

# THE OLIVE LEAF, AND FACTORY GIRLS REPOSITORY.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

[SEMI-MONTHLY.]

IRVILLE IRWIN LESLIE, EDITOR.

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## Poetry.

[ORIGINAL.]

### Forgiveness.

Come back—I'll love thee as I ever have,  
Though thou hast wronged me sore,  
Will freely every fault forgive,  
And trust thee as before,  
For I cannot forget thee, though  
Unfaithful thou hast proved;  
My fate is linked with thine I know—  
Thee only have I loved.  
  
Though others fairer thou hast found,  
Yet none can truer be;  
What e'er of good or ill surround,  
Each would I share with thee.  
The blessings Heaven may give or take,  
With all I'd part, nor grieve,  
Would smile when else of earth forsake,  
If but thy heart 'twould leave.  
  
Come back—I will forgive thee all,  
Nor name thy long neglect;  
Will faithful be let what befall,  
And love, though all be wrecked.  
I cannot cast away the one  
I only loved below;  
Thy wayward be thy heart, there's none  
Thy winning smile can show. L.

## The Strength of Principle.

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

In a beautiful sequestered valley, a short distance from the sloping margin of one of those placid streams which beautify and fertilize our country, stood a little cottage, almost hidden by the shrubbery in which it was embowered. The dwelling, humble as it was, resembled a diamond, encircled with emeralds, as the reflection of the last golden rays of the setting sun was sent brightly back from the casements upon the grass-carpeted lawn and tall lilac bushes. To the north rose a mountain, exhibiting all the hues peculiar to an American autumn; beyond this towered a chain, so distant as to resemble a wreath of vapor losing itself in the misty blue of the horizon. On the opposite shore of the river stretched an immense tract of prairie land, whose soft green afforded a pleasant relief to the sombre shade of the mountain. It was a lovely spot, one on which Nature has showered her gifts with a lavish hand, at least so thought two individuals who were enjoying its beauties from the vine covered porch of the cottage.

Ellen Osgood was the delight of her father's house. Her merry smile was ever successful in driving every mark of care from his brow, or depressing thought from his mind. She was a pure disinterested creature, whose only aim was to lessen the cares of those among whom her lot was cast; and admirably she succeeded, for her home was rendered as bright and as cheerful as though sorrow existed but in fancy, and had never cast a blight upon the fair prospects of the inhabitants of earth.

Henry Elton was the accepted lover of Ellen. He was a young physician who had just left college, where he had been a general favorite, and perhaps it was owing to this that his moral character had become somewhat unsettled; for, in trying to please all, he was obliged to assimilate himself in some degree with the habits of those with whom he associated, and it is a fact long since established, that all are not purely moral in these institutions. His manners were pleasing, and he possessed conversational powers of the highest order. He was engaged at the time our tale commences, in pleading with Ellen to shorten the period of their engagement; and, from the gratified expression of his handsome face, a spectator might have inferred that his plea was successful. The preparations of the approaching wedding were rapidly progressing, when, one day as Ellen was seated at her work near an open window, but concealed by a luxuriant honeysuckle that shaded it, she heard Cesar, an old slave, say to some one beneath—

'Wat a nice gemman Massa Harry is; pity he drinks so much; but den it's de only fault he has.'

The color left her cheeks. Could it be that her heart's idol was a drunkard? She had no other foundation for belief than the gossip of an old slave, she had never known him to be guilty of the slightest indiscretion. The breath of suspicion had never infused a doubt of his innocence into her mind, and she had deemed him above the aspersions of slander. How could she solve her doubts? She could not ask a slave if her betrothed was unworthy; and as Elton was absent on a visit to one of his college friends, she had no opportunity of observing his conduct.—She tried to banish it from her thoughts, but the image of a drunken husband was constantly recurring to her mind.

About a week after, while on a visit to her cousin, Isabella Welding, who resided in a neighboring town, she unexpectedly met him in one of the most public streets, where he with several others, was discussing politics rather more loud than the occasion warranted. He immediately joined them, and Ellen observed that his face was slightly flushed.

This was almost sufficient to corroborate her former suspicions. At any other time she would not have remarked so common an occurrence, but now that one painful thought completely absorbed her mind, her perceptions had acquired an unnatural quickness, and she gathered food for her troubled spirit from the most trifling circumstance.

In a few days the cloud that rested over her happiness was dispelled. Elton had been her almost constant companion during that time, and his beaming glance of love had gone as far as his repeated assurances in convincing her of his innocence.

One evening her father came in.

'Well, Ellen,' said he, 'are you willing to leave

this pleasant village for your country house to-morrow?'

She expressed her readiness, though not without some reluctance at leaving her lover. The arrangements were accordingly made, but her aunt, who had felt unwell all day, became yet worse during the night, and they were obliged to remain.

The curtains of Mrs. Welding's chamber were closely drawn. The almost perfect stillness which reigned throughout the apartment was broken only by the vibrations of a small mantel clock which stood opposite the bed, and an occasional moan from the sufferer. Isabella was sitting near her mother's bed, watching the almost imperceptible motion of the thin covering as it rose and fell to her gentle breathing. Ellen had drawn her chair to a window, and leaning her head on her hand, her thoughts were wandering back to the days of her happy childhood, and then weaving a bright web for her future years to unfold, when she was startled from her reverie by the sound of voices on the pavement below.

'I say, Elton, is this the place where your fair enchantress sojourned when she blest our village with her presence? By Jupiter! its well for you that she's homeward bound.'

'Never fear, Morton, I always take care to guard against such a mishap as that.'

Ellen glanced out of the window and saw Elton and his chum, Edward Morton, staggering down the street.

How quick was the veil torn from her eyes! How quick the transition from exquisite happiness to the deepest anguish! Truly, 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joys.' She said nothing, for she saw that Isabella had been so intent on watching her mother, that she heard nothing of what had passed. She hid her face in her hands, and tried to collect her scattered and bewildered thoughts. Could she marry a DRUNKARD? Oh no—for she remembered that the wrath of God rested upon him; but did she not love him? Alas! too well—but ought she to give her heart's best affections to one who loved not Jehovah—to one who was the enemy of her best friend, and who would bring misery upon all with whom he was connected?

These thoughts flitted rapidly through her excited brain, but she could arrive at no decision; and in the fulness of her heart she offered up a prayer for the guidance of Him, who had promised to be 'very present help in time of trouble.' Her heart was soothed by communion with the Father of Spirits, and she rose with a firm determination to do her duty, and resign him what had been paramount to her affections.

When, on her return home, she saw Elton, and unflinchingly told him what she had seen, and that their intimacy must now forever cease, he at first appeared thunderstruck, and then attempted to laugh at what he called merely a 'youthful in-

descretion.' He portrayed in the most eloquent terms the happiness that awaited them when far removed from the seductions of fashionable society. He would become all the fondest heart could wish. 'In the bosom of this peaceful valley, with you for my solace, and your venerable father for my guide, we will have nothing to fear.'

Ellen was softened, but she had often heard that intemperance was an almost incurable moral malady; and this thought steeled her heart against his eloquence, and saved her from a most awful fate, a drunkard's wife. With her eyes blinded in tears, she extended her hand, and with a choked utterance exclaimed—

'Farewell! may God bless you, and enable you to conquer your implacable foe.'

Elton left the place, and no tidings of him ever reached her ears, though her prayers for his welfare were constant as the return of night or dawn of morning.

