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.]

LIFE, DEATH AND HEAVEN.

Alas! how short a span is life,
Many though our years may be—
The world is full of noise and strife;
From cares and sorrows none is free.

As by the silent dead we stand,
With solemn thoughts the heart oppressed,
How bright the prospect of that land,
Where all the weary are at rest.

There is a balm for troubled souls,
In that bright world of bliss above;
There peace divine each heart controls,
And all is purity and love. ROSALTHE.

TALES.

THE PROUD LADYE.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

PART I.

Showeth how the Lady Ermengarde earned for herself that ill title.

There are few midwinter nights seemingly so long, or so dreary as the one fragrant hour between late moonset and day-dawn was felt by, by one lone watcher in the beleaguered Tower of Aldersberg, the aged and pious Cistercian, Father Cyril. It was no light fear that could cause the good monk to quail and tremble with apprehension, through that fairest and freshest of summer hours, when the dew, a natural rosary, hangs impearled upon the trees of the forest, and the herb of the field, calling sinful souls to prayer and praise. No light or vain imaginings could so disturb his spirit; for he had been accustomed to sharp penances, one, who, as folk have told even certain of the aged brethren of St. Basil, his own convent, had in his time undergone fierce and frequent struggles with the evil one, loth to quit his hold upon so strong a heart: but what he thought, or what he felt, or what he feared, during that weary space when the sand passed once through the hour glass as he knelt before the window, looking out beyond the grim battlements of the tower, repeating again and again, with his lips, the Ave to which no effort could bend his mind—the desperate fear of that hour was sorer to abide than fast or vigil, haircloth or scourge, or the far harder conflict with the foe within, the worldly desires and revengeful prompting which had darkened the days of his hot youth.

"No sound of succour yet!" muttered he; "and scarce the faintest streak of day in the east? Oh Holy Mother, bring on the dawn ere I perish with expectation! Conrad! Oswald! Methinks I hear a stir beneath the walls among our beseigers. They keep true watch—while our varlets—Conrad! I say, Oswald! Theodore! They heed me not, worn out poor knaves, with the assault of yester-eve. An Albert were here, he would have heard me! Oh, if this coming day bring not the landgrave to our aid, then, blessed Virgin! I dare not think of what will follow. Look down upon us Mary, full of grace. Save this innocent maiden from the false Baron, who, partly to possess himself of her broad lands, partly to avenge her refusal of his proffered hand, hath set himself down before her castle, with mercenaries from far lands, bowmen from the Cantons, lancers from the Rhine—the swarthy sons of the South, and the fair haired Dane have joined the league—and swears—shame to knighthood—that ere the seige be raised the Lady Ermengarde shall sue to him, ay, on her bended knee, to plight the troth she spurned so haughtily; while he——That noise again! It is too surely the trampling of feet, the clattering of armor, the bursting—Hark! What sound is that? Of a surety the great gates be creaking on their hinges. The foe will be upon us ere I can warn the noble maiden, or gather her defenders around her." And snatching up a huge sword, Father Cyril departed on his double errand of seeking the Lady Ermengarde and collecting the over-worn vassals and domestics, who, under the command of the seneschal, had hitherto held the besiegers at bay, expecting every day the relief which now seemed hopeless.

Trembling with age, and his (?) impatient spirit chafing at the wrong he lacked power to redress, the monk tottered through a long stone hall which pierced the castle from east to west, when he was stayed by a sight piteous to look upon. The Lady Ermengarde, worn by the watching and misery of this cruel and obstinate siege, (when was ever maiden beset so rudely for her broad lands, and her strong towers?) had been seized by slumber; she, that coy and stately maiden even in the open gallery chamber, where men-at-arms might be each instant passing to and fro. She had fallen into a rude chair, and was now fast asleep, as though the sister angels, Love and Peace, kept watch beside her pillow. Dolefully wan was her cheek as if the pale maiden roses had been washed white with bitter tears, and her long yellow hair, all unbraided, hung round her like a veil. Her rich garments were disordered and stained. None who had seen her then would have called her by the name she had borne to her present undoing, the Proud Ladye of Aldersberg. None would have believed that such a title could have belonged to one so gentle and so sad. All the sadder seemed her sleep for the faint smile that lingered round her lips. Few were in the castle save untrained lackeys, and rude grooms, sorry protectors, even had their numbers evened those of their assailants—while without the walls, pressed onward that audacious Baron and his riotous soldiery, resolute to storm the castle and bear away the heir—and yet there she sat in her loveliness, drooping and pallid as a lily broken down by a summer shower; but with such a look of peace and love as if her cheek were resting upon her mother's bosom.

Father Cyril bent over that fair form. He could not pass her without a prayer; and the tears would fall from his aged eyes upon her slender hands, unconscious as she was of his presence or his sympathy. But the prayer and tears were stayed by surprise; as in spite of the close-coming peril—every passing instant made it clearer that the foe was astir beneath; the monk could not choose but start and bless himself as he bethought him of the waywardness of woman's will, while he gazed upon a quaintly fashioned oaken cross nestled in the white bosom, which, if court gossips said truth, had disdained to wear a carcanet of ruby stones proffered by the hand of a king's son.

Now there belonged to the small oaken cross the old tale of love repaid by scorn, of high-born beauty looking disdainfully at lowly faith, of patient service, and insolent rebuke, which makes one of the darkest and thorniest pathways of the tangled labyrinth called life. And sure tale is it, and sad as true. The cabin looks across the valley to the castle, and say, we both contain human hearts; and the castle—Ah, well-a-day for a woman's haughtiness, said I not that she was called the Proud Ladye of Aldersberg?

Albert with the raven locks was the son of the Ladye's falconer: almost he might have been called her foster brother, since, an orphan from her earliest days, his mother was the Ladye Ermengarde's nurse. Nevertheless the boy was so much older than the fair girl as to bestow upon him the privilege of enacting the part of her protector, in the sports of their childish days. His father old Heinrich, was, as I have said, the falconer of Aldersberg—what place the youth Albert filled were hard to tell. By his good leave, none but himself should have served his fair mistress. He alone tended her favorite hawks.—The tassel gentil from Norway, that the Emperor rode fifty leagues to see strike down her quarry, was of Albert's training—Albert held her greyhound in his silken leash—none save Albert taught her jennet his paces, or held her bridle rein. The very pinks and giliflowers that grew in a nook beside the north bastion—alack, the hoofs of the war horse hath trampled it low—were of Albert's tending. He brought her a dapple fawn, whose dam had been killed by some Robinhood of the Black Forest—and even while echoing her maledictions on the heartless churl who had orphaned her spotted favorite, he climbed the topmost bough of a stately beech to steal for her the golden couplets of the turtle dove emblems too true of his despairing passion. In early youth, almost in boyhood, he had twice, so said the bower-women, saved his fair mistress's life—once in the chase, when the boar stood fiercely at bay, and Albert came between the furious animal and the Ladye Ermengarde, and stretched the fierce and dangerous quarry dead at her feat—and again, when Autumn rains had swollen the Summer brook to a torrent, and her palfrey, borne along by the strong current, lost

his footing, and was carried helplessly down the stream. Oh, how Albert plunged into those deep waters. How he grasped the rein and breasted the flood, and plucked the Ladye from her sinking steed and laid her safe, albeit trembling upon the grassy bank!

These were happy days for poor Albert. But boyhood glided rapidly into youth, and youth, again passed into manhood. And then weary of courtship, and of suitors, and, perchance, the more severe with Albert, the humblest and faithfulest of all, he who dared to love but not to woo—the severer outwardly with him and with herself, because half conscious of some relenting softness in her inmost heart—then it was that she earned, by bitter speech and haughty bearing, the title of the Proud Ladye of Aldersberg.

