

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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POETRY.

[ORIGINAL.]

LOOK UPWARD.

Child of grief, look upward,
Joy is yet to come;
Wilt thou faint and falter,
When so near thy home?

Child of Heaven! bewailing?
What was thy thing,
Should make thee murmur,
And thy heart repine?

Child of hope! look upward;
See you stary host;
Thine it is to flourish,
When all these are lost.

Though weary and forsaken,
May be thy onward road,
Ne'er let one hope be shaken—
Look upward up to God.

IMA.

TALES.

ELEANOR MALLOWS.

"O who can fathom woman's love or tell
How deep it lies embedded in the heart's
Best core, forever flowing out on man."

THE morning sun broke brightly on the spires and roofs of one of the busy, thriving villages of New England. Artizans hurried through the streets with their implements of labor. The shrill whistle of the cow-boy rung upon the clear morning air. Chanticleer with brazen lungs, hailed the new-born day. The joyous laugh, the friendly greeting, the boyish exultation, mingled with the busy hum of active life. "Slow tolled the village clock" the morning hour. Two or three market wagons from the adjacent country came trundling into the village with a heavy, rumbling sound. A knot of politicians had already gathered at the village hotel. A hasty peal went forth from the belfry of a large cotton mill on the outskirts of the village, calling the operatives from their morning meal. In an instant, a long line of pale, care-worn

men, who seemed to shrink from the cool, invigorating air of the hour, a troop of dirty, ragged boys, covered with tags and shreds of cotton, and a crowd of females of all ages, with handkerchiefs and shawls hastily thrown over their heads, hurried along the beaten pathway and entered the mill. Soon the heavy wheels began to turn, the sound deepening at every revolution, until the confused hum of spindles and the discordant clang of looms filled the air, and the very earth seemed to tremble under the combined operation of those giant powers.

At this moment the bugle of the post-boy announced the approach of a mail stage from the neighboring city. A crowd of idlers immediately collected upon the portico of the public house. The village post-master, a little round, bustling man, swelling with the importance of his official duties, waddled along the street as fast as his duck-legs would permit, to receive and open the mail. The stage drove up with a flourishing crack of the whip, and while the horses stood smoking and steaming in the cool air, the driver jumped down from his box and opened the door. The stage contained but one passenger—a tall, graceful young lady, dressed in a fashionable riding habit. Her veil was drawn closely over her face, defying the prying curiosity of the idle crowd, not one of whom could get a glance at her features. She gave some directions respecting her baggage in a sweet but tremulous voice, and entered the hotel. The baggage of the fair traveler excited no little curiosity. It consisted of two large, black, leather trunks, elegantly finished, a mahogany dressing-case, a large package of books, and a beautiful rose-wood casket, richly inwrought with silver and ivory. The simple quidnuncs were sadly puzzled by this array—they could make nothing at all of it; and they hurried away to tell what a great lady had arrived at the "Cherry Tavern."

A relay of horses having been provided, the stage now rolled away as it came, with a flourishing crack of the whip. The young lady at the hotel called the chambermaid, and inquired the way to the village factory. She received the necessary instructions and left the house. As she passed up the street, her appearance attracted much attention—the tailor permitted his needle to rest a moment while he bent forward in his seat to admire her retiring form, the great goggle eyes of the grocer might have been seen

peering through his smoky panes; those who met her in the street turned their heads again and again to gaze upon her, long after she had passed. There was certainly something in the elegance of her form, the taste displayed in her dress, and the gracefulness of her whole manner that denoted a person accustomed to other society than that of a busy New England village.

She entered the factory counting-room. The agent, a dark, disagreeable looking man, was seated at the desk. She curtsied. He raised his pen, and with an inquiring look gazed hard in her face.

"Have you any employment for a female, sir?" inquired she, in a low voice.

The agent commenced writing. After a short pause, (long one it seemed to the young lady,) he again raised his pen.

"Yes, perhaps so; what can you do?"

"I don't know, sir; I think I might learn to do anything that others do."

"We have a vacancy in the weaving-room—will you take that?"

"If you please, sir; what pay shall I receive?"

The Agent told her. She smiled at the smallness of the sum, but said nothing. All the necessary arrangements were made, and she engaged to enter upon her labors the following morning.

Great was the excitement in tenement No. 10, occupied by Mrs. McMorris, and indeed, throughout all the tenements in "Corporation block," on the arrival of the stylish young lady who had come to board at the aforesaid number, and to work in the "Baltimore mill." No one could imagine who she could be, or what could have induced a person, apparently so "well off," to work in a factory.

Mrs. McMorris was a good, kind-hearted talkative lady, a great gossip, very honest and very simple. After looking over the young lady's baggage, and asking all the questions she dared to, she gave it as her opinion that her mysterious boarder was some dear, well-born woman, who had been ruined, and had left her home with a broken heart; and this opinion passed for truth throughout the village.

The young lady gave her name to the landlady and overseer as ELEANOR MALLOWS.

"It was a sweet name," said Mrs. McMorris, "and she was a sweet young lady, and she should have good treatment while she stayed a

her house, that she should ; for," continued she, holding back her head, and swelling with pride at the thought, "the McMorrises were once as rich and as well *educated* as any family in the and, and I'm sure I shan't disgrace my *posterity*."

So Eleanor was provided with a room and bed for her own private use, which was a great favor ; for Mrs. McMorris had eight other female boarders—coarse, vulgar girls, devoid of refinement or modesty—who lodged together in two small chambers, four in each.

Eleanor's personal appearance was a subject of much remark in the little community at the "Baltimore mill" for a long time. Her dress, of an appropriate color and figure, fitted closely to her finely-moulded form, her slippers were always black and shining, her rich, dark hair was plaited in modest folds upon her forehead, and every thing she wore was arranged with such good taste that she could not fail to attract attention when all around her were dressed in such a coarse, gaudy or slovenly manner. In passing to and from the mill, she wore a neat cottage bonnet and veil, and a comfortable shawl or cloak.

With her labor in the factory she succeeded very well. At first, the incessant jar and noise of the machinery, and the stifled air of the room, made her feel faint and confused ; and it was not until after repeated trials that she could apply the power to the looms that sends the shuttle darting backward and forward through the web, without an emotion of fear. But to all this she soon became accustomed ; and in a few weeks, by diligence and application, she was able to produce as many yards of cloth per day as many of the oldest weavers.

Time passed on ; Eleanor held little intercourse with her associates, and even Mrs. McMorris and their boarders with all their prying curiosity, were unable to learn anything concerning her connection or her previous history. She would, indeed, talk with them in a lively manner, and they were astonished by the extent and variety of her information, the correctness of her language, the wit and brilliancy of her conversation. They believed, from some expressions which she dropped on different occasions, that she was an orphan child, that she had been educated in a superior manner, that she had been suddenly bereft of the means of support, which had formerly been liberal, and had left her friends with a determination of maintaining herself. In this belief they were nearly right.