### LADY ISABEL.

It was a bright morning in June, 1547. The air was alive with the matin hymns of nature's choristers—the tears of night hung in glorious brilliance on tree, and floweret, and the Ouse swept thro' the Weald of Kent, to mingle with the ocean. From the gate of Rothercross Castle, a train of knights, nobles and ladies was seen to issue, bearing on their arms banded and hooded falcons, and mounted upon 'the mettle of England's blood'. Among them, most conspicuous, rode the Baron De Warren, the lord of Rothercross, who had fought in the fiercest wars of the times, and for his services had received from his sovereign the wide domains of Lewes Downs. For many years he had been a widower, left with an only pledge of his nuptial bed, a daughter, the fair and beauteous Isabel, whose hand had been solicited by the best and noblest gallants of the land, but rank and wealth had, for her, no charms, her heart having been plighted, (but unknown) to Hugh Mohun the standard-bearer of her father. He was of a pure and ancient pedigree, but no broad lands were his—his fortune lay but in his sword, and although he knew and felt his love to be returned, yet hopeless to despair was he, of the consent of the proud De Warren. On that morning, in the midst of the hunting throng, rode the gallant youth, bearing the banner of De Warren, fluttering proudly in the breeze, and a hooded falcon on his arm, for the lady Isabel, a sweet and cunning excuse for a brief interchange of words. But no Isabel was present, although with the earliest dawn she had left the castle, (so said the warden) with her favorite greyhound, and her little page.

Twice had the bugle sounded for the general muster, and still no Isabel attended, while doubt and anger were warring in the Baron's heart.

'Hugh Mohun,' said De Warren, 'where taries my daughter? Go seek her. Tell her that the sports await but her presence to begin.'

The order was a joyous one to Mohun, who, striking his spurs to the rowels in the sides of his gallant steed, bounded across the Downs with the palfrey of Isabel in charge, and was speedily in a thick coppice which bordered the waters of the crystal Ouse. Well he knew that spot; it was a favorite resort of the Lady Isabel, and there, too, he had first received the avowal

of her love, and breathed his own of eternal affection.

'Hist, Isabel,' he said as he entered the thicket, 'the hunt awaits thee. I have come by thy father's order, to conduct you to the scene.—Why thus so melancholy? Sure nothing has happened to cause sorrow to thy bosom.'

She spoke not, but fell upon his neck and wept—he pressed her to his bosom. Deeply blushing, she leaped into the saddle, and in a few minutes had joined the eager throng.

The hawks were now unhooded, and like lightning swept aloft in the blue heavens, while the shout, the halloo and merry chorus of the bugles and huntsmen, as they scoured the plains, and beat each coppice, was a scene of animation and delight beyond the power of a poet's loftiest imagination to describe.

But hark! whence comes that scream of terror? All eyes are bent in one direction where the steed of Isabel is seen rushing across the Downs. It was apparent that she had lost all control over him, and that certain destruction awaited her, for the infuriated animal was making directly for the cliffs which overhung the ocean. The bravest heart there sickened—it was beyond all mortal power to save her, and although the gallant Mohun followed her with the rapidity of lightning, he but gained the verge of the precipice as the steed with Isabel sprang into the deep below.

'Oh, God!' cried the Earl, frantically—'my child—my Isabel! Her hand, and my broad manors to him who brings her to my arms.'

Ere the words had scarcely fallen from his lips, Hugh Mohun had precipitated himself into the abyss. For some moments all sight of him was lost—but soon was he seen to emerge from the waves with the senseless Isabel in his grasp, and buffeting the billows, gained the shore, and placed her in the arms of her thankful father.

Slowly and sweetly she unclosed her eyes faintly articulating—'I am safe, my father'—her eyes the next moment resting on her preserver, and with a wild and joyous shriek, she rushed to the embrace of Mohun.

'Thou hast won a rich prize, my gallant Hugh,' said De Warren—'yet by my sword I swear I hold my promise sacred. If thou canst win her, take her and nobly wear her.'

'That I have already,' said Mohun. 'Speak, Isabel, art thou not mine?'

'Thine own, dear Mohun,' and together falling at the feet of De Warren, she faintly whispered, 'your blessing, father!'

It was not withheld, and in the same night in the chapel of De Warren were they united, and from that loving union sprang the noble house of Mohun, of whose descendant Richard Cœur de Leon said, 'That his only sorrow in leaving life was, that he could not bequeath England's sceptre to so bold and honorable a gentleman.'

### Days of Worship.

The following days of the week are set apart for public worship in different nations: Sunday, or the Lord's day, by Christians—Monday, by the Grecians—Tuesday, by the Persians—Wednesday, by the Assyrians—Thursday, by the Egyptians—Friday, by the Turks—Saturday, by the Jews.

Written for the Olive Leaf.

### The Close of Life.

How often do we gather around the death bed or remains of a friend without once reflecting that the time will come when friends, or perhaps none but strangers, will consign us in like manner to the silent grave.

Could we but for an hour fully realise the separation of the soul from the body, how different would be the future course of our lives! Every moment would seem to possess a value that could not be lost without the deepest sorrow; and the whole aim of our living would be to prepare for that last and great change.

How minor every other event during our pilgrimage below, when compared with this—the dissolution of the body.

The descent from the throne of a king to the seat of a beggar by the wayside—from the most exalted situation in the world, to the lowest, is but a faint emblem of the resigning this system to its mother earth, and our spirits into the hand of Him who gave them.

How vast the thought of laying this form we now wear, in the grave, and being forgotten upon the face of the earth! To think that the multitude who are to follow, will tread as thoughtlessly over our inanimate dust, as we now do upon the ashes of thousands who have preceded us, should be in the greatest degree humiliating;—Yet how proud and arrogant we are!

Were we permitted to behold the future as it may be, how would our haughty spirits shrink within us. The hope of scenes, brighter than ever yet realised, would vanish, leaving the heart forever in despair. Wise in the Creator of all things, was it from the first, to withhold from man his future state and end; otherwise how much more depraved his ever ungrateful heart.

The closing up of our earthly existence none can tell, and the moment that we shall be removed from the society of men to the presence of God, to us is alike unknown. One thing is certain. There must come a time to each, when he must die; all have died that ever lived, except those now in existence; and as the sentence of dissolution is pronounced by the mouth of Deity on all things, none can claim exemption from this decree.

Reader, are you prepared for this great event to which you are hastening? Can you look forward to the end of your life and feel that your present course of living will ensure your eternal felicity beyond the grave? Can you sincerely say that you have discharged your every duty to your God and fellow men? Is there nothing lacking on your part to fit you for death whenever it shall come?

If you have done to others as they should do to you, and if it is not your wish thus to live, it is certain you are not prepared for the closing up of life, the happiness of an event which should ever occupy your mind.

We stand upon the border of two worlds.—The present will soon vanish from our sight and the future forever appear.

As the opportunities of the former are improved, so will be the bliss of the latter increased.

AMELIA.

The fall most likely to injure a person's brain, is—to fall in love with a pretty girl.

## [ORIGINAL.]

To the memory of Abigail S. Bartlett, who died at Cabotville,  
April 14, 1843.

Thou'rt gone my gentle Friend I know,  
From earth's dark vale away,  
I seemed to see thy spirit go,  
To everlasting day.

Thou'rt gone where all are truly blest,  
Where none are ever sad,  
Where all the weary souls may rest,  
And mourning hearts are glad.

Yes, thou art gone to brighter day,  
Thy spirit, tired of time,  
Methinks has gladly flown away,  
To light a holier clime.

Thou'rt gone, and thy pure form is starred,  
With gems that ne'er shall fade  
Thy loveliness cannot be marred,  
In heavenly light arrayed.

As oft in song I breathe thy name,  
And drop affection's tear,  
I seem to hear thy nobler strain  
In that celestial sphere.

And didst thou learn while here below  
The strangers ills to share?  
Thou'rt happier now for well I know,  
No ills await thee there.

And was it ever thine to bow  
Beneath a pilgrims care?  
Twas best, for thou art welcomed now  
A conqueror's crown to wear.

