

Star & Republican Banner.

R. S. PAXTON &

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

G. M. PHILLIPS, Editors.

VOL. X.—NO. 30.]

GETTYSBURG, WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 29, 1839.

[WHOLE NO. 498.]

Office of the Star & Banner: Chambersburg Street, a few doors West of the Court-House.

SELECT TALE.

From the Ladies Book. THE ORPHAN.

BY MRS. MARY H. PARSONS.

It was night—a warm night in early summer. The stars were out in their mighty mansions, shedding over the far earth the light of their pure and quiet beauty. Soothingly fell their influence upon the struggling heart of Isabella Everett, as her prayer went up to the Great Watcher of the skies for strength to bear in this hour of her heavy trial. Even the shadow of death was resting upon the brow of her mother—the tried friend, and protector of her childhood, the affectionate and judicious counsellor of maturer years.

Very sad and solemn were the low tones of that dying mother, to her only child. "Yet a little while, Isabel, and I shall no longer be with you. The days of my appointed time are drawing to a close. My soul is heavy with disease and low suffering—I am weary and would be at rest. Do not grieve so bitterly, oh, my Isabel! It would console me in the hour of death, to see some portion of that fortunate, I have so earnestly endeavored to instill into your mind. You need, in solitude, communion with your own rebellious heart; seek it in your chamber, my child; and return to me, when you have calmed the violence of your sorrow; for oh, it is sweet to die, when watchful eyes and loving hearts are round us."

Isabel raised the hand that lay motionless upon her own, her tears fell upon the thin, emaciated fingers, as she pressed them to her lips, but no word escaped her as she turned from the bed, and with a noiseless step left the apartment. Alone, in her chamber, the pent up agony burst forth: that long low wail of despairing nature smitten to the earth. But a change passed over the spirit of the maiden; the early teaching, the faithful counsels, the bright example of that dying mother, rose up before her. The stormy violence of her grief was subdued; clasping her hands, she exclaimed:

"My mother! my mother! very desolate with thee I am, my fatherless girl! But I will bear up, and oh, my mother! I will be to thee the comforter, through the last earthly struggle that has been to me through all the years of my life." As the words died away upon the lips of Isabel, she moved to the window and looked forth. The night breeze lifted the curls from her pale brow, and cooled the fever upon her parched lip. How soothing to her excited feelings was the shaly beauty of the solemn and mysterious night! Before the mighty works of nature, man dwindles into nothingness. A sense of her own insignificance pressed heavily upon the heart of Isabel, but other, and better thoughts rose within her. He who had created the overshadowing heaven, the broad and beautiful earth, the kindly feelings and warm sympathies that dwelt in her own bosom, had created man immortal, and would care for the lost, and most glorious work of his almighty hand.

It is not our purpose to introduce our readers to the sad scene of that night. The morning saw Isabel Everett an orphan. Not in the grave passed away the influence of her mother! Like the lone star that guideth on, ever and ever, memory of her was a shining light; to guard and guide in the sure path of virtue and honor.

A week after Mrs. Everett's death, the carriage rolled from the door, that to convey Isabel to her future home. It was with her maternal uncle, who was the companion of her journey, she was in future to reside. For the present we leave them, and turn to her past history, and those with whom she was hereafter to be so intimately connected.

Mrs. Everett was the youngest of three children; the two eldest were boys, and cherished for their beautiful sister, the fondest and most devoted affection. Her marriage had been one of great happiness, but the time of its duration was short: Mr. Everett died when Isabel had reached her sixth year, leaving his family very destitute. A liberal allowance had been settled upon Mrs. Everett, by her eldest brother, Richard Malverton, who had been for many years of his life in India, and still continued to reside there. Living in the near vicinity of a large town, Mrs. Everett found no difficulty in procuring for Isabel every advantage necessary to completing her education. But most she depended upon herself, for she had been highly and nobly educated; the rich stores of knowledge she had garnered in her youth, were now of inestimable value to her; and she imparted them to her daughter, with all a mother's fond solicitude, in the welfare of her child. The deep sorrow Mrs. Everett bore through life, undetermined the springs of her constitution, and eventually shortened her days. Yet, all unrepiningly and meekly, she bowed to the bitterness of her bereavement, the shadow on her pathway had dimmed the world's light to her, but it had not clouded the brow of her beautiful and sinless child. Silently, the mother bore on, striving in the faithful performance of her duties, to weaken the link of dark remembrance that bound her to the dead! She lived to see the eighteenth birthday of her child, and she did not grieve, although she knew she might never look upon another, she was going to that long home, where the "weary laden" shall find rest!

