THE OLIVE LEAF,

AND FACTORY GIRL'S REPOSITORY.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE. [SEMI-MONTHLY.] IRVILLE IRWIN LESLIE, EDITOR.

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Poetry.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE WEARY CHILD.

And there he lies, stretched on the green,
His head upon his arm,
Drinking the dews of evening's hour,
And dreaming nought of harm.

Free as the zephyr that doth play
Around his sunny brow,
Has been his spirit all the day—
No care is traced there now.

All that he knows of earth is here
Within the garden wall;
One sound alone arrests his ear,
It is a mother's call.

Ah! happiest is his spirit now;
No other days like these
Will ever burst upon his view—
Nought but himself to please. L.

TALES.

THE HUSSAR'S SADDLE.

Old Ludovic Harts always regarded his saddle with the deepest veneration; and yet there appeared nothing about it capable of exciting his idolatry. It was a Turkish saddle, old, and deep-stained with blood; but to the brave Ludovic it recalled a tale of other days, when ardent, young and enthusiastic, he first drew his sword in defence of his country against its enemies.

He had been opposed in battle against the hostile invaders of his native Hungary, and many an unbelieving dog had his good sword smitten to the earth. Various had been the fortunes of the war, and too often were the glories of the holy cross dimmed by the lustre of the triumphant crescent. Such sad disasters were seldom alluded to by the brave Hussar, but he loved to dwell on the successful actions in which he had been engaged.

It was in one of these combats that suddenly cut off from his party, he found himself surrounded by four infuriated Turks.

But the recollection of you and your angel mother, would Ludovic say to his daughter, nerved my arms. I was assailed by all my opponents. How three fell, I know not; but severe and long was the conflict with the last of my foes, whose powerful arm was raised against me. Already I saw my wife a mournful widow, and my child fatherless, and these dreadful thoughts infused fresh vigor into my arm: I smote the infidel dog to death, hurled him from his steed and rifled him as he lay. At this moment several of the enemy appeared in sight, but I was too much exhausted to renew the perilous conflict. My gallant horse lay wounded and in the agonies of death; I threw myself on the Turkish courser, forced him on his utmost speed until I regained my squadron. The saddle was steeped in the blood of my foe, and mine mingled with it. When a cessation of hostilities permitted the troops to rest for a space from the horrors of war, I hastened with the treasure, which during the campaign I had acquired, to my home, and purchased these fertile fields around my dwelling, and forgot for a season the miseries of war.

The good Ludovic would here pause. He still retained a lively recollection of his lost wife, and he could not bear to narrate the circumstances of her illness and death. After this sad event his home became hateful to him, and he resolved again to engage in the arduous duties of a soldier. His little Theresa was kindly adopted into the family of his only brother, and there after a lapse of some years, our good Hussar found her blooming in youthful beauty.

Ludovic arrived only in time to close the eyes of his brother, who on his death bed entreated him to bestow Theresa on his only son, when they should have attained a proper age. Grateful for his almost parental care of his child, and moved by the situation of his brother, whose whole heart seemed to be bent on this union, Ludovic promised that when his daughter should have obtained the age of eighteen, she should become the wife of Karl, provided Karl himself desired the connection at that time; and satisfied with this promise the old man died in peace.

This engagement was concealed from Theresa, but it was known to Karl, who exulted in the thought that this rich prize would one day be his. With low habits and a coarse turn of mind, the delicate graces of Theresa had no charms for him—he loved her not, but he loved the wealth that would one day be hers, and which he looked on with a greedy eye. The thousand soft and nameless feelings which accompany a tender and gracious passion, were unknown to Karl. It was a hard task to him to attend his gentle mistress; nor did he ever appear disposed to play the lover, except when some other seemed disposed to supply his place. It was at a fete given by Ludovic to his neighbors at the termination of an abundant harvest, that Karl chose openly to assert his right. He had taken it for granted that he should open the dance with Theresa.—What then, was his indignation, when, on entering the apartment, her slender waist was encircled by the arms of a young hussar, moving in the graceful waltz! The evident superiority of his rival, whose well-knit limbs, firm step and martial air, formed a striking contrast to his own clownish figure and awkward gait, only increased his ire, and in violent wrath he advanced to Theresa, insisting on his right to open the dance with her. Theresa pleaded her engagement: he persisted: she refused his request, and laughed at his anger. He became violent and rude.—The hussar interfered, and the quarrel rose so high as to draw Ludovic to the spot.

Karl, in a voice almost choaked with passion, laid his grievances before him. Theresa, in a tone of indignation, complained to her father o his insolence, and appealed to him whether she was not at liberty to select any partner for the dance that she thought proper.

'You have no such liberty!' thundered forth Karl. 'You are my betrothed wife, as such you belong to me alone.'

Theresa cast on him a smile of scorn and contempt, but it faded as she looked to her father, and a deadly paleness overspread her countenance as she inquired, 'Father, does this man speak the truth?'

'He does my child,' was the reply, and she dropped insensible at his feet.

The young hussar now knelt down beside her passionately kissed her fair forehead, and raising her in his arms, bore her to an adjoining room, followed by the father and Karl. Theresa slowly revived. At first she saw no one, and breathing a deep sigh, murmured, 'it was all a horrid dream!' An anguished groan startled her into perception and agony. She looked up and saw her father standing before her with folded arms and a countenance clouded with grief.—Karl also stood near with an exulting smile; and the hussar knelt beside her, but his face was buried in his hands. She then found that it was no dream. She then looked at her father.

'Father, is there no hope?'

'None, my honor is pledged.'

She then turned to the hussar, and placed her cold hand in his: then rising suddenly, threw herself at the feet of Karl. 'O Karl, have mercy! I love another—you do not love me—have pity on us!'

'By all the powers of heaven and hell you shall be mine, Theresa?'

'I appeal to my father.'

'Will your father violate his promise to the dead?'

'No, I will not,' said Ludovic with solemnity.

'Then, Theresa,' exclaimed Karl, with fiend-like exultation, 'no power on earth shall save you from being mine!' and thus saying he left the house.

Theresa rose from her knees, and threw herself into the arms of her lover. The presence of her father was no restraint on her pure tenderness. The tears fell on his countenance, but his concluding words, 'that he must hold it sacred,' threw them into a new paroxysm of grief.

'We must part, then, Arnhold,' said the weeping Theresa; 'we must part—oh can we survive this cruel blow?'

'No, said Arnhold, 'No: I cannot be without you: let us once more entreat your father to have pity on us,' and the youthful lovers threw themselves at his feet.

'Arnhold! said Ludovic, sternly, 'then a soldier, and ask me to tarnish my honor!' Arnhold felt the appeal; he started up, raised the weeping Theresa, cut off with his sabre one long bright lock, embraced, and kissed her, placed her in the arms of her father, and fled.

Every passing day carried with it some portion of the fortitude of Theresa, as she saw the near approach of the period which was to consign her to a state so dreadful. Three little weeks were all that lay between her and misery. Ludovic endeavored to soothe her, but she would not be comforted. Had even her affections been disengaged, Karl would have been distasteful to her; but with her affections placed upon another, the idea of this union appeared insupportable.

'My child!' would Ludovic say, in interrupting a passionate burst of grief, 'by what magic has Arnhold gained possession of your heart?'

'He is an hussar,' replied Theresa.