Curiously ready in handicrafts of divers sorts, as though the skill he had never learned were borne with him, Albert was wont to beguile his lonely evenings, (for the good falconer, his father, and mother, the nurse of the Proud Ladye, were dead and gone,) or to employ himself over the Christian hearth, while old wives told old stories, and minitrels and troubadors chanted their virelays, with fashioning rosaries, and bowls and coffers, and such-like tops, to which the craft of the workman gives their price; and amongst the rest of his trinketry, he had carved this humble crucifix from a fallen branch of oak, which he had one day lifted from his Ladye's path, and had even dared to convey it into her bower, wreathed round with a garland of most rare flowers, some said arranged after the manner of the Turkish Paynims whereby buds and blossoms are made to discourse love. Well did Father Cyril remember the wrath which had flashed from the maiden's eyes, and the angry words in which she had commanded that Albert should be chased from the demesne, and the cabin where he dwelt razed to the ground—a warning, said she (and her lip curled as she spoke,) to suitors of all degrees, from the prince to the serf. Well also did he remember what was told by the bower-woman, of a pleading voice that was heard under the windows of her chamber—and that the Ladye Ermengarde had caused it to be proclaimed throughout the castle, that if that voice were again to disturb her slumbers the seneschal had it in command to loose the bloodhounds.—And from that time forth nought more was said of Albert. But the Ladye waxed prouder to all wooers, and sad and fitful in hall or bower. And now behold when years had passed, and Albert with the raven curls was well nigh forgotten, it was the scorned relic of his aspiring suit, the very oaken cross carved by his hand, which in that moment of extremity was found to be worn secretly in the icy bosom of that cold and haughty beauty!—Brief space had Father Cyril to marvel at woman's changeful fantasy. Again the clash of armor below! again that fearful sound, as though the drawbridge were stealthily lowered and the portcullis suddenly raised, and the great gate gently opened!

'I will not waken her yet for a moment,' said the good old man; and grasping his weapon, he sallied forth to enquire what these noises might mean.

PART II.

Showeth wherefore the effigy of the oaken Cross came to be cut in stone in the gallery of the castle of Aldersberg.

Short time was Father Cyril thence. He won back speedily to the side of the Ladye Ermengarde (still smiling faintly in her sleep;) and, made rough and hasty by the sure knowledge of instant peril, he seized her chill, pale hands and raised her suddenly from the chair.

"Waken poor maiden! waken! All is lost; our last hope is gone.'

'What is this?' responded the sad Ladye, scarcely aroused from her pleasant dreams to the sense of present danger; "Gertrude! Oswald! Where be ye? Lilybell not yet saddled? We ride forth to day.' But her words ceased on a sudden, for she read in the flashing eye, the quivering lip, and the changed bearing of the old man, well nigh bestraught with fear, and anger, that somewhat terrible had chanced; albeit her wildest fancy had pictured nought so terrible as his tidings.

'They have deserted us, vassal and mental, groom and men-at-arms. The page that served the cup in the hall, the tire-woman that decked thee for the banquet, all have forsaken us! Nay, that maketh but a portion of their treason. The defences of this thy place of strength—drawbridge, portcullis, even the iron gate—have they opened to the enemy, false traitors that they be. and then withdrawn their own base persons by the eastern postern. We too be lost: Alas, that I should live to see thee in such strait, and have no power to aid or rescue. We too be alone in the castle.

The Ladye Ermengarde bore a high heart, and refrained from womanish lamentations, from shrieks and tears. She clasped the crucifix to her bosom, no longer caring whether it were hidden or no.

'May the blessed virgin look down upon us!' was all that she said. Then, after a pause, and, in a firmer voice, she added—

'Was this treachery, father, or fear?'

'A mixture perchance of both, fair daughter. The seneschal I have misdoubted long. He, hoary traitor, hath sold himself body and soul for vile lucre; and cowardice and base terror seconding the false knave's persuasions, have corrupted the rest. Oh that I could meet that Judas! old though I be.'

'Nay, nay, kind father, grasp not thy sword! We have more need of thy rosary. The noise thickens about us, clashing of armor, and trampling of steeds; sounds such as tell of strife and struggle. Seek not to drag me hence, Father Cyril. The courts must be filled with the rude soldiery. I will rest here and abido my enemy. Pray for us both, and let not thy voice falter.—Saidst thou that all had forsaken me? That of the many who filled my halls and owned my rule, none remained to defend his poor mistress?'

'Not so!' replied a voice from the threshold, as a young man stood there with a sword ready drawn in his hand. 'You have yet left one defender, Ladye of Aldersberg, beside the good father and the holy saints; and thy foes shall bestride his dead body before a hair of your fair head shall be turned.'

'Whoso spoke these words!' cried the Lady Ermengarde, greatly troubled, staying herself against Father Cyril to hinder her from falling; he also, the good father, was strangely moved; for the speech sounded to both like a voice from the grave, and they perceived that the speaker was none other than the falconer's son, Albert of the raven locks.

The young man remained on the threshold looking away while he spoke.

'Remember you not, Ladye of Aldersberg, that I warned you that this day might come? Remember you not that I besought you in the day of your bitter scorn to take heed how you trampled upon the true heart that never would betray or forsake you in sorrow or in peril? Remember you not the firebrand that laid waste the cottage of your father's ancient and faithful servant, of your own foster mother? They were dead, but not the less should their dwelling, the dwelling of their only child, have been sacred to Ermengarde of Aldersberg. And those bloodhounds, remember you not them? and how for a whole night they tracked as they might have tracked a murderer or a thief?—one whose only crime lay in your beauty? And will you not remember when this dark hour hath passed, that it was he, the despised, the trampled on, the outcast, who returned to share your peril, to die at your feet? For, as God is my witness, I look to leave my corse upon these stones; too happy so to die, loveliest and beloved! Forgive me these my ungenerous reproaches! Thrice blessed to die for thee.'

How fared it now think you, with the proud Ladye Ermengarde? Fain would she have made reply, fain by words or tears have done honor to such exceeding constancy and nobleness, but she could not speak. She could only point with her finger to the crucifix upon her bosom.

Well might the youth Albert start to see his own poor love token so richly graced; but no time was this for discourse or dalliance. The heavy tread of armed men echoed through the castle, sounding to that poor maiden like death knell; while her bold champion bent his gaze on the stair up which the soldiery were crowding, and standing a little aside, drew a long breath and manfully grasped the sword in his hand.

'Speak to him for me, father Cyril!' murmured the ladye betwixt love and shame and fear.—'Wilt thou let him die?' And she uplifted her voice, so as to be distinctly heard by him to whom she spoke.

'I entreat thee kind Albert, for the love of heaven; I adjure thee by this blessed cross, stay not here to peril thy life for me! Dost thou hear me Albert? Rather would I die a thousand fold.'

But Albert answered not, unless bending to kiss that token crucifix as Ermengarde held it in her hand, and then grasping the sword with a firmer clutch, and a look of high resolve, might be held for answer.

Nearer and nearer came that heavy tread—the tread of mail-clad men, mingled with hoarse voices and clang of arms; and the poor lady already beheld mounting the stair, host upon host of strange, rough visages, gleaming fiercely under their glittering helms. She shrank shuddering from the sight, and closed her eyes, and tried to pray, clinging closely to Father Cyril, who would fain have been safely rid of his fair burthen, that he might have borne a manful part in that fearful and most unequal struggle.

Chiefly the warrior had advanced toward the gallery chamber, as men who bring with them a sure welcome; but, as the foremost passed the arch portal, the ringing blow of a sword was

followed by a low groan, and the clang of armor, as one fell dead across the threshold.—Then arose a fierce cry.