The cool days of spring gave place to the warm and sultry days of summer. The stifled air of the mill became more and more oppressive, and the longer Eleanor pursued her disagreeable occupation, the more she longed to return again to the bosom of that intelligent society she had once enjoyed. She felt that her education though good, was really very imperfect, and that the time for improvement was rapidly passing away.

During the long bright days of summer, Eleanor would sit for hours and hours at the open window near her looms, and while the refreshing breeze fanned her heated brow, she watched the children as they skipped along the pathway

on their way to school, and the merry birds, as they flew from tree to tree and darted through the air, and with many a sigh wished herself as young and as free they. Then turning to her work, with eyes dimmed with moisture, she pursued her toil with a heavy heart. The prisoner in a dungeon, never noted the days of his captivity upon the door of his cell, or counted the heavy hours with deeper feelings of sadness than did she. She felt that this could not be her home—but, O, when would a change come ?

About this time the son of the factory agent, his only child, returned from an academy, where he had been fitting for business, and took the situation of clerk in his father's counting-room. Harry Ford was a fine, hale young man, of full, round, manly form, with a fair complexion and rich, dark, luxuriant hair. He was said to be witty, generous, affectionate, and full of life and spirits. He was immediately the admiration of the whole neighborhood.

"La !" exclaimed Mrs. McMorris, "how our Harry has improved ! Why, I have known the little rogue ever since he was a day old. Many's the time I've had him in my lap, and filled his pockets with plums and ginger-cake. My stars ! he's grown almost out of a body's knowledge. What a nice young man he is, to be sure !"

A few years' residence at a distant academy, at that period of life when the most important changes are going on in the system, together with the example of fashionable society and the labors of a skillful tailor, had undoubtedly worked a great change in the young man since Mrs. McMorris had seen him ; and he was in truth, as she declared, "a very nice young man."

On the first day after his arrival, Harry paid a visit to Mrs. McMorris, and all the other good dames in the neighborhood whom he had known in former years. All were delighted with him, and for a week, Harry Ford's name was on every tongue. The girls were most happy to receive a nod and a smile from him, and even the little children held up their heads and looked smart to obtain a kind word from young Harry.

Not many days after his return, Harry met the "lady Eleanor," as our heroine was styled, at Mrs. McMorris', and was struck with the noble beauty of her person, and her graceful, lady-like manner. Every tenement in "Corporation block" kept open doors for young Harry ; indeed, he was a welcome visitor to every family within two miles of the mill, and often did he call upon his friends in the evening to chat with the girls and while away the evening hours.

But at Mrs. McMorris' tenement his visits were most frequent and protracted ; nor was it difficult to divine the cause of this preference. He soon became acquainted with the beautiful stranger who boarded there, and by degrees gained her confidence and became quite intimate with her. He was surprised at the intelligence exhibited in her conversation, the vigor of her mind and the polish of her manner. But his utmost endeavors could not induce her to disclose a word respecting her private history.

Harry was not a base young man, but his mind was full of the prevalent sentiments of the day. He was wild and thoughtless, and con-

sidered a little gallantry not only harmless but honorable and praiseworthy. To be successful with the ladies—to be the idol of many hearts—was in his mind a mark of distinction.

His visits at Mrs. McMorris's were now more frequent than ever, and he was much alone with Eleanor. He talked sentiment with her, flattered her with marked attentions and compliments, and gave her many little presents of books and poetry. Finding her ambitious and displeased with her situation, he filled her mind with high hopes and talked much of the future.

Amidst the din, dust and ignorance with which she was surrounded, and which she loathed from her inmost soul, Eleanor found no other companion of similar feelings and sympathies to whom she could unbosom her soul, and her existence soon became bound up in that of her young admirer.

Harry certainly felt much regard for Eleanor ; he honored her for her purity of heart, her intelligence and her noble mind. But he felt that his love for a nameless "factory girl," without family or fortune, would not meet his father's approbation. Johnathan Ford, Esq., the wealthy agent and chief owner of the Baltimore mill, would expect his son to marry better.

Still Harry loved the intelligent society of the "lady Eleanor," and found much happiness in sweet intercourse with the lovely stranger. In moments of enthusiasm, when the beautiful girl was pensive or sad, he promised to be kind to her, to assist in educating her—and she thought perhaps he would marry her. Before she was conscious of it she loved. Her attachment awakened Harry's affection, and at times he would manifest the most devoted feeling.

The girls who boarded with her, and others in the mill, had long noticed the friendship between the young clerk and the mysterious lady, and they became jealous and envious of her. They declared that she was a proud, sentimental girl, no better than other folks ; all her learning was obtained from poetry in the newspapers, and as for her dresses and trinkets they were probably stolen.

Eleanor, as we have stated, never mingled very freely with the operatives at the mill, or with the girls at the boarding house, and she now became entirely estranged from them, and lived a lone, thoughtful being, sad and happy by turns, hardly thinking of anything but Harry. She was often completely abstracted from her present employments—lost, as it were, in a deep reverie. Her work often went wrong—the shuttles continued to run long after the yarn was exhausted—the looms got out of order, and the overseer often reprimanded her, in the rudest manner, for these repeated instances of neglect. She bore these rebukes, so severe to her sensitive mind, without complaint ; but she longed to break away from this restraint, and flattered herself that the time was not far distant when Harry would relieve her from this sad condition.

One bright, beautiful, moonlight evening, Harry by accident met Eleanor in a grove a short distance from the boarding house, where they had often walked. It was a mild, balmy evening, exceedingly favorable for a ramble. Eleanor greeted her friend with a smile, but it was evident, from her melancholy, pensive air,

that she had been in tears. Harry taking her hand within his own, begged her to tell him the cause of her sorrows. He spoke so kindly she could not refuse, and as they walked on she explained the noble, irrepressible ambition of her mind—her desire to break away from her present employment and associates; to improve the faculties of her mind, and to move in that society to which she had formerly been accustomed. She mentioned that she had neglected her work, and had been chastised by her overseer, a man whom she despised. They sat down and talked long and ardently of these things. Harry entered with much earnestness into the subject; and as Eleanor looked up to him so innocently, so confidently, in the soft moonlight, he gazed upon her beautiful features, and in a moment of rapture declared that he loved her, and would be eternally devoted to her interests.

Eleanor had long expected, long wished for this hour; but when the important declaration was made, she was quite overpowered with emotion. Long did they tarry beneath those stately trees, and gaze with rapture on the moon-lighted landscape outspread before them. The gentle breeze stirring the leaves above their heads, mingled with the hum of the distant water-fall, seemed the uniting of kindred spirits in Paradise. Harry accompanied Eleanor to the door of the boarding house, and wended his way home, framing many plans for an immediate union with his beloved Eleanor.

A week passed away, and Harry Ford was not seen at Mrs. McMorris'. Eleanor learned that he was absent on business, and she was cheerful. She was cheerful, and attended closer than ever to her work at the mill. She believed that Harry would deal honorably with her,—that he would acknowledge his love to the world, and make her all his own. Fancy was busy in her mind, with her tiny pencil, filling futurity with ideal scenes, rainbow tints, and castles of air, and she was happy.