The younger brother of Mrs. Everett, to whose home Isabella was hastening, was a man of warm and noble impulses; great benevolence of disposition, and kindness of heart. Yet Henry Malverton was of strong and passionate temper, rash in judgment, and hasty in decision; he was easily imposed upon, his temper often preventing the full exercise of his reason; but he was much and universally beloved, for a warmer heart never beat in a man's bosom. He was a merchant; not a successful one in speculation, for he did not possess the qualities that would render him such; his regular business had been lucrative, but he lived expensively, and every farthing of his income was yearly consumed. In his sister's pecuniary difficulties, it had always been a source of grief to Henry Malverton, that he could not allow her a fixed sum, for her support; and it smothered his warm and generous heart to render unto her child, not only the means of support, but a home and a father's love. He had married a woman, who had fairly "caught him," and wedded him, because he was a "good match;" as weak as she

was vain, heartless, worldly and haughty; she nevertheless contrived to make him believe she was peculiarly constituted to render him happy in domestic life. One only child they had—at this time, Clara Malverton was twenty-two years of age. Her father, aware of her mother's indifference and carelessness, in all that regarded the child, strove to remedy such neglect, so far as it was in his power; but he was totally unfitted for the task—by turns, violent to excess, or indulgent to weakness, he failed in correcting any of those errors of heart, or faults of character, apparent even to his partial eye.

As years passed over the head of Clara, she learned concealment; her father believed it amendable; he was very proud of her, and lavished money upon her education with no stinting hand. Fond to excess of dress, she was indulged to the extent of her wishes by both father and mother. Living near the vicinity of a large town, the house of Mr. Malverton was the resort of many visitors, the warmth and hospitality of his reception rendered them ever welcome. The showy manners and fashionable education of Clara attracted considerable attention; so far as it was in her power she monopolized those little courtesies extended towards the sex. She was a flirt, decidedly, and had received on that account, perhaps, very marked attention from some of the finest men in the country; but she had not as yet met with an offer, and to this end her wishes began strongly to point. Clara was tall and graceful in appearance, her dress was always distinguished for its perfect taste, and extreme elegance; her features were good, and at times the expression was pleasing; but when the corners of the mouth curved down in scorn or anger, it gave to her whole countenance a repulsive and haughty expression. There was much of the bold and resolute in her character; it had been said of her by an intimate female acquaintance—that Clara Malverton would do more, and dare more to accomplish a purpose, than any woman she had ever known—yet withal, she was popular, and generally voted upon all sides, "a charming girl." The grand defect in her character was want of principle; there was no strong restraining power within, to regulate the evil passions of her nature, if they were once aroused. Yet was she totally unconscious of this herself, she believed herself quite as good as the generality of people; and only an idolized child, she scarce knew what opposition to her wishes was. Clara truly loved her father, she therefore concealed from him any traits of character calculated to give pain; yet, unconscious of it, she would of times fill his mind for the future happiness of his child; he could not but notice the contraction of the brow, the flash of the dark eye, the haughty curve of the full mouth, when his decision was in opposition to her wishes. But these things passed away, and Henry Malverton was not of a disposition to indulge unhappy thoughts, "sufficient for the day," &c. had been his motto through life; alas! it had been the governing rule in the rearing of his child—he had sown the wind, and dare a parent murmur if he reaps the whirlwind?

It was some years since Clara had seen her young cousin Isabel Everett, and she awaited her coming with interest and curiosity. The day was drawing to a close, on which they expected her—she was nearly dark when they arrived.

