

# OLIVE LEAF,

## AND NEW-ENGLAND OPERATIVE.



FROM HUMBLE LIFE, UNTAUGHT TO SOAR FOR FAME,

A LEAF I BRING, PLUCKED 'MID THE HIDDEN BOUGHS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

SEMI-MONTHLY.

IRVILLE IRWIN LESLIE, EDITOR.

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GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE OLIVE LEAF.

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### POETRY.

[ORIGINAL.]

#### HOPE.

O let it burn—it is life's dying glow,  
Which, soon as out, the curtain falls in gloom,  
And holds the soul wrapt in the shades of night,  
Save where 'tis borne and fanned by angel's wings,  
And nursed to life with love, on beds of light,  
Ethereal aure round; as gliding by  
Each spirit kindred, waits to march with joy  
And triumph on, up through the gates of light.

For when the feeble spark  
Seems gathering strength, by thy unkindness bid  
It dim and die.

As to thy heart is dear  
Each joy thing o'er, so bid it flow, nor cease  
To cheer the fainting soul of him, who by  
It might his breast of sorrow heal, and bind  
His heart of anguish up, to bleed no more  
Of wounds, pierced by affliction's hand.

It is  
Thy lot to wipe away the tear, and bright  
The gloomy hours, and farther on to bear  
The spirit up, till death it frees of earth,  
Then homeward flying, sings the struggle o'er.

### TALES.

#### ELLEN MORTON.

It was a lovely evening in summer,—the gold and purple clouds which filled the heavens, gave their varying tinge to the deep, quiet expanse of water, which extended in front of a neat white cottage, while the sunset hues burnished the parlor window, at which sat Mrs. Mellrose and her young and beautiful brother, attentively reading a late publication.

Alfred raised his eyes from the book, took the hand of his sister, and affectionately said, "come, dear Mary, shall we enjoy a few moments of this pleasant evening in walking?"

Mrs. Mellrose was about thirty. She was not strikingly beautiful, though her complexion was fair, and the rose tinge still mantled in her cheek; but the hidden charms of the soul, and the high attributes of mind, flung around her their richest treasures. Her vivid imagination blossomed perpetually with the flowers of spring.

She was a creature of deep feeling, lofty thoughts, and exceedingly sensitive—had married, when young, the man of her choice, but had no children, therefore, her next husband, Alfred, shared the deep devotedness of her warm and holy affections. She had loved him tenderly from his infancy, and watched with more than a sister's interest, the development of those feelings and amiable qualities, which so closely riveted her affections—and now, when time and education had expanded his mind, he became, if possible, dearer than ever, and her chief ambition was that he might advance to the highest post of honor,—that wreaths of literary fame might encircle his brow,—and every social, manly and christian virtue, might converge in his christian character, and shed the bright halo of their glory over him. Alfred was years younger than his sister. His figure was tall, his eyes dark and expressive, and his hair fell gracefully over a noble and handsome brow. His mind like his sister's was a noble and beautiful one, sensitive and deep toned. There was a union of thought and feeling between them, which served to strengthen and cement their affection; and as Alfred had no parents or brothers, he prized more highly the warm and generous friendship of his only sister. Mr. Mellrose's business called him abroad most of the time, and he left Alfred to amuse and entertain his wife in his absence. Together, they read the light publications of the day, or plunged into the depths of learned lore. At times they walked, to admire the beauties of natural scenery, and rambled over hills, dales, plucking the wild flowers—making comparisons of things material and immaterial, and expressing new sentiments of the wisdom and goodness of God, till a religious awe seemed to pervade their whole souls, and the charms of the prospect before them, to transport their spirits to a purer world. Again, the soul-thrilling strains of music, which trembling fell from the lips of Alfred, as he poured forth from his rich cultivated voice in unison with the sweet tones of his lute, touched with their melody the deep fervor of feeling and sympathy which reigned in their hearts. But those happy days were not always to last. Alfred had chosen the profession of medicine, and must go abroad to complete his studies. It was during his first vacation that our story commences.

They walked through the garden in silence,

admiring the beds of roses, tulips, pinks and carnations, which bordered their path, till they found themselves seated on nature's velvet sofa, beneath the thick foliage of a wide spreading tree.

"Dear brother, you will not leave us *this* week," said Mrs. Mellrose, imploringly. "You attend so closely to your studies, that I fear you will lose your taste for the rural charms which you formerly relished so highly."

"O, no," said Alfred, with a sigh, as he parted the bright curls, and kissed the stainless brow of his sister. "But you know, dear Mary, that circumstances require me to be diligent, and make the most of every moment.—This place still has all its charms; but will the long indulgence of them compensate for the neglect of time! Sacrifices of feeling and pleasure I must make, in accomplishing my destined object. It was yourself who first instructed me in the principles of perseverance, self-denial and cheerfulness, and now is the time to test them."

Mrs. Mellrose felt the remark,—hesitated and then added, "A young friend of mine, Miss Ellen Morton, of G. is expected here tomorrow, and I fear she will think this place dull, without the enlivening influence of your society."

Alfred smiled and bowed at the compliment of his sister, then asked, "Is she handsome; has she intellectual beauty?"

"She is a lovely, affectionate girl," said Mrs. Mellrose, "the rest I leave for your own judgment to decide."

The morrow came, and its close brought a carriage to the door, from which was handed Ellen Morton, and the next moment she was locked in the warm embrace of her friend.—Alfred had retired to the farther part of the room, and stood gazing, fixedly, on the bright glow of intelligence, which lit up the lovely features of the beautiful being before him, while she answered the kind inquiries of Mrs. Mellrose, as she stood waiting for the riding habit of her guest—and when formally introduced, the evident confusion of his manner betrayed the thoughts of his heart. To describe Ellen, would be impossible. Pure as the pearly dew-drops of morn, her presence seemed like the ministrations of a sinless spirit. The lofty attributes of soul, and the queenly charms of nature, which scattered their wealth in rich profusion around her, inspired the beholder with an idea of female loveliness, almost passing mortal. A

warm blush played over her features, and gave a deeper tinge to her cheek—an air of tenderness and deep feeling, blended with the holy light of evening, beaming from her calm blue eye, and the musical intonations of her voice fell upon the ear, like the soft breathings of an Eolian harp, as she extended her hand, and expressed her happiness at meeting the brother of her valued friend.

The evening passed pleasantly. Ellen, weary with her journey, retired early. "Now, dear brother," said Mrs. Mellrose, "what do you think of the fair stranger?" "What think I?" replied Alfred. "She is an angel of loveliness, and if her mind is in keeping with the fair exterior, in her centers every possible female attraction."

Day after day glided away, and Alfred still lingered at W. It was apparent that the pressing solicitude of his sister for his stay was no longer needed. The time of his departure at length came, but not till he had obtained permission of Ellen to visit her at G.—Ellen remained with her friend a few weeks, and then returned.