'Hew him down! Cleave him to the waist.—Whoso dareth to bar the way of the Landgrave? Look up, bright ladye, you are rescued!'

She heareth the voice, that proud ladye, she flieth to the portal; she throweth herself between her champion and his foes: she clingeth round his neck, she careth for nought but Albert, as the blood from a wound in his arm welled forth upon her white raiment. Little heeded Albert that wound, for, saved by the Landgrave's band from her rude assailants, who saw themselves enforced to flee in the very instant of that caitiff seneschal's treachery, the Ladye of Aldersberg cast away her pride, and amidst tears and blushes, proclaimed her love for the falconer's son, bestowed upon him, that poor Albert, her hand and her rich domains; and caused the oaken cross, wreathed round with its garland of rare flowers, to be carved in stone on the keystone of every arch in the great gallery of Aldersberg.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

A BALLAD.

'Twas midnight—and the moon shone clear,
The stars looked lovely pale,
When stricken Alice sallied forth,
Amid the autumn gale.

A snowy tissue veiled her form,
The paragon of grace;
Dark curling locks, her marble brow,
Concealed from watcher's gaze.

No crystal tear-drop gemed her cheek,
So thin and ghastly pale;
The gushing fount, now fastened up,
Refused each piteous wail.

She wanders on with quickning tread.
Crushing the tinny flower
Nor waits to view the lovely spot
She once called 'Alice Bower'.

She travels o'er two rising leagues,
Nor stops to look around,
Till o'er a precipice she stands—
Wild craggy rocks surround.

Then gazing with decided look,
She casts her eyes below;
Nor dreads to plunge in the abyss,
Where poisonous waters flow.

One moment more she deigns to live,
And kneeling on the sod,
In whispers soft, those marble lips
Breathe forth a prayer to God.

Father! forgive this daring deed;
Receive thy child above,
Where my own Henry fondly waits;
Where reigns undying love.

Then rising up as statue pale,
The dismal depths she scans—
Her raven locks float in the gale;
On high she throws her hands.

One farewell look, and down into
The rocky gulf she flies;
Where dashed upon the jutting points,
Sweet Alice, quiv'ring dies.

Cabotville, June, 1843. WALTER.

Diogenes was angry with critics who were nice in words and not in their own actions, and with orators who studied to speak well but not to do well.

[ORIGINAL.]

To J. F.

Remember thee! yes, while the pulse
Of life beats warm and free;
While mem'ry lives within this heart,
I will remember thee.

Yea, when afar in distant lands,
Where all shall smile on thee;
In pleasure's gay and joyous hours,
I will remember thee,

Think not, though distant we may roam,
Thou canst forgotten be;
By all I love on earth, in heaven,
Will I remember thee.

Farewell! may fortune smile on thee,
In that far distant spot—
The only boon I crave of thee,
Is not to be forgot. C. B.

Stolen—from Jack's old Hat.

My Dear Nephew, Jack—You talk like a fool—but that is quite pardonable in a young fellow, head and ears in love. I speak experimentally—I've been there. So let me continue my preaching—and much good may it do you—though to confess the truth, my faith is but weak.

Another very important item in female domestic education, is neatness—neatness in every thing—neatness in all the business of life—in the manipulations of cookery—the arrangement of furniture, and the selection and disposition of articles of dress. By neatness, I mean, not only the eschewing of dirt, but also simplicity. No one will deny the importance of this, and, I believe, most will agree with me in placing it first among habits, so far as it respects weight in the scale of character. It is, emphatically, the 'sine qua non' of feminine excellence. But, important as it is, we regard it rather as a negative virtue—that is, we do not highly praise her who possesses it, for the very obvious reason that it is a virtue or quality which seems naturally to belong to the sex; but the opposite to it is regarded with the utmost horror, and loathing, and astonishment; for it seems a direct violation of the proprieties of nature. Nothing, short of proven crime, will forever blast the name and destroy the prospects of a young lady more effectually, than to affix to her character the stigma of Slattern. And very justly, too, for there can be nothing in her character that can be received as an equivalent for this—nothing can make us forget this—no shining quality of heart or mind can make the unfortunate husband amends for his constant fear of poison. What though every one must swallow so much dust during a life-time, this is no reason why it should be mingled with his food—we shall all swallow the *fated peck* while traveling dusty roads.

I know of no place more repulsive and disgusting, more disheartening and demoralizing, than the house of a *slut*—I may as well call things by their right name. The husband, perhaps, is a young man, just entering upon active life, with nought to assist him but his own strength. He must labor incessantly, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, and even till the stars grow pale with over-watching. But he labors cheerfully, sustained by hope and love. He has married a being whom he thinks little less than divine; and he looks to those hours, which he can steal from business, and devote to the happiness, the bliss of social affection, and the quiet, neatness of his own fireside. An hour at his table, set out with the snow white spread, well ordered dishes, and neatly cooked food—even lovers must eat, Jack—whiled away in the language of confidence and endearment, with the wife of his choice, dressed with taste and simplicity, richly would repay him for days of intensest labor. What then must be his feelings, when he finds that the quiet and neatness of his dreams, have become, in reality, confusion and filth—when he sees his table spread, or rather half spread, in utter contempt of order; and his food so prepared, so mingled with the spices of the floor and earth, so warped and woofed with shreds and hirsute integuments, that, like Hamlet, when viewing the skull of Yorick, his gorge rises at it—when he sees the being, who, a short time before, stood by his side, at the altar, pure as the lilly, and beautiful as the rose, loitering around, or plying the household cares, with uncombed hair, slip-shod shoes, and a dress washed in a duck pond, and dried on a dung hill, and hung around her person like a rag on a bean pole?—May Providence, in his mercy, forbid that you should ever know any more about such a character, than one sight at a distance. What, I say, must be the feelings of a young man in such a dilemma? I know not. But this I know, that his home will be far from pleasant—soon, peradventure, the most unpleasant spot on earth; indeed, it will approach, the nearest of any thing I know of, to that which a gentleman once told his wife she had made his home, to wit, a hell upon earth. When this is the case, ruin is near—company abroad and dissipation are resorted to for that happiness, which he has failed to find at home, on account of this disgusting fault in his companion—his health decays—his hopes are overthrown—his business forsakes him—he sinks into poverty and disgrace, and then into the grave. The finale of the drama, at what might have been a happy home, is beyond description—It is penury in rags—squalid wretchedness—want and starvation—weeping and wailing—lamentations and tears. This is no declamation—it is simply a picture of truth.

Your affectionate Uncle,

DIOGENES GROWLER.

RESOLUTION.

There is certainly nothing in man so potential for weal or woe as firmness of purpose. Resolution is almost omnipotent Sheriden was at first timid, and obliged to sit down in the midst of a speech. Convinced of and mortified at the cause of his total failure, he said one day to a friend—'It is in me, and it shall come out.'—From that moment he rose and shone and triumphed in a consummate eloquence. Here was true moral courage. And it was well observed by a Heathen moralist that it is not because things are difficult that we dare not undertake them.—Be thou bold in spirit. Indulge no doubts, for doubts are traitors. In our practical pursuit of our high aim, let us never lose sight of it in the slightest instance; for it is more by a disregard of small things than by open and flagrant offences that men come short of excellence.

Never trust a married man with a secret, who loves his wife, for he will tell her—and she will tell her sister—and her sister will tell any body—and every body will know it.

For the Olive Leaf.

GENIUS.