Harry returned and visited her. That was a joyous meeting to Eleanor. She could not doubt that Harry loved her ardently, but still she feared his friends would never consent to their union, for she well knew the pride of wealth, and the influence of those who possessed it.

Time rolled on: Eleanor's mind was entirely engrossed by future prospects. She had frequent interviews with Harry, but nothing further transpired for some months. The overseer of Eleanor's room had often admired the fair weaver, and now began to manifest great partiality for her. But she treated all his advances with scorn and contempt. Offended by her rudeness, he determined on revenge. Observing that she neglected her work, he entered a complaint against her, and obtained an order for her discharge.

This was a severe shock to Eleanor. She sought Harry, and asked him to assist her, which he gladly promised to do.

The reader may have begun to conclude that Harry was endeavoring to deceive her, but it was not so. He loved her truly, and had asked his father's consent to their union, which he had positively denied, and told him never to see her again, on pain of being disinherited. This Harry dare not tell Eleanor, fearing it might make

her miserable, for well he knew how much she loved him, and what effect such tidings would have on her sensitive mind. He therefore was determined to supply all her wants, until perhaps something might take place which would favor their union.

Accordingly Harry obtained a situation for her in a respectable family in a distant village, and conveyed her thither, unknown to any of his friends. At parting, he gave her a purse filled with gold, spoke a few words in private with the mistress of the house, and then bidding Eleanor good night, sprung into his carriage, and drove off at a rapid rate. Eleanor went to the door. As the sound of the wheels died away in the distance, her heart sunk within her, and with a sigh she retired into the cottage, and burst into tears. The good lady endeavored to comfort her, but it was of no avail. She refused all sympathy; requested to be shown to her chamber, and there sought relief in sleep.

The next morning Eleanor rose quite early, arranged her dress with great care, and walked out just as the sun was peeping over the horizon. The cottage was very pleasantly situated. The front was covered with wall flowers and honeysuckles, and rows of shrubs and flowers adorned the pathway. On one side was a neat garden, apparently cultivated with much care, on the other an orchard of fruit trees, and beyond, a pleasant grove of pines.

Days and weeks passed, and still Harry did not return to visit her. She watched every carriage, listened to every sound, and ran to the window twenty times in a day, with the hope that her eye would meet his well-known figure. But she was destined to be disappointed. Could he forget her? She feared to ask herself the question. She inquired of her friends at the cottage when Henry would probably return. They could not tell. At length she began to suspect he might be unfaithful. Still she waited weeks and weeks, trembling with doubt. But he came not—and finally, her confidence in his sincerity being exhausted, she gave herself up to despair.

We will not attempt to describe the feelings of that poor girl, in the extremity of her distress. Suffice it to say that the intensity of her mental suffering threw her into a violent fever. For hours, and even days, her life seemed to hang by a single thread; and several times her attendants imagined that she had actually departed for the land of spirits. But she recovered. By slow and imperceptible degrees, she was raised from her feeble state to perfect health. By much exercise in the open air, walking and riding, she regained her full strength and vigor. The rose again returned to her cheek, and elasticity to her step.

She now became very earnest in her inquiries respecting Harry. At first her attendants would tell her nothing concerning him; but she finally learned that he had gone to New Orleans to engage in business, and would probably remain there a long period.

She was still a woman, and felt all the force of a woman's love. The flame that had been enkindled in her bosom, though quenched for a time by ingratitude and distress, now burned brighter than before. She felt all the enthusiasm of first, of early love; and, overlooking all the hazards of the journey, determined to follow

her lover—still dear to her heart—to seek him out in that far off southern city—believing that he would marry her if it were not for the pride of his friends. She therefore disposed of all her effects, and taking a sum of money sufficient for her purposes, in opposition to the wishes and remonstrances of her friends, started on the journey.

She arrived at New Orleans without accident or delay, and immediately commenced her work. She visited all the principal stores and warehouses, under various pretences, and passed two or three times a day through the principal streets, but could find nothing of the object of her search. She began to think she had indeed come upon a hopeless errand, and seriously contemplated returning to New England; when one evening, just at dusk, as she was seated at the widow of her boarding house, she saw a person hurrying up the street—his wild manner attracted her attention—as he passed the window he raised his hat—she caught a glimpse of his countenance—it was Harry Ford.

Quick as thought she threw on her cloak and bonnet, ran down stairs, darted across the entry, and hurried along the street. She followed the person a long distance, through several streets and alleys, into a dark lane, but feared to speak to him lest she might have been mistaken. He entered a gaming house. She paused a moment, and then followed. The door opened into a long, dark entry, with glass windows upon one side, looking into the gaming room. With trembling steps Eleanor hurried to the further end of the entry, some distance from the entrance to the gaming room, and looked through the glass windows where they were unobscured by curtains. She was so feeble, from fear and excitement, that she could hardly stand without supporting herself by the wall. Her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, parched and hard; and large drops of perspiration stood upon her aching brow.

The gaming room was full of men. A party was made up for a game at cards, and they came and sat down at a table opposite where Eleanor stood. She looked earnestly at their countenances—there was one she knew—yes, it was Harry Ford! She heard his voice—she saw, she heard no more!

How long she remained in a state of insensibility she knew not, but when she recovered, she hurried to the street-door and looked out. The city was still, and the night-lamps burned dim in their sockets. She felt stiff and cold. It was evidently a late hour.

She returned to her post in the entry. The gamblers were still engaged at their absorbing game, and her Harry (O, how altered since she first knew him!) was then flushed by drink, and harrassed by repeated losses. His opponent was cool and skillful. Risk after risk was lost. Harry bent over the table with fearful earnestness, and at length cursing his bad luck, started up, swore he would play no longer, and rushed from the apartment. Eleanor followed him.

"Harry!" exclaimed she.

"What voice was that?" he cried, turning hastily around.

"'Tis Eleanor's!"

"Eleanor Mallows! good Heavens! what brought you here?"

Eleanor could not answer.

"This way!" said Harry, catching her by the arm; "I must know more of this!" and hurrying up the street a short distance, they entered a hotel and sought a private apartment.

As soon as the door was closed, Harry spoke.

"My dear, injured Eleanor!" exclaimed he, "tell me, how came you here?"

Eleanor sunk into a chair, and as soon as she could find words, related all that had passed since he left her at the cottage.

"Oh! Eleanor!" exclaimed Harry, with a deep groan, covering his face with his hands; "what a wretch I am!"

"And how do you succeed here?" said Eleanor.

"Succeed!" exclaimed Harry, bitterly, "succeed! that word is banished from my history. The conduct of my father towards us, Eleanor, drove me to despair. In an evil hour I took a large sum of money from his desk, embarked for this city, and stung with remorse of conscience, plunged at once into dissipation. Being reduced in circumstances, I resorted to gambling for support. At first I was successful, but for several months past, the tide of fortune appears to have turned against me. I am now a ruined, desperate man. I shall embark in the first hazardous enterprise that offers, and endeavor to throw away my life."

"Harry! my dear Harry!" exclaimed Eleanor, throwing herself at his feet, "do not be so rash! I still love you, and I have come this long journey to seek you out. Do not be so rash. Let us be united in marriage, and we may yet become respectable and happy. Your father would then consent to receive you, and all would be well. Harry, for my sake, remember your solemn promises!"

