

# THE OLIVE LEAF, AND FACTORY GIRL'S REPOSITORY.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

[SEMI-MONTHLY.]

IRVILLE IRWIN LESLIE, EDITOR.

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VOLUME 1.

## Poetry.

From the Norfolk Democrat.

### THE PARTING.

BY IRVILLE IRWIN LESLIE.

'O linger, stay till I have kissed thy brow;  
The evening light has left the vale, and now  
The deep shades come. I cannot say adieu.  
Out on the billow when the night has fled,  
I'll watch thy bark sink o'er the waves from view;  
And paint her colors with the stripes of red:  
That when a long year rolls away, I watch  
Her coming on the deep afar, shall know  
'Tis her that bore thee far, and joyful catch  
A glance of thy majestic form and brow,  
As then she nears again her native shore,  
Which thou I trust wilt reach to leave no more.  
Till then long days shall pass, the autumn come,  
And winter roll away—the spring in glee  
Its farewell take, and summer with its hum  
Of bees and birds, shall find thee here with me.  
The deep will roll its mountain waves and roar;  
The tempest rock thy gallant ship as o'er  
She rides the billow to a distant shore;  
Yet will she come—and thou wilt claim me thine,  
No more I ask—will fondly wait the hour  
That finds us here again within this bower,  
And witness then, the stars, as now they shine.

## TALES.

For the Olive Leaf.  
**ELLEN RIVERS,**  
**the Factory Girl.**  
BY MERZI ROLL.

Concluded.

### CHAPTER V.

Change follows change—a prelude to repose,  
When all is changed, and found a final goal.

Two days after the death of Rivers, a large procession, composed of all ranks and classes, followed him to the grave; for although he had rendered himself degraded in the eyes of his friends and citizens, still the recollection of his former situation, and the place he once held in their hearts, entitled him, they thought, to their respect and reverence.

It was hoped by his neighbors, that, after meeting all demands, the cottage would still be retained as the home of Sophia and Ellen; but in this they were disappointed, as all that could be transmitted to his creditors would not cancel the obligations. Sophia, therefore, was obliged to leave the cottage, reserving only what articles of furniture she could not do without, and move to a neighboring Factory Village. Here she toiled early and late to support herself and Ellen.

Thus passed eight years, when the health of Sophia began to decline, and consumption fastened itself upon her long since broken constitution.

Up to this time, through her indefatigable exertions she had kept Ellen at school, and therefore saved none of her earnings in case of sickness. Ellen was now obliged to leave her studies, and work in the mill to support herself and sick mother.

Two years elapsed which brings us to the pe-

riod in their history at which our story commenced.

### CHAPTER VI.

"But grant the worst, 'tis past; new prospects rise,  
And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb."—Young.

The next morning Ellen called on Mrs. Burns, and gained her consent that Maria might stay with her mother during the time of her absence. The doctor also called and left some medicine as a relief for her cough.

A week passed away, during which, the strength of Sophia was fast diminishing, and each increasing distressed night told her that her dissolution was nigh.

"You may remain with me to-day, Ellen," she said, one morning, after a sleepless night; "I shall live but a short time, and I wish you to be with me when I die. I have some advice to give you which may profit you in the future. Sit down here and I will endeavor to tell you what I wish to."

Ellen took a seat at the bedside, while the tears followed one another down her cheeks.—One hour passed, and still she sat gazing into her mother's face, listening to the broken sentences which fell from her lips. There was counsel in those words, which none but a mother can give, and such only as will remain engraved upon the heart when temptation assails it. At last she ceased, exhausted.

"I am dying Ellen," you may call in some of the neighbors," she said in a suffocated voice.—Ellen run down the stairs and informed Mrs. Burns, who came immediately to the bed side of the expiring woman. Shortly after a group of stricken faces was gathered around to witness the closing up of one, who had shared deep in the sorrows which earth has inherited by sin.

The dying woman gazed upon them, but could not speak. Life's lamp went out shortly after.

The next day Ellen followed her mother to the grave, accompanied by a few neighbors, who mingled the tear of pity with hers of grief. It was a day of gloom to Ellen. Her only true friend on earth had left her forever; and she stood alone, surrounded by a heartless world, without a guide to direct her youthful steps along the dreary avenues of life.

Ellen resumed her place in the mill, and boarded in a private family by the name of Brentwood. She was not what the majority of people would call handsome, yet she possessed a sweetness of disposition which rendered her society always agreeable and fascinating. She was a perfect resemblance of her mother, and possessing her same submissive spirit, it threw a charm around her, which none could resist.

She found many friends, among whom was one that never forsook her, even in the most trying moment. This was Isabel, the daughter of one of the principal merchants in the village, Isabel had been bereaved of her mother when quite young, and was placed under the care of an aunt

residing near. Here she lived, when Ellen became her intimate friend.

The winter rolled away, and spring, with its gentle breezes came to gladden the hearts of all around. What time Ellen could command, out of the weave-room, was spent with Isabel either at her aunt's, or the boarding place of Ellen.—Although Isabel was accustomed to mingle with the aristocratic part of the village, yet never was Ellen slighted or made to feel at any time that she was inferior to her.

### CHAPTER VII.

One thing on earth is sure; most sure—true friends  
Are never false. 'Tis such as lack the soul  
Of friendship, and where words are all.

The summer had come, and one of its brightest days was closing, as Ellen and Isabel stood upon the spacious lawn in front of the village, contemplating the beauties of the western sky, where cloud above cloud rose, tinged with a thousand hues from the setting sun. A silence of a few minutes succeeded their conversation, which was broken by Isabel.

"Ellen," she said, "you are not as sociable as you used to be; I fear I have not proved so good a friend as you thought I should; you know I have told you that when you wished a favor, if I could command it, it should be granted; you need not be afraid to ask me for any thing which is in my power to bestow."

"Nothing, dear Isabel, do I need but counsel; I feel that I am alone; and surrounded by those who wish to make me unhappy. It is true you are my friend, but that makes for me many enemies."

"And why so Ellen? Have I done or said ought to influence any one to disrespect you? Far from it; I have met all who have spoken ill of you in the plainest manner; and refuted many a slander thrown upon you. I have never told you them, for I knew they would make you unhappy, though innocent of any charge. Yes Ellen, I am your friend, and will stand up in your defence. But tell me why so cast down; and why you think my friendship makes you enemies?"

"I cannot account for it any farther than this," replied Ellen, "that I am poor, and they think you ought not to associate with me so much as you do, and neglect them whom they think you should choose for your companions."

"But is this all that makes you so cast down? You have lost no friends. Those that endeavor to do you hurt, were never such; all those you ever gained are still faithful; not one, I assure you, has become your enemy."

"No," interrupted Ellen, "not one who was truly a friend, but who professed to be. This, Isabel, is what gives me pain and makes me so dejected."

"This is what I have never before learned, Ellen," said Isabel—why did you not tell me?"

"Have I not told you Isabel? It was but last,

evening that I learnt that there could be a false heart on earth; all I imagined were like you faithful."

Here the conversation was broken off by the approach of two of Isabel's companions.

The next evening found them together as usual, but the tone of their conversation had changed. Ellen was gloomy. Her once buoyant spirits seemed to languish, and all that Isabel could do would not revive them.

"Do, Ellen, tell me the cause of your sadness," said Isabel, after a long pause, in which both stood gazing upon a bright cloud, the last which that day ever saw, "tell me why you are so thoughtful; if I can relieve your mind I will."

