

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens call'd with care."

The human mind—that lofty thing!
The palace and the throne,
Where reason sits a scepter'd king,
And breathes the judgment tone.
Oh! who with silent step shall trace
The borders of that haunted place;
Nor in his weakness own
That mystery and marvel-bound
That lofty thing—the human mind!

The human heart—that restless thing!
The tempest and the trill,
The joyous, yet the suffering;
The source of pain and pride;
The generous through—the desolate,
The seat of love, the lair of hate—
Self-stung, self-denied!
Yet do we bless thee as thou art,
That restless thing—the human heart!

The human soul—that startling thing!
Mysterious and sublime!
The angel sleeping on the wing
Worn by the scuffs of time—
The beautiful, the veiled, the bound,
The earth enfolds, the glory crown'd,
The stricken in its prime!
From heaven in tears to earth it stole,
That startling thing—the human soul!

And this is man—Oh! ask of him,
The gifted and forgiven—
While 'er his vision, drear and dim,
The wrecks of time are driven;
If pride or passion in their power,
Can chain the tide or charm the hour,
Or stand in place of Heaven?
He bends the brow, he bows the knee—
"Creator, Father! none but thee!"

THE REPOSITORY.

FROM THE LADY'S BOOK.
THE PEASANT BRIDE.
BY MISS M. NILES.

"Without one tie of kindred or of love
To bind her to the earth."

"To that soft and pleading eye
Who is there could suit deny."

"And Selim to his heart has caught,
In blubber, more than ever bright,
His Nymph."

"Was a sweet summer sunset, and the lingering
beams fell soft upon an English cottage with its
clustering roses, and grass plot in front, so pleas-
ant and green. It seemed fitted for the abode of
peace and happiness, yet the stillness around it,
the carefully closed casement, and neglected gar-
den, bespoke it the abode of sickness or sorrow.
The sunset hues faded, and the shadows of even-
ing fell deeper, and, as a dim light appeared in one
window of that homely cottage, two travellers dis-
mounted at the inn opposite, and having refreshed
themselves strolled through the village.

"Well!" exclaimed the older of the two, in a
tone that plainly denoted vexation, "of all your
wildgoose vagaries, this is the most out of it! What
on earth tempted you, Roscoe, to leave Castle
Clarendon, and set forth like some doubtful knight
without your retinue, upon an unrequited road,
merely because your lady mother informed you of
the approach of the beautiful Miss Leston, the
heir?"

A smile passed over the handsome features of the
Earl of Clarendon, one of the most popular young
noblemen of the day, who had just come into pos-
session of a large unincumbered estate, but he
vouchsafed no reply to the petulant inquiry of his
friend, who continued in the same tone:

"Now, Roscoe, I really believe you were afraid
of the arrows tipped with gold, or you would never
have made so precipitate a retreat merely be-
cause she was expected upon a visit at the Castle.
She is reported to be young and pretty."

"She may be all those," answered the young
nobleman, with something of a curl upon his hand,
some lip, "and without suit to fill the station
of Lady Clarendon, for which my lady mother de-
signs her, without a thought that her only son may
choose to please himself in this momentous case—
now clear that brow, George, and let us for one
month lay aside the 'pomp and ceremony' of our
rank, and wander here."

"There is no sound of festival
Echoing from the lighted hall."
"I am weary of being the lion of the hour, and
for the ensuing four weeks am plain Mr. Wil-
mot."