First on earth's marble, nature wrote the name
Of genius, next engraved its deeds of fame.
One disappeared, erased by land of time,
The other lingered on with, deathless chime.
When first creation proudly gave it birth,
Long rang the shout, around, throughout the earth;
But died away, as sinks the evening breeze
Of summer's day, along the verdant leas.
Like to the gorgeous tints of morning's sky,
As up the sun his pathway mounts on high,
It blazed unyielding to the storms of life,
Shone out the brightest 'mid the tempest's strife.
Destined to rise where thought ne'er winged its flight,
And pierce the shades of dark mysterious night;
To climes untrod, through knowledge's wide domain,
Force thence its way, and lead the admiring train,
Who, gazing, follow till he disappears,
Lost 'mid the orbits of the circling spheres.
Nursed on the breast of earth's primeval morn,
Then as it rose the future to adorn,
Proud statues reared of wonder to the world,
Then sunk in gloom, with every banner furled.
Though genius vanished as in shades of night,
It left behind the trophies of its flight,
Which told to other times as years rolled on,
The days of primal glory all were gone.
One long relapse appeared throughout to reign,
And Nature groaned amid the wreck and pain;
Nor light nor hope was seen to mark the way,
Dark superstition held unbounded sway;
A shrouding mist which stretched from shore to shore,
And spread the world with veils of darkness o'er.
But time at length the slumb'ring Phœnix woke,
And gained new triumphs as the spell it broke.
Renewed in strength additional, it rose
With vigor, from its long and deep repose;
O'er empires fallen, 'neath their ruin's shade,
Where in the urn of silence long it laid;
Now blazed in full, anew the spark divine,
And lit the lamp of science o'er the shine.
Here burst its radiance as the rising sun,
And earth's circumference to its centre run.
When in its course o'er Neptune's vast domain,
It snatched a world from darkness' silent reign;
At once again flashed back the dying glow,
And kindled genius grasped the world below.
The day had dawned, and now its radiant light
Dispersed the hov'ring shades of trembling night;
Where long in dark oblivion, silence doomed
To chain the shrine of freedom here entombed.
This then announced on fame's high-mounted cliff,
Quick shoots the boatman, from the shore, his skiff
Out o'er the deep, while sink his native hills
Behind the waves, his heart with rapture thrills.
Another shore he seeks, unknown, untried,
Tempts the broad main his gallant bark to ride;
Adventure seals what genius bright portrays,
While science points away to future days.
Now hand in hand, Columbia's soil they tread,
Science advancing, on by genius led;
Each answering oft as arts anew unfold,
And bid the world with wonder to behold.
As in the car by Phœbus' coursers drawn,
It bids the everlasting wheels roll on;
And dares the deep oblivion, whence it came,
Again to shroud its never-dying flame;
Which as it burns, reflects its glory, while
It rears a standard o'er its funeral pile.
The son of Saturn from his throne is driven,
And nations own, adore the God of heaven. I. I. L.

NATURE'S MELODY.

God has made the whole earth vocal with sweet sounds. The untraveled forest echoes the notes of the wild bird, the habitations of men are made glad by the song of the feathered minstrel. But, above all, the human voice, that combines the highest charm of sweet sound with the inspiration of thought, is given for no ordinary purpose of earthly pleasure. In its whispers of affection, how grateful! In its expressions of religious devotion, how exalted! For its solace in trouble, how dear! For its participation in joy, how unspeakable!

Written for the Olive Leaf,

CLARA HAYDEN;

Or, The Slanderer Foiled.

CHAPTER I.

'By the by, Clara' said a tall blue-eyed young lady, richly and tastefully dressed, to a beautiful girl by her side, as they walked slowly down the street, 'do you intend to go to Caroline Mills' party this evening?'

'Yes I thought I should,' said Clara. 'Oh shall you?' said Fanny 'I am glad of that. If I were you, I would go just to annoy her.' 'To annoy her. said Clara in a tone of surprise, while the rich color mounted to her forehead.—'If I thought it would not be agreeable to her, I should not go by any means.'

'Oh nonsense, I meant nothing of any consequence' said Fanny, while her looks plainly denied her words.

Clara was at a loss to understand her meaning.

'Has she ever said any thing to you about me?' said she doubtfully. 'Why-no-not-exactly' said Fanny, with a shrug of her shoulders, as much as to say she knew more than she was willing to tell; at least so thought Clara. 'I thought you was my friend said she in a reproachful tone.'

'I am said Fanny, 'how can you doubt it? But if I were you, I should not care what Caroline Mills says.' 'What does she say? I dont understand your hints' said Clara quickly, her pride, and curiosity, both aroused.

'Oh, said the crafty girl, merely nothing,only I called there to day, before she had given out her invitations, and told her I hoped she would not forget you; and she said, 'No, she supposed she should have to invite you.' 'Have to!' said Clara, who now possessed no little spirit, 'I shall not go then. I have no wish to go where I am invited only from politeness and not friendship.'

'Oh I hope you will go,' said Fanny as they parted at the corner of the street; 'but I suppose that you can do as you please about it.'

Fanny Morton was a beauty and a belle, and with her downcast look and blushing cheek, she was the very picture of innocence and modesty. But who can read the thoughts by the countenance. Truly 'the heart is deceitful above all things.' By many of her intimate acquaintances she was known to be a crafty deceitful girl, and more than that a slanderer; one of those venomous reptiles that may be found in all classes of society. I say by her most intimate acquaintances, for by others, she was thought to be a very pleasant and agreeable, girl. No one ever practised more thoroughly the old adage.' 'When you are among Romans, you must do as Romans do.' She was like a windmill that turns with every breeze. She was gay or sober, wise or foolish, religious or worldly, just as it would suit the company. Her chief aim was to exalt herself, and lower others.

Clara Hayden, was an orphan. Her mother died when she was very young. Her father who had been a hard working, but respectable mechanic, had been dead about a year. She was but seventeen when he died, leaving her to the care of a wealthy friend in the city, who had been his compaion from childhood. She was gladly received both by himself and his wife, and treated in every respect as their own child. She was a lively interesting girl, but very sensitive, and she deeply felt the obligations she was under to Mr. and Mrs. Farrington.

Fanny Morton was the daughter of a neighboring merchant, and had completely gained the confidence and friendship of Clara. Fanny was secretly jealous of Clara, and well she might be, for she was beautiful as Thebe, and was already beloved by all that had become acquainted with her. Fanny trembled for her power, for she saw that Clara was likely to eclipse her, both in beauty and the favor of others.

Fanny as she had mentioned to Clara, had called on Caroline Mills; and in the course of their conversation, Caroline said jokingly, I think we shall lose Frank Clinton; his sister Mary says he is loud in the praises of Clara Hayden, although he has never spoken to her; and she wishes that I would introduce him this evening.' Frank Clinton, with every prospect of success had just entered on the arduous duties of his profession, and besides being very popular, he was descended from one of the most aristocratic families in the city. He had lately paid some slight attention to Fanny, who till now had tho't herself sure of him; but hiding her vexation with a laugh she exclaimed, 'Oh he'll soon change his mind, when he becomes better acquainted with her.'

'Why' said Caroline in astonishment, 'I have always thought Clara to be a very pretty girl, and a delightful companion' 'So she is, so she is' said Fanny with a shrug of her shoulders—oh that shrug—it meant more than words could express. 'What can it be?' said Caroline in an excited tone; do tell?' 'You know I never wish to tell about any one' said Fanny, 'so dont ask.' 'Now you know' said Caroline coaxingly 'I shall never lisp a word about it to any one.'

'I suppose I must tell you then.' said Fanny 'but dont report it for the world.' 'Clara is a very vulgar, low bred person'—but she knows better than to give herself airs before me, as she is aware that I know she came from 'under a hedge.' 'Her father was a low mechanic'.

'Why'! broke in Caroline, "Mr. S———, who came from her native town, said that she was of a good family.'