Just at this moment, an officer entered the garden, and advancing to them, remarked that one of them was charged of a crime for which it became his duty to arrest them. Isabel looked at Ellen, and the tears were rushing from her eyes, while her whole frame trembled convulsively.

"I am the one," she at length said; if innocence must suffer, I am prepared for it. This Isabel is what I have withheld from you, for I feared the effect of such tidings upon you. I am charged with stealing! and by those too, whom I once considered my friends. Say that you will not forsake me till you know me guilty."

"Never!" was the reply; "but you ought to have told me before. I might have prevented your being arrested."

By this time, they with the officer had entered the street, and were proceeding to the Police Office, where an examination was to take place. That night saw Ellen Rivers confined within the grates and bars; but she was not alone. By her side sat Isabel, endeavoring to calm her troubled breast, and pointing to a time when she would be acquitted; while those who were the cause of all her present distress, would repent the hour that gave birth to such a plot of infamy.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

O! how debased that heart which dares to wrong  
Another, though it be its vanquished foe.

Four weeks found Ellen arraigned at the bar to answer the charges brought against her. During her confinement in the jail, Isabel had never forsaken her, but remained to encourage her amidst every trying scene.

It was a bright morning, about the middle of summer, when crowds of people were seen flocking to the Court House, to witness the trial. — Along time was occupied in empanelling the jury, and preparing for the hearing of the witnesses.

At length the Judge announced that the court was ready to hear the evidence. The first that took the stand was Mrs. Brentwood, with whom Ellen boarded at the time of the charge, and in whose house the theft was said to have been committed.

She was a woman apparently sensible, but devoid of sympathy and good feelings towards any except those for whom she took a kind fancy, and whose interest involved her own. It appeared from her testimony, and that which followed that the defendant, on of Mrs. Brentworth's boarders, had lost certain articles which were found in the possession of Ellen. The whole was circumstantial evidence; as no one attempted to assert that they saw the things stolen.

After the witness on both sides were examined, the Judge informed the Court that they were now

ready to receive the plea of the council. Lawyer B. for the complainant arose, and with much gravity commenced. He was a man of celebrated talents, and no one doubted but that the case would be decided in his favor.

A long time and he ceased. As he sat down the eyes of all present were turned toward Ellen and her council, who was a young man, and just admitted to the bar.

At length he arose, and at first seemed somewhat embarrassed but in a short time he became composed and stood up the bold advocate of innocence. This was his first plea, and never was one listened to with more attention.

All seemed breathless, while a deep silence pervaded the whole house. His full manly voice alone was heard, except now and then an involuntary expression of applause rolled along the aisles, occasioned by some thrilling sentence which came with a convincing power that none could resist.

One hour rolled away and still Edward Morton stood up chaining the attention of all within the sound of his voice. At length he ceased, and a murmur of applause again ran along the aisles, dying away as the Judge arose to charge the Jury. During his remarks, the hearts of all beat with anxiety as to the result; and none manifested in any degree an indifference to the approaching decision.

Ellen, throughout the whole, had manifested no anxiety as to the decision, but sat composed with Isabel at her side; for she had learned before this, that innocence was not to always suffer as the guilty.

The Judge finished his charge and the jury retired. The moment for the height of anxiety had arrived. The tide of opinion it was plain had changed, since Lawyer B. sat down; and any other decision than in favor of Ellen would now have created a riot.

Ten minutes elapsed, and the jury entered with a verdict of "Not Guilty!" Shouts rang throughout the Court House, and along the streets, long after the crowd had disappeared.

The next day saw Ellen surrounded by many friends hitherto unknown to her, and many also created by sympathy for one who, they had been convinced was innocent of all the charges brought against her. But among them all was no one revered by her as Isabel. She had tested her friendship, she unfolded her whole heart to her, confident that she was the only one worthy of such a treasury.

A few weeks found Ellen engaged in performing her daily task in the mill, and enjoying the society of the truly good and great.

#### CHAPTER IX.

Pass o'er the dream of long, long shade,  
And let a brighter side appear.

It is now most four years since your trial, Ellen," said a young man of lofty brow, as he took her hand one evening, as they walked out beneath the rays of an unclouded moon, while the first breath of summer wafted along the out-spread green before them, the scent of flowers, "and I have been thinking that it would be pleasing to arrange things so that our union might take place on the day of the month just four years from the time that you stood accused of a crime which had you been convicted of, would have proved your ruin; and as I was the humble instrument in

part of your deliverance, I ask you to consent to become mine on that day, when we will celebrate it, and ever after make it our anniversary."

"It is true, Edward," said Ellen, "that I owe my happiness to you; and I feel it my duty and privilege to add to yours, while I am able so to do; whatever you may propose in regard to our union shall meet my approbation."

Four years from the day on which Edward Morton stood up in the defence of innocence on the side of Ellen Rivers, he led her to the altar, with a thousand blessings supplicated on their heads, by the old and young of the village, who shared in the sumptuous entertainment.

The happy couple, privileged to stand with them at the altar was Isabel and her intended, Charles Sommers, a gentleman in every respect.

As it ever has been, that those who have endeavored to injure others without a just cause, have injured themselves; so it resulted in this case.

From the first moment that the plan was conceived whereby to destroy the character of Ellen, from that moment Mrs. Brentwood endeavored to further on the infamous project, which was designed to blast forever the prospects of one, who had already, it would have seemed, shared her portion of the cup of sorrow. The whole plot originated with, and among, Ellen's mates at the house of Mrs. Brentwood. The cause of their hatred toward Ellen was produced, strange as it may seem, by her being admitted to society that they were not, and considered as a more fit companion for the daughters of the more wealthy portion of the village.

As it should be; after the day when they were regarded with marked indifference, inasmuch that in a short time they found it for their interest to leave the village, to which they never returned.

The mahogany tree is full grown in 200 years. Cypress trees are known to be 800 or 900 years old.

There are no solid rocks in the arctic regions, owing to the severe frosts.

Fossil bones of the lizard, 24 feet in length, equal to the dragons of antiquity, have been found in Bavaria.

#### BEAUTY IN A WIFE.

A young man married a wife whose only claim upon his regard was her personal beauty. She said to him, at the end of one of their quarrels — "You don't love me: you cannot look me in the face and say that you love me." "You mistake me, my dear," cried he, "for it is only when I look you in the face that I can say that I love you."

Suit your circumstances to your purse, like the old lady that could not buy both veal and ham. She sent to the butcher a request for "a penny worth of veil, cut with a hammy knife."

"You had better ask for manners than money," said a finely dressed gentleman to a beggar boy who asked him for alms. "I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the reply of the little mendicant.

He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread: but he that followeth vain persons is void of understanding. [Proverbs.]

TO MRS. M. T. W\*\*\*\*\*.  
ON BURNING A PACKET OF OLD LETTERS.

I.  
'Twas with a saddened heart, Mary,  
That I gave them to the blaze—  
For they were links that bound me  
To the thought of other days;  
They were records of affections  
Of our girlish grief and glee,  
When the fullness of thy heart, Mary,  
Was all poured forth to me,

II.  
I did not read them o'er Mary,  
Twere an idle task I trow,  
To gather from the death-like past  
Its faded blossoms now.  
Romance no more in charm, Mary,  
O'er real life can fling;  
And time hath brushed the brightest hues  
From fairy Fancy's wing.