"We are at home now, my dear Isabel, said her uncle, joyously; and may it ever prove to you a happy one." He kissed her cheek ere he assisted her to alight, for it distressed him to see her evident agitation. Mr. Malverton met them within the parlor door, "I bring you another daughter, Emma! cherish her tenderly for my sake." As Mr. Malverton spoke, he took the hand of Isabel, and placed it within that of his wife. Perchance the cold heart of that woman was touched by the mournful and sorrowing countenance that met her gaze; she drew Isabel towards her, and pressed her lips upon her forehead.

"The child of your sister, Henry, shall receive every mark of affection from me; sure I am, she deserves it all for her own sake."

Mr. Malverton threw his arm about the waist of Isabel, and clasped her warmly to his heart, as he exclaimed, "Yes! for her own sake, she deserves it all; I shall never forget her self-sacrifice, her noble and sustained devotion at the couch of her dying mother. Clara! in that hour, my prayer was, for such a daughter to close my eyes in death! You must love Isabel with a sister's love, to the exclusion of all differences, all petty jealousies. Will you not, my Clara?"

"Yes, father, I will!" said Clara, and the tears stood in her dark eyes, as she embraced her cousin; fondly was that embrace returned by the desolate orphan, whose heart beat almost to bursting, touchingly she said, "Shall we not love each other, my sister?"

Isabel was so nearly overcome, that her uncle, leading her to a seat, strove to give the conversation a more cheerful turn. Shortly after, tea was brought in; when it was over, Isabel begged to retire for the night.

"Think me not ungrateful for all your kindness, my dear aunt! but I feel as though I needed solitude and rest."

Her wish was readily complied with, by Mrs. Malverton, who had formed an engagement for that evening, she was desirous of fulfilling; but was restrained from so doing by the arrival of her niece; that obstacle removed, she left the house almost as soon as Isabel had retired to her chamber.

Shortly after Mr. Malverton's departure, a gentleman entered the drawing-room, who was warmly welcomed by Mr. Malverton as "My dear Harry," by Clara, as "Mr. Sydenham." Much pleasure was expressed on both sides at the meeting; at length, however, Mr. Sydenham inquired if Miss Everett had accompanied Mr. Malverton home, as he understood letters had been received to that effect.

Clara replied that Miss Everett had arrived with her father, but was so overcome with fatigue, she had been compelled to retire to her own room.

"Do you know," said Sydenham, "I have a great desire to see Miss Everett? I am told she is very like her mother, and I have reason to believe from many circumstances, that at one period of her life, my father was fondly attached to Mrs. Everett. Was it not so, Mr. Malverton?"

"Yes," said Mr. Malverton, smiling, "that is a very direct question indeed; see! my hair is white with age, yet, you would have me remember the love passages in the life of my earliest friend!—Ah! Harry, these things pass away from the thoughts of those who are full of years—even as love, and life, and Isabel, have passed from a weary world!" Tears gathered into the eyes of the kindly old man; but his nature was essentially cheerful, before the charm of Harry Sydenham's conversation, and when again questioned relative to the early history of his sister, and of Harry's father (who had been dead for some years,) he replied:

"You shall hear all that I know, my dear young friend: I like not to stir the hidden fountains of memory, laden as they are with so much of bitterness. 'Tis a sad story, Harry, the story of your father's first love!

"You know he was an only child; when very young he lost his mother. His father much occupied in business, had little time to devote to the society of his son. Living as we did, so near each other, it is not surprising, we were constantly together; early in the morning—late at night—at all times and seasons; we were inseparable. As years went over us, there came a change over our young affections; the love between Richard and Sydenham became stronger, and more marked; the same studies, the same pursuits, I had almost said the same thoughts, bound them in the strong band of congeniality together. How true, how faithful, how self-denying was their friendship!—Even now, they rise up before me in the beauty, truth, and fervour of that first affection! They were much alike in character: both were dreamers, both had the same intenseness of feeling; both loved the deep forest trees—the banks of the quiet river; wherever, there was 'nook, or dell,' secluded from public gaze, Richard and Sydenham, made it their own."

"Do you wonder when I was all this time! Enjoying myself in my own way; dearly I loved them both, brothers in my heart the same, but the link of sympathy was not between us. True friends we always were, with none of the heart's deep communion, that existed between Richard and Sydenham. A very fair share I had, of my sister Isabel's society—how she loved a ride over the hills, or a row upon the waters! I hear her merry laugh so musical, yet so full of joyousness; through the shadow of long years, her eyes of light and love beaming upon me! How beautiful she was in her innocence and youth!"