I would not wish thee back dear friend,  
To this dark world of pain,  
Where joys and woes together blend,  
And paint its pleasures vain.

But when this heart shall cease to beat,  
And all its sorrows die,  
I hope with thee again to meet  
In that bright world on high.

Then hush the sigh, and calm the fears  
A mother only knows—  
Nor think to mark with bitter tears,  
Her place of sweet repose.

But seek that solace in that friend,  
Who hears the widows prayer,  
And trust in heaven, when sorrows end,  
To meet her daughter there.

And sisters, sure will stay the tear,  
That trembles in the eye,  
And hope while oft they miss thee here,  
To meet thee in the sky.

And brothers well may join the lay,  
To thy fond mem'ry given;  
While with them I would ever pray,  
That we may meet in heaven. D. B. P.

For the Olive Leaf.

## THE DAYS' DOINGS.

If, among the sorrows of earth, there be one deeper than another, and an event in the life of man calculated to move the heart, however alienated and debased; it is when he is called to take a last adieu of the companion of his earlier days—the sharer of his joys and sorrows—a confiding heart—a faithful wife.

However much they may have anticipated and reflected upon their final separation on earth, still, when it comes, it brings a sting, before not realized, and lays the heart open to the keenest anguish.

It was during a visit among some friends, not long since, that I attended the funeral of one, who, a few days before, cheered the family circle with her smile, and performed faithfully the duties of an affectionate wife and mother. Death, at best, is an unwelcome messenger, when sent

to summon away our nearest, dearest friends and companions. But how doubly severe and afflictive is a separation when deprived of receiving their dying blessing, and witness the closing up of their earthly career.

Especially is it afflicting when thrown upon a bed of sickness, and while almost insensible to what is passing around us, to have our nearest and bosom friend on earth fall, I might almost say, at our bedside, and borne away to the silent grave. Thus was it here. A husband and father had been laid upon a sick bed.

Beside him watched the untiring wife, till worn out with fatigue and anxiety, she too sunk beneath the withering hand of disease, and in a few days calmly breathed her last.

How dreary is that fireside when a mother forsakes it; especially if a father lies groaning upon the bed of sickness. What earthly treasure can make good her place.

Reader, hast thou a mother in the grave? Hast thou followed that best of earthly friends to the silent tomb? If thou hast not, thou canst not know her worth.

Her value is only known to them, who have been deprived of her society; and, of a cold and heartless world, have asked that counsel which she alone could give.

Come with me a few moments, dear reader, while I endeavor, imperfectly, to sketch a scene which will ever remain upon my memory. It was a bright day, and the clear sun shone down on the beautiful village of N—, with its snowy paths, and white cottages.

Already were the doors of one of the churches thrown open, and crowds of people were seen going thither to pay their last tribute of respect to one who had finished her earthly course, and would hereafter meet them at the house of God no more.

Let us first turn to the almost desolate home of the afflicted. Already had the sexton arrived to convey the remains to the church, where the services were to be performed. Here was an affecting scene. I will simply tell it, but will not attempt to describe it. Not all could go thither. Sickness still held a once fond husband—now husband no longer—in its arms. He could not follow with slow and measured step the partner of his brighter days, to the dark and dreary grave. He could not gaze on her as she lay in her narrow home ere the earth hid her forever from his view. No: the last look must be taken here—beside his couch where she had so faithfully watched, must he look on her face for the last time, and then commit her to the hands of others. At his request, the coffin was brought in, and placed in a chair at his bedside. With the aid of those present, he was raised up; and leaning forward, gazed upon the features of a once amiable wife, then passing his hand over her face sunk back exhausted upon his bed. Slow tolled the bell as the procession moved towards the house of prayer.

What a fit place for thinking is the path to the grave! Here is seen the end of all the living, and the consummation of the brightest earthly prospects of man. How transitory, thought I, as I gazed around upon the audience, as I took my seat in the church, how transitory are the brightest objects for which we are striving. To-day we reach out for them. To-morrow, and we have

passed away. After the services had closed, the request as usual was made for the relatives to come forward and take their farewell look of the remains.

The first that went were two young men, just entering upon the stage of active life, leading a girl five or six years of age, which the eldest took in his arms, while they all gazed on the face of a departed mother.

How bright then on my memory was the time when I, with a brother and sister, gazed alike forever on the features of a kind and affectionate mother.

The next that went forward was a gray headed man of about seventy, the father of the deceased. Long did he gaze, and full, upon the cold and icy features of his departed child. What a retrospect must be an aged parent's, when consigning to the earth the offspring of his earlier days; while the scenes of a once cheerful fireside crowd in upon the mind with all the freshness of an event of yesterday.

The happy voices, the childish sports and glad countenances of those then about him, which now seem to flit before his vision, cannot but produce the most pleasing or painful sensations. After the remaining relatives and friends had paid their tribute of respect, the coffin was placed upon a bier, and a procession formed composed of nearly all present, moving towards the church-yard. Here they laid in the grave, one who, in her sphere, discharged faithfully the duties assigned her. Her virtues were only known to those who knew her. She died as she lived—a christian. None can live or die better.

## To the Ladies of Cabotville.

This paper if we understand its object, is to be devoted to the interest, or more especially, the mutual improvement of that class, whose name in part it bears. Now, if others are so much interested in our intellectual welfare, ought not we to be prompt in showing that we appreciate that interest; not only by giving our subscription for the support of the paper, but by devoting some of our leisure moments in supplying its pages.

The time allowed us for mental improvement, it is true, is extremely limited; but if we are zealous to redeem each moment as it flies, there are but few, we trust, but will have something to offer on the side of virtue and morality.

Here is a field of enterprise open before us; and shall we not improve it? By communicating our ideas to each other through the medium of the Olive Leaf, we may be successful in aiding its Editor, in his noble work of advancing good morals within our village, and scattering precepts that shall fall in healing beams upon the mind. Then let us give him our hearty co-operation.

If acceptable, he shall have the humble efforts of  
A FACTORY GIRL.

*Pretty Sentiment.*—'The memories of childhood, the long, far away days of boyhood, the mother's love and prayer, the voice of a departed playfellow, the ancient church and school house, all with their green and hallowed associations, come upon the heart in the dark hour of sin and sorrow, as well as in the joyous time, like the passages of a pleasantly remembered dream, and cast a ray of their own hallowed sweetness and purity over them.'

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE DYING SISTER.

They tell me, Sister, I must die,  
And to the dark tomb go;  
That soon will break the fondest tie;  
O Sister! is it so?

Say, will this heart soon cease to beat,  
And love thee kind and true?  
And shall I never meet,  
When parted once from you?

They tell me I shall meet again,  
Those whom I here must leave;  
And ever with them there remain;  
Then, Sister, cease to grieve.

They tell me of a milder clime,  
Where pain and death are o'er;  
Where wintry winds shall never chime;  
Where storms are felt no more.

They tell me of a fairer land,  
Where spirits pure have fled;  
Where no one gives the parting hand,  
Nor farewell tears are shed.

They tell me of a brighter shore,  
Where purer waters flow;  
Where autumn blasts are felt no more,  
Nor wintry tempests blow.

When done below, I there shall rest,  
From pain and sorrow free;  
Weep not, but think that I am blest,  
When me no more you see.

Sister, I go! farewell, farewell!  
O meet me in that land  
Where joys that tongue can never tell,  
Are found at God's right hand.

O Sister, will you meet me there?  
Say, will you thither come?  
When done below and free from care,  
I'll bid you welcome home.

L.

## Miscellaneous.

From the Norfolk Democrat.

## EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

BY IRVILLE IRVIN LESLIE.