During this appeal, Harry sat with his face buried in his hands, groaning in the agony of his spirit.

"Eleanor!" said he, solemnly, "Eleanor, I am a wretch—a miserable wretch—a villain! Would you link your destiny with a villain?"

Eleanor grew frantic at the thought of separation.

"There!" exclaimed Harry, springing from his seat, and pulling forth a purse, "there, Eleanor, is the sum total of my worldly possessions,—the reward of my infamy! Take it—leave this city of abominations—be happy if you can—and forget that ever such a being existed as Harry Ford!"

With these words, he threw the purse at her feet, tore himself from her embrace, and left the apartment.

Eleanor fell insensible upon the floor. When she recovered from her swoon and found herself alone, a feeling of utter desolation came over her which it is impossible to describe. It seemed as if her heart would break with the overwhelming agony of her grief. Where was she? Should she ever see her dear Harry again? dear, even with all his faults. A flood of tears brought partial relief. A sofa stood near, and wearied and exhausted by the scenes through which she had passed, she threw herself upon it, and was soon in deep repose.

At a late hour in the morning she awoke, and sitting upon the sofa, thought over the events of the past night. It seemed to her all a dream,

and yet she was sensible that it was a fearful reality. Her eyes were now opened upon her real situation, and she became, as it were, a new creature. She resolved to throw off the fatal delusion under which she had so long been laboring. She felt that she loved Harry Ford—but it was a dangerous love. She felt convinced that her hopes of happiness with him were all destroyed, and she resolved to follow his advice, and return to New England. She shuddered when she thought of the dangers she had passed, and determined to be more careful in future. On counting the contents of Harry's purse, she found the sum sufficient for all her wants.

While occupied with these thoughts, Harry himself burst into the apartment, and with much animation seized her hand, and exclaimed—"Eleanor! dear Eleanor! I shall not leave you!"

Eleanor was too much astonished to speak.

"Returning to my chamber this morning," continued Harry, "I found this letter upon my table. It informs me that my respected father is dead, and that he has left me his whole property, upon condition that I shall within one year return to New England, and give evidence of a thorough reform. I am determined to merit the bequest. And now, Eleanor, if you can forgive the past, and will return with me to the land of my childhood, I engage to fulfill all my promises, and become forever your devoted servant."

"Harry!" replied Eleanor, "I have long been entirely yours, and I shall certainly be most happy to comply."

The whole business was soon settled. Harry was enabled to save something from the wreck of his effects, which, together with the small sum possessed by Eleanor, and the contents of his purse, formed a sum quite sufficient to meet all the expenses of the homeward journey.

They were immediately united in that holy tie which binds "till death shall part," and Harry despatched a letter to the executor of his father's estate, announcing this fact, and stating that they should return to New England as soon as possible.

The journey along the Atlantic coast, especially from Norfolk, Va. to the city of New York is very agreeable. Eleanor enjoyed it exceedingly, and soon recovered her usual health and spirits. Harry brushed the dark wrinkles from his brow, and appeared once more a man.

In returning to his native village, after the events we have related, unpleasant thoughts often crossed his mind, and he felt somewhat ashamed to meet his former friends and associates, but he consoled himself with the reflection, that his future conduct might make amends in their eyes for the errors of the past.

Mrs. McMorris was delighted to hear that Harry and Eleanor were to return, and above all, that they were married.

"She had always told the girls," she said, "that Harry was a nice young man; a little wild, or so, perhaps—but a very nice young man at heart; and as for the poor lady Eleanor, she was a dear young woman, that she was."

Harry's first act on his arrival in his native village, was to pay his respects to his father's remains. He visited the tomb, and ordered an elegant stone, richly carved, to be erected to the

memory of his departed parent. He was soon placed in possession of all his father's property, and was also appointed by the stockholders agent of the factory. Eleanor sought out her nearest relatives, and informed them of her situation. Harry built a large and beautiful house in the grove mentioned in the early part of the story; and the operatives and tenants at the Baltimore mill enjoyed a long season of prosperity and happiness under the mild government and kind attentions of HARRY FORD and "the LADY ELEANOR."

[Original.]

"I asked my harp at my return at eve, if it had not seen the beautiful hussar; and it kept on murmuring its same airy tones."

My harp that will play with the zephyr,
When day light is down o'er the hill,
Say, hast thou not seen in my bower,
While absent, my gentle Flaville?

And, O say, has not a foot rustled
These fallen leaves, scattered around?
And is there no fond word here nestled,
Where oft I so many have found?

A sennight has fled since he told me,
To-morrow I go to the war;
And in his fond arms did infold me,
The youthful and gallant hussar.

The ring that I gave him should never,
He said, be torn from his hand;
With thoughts in his heart of the giver,
Would he lead on his brave, fearless band.

Ere this, was the day of his coming;
The battle is over and still,
Alas! for perhaps he has fallen,
The young and the gallant Flaville.

My harp! go thou on with thy murmur,
Breathe over thy mild, sweetest strain,
For one who has oft listened to thee,
Yet never may listen again.

NYPH OF THE MILLS.

Cabotville, 1843.

THE SAILOR'S HARDSHIPS.

A good one is told by an English paper, of an old lady who had received a letter from her son, a sailor on board a merchantman, which ran thus:

"Have been driven into the Bay of Fundy by a pampoosa right in the teeth. It blowed great guns, and we carried away the bowsprit; a heavy sea washed overboard the binnacle and companion; the captain lost his quadrant, and couldn't take an observation for fifteen days; at last we arrived safe at Halifax."

The old woman, who could not read herself, got a neighbor to repeat it to her three or four times, until she thought she had got it by heart; she then sallied out to tell the story.

"Oh, my poor son!"

"Why, what's the matter, mother—I hope no mischief?"

"O, thank the Lord he's safe—but he has been driven into the Bay of Firmament by a bamboozle right in his teeth—it blowed great guns, and they carried away the pulpit—a heavy sea washed overboard the pinnacle of the tabernacle—the captain lost his conjuration, and couldn't get any salvation for fifteen days—at last they arrived at Hallelujah."

"La, bless! what a wonder they wasn't beat to atoms. Well, I wouldn't be a sailor."

OLIVE LEAF.

CABOTVILLE, SEPT. 2, 1843.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS:—You doubtless have thought often of the fact, that you have but one youth to spend and one life of improvement to live; that when these are fled, your state will be forever fixed. You are now seeking with the great mass, to be happy—you know this is the goal to which all bend their steps—the aim of all, from the peasant to the king. Many are the means, ways and plans taken to secure happiness; none ever thought of, have been left untried. Many take the wrong road, and but few, comparatively, arrive at a period in their lives, where they can say, they have found the all-engrossing object of their search. It is true, that perfect happiness cannot be found on the earth; yet there is a happiness which all may possess, kindred to that lost by the fall of man. A few words are sufficient to inform you how this end of all desire may be obtained. The discharge of your duty to your Creator and to your fellow man will render you happy; and let me tell you, nothing else will. You may search the world over, and possess its richest treasures, but without a strict regard to both of these objects, you will be unhappy. Peace of mind is the immediate source of happiness; a consciousness of having done right; and the assurance of having done right cannot arise in our breasts but by a conviction of duty performed.