III.  
We meet but seldom now, Mary,  
And not as once we met,  
When every changing thought could bring  
Its pleasure or regret;  
When the sunshine of the heart, Mary,  
Was worn upon the brow—  
Strange there should be so little left  
To wish or grieve for now.

IV.  
Gone is thy spring-time, Mary,  
With its April smiles and showers—  
But gorgeous summer bringeth still  
Its richer fruits and flowers.  
Thus higher hopes than these, Mary,  
That brighten o'er our youth,  
May in the heart's recesses dwell,  
In purity and truth.

V.  
Our earlier years to me, Mary,  
Are as some pleasant dream—  
A strain of music heard afar,  
A wave upon life's stream.  
And for the future time, Mary,  
What's'er it may unfold,  
Still be thy heart as true as mine,  
As it ever was of old.

### Biographical.

#### ANNIBAL.

ANNIBAL, one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, general of antiquity, was a Carthaginian, the son of Amilbar Barcas, and was born 247 years B. C. When he was only a child, his father made him swear at the altar eternal enmity to the Romans, and never was vow better kept. At the age of twenty-five, he succeeded to the command of the army in Spain, on the death of Asdrubal. In three years he reduced Spain to subjection, and completed his achievement by the destruction of Saguntum, an ally of the Romans. Hence arose the second Punic war. Having conceived the daring scheme of attacking Rome in the very centre of her power, Annibal passed the Pyrenees with a formidable army (B. C. 218) traversed Gaul, crossed the Alps, in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles, and penetrated into Italy, where, at the outset, he vanquished Scipio on the Ticino, and Sempronius on the Trebbia. In the following year, he entirely defeated Fiaminius, at the battle of Thrasymene. Fabius, by his prudent manœuvres, for a while held him at bay; but the battle of Cannæ, brought on (B. C. 216) by the presumption of Varro, reduced Rome to the verge of ruin. More than forty thousand Romans perished on that terrible day. The force of Annibal, however, not being sufficient for the reduction of the city of Rome, he bent his march to Capue, which

opened its gates to him, and he there took up his winter quarters. It has been idly said, that the luxury of Cepua proved fatal to Annibal and his army. But this ridiculous assertion is refuted by the fact, though faction deprived him of succors from home, he kept his ground in Italy for more than twelve years after the battle of Cannæ, and did not quit it till he was recalled to defend Carthage against Scipio. The decisive battle of Zama, which was fought B. C. 201, compelled the Carthaginians to submit to a humiliating place. His countrymen now conferred on Annibal the pretorship, and he began to introduce the reforms which were necessary to give vigor to the state; but the mean dread and hatred of the Romans pursued him, and they sent commissioners to insist on his being delivered into their hands. He was compelled to fly; and the remainder of his life was spent in almost continual wanderings, and endeavors to excite hostility against the Roman domination. Having failed in inspiring Antiochus, king of Syria, with his spirit and fortitude, he lastly took refuge with Prusias, king of Bithynia, and at the court of that contemptible monarch he poisoned himself, B. C. 183, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, to avoid being surrendered up to those whom he had so often vanquished.

#### [ORIGINAL.] SONNET.

Fair radiant Hope! Star o'er the sea of time!  
Whose light alone illumines the future's gloom,  
And bids me smile, though deep upon this breast  
Engraved, misfortune lies, traced ere youth's morn  
Had mingled into noon, or infancy  
Departed from my brow for riper years.  
Life's wave is dark, but darker still if not  
On it was shed thy lucid beam as o'er  
I glide and onward, down its eddy, float out;  
Return no more. Withhold it not thy ray,  
Or I am not. It will go out, life's lamp  
If thou depart—thy beam is all that keeps  
It burning now. Then linger, stay? It is  
A sinking soul's request—it asks no more.  
Cabotville, 1843.

L\*\*\*\*.

#### SLANDER.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he, that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed." [Shakspeare.

What reptile so venomous—what poison so fatal to man's physical nature, as slander is to his character? Most assuredly there is none. A person's character may perhaps be compared to a delicate flower, which, when fully blown, is of the rarest hue and of the frailest texture. The rough storms of adversity may sweep over it with the impetuosity of a hurricane, and its beauty, so far from being impaired, shines with increased luster, by bringing to view its bliancy, and exposing its hitherto hidden charms; but let the hot and malignant breath of calumny pass over it, and how scorching—how withering—how fatal its influence. Open and bold attacks upon a man's good name, that may be met and embattled on equal ground, affects him but slightly; but the low, sly insinuations of scandal cannot be so easily met or so successfully fought. Who has not felt the truth of this? and yet, strange as it may seem, there are some who, actuated by envy, revenge, or some equally depasing passion love to feed and seem to fatten upon the misery and ruin occasioned by their slanderous and

intormodding tongues, and who seem to live only in the putrid atmosphere of scandal and calumny. How mean—how utterly beneath contempt he is held when once he is known; but his tongue is soft—his words so smooth and innocently uttered, that none knows when they are listening to him until many a fair fame be blighted and strong hopes blasted, and all attributed to any thing but the true, legitimate cause.

Oh ye! who are in the habit of passing in review the character and actions of your neighbors, (though you mean no harm) touch them lightly—breathe on them softly! you may crush or blast them by speaking unguardedly and incorrectly. Take the case home to yourselves; do as you would be done by, and consign scandal with its attendant evils to oblivion's darkest cave.

Oasis.

For the Olive Leaf.

#### The Importance of Consideration.

Reflect dear maid, reflect a while,  
And let your wand'ings check the smile;  
Put on grave circumspective eyes,  
And think for once you were not wise.

While musing upon the scenes that have recently occurred in our village, I have been forcibly impressed with the vast importance of candid consideration. How many sleepless hours have passed; how many bitter tears shed; how much sorrow and sadness occasioned, that might have been prevented, had consideration been allowed to hold its proper place.

Deem not that individual weak, who, when clamorously urged to some deed of daring, shall sit himself down, and with all the vividness of imagination, survey the consequences, which will be likely to result from such a course; and who after carefully weighing the subject, shall firmly resolve to pursue the path of prudence, though he may have to walk alone. Although you may now be urged forward by the impulse of the moment, and animated by all the excitement which it is in the power of numbers to create, believe me, the hour will come, when you will be alone and review your steps, not in the glaring colors which your imagination once painted, but in the sober light of reason. It will then be in vain that you attempt to retrace the path of prudence. You have found only briars and thorns where you had expected roses.

And be not surprised if some who were first and most persevering in persuading you to rush inconsiderately forward, should endeavor to shield themselves from the odium that their influence has induced you, unwisely to bring upon yourself.

Therefore, permit me to say, in closing whenever you are surrounded by difficulties and trials, or oppression even, and two ways are presented for escape; the one perfectly safe, the other, if it should not lead to good, must conduct to ill, do not hesitate to choose the former, though immediate obstacles may be presented.

"Although the multitude may throng,  
And sing its praise with syren song;  
Avoid it, pass not near it, turn away."

Chicopee Falls, May, 1843.

AINEMLA.

Take no step which you think you may repent of. It is much easier living right than to reform.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO MY FRIEND \*\*\*\*\*

Not for myself I care,  
Though stern misfortunes lower;  
It is for those who with me share,  
In sorrow's darkest hour.  
There heart that feels and bears alone,  
A part the burden of my own.

Not for myself I care,  
Though hope forever fly;  
Though in this breast lurk deep despair,  
And every pleasure die—  
I'd bear it firmly nor repine,  
If I could think it only mine.