My home—My Mother! What an association of remembrances rush into the mind at the mention of those two objects, with which we first become familiar. To him who has been deprived of both, and thrown upon a cold and heartless world for that counsel and protection which a parent only can give, is the recollection of early days enhanced. How dear is the remembrance of childhood hours! How fresh the scenery of my early home! To whom is it not? However humble the spot where our first years are spent, still as long as the name of home and mother cling around it, it is brighter than all others, and dearer to the heart.

The vale where the humble shepherd first opens his eyes upon the world, is dearer to him by far than the palace of his king; and the school-boy days of the greatest man that ever lived were his happiest. No matter how humble the dwelling of our infancy, or how great the privations therein, if a mother's gentle smile has there fallen upon us, and her careful eye watched over our tottering steps up to riper years, the retrospect is pleasant, while we are led to admit this to be the happiest portion of our lives. Then are we like the twig in the forest, surrounded by its giant ancestors of generations past, and sheltered by their spreading branches from the winds and storms, it feels not the tempest that is bursting over its head. Free from care, and looking up to those whose chief delight it is to make us happy, the present, with its innocent gratifications

and amusements, is all that engrosses our attention till we enter upon the stage of responsibility. Here ends the elysium of earthly happiness.—Here begins the conflict between joy and sorrow. Heavy the tide of the latter that sets in; and to meet its dark and tempestuous waves without being overwhelmed, there must be a struggle throughout the whole period of our existence in proportion to the tide of misfortune which is ever setting in upon us.

Well do I remember the cottage where my first eight years were passed. Its beautiful green in front, with a row of elms shading the banks of a gentle stream that wended its way along amidst the thick clusters of alders that skirted its sides, was the playground of my early days, and the scene of youth's gymnastic feats. Here have I played with a younger brother, till the shades and dews of night had fallen around us, and the call of a beloved mother reminded us of the hour to retire. These were days of sunshine, which earth can never again bestow: and kindred to those in Paradise, ere man knew aught of blighted hopes or departed joys. How changed the spot, of all others, still the dearest! Where once toiled an affectionate and kind father, he sleeps; and the soil he tilled has become his covering from the summer's heat and the wintry blast. The cottage fire has gone down, and the happy faces, once gathered around the hearth, have all vanished. The stranger treads the path once trod by kindred feet; and the stately elms have fallen by the hand of the axeman. All is changed save the gentle stream, which still continues its onward flow, and seems to bid defiance to the hand of time. Years have rolled away, and the turf has become green above a mother's grave; and the grass and wild flower have waved in the autumn's wind; but the mildness of her closing eyes is still fresh upon my memory as the eve of yesterday.

## WOMAN IN SICKNESS.

In no situation, and under no circumstances, does the female character appear to such advantage as when watching beside the bed of sickness. The chamber of disease may indeed be said to be woman's home. We there behold her in her loveliest, most attractive point of view—firm, without being harsh; tender, yet not weak; active, yet quiet; gentle, patient, uncomplaining, vigilant. Every sympathetic feeling that so peculiarly graces the feminine character, is there called forth; while the native strength of mind, which has hitherto slumbered in inactivity, is roused to its fullest energy. With noiseless step, she moves about the chamber of the invalid; her listening ear ever ready to catch the slightest murmur; her quick, kind glance to interpret the unuttered wish, and supply the half-formed want. She smooths, with careful hand the uneasy pillow which supports the aching head, or with cool hand soothes the fevered brow, or proffersto the glazed and parching lip the grateful draught, happy if she meet one kind glance in payment for her labor of love. Hers is the low, whispered voice which breaths of life and hope—of health in store for happy days to come; or tell of better and of heavenly rest, where neither sorrow nor disease can come—where the dark power of death no more shall have dominion over the frail, suffering, perishable clay. Through the dim, silent watches of

the night, when all around are hushed in sleep, it is hers to keep lone vigils, and to hold communion with her God, and silently lift up her heart in fervent prayer, for the prolongment of a life for which she cheerfully would sacrifice her own. And even when exhausted nature sinks to brief repose, forgetfulness is denied. Even in sleep she seems awake to this one great object of her care. She starts, and rises from her slumbers, raises her drooping head, watches with dreamy eyes the face she loves, then again sinks to rest, to start with every chime of the clock, or distant sound, which formerly had passed unheard, or only served as a lullaby to her sweet sleep.

How lovely does the wife, the mother, the sister, or the friend become to the eye of grateful affection, while administering ease, comfort, nay, almost life itself, to the husband, the son, the brother, or the friend!

## Old Times.

The following extracts are from the ancient records of Massachusetts. Josias Plaistowe, for stealing four baskets of corn from the Indians, is ordered to return them eight baskets, to be fined five pounds, and hereafter to be called by the name of Josias, and not Mr. as formerly he used to be.

Captain Stone for abusing Mr. Ludlow, and calling him jack-ass, is fined an hundred pounds, and prohibited coming within the patent without the governor's leave, upon pain of death.

Serjeant Perkins, ordered to carry forty turfs to the fort, for being drunk.

Edward Palmer for his extortion, in taking two pounds thirteen shillings and four pence, for the wood work of Boston flocks, is fined five pounds, and ordered to be set one hour in the stocks.

Captain Lovel, admonished to take heed of light carriage.

Thomas Petit, for suspicion of slander, idleness, and stubbornness, is censured to be severely whipped, and to be kept in hold.

Catherine, the wife of Richard Cornish, was found suspicious of incontinency, and seriously admonished to take heed.

Daniel Clarke, found to be an immoderate drinker, was fined forty shillings.

John Wedgewood, for being in the company of drunkards, to be set in the stocks.

John Kitchin, for showing books which he was commanded to bring to the governor, and forbidden to show them to any other, and yet showed them, was fined ten shillings.

Robert Shorthose, for swearing by the blood of God, was sentenced to have his tongue put into a cleft stick, and to stand so for the space of half an hour.

## LIVING IN PEACE.

To the eye of Heaven nothing is more pleasing, than when families and neighbors live together in peace and strive to promote each other's welfare. No selfish end is to be gratified—no ambitious feeling to be promoted at the expense of another's happiness. But all is love and kindness—those pure and spontaneous feelings of the heart, which overlook imperfections are charitable and forgiving—and lead imperceptibly, but surely, into the paths of truth and virtue.

From the Norfolk Democrat.  
**LINES ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.**  
 BY IRVILLE IRWIN LESLIE.

They gathered near, the last farewell to take  
 Of one they loved, then in the arms of Death.  
 It was a wintry day, and the low wind  
 Came with a mournful chime along the heath,  
 And round the dwelling sighed in fitful tones.  
 The sun had turned his downward path towards  
 The west, while feebly fell his rays upon  
 The snow-clad hills. Around the couch they stood,  
 A little band, gazing intently on  
 A dying mother's face. It was the last  
 Of her mild eyes they saw. Death sealed them up—  
 The sealer of all eyes; nor waits to wipe  
 The orphan's gathering tears, that flow apace  
 At the decaying touch—the ebb of life.  
 Sadly they looked upon her fading cheek,  
 Tinged with the last, the final gush of life,  
 Slow coursing through its veins, till all was still!  
 She went as goes the christian to his rest,  
 When done his work, and the last act performed  
 Of love and kindness to his dearest friend.  
 Mild went her sun down o'er the sea of life,  
 Unclouded, sinking to its final goal.  
 Not like some larger orb of light in heaven,  
 Which when it sets, leaves half the world in gloom;  
 But as a star, seen far remote, sinks o'er  
 A tranquil sea, leaving behind no shade  
 Along its path, so fell the curtain of  
 Her life—Virtue her guide into the vale  
 Of death, and faith her beacon-light up to  
 The throne of God, her advocate and judge.  
 Dear the remembrance of her dying hour—  
 Who would forget the humble christian's flight,  
 That teaches kings and princes how to die?  
 Not they who see his death and dying smile  
 Think that the earth has aught to bind him here.  
 He who has nought to part with but his pains,  
 And feeling them retire, cannot but smile,  
 As Death his signet sets upon his brow,  
 And finds his spirit moving to its home.

