earnestly a lasting dwelling place in the world of unclouded light, and perfect holiness and purest joy.

She awaited her death with a reliance on the divine promises, hoping for salvation through her Lord Jesus Christ.

ALLEN.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Jonathan Swift, a celebrated writer, was born in 1667, at Dublin, and was educated at Kilkenny School, Trinity College, Dublin, and Hertford College, Oxford. For some years he lived with Sir William Temple as a companion, and when that statesman died he left him a legacy and his posthumous works. From King William he entertained expectations of preferment, which were disappointed. Having accompanied Lord Berkeley, one of the lords justices to Ireland, as chaplain, he obtained from him the livings of Laracor and Lathbeggan, on which he went to reside, and to which he invited the lady whom he has celebrated under the name of Stella. He eventually married her, but would never acknowledge her as his wife. His conduct to two other ladies, Miss Waring and Miss Vanhomrigh, with whom he coquetted, was equally devoid of proper feeling. In 1701 he took his doctor's degree, and on the accession of Queen Anne he visited England. In the course of the nine ensuing years he published several works, but it was not until 1710 that he became active as a political writer. Having gone over to the Tories, and become intimate with Harley and Bolingbroke, he exerted himself strenuously in behalf of his new allies. Among his labors in this cause were the Examiner, and the Conduct of the Allies. It was not, however, till 1713 that he obtained preferment, and even then he was frustrated in his hopes of an English mitre, and received only the deanery of St. Patrick. When he returned to Ireland he was exceedingly unpopular; but he lived to be the idol of the Irish. Of the writings by which this change was produced, the Drapier's Letters,

published in 1724, stand foremost. In 1726 he gave Gulliver's Travels to the world. As he advanced in years he suffered from deafness and fits of giddiness; in 1739 his intellect gave way and he expired in October, 1745.

Written for the Olive Leaf.

Thoughts at the Grave of a Friend.

"Thou art gone to the grave." Yes, friends have shed ever the farewell tear, and laid thee in the silent chambers of death.

Thy angel form, once animated with health and vigor, is destined to moulder away in the dreary grave; while thy virtues throw around thee a fragrance of thought, which seems to bind us to thy long resting place. Like a rose in full bloom, was thy loveliness displayed to all, and each shared in thy endeavors to render them happy. As ours, thy prospects were bright; but, alas! how soon were they blasted—"thy sun went down while it was yet day."

Thou art gone, and we deeply mourn thy loss. Our circles are no more made glad with thy smiles. Our frequented walks, where thy gentle voice so often arose upon the evening breeze, chanting the praises of Emanuel, speak in deathless silence—thou art no more.

The classic fount where thou wast wont to satiate thy intellectual thirst, mourns thy premature departure from earth. Scenes of delight, which were made more joyous by thy presence, will ever be registered on memory's choicest tablet.

Beyond where all is turmoil, is thy spirit at rest, and earthly scenes shall no more disturb thy tranquil breast.

The howling wintry winds may pass wildly above thy head, in its long resting place; yet can it not wake thy peaceful slumbers. The sun, with his ten thousand beams above thee, penetrates not the deep gloom of night, that encircles thy head.

Oft shall we gather around the spot, where rest thy remains, and bedew the turf above thee with our tears, while thou art hidden from our view.

But He, whose eyelids never sleep, numbers thy dust, and on that auspicious morn, when the archangel's trump shall wake the sleeping millions in the twinkling of an eye, wilt thou come forth, clothed in immortal youth, and thy brow encircled with a garland of celestial beauty; and clad in a robe of spotless white, with a harp of heaven in thy hand, shalt thou walk the plains of light, and sing the praises of Jehovah forever and ever.

ISADORE.

Cabotville, April, 1843.

Presence of Mind.

When Lee, the poet, was confined in Bedlam, a friend went to visit him, and finding that he could converse reasonably, for a poet, imagined that he was cured of his madness. Lee offered to show him Bedlam. They went over this melancholy medical prison, the poet moralizing very philosophically all the while. At last, they ascended the top of the building; and as they were both looking down from the perilous height, Lee took his friend by the arm and exclaimed, 'Let us take this leap, and immortalize ourselves this instant.' 'Any man could jump down,' replied his friend coolly; 'we should not immortalize ourselves that way. Let us go down, and try if we can jump up again.' The madman, struck with the idea, willingly descended, and his friend was saved.

The Olive Leaf.

CABOTVILLE, MAY 11, 1843.