Not for myself I care,  
Though disappointment come,  
And blast the every prospect fair,  
This side the darksome tomb—  
If, in this breast alone 'twas felt,  
No tear should start, no eye should melt.

Not for myself I care,  
Though darker grow life's wave;  
And every moment on it bear  
The shadows of the grave.  
Though every prospect bright be gone,  
I ne'er would weep, if but alone.

There's one for whom I care,  
Who would my sadness cheer;  
And with me every sorrow share,  
And check each starting tear;  
But could I that fond bosom see,  
With anguish rent, and all for me?

O, I could bear each woe,  
If thou felt not a part;  
And ne'er complain could I but know,  
It come not near thy heart;  
Would smile when grief my bosom prest  
And keep it there within my breast.

Cabotville, 1843.

Ivolinva

Written for the Olive Leaf.

## The Disappointed Lovers.

A TRUE STORY.

It was a lovely day—autumn had just put on her sober livery, and the hills and plains were yielding to her sway. The forest trees were changing the garb of summer for one of different hue—the harvest had come, and the garner were filled with food—the new mown hay, and luxuriant grain were laid up for future use, and the heart of the husbandman was glad within him, as he looked round on the bountiful provision which kind Providence had bestowed.

There was one whose step was firm, and whose heart was buoyant with hope, whose bosom heaved with thrilling emotions, as he cast his eye forward to the future.

"A few weeks," said he, "I shall be the happiest of mortals—yes, my beloved Emma will bestow her hand, and we shall retire to that sequestered spot, far from the noise and bustle of a selfish world, and make our home amid the sweets of rural scenery. Yonder is the house where I was born; and there we will fix our residence. It is a lovely spot, and Emma will be happy there. We will roam the fields, and gather the luscious fruits that grow spontaneously around us. We will wander beside that winding rivulet that glides through the grassy meadow, and listen to its soft murmurs as it passes along its sparkling way. O, there are a thousand pleasures in prospect, a thousand glad thoughts that cluster around that one word *home*! And thou too, my orphan sister, shall share with me and Emma in the delights of our enchanting home."

Thus reasoned and dreamed a youthful heart. Henry was a noble youth—his bosom was the

seat of every virtuous passion. He was of a generous nature—amiable and kind. He had a large circle of acquaintances, and was beloved by all. He had been left in infancy without the protection of a father, dependant on his relatives; and with his infant sister he had passed the days of childhood and youth under the care and protection of kind friends.

Never was his prospect of earthly bliss so bright as at the present time; never did his heart beat with the anticipation of happiness as it beat now. O! how little did he dream that his head would be pillowed in the cold grave, before the appointed hour had arrived that was to have crowned his hopes: yet it was so! 'Tis said "Death loves a shining mark," and truly how often do we see those whom we value most, and in whose society we find the greatest pleasure, cut down by his hand, and borne away forever from our sight. Who would have thought that Henry could have fallen so early! His countenance was tinged with the bloom of health. His form athletic and robust. One would have said that above many others he was fitted to enjoy health, and that long life would be his portion. But sickness came. He called for Emma, and she was quickly by his side. His fever raged till reason was dethroned. He would listen to no voice but her's. Sometimes in the paroxysm of his derangement he would fancy he was away from home, and starting wildly from his bed, would rise with a full determination to prepare to go home. It was in vain that his attendants labored to convince him that he was at home, in his own room; he would spurn them from him as though he knew them not, till Emma was called. Her voice he always knew, and to her request he would always yield.

"No, Henry, I would not go just now—come rest awhile first," she would say; "I will stay by you, and you shall go before long."

"Yes," he said, with a smile, "I will stay if you think best." Reclining his head on his pillow, he would again become quiet.

All was done for him that the kindness of anxious friends could suggest. Although we cannot in justice say that his physician used as much exertion as the fearful nature of the disease required.

Another physician was called, and with a benevolence that will endear his name to surviving friends, he used every exertion that was in his power to save the sinking youth. He staid by him night and day, hoping against hope, that some favorable symptoms might appear; but alas! it was too late!

A few days before he died his reason was restored—he was calm and collected. He saw his condition, and was sensible that he held his life by a feeble tenure. When he thought of his cherished plans for happiness; when he saw his betrothed by his side, and witnessed the burning tears, the stifled sobs that burst from her breaking heart, he asked for life! yet with submission to the will of God, he prayed that Heaven would prepare them for their destiny.

"I fear not to die," he said; "it will be well with me—there will be no more tears in heaven. I could go with pleasure; but oh! 'tis hard to leave you behind. We must, we *will* submit! We shall soon meet again." He called his sister to his bedside, and placing her hands in those

of Emma's, he said, "I wish you to be always sisters—love each other for my sake." That day was the last that shone on Henry—spasm came over him, and in a few brief hours of suffering, he was no more.

It was in vain that Emma reasoned. She doubted not that he was blest—no, she only asked to die with him. Her heart was crushed beneath the weight that oppressed it. She saw nothing but an empty void in this cold world. She asked nothing, hoped nothing from earth, since all that was dear to her had perished.

From every hill and vale were seen the multitude gathering to pay their last respects to the remains of Henry. A deep interest had been enkindled in the hearts of all; for it was known that he was about to lead to the hymenal altar, the object of his long cherished affection. And who could witness the crushing of hopes like his, and not feel a glow of sympathy? Who could see a youth thus cut down in the morning of his days, and not feel the heart move with compassion?

The multitude had gathered around. There were his aged grand-parents bending beneath the weight of many years, their white hairs blossomed for the grave, weeping over his dust.

"We little thought such a day as this would come," said they, "we did not dream that he would go to the grave before us. We brought him up with our children, and he was as dear to us as our own. We had hoped he would have been the stay and staff of our old age. The Lord help us to bear this heavy affliction."

A mother too, was there; pale with grief, too deep for utterance. Many relatives were there; clad in mourning. Among them were two that were the particular objects of sympathy; his sister and Emma, wrapt in the deepest sorrow; they were seated first and nearest to the remains of him, who had been so dear to them.

The minister was himself a youth; but he knew well how to "weep with those that weep." He too had felt the withering blight of death crushing all that was dear to him on earth. With deep emotion of soul he proceeded to perform his part of the impressive ceremony. The hymn commencing with "Why do we mourn departed friends," was sung with deep pathos—never were words more solemnly felt. The sermon followed—the scene closed, and they prepared to go to the narrow house—a long line of carriages were in the procession; for people had come many miles to witness the funeral.

The way that lead to the burying place, was skirted on one side by a grove, and on the other by a rich meadow clothed in verdant green, and hills with their gently undulating carpets of grass, and a winding rivulet that ran in a mazy path along its border. These were the fields where he had roamed in the days of his boyhood. There too was the ancient looking school house; away from the noise and bustle of business; it stood apart, amid a thousand trees that sent their perfume through the balmy air, while the soft breeze of heaven wafted the odors of many a wild blossom that bloomed and perished there. The birds were singing sweetly and making the woods echo with gay music which contrasted strangely with the mournful scene around them. The coffin was borne to the grave—it rested awhile on the brink, and another hymn was sung.



"Hark from the tombs a doleful sound,  
Mine ears attend the cry;  
Ye living men come view the ground,  
Where you must shortly lie."

It was then lowered into the grave. The loose earth and gravel followed its descent, and rattled fearfully down. Then, indeed, it was that Emma felt, and keenly too, that she had lost sight of him, whom he had chosen as the partner of her days.