For some time the letters which Mrs. Mellrose received from Ellen and Alfred told of happiness. Ellen's parents had sanctioned her choice. But a change came—a dark cloud overshadowed the bright iris of their hopes. One Stanley, from the city of P., son of an intimate friend of Esquire Morton, arrived at G. to spend the winter. It was at an evening party, soon after his arrival that he met with Ellen. He sought an introduction, and felt, in her presence for the first time in his life, the consciousness of a superior being. The intimacy of his father with Esq. Morton afforded an apology for calling on him, and he took the advantage of Morton's invitation, to consider his house his home while he remained at G., to seek after the society of Ellen. Her conduct toward him was distant, though polite, and when he made the avowal of his passion, and sought her hand, he met with a decided refusal. He, who made his boast of the many bright hearts he had conquered, was astonished and piqued to be rejected by the lovely Ellen. "I will compel her to love me," exclaimed he, mentally, and to this intent he had recourse to her parents. The love of gold overcame the better feelings of the father and mother of Ellen. They knew that Stanley was sole heir to a princely fortune, and vainly supposed their daughter's happiness would be permanently secured by a union with him. Ellen's father kept no logic untried to persuade her to renounce Alfred, and receive the addresses of Stanley. But all his rhetoric was exhausted in vain. "O, my dear father," she would say, when he painted the horrors of poverty, and urged the pleasures which wealth would bring; "I can never sell my heart for gold! Rather would I bury myself in the darkest corner of the earth, oppressed by every attendant form of poverty, with the man whom my heart approved, than wed titles and wealth, if I could not esteem the possessor." Her mother wearied her with entreaties. "Ellen, my own bright Ellen, spurn not the splendid advantages now in your power. Is not Stanley rich, handsome and accomplished? Does he not love you with fervor?" "Yes dear mother, I own his person is graceful—his manners courteous and apparently sincere,

but passion, dark passion, lurks in his eye. I can never love him—no, never! I despise him. O, urge me not to marry him—the thought is distraction!" "Your father insists upon it, and I command it," replied Mrs. Morton sternly—"Mother, dearest mother, recall your words, if you would have me retain my reason—sacrifice not your only child to the demon wealth! How can you, dearest mother, you who taught my youthful knee nightly to bow in prayer to the God of light and truth, how can you counsel me to stand in His holy presence, and vow to love one whom my heart scorns. I cannot do it! O, my mother, I cannot! I will suffer any thing you choose to inflict, but I can never, never, perjure my heart." "Peace, my child, you know not what you say. We will give you time for reflection,—now go to your chamber." Ellen rose—flung her arms around her mother's neck, kissed her, and retired. Her parents finding that threats and entreaties were alike vain, resolved upon new measures. They thought that time would calm her excitement, and to be placed where she could neither see nor hear from Alfred, would be the most effectual means of bringing her to yield to their wishes. They had for some time interrupted all her letters to him, and now put it out of her power to write. She was to be placed under the watch and surveillance of a maiden aunt, not to receive or send letters or packages without her inspection.

Alfred knew of the persecutions which Ellen suffered. He felt confident she would not be unfaithful. She was the bright star of his existence—the beacon light which lured him on to seek the wreath of fame and glory. Now a long period he elapsed, and no letters came from Ellen. He could endure the agonizing suspense no longer, and set out hastily to visit G. About five miles from his father's residence, he met a coach, and as it rapidly passed, he thought he saw Ellen leaning on the bosom of a gentleman. Filled with conflicting emotions he arrived at Esq. Morton's and was ushered into a room, in which he sat writing at a desk. The Esq. received him coldly, and to his inquiry after Ellen, told him that she had gone a journey with a Mr. Stanley to whom she was to be married. Alfred felt his heart die within him—that all the bright hopes of life, which he had so fondly cherished, were blasted. He rose hurriedly—took leave without a word, and hastened to pour out his sorrow in the bosom of his ever affectionate sister. She was reclining on a sofa—her eyes fixed on the glowing sunset, and did not perceive Alfred till he was at her side. He threw his arm around her, and with a tremulous voice exclaimed—"O, my dear sister, is there no unchanging affection but in your bosom?" "Alfred, my brother!" said Mrs. M., startled at his manner,—what distresses you—tell me all your sorrow." "Ellen!" was his only reply. "Is she sick," inquired his sister, in a tone of eagerness and sympathy. "No! but she is lost—is lost to me forever!" and there was indescribable bitterness in his look.

He told his sister of Ellen's neglect in writing,—his meeting her, and the words of her father.

"Impossible," said Mrs. M., "Ellen untrue. The noble-hearted, trusting, confiding, Ellen,

untrue. No it cannot be—it is impossible—there is some dreadful mystery—time will unravel it. Trust in Heaven dear brother, I am confident that all will yet be right." The presence and sympathy of his sister soothed the agitated feelings of Alfred, and he calmly said, "Yes, there must be some mistake. I have wronged Ellen to doubt for a moment her constancy."

Next morning a letter was brought Mrs. Mellrose from Ellen, stating that her mother gave her an invitation to ride, that they rode a short distance and called on a friend, and that after they were seated in the carriage as she thought to return home, her mother entered, and to her surprise followed by Stanley. That it was the first intimations she had of their designs—that she fainted and was insensible for some time—when reason returned she found herself in a splendid room at a public house, and had bribed one of the servants to take her letter to Mrs. Mellrose—that she must acquaint Alfred with affairs, and tell him that she should ever remain unchangeable. Hope again beamed on the countenance of Alfred, and his heart overflowed with gratitude to the Ruler of all events. He said he would redouble every effort, and make new exertions to make himself worthy of Ellen's devoted heart—that he must see her and then seek wealth and fame in foreign parts—at the ancient shrines of classic lore, and among the desolate tombs of the mighty heroes and geniuses of past ages.

Buoyant with hope, and impelled with a restless ardor he finished his professional studies with eclat—then sought the dwelling that contained his adored Ellen. But how can he obtain an interview with her alone? He revolved a thousand projects in his mind as he stood leaning over the Garden enclosure. At length he saw two females and a child emerge from a vine mantled summer house in a remote part of the garden, and advance toward the place where he was standing. He could not be mistaken, one was Ellen. He instantly flung himself over the wall, and entered an arbor overgrown with honeysuckles and woodbines, from which unperceived he could observe their motions. The child broke away from the hand of its companion, and running to another part of the garden began plucking some choice flowers. It was immediately pursued. Alfred then advanced to the entrance of the arbor, and in a low tone pronounced "Ellen, your Alfred." She looked, recognized him, and in a moment was in his arms.

"Dearest Alfred, a few precious moments is all we can have. I shall soon be sought after,—she told him of her fate since they last met—of her unchanging affection, and her hopes of brighter days."

"O my angel," said Alfred as he caught the holy resignation which beamed from her eyes, as she looked upward to the pure world above her, and said, "let us not despond or repine, dear Alfred, but place our trust in the omnipotent arm of that God whom we serve, assured he will do all things right. If we are not to be united on earth we shall be ere long in that bright and beautiful land, where the blissful forms of paradise meet and mingle. In that undying clime,

where the flowers of affection bloom with a fadeless lustre, and no change comes to mar the communion of kindred souls."