One important duty, and I might almost say, the one that embraces in itself all others, is the improvement of the time which your Maker has given you to prepare for another state of existence when this life ceases. A retrospect of a life misimproved, pierces the soul with the deepest sorrow, and pains the spirit forever. A mis-spent hour eternity cannot redeem, nor can your great Creator give it back to you. It is gone! and you have lost it!

Block, my young friends, might be said to persuade you to improve your time to advantage. Indeed, the subject is without a limit. This only will we now say, *Wait, and you have lost it.* Youth is the season for improvement; once passed, it never can return. Remember, can you forget it? forget your own good? which will it be if you neglect to improve your greatest treasure—time.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The 'Sister's Grave' is crowded out by the multiplicity of other matter. Also 'Sun-set after a Shower,' and the communication of 'Mary Jane.' They will appear in our next.

Rosaltha's was too late for insertion this week. Flo-ry's also.

We have received many communications that were obscurely written, inasmuch that we could not decipher what it was intended many of the words should mean. We expect those correspondents will find some deviations from the original. We would ask them to take a little more pains to have their communications intelligible; if they will do this, they will save us much time and trouble. We always have to omit or supply, when we cannot read the original.

[Written for the Olive Leaf.]

THE DIAMOND RING,

OR THE LAST TOKEN.

From a Traveler's Portfolio.

BY MISS J. ALLEN.

CHAPTER I.

"Mementos are frail things,
I know it—yet I love them."

We were now near the end of our passage. A few days more, and our ship would reach America.

The night being very warm, I had hung my hammock upon deck. The clock had struck the hour of midnight, but still I lay awake thinking of friends and home, which, after an absence of two years, I was once more to see. I had just sunk into a pleasant reverie, when I was aroused

by these words, uttered by a deep-toned, solemn voice, "Yes, we shall meet again." Raising myself upon my elbow, I pushed aside the sail cloth and looked around. The moon and stars were shining with uncommon brilliancy; not a breath of wind stirred the calm surface of the deep, and we lay as motionless as—

"A painted ship upon a painted ocean."

In full view before me, stood Captain May, leaning against the ship's railing, and gazing with reverential fondness upon a ring, on one of his fingers which I had often before noticed was of unusual richness and beauty. As he gazed, a tear stole down his weather-beaten face; but hastily brushing it away, as if ashamed of his own weakness, he passed hurriedly down into the cabin.

Can this be, thought I, the stern Capt. May—who in the fearful tempest of the preceeding night, when even the hardy sailors turned pale in fear of the death which threatened them, had stood so calm and unmoved?

My curiosity, which before had been excited, was now almost insupportable. He could not, thought I, be much over thirty, and yet, his brow wears upon it a deep and settled melancholy. His large piercing gray eye, which marked the superiority of intellect, together with the air of firmness, which his slightly compressed lips indicated, seemed greatly at variance with his fair and almost girlish form.

During the remainder of the voyage I watched him narrowly, but nothing more occurred either to satisfy, or excite my curiosity, and though it was long before I heard the following story, often would rise up before me that calm moonlight night, the broad ocean, the still vessel, and the startling tone of its commander's voice, as he exclaimed, "Yes, we shall meet again."

"Frank, Frank," said Mary Gray, a gay, light-hearted girl of some fifteen summers, as she came bounding into her father's garden, after a walk at sunrise, her loosened curls flying in all directions, while her cheek glowed with health and exercise, "Frank, come throw down your book, and before the sun is up any higher, help me set out this laurel bush."

The person addressed was a youth of slender form who sat beneath a large elm, with a closed book in his hand, and his eyes downcast as if pondering over in his mind some favorite theme.

"And see," she continued, without waiting a reply, holding up a basket laden with wild flowers and evergreens. "I have been down into the glen—such a delightful walk!—while you have spent the whole of this beautiful morning over your stupid books; and they make you so dull and unhappy."

"Unhappy? yes it may be that I am unhappy," said the student sadly, "But, Mary, like you I have no kind father to watch over me; no indulgent friends to love me," and he added, while there was a slight tremor in his voice, "not one in the wide world to care for me."

"How can you say so?" said Mary, and she came and placed her small hand confidently in his, "How can you say so? Are not my friends your friends? and does not my father love you as a son? and," said she reprovingly, while the tears stood in her full blue eyes, "have not I always loved you as—as a brother."

"Forgive me, Mary" said he, "I did not mean

to hurt your feelings; I spoke but from the impulse of the moment. I know that your father has been kind to me, very kind, and treated me like a son, and you have been to me like a dear sister; but it cannot be to me like home," and his voice assumed its former sad tone. "I have no parents, no relations that care for me, and I am alone. Oh how dark seems my destiny! but," continued he, and there was a firmness in his looks while his pale cheek glowed, "I will not talk so. Henceforth I will study, I will excel, I will direct all my energies to some point; I will climb the hill to fame, however steep and thorny shall be the way," and his voice softened while he added, "then I shall be more worthy of your father's esteem and your love."

Thus spoke Frank May a year before he left college. His father, an American sea captain, had been drowned two years before, together with his whole crew, on a homeward bound voyage around the Cape, and his mother unable to sustain the shock, did not long survive him.

Frank, who was naturally of a relying disposition, at the age of sixteen was thus suddenly bereft of parents, whom he dearly loved. He was placed under the guardianship of Capt. Gray, a brother officer of his father's, and a near and dear friend. He was an ardent tempered, romantic youth, and his lively imagination painted every thing in bright colors, and it was not to be wondered at that when stern disappointment came that he turned away sick and dispirited. And yet, then there was not a youth of loftier genius in the whole college, and as such, he was exposed to the envy, as well as the admiration of the collegians. He had chosen the study of law as his future profession and with his fine but simple flow of language, and his touching eloquence, he bid fair to shine in the path he had chosen.

One there was who soothed his wounded feelings when disappointment, which all must experience, threw their shadows across his path, who cheered him on in his duty, and enlivened his gayer moments with songs or amusing conversation. This was Mary Gray, the bright laughing daughter of his guardian. Some called her light and trifling, and said, that like a hot-house plant, she could bloom only amid smiles and sunshine. But you can no more tell the intensity of feelings, hid beneath such an exterior, than you can the depth of a stream by its calm silent surface. * * * * *

We will now introduce our readers into a well furnished room in one of the busiest streets of C—, and by its long rows of well-filled bookshelves, its green baize-covered desk, and the huge calf-bound volumes which surmount the table, you can easily tell that it is the office of some flourishing lawyer. And the occupier—who would have thought that this, the most distinguished lawyer in C—, that high minded independent man, was the shy sensitive student four years before.