There was something in this reply which moved Ludovic; he recollected that he himself had imbued the mind of the daughter with the sentiments of respect and esteem for the character of a good soldier; and conscience reminded him that he had often exalted the profession of arms above the peaceful and unobtrusive occupation of the husbandman. Was it wonderful then, that Theresa should have imbibed any of this spirit? or that she should have yielded her heart to one who possessed courage to defend her, under the afflictions of life? Arnhold dwelt near them; he had been the playmate of Theresa, and with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, they often listened together to the warlike exploits which the good Ludovic delighted to relate to them; and to these conversations might be attributed the passionate desire of Arnhold to adopt the profession of arms. Accustomed to see them play together as children, and liking the society of the generous and spirited boy, Ludovic forgot the danger, when their childhood passed away, of their affection assuming a totally different character. It was so, and Ludovic now saw with deep grief that his daughter was unalterably attached to the young soldier.

If Theresa was unhappy, her father was scarcely less so; he blamed his own imprudence; and on contrasting the characters of the two youths, a violent conflict between his feeling and his duty arose in his breast; the stern honor of a soldier triumphed, and he deemed himself bound to complete the sacrifice.

Unable, however, to endure the sight of her grief, he carried her to the abode of a youthful female friend, who formerly resided near them, but on her marriage had removed to a village about sixty miles distant. There he left Theresa, after receiving her solemn promise that she would return with him the day before that on which she would complete her eighteenth year.

'Father,' said she with a stammering voice 'I have never deceived you. If I live I will return; but do not grieve too deeply should my heart break in this fearful struggle.'

The old hussar dashed away a tear which strayed down his sunburnt cheek, embraced his child and departed.

Time wore gradually away, and at last the day arrived which was to seal Theresa's fate.—It found her in a state of torpid despair. Exhausted by her previous struggles, all feelings seemed dead; but her mind was awakened to new sufferings. A friend arrived to conduct her to her father. The good Ludovic lay apparently on the bed of death, and with breathless impatience Theresa pursued her journey.

On her arrival, her father's sick room was not solitary. The detested Karl was there, and there too was the youthful hussar.

'My child,' said Ludovic, 'my days are numbered, my fate must soon be decided, and alas, yours also! To my dying brother I solemnly promised that on this day I would offer you to his son for his bride. Without fulfilling my engagement I could not die in peace; even the grave would offer no rest. Can you sacrifice yourself for my future repose?'

'I can, I will,' cried the unfortunate Theresa, sinking on her knees, 'so help me heaven!'

'Heaven will bless a dutiful child,' said Ludovic with fervor—'Karl, draw near.' Karl obeyed. Theresa shuddered.

'Karl,' said Ludovic 'you say you love my child; cherish her I conjure you, as you hope for future happiness. In her you will possess a treasure; but I warn you, she will bring you but part of my possessions.' Karl started and retreated a few steps. That, however, continued Ludovic, 'which I looked upon as my greatest earthly treasure, I give you with my daughter. You, Karl, believe me to have some virtues.—Alas! alas! you know not the secret sins which have sullied my life—the rapine, the murder: but enough of this: I have confessed to my Maker, and have obtained absolution, for the dark catalogue—but on condition that I leave all my wealth to the church as an atonement for my transgressions. I could not forget that I was a father; I pleaded the destitute state of my child—I implored—I entreated; at length I wrung from the pious father his consent that I should retain my greatest treasure for my Theresa. I chose my saddle. Keep it, dear child, in remembrance of an affectionate father. And you, Karl, are you satisfied to relinquish worldly goods for the welfare of my soul? Are you willing to take my daughter with this portion?'

'Fool!' exclaimed Karl, 'doting idiot! how dare you purchase exemption from punishment at my expense? Your wealth is mine, your possessions must be the portion of my bride. I will reclaim them from these repacious monks, and tear them from the altar!'

'You cannot, you dare not,' replied Ludovic raising his voice; 'my agreement with your father had reference to my daughter only; my wealth formed no part of it.'

'Driveller! dotard!' vociferated Karl—'think you that I will accept a portionless bride? You must seek some other fool for that purpose: I renounce her.'

'Give her to me, father;' cried Arnhold; 'I swear to cherish and protect her while I live.—Give her to me, and when she shall be the loved wife of my bosom, I will live for her, aye, and die for her.'

Karl laughed in mockery. 'You value life but little' said he, 'to talk of sacrificing it for a woman. I never knew one worth the trouble of winning, and least of all Theresa.'

The young hussar laid his hands on his sabre. Theresa threw herself between them.—At the same moment Ludovic sprang from his couch, tore the covering from his head, snatched the saddle from the wall where it hung, seized his sabre and with one stroke laid it open, and a stream of gold bezants, oriental pearls, and sparkling jewels, fell on the floor. 'Wretch! worm! vile clod of earth! art thou not justly punished? Hence reptile! begone before I forget thou art of my kind.' Ludovic raised his sabre, and the dastardly Karl fled, without daring to give utterance to the imprecations which hung on his colorless lip.

Trampling under foot the costly jewels which lay strewed around, Theresa rushed towards and embraced her father exclaiming, 'Is not this a dream! Are you restored to me? Can this bliss be real?'

Forgive me, my child, exclaimed Ludovic, the pain I have been obliged to give your gentle heart. My effort to make that wretch resign his claim to your hand has been successful. Grudge not that part of our store has been appropriated to the holy church, forgiveness of the sins I mentioned, and of which, thank heaven, I am guiltless, but to be the blessed means of saving you from a miserable fate. Kneel down, my children; support her, Arnhold; lay her innocent head upon your bosom, and receive the fervent benediction of an old hussar.

For the Olive Leaf.

Among the most wonderful phenomena of the present age, there is one that exceeds all others. In a beautiful and retired village of Hartford county, far from the unwholesome taint of city air, was held a temperance meeting. Old and young had come from the mountain and valley, to hear the new lecturer.

The features of the old seemed brightened at the prospect of a reform among their ranks, for old King Alcohol had long disturbed their fireside devotions, and nightly repose. They were afflicted day after day with his presence; therefore, they determined no longer to be harrassed by the arch enemy of all [illegible] happiness, but to make one more effort at the lever of Hercules, and throw him into the shades of obscurity. In the gallery stood the scholars of the village school, whose voices alone would start the foe from his lair, and make him tremble at the influence of cold water music. At length, after they had sung one or two hymns, the lecturer arose; his eye glistening with the tear that had involuntarily forced its way by the melody of the choir. Silence, that was more befitting the pale nations of the dead than a living audience, immediately followed. The lecturer spoke in a lucid and forcible manner, and with such powerful arguments, that the tower of the enemy began to sway to and fro like the forest pine, when boreas is in one of his wildest freaks.

Soon the thunder of the lecturer, shook it from its foundation—crash followed crash, as the loud artillery of temperance was poured into its walls, till one, louder than all the rest,—which seemed as if the comet had struck the earth—laid it prostrate to the feet of the conqueror. For a moment all was still, and that moment seemed lengthened to an hour. The hearers wiped the perspiration from their brows, and gasped again for breath. A holy calm pervaded the assembly, and all sat spell-bound, till the lecturer arose again, and asked some ladies to circulate the pledge among the gentlemen, but was answered, "*I should rather be excused.*" Who ever heard of such a phenomenon as this. It would be hardly creditable to me had I not listened to it. Ladies think of it, never say again "*I should rather be excused,*" unless you wish to call the spirits of darkness around you.

J.

[ORIGINAL.]

Lines to a Weeping Willow in a Grave-Yard.

Thou standest in a sacred spot,
Far from the busy hum of day,
It well becomes thy drooping boughs—
Here ne'er should sport the thoughtless, gay.