The friends how sweet the weary pilgrim's rest.  
 Friends may recall her acts of kindness o'er,  
 And wish her back upon the sea of life;  
 But it is done, her work, and finished up:  
 Who closes thus his earthly toils, is done.  
 The poor may miss the scattering of her hand,  
 And find the bounty long enjoyed, withheld;  
 And in their bosoms feel the pangs of grief—  
 A friend departed, benefactor gone.

### Biographical.

#### HARRIET NEWELL.

Harriet Newell, a distinguished missionary, was the daughter of Moses Atwood, a merchant in Haverhill, Mass. She was born October 10th, 1793. She was educated at Bradford Academy, with Miss Hazeltine, afterwards Mrs. Judson. She was four years younger than that celebrated woman. She became pious about the same time; and there can be no doubt that the determination of Miss Hazeltine to unite herself with Mr. Judson and become a missionary to the East Indies, had a great effect on her destiny. She was married at the same time with her friend, and embarked on board the same vessel for India, on the nineteenth day of February, 1812; but after reaching Calcutta, she, with her husband, was obliged to embark for the Isle of France—not being permitted to stay at Calcutta. On the eighth of October she became the mother of a daughter, who lived but five days, and was buried in the ocean. On reaching the Isle of France, she lingered until the twentieth of November 1812, just, nine months and a day after leaving the shores of her native land. She was indeed the first martyr in the missionary cause; but she never had the slightest opportunity to exert her activity and benevolence in a cause which she, no doubt, had near her heart. She was a young woman

of fair talents and respectable acquirements, and unquestionable piety. She had naturally a feeble constitution, which could not support the ill she was called to suffer. She died a most hopeful Christian. She wished not to survive her confinement and the loss of her child; but was desirous of sinking into the sweet slumbers of the grave, and her wish was granted. Before her departure, she had written many letters to her female friends, which are proofs of good talents, and a warm heart, devoted to the great causes of charity and religion. She left a circle of friends dear to her to engage in the missionary cause, at an early period of her life; for she was only nineteen years of age at her death. In every good and great cause there must be martyrs; and she was the first among American missionaries in India. Mr. Newell survived his wife for several years, and died at Bombay, of the spasmodic cholera, having probably taken the disease in attending the sick and dying. He was a man of some learning, great zeal, and well suited to his calling. The account of the death of his wife is indeed touching; it bears the marks of genuine affection, which is better than a world of poetry in speaking of sorrows of the heart. The novelty of missionary enterprise has gone by, and the matter has become an every day business; but still it requires courage and perseverance to engage in the cause. Some have questioned the utility of their labors; but when we consider the information brought to light by their exertions, the number of translations of the Holy Scriptures which they have multiplied, who would venture to say that their efforts have been useless? If ever the world is to be Christianized, it must be by multiplying the sacred volume, and by carrying it to all tongues and people.

#### FRIENDSHIP.

The Goddess has a multitude of worshippers; but many of them pay her only a blind devotion. They form a confused idea of something lovely and desirable, but have no just conceptions of her true character. They imagine her favor may be purchased with the same coin that buys other pleasures, and frequently reckon themselves among her favorites, while utter strangers to her.

The Goddess once appointed a day for all her adorers to appear before her, and present their offerings. The summons was received with universal delight. The appointed day arrived, and a vast multitude assembled—each prepared with a gift. The Goddess appeared, seated on a throne made of a silver cloud, and studded with the gems and brilliants of heaven. Her figure and countenance were most beautiful—celestial beauty, such as earthly language will not describe. There was in her manner a sweet dignity, but nothing to awe or intimidate. She looked round on the admiring throng with a benevolent, discriminating glance, that seemed to say, "I would bestow my choicest favors on you all, if you knew how to appreciate them."

At length, the signal was given for them to bring forward their offerings. Every heart beat quickly, and every one turned, involuntarily, to see if his gifts were worth presenting.

The first approached, and kneeling, spread all his treasures of *wealth* upon her altar; then raised his eyes to determine by her countenance whether the offering was accepted.

The Goddess frowned! "Can gold," she exclaimed, "gain friendship? impotence of hope!" "Remove the trash!" It was done. In its stead, he arranged his *titles* and *honors* all in due order before her; again she frowned! He hastily put them aside, and in their place laid the record of his *fame*. It would not do—with a look of displeasure she bade him take it away. He obeyed; then throwing himself at her feet, he thus addressed her: "Great Goddess, I have offered thee all that mortals value; I have nothing left—but my heart;"—he paused—her look of displeasure was gone. "I freely surrender it," he exclaimed. She smiled, and accepted the offering.

Then rising from her throne, she addressed the vast assembly: "Children of men, know, that in the eye of friendship, gold is dross, honor a bubble, fame empty air; at her shrine the *heart* alone is accepted."

The crowd dispersed, though not without murmuring; for many had no hearts, and those who had, were so corrupted by vice, as made them sensible they were not worth offering. The hearts that were heaped on the altar of *Mammon*, could not be recalled; nor those which lay scattered at the shrine of *pleasure*. A smiling few approached, and presented the sacrifice of unsullied affections. As she received them, her countenance lighted up with such a resplendent beauty, that its radiance was reflected on the faces of her favorites—and they wear it to this day. S. J.

#### AN OPEN COUNTENANCE.

We love an open countenance. It betokens kind feelings and a good heart. There is no deception lurking in the breast; no magignant project slumbering within, but all is as pure and as open as heaven. In this day of deceit and fraud, of hatred and backbiting, of detraction and slander, such a look is more valuable than gold. It is the transcript of pure thoughts and rare virtues. We would trust a man with such a countenance, without security, if we had never seen him before. He cannot deceive; he will not betray. Honor and integrity characterise all his dealings. We worship such an individual—he is more than half divine.

#### RESPECT FOR WOMAN.

John II, Duke of Bourbon, instituted in the year 1669 an order of chivalry. One of the statutes of it is curious, and shows the high opinions he entertained of the influence of females upon the virtue and happiness of mankind. According to the stature the Knights were obliged to pay due respect to the ladies, both married and unmarried, and never to suffer any thing derogatory to their reputation to be said in their presence. 'For,' adds the stature, 'those who speak ill of woman, have very little honor, and, to their disgrace be it mentioned, say of that sex which cannot revenge itself, what they would not dare to say of a man.'

There is a difference between a debt of revenge and every other debt. By paying our other debts we are equal with all mankind; but in refusing to pay a debt of revenge, we are superior to them.

Be sincere, though your sincerity should cost you your life.

## The Olive Leaf.

CABOTVILLE, APRIL 25, 1843.

The question has often been put to us, since the commencement of the Olive Leaf, if Cabotville and its vicinity could supply matter for its columns, sufficient to ensure its reception. We, being a yankee ourselves, have ever answered in true yankee style, by asking another—are the people of Springfield inferior to those of any other town in Massachusetts? When they admit this, they tell us the talent of the operatives and citizens is at a low ebb.

It has been invariably the case, that those, who have interrogated us in this manner, were opposed to the elevation of their own citizens; and instead of endeavoring to sustain a periodical published in their own town, would send to Boston, New York, or the far famed Lowell for one of a similar stamp, and may be no better, paying nearly double for the same amount of reading matter, besides the postage. Such persons as these merit but little praise on the score of philanthropy. We intended making a few statements in regard to some "floating batteries," but shall omit them at present.