"From a very child, a fairy child, Sydenham loved her. There was a great disparity of years between them; and there was much of reverence, of looking up in the love Isabel bore unto him; perhaps there was a slight tincture of fear. It had been arranged by our parents, that Sydenham's lessons should be taken at our house; we all had the same masters; and so ardently did Sydenham desire the improvement of Isabel, that oftentimes he urged her too far, and her spirit would weary from confinement and study. Richard, Sydenham, and myself became men, mingled in the world, engaged in business, and Sydenham was only deterred, by the extreme youth of Isabel, from offering his hand. Richard who had been for years the confidant of his passion, always advised him to wait: 'she is but a child,' he would say, 'let her go forth into the world, she will then discover your infinite superiority, over the crowd around her—who could know you, Sydenham, as Isabel has known you, and not love you!'"

"My brother Richard was a man of strong, impetuous passions, yet, they were seldom called into action; he was almost vindictive in his resentments—he rarely forgave. His love for Isabel and Sydenham, was but one love; it was the master passion of his heart: nothing but the intensity of that love could have chained his fiery spirit, so long to our narrow circle. I have seen him, his eyes sparkling with excitement, and his face flushed to his lofty brow, as he repeated, 'The Child's heart-stirring words: 'Once more upon the waters! yet once more! And the waves bound beneath me as a steed! That knows his rider.'"

"My sister Isabel had left her home, to spend the winter with an aunt of ours, who led a very gay life in—city. She was three months absent, and her return home was hastened, by the wish of our parents, that her birth-day should be spent under her father's roof. She was then eighteen, the rare beauty that her youth had promised, was more than fulfilled."

"The morning after her arrival, Richard intended a party that had been arranged the night before, he spoke of a lady he wished me to take and then turning to Isabel, said quietly,

"You, of course, will ride with Harry Sydenham." The blood sprang high up in the cheek of Isabel, as she replied,

"Not of course, Richard, you must excuse me—I cannot ride with Harry Sydenham."

"And why not, I pray?" said Richard, in a tone of angry astonishment, "have you new forged notions and fine beaux, taught you to forget the attachments of your youth?"

"You wrong me, Richard, by such unworthy suspicions: I love Harry with the same affection I ever did; more he must never expect!"

"Isabel sighed heavily as she ceased speaking, but she did not look up; if she had, the changing countenance of Richard must have struck her very painfully. He arose at last and stood beside her; he threw back the long sunny curls that lay upon that fair brow; and then he spoke in a low tone of tenderness, and love,

"Isabel, my only sister! your own heart will tell you, how dear—how very dear, you have ever been to me; but the affection I bear to you, is no whit more engrossing than that I have borne Harry Sydenham from my youth up. Sister! it has been the dream of my life to see you his wife—my sister, if you love me destroy it not!—destroy it not!"—and the stern and proud Richard Malverton knelt down by her side, with his arms folded around her—and in the high hearted, and haughty, dropped tears for his friend, his own agony never would have wronged forth,

"The face of Isabel grew deadly pale, she clasped her small white hands together, and raised them up towards Richard; who had risen and stood beside her; she strove to speak, but the words died away upon her lips—she knew the anguish they must inflict upon her brother!"

"Richard bent indeed upon and kissed her, while he said,

"Tell me in all honour, and sincerity, Isabel—will you be the wife of Harry Sydenham?"

"I cannot, Richard—I have plighted my faith to another!"

"For one brief moment, Richard Malverton forgot he was a man. The fiery passions of his nature were roused from their inmost depths—words he said, dark, and bitter, and terrible—words that no after time could recall—the tears, the entreaties, of Isabel were alike unheeded. "When the grave has buried the memory of my wrong, then you may hope for my forgiveness," was his stern declaration as he left her.

"Terrified and distressed, Isabel clung to me; I strove to soothe her, and asked also, an explanation of what had been as much matter of astonishment to me as to Richard."