O here, where gentle breezes sigh
When the bright sun is setting clear,
And sparkling dew-drops linger long,
May'st thou stand from year to year.

Again the gentle summer's come,
To greet thee with her welcome voice,
And sunny smiles are gathering round,
Yet still thou seem'st not to rejoice.

When Autum's cold and chilly blast
Shall cause thy leaves to fall away,
O may it ever me remind,
That this frail body must decay.

When of the world I take my leave,
And bid farewell to time's dark billow,
May I then claim a resting place,
Near thee, thou lonely weeping willow.

Cabotville, June, 1843. ROSALTHE.

NATURE COLORED BY OUR FEELINGS.

'All the broad earth is beautiful
To hearts attuned aright;
And wheresoe'er my steps have turned,
A smile has met my sight.'

It has been remarked that 'our thoughts and feelings gather much of their coloring and character from the objects by which we are surrounded;' which observation we feel to be measurably true. But does not the thought come to us that there must be other and stronger influences giving character to our feelings, than that of objects in the midst of which we are placed? Very seldom indeed should we be sad, were we so only when we reflect the shades of gloom from the world of nature around us. Nature's coloring is not the sombre hue of melancholy, but that of the bright rainbow of hope and gladness. Her lessons are not those of repining and discontent, but deep and silent ones are they of gratitude and love. Are not our own hearts rather the mirrors in which every thing we behold is reflected? as these are dimned and obscured, so also will be the shadows they reflect; if they are clear and bright, even so will be the objects they present.

Let us go forth in nature's loveliest season; be it when soft winds tell of springing flowers and opening leaves; or when gentle summer greets us with her sweet roses and green woods; or be it when the pensive shades of autumn gather over the verdant hills—let us gaze on these bright scenes with hearts full of bitterness or grief, and how dimmed is all its brightness, how sad a change has come over all these scenes of beauty! The deep blue sky has lost its splendor the sweet teachings of the flowers are all hushed, or breathe in tones of sorrow; the once joyous songs of the birds come now like the sighing wind over broken harp strings; and all nature seems but a mournful altar, at which, we may only kneel and weep.

Has the spirit of darkness indeed gone forth over all the fair things of earth? Listen—there comes an answer to thy question: "Thou frail and erring one, over thy heart alone has the spirit of darkness gathered; all earth is still decked in radiant smiles to cheer and gladden thee; the bright flowers, the sparkling waters, the dancing leaves, all are calling thee to throw off the burthen of sorrow and care, and mingle in their scenes of joy. Thou hast come forth with a spirit borne down by the cumbering dust of earth, casting deep shadows over all her brightness. Thou hast come bearing a sad heart amid her joyous scenes, blending with her brilliant hues the mournful memories of the past, until thou hast filled the woodland shade and glen with visions of sorrow. If thou wouldst again behold the lovely things of nature, as thou wert wont to do, wipe from the mirror of thy heart the mist and shadows which have gathered there, and the 'spirit of darkness' shall have disappeared."

True, thou gentle teacher; we feel that too soon, too despondingly, we yield. When the passing clouds are over our pathway we have allowed the darkness so to shroud our eyes, that we cannot see the sunshine which passes through it. We will listen to the birds and flowers, who better, sweeter lessons may teach us of One who through all changes protects *them*, and who surely will ever watch over *us* for good. And we will not forget that the sunshine and the clouds of life are from the same high source, and that "by beauty and by grief alike we are training for the skies." MARY.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN TWO YOUNG LADIES.

'O, how I wish I had been a man!'

'I believe that there never was a woman yet who has not, at one time of her life, said the same thing, however mild and quiet she may have been in disposition. But as we cannot, why—'

'Why, the next thing is to wish to be a man's wife, Araminta; is it not?'

'It is natural, I suppose, to wish so,' replied Araminta, 'but I seldom think about it. I must first see the man I love, before I think about marrying.'

'And now tell me, Araminta, what kind of a man do you think you could fancy?'

'I should like him to be steady, generous, brave and handsome, of unexceptionable family, with plenty of money; that's all.'

'O, that's all! I admire your 'that's all.'—You are not very likely to meet with your match, I'm afraid. If he's steady, he is not likely to be very generous; and if to those two qualifications you tack on birth, wealth, beauty, and bravery, I think your 'that's all' is very misplaced. Now I have other ideas.'

'Pray let me have them, Melissa.'

'I do not want my husband to be very handsome, but I wish him to be full of fire and energy; a man that—in fact, a man that could keep me in tolerable order. I do not care about his having money, as I have plenty in my own possession to bestow on any man I love; but he must be of good education, very fond of reading --romantic not a little—and his extraction must be, however poor, respectable—that is, his parents must not have been trades-people. You know I prefer riding a spirited horse to a quiet one; and, if I were to marry, I should like a husband who would give me some trouble to manage; I think I would master him.'

'Yes, because they have attempted it by meekness and submission, thinking to disarm by that method. It never will do, any more than getting into a passion. When a man gives up his liberty, he does make a great sacrifice—that I'm sure of—and a woman should prevent him feeling that he is chained to her.'

'And how would you manage that?' said Araminta.

'By being infinite in my variety, always cheerful; and, instead of permitting him to stay at home pinned to my apron-strings, order him out of the way from me, join his amusements, and always have people in the house that he liked, so as to avoid being too much tete-a-tete. The caged bird ever wants to escape; open the door and let him take a flight, and he will come back of his own accord, of course. I am supposing my gentleman to be naturally good-hearted and good-tempered. Sooner than marry what you call a steady, sober man, I'd run away with a privateer. And, one thing more, Araminta—I never would, passionately, distractedly fond as I might be, acknowledge to my husband the extent of my devotion and affection for him. I would always have him to suppose that I could still love him better than what I yet did—in short, that there was more to be gained; for, depend upon it, when a man is assured that he has nothing more to gain, his attentions are over. You can't expect a man to chase nothing, you know.'

'You are a wild girl, Melissa; I only hope you will marry well.'

'I hope I shall; but I can tell you this, that, if I do make a mistake, at all events, my husband will find that he has made a mistake also. There's a little lurking devil in me, which, if aroused up by bad treatment, would, I expect, make me one more than a match for him. I'm almost sorry that I've so much money of my own, for I suspect every man who says any thing pretty to me: and there are but few in this world who would scorn to marry for money.'

'I believe so, Melissa; but your person would be quite sufficient without fortune.'

'Thanks, coz; for a woman, that's very handsome of you. And so now we will begin our new book.'

INDIAN MARRIAGE PROMISE.

A young Indian failed in his attention to a young squaw. She made complaint to an old chief, who appointed a hearing or trial. The lady laid the case before the judge, and explained the nature of the promise made to her. It consisted of sundry visits to her wigwam, 'many little undefinable attentions,' and presents, a bunch of feathers, and several yards of red flannel. This was the charge. The faithless swain denied the undefinable attentions in toto.—He had visited her father's wigwam for the purpose of passing away time when it was not convenient to hunt; and had given the feather and flannel from friendly motives, and nothing further. During the latter part of the defence, the young squaw fainted. The plea was considered invalid, and the offender sentenced to give the lady 'a yellow feather, a broach that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen of coon-skins.' The sentence was no sooner concluded, than the squaw sprung upon her feet, and clapping her hands, exclaimed with joy, 'Now me ready to be courted again.'

The evils of the world will continue until philosophers become kings, or kings become philosophers. [Plato.

FOREVER THINE.