In consequence of not receiving our paper this week as soon as we expected, its publication has been delayed one day. We shall endeavor hereafter to be punctual in every respect.

We hope our subscribers will not consider us altogether at fault.

Our friend, B. B. Hussey of the Bouquet, Charleston, S. C. will accept our thanks for his liberal notice of us; while we would assure him that our list of contributors, though unpretending, is not behind that of some papers, which boast of talent that never appears.

We would gladly notice him, did we travel that way. We hail the Bouquet with pleasure, and hope a long acquaintance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are flooded with communications; especially poetical. One half cannot be published this week.

We wish to give our readers a variety, and unless our correspondents favor us with such, we fear some of them will necessarily be rejected. We want more prose articles.

There are but few who can write good verse, and unless it is good, its just merits will not be appreciated. We want the majority of our correspondents to try their hand at prose next week.

We found a communication in our Box directed to the Publisher. Whether it was intended for us, or the Chronicle, we are unable to say. If for us, we answer, that it savors a little too much of the gossip to warrant the propriety of its publication. We think the author would do much better at a good subject in prose, and therefore give our advice to that effect.

Experiencia's will appear.

We have received from B. F. Brown, corner of Dwight and Ferry streets, the last number of Miss Leslie's Magazine. It is truly a splendid work. Mr. Brown has all the popular Periodicals of the day, and will furnish them as low as can be procured at any other office.

We have also received from E. F. Brown, No. 6, Merchants Row, "The Two Merchants," a novel. By T. S. Arthur. The author's name attached to it, is sufficient to ensure its reception.

Mr. Brown will also furnish the following works:

Anselmo, The Grand Master of the Secret order; this is a new romance, translated from the Italian, by H. Hastings Weld, Esq. The date of the story is believed to be about 1823; and is founded upon the feuds and hereditary prejudices, of which history and tradition have given the most thrilling description. "Anselmo" is an absorbing story, and its free translation, does great credit to the pen of Mr. Weld.

The Grand Vizier's Daughter, or the fall of Constantinople, is the title of a new novel by Mrs. Maberly, author of "Emily, The Love Match" &c. &c. It is a highly interesting work.

The H— Family, by Frederica Brewer. Authoress of "The Neighbors," &c. There is no novel which has taken stronger hold upon the sympathies of the reading public, during the last year or two, than "The Neighbors." The appearance of another new translation by the same talented authoress, will be hailed with pleasure, by all lovers of current literature, 25 cts.

The Two Merchants, or Solvent and Insolvent, by T. S. Arthur, Author of "Bell Martin," "Insubordination," Temperance Tales, &c. This is the third number of a series of Ten Nouvellettes from the pen of this celebrated author, to be published at intervals from two weeks to one month, until the series is complete, 12 cts.

"The Wives of England," their relative duties, domestic influence, and social obligations, by Mrs. Ellis, author of "The Women of England," "The Poetry of Life," &c. Author's editions, complete one volume 25.

The daughters of England, their character and responsibility, and their position in society, by the author of the Wives of England, &c. 12 1-2.

[ORIGINAL.]

SPRING.

All hail the beautiful Spring!
The galest of the year,
When icy winter's flown away,
And verdant fields appear.

All hail the waving grove,
Rearing its lofty trees;
Which now no more feel winter's snows—
Stirred by the gentle breeze.

The towering oak and elm,
That lift their heads on high;
They seem to reach another realm,
And touch the deep blue sky.

All hail the verdant lawn,
Outspread before our eyes;
How changed since winter's breath has gone,
Beneath the genial skies.

Brightest of all the year,
When all is glad around;
Alas how soon to disappear,
Like all that here is found.

Cabotville, April, 1843.

N. W.

Written for the Olive Leaf.

Education of Young Ladies.

BY W. C.

We are confident that the intimate connection between physical education and a good constitution, does not receive the attention its importance deserves. How few reflect, while offering up their young and beautiful forms at a shrine more cruel than that of Baal or Astaroth, that the diseased and defective system, they are producing, will be perpetual; and that a single individual may be the means of poisoning the springs of life to thousands! A single well known fact will show conclusively the pernicious effects of the causes we are considering.

In those places, such as cities, where fashion is most supreme, and females most its slaves, the number of deaths is about one in thirty-six; while in many places in the country not more than one in seventy-five die annually. There is not a city on the globe which would not become a desert in a few years, were it compelled to rely on its own resources to supply the drain on its population; so fatal to life are the results of fashion, luxury, and their attendant vices.