"That aristocratic bearing will betray thee friend,"
exclaimed Capt. Beaumont, "and as I am a youn-
ger son with nothing but my good sword to re-
commend me, I will retain my own cognizance, it
being one but little known in these barbarous
regions."
The young men sauntered by the banks of the
pretty stream that ran meandering through the vil-
lage till the moon was high in the blue vault; and
then turned towards the sun. In passing the cot-
tage which was retired from the road, they stopped
a moment to admire its lovely beauty, and were
standing within the pretty yard when the house
door was thrown open, and a girl apparently about
fifteen, of surpassing beauty, stood in the moon-
light, the rich curls flung back from her brow, as
she gazed upon the intruders with a bewildered
look. Suddenly she sprang towards Roscoe, and
grasping his arm, cried in imploring accents:
"Oh! my father is dying, do come with me, for
he is so wild!"—and she wrung her hands in agony.
The beauty and artlessness of the girl, joined to
her own kindly feelings, induced him to comply,
and with Beaumont he entered the low door-way.
Upon a bed was extended the corpse of the
father, evidently the victim of intemperance, and
the death-pang no doubt terrified his child in her
lonely watch till she rushed forth for assistance.
The life had but just departed; and it was long ere
they could persuade the desolate girl that he was no
more. When the dreadful truth rushed upon her
mind, she buried her head in the clothes of the
bed sobbing convulsively, and muttering to her-
self—
"All! all! alone! I wish that I could die too—
Jeannette has no more home!"
Every feeling of compassion and pity was aroused
in Roscoe's mind, as he gazed upon the sad and
beautiful being thus cast upon a rude world, de-
prived of all natural protectors.

"No!" was the immediate response of his friend.
"Remain, Roscoe," he added, "and I will go for
some one to assist this poor girl."
The young Earl did not think his dignity low-
ered as he stopped to raise the bereaved child from
her painful position beside the corpse. He seated
her beside him, and used every argument to soothe
and console. Her convulsive sobs gradually
became stilled, and by the time that Capt. Beau-
mont arrived with the landlady of the inn, she was
restored to a state of calmness; but with an ex-
pression of such utter forlornness imprinted upon
her lovely face, as powerfully affected the two
young men, and putting a purse into her hand,
they hastily left the cottage to conceal their emo-
tions.

From the idlers round the inn, they learnt the
history of Jeannette Gray, the "Village Flower,"
as she was called by the peasantry round. Her
father had removed there about two years before,
and had neither held communication with the in-
habitants or suffered his young and beautiful
daughter to mingle in the village sports—except
the old gray-headed school-master—who loved
the child, and occasionally gave her instruction,
none entered the cottage. The father was a cold
stern man, and it was rumored that many a
dark act had compelled him to seek the shelter of
that quiet spot—and at last he became a thing for
the finger of scorn to point at; seeking in deep
inhabiting draughts an oblivion for memory.

A few of the peasants assembled to pay the
duties to the old man, from a feeling of pity for
the child; and as the grave was filled up, turned
carelessly away—while she flung herself upon the
small mound weeping passionately, notwithstanding
the efforts of the kind landlady to console:
"Lay, now, don't grieve so, you shall come
home with me, and every one will do you a kind
act—do not grieve so—poor girl!"—and she drew
her from the church yard to her own dwelling.

Days passed on, and Roscoe and his friend
spent their time in rambling over "hill and vale,"
but evening invariably brought them back to the
village inn. Capt. Beaumont began to feel uneasy.
Why was Jeannette so unwilling to leave? Why
almost poutfully tell him that he might re-
turn to the Castle when he pleased, if he was tired
of ruralizing? He knew his friend well, and that,
with all his great and good qualities, he was ro-
mantic and enthusiastic in the extreme—and
Jeannette was one to realize a poet's dream—

"Not the face of heaven
In its sweetest colors, nor earth in all
Its garbure of flowers, nor all that live
In the bright world of dreams, nor all the eye
Of creative spirit meets in air,
Could in the smile and sunshine of her charms,
Not feel itself created by such rare
And perfect beauty—yet she bore herself
So bravely, that the lily on its stalk
Bends not so easily its dewy head."

Well might he fear for him—for the haughty
spirit of the young noble had indeed bowed low
to the innocence and holy purity enshrined in the
bosom of the lowly peasant girl.
"This is worse than madness," exclaimed Beau-
mont at the close of a long argument, "what can
Jeannette be to you, but a passing dream. Con-
sider your long line of ancestors—your rank in
society—the prejudices of all your titled connex-
ions; and last, not least, her utter want of educa-
tion, of accomplishments to fit her for such a high
station, and then whether your proud name would
not be tarnished by such an alliance."

"And look abroad into the world, Beaumont,
and see amidst its tinsel glare if you know of one
heart as pure from corrupting passions as hers,
beauty as perfect without a touch of woman's
vanity to mar it. Seems she not more like a
guileless child, free from a taint of worldliness or
sin?"