Tell not the mourner that he should not weep. Would ye have the heart burst with agony? Rather bid the tears flow till the burdened spirit is relieved of its weight. "Jesus wept;" and shall bleeding humanity be denied the privilege? No let them weep. They must weep or die.—Emma's heart was broken, and every bursting sob bespoke its agony!

Time passes on. Emma yet survives but never again will she dream of earthly joy—no, her heart has been too deeply smitten to love the world again; she is looking forward with fond anticipation to the day, when she will be permitted to join her beloved, in a happier land, where all tears are wiped away, and friends that meet shall part no more.

He sleeps! the good, the true and brave;  
He slumbers in an early grave;  
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor groans or sighs  
Could save him—no—he sinks, he dies.

He sleeps! 'tis not an endless sleep,  
That o'er his slumbering eyelids creep;  
No, he but sleeps! and he will wake,  
When the last trump the earth doth shake.

That form shall then be clothed anew  
With life and health, and beauty too;  
Shall join the anthem of the skies,  
In one loud song that never dies.

Yes, and he lives to die no more;  
He's landed safely on the shore  
Of blest eternity; when shall we be  
Released and blest, lov'd one like thee?

O, when shall this sad weary heart,  
From scenes of woe and pain depart?  
When from the mortal strife be free,  
And mingle in eternity?

A few more weary steps, and then,  
We shall forever meet again;  
And hail with rapture and surprise,  
Our better home beyond the skies.

B. S. HALL.

### Miscellaneous.

#### The Bushmen of South Africa.

*Wandering Habits.*—The Bushmen of South Africa have neither house nor shed, neither flocks nor herds. They remove from place to place as convenience or necessity may require. The man takes his spear, and hangs his bow and quiver on his shoulder; his wife, in addition to her helpless infant, frequently carries a mat, an earthen pot, a number of ostrich shells, and some ragged skins. They ascend the mountain, and, with a keenness of sight perhaps superior to our common telescopes, survey the plain below, to discover game or cattle, or to watch those whose herds they may have stolen. If danger approaches, they climb the highest cliffs, from which nothing but the rifle ball can bring them down. When closely pursued they sometimes hide in dens and caves, in which their enemies—blocking up the entrance with brushwood and

setting it on fire—sometimes smother them to death in scores. Their hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against them.

*Food.*—Hunger compels them to consume every thing which is eatable; they even resort to plants and berries which are extremely unwholesome, while almost every kind of living creature—lizards, locust, grasshoppers not excepted—are eagerly devoured. They roast and eat serpents, whether poisonous or not; the heads of poisonous serpents they cut off, and carefully extract the bags, or reservoirs of poison, which communicate with the fangs of the upper jaw. If they have meat enough they do nothing but eat and sleep, dance and sing till their stock is exhausted. When compelled to sally forth in pursuit of prey, they are very skillful hunters; they can run almost as fast as a horse.

*Dwellings.*—It is impossible to look at their habitations and not ask—are these the abodes of human beings? In some places they will dig a hold among the bushes, and then untie and fasten the branches over it. Here, in a spot not larger than an ostrich's nest, the man and his wife, and probably a child or two, lie huddled together. Where bushes are scarce, they form a hollow under the edge of a rock, and partially cover it with reeds and grass.

*Poisoned Arrows.*—Having extracted the poison which they find in many of the serpents of South Africa, they mix it with the milky juice of some poisonous plant; they then simmer it over the fire till it becomes about as thick as wax; with this they cover the points of their arrows. It is stated by Mr. Moffat—whose book has furnished the facts contained in this description of the Bushmen—that he has known men shot dead on the spot with these arrows; and others, who did not at first appear to be mortally wounded he has seen expire in convulsive agony within a few hours.

*Cruelty to Children.*—When a woman dies leaving a child which is not able to shift for itself it is buried alive with the corpse of its mother. The Bushmen will also kill their children when they are ill-shaped or cry for food, when the father has forsaken the mother of the child, or bury them alive. Parents sometimes throw their little ones to the hungry lion, as he stands roaring before their cavern and refusing to depart till some peace-offering is made. They never correct their children except in a fit of rage, and then they almost kill them.

*Religion.*—The Bushmen know nothing of God, nothing of a future state, and yet they dread the approach of death. The missionaries sent out by the London Missionary Society were tolerably successful in leading the people to a knowledge of the truth, till their labors were interrupted by the difficulties which arose between the Bushmen and the farmers. Before this event, some of them had become very active in doing good to others. The children had learned to sing the praises of Jehovah; they had also made considerable progress in the schools.

The noblest part of a friend, says old Feltham, is an honest boldness in the notifying of errors.—He that tells me of a fault, aiming at my good, I must think him wise and faithful—wise in spying that which I see not, faithful in a plain admonishment, not tainted with flattery.

A poor girl in Massachusetts, knowing that the congregation to which she belonged was about to make its annual collection in aid of the funds of the American Board, called upon her pastor, and having assured him that she had no money to give, inquired with deep feeling what she should do. As she had been somewhat favorably known as the writer of several poetical effusions, he replied to her, "Contribute a piece of poetry." When the collection was examined, the following lines were found, addressed, it will be seen, to the Contribution Box.

Pass on, thou bearer of rich burdens, on,  
And gather to thy faithful bosom's trust  
The congregated wealth of thousand hearts—  
Their gold and silver and their prayers and tears.  
On, onward with thy treasure; take the wings  
Of morn, and speed thee to the home of man.  
Where'er thou findest him, in misery  
And crime, in ignorance and want and woe,  
Peace-speaking visitant, a healing leaf  
From the great tree of life thou'lt carry him;  
And he—my brother—shall arise and bless  
The hand that sent thee forth to seek, to find,  
To pity and redeem. And he shall lift  
His voice to pray for others perishing,  
And add his pittance to thy treasury;  
And thou shalt be a tributary stream  
To that pure river which so maketh glad  
The city of our God.

Then shall a thrill  
Of holy joy come back to those who now  
Intrust the with their offerings.—

A blessing on thy ministry of love,  
Receiver of our gifts—and would 'twere mine  
To expect the bliss of those who send by thee  
Their treasure to the heaven of heavens.

#### A Mother's Tears.

There is a sweetness in a mother's tears when they fall on the face of her dying babe, which no eye can behold with heart untouched. It is holy ground, upon which the unhalloved foot of profanity dares not encroach. Infidelity itself is silent and forbears her mocking; and here woman shows not her weakness but her strength; it is strength of attachment which man never did nor ever can feel. It is perennial, dependent on no climate, no changes, nor soil, but alike in storms as in sunshine, it knows no shadow of turning. A father, when he sees his child going down the valley, may weep when the shadow of death has fully come over him, and as the last departing knell falls on his ears, may say—"I will go down to the grave in mourning," but he turns away; in the hurry of business, the tear is wiped, and though when he returns to his fireside, the sportive laugh comes up to his remembrance, the succeeding day blunts the poignancy of his grief, and it finds no permanent seat. Not so with her who has borne and nourished the tender blossom. It lives in the heart where it was first entwined in the dreamy hours of night. She sees its playful mirth, and hears its plaintive cries; she seeks in the morning, and she goes to the grave to weep there. Its little toys are carefully laid aside as mementos to keep continually alive that thrilling anguish which the dying struggle and sad look produced, and though grief, like a canker worm, may be gnawing at her vitals; yet she finds a luxury in her tears, a sweetness in her sorrow, which none but a mother ever tasted.