Forever thine, what e'er this heart betide,
Forever thine, where'er our lot be cast—
Fate, that may rob us of all wealth beside,
Shall leave us love till life itself be past.

The world may wrong us—we will brave its hate;
False friends may change and falser hopes decline:
Tho' bowed by cankering care' we'll smile at fate,
Since thou art mine, beloved, and I am thine!

Forever thine—when circling years have spread
Time's snowing blossoms o'er thy placid brow:
When youth's rich glow, its purple light is fled,
And lilies bloom where roses flourish now.

Say, shall I love the fading beauty less,
Whose spring-tide radience has been wholly mine?
No! come what will, thy steadfast truth I'll bless,
In youth, in age, thine own, forever thine!

Forever thine, at evening's dewy hour,
When gentle hearts to tenderest thoughts incline,
When balmiest odors from the closing flower
Are breathing round me—thine forever thine!

Forever thine! 'mid Fashion's heartless throng,
In courtly bowers—at Folly's gilded shrine,
Smiles on my cheek—light words upon thy tongue,
My deep heart still is thine—forever thine!

Forever thine! amid the boisterous crowd,
When the jest sparkles with the sparkling wine,
I may not name thy gentle name aloud,
But drink to thee in thought—forever thine!

I would not, sweet, profane that silvery sound;
The depth of love could such rude hearts divide?
Let the loud laughter peal, the toast go round,
My thoughts, my thoughts are thine, forever thine.

Written for the Olive Leaf.

MY GRANDFATHER'S STORY

Of The Lost Children.

It was a cold stormy evening in December, and we had gathered around the fireside to listen to a promised story from our aged grandfather.—After many promises on our part to remain silent during its recital, he began.

'On the east bank of the Connecticut river, in the year 1789, stood a large one story wooden house, then uninhabited. The roof was covered with moss, and the glass nearly all broken out by the idle and vicious, who, as they passed, delighted in throwing stones into its silent and desolated apartments. During the summer it was surrounded by tall grass and weeds, and inhabited only by the swallow and wren, which built their nests in the chambers and holes in the frame. Alone it stood a mile from any other dwelling, and the gentleman who then owned it, with the land half a mile around, resided in a village ten miles distant. Why he had suffered it to remain so long in that situation, was a mystery to many, who had endeavored to purchased it at an advanced price; he still declining any offer that might be made him for either land or house. It was his custom to visit it every three or four months, at which times in the summer season, he would spend a week in going over the land and sitting in the desolated rooms. It was during one of his visits hither, that I prevailed upon him to relate to me what constitutes the story, I am now about to tell you.'

Said he, 'I was born here. Forty years ago, this was nearly a wilderness, there being but three houses or habitations within six miles.

My father, in company with a man by the name of Morris, was the first who emigrated hither. They built this house together, and each occupied a half. Shortly after their removal here, they were followed by another family by the name of Harvey. They built a house on the other side of the river near where you see a large elm. About a year after my father's settlement here, I was born; and a short time after Mrs. Morris gave birth to a daughter. I cannot recollect my father, being but eighteen months old when, as my mother afterwards told me, he died.

Up to my ninth year I have no distinct recollections of what was passing around me, otherwise then being engaged in my childish sports and amusements, in company with Clara Morris, as we used to call her. She was a light-hearted girl, and gentle as the summer air. Well do I recollect her soft dark eyes and silken curls, as they waved loosely in the gentle breeze. She was the only companion of my early days; and alas! that I can yet remember them!—Could I but forget that portion of my life, I might be what the world would call happy. These are the rooms that have echoed with her cheerful voice, and where, during the long winter evenings, I have sat with her, under a mother's instructions, learning the elements of my own language, and listening to some fairy tale which she would often tell us. For a mile around, there is not a foot of land which I have not seen. Up to my tenth year, these hills and vales were the haunts of all our summer days, and the retreat of pleasure, till the autumn winds bade us seek shelter within these walls. Yonder large rock, under the shadow of that stately oak, which you see at the foot of the hill, is the most hallowed spot to me on earth. Unnumbered are the hours which we spent there together; from morn till eve have our merry voices been heard borne on every zephyr that swept down the vale.

Up to this period my mother had resided here with Morris and his wife, occupying the same room she did previous to my father's death.—About this time Harvey, on the opposite side of the river, removed to a neighboring state, selling his house and land to a man who called his name Boyden.

A week after Harvey's departure, one afternoon, four boats came down the river laden with goods, apparently to furnish the house. There were two men in each, and all seemed to be in high spirits, frequently raising their voices to the highest pitch. After landing, they proceeded to the house, leaving their boats fastened to some stakes which were driven into the bank for that purpose.

I never shall forget the impression I then received from viewing their uncouth figures, and hearing their wild and incoherent expressions.—Their very words sent a chill to my heart, and I dared not venture out the remainder of the day.

Shortly after entering the house, they were seen to come out, and separate; one going this direction, another that; crossing and recrossing each others path; some mounting the hill, and climbing over the rocks in among the brakes and brambles, as if in search of some hidden treasure. None of us could decide which of the company was the one that purchased of Mr. Harvey, as neither had seen him. Roving about until nearly dark, they returned to the shore, and gathering a quantity of wood, built a fire a short distance from the landing. About the same time the house was lighted up and shortly after, they began unloading the boats; and by ten o'clock, the whole cargo was carried to the house, and the boats hauled high upon the bank.

From what I now remember, Mr. Morris supposed all, or nearly all, to be employed by Boyden to bring his goods, and consequently they would return the next day; while his family were yet to arrive.

The next morning was as pleasant a one as May ever saw. The sun, with it ten thousand beams, reflected from the smooth surface of the river that calmly moved along in its unchanging course, seemed to impart new life and spirit to all around. Anxiously I watched, standing in the door, wishing for their departure, for being unaccustomed to any thing but mild treatment and pleasant words, their disconnected phrases, mingled with oaths and threats cast a damp over my spirit, and seemed to chill the warmest blood in my veins.

The day passed and they still remained; some strolling about the farm, while others passed up and down the river in their boats. A month rolled away and still none had left, except for a few days at a time. We now began to conclude that these were to be our neighbors.

As yet they had not crossed the river upon our lands. They seemed to avoid all intercourse, and shun the approach of any who might attempt to speak with them. It was noticed by Mr. Morris, that a party would pass up the river every night about dark, and return the next morning at day-break. This he could not account for; and finally all things in regard to their movements and business, seemed enveloped in a mystery, which none dared attempt to penetrate.

As they had never crossed to our shore, Clara and I roamed fearless as usual over the hills and meadows wherever our fancy led us. It was the last of July, and the raspberries were very plenty about a mile down the river. One sunny morning, after obtaining consent, we sat out with our baskets for the spot. There was a path along on the bank of the river, trodden partly by the inhabitants above and below us, and partly by the deer and other wild animals, that came hither to drink. As we passed along, the birds seemed more joyful than was wont, while ever and anon the speckled trout would leap to the surface of the water, apparently in the highest glee.

The day was very warm and sultry, which obliged us often to seek the shade of a large tree that stood near the bank of the river.

We had filled our basket and were seated under it cooling branches, when the dip of oars attracted our attention, up the river a few rods distant. I stood up and looking through a cluster of alders, saw a man in a boat, rowing along by the shore apparently in search of a landing place. As he drew near I recognised him as one of the gang above named, and before we had decided what to do, he had landed, and was fastening his boat to a small tree which stood near the path.—As yet we thought he had not seen us, and taking Clara by the hand we were about darting in among some shrubbery when a shrill voice rang through the woods, and upon looking around I beheld another of the crew advancing from out the forest a few rods distant. As he approached, Clara clung to me with a death-like

grasp, trembling like an autum leaf in the wind.