"Isabel said, 'Edward Everett, (the name of the gentleman to whom she was engaged,) had not declared his love until the evening before she had left the house of her aunt; she had been the bearer of a communication from him to her parents, and had received their blessing and approbation. I made no mention in my letters of Edward Everett, because I feared to give pain to Harry Sydenham—knowledge of my own heart opened my eyes to the truth—that he had borne me no brother's love! Last night, when he sat by my side, and his low tones fell upon my ear—breathing of the heart's deep tenderness—I trembled as I heard—for oh! my brother, it is terrible to wretch the love of a noble and generous bosom.'"

There was a pause in the story, Mr. Malverton was greatly moved; and it was some time ere he resumed:

"Richard had looked forward to the union of Isabel and Sydenham, with a degree of certainty never shadowed by a doubt; he literally recoiled from communicating the utter annihilation of his hopes to his unfortunate friend. We did not see him through the day, he did not leave his chamber, save for a brief space to send a note to Sydenham; all that weary night, his footsteps sounded over my head, now rapid and excited, now heavy and slow. There was no sleep for either of us, through the long hours of that night. I know the earnest, enthusiastic nature of Sydenham, and could form some idea of the intenseness of his love—Richard had sounded its depths."

"Early the next morning Richard sought an interview with my father; when it was over he left the house, I saw him enter that of Sydenham; he did not return home until evening. Another long conference followed with my father, at the conclusion of which we were told Richard and Sydenham were going to Europe, and would leave home for New York, in the afternoon of the next day."

"Richard avoided all intercourse with Isabel whose evident distress could not escape his observation; he never spoke to her, but oftentimes I marked his eye resting upon her with an expression of dark and bitter feeling."

"Dinner was over; there was but an hour left for Richard in the old home of his youth! Perchance that recollection softened him; he rose from his seat, and when he had joined me at the window, he drew my arm within his own."

"Come with me," he said, "to the library." I did as he desired. 'Twas the room where our childhood had been spent—our school room! My heart swelled within me; there was not a table, chair, or book that was not linked with Isabel, and could he part from her thus—in alienation and anger?

"I passed my arm around him, as I was wont to do in our boyish days, and I implored him for the sake of our early love, not to part with our sister in unkindness—long I pleaded and earnestly; he heard me to the end, and then, in a voice so low and deep it startled me, he said,

"I have no desire to part from you in anger, we may not meet again this side the grave—but for her—for Isabel, who has dared to destroy the happiness of my noble-hearted friend—to crush the hopes I have garnered through my life—there is neither pity nor forgiveness left in my bosom—no more of her—no more I say! and his eye flashed out a light that was intolerable, as he paced with hasty steps the apartment."

"At that moment Isabel entered the room; she walked up to Richard and laid her trembling hand upon his arm; he stood still—the low tones of her soft voice, I hear them still—how they sank into my heart!"

"My brother you are going to leave us—oh! I entreat you by the old familiar love of our youth, not to part from me in unkindness; and she wept bitterly as she laid her head upon his arm—the long glossy curls fell over his hand, so soft and silky to the touch; he seemed moved, but there was only one path to his love, and at that moment he believed Isabel would win it back at any cost."

"He raised with his hand that fair white forehead, and looked upon her face—very fair was that face to look upon, in its touching and child-like beauty."

"Isabel, he said gently, 'there is one way of restoring happiness to us all—break your faith with this new lover, and marry Sydenham.'"

"Truly, I was proud of my sister. Her eye sparkled with indignation, and bore a glance lofty as his own; she stepped back, with her hand raised in the air, and her voice was stern and clear."

"Go, Richard! it is time! Better that the sea roll its waters between us. You have counselled me to an act dishonourable and base!—may the wretchedness you would deal out to others never fall in retribution upon your own head! And so they parted—that brother and sister!"

"In three years from that time Sydenham returned; he brought to the home of his fathers, a fair and noble English lady. You have her sunny smile, my young friend—her open brow—but your warmth of heart and generosity of character are all your father's."

"Richard wandered over many lands, and at last settled in India; we have had many rumors of his great wealth; but he never mentions it. When my sister was left destitute, by the unexpected death of her husband, I wrote to Richard, stating the circumstances in which she was placed. He gave me directions to allow her a fixed sum, which I have regularly received; he has never mentioned her child, although I frequently in my letters spoke of her. I have written since my sister's death, and I hope the allowance settled upon the mother will be continued to the child."