Alfred had barely time to tell Ellen of his intention of leaving his native land; when the voice of her cousin was heard calling her. "I must go dear Alfred." Then plucking an amaranth, "Keep this," said she, "emblem of our affection, and call to-morrow. I shall be permitted to see you in the presence of my aunt, till then farewell," and she soon was at the side of her companion, whose mind was so much absorbed in the mischief the child had occasioned that she did not notice the audible throbbings of Ellen's heart, or the deep blush that suffused her cheek. Alfred placed the unfading flower in his bosom, and gazed after her till the shrubbery concealed the snowy folds of her robe, then retired to his lodgings. An early hour of the morrow found him at Col. D's. He was shown by a servant into the apartment where Ellen sat surrounded by her unsuspecting relatives. He was introduced and met with a cordial reception from Mrs. D. who blamed her brother's severity towards Ellen. But her aunt Martha gave him a searching look, and endeavored to draw the attention of Ellen to herself. They both felt restrained, and Alfred soon rose to depart. Ellen pressed forward and they exchanged letters of parting unperceived. "Come, come, sweet Ellen," said her laughing cousin Harriet, as she caught her tearful eye, "do not despond, from henceforth I am the avowed champion of your cause, you know I always carry my points. O, he is so faultless that my stately aunt there as I thought, eyed him with pleasure." Ellen grasped the hand of her cousin, and asked permission of her aunt to retire.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Time rolled on, and Ellen was again at her father's. The same bright, peerless Ellen, for hope of brighter days to come had ever played over her heart's harp strings with viewless fingers. Rumors at first suppressed, but daily becoming more open, and better authenticated had reached G. that Stanley's conduct had long been reprehensible—that his character at P. was that of a debauchee. Still Ellen's parents blinded by the god of wealth, and the garb of virtue he had assumed while a resident of their town, indulging hopes that the summit of their wishes would soon be obtained, by his union with their darling child. Ah! how short sighted are mortals. A letter was received from Stanley's father, stating that he was ruined—and by the misconduct of his son—his only child,—that his heart was wrung with anguish; and that being ignorant of his son's attentions to Ellen he staid in just views his character, and besought the timely aid and sympathy of his friend.

Stanley had long been a gambler, but had managed to conceal it from his father, till heavy losses involved him in hopeless ruin. The intelligence was like a galvanic shock to the parents of Ellen. All their dazzling dreams of future splendor had vanished in air. Their warm and valued friend was heart-broken, ruined. But their paternal feelings rose paramount to all others. Their daughter was safe, "O my Ellen what misery you have escaped!" exclaimed the half frantic mother. "Had it not been for the fixed principles of our child she would now have

been a broken hearted victim to the too earnest wish of her parents to secure her happiness. How shall we compensate her the misery she has endured, and like an angel uncomplaining bore? Alfred is in a foreign land, perhaps never to return," and the old lady's feelings quite overpowered her. Next day they informed Ellen that they had no longer any objection to Alfred. That she was at liberty to spend as much time with her friend, Mrs. Mellrose, as she pleased. Ellen fell on her knees, took the hands of her father and mother, pressed them to her lips, and after thanking them for their kindness to her, retired to give vent to the joy of her heart in solitude. \* \* \* \* \*

"Have you heard the news," asked Mrs. Morton, all pale and trembling, of her husband, as he returned late in the afternoon from his office. "Alfred has returned from Europe, and his name dwells long and loud upon the voice of fame—his praises are on every lip. His superior genius, by useful discoveries in science, has won immortal renown, the favor of princes and profusion of wealth, and now he has come back to wear his honors in his native land. He will not know Ellen. Oh my child!—her heart will break. Neglect and coldness from him, she has loved so long and devotedly, will snap the tender chords of her heart. 'Tis ourselves dear James who have done it, and our punishment is just. O that I could bear all, to shield our daughter from the cruel blow. But 'tis done. Alfred has already been a week at W. and Ellen has been compelled to bear his coldness, perhaps scorn. She shall be sent to, this moment."

"Be calm, my dear, and compose yourself," said the Esq., alarmed at the earnestness of his wife. "I hope for better things. Alfred has a noble soul."

"I know it," replied she "but we have scorned him, insulted him, and it is human nature to retaliate. O, my lovely Ellen! Already does my imagination see you pale and drooping from neglect, and in all the quietude of uncomplaining woe, stealing from existence, like the last gentle strains of a lute upon the moonlit ocean." "Ha! a carriage—put on a cheerful countenance my dear, for we have company," said her husband, stifling his own painful emotions. Mrs. Morton wiped her weeping eyes and hastened to the window, just as the travelers were descending from the coach.

"'Tis Ellen,—'tis Alfred!" was all she could articulate, and buried her face in her hands. It is impossible to describe the scene which followed; for words can paint but feebly the feelings and emotions of the heart. But Alfred easily obtained his wish, that the marriage ceremony might be performed in the elegant parlor of his sister, where he first felt the enchanting influence of Ellen's presence, and where after his wandering he again found her changeless—she whose image had been his constant companion, impelling him onward in the path of fame, and ere a month had elapsed the lingering sunbeams of evening, again beheld him happy,—seated on a sofa, between his sister and his lovely bride, Ellen.

S. B. P. M.

Do not sigh for this world's goods, nor lament your poverty. Out of the meanest hovel is obtained as fair a sight of heaven as from the most gorgeous palaces.

[Original.]

S T A N Z A .

I've lived to know the world is false  
And faithful friends are few;  
That those I thought would prove the best,  
Have proved the most untrue.

I've seen affection's smile depart,  
And ne'er again return;  
And love, that warmed and cheered the heart,  
Forever cease to burn.

I've seen the light of hope go out,  
Within the heart sincere;  
And eyes, before unknown to grief,  
Bedimmed with sorrow's tear.

I've seen the fairest flow'ret fade  
And die, when in its bloom;  
And forms, which earth would fain have kept,  
Descend into the tomb.

I've heard the wind rush wildly by,  
Above their silent urn,  
Which seemed to say—beneath they lie;—  
It soon will be thy turn.

IDA.

Cabotville, 1843.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

If every man's internal grief  
Were written on his brow,  
How many would our pity move,  
Who wake our envy now!  
Stern hate would give his enemy  
A word of softer tone,—  
Seeing how small the joy, that once  
Embittered all his own.

THE DIVINITY.

The calm, the pure, the heavenly mind,  
Enshrined within its clay,  
The earth can neither charm nor bind  
To scenes of dark decay.

It lives—no thought to dim its rest,  
No feeling but the pure of life,  
And like the sea-bird in its nest,  
Smiles on, nor heeds the billow's strife.

LUTHER.

Luther never was ashamed of the time when pressed by hunger, he sadly begged his bread.—So far from it, that he thought with gratitude of the poverty of his youth. He regarded it as the means which God employed to make him what he afterwards became, and he felt thankful for it. The condition of poor children who were forced to pursue the same life touched his heart. "Do not despise," said he "the boys who in singing before the houses, ask their bread for the love of God: for I have done the same thing. It is true that afterwards my father generously and faithfully supported me at the university of Erfurt, and aided me by the sweat of his brow.—But I have been a poor beggar. And now by means of my pen, I have come so far that I would not change fortunes with the Grand Turk himself. Moreover if a man were to hoard up all that the world can bestow, I would not take it in exchange for what I have. And yet I would not have arrived at this point if I had not been seen to school, and if I had not learned to write."—Thus the illustrious man found the origin of his glory in his first humble beginning. He was not ashamed or afraid to remember that the voice whose accents startled the empire and the world a little while ago begged bread in the streets of a poor city.

## OLIVE LEAF.

CABOTVILLE, SEPT. 16, 1843.

## Late Rising, &amp;c.

There is one class to which this will not apply; and that is the Operatives of New England. They are certainly an exception to all other portions of mankind. Get up thou man of pleasure at the peep of dawn, and you may learn what would seem a paradox—that a portion of our beautiful village is then awake, and in motion; yea, and commit to memory a lesson on the improvement of time. You may not be aware, who doze until the king of light has completed one fourth of his daily course, that much of beauty and true excellence goes forth at this early hour, and begins with glowing cheeks the blushing day.