Frank May, for it was him, was now fully established in his profession, with already a brilliant reputation. For once his hopes were likely to be realized, and he was fast gaining honor, friends, and wealth. But now his brow was clouded. Open before him lay a letter from a client, wishing him to take charge of a difficult case, and which to insure success, it was rendered necessary that he should start immediately

for Europe. Should he go and leave all? If he succeeded and gained the case, it would bring him fame and riches. If he remained at home, with his scanty evidence, he would in all probability lose it, and thereby injure his heretofore successful practice.

It was nearly sunset when he rang the bell at the door of Capt. Gray's mansion. Mary herself opened it. If time had changed him, how much more had it her! and how greatly it had improved her! That gay laughing careless girl was now a mild thoughtful woman. Her waving auburn hair, that would "burst its confinement," and hang so gracefully about her neck and shoulders, was now braided back smooth and glossy.

"Mary" said Frank, after a few moments of awkward silence, had passed, "I come to bid you good bye; to-morrow I sail for Europe."

"You!" she exclaimed, hardly knowing what she said in her surprise, while the crimson flood rushed to her face and then retreated as suddenly. "How long shall you remain?" at length she asked, striving to regain some of her former composure, though her heart still seemed to beat audibly. "Only one short year," answered he, though he knew that away from her it would be a long weary one.

"Oh Frank, a year: a whole year!" was all she could say.

"Yes, Mary," said he, "though it is hard for me, very hard, to part with my only true friend, I feel that it is my duty, as well as for my interest, that I should go;" "and," said he, cheerfully, "one year will soon pass away and then if I succeed in my undertaking, I shall be able to return and claim my future bride. And Mary, I need not ask you to remain faithful to me, for I know that you are all my own."

"And what does my father say? does he not know of your going?"

"Yes, he advised it," said Frank, "and he bid God speed me."

"Then," said Mary, taking from her finger a diamond ring and placing it upon his, "keep this for my sake, and may it be a talisman to protect you from harm. But if evil should befall you, look at it, and know that you have still a true friend, who will never forsake you. And when you are on the broad ocean, or in a distant land, think of me. Night and day I will pray that you may prosper and return to me, and God grant that my prayer may be answered."

Her emotion overcome her, and she sat down and covered her face with her handkerchief.

"I will" said Frank, "I will keep it as a sacred token of your love, and never shall it be removed from this hand till we meet again. And now," added he cheerfully, "you shall hear from me as often as circumstances will permit, and it will be but a year, and then I shall be with you again. But now we must part—I cannot stay longer for my affairs must be all arranged in time for —" here his assumed cheerfulness gave way, and he turned and looked out of the window, while the tears which he had long been striving to repress started from his eyes; while the thought of leaving her, who had always been to him as a guardian angel, pressed heavily upon his heart. Mary rose and came to his side, and neither spoke for several moments. At last she said affectionately, "Frank we must not mur-

mur; whatever shall happen, we know that in the end it will be for the best. We must bow to the will of Heaven. I trust that we shall meet again, and may God ever protect and bless you."

Thus they parted. She watched until he turned the corner of the street, and then went to her chamber and wept long and bitterly.

And Frank—he felt as if he had parted forever with his best friend. Many times that sleepless night, as he walked his chamber, was he half determined to unpack his trunks and remain, and as often would he think how foolish and unmanly it was for him to act so, when he was only to be gone a year—just one year. At three in the morning he took the stage for C — harbor, and arrived just in time for the departure of the ship.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh Death! and must I plead in vain?
Will nought with thee avail,
To lengthen out life's rosy chain,
So fair, and yet so frail?"

It was the same day of the month and hour, just one year after, that the door of Mary's apartment was opened, and her father came softly in.

The room was dark, very dark. He pushed back the blinds and the rays of the setting sun burst in with all their golden splendor and fell obliquely upon a *bier*, the long dismal covering of which swept the floor. Capt. Gray approached and turned the cloth carefully down, then stood with folded arms and gazed long and silently upon the pale, heavenly countenance of his daughter. He stirred not; he scarcely breathed. Once, indeed, he started wildly, and pressed his hand to his brow as if to assure himself of the dreadful reality. Yes, there lay Mary! She returned not now that once fond gaze; those bright laughing eyes were closed forever. He came nearer and put back from that smooth marble brow the long silky curls which the gentle evening breeze that came refreshingly into that silent chamber had lifted. He bent fondly over and impressed one long fervent kiss upon those once rosy lips, and then replacing the dark pall, he turned and left the apartment. His heart was full. Could it be that Mary, his beautiful idolized daughter was dead! She with whom he had hoped to spend his last days?

He had lost a wife when all the world seemed bright and beautiful; then he thought that his cup of bitterness was full, but now in his old age, when his last comfort and solace was taken from him, he learned how much "the human heart can bear."

At the same time Frank May, buoyant with hope, and the prospect of happiness, was preparing to return home. So far, he had been more successful than he had dared to hope. He had gained information, and collected evidence, which rendered the case of his client perfectly clear, and in his favor. His success was sure; and besides, he had just received, (though dated some months back) a letter from Mary, informing him of her health and faithfulness. He sat up, till long past midnight, anticipating, and laying a thousand delightful plans for the future. When at last he slept, all the scenes of their last meeting passed over again, in his fancy, and he thought that her voice was more than usually sad,

as she repeated, "We must not murmur—we must bow to the will of Heaven." He started and awoke, and so clear and real did it all seem, that he could scarcely realize that it was but a dream. He slept once more, and he fancied that she appeared to him again. Oh how surpassing lovely she looked! He rose to embrace her, but was held back as if by some invisible spirit. She seemed happy but smiled sadly as she said, "Do not grieve," then she, waving her hand, and pointing upward, added, "there we shall meet again;" and as she slowly melted from his sight, he looked around, but nothing was to be seen, but the cold grey light of morning streaming in at his window. He was not superstitious, but dark and troubled thoughts pressed with fearful heaviness upon his mind; and he arose and read over again that last much cherished letter, while like mist before the rising sun, all his fears were dispelled. Yet many times, on his homeward passage, as he pressed to his lips the ring which she had placed upon his hand, or when his heart beat high with the thought of meeting her so soon, did that fearful vision flit as if in mockery before him.

As soon as the ship landed, he drove with all speed to C —. Oh! how his heart leaped, as he came in sight of the house. There was the old elm, and even the seat beneath it, looking just the same as when last he saw it. As he came up the lawn, Captain Gray came alone to meet him. This was strange. Where was Mary? why did she not fly to welcome him back? Was she away from home? or sick? or —? No, it could not be. Perhaps she did not see him. For some moments he dared not ask, for fear that his worst fears might be realized.

"Mary, and is she well?" at length he said.

Captain Gray's lips quivered slightly at this expected question. He then silently led the way to her favorite spot in the garden, and pointing to a newly turfed grave, exclaimed, "There lies Mary, and although I am left solitary I cannot wish her back to this world of trouble; for I feel that I shall soon follow her."

Frank May stood as one stupefied; he could not speak; he could not remove his eyes from the spot, where lay her whom he had worshiped as an idol of his heart. The last tie that bound him to earth was thus suddenly severed. A deadly paleness came over his countenance, and he sank insensible at the foot of the grave.