Now if there is good cause to complain of fashion, in its influence on the physical education of young ladies, there is equal if not greater reason for dissatisfaction with the course pursued in respect to their mental culture. It is to the mind that woman must look for the maintenance of her supremacy: it is in her power to say whether she will be a mere toy or doll, for the man, or his friend, adviser and companion. If she chooses the first, she has only to pursue the course which a fashionable education points out, and her aim will certainly be attained.

Mere personal beauty, even were it as permanent as it is fleeting, can never form the chain which binds for life the man of sense and worth. The painter, the statuary, can give him beauty; but from it he soon turns in disgust, as he does from all female charms which lack the irradiation of the mind.

There are diseased minds as well as diseased bodies; those which turn with loathing from healthy food and invigorated exercise. By those thus afflicted, any thing which requires exertion is discarded. Flattery, and the small talk of fashionable coteries, can only be tolerated; and

which should not be allowed by any one who has the true welfare of woman at heart.

Feebleness of mind is the result of improper physical and mental education. Can we wonder, then, that where the present system of mental culture is fully carried out, nervous, irritable, unhappy females are the result? A temperament utterly inconsistent with a life of rational enjoyment, of usefulness, or, the performance of female obligation? Females thus trained are incapable of happiness themselves, and comfort flees their presence. Such minds are ready to imbibe any false maxim which may become current; follow foolish prejudices, and because the separation of truth from falsehood may require a little thought, a trifle of mental exertion, and patient investigation, they abandon the matter to chance, and accept of one thing as freely as the other. Minds subjected to this course of culture, are usually inflated with the fancied importance, supposed to be conferred by wealth. Their father, or their grandfather, perchance, pursued some honest, respectable calling for a living, was prudent, economical, and finally successful in amassing a fortune. This they inherit, but now hold industry in contempt; and look on honest labor as disreputable. They can lisp out some affected word of scorn; they can sneer at the son or daughter of the farmer or mechanic their superiors in every mental or physical endowment, and whose only crime is, that they are industrious.

There cannot be in any country a more slender basis of pretension than one founded on wealth; and in this country, where the way of competence is open to all, and property is constantly changing from one man and one family to another, this insolence of wealth is intolerable; and none but the giddy or weak-minded will for a moment indulge in it. Mental and moral worth, is a mind well endowed, and directed to proper objects, and the manners which result from such a combination, should be the only admitted marks of distinction and eminence.

We look around us and wonder why men are not more prompt and just in all their ways, when at the same time our course may be directly opposite the one designed to constitute us happy.—We blame others for doing wrong without stopping to remind ourselves that we are doing the same.

He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him.—Proverbs.

A woman was up for trial in Baltimore, for having whipped a Dutchman; and the Dutchman in testifying to the facts, said with the tone and air of an injured innocent, "Mishter Shquire, dist here woman, mit three other four womans more whip me very nice, she did." Poor fellow!

BE KIND.

O, speak to him a tender word—
He is thy brother still,
Though he has sinned and strangely erred;
To humble pride—self-will—
Be generous, meek and kind—and so
You give his fault the fatal blow.

Another course, you make him feel
You cannot be his friend;
To truth you but his bosom steel,
And all your labors end:
The heart once touched if soured again,
Its malice 'twill through life retain.

[ORIGINAL.]

Thoughts suggested on removing with my friends from the residence of childhood to this village.

ACROSTIC.

Forward in silence, rolls the wheel of time,
A like its progress through each varied clime;
Resistless conqueror of earthly skill,
Each passing moment, rides in triumph still.
When years have glided, and their changes wrought,
Even childhood's home with all its pleasures fraught,
Like the reflected sun's last golden ray,
Leaves a bright impress on the memory.
My native home! I now must bid farewell:
Ye groves and meadows, hill and vale, and dell,
Now I must leave you; and ye stately trees,
And shrubs and flowers, the pure aerial breeze;
The weeping willow, on the garden mound,
In solemn awe o'erlooking flowrets round;
Victim of time's dissolving regal power—
Each tree and plant, and clustering ivy bower,
How like a bubble on the water made!
Or like the fate of all time doth invade—
My dearly cherished home, once more adieu—
Echo responds, in accents low and few. L. E. L.

[ORIGINAL.]

On the Death of an Infant.

Why not stay thou little stranger,
Why such haste to flee away?
Durst thou see and feel thy danger,
In this world of sin to stay?

Thou didst hear thy Savior call thee,
Ere thy soul was stained with guilt,
To those joys he purchased for thee,
With the precious blood he spilt.