Arouse! lady of fashion! replace thy teeth and curls, and go forth to yon limpid stream; there wet thy play-worn cheek and wash out thy inflamed eyes with its bright waters—it will do them good; then return and set thyself about something that will benefit thy indigent neighbors. Leave off tumbling (to use a word of our own coining) on that piano, else place it in the cellar where its discords will serve as a dirge for the frightened-to-death vermin, or beat a retreat for the trembling survivors. By doing this you may do some good—save some cheese, and protect the vegetables. Your present course of life cannot benefit yourself nor those around you. The hours spent at the opera or lounged away upon the sofa, after a seige at the cotillon, if devoted to visiting the destitute and administering to the wants of the distressed, how different the retrospect; you might then look back on a life well employed, and have the conviction that it was not all a blank.

The lady of fashion is most certainly a slave, and a poor substitute for a human being that should endeavor to answer the great end of her creation. What! die without making an effort to benefit her suffering and destitute neighbors? Who would ask for such an epitaph? Surely none; yet all do, or should have it engraved upon their monuments, who live solely for themselves, and have no other end in view than to see and be seen. In this land of republican principles the lady of fashion and pleasure is not the most respected. She alone is the model of true excellence, who is the greatest blessing to the community in which she moves. Then seek not, ladies, to become fashionable. Don't think a few weeks spent in daubing Bristol-board in imitation of flowers, or having an elegant piano to thump on all day, will constitute you a more worthy member of society, or make you truly respectable. The coloring of your mind, and the tone of your heart is of far more consequence than the painting of gaudy flowers, or thrumming on an instrument on which not one to five hundred can learn to perform correctly. How much of time and money has been spent foolishly in trying to be lady-like and endeavoring to become accomplished by performing on the piano. How often do we hear our village girls exclaim, O! that I had one! when one half the cost of the instrument, to say nothing of the better improvement of time, spent in supplying them with good instruction in the common branches of education, would far better befit their circumstances, and render them qualified for usefulness, as well as infinitely more respectable.

Not one half of those we hear called, *accomplished*, but would stagger at a question in the common school books, and which the child of eight years should readily answer. For instance, ask them a question which would involve a little of history and mathematics, as, How long a period intervened between the discovery of America, and the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers? and they will hesitate, or answer it by *guessing*. Ask them where Buzzard's Bay is, and they will blush and perhaps tell you in the north of England. In reckoning, they will count their tiny fingers and perhaps forget the object by thinking how brightly their rings sparkle. This is what we call a superficial education.

We happened not long since to pass up a certain street in a village, not a hundred miles from Springfield, if it was so far by ninety-nine, where musical soires greatly abound. As we approached a large and beautiful mansion, evidently the residence of some aristocratic devotee of pleasure,

thrum thrum, thrum thrum came from within, with all the freshness to our mind of an old piano that we once heard, day and night, for a whole year at a certain Institution which we attended, not over thirty miles from the capital of the Bay State. Having arrived in front of the dwelling we braced ourself up for an entertainment if not a *melting season*. To cut the story short, dear reader, and not have it too tragical, we heard the 'Wrecker's Daughter' murdered. O! thought we, as on we went, not having been wholly transfixed, how *accomplished*! Thrum, thrum, thrum, thrum again as we came opposite another gaudy establishment. Here we heard the concluding measures of 'Wood Up' or what we thought was intended. We now hurried on murmuring over a portion of 'John Gilpin,' and thinking how greatly must the god of music be here entertained. Thrum thrum saluted our ears at nearly every door yard, till at last we made our escape under cover of a coal-man's voice that echoed lustily at the door of the last house.

## The Teeth.

Nothing adds or detracts from personal beauty so much as the teeth; and the want of good ones cannot well be supplied. Most persons suppose that after their teeth begin to decay, there can be no remedy, and therefore they will neglect them until they commence aching when they will have them extracted. This is a mistake; for if filled by a good practical dentist as soon as there is a sufficient cavity, they may be preserved to the end of your life.

Many think they cannot afford this, and will suffer two or three weeks with the pain, and then pay the dentist one fourth as much for drawing it as he asks to preserve it, and that too after you have lost five or ten dollars worth of time, besides the pain of having it extracted and the loss of it forever-afterward.

Those who would avoid the above, can do it by calling on Mr. L. Tyler, Chase's Buildings, and we assure them he will make good what we have said.

[Call at B. F. Brown's, Ferry Street if you want some good reading. He has Frederica Bremer's last two novels "Nina" and the "President's Daughters" which are really worth all the multiplied trash of many who are trying to distinguish themselves in stretching at what is termed literature.]

All the popular Magazines of the day, may also be found here. Go and see.

## To Readers and Correspondents.

"Adventures of a Student" is received and will appear as soon as possible.

"Lines on the Death of Miss Maria L. Damon" will be published in our next.

We should be glad to hear from Experiencia again. We regret that we could not do justice to the former piece. We would say that the subject was a good selection, but the communication was so imperfectly written that we could not consistently publish it without much alteration, which if made, we feared the author would not readily recognize the original.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

The following is from a self educated girl in one of the mills in this village, as will appear. We hope that many will follow her example and endeavor to secure to themselves that which is worth more to them than all the show of fashionable life,—an education. We also hope the writer will remember us often, and induce many of her companions to join her in advancing the good of those with whom they associate. Ed.

[For the Olive Leaf.]

MR. EDITOR:—

It so happened that I was born in New Hampshire, where my mother still resides, with a large family of young children, dependent on her for support, and hard does she have to struggle to gain a living for herself and offspring; and but for the charity of several friends and kind hearted neighbors, she would

have to put them out before they knew the first rudiments taught in our common schools. Sensible that she had a weight upon her heavy to be borne, to lighten the load, I left home and came into one of the factories in Cabotville. When I came here I could not read, except by spelling out the words like a child of very few years. I had not commenced learning to write, and all the learning I now have has been gained without instruction, having obtained it alone, and that too, after I had labored in the mill twelve hours a day on an average through the year.

I have often murmured and repined at my lot, thought my case a solitary and hard one, to be thus constantly confined in the factory, and after all could hardly gain a subsistence, while so many were enjoying high life, and "faring sumptuously every day," without labor. But the views I had embraced in this respect, are now entirely changed; and I have begun to think that idleness is the parent of nearly all the sins that have been committed since the morn of creation.

Not long since I visited New York for the first time; and there spent a fortnight with a friend, who is the daughter of a wealthy merchant in that city; and while I was with her, I became like herself, a 'lady at large,' quite above work, and made amusement my occupation. I visited the Park Theatre, Niblo's Garden, Peel's Museum; attended a soiree, went half a day to the Cathedral, a Roman Catholic Church on the corner of Mott and Prince streets. Spent two evenings down at the Battery viewing the display of fire works; passed up and down half a dozen times a day, the great promenade, and thoroughfare, Broadway; called in at the fancy stores to see the new goods, beat down prices, and learn the fashions, &c. &c. Dropped in at most of the ice cream, candy and soda shops; bought liberally, and made an off-hand market for my bright sixpences; went down to Staten Island and over to the Jersey shore; visited Hoboken, Elysian Fields, Weehawken, the Pavilion; took a ride in the grove upon the circular railroad, the cars upon which are propelled by cranks, turned by men. Visited the Navy Yard at Brooklyn; went to Williamsburgh, the Wallboat and East New York, of recent origin; went upon the far famed horse racing ground, &c. &c.