'I know more about it than he does,' said Fanny rather angrily. 'He said that because her mother was the daughter of Dr. R——— some poor country Curate, no doubt, (it appears that Fanny had forgotten that until the death of a miserly uncle her mother had been a lady's maid, and her father, an errand boy in a dry-good store) and, continued Fanny, 'I do not hesitate to say that she even looks down upon you and me.'

'Can it be, said Caroline, then I have been deceived in her,' 'Well' said Fanny 'I suppose she will be here to night, although you are un-no obligations to invite her.'

'Certainly not' said Caroline, 'but I shall feel it my duty to invite her, we have always been on good terms.'

'Fanny took her leave with a determination to prevent Clara from going to the party. While she was revolving this in her mind, she met Clara. How well she succeeded in deceiving her, I have already related.

It was evening, and Fanny with her face arrayed in smiles, stood by the side of Frank Clinton. Your friend, Miss Hayden is absent to

night,' said he. 'Caroline told me she thought it must be something of importance that had prevented her from coming, as she accepted the invitation.'

Fanny made no remark, and he continued, 'I stood at the office window, this afternoon, as you passed, but you were both talking so earnestly, that you had no eyes nor ears for any one else. I heard you mention Caroline's name, and concluded that you were talking about the party.'

'Oh yes,' said Fanny quickly, 'I was trying to have her come to-night, but she was determined not to, because——' Here she paused, partly because she had nothing else to say, and partly to give her conversation an air of mystery.

'Because what?' said Frank, seeing that she hesitated.

'Oh, not much of any thing,' said Fanny, 'only she is always angry with some one; she is so passionate.'

'And I suppose you was acting the part of a peace-maker,' said Clinton, with a slight sneer as he turned away.

He was astonished that Fanny should say this, as he had distinctly heard a part of their conversation, as they passed him that afternoon, and therefore, knew the reason of Clara's absence.

CHAPTER II.

Days and weeks had passed, since Clara joined the gay group of her companions. She had hardly left the room of Mrs. Farrington, who had been dangerously sick. During her illness, Clinton had called to inquire about her; and from Mr. Farrington, he had learned the whole history of Clara. In addition, he told him how she had watched, night and day, with unwearied patience, by the bedside of his sick wife; until her blooming cheeks had paled, and her face grown sunken with watching and weariness.

It was a beautiful day in June. Mrs. Farrington was slowly recovering, when Fanny called to have Clara come and spend the evening with her, and a few friends. In vain, Clara told them that she should be more contented at home. Fanny would take no such excuse, and being strongly urged by Mrs. Farrington, who had seen with anxiety, her pale cheek, and who thought that if she would mingle more with her companions, she might recover her lost roses, she, at last, reluctantly consented.

Fanny believed that if Clinton should see her now, his admiration would be changed. She had no thought that worth, as well as beauty and wealth, could attract attention. In this, she was disappointed. Clara was warmly welcomed, and Clinton paid her every attention. Fanny now felt that her power was declining, and though, to all appearances, she was as gay and merry as ever, she was filled with hatred towards the unsuspecting Clara, and she inwardly determined that Clinton should never be her accepted lover. Clara, also, was far from being happy. The usually warm greetings of Caroline Mills, were changed, and where before she had met only smiles, were now cold and averted looks. She was unable to comprehend the cause of this recent coldness, for she could not think, when she told Fanny that she should not go to Caroline's party, that it would be repeated to her with additions. Caroline was a good natured and amiable girl, but she could not pass over the apparent deceitfulness of Clara, who, to her, had always appeared so friendly and affectionate. She, therefore, made up her mind to treat her coldly and with reserve; but when she saw her looking so pale and sad, her pity overcame her anger, and she would have met her as if nothing had happened; but Fanny, seeing Clara approach her, slyly whispered, 'Dont say a word about what I told you.' In an instant her manner changed. Her pride was aroused and she returned the cheerful 'good evening' of Clara with a haughty bend of the head. A less sensative person could hardly imagine the anguish that look caused her; a stranger, as she felt herself, in a strange place. She could hardly control her emotion. She turned away, and unobserved, as she thought, slipped into the garden. It was a bright moonlight, and the stars in countless millions covered the heavens. But these had no charms for her now.—Hurrying on, she reached the arbor at the end of the garden. Here she sank upon a seat, and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears. 'Oh, my father! my father!' she exclaimed, 'why have you left me in this cold heartless world!—There is none to love me now, as you did love me.'

'Can I not in some measure replace that love,' said a low, manly voice, and Frank Clinton stood beside her. As he took her hand, which trembled from her surprise and agitation, they were startled by a half stifled scream, which seemed to come directly from behind the arbor. They listened and distinctly heard the low whispered words 'Hush! hush! they will hear us!'

'Oh dear!' said Clara, starting from her seat, 'who can it be?'

Clinton sprang from the arbor, and saw Fanny, with her foot caught between the stones of the walk; and Caroline kneeling by her side, trying but in vain, to disengage it. He stood still with astonishment, while Clara came to their assistance. 'Oh Clara!' said Fanny quickly, taking a sly glance at Caroline, who now stood speechless by her side, with the air of a culprit, 'How you have frightened me! Caroline and I have been looking all over the house for you; and hearing your voice in the garden, in my haste to reach it, I caught my foot in the pavement, as you see.'

While she was saying this, they had removed one of the stones and released her foot; but she was not able to walk; she had sprained her ankle, and they, supporting her, returned to the house.

The next day, Fanny sat by the window, watching, with a discontented countenance, the rain, as it fell in large drops against the casement.

'Here,' she exclaimed, peevishly, 'must I stay, at least a week, before I shall be able to walk.—I wish I had not followed them last night; for besides hurting my ankle, I have, I suppose, lost Caroline for a friend. But I dont care for that, if I gain my point. I suppose she would wish to have me told them that I followed to hear their conversation. And Clinton, he looked at me as if he suspected it, but if he did, he could not after I told such a reasonable story.'

'I wish I could see Clara,' she said after a moments pause. 'I could easily get her angry with him, she is so credulous. Oh, I'll write to her,' she exclaimed, eagerly, as her eye fell upon her pencil, and portfolio, that lay near her on the stand; and taking them up she wrote as follows—

'To my dear friend Clara:—

I saw with pain, the attentions paid you last evening, by Mr. Clinton, and I feel it my duty as your sincere friend, to warn you against him. He has long been known as a young man destitute of all principle and honor. I have heard, that even now, he is engaged to a young lady in B——n. It was only the other day, as I heard, that some one reproached him, and he said that he was only going to flirt a little with *you*.—I can write no more now, but come to me, and I will tell you all. Dont let him or any one else, even suspect, that it was I that gave you this warning as it might cause some difficulty, as our families are so intimate.'

"There" she exclaimed, as she read it over, 'I think that will do, for she will believe every word of it. How simple some persons are,' said she laughing. There is now but one thing more to make my success sure, and that is to write to him'—here she again resumed her pencil, but she hesitated, and laid it down. 'If,' thought she, 'he should go to her for an explanation'—she paused a moment, and her countenance brightened as she again took the pencil and exclaimed, 'I'll make them both dumb on the subject,' and then—

'To Mr. Clinton—As the confidential friend of Miss Hayden, she has requested me to say, that she was both surprised, and annoyed, at your declaration last evening, as she has always considered you as a friend; and nothing more. It was the wish of her father that she should marry a distant relation of his, who is now traveling in Europe, and for particular reasons she wishes that you would keep this a secret. Moreover, it is her request, that you never refer in any way to the subject. She has, and always will continue to esteem you as a friend, and hopes that when you meet her again, it will be with no hard feelings towards her. Yours &c.

FANNY MORTON.'