"You Harry, have always been to my brother an object of the dearest interest, he loves you for the name, perhaps, as much as the relationship

you bear your father. Richard seems to have had no yearnings after his 'Father Land,' he is my elder brother—yet my hair is white with the snows of time—would that he were here once more!"

Mr. Malverton ceased speaking, and was warmly thanked by his daughter and Harry Sydenham, whose desire to see Isabel Everett was in no degree diminished, by the recital of her mother's early history.

The morning after Isabel Everett's arrival, Clara Malverton rose up with a determination to love, with a sister's love, her young cousin. Time passed rapidly on: Isabel grieved too deeply to enter into any society, she never appeared when visitors were at the house—she shrank with the first sensitiveness of deep sorrow, from all companionship with strangers. She welcomed Clara with her sweetest smile, and the gentleness of tone and look had almost warmed the heart of Clara into affection. Mrs. Malverton treated Isabel with indifference, sometimes with coldness, but her husband amply repaid her neglect. Already she loved Isabel as a daughter; and how devotedly she returned that love!—he was the only object for her heart to cling to, and she was so very like her mother, that oftentimes in the heart of her uncle, she brought back the old time of his youth—the sister of his childhood. Such seclusion as Isabel persisted in, began at last to affect her health; her cheek was far paler than her wont, her eye grew heavy, her step slow. Her uncle noticed the change, and urged a change in her habits; Clara joined her father, declaring Isabel "would mope herself to death, sitting in her chamber from morning till night," Isabel, yielding to their persuasions, rode out, walked, or joined the family circle when visitors were present.

Perchance, if Clara Malverton could have read aright her own heart, she had not counsellor Isabel to leave her seclusion; she had never supposed for one moment, that her cousin would draw away any portion of that attention, she had been accustomed to receive. But there was a wondrous charm in Isabel's manner, to win the admiration of all who approached her, and Clara saw her the object of attraction and interest, greater far than she had ever been in her palmy days. The dark passion of envy stirred within her bosom—that passion so contemptible in itself, and so degrading in its consequences. How often has it dimmed the brightness of woman's youth, and marred the glory of her beauty!

Among the gentlemen who visited at Mr. Malverton's, Harry Sydenham and Edward Merton were upon terms of the greatest intimacy. The latter gentleman, generally designated as Ned Merton, was of remarkably fine figure; he read well, and laughed musically—long association with good society had given him the ease and self-possession natural to men of the world. With all these advantages there was something repulsive in the countenance of Ned—perchance it was the black stock worn without a shirt collar, "which will impart a cast of vulgarity to the finest face." (I quote, says Miss Leslie)—or it might be the little black eyes that twinkled most villainously from out their mass of flesh—let it be what it would, Isabel turned away in dislike, for she thought upon that face she could trace the lines wrought by meanness and hypocrisy.

Merton possessed a small yearly income, barely sufficient for his support; he was an incorrigible idler, a hanger on in the houses of the rich—it suited him well to partake largely of the hospitality of Mr. Malverton. To the daughter he was useful—he made parties whims; there was none attended her when no better lieu presented—lumpily bowed himself out of sight, when they did. Many times had he thought what a desirable thing it would be for him to marry Clara—an only daughter, her father reputed very wealthy—surely nothing could be better! Nor was he quite without hope, for nearly four years he had paid her unremitting attention; he was always a favorite with Clara, and although she looked upon his homage as something she was of right entitled to; yet, if he was absent she missed his sight, and never failed to let him know how much pleasure his return gave her. Merton could flirt, say, with the most accomplished among them, yet "would have been a difficult point to decide whether Clara or he most thoroughly understood the art."

These were reasons many why Clara Malverton hoped in her secret heart to become the wife of Harry Sydenham. For three generations the fortune of the Sydenhams had gone from father to son, receiving from each an addition: to be mistress of the noble mansion that stood within sight of her present home, and wife to its master, was far more than a wish, it was the ruling passion of her heart. Her eye was keen to read the workings of Harry Sydenham's face, and already suspicion was growing into certainty—that he had looked upon Isabel Everett as he had never looked upon woman before.