Bidding us remain where we were, he called to the other who had commenced picking berries at a short distance, and after a consultation of a few minutes, asked us if we should not like to go home in the boat, saying that they would set us ashore at Mr. Morris' landing. To this we replied in the negative, desiring to go home the way we came.

I was convinced by the conduct of the first who spake to us, that something rather than kindness was intended in the offer, and therefore refused to go as they wished. After persuading us for some time, and finding that we would not consent, he told us we *must* go, and, to resist was useless. I immediately made up my mind to jump into the water if they attempted to carry us any where but home. Telling us to take our basket, they bade us follow them to the boat.

I never shall forget how Clara trembled as I took her hand. Every nerve seemed relaxed, and so weak was she, that it was with great difficulty she stood. After arriving at the boat, they told us that our hands and feet must be tied, and the less we said about it the better it would be for us. I looked at Clara—her eyes were fixed. It seemed that the horrors of her situation had overcome all her powers of body and mind, rendering her stupefied.

I told them, rather than to be bound, we would cheerfully go with them, wherever it might be; but finding them determined to do as they had said, I only pleaded that Clara might remain unbound, assuring them that she would go wherever I did, without a murmur. After binding me, [illegible] they bound my feet together, and my hands behind me, they put me into the boat. I again renewed my entreaties in regard to Clara, which it seems had some effect; for after a short, low conversation, they put her into the boat beside me.

The sun was setting as they pushed off from the shore. Letting the boat float down the stream undirected, they began singing one of their ludicrous songs, probably with the intention of diverting us. In this manner we proceeded down the river untill dark, when they commenced rowing back.

The evening was very dark, and from the appearance of a black cloud rising in the west, they concluded there would be a fall of rain, accompanied by a heavy wind. Accordingly, it seemed they rowed with all their power, and at length ran in between some rocks and the shore, which formed a kind of cove. They then told us they were going to land, and therefore unbound my feet.

They seemed well acquainted with the place, and it appeared by their conversation that it was their intention to land as they did at this spot; their only object in going down the river so far, being to bewilder us, and escape detection thro' the darkness of the night. The bank of the river was very high and steep, and at this place was nearly perpendicular. After we had landed they bade us stand still, while they fastened the boat, which they drew up over the bank, apparently with much difficulty. After a while, one of them then returned and told us they were ready. Clara by this time had somewhat overcome her agitated feelings, and in a firm tone asked him where they were leading us, at the same time declaring she would not go, unless they would promise to conduct us home. To this he made no reply, but with an oath, told us if we did not do as he said, he would bury us there within five minutes. At this my senses seemed to forsake me, and but one thought alone pressed itself into my mind, which was to dash into the river and swim for the opposite shore, and undoubtedly should, had he not at this instant grasped my arm, hurrying me forward toward the bank, and commanding us both to follow in a voice which I dared not disobey.

The bank as I have said was very high and steep, insomuch that it was next to an impossibility to ascend it, without drawing yourself up by the shrubs and trees. It however appeared that this spot had been selected by them as a landing place; for up the side of the bank were steps made by removing a portion of the earth.

It now had become very dark, and the cloud which we had seen rising, was nearly over our heads, while the distant roar of the tempest was heard approaching.

We had not gone far into the thick forest before it began to rain in torrents, while the wind leveled the mightest trees around us to the earth. Nothing could be discerned. Crash after crash came with the howling of the tempest which every moment seemed to increase in fury and strength. At length the one having the charge of me remarked to the other, who with Clara was a short distance in the rear, that they had better remain where they were until the storm had passed, and the moon should rise.

Clara had sobbed violently ever since we had left the river, and it now seemed as if her last tears were gushing forth to mingle with the descending flood. Her clothes, as well as mine, were perfectly wet, and clinging to us in the wind, like the folds of a serpent. I seated myself beside her upon the ground, and endeavored to console her, telling her, in a whisper, that I should soon get away from them, and inform Mr. Morris, who would come and take her home; while justice would be inflicted upon the whole gang of robbers as I then knew them to be.

To be concluded.

HOPE.

Lonely and desolate would the heart of man be were it not for Hope. In the morning of life when all is gay and cheerful, and all around us is lovely, and seems created only to render us happy, the chilly blast of misfortune often overtakes us; and were it not for Hope, we should recoil at its touch, and in all the bitterness of disappointment, sink in despair. Have we been called to part with near and dear friends and in the bitterness of sorrow seen them committed to the earth? yet we mourn not without hope, the friend of the disconsolate: she whispers, we shall meet again. Hope, the daughter of heaven and friend of the unfortunate, will soften our sorrow and soothe our heart. It is hope that draws aside the veil of futurity, and points us to a better land, where neither death, pain, or sorrow, will ever come, and all tears shall be wiped away.

You may talk of doing good, but you will never accomplish any, unless there be an effort made. Your actions alone are the evidences of your intentions.

Written for the Olive Leaf,

ONE I LOVED IS IN THE GRAVE.

I.

Bright the summer sun in shining,
Blue the sky and fresh the breeze;
Flowers the garden walks are twining,
Birds are warbling in the trees.
But while joy is swelling round me,
Nought from pain my heart can save;
Sadness, with its spell, has bound me—
One I loved is in the grave.

II.

Cheerful looks and pleasant voices
Call me from my grief away;
Nothing now my heart rejoices—
Vain each effort to be gay.
Let me weep—the tears are swelling—
Eyes, which smiles so often gave,
For each hour, the tale are telling—
One I loved is in the grave.

III.

All things wear the garb of sorrow,
For my heart is filled with gloom;
And my thoughts their hue will borrow
From the shadow of the tomb.
Mournfully the waves are singing,
Dark the caverns which they lave;
Every sound a knell is bringing—
One I loved is in the grave.

IV.

Sadly now the days I number;
Dark and slow their passing seems;
Night but brings me troubled slumber,
Restless hours and weary dreams.
Death's dark wings my path are shading,
Sable plumes before me wave,
Phantoms from my gaze are fading—
One I loved is in the grave.

V.

Father! in distress I languish,
Heal the wound thy hand has made;
Thou canst see my silent anguish;
Thou wilt pity, thou wilt aid.
Yes, a ray of light is beaming,
From despair my soul to save;
Jesus, on thy bosom leaning—
One I love is in the grave.

Cabotville. S. F. C.

Love. Love, so far as it is merely natural is as changeful as a dream—so far as it is spiritual, it is enduring. Genuine love is that of the spirit, which, if it be true, must make the object beautiful, though the outward form and corporeal vestment are as rugged as the gnarled oak. It is therefore honorable to woman that the more exalted of the sex prefer a Socrates to a mere Antinous, and leave a contrary choice to those whose highest ambition it is to be admired, even though the admiration is no purer than the emotion of an animal.

Education. Susan, my dear, stand up, and let the gentleman see what you have larned at school. Now what does c-h-a.i-r spell?"

"I don't know marm."

"Why you ignorant critter—what do you always sit on."

"O marm, I won't tell."

"Won't tell!—why what upon arth is the matter with the gal? Speak, I tell you!"

'Oh—I didn't think you know'd it—it was—it was—Bill Cross's knee—but he never kissed me but twice."

"Arthquakes and apple sarse,—I *shall* faint!"

The Olive Leaf.