Sealing and directing the notes, she delivered them to an errand boy, requesting him to be very particular and give them to none but the persons themselves.

Clinton was alone when he received his note. He opened and first glanced at it, then turned it round with a puzzled air, and looked at the superscription; then turned it back and began to read. As he read, his brow darkened, and his teeth grew slightly compressed, but when he finished reading, he burst into an uncontrolable fit of laughter: and folding the note again, he bent his steps directly toward the house of Mr. Farrington, and called for Clara. Instead of looking melancholy and desperate as a rejected suitor would, there was a bland smile upon his countenance. As he was shown into the drawing room he met Caroline Mills coming out.—As she passed him she gave him a look so full of comical meaning that he could hardly keep from laughing.

Clara was alone. She had evidently been crying, but she smiled as she handed him an open note, saying, 'Here, Mr. Clinton, is a note for you, that has been directed to me.'

'And here,' said he, taking one from his pocket, 'is one for you, likewise.'

Fanny, in her eagerness, had directed Clara's note to Clinton, and his note to Clara. Clara laughed through her tears, when both notes were read, and exclaimed, 'How could she do so?'

'Then you will not follow her advice?' said Frank, archly. * * * *

"We'll invite her to the wedding, shall we not?' said Clinton; while he enclosed and directed both notes to Fanny, with this addition, "The Slanderer Foiled." NELLA.

Springfield, May, 1843.

The Olive Leaf.

CABOTVILLE, JUNE 8, 1843.

OLIVE LEAF OFFICE.

Subscribers to the Olive Leaf, and those wishing to purchase numbers singly, can be supplied at the Office, one door East of Wintworth and Taylor's, Ferry street,

THE OBJECT OF LIFE.

The object for which we live, should not be to benefit ourselves alone, but to do good to others.

How often is the great end of our being lost sight of, while selfish motives destroy that spark of philanthropy which we by nature possess. Nearly all our benevolent acts come in collision with some selfish propensity, and thereby, the pleasure and satisfaction which otherwise might have arisen from out a liberal spirit, is utterly lost.

How often do we hear people regret some benevolent act, which they have, sometime in their life, performed, saying, that if they then had what they bestowed upon others, they might enjoy what now they must be deprived of. Such persons forget the promise of a tenfold return, and doubt essentially the liberality of their Creator.

What though we are in possession of less of earth; is this a reason why we should not remember the destitute? Where is the satisfaction in giving what we do not need ourselves? What enjoyment could there be derived from the thought that we had bestowed that which to us was worthless, and in itself of no value? Surely, such a retrospect of benevolent acts must be barren.

The great object of life should be, to prepare for another state of existence; and what human being, can we say, is prepared to exchange worlds, whose whole aim and object, here, has been to amass riches, and making them his God; while, perhaps, a good part of his property has been wrung from the hands of his suffering neighbors?

How small the number of rich men, who are truly good. No man ever became wealthy by his own exertions, but some time in his life, he took the advantage of his fellow man.

The difficulty of amassing riches honestly, is, in itself, a proof that the object of life should not be to serve self alone.

The brightest stars that ever shone on earth, are those men whose whole object was to do good, and who lived solely to benefit their fellows. The name of Howard will live in the hearts of his countrymen, when thousands, who refused him assistance in his work of charity and benevolence, shall have sunk into oblivion.

The only sure way to be happy here, and in another state, is to answer the end for which we were made.—By endeavoring to do this, we shall obey our Creator, and secure eternal felicity.

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To Correspondents.

'Experiancia's' we have lost. If forwarded again, we will endeavor to secure its insertion.

'The Poet's Dream,' in our next. Also, 'The Operative's last Letter.'

'Averline's', we fear is too personal.

Original Paragraphs.

He who would never feel wrong must never do wrong. The great secret of our sorrow is found to arise from a conviction that we are each its creator.

Never ask a person to befriend you, unless you are worthy of his friendship. There are many in the world, who never return even a thank for the greatest of favors, and who talk of treachery as a thing that merits applause.

A young woman should never ask—why do not the young men propose? Depend upon it, they have their reasons, which should ever be thought reasonable.

A young man should never think himself misused when his suit is rejected. He would be far happier alone, than with one who could not love him, and who would fail to prize through life his best tokens of affection.

Never tell the truth when silence would do better. He, who would escape much censure, must keep many things to himself.

Always desire good, and only ask for what you think you can obtain.

Tell not a person his faults when you are sure he knows them himself.

Never marry for money if you would escape having your ears pulled.

Always get up *before* breakfast, and never retire till after supper.

Take all good advice, and never parley with what reason teaches you is right.

A FATHER'S COUNSEL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Truth will not accommodate itself to us, my son, but we must conform ourselves to truth.

Hold yourself too good to do evil.

What you can see look at with your own eyes.

Fear no man so much as your self.

Learn gladly of others; and whenever they talk of wisdom, honor, happiness, light, freedom or virtue, listen attentively. But do not believe at once all that you hear. Words are only words, and when they drive along so very easily and swiftly, be on your guard; for horses that draw a valuable load travel slowly.

It is easy to despise, my son, but to understand is far better.

Teach not others until you have learned yourself.

Take care of your body, but not as if it were your soul.

Meddle not with the affairs of others, but attend diligently to your own.

Flatter no man. and permit none to flatter you.

Depend on no great men.

Do what is worthy of reward, but care not to be rewarded.

Sit not with scorners, for they are the most miserable creatures.

Respect no canting religionists, but esteem and fellow simple-hearted good men. A man who has the true fear of God in his heart, is like the sun; he gives light and heat, although he says nothing.

FEMALE HEALTH

Men prize, more than our sex are always aware, the health-beaming countenance, the elastic step, and all those demonstrations of domestic order in which unbroken activity delights. They love to see woman equal to her own duties, and performing them with pleasure. They do not like to have the principal theme of domestic conversation a detail of physical ills, or to be expected to question, like a physician, into the variety of symptoms which have supervened since their departure. Or if this may be occasionally done, with a good grace, where ill-health is supposed to be temporary, yet the saddening effects of an enfeebled constitution cannot always be resisted by him who expected to find in a 'yoke-fellow,' ability to endure the rough roads and sharp ascents of life.—A nature possessing great capabilities of sympathy and tenderness, may doubtless be softened by the exercise of those capacities. Still, the good gained is only from the patient, perhaps the Christian endurance of a disappointment. But where those capacities do not exist, and where religious principle is absent, the perpetual influence of a sickly and mournful wife is as blight on those prospects which allure to matrimony. Folly, moroseness, and lapses into vice, may be often traced to those causes which robe home in gloom.

[Mrs. Sigourney.

THE ROSE AND CHILD.

'What a pity,' said a child to its father, 'that the rose after blooming, does not return a thank-offering to nature in summer, for the lovely season of its bloom in spring. You call it the flower of innocence and joy. Then it would also be the image of gratitude.' The father replied: 'Does it not then offer its entire form for the embellishment of spring, the favorite of nature? And for the dew and light, which fall upon it from above, it returns to the air its delicate fragrance, and created for the spring, it expires with it. Dear child, delicate, unseen gratitude, is the most grateful, and how can innocence be unthankful?

The sublime of nature is the, sky, sun, moon, stars, etc. The profound of nature is gold, pearls, precious stones, and the treasurers of the deep, which are inestimable as unknown. But all that lies between these, as corn, flowers, fruits animals, and things for the mere use of man, are of mean price, and so common, as not to be greatly esteemed as the curious; it being certain that anything of which we know the true use cannot be invaluable; which affords a solution, why common sense hath either been totally despised, or held in small repute, by the greatest modern critics and authors.

[ORIGINAL.]

SEEK NOT TO PLEASE.