As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion.

Proverbs.

## The Olive Leaf.

CABOTVILLE, MAY 24, 1843.

## PEACE OF MIND.

The greatest blessing enjoyed by mankind is uninterrupted peace of mind. We may be deprived of every other gift which a kind Heaven can bestow, yet if possessing a tranquility of soul we are comparatively happy.

The great reason why so many are affected by the disappointments and perplexities incident to a connection with the affairs of earth, is, that they lack the consciousness of having done as nearly right as was in their power to do. A conviction of a neglect of duty is sure to bring with it a troubled mind; whereas on the other hand the heart that is conscious of having performed to its utmost the demands of nature and its God, will possess that, without which, all are comparatively poor and wretched.

Go where you will, meet who you may, and you shall never behold a being, bearing the image of his Creator, possessing a peaceful spirit, without conforming to the principle of uprightness and honesty. A troubled heart arises from wrong motives, and not actions. It is true you may regret some misstep, but if you are sure, it was taken aside from a design to advance your own interest at the expense of others, the retrospect will lose its sting, while your heart will retain its buoyancy, and peace will eventually reign where all had been commotion.

The only sure way to possess a peaceful mind, is to do the best you can in all things, and trust in the blessing of Heaven, for what in no other way can be obtained.

We have received from Benjamin F. Brown, the "Ladies' Companion and Literary Expositor" for May; and is the first number of Vol. XIX.

Its Editors are Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Emma C. Embury, and William W. Snowden.

It contains Three Steel Plates, and contents entirely original.

The Ladies' Companion has hitherto stood unrivalled by any other Magazine issued in America; its list of contributors being composed of her best and ablest writers. From a hasty perusal of its contents, we should think it the best numbers ever issued. The plates alone are worth the price of the work.

Mr. Brown has, also, Graham's Magazine for June, highly embellished, and contains its usual amount of excellent matter.

Those who wish to purchase or subscribe for any of the Periodicals of the day, can do no better than at his office.

We have also before us the first No. of "The Pictorial Bible," being the Old and New Testaments according to the authorized version; illustrated by more than one thousand engravings representing the historical events, after celebrated pictures; the Landscape scenes, from original drawings or authentic engraving; and the subjects of Natural History and Antiquities, from the best sources. The Text, with full marginal references, is printed from the Standard Edition of the American Bible Society.

The whole is published in 16 Numbers, each to be issued the first and fifteenth of every month.

"Gertrude Howard, The Maid of Humble Life; or Temptations Resisted" is the title of a new Novel, of great local interest just published by Reading & Co. Boston. It is written by Wm. B. English, the author of Rosina Meadows, and is intended as a companion to that popular novellette, showing the reverse of the picture therein presented. The sketches of character and scenes of real life, are admirably drawn, and cannot fail of exciting a moral interest in all who read it. It is embellished with a superb engraving representing Washington's Head Quarters at Cambridge, with a most spirited scene in front, illustrating one of the chapters in the Novel, 12 1-2 cents, per copy.

The Child of the Wreck, by Harry Stevens. This is a tale of higher order of merit than is usually found

among anonymous writers. The author describes sea scenes like an adept, and on shore, convinces you that he is no "green hand" on the ocean of life. 12 1-2 cts.

All of the above can be had at E. F. Brown's, No. 6, Merchants Row.

## To Correspondents.

We have received quite a number of communications too late for insertion this week. Probably most will appear in our next.

## "MAKING A PRAYER."

How often do we hear professors talk of *making* prayers! This is very appropriate, considering that the greater part of what passes for prayer, is actually *made*. When we see a clergyman standing like a post, before an assembly of flatterers; and hear him begin with affected softness, "O thou, before whom angels bow, and archangels veil their faces," then we know that the man is about to *make a prayer*. When we get a trembling mourner on his knees, and call on a minister to pray for him, and hear him begin with a "high flown" rehearsal of God's attributes then we wish we had somebody to pray, who attempts to pray, and knows nothing of what he wants, and cares less so that he finds something fine to say, is sure to "make a prayer." When a man asks every thing that he has ever thought of, and then winds up by asking God to make up in giving wherein he has failed in asking, then we think if the man knows nothing else, he certainly knows how to make a prayer. Now we think a man may make any thing else he pleases with less guilt than to make a prayer. He may make a wheelbarrow, or a fiddle, but let him never make a prayer. Let all who pray, pray with the spirit and with the understanding.

## ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF RIVERS.

The Schuylkill river received its name from the circumstance that a school of fish were killed in it. The Susquehanna from the circumstance that an old maid named Hannah, drowned herself in it because her nephew would not marry her. The Ohio river was so named from the circumstance that a woman going down the river saw some very high land, and exclaimed 'Oh! high! Oh!' The Connecticut was so named from the circumstance that there were large tribes of Indians, who lived on either side, and the river cut them in two, or cut the connection. Therefore it is called Con-nect-i-cut. The river Merimac was so named on account of a jolly fellow who lived on its banks called 'Merry Mac.'

## SMOKING.

Dr. Willich says—The saliva serves the important purpose of mixing and preparing the food of the stomach; hence it ought not to be unnecessarily squandered by frequent spitting. This strange custom of smoking tobacco is, on that account extremely hurtful, as it weakens the organ of digestion deprives the body of many useful fluids, and has a direct tendency to emaciate it particularly those of young persons and those of a lean and dry fibres. To these it is the more detrimental, that it promotes not only the spitting of saliva, but likewise other evacuations. The practice not only vitiates the digestion, but impairs the understanding and stupifies the powers of the mind.

When the soul is ready to depart, what avails it whether a man die on a throne or in the dust.

## The Poisonous Tree of Java.

The Bohan upas is situated in the Island of Java, about twenty seven leagues from Batavia. It is surrounded on all sides by a circle of hills and mountains; and the country round it, to the distance of ten or twelve miles from the tree, is entirely barren. Not a tree nor a shrub, not even the least spire of grass, or a plant, is to be seen. To this tree the criminals are sent for the poison in which all warlike instruments are dipped.

The poison is a gun that issues out like camphor from between the bark and the tree itself. Malefactors condemned to die, are the only persons employed to fetch the poison, which is the sole chance they have of saving their lives. They are provided with a silver of tortoise shell box, and are properly instructed how to proceed while on their dangerous expedition, viz: they are told to go to the tree 'before the wind,' so that the effluvia from the tree may be blown from them; and they are told to use the utmost despatch.

They are then sent to the old priest who lives on the confines of the desert, who prepares them for their fate by prayers and admonitions. When about to depart he gives them a long leather cap with two glasses before their eyes which comes down as far as their breasts, and also provides them with a pair of leather gloves. They are then conducted by the priest and their relations, about two miles on their journey. Here the priest repeats his instructions, and tells them where to look for the tree; he shows them a hill which they are to ascend, and on the other side they will find a rivulet, which they are to follow and which will lead them to the upas tree. They now take leave of each other, and amidst prayers for their success the delinquent hastens away.

## GOOD ADVICE.

He that would be well spoken of himself must not speak ill of others.

Either say nothing of the absent or speak like a friend.

Be slow to give advice—ready to do any service.

Few men takes his advice who talks a good deal.

Solitude ceases to be a charm the moment we can find a single being whose ideas are more agreeable to us than our own.

Always distrust the sincerity of him who is profuse to promise, and seems over anxious to please.