Having spent the time allotted to myself, and visited most of the places of resort in New York and its environs, I left the city with something out of pocket, tired of being in the bustle and vain show of the modern Babylon. I came home, worn down with fatigue, and went cheerfully to my accustomed employment in the factory, better contented and more happy than when I left, resolving never again to 'despise the day of small things;' and not again envy those who wear better and finer clothes than I can afford; and live at their ease, and move in the circles of the rich, gay and fashionable. Believe me, I would not exchange situations with my New York friend on any account, and be obliged to keep up the routine of fashionable life. My humble origin and limited means forbid that I should be extravagant in dress, or purchase an article that I do not stand in need of. I seldom make a visit to New Hampshire to see my mother, but I do not forget her, nor

the debt of gratitude that I owe her. I often send her two new dresses with other things; also ten dollars in money.

During my residence in this village, the perusal of valuable books, reflection and conversation have been indeed of great benefit to me; and suffer me, my young friends and associates, to recommend this practice to you. Believe me, we shall then be able to furnish matter for the 'Olive Leaf, without murdering the 'King's English,' and our compositions will be such, that if a Dickens should again visit this country, and go into the New England factories, and we girls should happen to be the focus for his eyes, when he returns to his native land, he can speak of us and the Olive Leaf in as high terms of commendation, as the author of 'Notes on America' has done of the Lowell Offering and the operatives there. It may be that some distinguished writer may visit Cabotville; if so, may he not find a single moping, slatternly girl in the mills, wearing 'clogs and pattens,' but see them, one and all, dressed as neat, clean and looking more tidy than Queen Victoria in all her attire of royalty, together with a cluster of fine trinkets, and a thousand dazzling ornaments.

MARY JANE.

#### SKETCHES OF AUTHORS. NO. 5.

BOLINGBROKE (Henry St. John,) so celebrated for his political career, his great talents and eloquent writings, and for his hostility to Christianity, was born in 1672, at Bothersea, Eng. and died in 1751. His mind was like a deep sea, ever in motion and bringing to the surface something new and little understood. He had a religious system of his own, in which he acknowledges a God, but is for reducing all his attributes to two, *wisdom* and *power*. He censured divines for distinguishing his moral and physical attributes; and asserted that we cannot ascribe justice and goodness to God according as our ideas are of them, nor argue with any degree of certainty about them; that it is absurd to deduce moral obligations from the moral attributes of God, or endeavor to imitate him in these attributes. He resolves all morality in man into self-love, as its first principle, and ultimate centre; as many others have done which is no more nor less than *treating ourselves as the Supreme Being*. In the details of morality he is equally lax, while his bad temper and dissipated habits, unhappily confirm the bad tendency of his principles. It has been judiciously remarked that "Christianity is honored, not injured by such assailants." Few are the instances, where so superior powers of mind have been thus fatally abused. His "argument," it has been said "is of that elevated quality, that deals in lofty language and privileged assertion; and of that intrepid character that fears not, as occasion may require, to beat down the very positions, which, when other occasions demanded, it had found convenient to maintain."

It was to Lord Bolingbroke that Pope dedicated his 'Essay on Man,' which commences thus,

"Awake! my St. John! leave all meaner things  
To low ambition and the pride of kings."

His works are numerous, and form a great addition to British literature.

#### A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT, WITH A BEAUTIFUL RESPONSE.

A LADY had written on a card, and placed in her garden-house on the top of an hour glass, a beautiful simple stanzas from one of the fugitive pieces of John Clare, the rural poet—it was at that season of the year when the flowers were in their highest beauty:

"To think of Summers yet to come,  
That I am not to see,  
To think a weed is yet to bloom,  
From dust that I shall be!"

The next morning she found pencilled on the back of the same card:

"To think, when Heaven and earth are fled,  
And times and seasons o'er,  
When all that can die shall be dead,  
That I must die no more!  
Ah! where will then my portion be?  
How shall I spend Eternity?"

A correspondent of ours gives the following reply to the last stanza.—Ed.

"Dust unto dust, the soul to God,"  
Long since was told of dying man;  
Then never murmur at the rod  
That breaks the chain that binds thee down,  
But calm thy fears, increase thy faith,  
And soon thou'lt learn to welcome death.

Freed from the grave and sin's dark stain,  
Up with thy God, the ransomed stand;  
Freed from thy doubts, from error's chain,  
To feast on truth from God's own hand.  
There, trembling soul, thy home shall be;  
Thus shalt thou spend eternity. Thine.

[Original.]

#### THE SISTER'S GRAVE.

IN TWO PARTS.

##### PART FIRST.

In the most eastern of the New England States, a number of years ago, resided a family by the name of Warner. It consisted of the man, his wife and two children, one a son, a youth of eighteen, and a daughter two years younger. The father was a German by birth and education, and came to this country when about twenty years of age. Shortly after his arrival he was married to a young and gentle girl, whose only relative in the world, at least this side the blue waves, was a brother with whom she resided. They had not long been in America, having the year previous emigrated from the highlands of sunny Scotland. Mr. Warner and his wife's brother, whose name was Fenno, commenced business together, and in a few years became what people sometimes call wealthy, being in circumstances which supply every needful want. Fenno did not marry until about this time. His wife was the daughter of an eastern merchant, who, a few years before, had emigrated to one of the western states. It was while on a visit to some friends in the village where Fenno resided, that he became acquainted with her.

Shortly after Fenno's marriage, his wife persuaded him to sell out to Mr. Warner, go to the west and engage in business with her father. This unexpected separation from her only brother, was to Mrs. Warner a severe trial. She loved her husband and children as deeply as a wife and mother could; and as an affectionate woman she also adored her brother; and well she might for a more affectionate one never fell

to the lot of woman. After the death of their parents, which took place when they were quite young, she had ever looked up to him for support and protection; and many had been the times, when he had sacrificed his own personal enjoyment to add to hers.

Mr. Warner was also anxious to have Fenno remain, and it was with much persuasion that he purchased his stock invested. At length however, business was arranged and Mr. Fenno departed for the west. Many were the tears that Mrs. Warner shed at parting; for she was one of those whose

'Friends are stars to them of heaven'.

Six months rolled away, and letters were received from Mr. Fenno, containing glowing descriptions of the country, and advising Mr. Warner to sell his estate and remove thither. The idea at first was to Mr. Warner a vague one; but finding his wife disposed to favor it, he began to consider whether it might not be best. Here was one man among the great mass, who thought it the one great object of life to make those happy who were entrusted to his charge. Would to heaven there were more of this class: if so there would be less real monsters found in the various walks of life.

A few months passed in which time Mr. Warner had advertised his estate, and sold it. Two weeks more, and all were to bid farewell to the green hills of New England, and seek a home in the western wilds. Each face wore a smile of joy, and

'All went merry as a marriage bell.'

But how often does the strain of gladness mingle with the notes of sorrow! We many times feel a sadness rushing into our bosoms, when the tide of merriment is highest. Mrs. Warner was happy in the prospect of meeting her brother, with whom she supposed she had parted forever; and her husband was no less gratified in being able to add to her enjoyment, by granting her desires. His whole aim had been and still seemed to be, to make her whom he had chosen when young, and in a strange land, for his bosom companion, cheerful and happy.

But a change was to take place; and those fond hopes were never to be realized. The week previous to their expected departure, Mr. Warner was taken violently ill. A fever followed and in two weeks he expired. What bright hopes of earthly bliss were crushed in that hour! Who could paint the anguish of the mother and children? Every bright expectation had perished, and all seemed dark and drear. Long was the train of citizens that followed Mr. Warner to the grave; and many eyes swam in tears as they took a last farewell of so worthy a man. The blow was a heavy one to Mrs. W. Her anxiety during his sickness was sufficient to wear out her delicate constitution, but when the dread reality, hardly thought of, broke upon her vision, and she saw her husband lifeless, nature could sustain itself no longer. A lingering illness followed, and a few months closed up her work on earth; while many wept the loss of one so dear to them.