"When the whisper of adulation is on her ear,
when crowds bow and offer up incense at the
shrine of the new beauty, and she is surrounded
by splendor and wealth, think you she will retain
this simplicity, this purity!—You are fascinated
now, Roscoe, but with all your intellectual gifts,
you will find that mind as well as beauty will
wanting to constitute happiness. But I have
warned you, and shall leave you to yourself."
"Not without giving me your word as a man
of honor not to betray my confidence," replied Ros-
coe, with something of pique in his tone.

"On this you may rely," said Beaumont, and
they separated.
Beaumont was obliged to leave his friend and
rejoin his regiment; and, dearly as he had loved
him from his boyhood, Roscoe was glad to be re-
lieved from the restraint his presence imposed.

Jeannette was his constant companion in his
rambles, by the side of the river and over the
pleasant meadows. Her sadness had worn off,
and there was a sweet playfulness in her manner,
joined to her entire dependence upon him, that
completed the conquest of his heart. He saw in
her, indications of native talent, and the mildness
and beauty of many of her ideas just suited his
romantic turn of mind. And she, that beautiful
being, whose every look betrayed his influence
over her affections, whose eye so timidly turned
to his for approval, was she to bow as some sweet
flower, because the storm-cloud was near. Her
destiny remains yet to be told.

They were wandering one evening by the riv-
er's banks, and after watching the waves reflect a
thousand radiant colors from the beautiful sunset,
Clarendon drew her towards a rustic seat in sil-
ence. He felt the time was drawing near when
he must leave her, and many contending emotions
were swelling in his proud heart. She gazed into
his face with something of fear, for the expres-
sion of it was so different from what she had ever
known it. He caught the look, and smiling sad-
ly said—
"Do not be frightened, Jeannette, I am per-
fectly well."
"Then why do you look so, Mr. Wilmot?" for
so she had been accustomed to call him, "I have
offended you?" and a tear started to her eye.

"Oh! no," he repeated, "blest angel as you
have just said, and I am a child yet. Let me see
one year with me, and go abroad, and when you re-
turn, she shall be all your wish. Till then, you
shall pass a protegee of my own; and that look
of love tells her she will for the husband's sake
employ the arts of absence."
Capt. Beaumont remained with his friend a
few weeks, and before the latter went a-
broad, and laughingly told him, that as he chose
to give up the heiress, he would win her himself.
Maria Lewton was so calculated to please him—
lively and affectionate, with a warm heart, but a
mind wholly uneducated; this, however, was
not perceptible in every day intercourse, and as
soon became one of her most devoted admirers.
"Take care," said Roscoe, who had studied her
character with more attention from the time he
had seen his friend's predilection. "Remember—
I in turn warn you. But now dear Beaumont,
I leave my cause in your hands. Use your influ-
ence with my mother, and remove her prejudi-
ces against unlearned alliances, ere I return; for I
have expressly told her I should not select a bride
from the ranks of fashionable society." And
they parted to meet again, under what different
circumstances.

Month after month passed away, and Mrs.
Everard saw with surprise and delight the facili-
ty with which Jeannette acquired those accom-
plishments necessary to the high station she was
to occupy. She studied early and late, and
contentedly bore an expression of intellect that
greatly added to its charm. She seemed to rouse
ag from a dream, and her mind drank deeply at
the fountain of knowledge. Of music, Roscoe
was fond, and had delighted to hear her warble
simple airs she had caught from the village girls—
for her voice and ear were both fine, and when
she was passing hours at either the harp or piano,
—the thought was constantly, "Roscoe shall
not be ashamed of his wife!"

A cloud dimmed her brow, and the smile that had
before wreathed her lip faded. "Do you repeat
already, my own Jeannette?" he asked in the
deep tone of strong affection. "Dearest, I shall
take you to my own proud home, ere many weeks
are over, whose sunshine you will make. I long
to present my beautiful bride to my kindred."
"But will not those kindred despise me?" she
asked in a low, sad voice. "Will they not look
down on the peasant girl with scorn? Better
had it been that we never had met." And Ros-
coe, even whilst he fondly soothed her, could not
but acknowledge to himself that his fears were
not wholly groundless. But she was now his
own, and the solemn tie could only be broken by
death.