————A slave?

Who greater is, than he who seeks to please?
Who more the subject of a foul disease?
Who toils more unrewarded, unrepaid,
Than he, whose will, the will of others made?
Unguided, still, he guided, treads the way,
Unmarked by duty, but what others say;
To please his object, object this alone;
The smile of others, better than his own.
He lives the slave, who daily wears the chain;
Who seeks to please, that does not feel its pain?
Who bow but those, who bow that others may?
Who favors grant, but that desire their pay?
He kneels to man, yet scorns to bow to God;
Worships that which administers the rod;
Seeks too, for what, his never here can be:
True happiness aside from Liberty.
As ship on ocean's waves, 'mid tempest tossed;
Driven far out, with helm and anchor lost;
So he, who would attempt the world to please,
Must float unguided, o'er its roughest seas.
Who, who would live, as living many do,
Courting for favors—unexpected too—
By others governed; reason, action, will,
Our own, not ours, theirs ready to fulfil?
A spirit free, to none submission bows;
Lives as it should, nor sordid passions rouse;
Content to be esteemed as much as right;
More would be flattery, heinous in its sigh.
He is the man, whose conscience is his guide;
Who duty seeks, nor from it turns aside;
He, in the end, shall the best friends retain;
Those that are lost, are lost to better gain.
Men would be what they never here can be:
Beloved by all, and with none disagree;
But he, who is his own, and lives at ease,
Aside from duty, never seeks to please.

ELLIVRI.

BE WISE.

Girls, don't make fools of yourselves. If God has given you common sense, make use of it, I pray you. When you sit moping at your windows, afraid to work, for fear of soiling your delicate hands, or turn up your nose at the excellent females who labor for a support, be sure you gain no friends worth having. No sight is more disgusting than half a dozen girls seated in the best room in the house, dressed in the tip of fashion, with rings, curls &c., waiting to nod to the foppish young gentleman who may pass, with canes, ruffle shirts and gold chains—all that is valuable about them—while the poor mother of the beautiful daughter is tugging and sweating at the wash tub. For grown up young women to permit their parents to do the work of the kitchen, to bake, and iron and scour, while they are tripping along with some silly fellows, or beholding their pretty faces in the glass, betrays not only a lack of filial respect, but base and groveling minds. Girls, if you would gain the respect of others—obtain good husbands, and enjoy the moments as they pass, relinquish all your silly airs and deem it no disgrace to work. The men who would shun you in your check aprons, wringing clothes at the tub, are not worthy of your love, and the sooner you rid yourself of their presence the better. Remember those who really love you, love you for the virtues of the heart, and not on account of the decorations of the body. The latter fade and sink in a short time, while the former live and grow more valuable forever. Be wise then, young women; do your duty and work. This course will secure you peace and happiness, contentment and prosperity, good homes and kind husbands, and be a source of enjoyment as long as you live.—Portland Tribune.

'I FORGOT IT.'

Did our readers ever consider how descriptive these few words are of certain persons among their acquaintance? How many serious evils are comprised under these three words, and two of them very little words! A thousand illustrations might readily be furnished, but a few must suffice. I make an engagement at very great inconvenience, to meet a neighbor, he promises to be punctual, but after squandering time which I could very ill afford to waste, I return disappointed, and the only apology I receive is, 'I forgot it.' A gentleman of distinguished talents promises to make an address on an important subject in a particular neighborhood, if timely notice is given to him; Mr. A. is appointed to give him the notice, the people of the neighborhood assemble anticipating the gratification they shall receive but, alas! the house is not opened, nor the orator present, for Mr. A. forgot his duty. How often have we attended committees entrusted with the transaction of important business, when the whole object of the meeting has been frustrated, because Mr. B., whose presence was necessary to make a quorum, forgot to attend, or Mr. C. forgot to bring with him the necessary papers. We have very little patience with these forgetful people—we have seen precious time thrown away, temper unsettled, fortunes lost, through their vicious propensity of forgetting. Whether we go to the church or the place of worldly business, we see the same evil results from an unjustifiable neglect on the part of that large company of forgetters, who refuse to charge their memory with the most important engagements, They seem to have no conscience in depriving others of their dearest privileges, and subjecting them to the most serious inconvenience. For our own part, we dread falling into the habit of forgetting, and we envy not the man upon whose lips we habitually hear the words I FORGOT IT.—Presbyterian.

THE MOTHER'S TENDER CHARGE.

The agency of Maternal Influence, in the culture of the affections, those springs which put in motion the human machine, has been long conceded. That if it might also, bear directly upon the developement of intellect, and the growth of the sterner virtues of manhood, is proved by the obligations of the great Bacon to his studious mother, and the acknowledged indebtness of Washington, to the decision, to the almost Lacedemonian culture of his maternal guide.

The immense force of first impressions, is on the side of the mother. An engine of uncomputed power is committed to her hand. If she fix her lever judiciously, though she may not, like Archimedes, aspire to move the earth, she may hope to rise one of the inhabitants of earth to heaven. Her danger will arise from delay in the commencement of her operations, as well as from doing too little, or too much, after she has engaged in the work. As their is a medium in chemistry, between the exhausted receiver, and the compound blowpipe, in early education, the inertness which undertake nothing, and the impatience which attempts all things at once, may be eaqually indiscreet and fatal.

To-morrow, to-morrow,
We pay what we borrow,—
To-morrow's to day's easy pillow.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

To enter this world without a welcome—to leave it without an adieu—to suffer and to be unable to communicate your suffering—to stand a sad and silent monument amid the joy of others, which you cannot understand nor conceive of—to be shut out of life—to carry within your own bosom the buried seeds of happiness, which are never to grow, of intellect which is never to burst forth, of usefulness which is never to germinate—to find even your presence afflictive, and not know whether you excite compassion or horror; a whole existence without one cheering sound—without one welcome accent—without one exhilarating thought—without one idea of the present—without one recollection of the past—without one hope of the future. O! what a cloud of wretchedness covers, surrounds, and overwhelms such a deplorable victim of sorrow.

Now to throw over such a benighted being the sweet rays of intelligence,—to open the intellect, and let it gush forth in streams of light and joy—to rouse the affections that they may know and love God, the giver of all things, merciful in his chastisements—to enlighten the soul that it may see its origin and destiny—to cause the lips to smile,—although they cannot speak—the eye to glisten with other emotions than those of sorrow—and the mind to understand, although it cannot hear. O! what a beautiful supplement to the benevolence of *Heaven*. [Crafts.

THEY'LL LAUGH AT ME.

And what if they do? Is that a reason you should be laughed out of your principles, and thus deserve to be laughed at for your folly?

Who will laugh at you for obeying the dictates of your own conscience? No one who regards the dictates of his own. No one whose opinion should have the least weight with you.

What will they laugh at? At your singularity in adhering to unfashionable virtue?

At your vulgarity in refusing to be moulded by the seduction of refined and modish virtue? Let them laugh. 'Wo unto them that laugh now, for they shall mourn and lament.'

'They'll laugh at me,' said ten thousand promising young men and lovely young women, when first enticed to wander from the sober path of virtuous living. They half recoiled from the temptation. It had no particular fascinations for them. The gay assembly—the deceptive theatre—the madening game—the flowing bowl—it was not these that allured them at the outset.—They'll laugh at me! This it was that turned them aside and sealed ther unhappy destiny. O my daughter, never let me hear you say.—They'll laugh at me.'

PLEASE ACCOMMODATE.

What more pleasurable feelings are engendered in the breast, than the spirit of friendship gives! To bestow a favor, to help a neighbor, and to be kind and obliging to the needy—oh! what joy swells in our bosoms in rendering offices of friendship!

As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place.

Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart; so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel.

For the Olive Leaf.

THE NIGHT-WIND.

I heard the night-wind sweeping by,
With its tones of sadness near,
And listened to its pensive sigh,
Till it died upon the ear.

I heard it passing by, and thought
O'er sunny hills it came,
From that loved home, my native spot,
Where oft is lisped my name.

I thought perhaps it chimed along
That vale so dear to me
And passed some linnet in its song,
Upon my cottage tree.

I thought perhaps it crossed that path,
Along the river's bend,
Where oft I've stood at mid-day with
My *best*, my *dearest friend*.

I thought, perhaps it floated near
Her bower of light, so fair,
And fanned from off her cheek a tear,
And waved her auburn hair.

I thought, perhaps, it bore awhile,
From her lips a plaintive strain,
Then died along some moon-lit isle,
The words—"We meet again.' L.

Historical.

VIRGINIA.

The following is the last act of tyranny committed by the decemviri, and one which caused the abolishment of that office, and the restoration of the consulship.

Appius one day saw a young Roman maiden at a public school, and felt such a violent passion for her, that he determined to possess her at all hazards. He discovered that she was of plebeian origin, and engaged to Icilius. All hope of marrying her being now lost, he resolved to obtain her by violence. He in vain attempted to bribe her nurse. And now only one method remained for him. He employed M. Claudius to execute his base purpose; who, taking with him a band of ruffians, entered the school where Virginia was, and seizing her by the arm would force her away as one of his slaves. He was already dragging her, all in tears, through the forum, when the people obliged him to let go his hold. The villain now cited her to appear before the decemviri, where Appius was designedly sole judge.—Virginia's relations speedily came to the tribunal.

Numitorus, her uncle, soon saw the state of the case; but very prudently concealed his suspicions. He urged that Virginius, her father, should be allowed time to come to the trial.—The whole assembly appeared satisfied of the justice of allowing her to be given over to her friends, but Appius wished to assign the poor trembling maiden to the care of Claudius. You may easily conceive the terrible anxiety under which she labored while hearing that she was a slave, and had been stolen from Claudius by Virginius! Horrible indeed must have been her condition when the cruel and relentless Appius ordered her to be delivered to Claudius!

All of a sudden, Icilius, her lover, ran into the assembly, loudly demanding 'who he was that durst lay hands upon a free woman, and what were his pretensions.' Nothing could stop him, and he, taking the trembling Virginia in his arms, cried, 'No, Appius, nothing but death shall separate me from her. If thou wouldst have thy vile artifice concealed, thou must murder me. Assemble all thy lictors; bid them prepare their rods and axes, but to my last breath I will defend her honor. Have you deprived the Romans of their tribunes, that you may subject their wives and daughters to your lewdness?—Go on to exercise your rage in slaughtering and scourging the Roman citizens, but let modesty and chastity escape your tyranny. Virginia is mine, she is promised me, and I expect to marry a virgin pure and unspotted. I will receive her from no hands but her father's. If in his absence any attempt be made to do her violence, I will implore the aid of the Roman people for my wife; Virginius will demand the assistance of his fellow-soldiers for his daughter; and both gods and men will be on our side.'

Claudius demanded who would be his security. All the people held up their hands, and Icilius, in tears, exclaimed, 'To-morrow, if there be occasion, we will make use of your assistance.—To-day, I hope, they will be satisfied with my security, and that of all Virginia's relations.'

Appius now sent orders that Virginius should be detained in the camp; but Icilius was beforehand with him, for Virginius had already heard of the affair, and the unfortunate father was on his way to Rome. The next morning Appius was surprised by the appearance of Virginius in the forum. The father's tale was soon told, but to no purpose. She was ordered to go to Claudius. Think of the despair of the poor girl, of the agony of her lover, of the distraction of the father! The guards approached; Virginius obtained permission to give her his parting embrace. Favored by this permission, he insensibly led her towards a butcher's stall and, snatching from it a large knife, exclaimed, 'My dear daughter, by this means only can I purchase thy honor and freedom!' As he said this, he suddenly plunged the weapon into her heart, and then holding it up, all reeking with her blood exclaimed, 'By this innocent blood, Appius, I devote thy head to the infernal gods!'

All was now horror and confusion. The fury of the people was aroused. Virginius flew to the camp with the bloody knife; and instantly the army was in an uproar. A revolution followed; the indignant citizens deposed the decemviri, and Appius paid the forfeit of his life for his crimes.

The senate restored the consuls, and the commonwealth once more enjoyed tranquility.—(B. C. 449.)

Written for the Olive Leaf.

Thoughts on Hearing of the Death of a Friend.

But a few short weeks ago and she lived and breathed among us! Fair visions of unblighted hope were shedding light and beauty along the path of life. With the fond eye of anticipation did she look forward into the opening vista of the future. But Death, stern tyrant had placed his signet upon her brow, and ere the bloom and the pure passionate feelings of youth had passed away, he came to claim her for his victim; and she has gone. She sleeps that dreamless sleep, beyond life's dim uncertain stream. As fades the bright tint from the bow of promise, so she disappears from the earth. No more will she mingle with the gifted and the good in the halls of science. No more will she gaze here with rapturous delight on the works of the great Creator. Sophia lives but in the memory of her friends. Here, is she enshrined among the sacred relics, which enrich the altar of the heart, to repose in cherished brightness and unfading lustre.

But where, Oh where dwells the spirit of our departed friend? Beneath the closing waves of time we may not look. No invocation can awake the sleeper from her rest to proclaim with celestial eloquence the ineffable glories of that brighter world, where the pure in heart, shall behold the King in his beauty. Yet though the winds of autumn mourn above her grave, and sing her funeral dirge—though friends drop the tear of affection on the cold turf that hides her remains, yet we trust her spirit rests in the bosom of her Savior. OLYNZA

ENIGMA NO. 3.

ACROSTICAL.

I am a word of 17 letters.
My 1, 11, 3, 1, 11, 3, 3, 9, 7, and, 11, is a city in the Western States.
My 2, 8, 2, 3, 2, 1, and, 2, is a river in South America.
My 3, 2, 12, 9, 16, 1, 2, 7, 11, and 9, is a peninsula of N. America.
My 4, 2, 8, 16, 11, 4, and 9, is an island near Europe.
My 5, 7, 3, and 9, is a distinguished Volcano.
My 6, 9, 6, 7, 5, and 16, is a city in France.
My 7, 5, 3, 3, 5, 16, 16, 5, and 5, is a river in the U. S.
My 8, 2, 16, and 16, is a county in Ohio.
My 9, 3, and 3, is a cape of North America.
My 10, 2, 8, 6, 5, and 9, is a river in the north part of Europe.
My 11, 4, and 9, is a city in Peru.
My 12, 11, 5, 6, 6, and 9, is a city in Austria.
My 13, 9, 16, 10, 2, and 6, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 14, 13, 12, 13, 8, and 16, is a city in France.
My 15, 9, 10, 2, and 6, is a town in Ohio.
My 16, 9, 2, 6, and, 15, is a river in France.
My 17, 15, 12, 15, 8, and 14, is a river in England.
My whole is an organ constituting a part of the Brain.

Cabotville. G. L.

Answer to Charade No. 4, DEW DROP.

The Olive Leaf

Is a Semi-Monthly Paper, written chiefly by the New England Operatives, and devoted to their interests. It is printed on good paper, in Quarto form, suitable for binding.

The paper will ever be free from a party spirit, and nothing will be admitted to its columns with a view to establish any particular opinion.

Virtue and Morality will be its leading characteristics, while the chief aim of the Editor shall be to benefit that class, to whose welfare it is devoted, and at the same time endeavor to make it interesting to all.

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