Selfish hearts could not detain thee,
Angels came to bear the home;
Joyfully did they attend thee,
Where earth's sorrows ne'er can come.

Cobsville, May, 1843.

S. W.

Gems Selected.

LOOK TO HIM.

When sorrow and distress
Within the troubled breast—
How sweet to look to Him, our Guide,
Who never has a good denied,
And pray that He may be our guest;

He'll chase the sorrows of the mind,
And heal the bitter pain;
The broken spirit he will bind,
And lead our steps the path to find,
Where lovely peace will smile again.

The contrite heart alone can tell
The value of a Friend,
Who doth the blows of fate dispel,
And calm the angry seas that swell,
Till life shall in fruition end.

THE OAK.

We pause at the foot of the great oak, and survey its majestic height and its wide reaching branches. We count on its trunk the many years that it has been rearing its head against the mighty storms that have in vain spent their force upon its gnarled boughs. We dig about its roots to find out the secret of its deep hold upon the earth, and we discover that time, instead of weakening its grasp, gives a firmer gripe. This noble tree is a fit emblem of our matchless republic. It protects all that comes within its range, and stands upright in every peril. It has no Upas poison lurking about its branches. 'Tis the tree of Liberty, that points its head to heaven, in adoration of its high sources and stretches out its leafy arms for protection to the hardy sons of freedom all the world over.

YOUTH.

While the sun is brightly glowing
O'er your heads, ye tender youth,
And the stream of love is flowing—
Let your course be ever showing,
That ye're guided by the truth.

Let revenge and anger never
Force the shield of love away,
Or the cord of friendship sever,
Or destroy the good endeavor
To be useful every day.

After all, when life's mockeries shall vanish before us, and the heart that now beats in the proudest bosom here, shall moulder unconscious, beneath its kindred clay, art cannot erect a nobler monument, or genius compose a purer panegyric, than the tear to departed humble worth.

ADVICE.

With the abandoned never go,
Where those who hate the truth are found;
For there the seeds of deathless woe
Are sown, when the song and wine go round.
The way to hell is paved with bones
Of those who with the vicious went:
In every grave yard scores of stones
Tell tales of those whose lives were spent
In folly's path—who ere their days
Had reached their noon, to sin and shame
Were linked. Thus in blind pleasure's maze,
Dwelt least expected, chilled their frame.

HOPE FOR THE BEST.

There is reason for this. It is a world of change we live in. Night is followed by day.—Who, that has had gloomy prospects, did not after a while find the heavens to smile again?—Hope then for the best, child of misfortune.—Events may soon take some more favorable turn, or in your present condition some fresh resources of happiness may be found, of which you are not yet aware. Human life is ever fluctuating, and unforeseen calamity often surprises the prosperous, so unexpected light may arise to gladden those who are bewildered in darkness. This at least is certain, that whoever we may be that are afflicted, we shall not always feel our misfortune with the same poignancy with which we feel it now. Time which on all things lays its lenient hand, will soon assuage the anguish of our grief. The mind will learn to accommodate itself to circumstances. Sources of consolation will appear, which we never imagined before, and the time will come when we shall look back with wonder, at the despondence which oppresses us. Such is the law of Providence.—Have faith in it, do your duty, hope for the best, and all will be well with you in the end.

BAXTER'S WIFE.

In his early years, Baxter avowed opinions that seemed to forbid his ever bowing to the galled yoke of matrimony. A single train of providential events however, led this stickler for clerical celibacy into a submission to the kindly influences of conjugal love, and the latter years of his troubled life were cheered by the glow which woman's deep and hallowed attachment can so well throw upon the darkest earthly scenery. Margaret Charlton, a woman of high respectability, both as to birth, natural endowments, and the gifts of fortune, became the pupil of the venerable non-conformist. In severe afflictions he administered spiritual advice and consolation;

in returning health he gladly continued his friendly offices; admiration on her part gradually deepened into a softer feeling, and although a vast disparity both of age and outward circumstances seemed to forbid a union—he near fifty, she not twenty-one, he the victim of poverty, persecution, and bodily suffering, she lovely, accomplished, surrounded by the elegancies of life and the smiles of the world—yet it actually took place.—It is said that Margaret first felt, or first betrayed an affection which had insensibly grown out of the communings of lofty minds of kindred mould and companionship in works of mercy such as angels love to join in.