Some weeks passed on, and Jeannette saw with
the quick-sightedness of woman, that her hus-
band, although tender and kind as ever, was ill
at ease. The time was drawing near when he
must present his young bride to his family, as he
could not remain longer from his home. Inno-
cent and lovely as was the being who looked
up to him with such confiding tenderness, he felt
that he was incapable of appreciating the pow-
ers of his mind. The magic touch of education
was wanting to render her perfect. One evening
he was sitting buried in reverie, unmindful of the
presence of his wife, who was standing by a dic-
tating window. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Oh!
that she possessed the knowledge, the insight,
the intellect with which she is so often com-
plimented of others!" Jeannette's quick ear
caught the words, and her trembling limbs al-
most refused her support; but she succeeded in
leaving the room unobserved. What a world of
misery was opened to her view. She threw her-
self upon the bed and wept long and bitterly.
But her lonely hours, she was possessed of a
more lofty spirit, and she would not permit her-
self to dwell in that timid girl. She felt that she
was not fitted for the wife of one so gifted. "It
is assumed of his choice," was her thought, and
even amidst those passionate tears was her reso-
lution taken. She knelt down to ask his days
sternly for her father in her childish days
forth, & in some lonely spot, with only the company
of the deep blue sky above, poor forth the orisons
of her innocent heart. She arose from that prayer,
and sat down, her calm and collected; and
sought her husband. He raised his eyes upon
her entrance, and putting out his hand drew her
kindly towards him, and kissed her cheek.
"You have been weeping, and looking sad, as he
gazed anxiously in her pale face. "Have you any
sorrow unshared by me?"

Jeannette laid her head upon his shoulder, so
as to screen her face, and for one moment he re-
solved to waver; but she soon nerved herself to
speak—and with all the artlessness of her char-
acter told him that she had heard his exclamation
and longed to be as good as he thought. "I
am not worthy of you, dear Roscoe," she
said in conclusion—"and you ought to have
sought a bride amongst those in your own rank—
but our fate is one. Send me from you awhile,
and I will try and learn those accomplishments,
and gain the knowledge you prize so much."
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Clarendon was both affected and pleased, al-
though his heart sick at the prospect of separa-
tion, but he had long been engaged to her, and
felt all the disadvantages to which he had
subjected her. He knew with her natural abili-
ties, that a few months would model the tinged
child into the intellectual woman—and he was
touched to the heart with the generous sacrifice
she was willing to make. He soothed her with
many a tender and affectionate word, and
smilingly said—"Only a few months, dear
Jeannette, and then my kindred shall be proud of
my beautiful bride. "Till then no one shall even
have a glimpse of that sweet face"—playfully
kissing away her tears.

The curtains in the small but pretty drawing
room of Mrs. Everard, (a widowed sister of the
Dowager Lady Clarendon, who was a rare and
superior character, and having early known mis-
ery, had withdrawn from the world upon a limited
income) were closely drawn, for it was a
damp and dreary evening. The candles were
lighted, and the good fire in the grate, although it
was early in the fall. She was sitting in her
reading, when a ring, somewhat louder than
usual, roused her attention, and her servant ush-
ered the Earl of Clarendon accompanied by a fe-
male into her presence. She started from her
seat to welcome her favorite nephew, and after
warmly embracing him, turned a look of inquiry
towards his companion. Who she was she did not
ask, and smilingly said—"Only a few months, dear
Jeannette, and then my kindred shall be proud of
my beautiful bride. "Till then no one shall even
have a glimpse of that sweet face"—playfully
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"My wife! my dear aunt, and to your care and
kindness I must commit her."
There was an expression of innocence and purity
in the countenance of the young creature be-
fore her, that won her heart, and she knew
fair brow and bid her welcome as warmly as if
she had known her for years; without a single
inquiry for the solution of what seemed to her
a strange mystery. But soon was the romance of
the past weeks confided to her, and in a moment
she felt how all important it was for Jeannette
to be other than a peasant girl, and she presented
to his ambitious and aristocratic family, whose
pride would at best meet with a severe blow, and
though she lamented her nephew's imprudence,
she would for his sake save his sweet bride from
the chilling influence of his titled connexions.