CABOTVILLE, JUNE 22, 1843.

We have just been through heat and dust, to pay our respects to his honor, the President; but ah! he '*was'nt there.*' However we can't blame him, for it is said that his 'Man Friday' died on the morning of the 20th, which made it necessary for him to return to Washington.

We did'nt quite cry at the disappointment, but felt very bad. One thing is certain we were not alone who went thither and came home with a sorry face.—As we did not vote for his majesty, we feel under no particular obligations to lament his non appearance.

As it is, we suppose we *shant see him* this time.

To Correspondents.

'American Antiquities,' by our friend 'Allen' is received. Also, 'Call Me Before I Am Old,' for both of which the author will receive our grateful acknowledgements. We have not room for them this week, but promise our readers some thing valuable in our next.

Answer to Enigma No. 3, came to late for insertion.

'The Operative's Last Letter' must necessarily be deferred until our next.

☞The complete works of Lord Byron, to be issued in twelve weekly parts, with elegant engravings; edited by Thomas Moore, Esq.

The first No. of this republication is before us, and merits the patronage of all who wish to 'drink in the inspiration' of the immortal, though wayward bard.—Price 25 cents. For sale at E. F. Brown's, No. 6, Merchants Row.

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INFIDELITY.

What is the object of infidelity? It is to brutify a man, to cut the cords which bind him to infinity, to turn the current of his being downwards, and to reverse the whole design and tendency of his nature. Those high and holy thoughts which he has sent abroad into eternity it would bid him summon back, only that he may bury them in the dust at his feet. It beckons his eyes away from the mansions of heaven, that he may gaze upon the darkness for ever.—It would turn off his thoughts from all that is inspiring in the future, only that he may be led into moody nothingness, and disappear. It would dissolve his connection with all he loves, and all that his soul aspires to, that he may claim kindred with all that he hates, and all that his mind shudders to contemplate. Embrace its sentiments, and God, angels, heaven, immortality, retire from the view, while dread annihilation and uncreated night swell into frightful spectres in the prospect. Who would be an infidel?

When young, we trust ourselves too much, and we trust others too little, when old. Rashness is the error of youth, timid caution of age. Manhood is the isthmus between the two extremes; the ripe, the fertile seasons of action, when alone we can hope to find the head to contrive; united with the hand to execute.

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial, it appears in clear weather, but vanishes as soon as it is cloudy.

Sin not, if you would have less vexation in the hour of death.

Copy of a letter to William Goffe, one of the Regicides, from his Wife, in 1662.

The following letter we take from Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, published in 1775. We have endeavored to preserve the original style as far as possible, *both in arrangement and spelling.*

It will be recollected that Goff and Whalley, were two of the thirty judges of Charles 1, of England, who condemned him to death, and were to be executed as traitors. Goff and Whalley made their escape, and arrived at Boston in 1660.

Goff had been a lieutenant-general in Cromwell's army. An order for their apprehension reached New England shortly after their arrival. After travelling undiscovered a while, they took refuge in the house of Mr. Russell, the minister of Hadley, Mass. Here they remained sixteen or seventeen years, unknown to any, save the family in which they lived, and a few of Mr. Russell's intimate friends.

During this time Goff received from his wife in England the letter above mentioned.—EDITOR.

My dearest Hart,

I HAVE been excedingly refresht with your choyce and precious letter of the 29th May 1662. Those scriptures you mention, through mercy, with many others, are a great support and comfort to me in this day of my great affliction.—Through grace, I doe experience the Lords presence in supporting and providing for mee and mine, in this evill day. The preservation of yourselfe and my deare father, next to the light of his own countenance, is the choycest mercy that I enjoy. For, to heare of your wellfare gives, as it were, a new life to me. Ah! what am I, poor worme, that the great God of heaven and earth should continue such merceys to mee and mine, as I at this day enjoy. Many others have lost there deare youke-fellowes, and out of all hopes to see them in this life; but that is not my condition, as yet, blessed be his holy name, for he hath made mee hope in his word. 10 Zech. 9. *And I will sow them among the people, and they shall remember me in farre countreys. and they shall live with their children and turne againe.*——Persecution begins to be high heere, the bishops courts are up as high as ever. But, wee have the promises of a faithfull God to live upon, and he hath said, *To your it is given not only to beleeve but to suffer.* He hath alsoe promised to lay noe more upon his poore people than he will give them strength to beare. Oh my Hart! I doe, with my whole soule, blesse the Lord for his unspeakeable goodnes to you and your deare friend, in that he hath been pleased to appeare soe eminently for your preservation. He brings to the grave and raises up againe. Oh that the experience that wee have dayly of his goodnes may make us trust him for the future. Wee have seene that word in the 5th of Job, in some measure, made good to you. Reade the 12th verse; from the 11th to the end of the chapter, there is much comfort to those in our condition; as alsoe in 91 Psal. O my deare, let us henceforth make the Lord our refuge and our trust, and then he shall cover thee with his feathers, and be a sanctuary to thee, wheresoever he shall cast thee. I mention these scriptures because I have comfort in them, and I hope thou wouldest doe soe too. I shall now give you an account of your family, as farre as I dare.—Through mercy, I and your little one are in reasonable health, only Betty and Nan are weakely, and I feare will be lame a little, the others are very lusty. I am yet with my aunt, but how soon she may be forst to give up housekeeping I know not (for she is warned in to the bishops court) and wee shall be disperst, but I hope the Lord will provide for us, as he hath done hitherto.—Oh my deare, lett our trust be in the Lord alone. I do hartily wish myselfe with thee, but that I feare it may bee a meanes to discover thee, as it was to ——— and therefore I shall forbeare attempting any such thing for the present, hoping that the Lord will, in his owne time, returne thee to us againe; for he hath the harts of all in his hands, and can change them in a moment.—I rejoyce to heere, that you are so willing to be at the Lords disposall; indeed, we are not our owne, for wee are bought with a price, with the precious blood of the Lord Jesus: And, therefore let us comfort ourselves with this, though we should never meete in this world againe, yet I hope, through grace, we shall meete in heaven, and soe ever be with the Lord, and it will not be in the power of men to part us. My dear, I know you are confident of my affection, yet, give give me leave to tell thee, thou art as deare to me as a husband can be to a wife, and if I knew any thing that I could doe to make you happy, I should doe it, if the Lord would permitt, though to the losse of my life. As for newes, I shall forbeare writeing of any, for I know not much, and you may heare it from better hands. My unkle Burket is dead, and my mother is with her. My brother John is gon beyond sea, but I know not whither. His father in law is dead. My dear, my aunt and many others are very kinde to mee, soe that, through mercy, I have noe want of food and rayment, though in a meane way. The Lord is pleased to suit my minde to my condition, and to give mee strength, in some measure, to take paines with my children, which I look upon as a great mercy. I know not whether I may ever have another opportunity to send to you this season or noe, which makes me the longer now; for I shall not send but by those I judge to be faithfull, and I being in the country, I may not heare of every opportunity; and tho' it is an unspeakeable comfort to mee to heare of thy wellfare, yet I earnestly beg of thee not to send to often, for feare of the worst, for they are very vigilant here to find out persons. But this is my comfort, it is not in the power of men to act their owne will. And now, my dear, with 1000 tears, I take my leave of thee, and recommend thee to the great keeper of Israell, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, who, I hope, will keepe thee, and my deare freind with thee, from all your enemies, both spirituall and temporall, and in his owne time return you with safety to your family. Which is the dayly prayer of thy affectionate and obedient wife, till death, F.