"Come hither, my dear cousin, I pray you," said Isabel, as Clara entered the room one evening where she and Sydenham were sitting, and so if you can convince Mr. Sydenham of his error."

As Clara approached, she was struck, as she had often been of late, with the exceeding beauty of Isabel. Her eyes were of the clearest and most splendid hazel, and the long silken hair fell upon a neck white and pure as marble; her fair and noble brow betokened intellect—softened into love and woman's gentleness, by the sweet expression of her beautiful mouth; and her smile—the heart sprung to meet it—so appealing, so feminine was that child-like sunny smile.

"In what has Mr. Sydenham erred?" asked Clara quietly, as she joined them.

Isabel laughed, and replied, "I am sure you will think it very odd, but he declares nothing will induce him to marry a meek woman—if all men had been of his opinion, there would have been little need for that very disagreeable word—obey."

Clara smiled, as she said to Sydenham— "Should you fancy a 'Kate'?"

"No," he answered, "nor a Petrucchio's offer; I have ever thought the fair lady of Padua was tamed too entirely to the will of her 'disge lord' and master, in a wife—I should prefer a woman of high spirit, who possessed good sense and judgment to regulate it."

"I think you are very right, Mr. Sydenham," was Clara's reply; "high spirit is almost always allied to energy and decision of character, with many other good qualities; however, men generally prefer exercising their judgment for their wives as well as themselves."

THE GARLAND



"With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens culled with care."

From the Public Ledger.

Contentment.—Or a Hint to Bachelors. Some boast of their riches, and some of high life, And some of what's better—I mean a good wife. With her, though a shilling there's scarce a command, They're as happy as any great men in the land. To work they go early, and cheerful all day, The same when employ'd as they are when at play; And when their house at eve they repair, They are met with a smile by a good natured fair. The supper is ready, it matters not what; Contentment's a feast, and what more can they wish? A relish it gives to the homeliest dish. Ye Bachelors, list! and with care now attend To this my advice, for it comes from a friend: If you would live happy and peaceable lives, Be good first yourselves, and you'll all get good wives.
Sept. 19, 1839. M.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

TO

Thou hast learned to love another?
Thou hast whispered in her ear
The burning words that once were breath'd
To one no longer dear.
Thou hast clasp'd another's hand in thine,
And pressed it to thy heart;
Thy lips have kiss'd another's cheek—
Thou hast said "we must part!"
Thou knowest that I have lov'd thee!
That in pleasure or in pain
This heart has beat for only thee,
And has it lov'd in vain?
Must the hoarded love of many years
Be cast aside for one,
Who has not learned as I have
To love thy lightest tone?
To watch thy smiles, to note thy words,
And weep with jealous fear,
Lest one more beautiful might win
The heart I held so dear.
She has not dream'd of thee by night,
And thought of thee by day,
And felt the tears unbidden start,
If thou wast far away.
The sunshine of her path through life,
Thy smile alone would never wake—
Thy voice within her haughty heart
Does not "wild echoes wake."
For long, long years thou hast not been
The day-dream of her heart;
The cheris'd idol, from whose shrine
'T were worse than death to part.
But all this thou hast been to me,
And its memory will not die,
Till I go to the weary mourner's home,
And in death's cold slumbers lie.
She loves thee not as I have lov'd,
As I shall ever love;
For ah! not 'e'en thy faithlessness
My anguish'd heart can move.
Wilt thou cast me off like an ocean weed,
'To be toss'd by wind and wave?
Like a barque at midnight sent alone,
A stormy sea to brave?
Canst thou leave me in my sorrow
Alone to tread life's thorny path?
No smile to cheer, no hand to guide,
And shield me from its wrath?
But moyst thou happy be for aye—
May joy forever with thee dwell;
Yet sometimes think of her who loves
"Not wisely, but too well!"
Who lost her all in loving thee;
Whose grief words may not tell,
And who only asks to offer thee
This sad and last farewell.
August 10, 1839. M.

Sweet Day so cool.

By GEORGE HERRERT.—Born 1835, died 1833.
Sweet day so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bride of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.
Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gaze wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in the grave,
And thou must die.
Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But through the whole world turn to coal,
Then closely lives.