

The Ladies' Garland.

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THE MONITOR.

"There comes a voice that awakes my soul; it is the voice of years that are gone; they roll before me with all their deeds."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GARLAND.

In your view of the picturesque landscape which attracts the eye as a glance is taken around us, you omitted not to mention the romantic resting place of those who had finished their earthly pilgrimage in our humble village. In doing this, you awakened (how feelingly, let those attest whose hearts have been desolated,) sentiments of the tenderest kind, and aroused recollections of vanished joys. But the wounds you touched were those which the affectionate heart desireth not to close. As *INVERG* hath beautifully said—"The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced; every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude."—You but diverted the mind from thoughtless gaiety to a contemplation of objects of higher moment, and reminded it, that this is not the sphere of happiness, nor this world the temple which claims all our devotion. You intimated to the heedless wanderer over life's thorny paths, that it is not the sole purpose of our existence to seek for comforts here below; and, by one simple and incidental allusion to the tombs of buried friends, portrayed the ephemeral character of sublunary pleasures, and the importance of preparing for admittance into the celestial temple above. Who, when reflecting upon the chequered scenes of life, would fix their affections upon earth only, since religious inspiration hath whispered, "There is another and a better world!" The meditative mind never loses the remembrance of those precepts of wisdom which each revolving day unfolds; nor are the monitory lessons which the gloomy and silent grave-yard presents, without their salutary influence. Frequently have I rambled over this interesting spot, rendered doubly dear to me since your passing tribute to the beloved objects of which it is the depository, indulging the melancholy musings of my mind. As I surveyed the common receptacle of the great and the lowly, the weak and the powerful—those who had bloomed in all the loveliness of youth, under the buoyant influence of hope—and those who had tattered through a protracted and cheerless existence—I could not but exclaim, with a friend—

"This is, indeed, an ever-changing scene! To-day the heavens are bright above us, and the world bright around us—to-morrow clouds lower, and the world frowns—to-day we raise to our lips the bowl of pleasure—to-morrow we strive in vain to dash from them the bitter cup of pain! Now we sip from the flowers of hope and joy—anon we chew the wormwood of despair, and drink the gall of anguish!"

But whither would my wandering fancy lead me? If storms and calms are felt in life, the terrors of the first serve but to fit us for the enjoyment of repose. Nature smiles not in vain; the congregated beauties of creation are but the miniature representations of heavenly felicity, and the varied ills of mortality are wisely interspersed to prepare the soul for the joys of immortality.

Adieu, my friend. Some feeling incidents connected with the subject touched above, may, probably, be hereafter presented to your notice, to raise the thoughts

"From Nature up to Nature's God."

THE RAMBLER.

TRANQUILLITY IN DEATH.

"Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death."

When *ADDISON* perceived that he was given over by his physicians, and felt his end approaching, he sent for Lord Warwick, a young man of very irregular life and loose opinions, whom he had diligently, but vainly, endeavoured to reclaim, but who by no means wanted respect for the person of his preceptor, and was sensible of the loss he was about to sustain. When he entered the chamber of his dying friend, Addison, who was extremely feeble, and whose life at that moment hung quivering on his lips, observed a profound silence. The youth, after a long and awful pause, at length said, in low and trembling accents, "Sir, you desired to see me: signify your commands, and be assured I will execute them with religious fidelity." Addison took him by the hand, and with his expiring breath replied, "Observe with what tranquillity a Christian can die."

Such is the consolation which springs from a due sense of the principles, and a proper practice of the precepts, of our Holy Religion: such is the high reward a life of simplicity and innocence bestows.

SIR JOHN MASON.

This gentleman, though but three score and three years old at his death, yet lived and flourished in the reigns of four monarchs, viz: Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth; and was a privy counsellor to them all, and an eye witness of the various revolutions and vicissitudes of those times. Towards his latter end, being on his death-bed, he called for his clerk and steward, and delivered himself in these terms:

"Lo! here have I lived to see five princes, and have been a privy counsellor to four of them. I have seen the most remarkable observables in foreign parts, and have been present at most state

transactions for thirty years together; and I have learned this, after so many years experience:—that seriousness is the greatest wisdom, temperance the best physic, and a good conscience the best estate; and were I to live again, I would change the court for a cloister, my privy counsellor's bustle for a hermit's retirement, and the whole life I lived in the palace, for an hour's enjoyment of God in the chapel; all things else forsake me, besides my God, my duty, and my prayer."

The Empress Maria Theresa caused her own mausoleum to be erected, and frequently, accompanied by her family, visited with serenity and composure, a monumental depository, the idea of which conveys such painful apprehension to almost every mind. Pointing it out to the observation of her children, she said, "Ought we to be proud or arrogant, when we here behold the tomb in which, after a few years, the poor remains of royalty must quietly repose?"

THE MINSTREL.

*"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The notions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted."*

MALADIE DU PAYS.

Th' intrepid Swiss that guards a foreign shore,
Condemn'd to climb his mountain cliff no more;
If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild,
Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguil'd,
Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.—*MOERUS.*

That many a Swiss has sunk a martyr to his longing after home, is a fact literally true. The malady is commonly brought on by hearing the national air of the *Ranz des Vaches* sung at an unexpected moment, or when under the influence of dejected feelings. Overcome with the recollections which it awakens, he sheds tears, and is only to be consoled by the prospect of immediately returning to that home, his exile from which he deplors. If unable to accomplish this wish of his heart, he sinks into a profound melancholy, which not unfrequently terminates in disease and death. Dr. Burney, in his History of Music, says that when at Potsdam, Lord Marischal informed him that five soldiers at Valladolid in Spain, who had heard one of their countrymen play this tune on the top of the steeple, were all seized with this distemper, and obliged to be sent home. "An effect," says Dr. B. "which can only be accounted for by the reminiscence of former liberty and happiness in their native country."

Lord Marischal also told Dr. Burney of a Scotch Highlander, who always cried upon hearing a certain slow Scotch tune played upon the bagpipe. General E. whose servant he was, stole into the room one night when he was fast asleep, and playing the same tune to him very softly on the German flute, the poor fellow, without waking, cried like a child.—[*Percy Anecdotes.*]