Her character is thus sketched in a masterly critique on the life and times of Baxter in the *Edinburg Review*: "Timid, gentle and reserved, and nursed amid all the luxuries of her age, her heart was the abode of affections so intense, and of a fortitude so enduring that her meek spirit, impatient of one selfish wish, progressively acquired all the heroism of benevolence and seemed at length incapable of one selfish fear. In prison, in sickness, in evil report, in every form of danger and fatigue, she was still, with unabated cheerfulness, at the side of him to whom she had pledged her conjugal faith, prompting him to the discharge of every duty, calming the asperities of his temper, his associate in unnumbered acts of philanthropy, embellishing his humble home by the little arts with which a cultivated mind imparts its own gracefulness to the meanest dwelling place, and, during the nineteen years of their union, joining with him in one unbroken strain of filial affiance to the divine mercy and of grateful adoration to the divine goodness. Her tastes and habits had been moulded into a perfect conformity to his. He celebrates her catholic charity to the opponents of their religious opinions and her inflexible adherence to her own, her high esteem of the active and passive virtues of a christian life as contrasted with a barren orthodoxy, her noble disinterestedness, her skill in casuistry, her love of music and her medical arts. Their union afforded to the daily delight of supporting in his gigantic labors and of soothing in his unremitted cares a husband who repaid her tenderness with unceasing love and gratitude.—To him it gave a friend whose presence was tranquillity, who tempered by her milder wisdom and graced by her superior elegance, and exalted by her more confiding piety what ever was austere or rude or distrustful in his rugged character."

And the whole story stands out to observation like a green spot in the weary wastes of professional life—a beautiful bay sheltered from storm and tempest. It reaches the nobleness of woman's character and points out her true vocation.

MARRIED.

At Chicopee Falls, May 4, by the Rev. R. F. Ellis, Mr. SIMEON BODFISH, of East Windsor Conn. to Miss ROSANNA M. LYON, of Chicopee Falls.

The Editor was not forgotten among the many who liberally shared on the occasion.

May the blessings of life be as bountifully bestowed, as was the accompaniment of this.

In Ludlow, April 27 Mr. Edmund Fuller, to Miss Eliza A. Lyon; both of Ludlow.

DIED.

At Chicopee Falls, April 26, Mrs. Mary C. Lindsay, daughter of Samuel Elwell, aged about 21.

EVENING MELODIES, No. 3.

TRY LUTE IS SILENT.

Thy lute is silent Ida,
For its tones have died away
Like the ceasing of the zephyr,
At the close of summer's day.

Has thy hand forgot to waken,
As 'twas erst its gentle cords?
O, I feel the strain is broken,
With the murmur of its words.

All is stillness—there 'tis lying,
Where thy hand last laid it down,
Ere it lifeless fell beside thee,
And thy spirit pure had flown.

Gone forever? yes forever;
Lulled is every joyous strain,
And the cord once touched shall never
Vibrate to my voice again.

No 4.

EVENING SONG.

Children, twilight's o'er the sea,
And the shades of night are near,
Thither to the cottage flee,
Ere the landscape disappear.
Bow beside a mother there;
Ere the pillow holds thy cheek,
Let ascend thy gentle prayer;
For an evening blessing seek.

He who held thee all the day,
In his hand, shall keep thee still;
And will guard thee all the way,
Free and safe from every ill.
Give thy heart to Him, and say,
Keep us through the darksome night;
Watch us to another day,
Till another morning's light.

Sketches from the Street.

NO. 1.

Yonder at the corner of the street, are two boys engaged in a game at marbles. The countenance of one has fallen, while that of the other brightens at every trial.

But why thus? Ah! I have it. The latter is winning, while the stock of the other is constantly diminishing.

So goes the world. What one loses another gains—what passes into the pocket of one, comes from the purse of another.

Here comes a man with partly whitened locks. He has been a loser.

But how do you know?

Know? why I read it on his brow. His countenance too has fallen. He may have won, but it was for others. There he meets a creditor—don't say a word—let him pass—he is one among the multitude who *reflects*.

There he has turned the corner, and meets—who is that?

Don't you know?

O yes, it is the Hon. Mr. B. He's very rich—you see he don't bow to every one. Wonder how he came by such an ample fortune?

That is soon told. That greyheaded man whom he just met, was once his creditor. Mr. B. failed and secured all in his possession. That sent him to Congress which gave him the title of Hon. Mr. By his failure his principal creditor was reduced to poverty. You see they did not bow—no conversation—cold glances.

The man of cloth avoids the stricken cheek of his creditor. He too is among them who *think*. On they pass; one to regret his missteps; and the other endeavoring to lull to rest a guilty and troubled conscience.

Stand back and let me pass, utters a squeaking voice.