The best rules for all are—to talk little—to hear much, to reflect alone upon what had passed in company, to distrust one's own opinion and value others that deserve it.

## GENTILITY.

There are some persons who are gentlemen by education, and others by nature. To say that a person cannot be a gentleman unless he has an education, is wrong; and it is also wrong to infer that a man of education must be a gentleman. How often is it that we meet with men who barely know how to read and write, whose being and general deportment would shame many a college bred spark.

## FIVE FACTS.

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience is the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best medicine.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE STRANGER'S GRAVE

Tread softly o'er that nameless grave,  
Where friendship's tear has never fell;  
Where they come not who did him love,  
The sleeper in his narrow cell.  
He trod thy ways unknown to all,  
A stranger in thy crowded street;  
Stood unrenowned amidst the hall—  
Heard no fond lips his name repeat.

Ye saw him pass with hasty step,  
And marked the high and manly brow,  
Yet asked not where his fathers slept,  
Nor sought his name, or ranked he how.  
Thus moved he in the throng, and they,  
The dearest of their joys afar,  
Sat waiting for the joyful day  
That homeward brings their only star.

They sigh his glad return to greet,  
And long the promised day to come;  
Think they shall then again him meet,  
And bid him welcome to his home.  
But it shall pass—he will not come,  
The sun shall wane—its journey o'er;  
And anxious hearts long his return,  
And long, but never see him more.

No marble marks his couch of clay,  
Afar ye've laid him from the rest,  
As if unhallowed it must be,  
A stranger's dust, nor could be blest.  
O plant some flower above his head,  
Which autumn's winds can never blast;  
That will anon its odors shed,  
When others round have breathed their last.

M. R.

## Gems Selected.

TIME.

Time, Time is the preacher. Change is the  
one he harps on as he hurries along. Change!  
he shouts, he roars, his hand on the mountain  
peak and powders it to dust! Change! he thun-  
ders, as he twists the hale oak up by the roots—  
Change! as he scatters the thistle's down to the  
wind—Change! he whispers, as he turns up the  
beaver of the young man and points with a grin  
to the tottering step of the aged—Change! as he  
brushes the vermillion from the cheek of beauty  
—and Change! he grumbles forth, as he lays his  
hand on the shoulder of him of broad chest and  
iron nerve, and points to the grave!—Change!  
change! are his last words to his emissaries—  
tempest, pestilence, sword, fire and famine—  
when he sends them forth on the rounds to over-  
l destroy!

THE SUN.

Come forth, thou glorious sun,  
And brighten up the skies;  
And smile the world upon,  
Whose life is in thine eyes.

Thou beautiful and bright,  
Come to thy throne of day,  
Within whose mellow light  
My soul would melt away.

He comes! he comes! he blesses  
Creation like a God,  
And flings his golden tresses  
Of glory all abroad!

Look up, my soul, forsaken,  
But now by every one,  
To greet thy friend awoken,  
The sun—the glorious sun!

While the revengeful seeketh his enemy's  
hurt, he oftentimes procureth his own destruction;  
while he aimeth at one of the eyes of his adver-  
sary, lo! he putteth out both of his own.

A CHARACTER.

An angry word—the oath profane—  
The vile, indecent song,  
Were never treasured in his heart,  
Or trembled on his tongue:  
His language was the blessed words  
Of truth and soberness,  
United with a soul that felt  
For misery and distress.

PUBLIC FAVOR.

Public favor is not less capricious than private  
friendship. It is a bird of passage, lost as soon  
as found; now in the moon, perhaps, now under  
ground. He whom the voice of the public unites  
to praise, the public voice will conspire to cen-  
sure.

DEAL GENTLY.

In tones of gentle accent speak,  
If e'er a brother fall;  
If you his stubborn will would break,  
Stir not his wrath with gall.

How sweet and tender are the words  
Which flow from hearts that feel!  
They vibrate on the tenderest chords,  
And only bruise to heal.

Bring these, and like rich music's swell  
Upon a placid lake,  
They'll sink within the breast and dwell,  
And grateful thoughts awake.

CONTEMPLATION.

Contemplation displays to us the past events  
of our lives, which, during their occurrence, we  
saw not; as a calm, clear day shows us the rocks  
and the wrecks of the sea, which we discovered  
not while tossed on the turbulent surface of the  
waters.

BEAUTY EVERY WHERE.

All the bliss of higher feeling  
We may take or may refuse;  
Nature, in her free revealing,  
E'er wears the spirit's hues.

All things, in truth, are good and fair,  
All of Nature and of Art;  
If thou wouldest see God every where  
Take him with thee into thy heart.

Sometimes there are living beings in nature as  
beautiful as in romance. Reality surpasses im-  
agination; and we see breathing, brightening and  
moving before our eyes, sights dearer to our  
hearts than any we ever beheld in the land of  
sleep.

GENIUS.

What is genius? 'Tis a fame  
Kindling all the human frame;  
'Tis a ray that lights the eye,  
Soft in love—in battle high;  
'Tis the lightning of the mind,  
Unsubdued and unrefined;  
'Tis the flood that pours along,  
The full, clear melody of song;  
'Tis the sacred boon of heaven,  
To its choicest favorites given.  
They who feel can paint it well.  
What is genius? Byron tell!

PRETTY WOMEN.

"Of all other views, a man may in time grow  
tired, but in the countenance of woman there is  
a variety which sets a weariness at defiance."—  
The divine right of beauty, says Junius, is the  
divine right an Englishman can acknowledge,  
and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not  
authorized to resist.

HOPE.

A bright and fairy being is Hope. She comes  
to us 'mid the dark hours of night, when our  
cheeks are bedewed with the tears of sorrow, and  
disappointment has blighted our fairest dreams.  
She parts asunder the dark shadows that veil in  
obscurity the joys of future years, and a light,  
like that of heaven, bursts upon our saddened  
hearts; and when the sable form of gloom ap-  
proaches our path, she, like an angel of light on  
golden wings, hovers around to brighten our souls.  
And ever as she lifts the curtain that shades our  
future path, we behold it strewn with fairy flow-  
ers, and watered with sylvan streams. Dark in-  
deed would be the journey of life, were it not for  
Hope. Every other faculty of the mind may  
become weary, and even deranged; but Hope,  
like the sun, though sometimes obscured in clouds,  
comes forth with a brighter effulgence to illu-  
minate our dreary pathway. It accompanies us through  
every changing scene of life. Even in the dark-  
est day, it affords some glimmering ray of light.  
And when grim despair is blighting the soul of  
its victim, Hope, like a distant star that comes in  
radiance from the clouds of night, appears to cheer  
the gloomy heart. Hope, in this dark, benighted  
world, is to man as the beacon-light to the mari-  
ner who plows the tempestuous ocean. Friend  
may desert us, and wealth may flee before us  
and even knowledge, the treasured spring of the  
soul, from whence the purer pleasures flow, may  
cease to solace the weary spirit. Then, Hop-  
e, like the morning lark, springs up in our bosom  
and the gathering clouds that are shrouding our  
souls, are quickly dispelled. They flee like the  
misty light of the morning before the rising sun.

For the Olive Leaf.