Our course is straight forward, and there is none, we assure our readers, who can swerve us from our purpose. As we intend to deal honestly, we shall expect the same in return. No matter who may claim our assistance, it shall be given in every possible way.

We ask the support of none but those, who feel it their duty and privilege, to aid us in our work of doing and getting good. No one can charge us of doing wrong until they, or some one else, have suffered by us. We claim to be independent in an independent land, among an independent people, and shall stand up as such, without feeling it our duty to sit down in a good cause.

We assure our friends that we shall endeavor to give them as great a variety of entertaining matter as possible; and if any should become dissatisfied with what we have, they can claim the privilege of sending us better.

## To Readers and Correspondents.

An Original Tale, entitled *Ellen Rivers, The Factory girl*, will be commenced in our next. It will occupy two or three numbers; and from what of the manuscript we have perused, it promises to be quite interesting.

'G. L.' is informed that his *Enigma* was received, but through accident has been misplaced, and we are now unable to recover it. If the author will forward another copy with a solution of the same, he will receive our thanks, pledging ourselves that it shall appear.

'O. P. Q.' is informed that we publish nothing which contains a party spirit, and therefore decline his upon that consideration.

'Spring' by N. W. will appear in our next.

'All I ask' comes too late for insertion this week.

'Also 'Thoughts on the grave of a friend,' both of which will appear in our next number.

'A Mother's Love,' is under consideration.

'We Part' received just as the paper was going to press. It will appear also in our next.

Our friends in Cabotville and Chicopee Falls receive our thanks for their efforts in sustaining us thus far in our undertaking.

We have already circulated nearly one thousand copies, being about double the amount we expected of the first number.

Those who feel it their privilege to aid us farther in our endeavors, by subscribing or contributing to its columns will continue to receive our grateful acknowledgements.

We have received from E. F. Brown No 6 Merchants Row, two numbers of the *New Mirror* published in New York. It is edited by Geo. P. Morris and N. P. Wells and is published every Saturday in the Octavo form price three dollars a year in advance.

Mr. Brown will furnish single copies of the above and also the following books,

Complete Works of Shakspeare. Harper and Brothers have just issued the Second edition of Shakspeare's Complete Works, with Notes, Original and selected, and introductory remarks to each Play, by Samuel Weller Singer, illustrated with 19 engravings on Steel. The work will be issued in eight numbers, of nearly 150 Octavo pages each, at 25 cents per No. Also for sale "the Mayflower or Sketches of Scenes and Characters among the descendants of the Pilgrims" by Harriet Beecher Stone. History of the Emperor Napoleon, from the French of M. Laurent de L'Ardeche, with 500 illustrations and 20 Original Portraits, 4 vols. at 50 cents each. Rambles in Yucatan, by B. M. Norman, in 2 vols. at £0 cents. Macaulay's Miscellany in 4 vols. at 25 cents, Graham's Magazine, for May, Ladies World for May, &c. &c.

All who wish for the above works will do well to give Mr. Brown a call.

## SCRIBBLINGS.

We are truly glad to behold again the return of "brighter days"—days of sunshine and genial warmth; it seems the coming back of other times, when the hoop and marbles occupied our whole attention.

Nature, for a long while, has been stripped of her loveliness; and the rude blast, reveling on her frozen bosom in despite of an almost tropical sun, has nearly laid the heart of man and beast together, upon the track of sentimentalism, and gloomy forebodings.

We noticed a fly a few days since, come from his place of concealment, stretching out his legs, and wiping his long closed eyes in the rays of the mid-day sun. He seemed in the height of a prospective atmosphere, and in a short time, probably, thought to be on the wing, leaving far behind his long dreary winter's cell, and bask in the soft sun-light of heaven. Alas, there came, as the thing of romance would say, a dark cloud. A wind from the world of snow-drifts chilled poor fly, and caused him to totter back to his winter's den, with a smiling countenance, rejoicing that he had such an one to go to. This proves that a poor home is better than none, and that our complaints are often not well grounded.—Why should we complain of our comforts, when we cannot part with them?

Why charge the Almighty of limiting us to so few blessings, when we do not even return Him thanks for those he has already bestowed? If we cannot appreciate a few, we cannot the many which he might grant us.

If a beggar did not return a grateful acknowledgments for entertainment and food, would you be greatly disposed to supply him with money for his future wants? You would say at once, if all that I have done to make him comfortable, does not merit his thanks, whatever I might do, might in like manner be unworthy the marks of his gratitude.

## Curious Instance of Avarice.

An elderly woman at Beaune, in the Cote-d'Or, although possessing property known to produce her an income of 40,000*fr.*, lived in a wretched garret, lying on a flock bed, with no other covering, even in the coldest nights, than an old worn blanket. As there was a large chest in the room, it was generally believed that she kept a considerable sum of money in it: This rumor tempted some robbers, who resolved to explore its contents. Having got into the room during the absence of its wretched tenant, they soon broke open the supposed treasury, but instead of heaps of gold and silver, they saw roll out of the receptacle a human skull, followed by other dry bones. This unexpected display of the remains of mortality struck the rogues with terror; and they instantly fled without making any further search. The explanation of this extraordinary result exposes an instance of avarice perhaps unequalled. To the magistrates, who were called in on the discovery of the attempt, the old lady confessed that she formerly had a daughter, who died at Paris, and was buried in ground taken only for a limited term of years. When this period was elapsed she determined, rather than pay the price to secure the remains of her daughter a perpetual resting place where they were, and which would have cost but a trifling sum, to have them put into a chest, and brought to her own miserable

dwelling, where they had been for many years in quiet, until disturbed by the cupidity of the thieves who had broken the sanctuary. The rogues, it appears, have not been discovered, and for the sake of decency, the magistrates have compelled the penurious woman to put herself to the expense of having the bones of her child re-interred in consecrated ground.

## Destruction of the Earth.

Dr. Lardner, in one of his lectures, at New Orleans, indulged in a strain of more than usually interesting remarks, which went to prove that in the course of time our planet must be destroyed by coming in contact with the sun.—Since the death of La Place, this has become the general belief of astronomers, and their deductions are based upon observations made in regard to the orbits of Belle's and Halley's comets. The bodies are found to be gradually nearing the sun, and the earth itself must, some millions of years hence, fall into the centre of our solar system, and be destroyed.

## The Law of Love.

In the hard frost of the year 1740, the benevolent Duke of Montague went out one morning in disguise, as was his favorite practice, to distribute his bounty to his afflicted fellow creatures. He descended into one of those subterranean dwellings, of which there are so many in London, and accosted an old woman, inquired how she lived in these hard times, and if she wanted charity. She replied, 'No, she thanked God she was not in want; but if he had anything to bestow, there was a poor creature in the next room almost starving.' The duke visited the destitute object, made her a donation, and then inquired if any more of her neighbors were in want. She said her left hand neighbor was very poor and very honest.

*Every Day Religion.*—This is the theology of the Bible—"Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long," not merely during the devotions of morning and evening, or when a friend converses with you on the subject of religion, but constantly, "all the day long." Thus religion must be a habit—not merely an ornament to throw on at particular times, when circumstances seem to demand it—but the daily attire of life. Many professors of religion, as soon as the Sabbath is over, and the daily periodical worship of the family is performed, throw over them the costume of the world, and so completely conceal the garment of righteousness, that they can mingle with the world in all the busy transactions of life, from day to day, from Sabbath, to Sabbath, and the world not know that they are citizens of another country. There is a despicable deception about this, unworthy the character of a citizen of heaven. Are they ashamed of their real robes, and yet good citizens of the heavenly kingdom? This cannot be. No true subject would be ashamed of the costume of the royal court.

He that defers his charity till he is dead, is (if a man weighs it rightly) rather liberal of another man's than of his own. A man's nature either runs to herbs or weeds! therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other. [Racon.