"I will not betray your confidence," said she
to him, when they had discussed many plans—
"Jeannette is but a child yet. Let me see
one year with me, and go abroad, and when you re-
turn, she shall be all your wish. Till then, you
shall pass a protegee of my own; and that look
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"Remain, Roscoe," he added, "and I will go for
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with all his great and good qualities, he was ro-
mantic and enthusiastic in the extreme—and
Jeannette was one to realize a poet's dream—

Mrs. Everard often intended her to desert, fear-
ing such unbecoming attention might undermine
her health; but a playful smile was her answer,
and she reminded her protectress that in a few
months her husband would return. Deeply did
the lady love the sweet girl, and she gazed upon
her with a feeling of reverence, and she felt the
weight of the world equally on Jeannette's
young face. They days passed peacefully on,
interrupted only by frequent letters of encoura-
gement and affection from Clarendon, when a mes-
sage from Lady Clarendon, announcing her in-
tention of visiting her sister, Mrs. Everard
into a state of perplexity. To refuse the visit was
impossible, and to expose Jeannette to the scrutiny
of her own family, and the acquaintance of
her own apartments until the lady left. Her
heart grew heavy, she knew not why, at the idea
of being under the same roof with Roscoe's
mother, and when she first caught a tone of her
voice as she passed at a distance, she wept with-
out being able to give a reason for her tears.

A visit of two or three days, and the departure
of the lady, Jeannette felt more than usually op-
pressed. She threw open her window, and gazed
forth upon the beauty of the scene. It was calm
and clear, and the blossoms that clustered beneath
it, whose fragrance was "borne upon the night
wind," were glittering in the moonbeams. "It
is not a night like this, although so late, she felt no
inclination to retire. Her thoughts were
with the wanderer, and she thought of all his
love, and the state of lowly dependence from
which he had rescued her, with a feeling of ven-
eration and gratitude, blended with the deep-
strong devotion of woman, till tears mingled with
the dew upon her cheek. A light
glance cast upon her face, and she saw that
long a time she had been weeping, and she
longed to be alone, and she was unable to tell
her, but she dreamed from an uneasy dream in wonder
at the position in which she had fallen asleep.
Her hair was damp with the night dew, and
gathered up its red folds she was preparing to
seek her bed, when a distant grating sound fell on
her ear. She started, and again she heard it,
and she felt as if some one was purring at her
feet. She cautiously approached one from which she
had a view of the front entrance, and plainly dis-
tinguished a ladder planted against the house.
Throwing a shawl over her head she stole gently
from the room to that part of the house where the
servants slept. Not a feeling of self intruded,
and she descended the stairs, and her step was
firm. Opening the door of the room of an old
servant of Mrs. Everard's, she went directly up
to the bed, and raising him gently, whispered in
deep concentrated accents—
"Hugh! your mistress is in danger—there are
persons even now attempting to force an entrance
into the house. Hugh! make no noise for your
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The sound of distant music fell on his ear,
and there was something in it that soothed his
harassed spirit, and he drew near the room from
which floated such bewitching harmony. The lady sat
with her back towards him, but his mother, and Beaumont,
who was one of the few who surrounded her, beckon-
ed him in. A veil hung in loose folds around
her, and concealed her features. She rose from
her seat, and at the same moment, lady Clarendon
faintly said—
"It is in this way that I punish the want of confi-
dence in my son," and rich in beauty, and warmed
into life by the Promethean touch of mind, he clasped
to his bosom his own Jeannette.
"What think you of my peasant bride?" asked
Roscoe of his friend, as she gracefully returned the
greeting of her husband's kindred and acquain-
tances to whom his stately mother presented her—"Is she
not lovely?"
"Lovely indeed, and good too withal," replied his
friend in a melancholy tone, as he glanced toward his
own gay and thoughtless wife, the once courted Miss
Leston. "I would that Maria possessed but a grain
of your fair girl's gentleness. Her jealous whims em-
bitter every moment of my life."
"Jeannette shall try her influence over her," was
Roscoe's reply—"Perhaps her magic wand may
transform her."
"Pray heaven it may, for there is but little happi-
ness in the world but what is contained in the
bosom of a true and virtuous woman," and in the
renewed confidence and happiness of his married life,
George Beaumont acknowledged that he blessed the
hour in which his friend wedded his peasant bride.