* * * * *

A long period of delusion followed, and then he slowly recovered. But oh how changed! He never smiled, he never wept. Once indeed, when they told him how delighted she was when she received word of his expected coming—how anxiously she searched the papers for the news of the ship's arrival; and when they showed him a basket of withered wild flowers, which, only the morning before her sudden death (she died of a disease of the heart) she had gone far to gather because they were his favorites, then and only then he wept. He resigned his profession, and entered as commander on board one of the Packets between America and Europe; and when the storm rages in its greatest fury, when the thunder peals loudest, and when the fierce lightning rends the heavens, then is he the most contented.

LE CHAPITRE DERNIER.

"When one by one those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,
Ah! then how easy 'tis to die!"

'Tis but a short time since I observed amid the obituary notices the death of Captain May.

"On the morning of the seventeenth" says the first mate, "I was struck with his singular appearance. His dress was disordered, and his face ashy pale; but I think I never saw him so perfectly happy before. He sent for me very early to come to his cabin. He gave me many orders, telling me that it was his firm belief that he should never live to reach land. 'I am happy,' said he, 'though I feel strangely at times. All night long, I have heard low, but familiar voices calling to me; and once, I thought I felt a soft hand clasp mine, and a sweet loved voice whisper, 'Soon we shall meet, and part no more.'"

He died just as we came in sight of his native land. His last requests were that I should see him buried by the side of Captain Gray and his daughter, and that the ring which he wore, might never be removed from his hand: both of which I have sacredly regarded."

Springfield, August, 1843.

[Original.]

BEWARE OF HIM.

Beware of him who flat'reth,
And speaks soft words of love;
Deep in his heart there lurketh
A viper—not a dove.

His words like heavenly music,
May charm thy listening ear
With love's own sweetest accents;
Then O beware, beware!

His siren voice may conquer
Thy young, confiding heart;
His graceful form and manner
May fix the fatal dart.

Alas! how cold and faithless
The flatterer's heart will prove;
Incapable of friendship,
He vainly talks of love.

Withhold thy warm affections,
Nor trust a wretch so vile,
Who would with words of flat'ry,
Thy pure, fond heart beguile.

Cabotville, Aug. 1843.

S. W.

SKETCHES OF AUTHORS.

NO. 4.

CRABBE, (George,) one of the greatest of modern British poets, was born in 1754, at Aldborough in Suffolk. At a very early age he displayed a taste for poetry, and finally gave up the study of medicine, and devoted himself to belles letters. He went to London at the age of twenty-four, and gained the friendship of Edmund Burke, by whose recommendation he published in 1781, his poem of The Library. The Village, quickly followed this, by which he gained the high reputation of Dr. Johnson. He studied theology for a long time after this, which interrupted his poetic labors. After about twenty years he published a volume of poems, which was very well received. This was followed by

The Borough, in 1810; Tales in 1815; Tales of the Hall in 1819.

CRABBE died in 1832. His works are exceedingly popular, and have gone through many editions. Every thing about him is plain, simple, and characteristic, and although he is sadly wanting in evangelical views, and in religious elevation, he has been called the poet of nature and the anatomist of the human soul. There is a beauty in almost all his writings, which leads the reader on, till ere he is aware he is surrounded with images of beauty hitherto not conceived of. To one who is desirous of cultivating a taste for poetry, his works are truly beneficial.

We take the following from the Albany Microscope; they contain more truth than poetry.

MODERN DEFINITIONS

Vulgar Girl.—One that supports herself and mother by the fruits of honest industry earned in a factory.

Respectable Girl.—One that is dressed in the 'latest fashion' and idles away her time by 'making calls' while her poor mother is slaving at the wash-tub to support her.

Loafer.—A poor mechanic with his coat off earning an honest living 'by the sweat of his brow.'

Gentleman.—One who lives by dishonesty and looks with contempt on every working man, and whose character is judged by the 'cut of his coat.'

Christian Lady.—One that has been raised from the kitchen by a fortunate marriage, and will abuse, scorn and half starve those in her employ, while on the sabbath she will disguise her vices by a pretended look of piety.

Christian Gentleman.—One that bestows a crust of bread on a poor destitute neighbor, while his name appears in public as the contributor of hundreds of dollars to some foreign missionary scheme.

HOPE.

The Christian has many motives to lead him to press his way onward to the prize which is at the end of the race; but none shines with such peculiar beauty and lustre as Hope. It animates him, and his watch-word continually is, onward. Hope may well be styled a star that never sets; for in the darkest hour of adversity, when all is sorrow and gloom, or when friends are separated no more to meet on the earth, this star bids us look forward to the haven of rest prepared for the righteous, where all sin, sickness and sorrow will be at an end, and where we can bask in the sunshine of God's love forever. This should urge the christian on, and though Death and Hell should try to impede his progress, he has said he will never forsake those who put their trust in him. Well may we exclaim,

Hope, hope, sweet hope;

Be it ever so simple, there's is nothing like Hope.

O! SCISSORS!—There is a letter in the Chester Post Office, Penn., addressed to Mynheer Hendrick Van Sissenbidlecauwenhawvensawser. The post-master requests Mynheer to call and get it.

MY MOTHER'S SONG.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

There is a tone a melody that falls upon mine ear,
Like music heard at even tide o'er waters still and clear.
There is a voice remembered still that breathed in other days,
The song my infant lips first learn'd to warble and to praise.
And even now, though years have past, affection firm and strong,
Still brings to mind the music of my mother's plaintive song.

I've trod the festive halls of light, when music fill'd the air,
And mingled in the merry throng—the gayest ling'ring there;
And when the merry laugh proclaim'd the minstrel's joyous strain,
My heart beat high amid the mirth I echoed forth again.
But e'en amid the loudest glee—amid the gayest throng,
Fond mem'ry woke the music of my mother's plaintive song.

My mother's song! how soft, how sweet its tones fell on mine ear,
When warbled by the lips of her I loved to linger near.
Bright days, past hours, lost joys, for me ye live and breathe again,
Recall'd to being by the charm of that familiar strain.
A talisman of hope and joy—to warn my soul from wrong,
Dwells in the mem'ry of that strain—my mother's plaintive song.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

As we cast a glance around amid the walks of life, we view sorrow depicted upon the countenances of many; and only a few have tasted of the bitter cup, but they have been compelled, to drain it to the very dregs.

Behold that lovely youth, who was once a stranger to the ills and turmoils of life; the swelling surges of grief had not come over her. But alas! what a change! that sunny era of her life is past, and another of darkness hath succeeded. If we follow her through this lonely vale, until she becomes settled in life, we see her induced by the influence of friends, at an early age to give her hand to one she never loved.—She removes to the far West and at length returns; but not to her former enjoyment. Those pleasures which were wont to conduce to her happiness now fail to give delight. The effort of friends to console is ineffectual, yet no murmuring or repining is heard from her lips; but often a deep sigh heaves the breast, and a tear is seen stealing its way adown the furrowed cheek, which indicates a heart oppressed with grief. But she is not left to sink beneath the wave. Although compelled to drink deep of the cup of affliction yet it is intermixed with consolation.