[ORIGINAL.]  
DEPARTED FRIENDS.

BY ELIZABETH.

Full many a tear and many a sigh,  
Are ours on earth for those who die,  
Snatched from us here by Death's cold hand,  
Transplanted to a better land.

Then wherefore should we bid them stay,  
And linger on a weary way,  
Through the false world where power and might  
Are fleeting as the evening light.

Nature her brightest forms has made,  
Soonest to be o'ercast with shade;  
Her sweetest fragrance, too, is given,  
To be exhaled and borne to heaven.

Better by far that they should sleep,  
Then like us dwell below and weep,  
As on our pilgrimage we go,  
In sorrow through a world of woe.

Written for the Olive Leaf.

## THE GRAVE YARD.

BY AN OPERATIVE.

What a world of thoughts rush into the mind  
when visiting the home of the dead—that hal-  
lowed spot, where the companions of our early  
days are laid.

What emotions agitate the soul as we pass  
from one grave to another and read upon the  
stone at its head, the names of those who once  
trod with us the paths of early youth and pleas-  
ure.

Perhaps their occupation with the manner of  
their death will come to the mind in all the fresh-  
ness of an event of yesterday and the question  
arise in our heart why was it that the Lord  
should be pleased to remove them from among  
us to people the regions of the dead? Why  
was it thus, that those, who promised the great-  
est amount of usefulness to the world, should fall  
suddenly by the hand of death and pass forever  
from the society of those who loved and prized  
them above all else the world could bestow?—  
No other thought than this can reconcile the  
heart and hush its murmurings—that He who  
created all things, knows best what to do with  
them.

I have stood by the new made grave and mus-  
ed long upon those with whom I have spent the  
last hour of gaiety and mirth which they ever  
enjoyed below. Here, have I thought, lie the  
remains of those, who but a few days ago, were  
in the bloom of youth and health, with the  
prospect of a long and happy life—that the very  
breath which built the airy phantoms was tainted  
with the sting of death—the arm, that a short  
time since was vigorous, now lies useless mould-  
ering away in the earth.

Such thoughts as these cannot but rush into  
the mind of every beholder of his final home.—  
Soon perhaps he will be home to this very place,  
from which there is no return. Perhaps the  
next grave that is opened, may be his long rest-  
ing place, till his name is known no more in the  
world.

The grave will soon welcome us all to its  
abode; and we shall return from whence we  
came—to our mother earth.

N. W.

Cabotville, April 19, 1843.

Never despair, never be idle, never stop trying.  
Resolution, energy, spirits, and courage, have fed  
many a family in times past, and will do it again  
in times future.

## THE SEA.

There is something in being near the sea, like  
the confines of eternity. It is a new element, a  
pure abstraction. The mind loves to hover on  
that which is endless and forever the same. Peo-  
ple wonder at a steamboat, the invention of man,  
managed by man, that makes its liquid path like  
an iron railway through the sea. I wonder at  
the sea itself, that vast Leviathan, rolled round  
the earth, smiling in its sleeping, waked into fury,  
fathomless, boundless, a huge world of water  
drops. Whence is it? whither goes it? is it to  
eternity nothing? Strange, ponderous riddle!  
that we can neither penetrate or grasp in our com-  
prehension, ebbing and flowing like human life,  
and swallowing it up in "thy remorseless womb"  
—what art thou? What is there in common with  
thy life and ours, who gaze on thee? Blind, deaf  
and old, thou seest not, hearest not, understand  
not; neither do we understand, who behold and  
listen to thee! Great as thou art, unconscious  
of the greatness, unwieldy, enormous, preposter-  
ous twin sister of matter, rest in thy dark, unfath-  
omed cave of mystery, mocking human pride and  
weakness. Still it is given to the mind of man  
to wonder at thee, to confess its ignorance, and  
to stand in awe of thy stupendous might and ma-  
jesty, and of its own being that can question  
thine.

## Good Thoughts.

Have you walked abroad into the fields?—  
Have you surveyed the expanse of waters?—  
Have you examined the earth, its structure, and  
its form—its surface, its mountains and vallies—  
its springs and its rivers—its medicinal waters—  
its plains, wide and extensive?—Have you at-  
tently considered the structure and uses of  
vegetable and flowers?—Have you become fa-  
miliar with Natural History—with the varieties  
of animals, birds, insects, and reptiles? Have  
you duly reflected upon the uses and phenomena  
of the atmosphere? Upon the changes of the  
season, and the vicissitudes of day and night?—  
Have you raised your wondering eyes to the  
heavens—have you considered the magnitude of  
the planets—their distance from us—the velocity  
and regularity of their motions—the awful mag-  
nitude of worlds upon worlds—the vastness of  
systems on systems? Have you done all this?  
And do you tell me that the result of your inves-  
tigations is, that there *may* and *may not* be a  
God? No—if you have improved your oppor-  
tunities, or exercised your powers of mind with  
any degree of faithfulness, the fact that there is  
a God has been riveted in your minds; and you  
cannot, if you would, get rid of it! If you have  
thought at all, you have felt the conviction, that  
your outgoing and incoming have been beneath  
the eye of Omniscience!

## Chinese Women.

Those idolators of beauty, the Chinese, are for-  
ever at the feet of the beings whom they persecute.  
When any of their wives are indisposed, they  
fasten a silken thread round her wrist, the end of  
which is given to the physician, and it is only by  
the motion which the pulsation communicates to  
it, that he is allowed to judge of the state of the  
patient. This precaution of jealousy is almost  
unique in its kind.

Never profess what you do not practice.

## USE OF PERFUMES.

Look upon it ever as a sign of masculine in-  
tellect and a strong understanding to neglect the  
voluptuous gratification of this sense (of smell.)  
This is a folly which should be left altogether to  
the masculine imitators of the weaker sex.—  
They are shameless slaves to it, whose chambers  
are filled with wasteful odors; who expend on  
vials of expensive perfume that wealth which is  
committed to them for the advantage of their fel-  
low-creatures, and whose study appears to be  
that they may leave no breath unpoisoned or un-  
polluted of the fresh and wholesome air that sur-  
rounds them. A man that is wrapped up in  
perfumes is surely a pitiable creature. This  
fashion which was once disgustingly prevalent,  
is now confined, in a great measure, to persons  
of vulgar and mean habits, who are not only  
heedless of their religious obligations, but ignor-  
ant of the customs of good society. Still, how-  
ever, the folly is not wholly banished from even  
the better informed classes of mankind; and it  
is a hideous cruelty, that a gentleman of moder-  
ate fortune will keep in his desk, for the purpose  
of perfuming note-paper, a vial of perfume, the  
price of which would pay the house-rent of a  
poor peasant, in our provinces for a whole year.  
There is, besides, a manifest rudeness in the use  
of artificial odours, which no well educated per-  
son ought to offer to society. Predilections in  
this sense are as various as in that of taste; and  
it seems as unreasonable, that a man should com-  
pel every person he meets to inhale that single  
odour which he thinks agreeable, (but which to  
many may be quite the reverse,) as if a host  
should measure the tastes of his company by his  
own, and oblige them all to partake of a certain  
dish because it happened to be his favorite.—  
*Tales illustrative of the Five senses.*

## The Bereaved Wife.

Nicholas Evans, shot by Conrad Bohl, on the  
Matairie road, near New Orleans, a short time  
since, died in the Charity Hospital, on the morn-  
ing of the 22d. It was pitiful to listen to the la-  
mentations of his poor wife when she went to the  
Hospital and found him dead.

'Oh, you shouldn't cry,' said a humane look-  
ing physician, with a view of consoling her—'you  
should not cry; it was necessary to amputate his  
arm, and even if he had recovered he would have  
been disabled.'