A family circle was thus broken, when it was least expected. Two now remained, and only two in whose veins ran kindred blood. Alone they stood, a brother and sister; and such they

were indeed. Never were two kindred hearts bound together more closely. They inherited the affectionate dispositions of their parents, and by them were taught to deeply love each other.

Merville Warner was a tall well proportioned young man, and his frank open countenance indicated his generous heart within. Few had seen him except to admire his beauty and nobleness of soul.

Not his inferior in goodness and accomplishments was his sister Jennette. A perfect resemblance was she of her mother. Gentle as the summer evening zephyrs, none ever saw her who did not love her. Old and young idolized the gentle Jennette, while her mild full blue eye met the innocent and the guilty with the same bright beam of tenderness. Often have I heard my aged Grandmother, while relating to me the incidents here recorded, say, to use her own words, "She was the prettiest girl I ever laid my eyes upon."

Immediately after the death of his father, Merville sent a letter to his uncle, Mr. Fenno, requesting him to come to New England, at once if he would again see his mother. Six weeks passed and a letter was received from Fenno, stating that he was just recovering from a fever, and could not come. Four months after, Mr. Fenno was on the point of starting for New England, when he received another letter, containing the sad news of the death of his sister. Long and bitter was his grief, and much did he regret that he ever left the circle of those friends whom he so dearly loved. Two yet remain, thought he, of them once dear; they shall share my counsel and my guardianship. He therefore wrote to Merville, requesting him to come to the west, where he should receive whatever assistance he and Jennette might need.

Here ends part first, and part second will make good the title.

[Original.]

#### SUNSET AFTER A SHOWER.

The day is fast declining; and the sun which has been obscured by clouds, suddenly bursts forth in all its splendor. Clouds, tinged with purple and gold, gather and float slowly around. Fantastic figures rise and fall away again. The grass in the meadows and upon the hill side, wear a more refreshing green. The large pearly drops upon the trees, the laurel, the sumac and the wild rose bushes, glisten like diamonds, in the setting sun. The flowers withered and drooping with the heat of the long summer day, spring up refreshed; while their fragile stalks gracefully bend with the weight of the rain drops, which lay enshrouded in their bosoms, and their tiny heads turn towards the west, as a soul thirsty traveler, turns his eyes to heaven, from whence has descended a shower of God's grace; his heart glowing with love, gratitude and adoration to his Creator.

The lake which a short time since was covered with dark and foaming waves, now is smooth and like a mirror, reflecting all above; not a breath of wind ripples its surface, or stirs the willows that grow upon its borders. The lilies which float upon its glassy face, and which have kept their white leaves carefully closed all the sultry day, now unfold them, one by one, and

look smilingly upon the beauty of the scene.

All is silent, save now and then the lightly dipping of the boatman's oars, while the light skiff shoots swiftly from the pebbly shore. As the shadows of trees fade from the hill side, the nightingale sends forth her melancholy song from a neighboring thicket; the noisy voices of the Katy-did begin to be heard from every tree and hedge. Now one after another the stars peep forth, and soon they cover the whole heavens in countless numbers. Surely there can be none who could look on such a scene, and turn coldly away and say, 'there is no God! Chance made it.'

J. \* \* \* \* \*

[Original.]

#### HAPPINESS.

Happiness is an object that the whole human race is striving to obtain. It is sought for in various ways, but to many it often proves a dangerous and unprofitable search. They seek it in the vain amusements of the world, and find to their grief, that all is transitory, and that happiness is not to be found in the allurements of this life. Others seek for it in literary pursuits; they weary their minds with many subjects that they may be called learned, thinking that this will render them happy; but too late, they find they have fallen into a grievous error. Others seek it on the field of battle. They see waving before them their country's banner, and the love of fame urges them on to glory, and as they imagine sure happiness; but at last disappointed, they pause and find that they have spent the best part of their lives amid the din of battles and the horrors of war. Many think that happiness is to be found in the influence which they may command; the beauty that is given them, and the wealth they possess. But think you that Cleopatra, when she, by her beauty, had won the Roman Generals from their duty, when she was looked upon by the admiring crowd as a being of superior order, think you that she was happy? Her death proves the fact, that her happiness was but momentary. Was Alexander happy, when, after he had conquered the then known world, his insatiable spirit looked for another to conquer? Thus we might trace the lives of the learned, the famed, the beautiful, and find that like those we have mentioned, they are transitory and fleeting as the summer cloud.

And yet there is a way to true happiness; and one which has been trodden by thousands, who have testified to its reality. This way is religion. It fills the mind of man with solid comfort and bears his thoughts above the vain, allurements of the world; it points with the finger of faith to those regions, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest;" and where all will enjoy the fruition of true happiness, and range with delight through the Eden of bliss.

FLORY.

#### THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE,

##### OR A MORNING WALK.

There is no time, I think, that a person can enjoy a walk, or the beauties of nature more, than in the morning. It is the time when one can well instruct the mind; when nothing is heard save the leaves of the trees gently playing in the zephyrs; the warbling notes of the feather-

ed songsters; or the murmuring of some distant rill. And the works of God never seem to look so beautiful and lovely to me, as they then do. The very air which I inhale bespeaks the grandeur and magnificence of all creative Power and Wisdom. The tall oaks, whose spires appear to reach to the very heavens, then seem to sing praises to their Creator whilst shrubs and flowers seem with them to vie. The sparkling dew-drops that linger on each flower, add fresh beauty to the scenery around, the cool and balmy air invigorates the body, and gives a healthy hue to the countenance. I would be up before bright Sol's scorching rays are seen darting majestically in the distant east. It is then that nature's flowers appear the loveliest. O! I would not loiter away my time in sleep, when so much pleasure can be derived from a morning ramble.

Cabotville, Sept. 1843.

ROSALTHE.

[Original.]

#### THE LAST WORDS OF THE DYING.

Weep not wildly, as ye gaze on my dust,  
But lay me to rest, in a lowly grave,  
Where the soft low winds, around me may sigh,  
And the green tree branches, above me wave.

In a tranquil spot, where some forest stream,  
With soft gushing sound, goes wand'ring by;  
Beneath the cool greenwood's checkered shade,  
Sweet friends, I implore you, there let me lie.

And bid not the gleaming marble rise  
In its brightness, above my last lone cell;  
And sweetly I'll rest, mid the sights and sounds,  
That in life I loved, so long and well.

Oh breathe ye no moan, no murmuring sigh;  
Shed not one bitter, burning tear for me;  
But bow ye humbly the chastened neck  
To Heaven's blest, all-merciful decree.

For unknown I have borne a pining heart,  
For many a long, long weary day;  
And wildly I've prayed for the cup of death,  
That from life's dark scenes, I might flee away.

Ye looked and ye saw the drooping form,  
And ye marked mine eye grow sad and dim,  
But little ye knew, for I would not tell,—  
'Twas the struggling of the spirit within.

But light shone round my darkened soul,  
And faith and strength, in mercy were given,  
To turn from the gloom and shadow of earth,  
To the pure, unfading glories of Heaven.

Oh deem it not hard, that I am called,  
In the bloom of youth, from the cold world away,  
I leave but the toils, the struggles of life;  
I gain the bright realms of eternal day.