Many friends here desire to be remembered to you. It will not be convenient to name them. I am sure you have a stock of prayers going for you here, which you and I reap the benefit of. My humble duty presented to you know who.'

Fredrick, and the rest of thy dear babes that can speake, present their humble duty to thee, talke much of thee, and long to see thee.

My humble duty to my dear father, and tell him I pray for him with my whole hart, but I am soe bad a scribe I dare not write to him. Pray be private and carefull who you trust.

Virtuous poverty knows no shame.

[ORIGINAL.]

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A mother's love—O who can tell,
But those who know her feelings well,
What hopes and fears alternate dwell
Within her breast.

She sees her children round her rise,
Immortal, destined for the skies;
And lifts to heaven her prayerful eyes,
That God may bless,

And take them to Himself above,
Where they may dwell in perfect love,
When they from earth and time remove,
And shine in heaven.

Dear children, may you early learn,
To make some loved, some kind return,
To those whose purest feelings burn
With love for you.

Cabotville. E. F. C.

The Rich Lady and the Poor Girl.

A TRUE AND TOUCHING SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

A short winter day was just drawing to a close, as a young and poorly clad girl reached the door of a splendid mansion in Bleecker street N. Y.—The servant ushered her into a large and elegant apartment, where sat Mrs. B. the mistress of so much wealth and grandeur, in conversation with a friend. The young girl stood a moment, then courtesied, and presented to Mrs. B. a small bundle, saying, 'I hope the work will suit you ma'am.'

'The work is well enough,' said Mrs. B. examining it carefully; but why did you not bring it before? It's at least a week past the time it was promised. Unless you are more punctual, and keep your word better I cannot let you have any more work.'

It was growing dark, and the room was not yet lighted, so that the tears that gathered in the girl's eyes could not be seen, but her voice was very tremulous as she answered:

I did not mean to break my word, ma'am; but my mother has been much worse, and my little brother in chopping wood cut his foot; so I had to'——here her voice became inarticulate and she hastened out of the room.

'That is always the way with these people,' said Mrs. B., a sick mother, or a sick aunt, or a cut foot, anything for an excuse.'

Meantime Mary reached the humble dwelling she called home. Whether her feelings were laboring under the wound so thoughtlessly inflicted, or her mother's illness distressed her, or her heart sickened at the thought of helpless poverty, or it might have been the contrast between the room she left, and the one she had just entered, which forced itself upon her; whatever was the cause, contrary to her usual serenity and care to appear as cheerful as possible before her mother, she covered her face with her hands, and leaning upon the rude table by her, burst into a passion of tears. It was but for a moment, for a faint voice from the bed called, 'Mary, dear, wipe your eyes and sit down by me here, and read the 34th Psalm. It will do us both good.'

Mary reached down from the shelf the well worn Bible, and seated at the foot of her mother's bed, in a subdued voice read aloud. She had just finished reading the verse, 'Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all,' when a gentle tap was heard at the door. A little girl some years younger than Mary opened it, and a lady entered.

'Is this where Mary Morris lives?'

Mary started from the bed, 'That is my name ma'am.'

'Ah yes, you are the one I just saw at Mrs. B's, I enquired you out, and have come to see if I could be of any service to you how is your mother?'

The last tallow candle was dimly burning beside the bed where Mary had been reading.—The lady went towards it and took the hand of the emaciated suffered.

'Have you any physician?'

'No ma'am. My poor husband's last sickness cost me so much, that I have nothing to pay one. I hope I shall get better in a few days, and then all will go on well; but now it is very hard for poor Mary.'

'But you have a high fever and should be attended to; my husband is a physician; he will call and prescribe for you, and here are some provisions for the children, and Mary just open the door, my servant has brought you a wheelbarrow load of wood ready split; give all your attention to your mother and you shall be provided for.'

Their hearts were too full for expression of thanks, but the lady needed them not to convince her that there was no luxury like that of doing good. There were tears shed in that humble room that night, but not of bitterness, and there were thanksgivings that would put to shame the gratitude of thousands that are 'increased in goods and have need of nothing.'

N.B. Mrs. B. went that night to witness the performance of a popular tragedy, and was overcome with the distresses of the hero and the heroine, as to be unable to attend to any thing else for several days.

TEMPER.

How inconceivably would the social and public happiness of man be improved by the universal prevalence of good temper. The principal evils of life are not inevitable. They do not arise from poverty which cannot be averted, or pain and sickness which cannot be avoided, from the inflictions of bad temper. We suffer from the ebollions of others, and, what is worse, we suffer from our own. The passionate, fretful and peevish, the irritable, the provoking, the envious, not only scare peace from their bosoms, but drive it from their fire-sides, and neighborhoods. Like the ocean, they are never at rest, but foaming, and 'casting up mire and dirt.'—Evil temper is a fiend, which on its entrance, has converted a happy house into a Bedlam, alienated the dearest friends, and clouded the most pleasing prospects of worldly enjoyment.

'How happy,' said Lorenzo, 'must Philander be; his estate is large; his house, garden and park are furnished with every luxury which invention could suggest; or wealth purchase, his wife is beautiful and intelligent, and his children are growing up around him in health and manly beauty.' But how mistaken was Lorenzo; true hnppiness was a stranger to Philander's house; passionate and fretful, he would neither be happy himself nor suffer those around him to be happy. His servants hated him, his children feared and avoided him, and his wife was rendered discontented and peevish by his unreasonable petulence. The inevitable ills of life might be endured with comparative ease, were it not for the perpetual annoyances from this source. What is poverty to a mind which is exempt from envy and peevishness? And what is pain to one whose mind is at peace? But evils of this are indefinitely increased in magnitude and pungency, where they fall upon one who has not learned to control and subdue his own temper.

Serenity of temper beautifies the countenance, and counteracts a mere defect in features! it beams forth so pleasantly as to attract general admiration; while, on the contrary, the most regular and beautiful features are distorted by the scowl which a bad temper imprints upon them.

Who then wishes to be beautiful and beloved a blessing to themselves and to all around them? Let them cultivate a right temper, which neither annoys themselves nor disturbs their neighbors: and never let it be forgotten, that in order to success, the holy aids to religion must be sought.

Presbyterian.

For the Olive Leaf.

DEATH.

Friend of my youth, I trace thy upward flight;
Nor would my thoughts still linger round thy dust:
I, too, would fain arise and leave behind
These solitary realms of tears and death.

It is a serious thing to die—to leave this world, never to return—to part forever with all below—to exchange time for eternity, and the probationary opportunites of the present for the settled and unchanging destiny of the future. To pass from the warm precincts of life, to the cold chambers of the grave, is appalling, even in thought to human nature. When the reality is permitted to stand clearly before the mind, it strikes the living with solemnity and awe. The dying man—what an amazing change does he experience in that moment, when the soul is unclothed of its mortal tabernacle, and looks abroad to that long journey upon which he has been compelled to enter. A moment ago and he was here—time and opportunity were his—friends were around him; the light of the sun was in his eyes; but the moment after death finds him, he is gone; no more can he look upon friends below. His first step takes upon that new and untried way, whose mysteries are hidden from every living eye, and whose length is the duration of unending periods; whose course is measured by the revolutions of ages. The moment after death, what wondrous secrets will be disclosed! What amazing realities will be introduced to the soul! What unspeakable interests will it decide! to what glorious or fearful destiny will it carry the undying spirit! How then will God appear! how will the sin of neglecting the gospel and religion, and grieving the Holy Spirit appear? These questions we cannot answer now, but we shall fully know them all after death. This is a subject to be pondered now; to be experienced then. My readers will you be prepared to experience with joy the wonders and realities which will open upon your vision after death?