'Oh! I did not care,' said she, 'if I had been  
left my husband and the father of my child,' and  
here she embraced, with all the ardor of a moth-  
er's love, a fine flaxen haired boy, bathing his  
face in the tears that gushed from the heart's  
fountain. The truest portraiture of pure affec-  
tion are always to be found in humble life.

The superiority of some men is merely local.  
They are *great* because their associates are *little*.

## MARRIED.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Sumner G. Clapp Mr Rufus  
S. Mixer to Miss Lydia Ann Whitney all of this village.

## DIED.

In this village, 14th inst. Miss Abigail S. Bartlett, aged  
29 years.

In this village, March 10, Sarah J. Simons, aged 2 months  
and 15 days. April 20, Mary Elizabeth Simons, 2 years and  
4 months; children of Daniel and Lucretia Simons.

In this village, (Chicopee) April 17, Caroline, eldest daugh-  
ter of Jesse Dilliber, aged 3 years and 4 months.

[ORIGINAL.]  
**EVENING MELODIES, No. 1.**  
 Evening Bells.

List, the evening bells are chiming;  
 To the bright and parting day;  
 In the east the stars are shining,  
 While the red light fades away.

Nature hushed, is now retiring  
 To its sweet and calm repose;  
 While the western glow, expiring,  
 Lights the traveler as he goes.

Low across the plain are floating,  
 Evening voices on the breeze;  
 And the bat, with joy is sporting,  
 Through the tall and moonlit trees.

And the zephyr, gently sighing,  
 Seems to wake the tender thought;  
 Each fond hope, now faint and dying,  
 Back into the breast is brought.

**NO 2.**

The sun's last beam's departing,  
 The breezes lull afar;  
 From out the red light darting,  
 Appears the evening star;  
 The city's hum is ceasing,  
 And din of village near;  
 While streamlet murmurs rising,  
 Break low upon the ear.

The shadows dark are rolling,  
 Along the mountain side;  
 The maiden forth is strolling,  
 Where waters gently glide;  
 The ploughman, home returning,  
 Contented with his weal,  
 Finds, by the fire burning,  
 Prepared, his frugal meal.

The night breeze now is sighing,  
 Along the distant vale;  
 And voices soft are dying,  
 Upon the balmy gale;  
 To rest the weary sinking,  
 Forget the toils of day;  
 Each from night's fountain drinking,  
 Life's cares to wash away.

**Gems Selected.**

**WOMAN'S LOVE.**

Oh! Woman's love, at times it may  
 Seem cold or clouded, but it burns  
 With pure undeviating ray;  
 Nor ever from its idols turns;  
 Its sunshine is a smile; a frown,  
 The heavy cloud that weighs it down;  
 A tear its weapon is. Beware  
 Of woman's tears—there's danger there!  
 Its sweetest place on which to rest  
 A constant and confiding breast;  
 Its joys to meet—its death to part—  
 Its sepulchre—a broken heart.

**MODESTY.**

Beauty is never so lovely and attractive as  
 when it is hidden beneath the veil of retiring  
 modesty. The most beautiful flower of the gar-  
 den that most attracts and charms the senses,  
 never appears so lovely as when it is beheld  
 sweetly peeping from the midst of its curtain of  
 green leaves, which serves to partially protect it  
 from the sun and elements, and render its charms  
 doubly interesting and beautiful.

**THE BEAUTIFUL.**

The lovely and the beautiful,  
 How soon they fade away:  
 The hearts we love and cherish most  
 First hasten to decay.

Heaven, partial to the fairest flowers,  
 Transplant them to the skies,  
 To beautify the golden walks  
 Of His own paradise.

It is a terrible thought, to remember that  
 nothing can be forgotten. I have some where  
 read, that not an oath is uttered that does not  
 continue to vibrate through all time, in the wide-  
 spreading currents of sound—not a prayer lisped,  
 that is not also to be found stamped on the laws  
 of nature by the indelible seal of the Almighty's  
 will.

**DYING CHILD'S REQUEST.**

'Mamma!' a little maiden said  
 Almost with her expiring sigh—  
 'Put no sweet roses round my head,  
 When in my coffin dress I lie.'

'Why not, my dear?' the mother cried—  
 'What flower so well a corpse adorns?',  
 'Mamma!'—the innocent replied—  
 'They crowned our Saviour's head with  
 thorns.' [James Montgomery.]

GOOD-HUMOR is the clear sky of the soul, on  
 which every star of talent will shine more clear-  
 ly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in  
 his passage. 'Tis the most exquisite beauty of a  
 fine face—a redeeming grace in a homely one.—  
 It is like the green in a landscape, harmonizing  
 with every color, mellowing the glories of the  
 bright and softening the hue of the dark.

There may be glory in the might  
 That treadeth nations down—  
 Wreaths for the crimson warrior—  
 Pride for the kingly crown.  
 But nobler is that triumph hour  
 The disenthralled shall find,  
 When evil passions boweth down  
 Unto the God-like mind.

A man is more faithful and true to another  
 person's secret than his own; a woman, on the  
 contrary, keeps her own secrets better than  
 another's.

**WOMAN'S HOPE.**

What are her hopes? Rainbows that throw  
 A radiant light where'er they go,  
 Smiling when heaven is overcast,  
 Yet melting into storms at last;  
 Bright cheats, that come with syren words,  
 Beguiling it, like summer birds;  
 That stay while nature round them blooms,  
 But flee away when winter comes.

A COMMANDMENT.—The evening before a bat-  
 tle, an officer asked Marshal Toiras for permis-  
 sion to go and see his father who was at the  
 point of death. "Go," said the marshal, who  
 saw through his pretext, "honor thy father and  
 thy mother, that thy days may be long in the  
 land."

**HOPE.**

Hope is a pledge of glorious rest  
 To weary mortals given;  
 We cultivate the flowers on earth,  
 And reap the fruit in heaven.

**LORD, REVIVE THY WORK.**

Lord, ope the windows of thy grace,  
 And pour a blessing down;  
 Let peace, and love, and righteousness,  
 Our prayers and efforts crown.

Bring sinners, now secure in vice,  
 To own their sovereign will;  
 And touch and melt their hearts of ice,  
 And lead to Zion's hill.

Then will thy saints on earth rejoice,  
 Their bosoms glow with love,  
 And lift, in one united voice,  
 Their song of praise above.

Written for the Olive Leaf.

**CHARADE NO. 2.**

When the summer sun is up,  
 Highest in the azure sky,  
 Then my first is strongest seen,  
 Meeting every open eye;  
 Then on all around I rest,  
 Mingling with the rich and poor,  
 Each alike with me are blest,  
 And but few my loss deplore.

In the village street, my next  
 Meets the gaze of passers-by;  
 While all, anxious to possess,  
 Toil and struggle till they die;  
 This to claim their own they long,  
 Thinking then life's hardships o'er,  
 And the dweller feels no wrong,  
 None can turn him from his door.

On the ocean's rocky shore,  
 Where the billows dash on high,  
 There my whole alone is found,  
 Tow'ring towards the stormy sky;  
 Like a star upon the deep,  
 When the light of day is down,  
 Ever bright its twinklings keep,  
 Till the fearful night has flown.

Answer to the Charade in our last. ART-LESS.

**Enigma No 1.**

I am a word of four letters.  
 My whole, spelt backwards signifies to send forth.  
 My 2d 1st 3d and 4th make three pronouns.  
 My 1st 2d 3d is a nick-name,  
 My 3d 2d 1st and 4th is a small insect.  
 My whole is the most valuable of all things, yet  
 prized the least.

QUESTION. Who is the man that never dies?

**PROSPECTUS**

OF THE

**OLIVE LEAF,**

AND

**FACTORY GIRL'S REPOSITORY.**

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