Then shed no tear, as ye gaze on my dust,  
But lay me to rest in a lonely grave,  
Where the soft, low winds around me may sigh,  
And the cool tree-branches, above me wave.

Newark, N. J.

ELIZABETH.

Euclid, having offended a brother, the latter in his rage, said, "Let me die, if I am not avenged on you some time or other!" Euclid replied, "And let me die if I do not soften you by my kindness, and make you love me as well as ever."

A SIXPENCE.—"Why are you so melancholy?" said the Duke of Marlborough to a soldier after the battle of Blenheim. "I am thinking," replied the man, "how much blood I have shed for a sixpence."

The following lines were suggested by reading in the Mobile Herald the annexed paragraph, which clearly shows the depth of depravity to which the human heart can descend.

"Charlotte Jewell, a young and wild looking girl, in whose thin and wan countenance there could yet be detected some traces of beauty, was charged by one William Conde, from New Orleans, with having attempted to take his life. Conde has been in the city only a few days, and it appears that he had eloped with the girl from the town of Bayou Sara La, to New Orleans, where he lived with her as his mistress; but getting tired of his victim he deserted her, and came to Mobile. The injured girl traced him to this city, and found out his boarding place, and in the evening, while the family were at supper, attempted to take his life with a dirk. He parried the blow and seized her, when she went into hysterics, in which condition she was carried to the guard house.

The complainant having deposed as above, said that he would decline prosecuting her if she would go back home to Bayou Sara."

Oh! William! I have now no home,  
No place to rest my weary head:  
My people now my name disown,  
To them I'm lost—far worse than dead.

Soon! if hunger would I die  
Or perish in some lonely cell,  
Than e'er to them for succor fly,  
The story of my shame to tell.

Crazy! yes—if this be madness,  
In degradation deep to roam,  
Where beams not one bright ray of gladness,  
Where pity's eye hath never shone.

O! would to Heaven that I were mad,  
That I might forget the wrong,  
Inflicted on my trusting heart—  
Full deep enough without thy scorn.

Perfidious wretch! by thee destroyed;  
By thee, who once I thought so pure;  
Oh! who on earth would not be mad,  
With such base treachery to endure?

Oh could I only but forget,  
When happy innocent and gay,  
I listened to thy siren song,  
Which led my captive feet astray.  
Cabotville.

S. W.

[Written for the Olive Leaf.]  
THE YOUNG REFORMER  
OR THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY

Those were dark and troubled times for "Merrie England." A stern, bigoted, intolerant queen was upon the throne. The great mass of her people had turned from the corruptions of the Papal Church, and embraced a purer, better faith—that faith, in the fury of her zeal, she vowed to crush, and the fires of persecution blazed fiercely throughout the land.

Within the massy walls of a city's prison, a youth was pacing the narrow limits of his cell. His countenance was almost feminine in its beauty, but the bold proud glance, and the compression of the full lips, told that decision and strength of character lay hidden beneath that gentle exterior. A rich gleam of morning sunshine burst through the high grated window. What thoughts of the beautiful world without, the dewy flowers, the sparkling streams, the waving trees, and the sweet minstrelsy of birds and insects, passed through his heart, as he gazed on those glowing

sunbeams! Before that sun should set, he was doomed to die. He had dared to think for himself, on matters touching his soul's salvation; he had presumed to obey the dictates of the conscience with which God had endowed him; and even now they were setting the stake, at which he was to expiate his crime. He threw himself on his low rude pallet, and mused long and deeply on the changes, that in so short a space, had been wrought in his fortunes—a few days since, revelling in love and hope—to-day pining in that dark, lone cell, with a death of fiery torture before him. There was no wavering in the soul of Walter Pembroke, no shrinking from the dread path he had chosen; but he loved the bright world, and the feelings and passions of earth were yet clinging warmly around his heart. His brow was clouded, "Poor, poor Amy," he said, sadly, "she has been reared in gladness and sunshine; it is the first sorrow that hath fallen on her young heart; how will she bear this fearful blow! this sudden scattering of her glowing dreams?"

A half hour passed; heavy footsteps paused at his door; the key turned in the lock, and a bright, beautiful girl sprang to his side. All pride, all maidenly reserve was gone, and she sank weeping on his breast. There was now a wild glow of happiness in his eye, and on his cheek, as he clasped his arm around her, and pushing back the soft hair that hung in strange and unwonted neglect around it, he pressed his lips to her forehead. But suddenly the color faded from his cheek, and he exclaimed in a low startled tone, "Why came you here, Amy! Know you not that suspicion will fix upon you? that there is peril in visiting the cell of the condemned heretic?"

"No Walter, there is no danger; and if there was, think you, I would shrink from your side? They strove to keep your arrest from me; it was but this morning I heard of it; and then a cold stupor fell upon me; I was like one wandering in dark, bewildering dreams; but I thought of the stake, of the red flames that awaited you, and shook that fearful despondency from my soul, I rushed to those who condemned you; how my heart died within me, as I looked on each cold, dark face." I knelt in the very dust at their feet. I clasped my hands imploringly and with tears and moans, in anguish of spirit, I pleaded for your life—I sought to look upon their faces, I deemed that pity must beam from those hard eyes, but the hot tears blinded me, and I could not. Then a stern un pitying voice fell on my ear. 'Rise, Maiden! your words are vain. Life was offered the youth, but with proud words he rejected it; he refuses to recant; he hath braved the vengeance of the Church; his doom be on his own head.' I begged them but to let me visit your dark prison house. I said, could I see you, a little while, for one short hour, I would win you back to life; that you could not turn from the tears and entreaties of your poor Amy. 'Are you his sister, Maiden?' No, I said, but from my earliest remembrance, I have loved him as my own life. We are betrothed; and even now the pleasant cottage, where we thought to pass our days together, stands waiting to receive us. Quick meaning glances were exchanged. 'You may go, daughter, he said in a gentler tone; and

may our Holy Mother, herself aid you in luring back that erring one, to the bosom of the true church.' I was led to your cell."

The seeming mercy of those dark, wily men, was but a new snare for his soul. They knew the weakness of human nature, and thought that with that sweet face, those beseeching eyes and sad lips before him, the love of life would glow too strongly and intensely within his heart, to be subdued; that for the love of that bright maiden, he would renounce his faith.

For a moment, there was a fierce struggle within the prisoner, and his eye grew dim and clouded with tears; but he raised it heavenward, and prayed for strength to resist those wild tempting thoughts. Peace from on high, descended upon him, and the shadow passed from his soul.

"Walter," pleaded a low, sad voice by his side, "dear Walter, recant, and even yet, the Queen's pardon may be thine—a few brief words, and we shall again be blest and happy;" and twining her arm caressingly around him, she bent her bright eyes imploringly on his.

"Nay Amy," and every tone of that calm, unfaltering voice fell like a knell upon her hopes, "tempt me not thus; it cannot be; those words must not be spoken."

"Oh Walter!" she still pleaded, "think of the beautiful earth—think of life, so bright and blessed, so full of hope and happiness; would you pass from it, in the flush of youth, ere sorrow has cast one shadow on your heart, one line upon your brow?"

"The world is indeed fair and lovely, and the green haunts, and sunny spots where we played in childhood, Amy, how they rise in their beauty, before me!—But the hand of the persecutor is upon us. We may worship our Maker no longer as we would; they seek to quench the light of truth within our souls; to fetter our consciences, therefore would I go hence. There is a 'better country.' I have dwelt upon its glories till this earth, fair as it is, seemed but a wearisome abode. On its blessed shores, my soul will soon be at rest."