## MY FATHER.

Who that has wandered from his own native  
home, and gone out upon the cold and heartless  
world, but knows well how to appreciate the val-  
ue of home and kind friends. It fell to my lot  
when young, to lose an indulgent father; one  
that I loved with all the ardor of affection which  
a child could bestow upon a parent. But his  
tongue is silent, and he will speak to me no more.  
It is locked in death and he slumbers beneath the  
cold clods of the earth; he rests from his labors,  
and is free; he has gone to that country from  
whence no traveller returns. Dear father, art  
thou indeed gone; never more to return and  
greet us with thy smile; never more to be wel-  
comed by thy own family and kindred? Yes,  
thou art gone—gone did I say? yes, thy pure  
spirit has taken up its abode with its Maker, and  
thy body lies still and motionless. It seems but  
yesterday since these scenes passed before me.  
They are yet fresh in my memory, though two  
long years have passed away since they occurred,  
and I am left to mourn thy loss. Yet I trust we  
shall meet when my spirit shall be freed from this  
tenement of clay, in the peaceful climes of eter-  
nity, where the rude hand of death will never  
come.

SATELLA.

Cabotville.

## MARRIED.

In Enfield Ct. on the 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Harvey,  
Mr. John T. Wells of Amherst Mass. to Miss Sarah T.  
Smith of Cabotville.

In this village May 14th, by Rev. A. A. Folsom, Mr. Jose  
M. Colton, to Miss Lucretia P. Waite, both of town,  
In Westfield, Mr. Hubbard Tuttle, to Miss Lucy Loomis,

[ORIGINAL.]  
EVENING MELODIES, No. 5.  
MUSINGS.

## I.

Where the night-air drinks the balmy dew,  
From the flower in the moon-light vale;  
And the zephyr breathes its last adieu  
To the lone sad nightingale;  
I wander when the stars are bright,  
And the voice of day is low;  
While distant gleams the cottage light,  
And list to the streamlet's flow.

## II.

'Tis Nature's voice in a whisper borne  
Along on the stilly air;  
And brings again the hope long torn  
From this breast of pain and care,  
I love it then, the silent hour,  
'Tis balm to the wounded heart;  
It melts the tear with its magic power,  
And bids it outward start.

## III.

I love it—then each burning thought  
Is traced to its final goal;  
And scenes of childhood back are brought,  
And imaged upon the soul.  
And the star of hope is up beyond  
The swell of the tide of life,  
And Friendship's forms seem gathered round,  
Where hatred dwelt with strife.

## IV.

'Tis sweet to drink the zephyr up,  
As it comes from a sunny clime;  
And quaff at length from Nature's cup,  
And list to its mellow chime;  
And think that o'er the mountain's brow,  
Where sinks the setting moon,  
Are those we loved, from youth till now,  
True friends—earth's greatest boon.

## "CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET."

'Dorothy,' said Ichabod, pale and trembling to his wife, 'Dorothy, I have a secret, and if I thought you would keep it inviolable I would not hesitate to reveal it to you; but oh, Dorothy, woman—'

'Why Ichabod, it must certainly be a secret of great importance, for you are in a woful agitation. You know, husband you can place implicit confidence in your wife. Have I ever given you occasion to doubt my fidelity?'

'Never, never, Dorothy; but the secret I have to communicate is one that requires more than ordinary faithfulness and prudence to prevent you from divulging it. Oh dear! I shudder when I think of it!'

'Why, Ichabod, do you know how your lips tremble, and your eyes roll? What is the matter? Ichabod! you surely cannot mistrust the confidence of one who vowed at the altar to be faithful to you. Come unbosom yourself.'

'May I rely on your fidelity?'

'Ichabod, you know you may.'

'Well, then,—we are both to be ruined!—undone!—I have committed murder!'

'Murder?'

'Yes, murder!—and have buried him at the foot of a tree in the orchard!'

'Oh! awful! Ichabod. Committed murder! then indeed we are ruined, and our children with us!'

Ichabod left the room and Dorothy hurried off to her neighbors. Mrs. Prattle observed a change in Dorothy's countenance, and in her general appearance; so great as to cause her to inquire into the cause of it.

'Oh! Mrs. Prattle,' said Dorothy, 'I am the

most miserable of women! I am ruined forever.

'Mercy! Dorothy, how gloomy you look! What has turned up to make you look so dejected? Why how you sigh, woman, tell me the cause.'

'I wish I might, Mrs. Prattle; but the occasion of my unhappiness is a secret which I am not permitted to divulge.'

'Oh! you may tell me, Dorothy—I shall never speak of it again.'

'Will you promise never to reveal it to any person living?'

'You know, Dorothy, I never tell secrets.'

'Well, Mrs. Prattle—I scarcely dare say it—my husband has committed murder, and buried him at the foot of a tree in the orchard!—he told me of it himself. For Heaven's sake don't name it to any one!'

'Murder!—your husband committed murder! indeed, Dorothy you have reason to think yourself ruined! Poor thing I pity you from the bottom of my heart!'

Dorothy went home weeping and wringing her hands, and Mrs. Prattle leaving her dough half kneaded, and her infant crying in the cradle, hastened to hold a tete-a-tete with Mrs. Tell-all. Soon after this last confab was ended, the report of Ichabod's having committed murder became general, and the disclosure of the fact was traced to his wife Dorothy. Process was immediately issued against him by a magistrate, by whom and in the presence of a multitude of anxious spectators, he gave the following explanation:

'My object,' said Ichabod, in the course I have pursued, was to test my wife's capability of keeping a secret—I have committed murder inasmuch as I killed a toad, and buried it at the foot of a tree in my own orchard. How far my wife is capable of keeping a secret, has been sufficiently proved, and with respect to the murder, those who feel an interest in it,—are at liberty to inspect the body.'

## Answer to Enigma No. 2.

## Acrostical.

My 1st	&c.	is	C HILOE.
My 2nd	"	is	H ECLA.
My 3d	"	is	A RARAT.
My 4th	"	is	R OCHESTER,
My 5th	"	is	L OIRE.
My 6th	"	is	O TAHEITE.
My 7th	"	is	T ITICACA.
My 8th	"	is	T ALLAHASSE.
My 9th	"	is	E ASTER.
My 10th	"	is	S AVE.
My 11th	"	is	V AVAO.
My 12th	"	is	I VICA.
My 13th	"	is	L OO-CHOO.
My 14th	"	is	L AHORE.
My 15th	"	is	E RIE.

My whole is Charlottesville.

R. A. E.

## Respect to Ladies.

I have found that the men who are really most fond of the society of ladies, who cherish for them a high respect, are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of more assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are the favorites. A true respect for ladies leads to respectful action towards them; and respectful, is usually distant action; and this great distance is mistaken by them for neglect, or want of interest.

Addison.

[ORIGINAL.]  
CHARADE NO. 4.

On the curtain of the night,  
Down my FIRST comes soft, unseen;  
Nor appears till morning's light  
Faint reveals it on the green.  
Sparkling then till up I rise,  
Mingling in the deep blue skies.

And my SECOND is the least  
In the ocean's swelling tide,  
Making up its mighty breast,  
Stretching outward far and wide.  
And so small I ne'er am missed,  
Yet without me none exist.

Last, my WHOLE an emblem is  
Of the brightest, fair of earth,  
Source of every cup of bliss,  
And but few who know their worth,  
I'm the purest 'neath the sky,  
Would that all were pure as I.

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Answer to Charade No. 3, MAY-DAY.

Answer to Question No. 2, ALCOHOL

## BREVITY.

Short speeches, short stories, short courtships; a wise man will always be short in these things. I never knew a short sermon that was not more liked for it—a short story that had not the more pith in it—or a short courtship that was not more fortunate than a long one.

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OF THE

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