Who is that?

That? why don't you know? that is the son of our Parson. He's had money fall to him of late, from his grandfather. He is going on a tour to Europe.

Ah! well, let us stand back then. Wonder how much his cane cost?

Don't know. They say it has a gold head, and presented to him by a Senator in Congress, and imported from France.

Pshaw! fiddle! nonsense! I saw him when he bargained for it, down to the turning shop, and was to pay nine shillings. Stand back truly. Going to Europe!

What splendid carriage is that in front of Mr. S—'s?

Hav'n't you heard the news? No what is it?

Why the oldest Miss S. has returned from the South, where you know she has been of late, in company with a man, who, they say, is immensely rich.

Ha! ha! you know his name?

No, but—there he is now, coming down the sidewalk.

Good heavens! rich! I know him; he cheated me out of fifty dollars at the dice board one night, when I was in Georgia. He rich! A gambler and blackleg. However, don't say a word; let it go. Wonder if they are about being married?

They say next week. Good—you know Miss S. once sniffed at me. Well I thought she might get come up with—so keep dark.

ENIGMA NO. 2.

ACROSTICAL.

I am a word of 15 letters.

My 1, 2, 12, 5, 6 and 9, is an island in the Pacific Ocean.

My 2, 9, 1, 5, 3, is a distinguished volcano.

My 3, 4, 3, 4, 3, 7, is a mountain in the west part of Asia.

My 4, 6, 1, 2, 9, 10, 7, 9, 4, is a city in New York.

My 5, 6, 12, 4, 9, is a river in the west part of Europe.

My 6, 7, 3, 2, 9, 12, 7, 9, is an island in the Pacific Ocean.

My 7, 12, 7, 12, 1, 3, 1, 3, is a lake in South America.

My 8, 3, 5, 14, 3, 2, 3, 10, 10, 9, is a town in the south part of the United States.

My 9, 3, 10, 8, 9, 4, is an island in the Pacific Ocean.

My 10, 3, 11, 9, is a river in the south part of Europe.

My 11, 3, 11, 3, 6, is an island in the Pacific Ocean.

My 12, 11, 12, 1, 3, is an island south of Europe.

My 13, 6, 6, 1, 2, 6, 6, is an island east of Asia.

My 14, 3, 2, 6, 4, 9, is a city in Hindoostan.

My 15, 4, 12, 15, is a lake in North America.

My whole is a town in the east part of the United States. G. L.

Answer to Enigma No. 1, TIME.

The following alarming case of premeditated violence is recorded in a St Louis paper. Pete would make a desperate warrior.

'Pete, what makes you look so awful?

'Jake, I'm agitated, and unless my spirits grow calmer, I'll do something desperate—I'll rush out and tear a board of the pig pen.

Good Acts.

Goods acts are not always rewarded; but far better is it for you, that they remain unnoticed, than that they should never exist.

The satisfaction of being in any degree useful will richly compensate for all inconveniences.

For the Olive Leaf.

CHARADE NO. 3.

My FIRST is one of twelve, and is
The gayest of the row;
Bringing with it a joyous phiz,
Which none the rest can show.
And merry are the hearts which beat,
Whene'er my birthday comes;
I'm always welcomed to a seat,
In all the young heart's homes.

My NEXT, it changes every day,
No two was e'er the same;
I'm always passing fast away,
But none forget my name.
I'm always found beneath the sun,
And hide at night's approach;
Come back again at his return,
On whom I ne'er encroach.

My WHOLE is one of many, and
The first of six times two;
Twice twelve is all I can command,
Each thrice a score told you.
Come guess me out—you know me well,
I bring a joyous thought
Of smiling faces—who can tell
My name, unless tis sought.

Answer to Charade No. 2, LIGHT-HOUSE.

Question 2. What king made slaves of all his subjects?

Answer to the question in our last, ADAM.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

OLIVE LEAF,

AND

FACTORY GIRL'S REPOSITORY.

The OLIVE LEAF is a semi-monthly paper, devoted to the interests of the Operatives at Cabotville and Chicopee Falls, and throughout the New England States. It will be printed upon good paper in quarto form, calculated for binding.

The matter will be chiefly original, containing articles—Religious, Literary, and Historical.

The paper will ever be free from a party spirit, and nothing will be admitted to its columns with a view to establish any particular opinion.

Virtue and Morality will be its leading characteristics, while the chief aim of the Editor shall be to benefit that class, to whose welfare it is devoted, and at the same time endeavor to make it interesting to all.

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