S. F. C.

As the entire conquest of our passions appears so difficult a work to some, I would advise those who despair of it, to attempt a less difficult task, and only do their endeavors to regulate them, and they will succeed.

[ORIGINAL.]

LIGHT.

Light is the shroud of Deity,
The cloud that wraps his majesty;
The veil which hides from mortal eyes,
That glory whence all beauties rise.
As morning draws the veil of night,
From off the heavens, to show us light;
Thus shall light's curtain soon be drawn
Across death's night, when heaven shall dawn.

A. M. S.

[ORIGINAL.]

TO THE EVENING STAR.

O welcome thou bright evening star!
In pensive darkness shaded;
When from the waving grove afar,
Day's latest beams have faded.
How softly on the brow of night,
Thy silver rays afar
Stream from the blue sky's vaulted height—
How pure, bright evening Star! A. M. S.

GRACE DARLING.

Most of our readers, probably, have heard mentioned the name of Grace Darling; and many of them will recollect the heroic act which has given her name such celebrity.

Her father was the keeper of a light house, situated on one of the Staple Islands, off the northeast coast of England.

These Islands consist of high rocks, extending out in clusters into the sea. It was during a violent storm on the 7th of September, 1838, that the steamer Forfarshire, proceeding from Hull to Dundee, was wrecked on these crags and from thirty-five to forty persons perished in the waves. Those who escaped were saved by Grace Darling and her father, at the great risk of their lives. Darling, although an old seaman, hesitated setting out on such an expedition, until told by his daughter, that if he would not accompany her, she would go alone, live or die. Accordingly they entered the boat and breasted the mountain waves till they reached the wreck from which they saved nine persons.

The following sketch of her personal appearance is taken from Howitt's 'Visits to Remarkable Places;' which, in connection with some incidents in the life of this brave girl, renders the perusal exceedingly interesting.

The daring deed of this humble female has thrown around these desolate rocks a grandeur which will long remain. Grace, from the last account, still resided with her father at Longstone lighthouse, one of the most distant of the Staple Islands, the old man being still the keeper of the house. Says a late writer, 'At this lonely dwelling she is surrounded on all sides by perpendicular rocks of black whinstone, and ever turbulent leaping waters.'

Editor.

'Grace Darling is a perfect realization of a Jeannie Deans in an English form, as it is possible for a woman to be. She is not like any of the portraits of her. She is a little, simple, modest young woman, I should say five or six and twenty. She is neither tall or handsome; but she has the most gentle, quiet, amiable look, and the sweetest smile I ever saw in a person of her station and appearance. You see that she is thoroughly a good creature; and that under her modest exterior lies a spirit capable of the most exalted devotion—a devotion so entire, that daring is not much a quality of her nature. The most perfect sympathy with suffering, or endangered humanity, swallows up and annihilates every thing like fear, or self-consideration, and puts out every sentiment but itself. The action she performed was so natural, and so necessary to her, that it would be the most impossible of things to convince her that she did anything extraordinary. Great applause has been the consequence of her truly gallant exploit. Admiration ran through the civilized world. Even from Russia there have been commissions for persons to see her, and send accounts of her, and pieces of the rock on which she lives. The mob of wonder-lovers, in steamboat loads, have flocked thither, filling that tall light-house several stories high. She has also received the attentions of the great and titled,—yet none of these things have made her anything but what she was before. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland had her and her father over to the castle, and presented her with a gold watch, which she always wears when visitors come.—The Humane Society sent her a most flattering note of thanks, which is in the house, framed; and the president sent her a silver teapot; but none of these things, or the offers of marriage which followed her notoriety, and the little fortune, about £700, which was subscribed for her, or given in presents, have produced in her mind any feeling but a sense of wonder and grateful pleasure.

'The house is literally crammed with presents of one kind or another, including a considerable number of books. She was offered £20 a night to appear at the Adelphi, in a scene of the shipwreck, merely to sit in a boat; but this, and all similar offers, which would have enriched her, she has steadily declined. I was afraid I should not see her, as her father said she disliked meeting strangers that she thought came to stare at her; but when the old man and I had had a little conversation, he went up to her room and soon came down with a smile, saying she would be with us soon. We found Grace, afterward, sitting at her sewing, very neatly, but simply dressed in a plain sort of striped printed gown, with her watch-seal just seen at her side, and her hair neatly braided. She rose very modestly, and, with a pleasant smile, said' 'How do you do, sir?' Her prudence delights one.—We are charmed that she should so well have supported the briliancy of her heroic deed. As I have said, she has had various offers of marriage, but none that were considered quite the thing; and she said 'No,' to all. One was from an artist, who came to take her portrait. The Duke of Northumberland told her that he hoped she would be careful in such affairs, as there would be sure to be designs upon her money; and she told him that she would not marry without his opprobation.

'But the most characteristic thing is, that all the common people about, and particularly the sailors and fishermen, deny her all merit. A young girl whom I once asked about her, said 'Pooh! It's not worth while going out so far to see Grace Darling. It's all humbug. They pretend to say that Grace and her father saved the nine people from the wreck; they did nothing of the sort; the people saved themselves.—They walked across from the vessel at low water to the next island, and the Darlings fetched them off when the water was smooth, and when there was scarcely any water at all. I wonder they took any boat. I wonder they didn't walk over.'

'The men who rowed me talked in the same style. 'Ah,' said they, 'those stories may do for as don't know, but we know too well about these things here.' Yet these very same men, they were who told me they themselves had to stay at the light-house six days when they went over with the painter, so that it may be supposed that the sea, in a gale, is no joke there; and a boat off from Sunderland, at the same time that the Darlings fetched off the people, could not reach the wreck, but was driven into a little cove near, and was obliged to be hauled over the rocks. The whole of this detraction is a precious bit of human nature. The people all seem to feel as if Grace's daring deed was a reproach to them, and they envy her the honor and the money she has won by it. But the well informed gentry say it was a most noble action; that she has done the same sort of thing before, and her father too; but this was so melancholy a catastrophe, and her bravery so conspicuous, that it at once seized upon the public mind. He that goes out and sees the savage and iron nature of these ruthless rocks, the position in which the wreck lay, and the mode by which Darling and his daughter got at the sufferers, will not avoid wondering at the desperate nature of the attempt.

'The wreck lay on the rocks, a little to the right hand of their light-house, as they faced it, and a long ridge of sharp and destructive rocks ran between them and it, so that to reach the place they had at first to let the boat drift with the wind southward, to the left, to some distance, and then bring her up under the lee of these rocks. The sea was running mountains high, and rearing up into tremendous breakers all around these black crags; and nothing but the most sublime self-devotion could persuade two people to hope to be able to return on the other side of this range of low rocks, and make head against the furious winds, so as to bring their boat up at the place of the wreck. The vessel ran on the rocks in the night, and at the first dawn of morning the Darlings descried the nine people on the crags. In no instance did the English public more rationally give way to the enthusiasm of its sympathy and admiration, than in its applause of this unassuming and heroic girl; nor ever was that applause more entirely justified by the subsequent conduct of its object.'

It has been observed that some spiders, with an instinctive sagacity, select as the greatest security from disturbance, the lids of charity boxes in churches.

Answer to Enigma No. 3, CONCENTRATIVENESS.

Thomas D. Blossom, Printer.