For still, to light the sombre scene,
Hope, bright hope, does intervene.

The cheering rays of heavenly light illuminate the rugged path, the broken spirit is reanimated, it takes encouragement in the thought that soon the toilsome strife of sublunary care will be over, that ere long the spirit will wing its way to a fairer and happier clime; where no sighs shall mingle with the song, and where all tears shall be wiped away.

S. L.

[Original.]

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

I long have wandered, and through other climes
Have sought what now to me, I know, must be
Through life unknown; and what in truth appears,
Existence never had,—the one I loved.

'Tis false—I've found it so—what some assert,
That all do love, but love not all; that each
To a particular one doth cling, by
Passion bound, of love so called, regardless
Of the rest.

Some talk of loving, and with
Heads all soft, relate of broken hearts sad
Tales of woe, untold by wiser men. Thus
They believe that man, by passion such, through
Life must ever be, up youth's ascent, in
Age's decline, entangled, fettered, bound to
One, as yet to them unknown, but still to
Know what by long wishing they had never learned,
To happiness.

'Tis foolish thus
To talk; I would be free! to none would be
A slave; much less to weaker arm, when this
"Fair freedom" might be mine. J. M.

[ORIGINAL.]

CHANGE.

As long as we remain here below, and this
world exists in such a state of sin and depravity,
we shall be subject to every variety of change in
condition and circumstance. Though one day
may find us happy in bright anticipation, and our
hearts borne up with the glowing star of hope,
and all around partakes of a considerable degree
of happiness, the next we know, perhaps, all our
earthly happiness is turned to sorrow, and our
hearts are weighed down with the hand of affliction,
and life become almost a burden.

Change is written almost invariably upon every
object in motion. Change is indelibly stamped
on man, and it is in accordance with his nature
and constitution, since the transgression of our
first parents, and will be so down to the end of
time. There is as perceptible a change in the
vegetable kingdom as anything we can be referred
to, except man. It is the wise and benevolent
Creator of the universe, who bids the spring
approach with all its splendor and beauty, deck-
ing the earth with the most gorgeous apparel, and
at whose advancement winter retires to its native
zone. The vernal flowers appear, and a voice
is heard proclaiming that the frost has disap-
peared, and that they may come forth without
being molested by the searching winds of winter.
Summer next is seen with waving fields of green,
and to the lover of nature the lofty mountain
forms a most delightful picture; its summit reach-
ing to the clouds clothed with the green foliage
which this fairy visitant has brought with her to
elevate the mind of man, and to draw his affec-
tions from his own vile nature, up to nature's
God. The merry songsters warble their notes to
the silence that pervades, and show forth their
Creator's praise in songs that fall upon our ears
with enchanting melody. What a lesson for
man, for erring and sinful man! How ought his
heart to swell with gratitude to the Author of his
being, for the blessings and comforts of life; and
yet he forgets the hand from whence all his bless-
ings flow.

A few days more, and what a visible change
will there be seen wrought in nature! Look then
abroad and you will discover a great and appar-
ent change. Autumn will be here—the glowing
fields and waving trees whose tall and stately

forms and wide-spreading branches now invite
us to sit beneath their cooling shade has assumed
altogether a different aspect,—and winter steals
on with slow and sober step. How changed the
face of the whole earth! These are some of the
natural laws which govern the universe, and
which God has established to proclaim to man
the existence of a Being, whose goodness,
strength and excellency surpass the Author's hand-
y work; whose ways are not like the ways of
man, and whose mighty arm is held out to sus-
tain the creatures of his care. Man, the noblest
being of this world, made little less than angels,
made with faculties sufficient to unfold the things
of nature, with sufficient reason to comprehend
the things of God; from what a degree of su-
premacY hast thou fallen! After consideration,
how deeply regretted must have been the first
act of disobedience! By disobedience death was
introduced into the world; bodily death, and the
communion which man had with his Maker; but
a promise being given by God of a restoration
of this communion with him, through the birth and
death of his Son, Jesus Christ, which was after-
wards fulfilled.

What a change has come over this world
since our first parents were placed in the garden!
what anguish filled their bosoms when told by
their Maker to depart from the garden and to ob-
tain their sustenance by their labor. But this
was not all; they had lost their communion with
their best Friend, and were doomed to misery,
wretchedness and despair. Bitter remorse filled
their bosoms when they saw their condition in a
true and distinct light; But a promise being
given by God of a Saviour restored to them
peace, but not such as before. We see in every
situation of which we have any knowledge,
change stamped on every feature.

It is indeed a blissful thought, that the time
will come when change will be erased from man,
and all will be bright and youthful. That he
will remain unchanged forever, will dwell with
his Saviour through the ceaseless ages of eterni-
ty. Tired of life, he drops mortal and puts on
immortality to sing the song of Moses and the
Lamb. His raptured soul, swallowed up with
love, will range the fields of paradise, while God
unfolds to his raptured sight the mysteries of his
kingdom. And let me ask, are we prepared for
this great and important change, are we prepared
for the solemn realities of eternity, for death and
judgment? If not, let us seek a speedy prepara-
tion, have our souls washed in the atoning blood,
that we may be accounted worthy of an inheri-
tance with the saints of light, and all dwell around
the throne of God.

Cabotville, July, 1843.

S. L. A.

LOOK WITHIN.

Yes, friend, that's the place for wonders,
You'll find enough for contemplation there. So
do not gaze forever upon outward show and
things of sense. Shut up the ear upon the noisy
world of steam and politics, and cease to strain
anxiously the vision, after comets and eventful
signs. Repress that strong Athenian desire for
'some new thing' that urges on the gaping mul-
titude. Close your senses to the world without,
and contemplate the world within. Look into
the depths of *your own soul*, and you'll find mys-
terious things and wonders enough to think

about continually. Reflect upon its fearful en-
ergies, its mighty capabilities of pleasure and of
pain; consider its eternal destiny—its abasing
servitude in sin, and its redemption thence; re-
member that your bliss or misery—your *all* is
staked in it forever! With all your gazing after
strange phenomena, do not forget to turn the eye
within!—*Watchtower*.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 6.

My 5th and 4th is	Du.
My 2d and 3d is	Lo!
My 5th, 4th and 1st is	Duc.
My 1st and 3d is	Co.
My 1st, 3d and 5th is	Cod.
My 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th is	Clou.
My 4th and 1st, 2d and 1st is	U. C. L. C.
My 5th and 3d is	Do.
My 3d and 4th is	Ou.
My 5th, 4th and 3d is	Duo.
My 1st, 2d, 3d and 5th is	Clod.
My whole is	CLOUD.

Answered by Miss N. Rainey.

PRIZE ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 1 & 2.

By Miss B. Pearson.

No. 1.

TO-DAY is the answer to puzzle No. 1,
Unravels No. 2, greatest puzzle 'neath the sun.

No. 2.

The letters united as they rightly should be,
Will give you a sentence without B. or C.
viz.

The true answer to puzzle No. 1 is To-day.

ENIGMA.—No. 7.

Who gives, and does not give?
Who has not, and yet has?

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