"But, oh! Walter!" and her lips grew pale with dread, "such a terrible death to think of; that form consuming slowly away amid the fiery blaze! that pure noble heart quivering in the 'curling flames!" and she clasped her hands tremblingly before her eyes, as if to shut out the fearful vision.

"I see but the bright land of which I spoke," he said in a soft, low voice, "Its sweet music seems floating around me—a star-gemmed crown is held towards me; and bright angelic hands are beckoning me onward—I must pass through the fire to receive it. The pangs of the hot withering flames will soon be passed; but that crown of gladness and rejoicing, will be mine forever."

There was a pause. A tumult reigned in Amy's soul.

"You love me not, Walter Pembroke," she exclaimed at last with bitter vehemence, you love me not; I have but deceived myself. A few brief words—a moment would suffice for their utterance, and mine would be the happiest heart that beats on the green earth—a few poor words and yet you withhold them."

"Not love you?" and she turned her flushed

face from his sad reproachful glance, "not love you? I saw you once on what was deemed a bed of death. I looked on your pale face and closed eyes; and willingly I would have laid down in the cold, dark grave, if, by so doing, you could have walked forth into the sunshine, with health again on your cheek. I would pour out my life blood for your sake, Amy Wentworth; but cast away the pure, bright faith, that has been my salvation—throw aside the unfading inheritance that is offered me, and renounce my hopes of Heaven—never! it is impossible."

The dark-browed jailor opened the door. The time had expired.

"Let us part in peace Amy; the hour will come, when you will rejoice, that I yielded not to your wishes. We shall meet again beloved, I feel assured; and then there will be no fear of parting."

There was a long, silent embrace; a mute clasping of hands; one last sad kiss, and Walter Pembroke was alone. Amy reached the prison door. She cast one glance on its dark frowning walls, and then sprang like lightning through the streets. Strange wondering looks were bent on the young, fair girl, who with her breath coming quick and panting, her eyes gleaming with unnatural brightness, her cheek crimsoned with excitement, and her fair hair hanging in neglected locks around her brow, speeded so wildly by; but she heeded them not, nor paused, till her home stood before her.

*To be continued.*

#### THE SILENT ACADEMY OR THE EMBLEMS.

There was at Amadan, a celebrated Academy, the first statute of which was contained in these terms. *'The Academicians think much, write little, and speak but as little as possible.'* They were called 'The Silent Academy,' and there was not a man of learning in all Persia but was ambitious of being admitted of their number.—Doctor Zeb, author of an excellent little work entitled 'The Gag,' understood in his distant province that there was a vacant place in the Silent Academy. He set out immediately, arrived at Amadan, and presenting himself at the door of the hall, where the members were assembled, he desired the door keeper to deliver to the President a billet to this import, *'Doctor Zeb humbly asks the vacant place.'* The door-keeper immediately acquitted himself of his commission, but alas! the doctor and his billet were too late, the place had been already filled.

The whole academy were affected at this *contretemps*; they had received a little before, as member, a court wit, whose eloquence, light and lively, was the admiration of the populace, and saw themselves obliged to refuse Doctor Zeb, who was the very scourge of chatterers, and with a head so well formed and furnished.

The president, whose place it was to announce to the doctor the disagreeable news, knew not what to resolve on. After having thought a little he filled a large cup with water, and that so very full, that one drop more would have made it spill over. Then he made the sign that they might introduce the candidate. He appeared with that modest and simple air which always accompanies true merit. The president rose, and without saying a word he pointed out to him with an afflicted air the emblematic cup, the cup

so exactly full. The doctor apprehended the meaning that there was no room for him in the academy; but taking courage, he thought to make them understand that an academician superfluous would derange nothing. Therefore, seeing at his feet, a rose leaf, he picked it up and laid it delicately on the surface of the water, and that so gently, that not a single drop escaped.

At this ingenious answer they were full of admiration, and in spite of rules, Doctor Zeb was admitted with acclamation.

They directly presented to him the register of the academy in which they inscribed their names on their admission, and the doctor having done so, nothing more remained than to thank them in a few words according to custom. But Doctor Zeb, as a truly silent academician, thanked them without saying a word. He wrote on the margin the number 100, which was the number of his new brethren, and then placing a cypher before the figure (0100) he wrote beneath *'Their worth is neither less nor more.'* The president answered the modest doctor with as much politeness as presence of mind: he put the figure 1 before the number 100 and wrote 1100 *'They are ten times what they were before.'*

#### LONGEVITY OF TOADS.

The toad is an animal that is disgusting to the sight, and is detested by nearly every one.—Yet, it is perfectly harmless, and is very useful in destroying bugs and worms that would otherwise do great damage.

It usually inhabits damp places on the surface of the ground, near old buildings or where there is vegetable matter decaying, as in wood-piles or chip-yards. It is seldom seen except at twilight, when it is quite bold and active in securing its food. It is from these circumstances, that we know but little of its age.

In a letter which J. Arscott Esq. of Zehott, in Devonshire, wrote to Dr. Milles, Dean of Exeter in 1768, we have an interesting account of the life and habits of a toad. Says Mr. Arscott, 'It would give me the greatest pleasure to inform you of all the particulars concerning the toad who lived so many years with us, and was so great a favorite. It had frequented the steps before the hall door some years before my acquaintance commenced with it, and had been admired by my father for its size (which was the largest I ever met with,) who constantly paid it a visit every evening. I knew it myself above thirty years, and, by constantly feeding it, brought it to be so tame, that it always came to the candle, and looked up, as if expecting to be taken and brought upon the table, where I always fed it with insects of all sorts. You may imagine that a toad generally detested, (although one of the most inoffensive of all animals, so much taken notice of and befriended, excited the curiosity of all comers to the house, who all desired to see it fed; so that even ladies so far conquered the horrors instilled into them by nurses, as to desire to see it.'

In a second letter, he says, 'I cannot say how long my father had been acquainted with the toad before I knew it; but when I was first acquainted with it, he used to mention it as the old toad I have known so many years, I can,

answer for *thirty-six years!* In respect to its end, had it not been for a tame raven, I make no doubt it would have been now living, which one day seeing it at the mouth of its hole, pulled it out, and though I rescued it, it had pulled out one eye, and hurt it so that, notwithstanding its living a twelve-month, it never enjoyed itself, and had a difficulty in taking its food, missing the mark, for want of its eye. Before that accident it had all the appearance of perfect health.'

Death is occasioned (unless by accident or premature disease) by a gradual hardening and desiccation of the soft parts of the animal. All animals have stated periods for their existence, and when that terminates, no art or medicine can retard the operation of Nature. From what we know of the toad, his habits, his situation, his size and his comparative inactivity, we must conclude it would take a long period to harden the soft parts of his body sufficiently to produce death. Therefore we may regard this animal as a long lived, interesting, harmless and very useful creature, instead of a disgusting, venomous reptile.

Middletown, Aug. 1843.

SALIS.

#### MARRIED.

In Springfield, August 12, by Rev. Mr. Wise, Mr. Joseph B. Cady, to Miss Caroline S. Day, both of this village.

#### DIED.

In this village, 8th inst. of quick consumption, Miss Maria L. Damon, aged 17.

In Belchertown, Sept. 5, George Strickland, only child of Asher A. and Frances E. S. Elwell, aged 14 months.

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