

The Ladies' Garland.

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THE REPOSITORY.

FROM THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

PASSION AND PRINCIPLE.

[A Prize Tale, by Mrs. Muzzy.]

One evening of a beautiful autumnal day, when a glorious sunset was fast mellowing into a lovely twilight, a vessel from England was swiftly approaching the harbour of New York. All on deck was gaiety and bustle. The interior cabin presented a different scene. Reclining on a sofa, a young and beautiful female was weeping bitterly. Not with that calm, deep grief which at once inspires pity and respect, but with that violent and hysterical sobbing which betrays conflicting passions. The hectic suffusion of her cheek was alternately succeeded by a death-like paleness—and her broken exclamations spoke of shame and dread, as well as sorrow.

A young man of graceful appearance was pacing the cabin with disordered steps, casting, at intervals, glances of pity, mingled with reproach, at his agitated companion. At length approaching and taking her hand, he said, in a voice which endeavoured to assume a tone of calmness—

"Isabella, how injurious to yourself, and how cruel to me, are these violent bursts of sorrow! In compliance with your incessant entreaties, I consented to revisit America: did you not promise that, if I would restore you to your friends, you would endeavour to be tranquil, and repress these useless repinings, which have injured your health, and my peace? Isabella, exert your fortitude. We are fast approaching your native city—in a few hours you may behold your family; why, then, are your complainings renewed? and why do they assume so much the appearance of reproach towards me?"

"Stanly!" she exclaimed, sobbing vehemently. "I cannot see them! how can I meet the meek, tearful eyes of my mother? how can I bear to encounter the calm, stern glance of Augusta?" and—oh! I cannot, *dear* not see Cornelia!"

"Miserable girl!" exclaimed he, "it is impossible to reason with you. Have you not repeatedly assured me, that nothing, except returning to your family, and to your native country, could restore you to health? You will meet nothing but kindness from your relations, and the wife of Edward Stanly may surely claim respect from others."

Again Isabella promised to behave with more calmness. The vessel reached the harbour, and our voyagers proceeded to a hotel, from whence

they determined to despatch a note to inform Isabella's family of their arrival.

The time which intervened before an answer could arrive, was spent by Stanly in endeavouring, by mingled arguments and soothing, to restore his wife to some degree of composure. But tranquillity is not for those who, like poor Isabella, have forsaken the paths of duty, and who, by following the impulses of passion, have entailed on themselves regret and remorse.—Those only may expect tranquillity, who adhere to principle, and take reason for their guide.—Isabella had learned this too late, and though united to the man without whom she had imagined she could not live, yet she was miserable.

Four years prior to this second voyage, young Stanly had visited America. This voyage was one of curiosity and pleasure. His parents were dead, and he inherited from them an ample fortune.—He brought letters of introduction to several of the most respectable citizens of New York, and his fine figure and prepossessing manners, made him a distinguished guest in every family he visited. By means of a gentleman with whom he became acquainted, Stanly was introduced to the house of Mrs. Howard, a widow lady of genteel fortune, whose family consisted of three daughters—all lovely, though in a different degree. Augusta, the eldest, was a young lady possessed of great mental acquirements; her manners were dignified, though a slight degree of hauteur sometimes threw a shade over her more pleasing qualities. Yet her heart was not destitute of tender feelings; she was fervently attached to her family, in particular to her youngest sister Cornelia. Isabella, Mrs. Howard's second daughter, was on a visit of some length, to an aunt in Boston, when Stanly first visited her mother's house, consequently, he had not then an opportunity of seeing her. But the lovely and interesting Cornelia soon attracted his attention. It would be in vain to attempt to describe Cornelia;—her beauty consisted not in "a set of features, or complexion;" it was the divine intelligence of a pure and lovely soul, which irradiated her countenance; the mingled fire and sweetness which beamed from her eyes; the ever-varying hues which sensibility, genius, and modesty, threw over her delicate cheek;—the fair and open brow, where candor sat enthroned; the tender sweetness of her voice, and the pensive softness of her smile, which constituted the charms of Cornelia. A nameless grace accompanied her slightest movement; in short, hers was that expression of intellectual beauty, which, when seen, must be felt, but which cannot be described. The polished manner of Stanly, joined to his refined taste, and classical knowledge, soon rendered him a favorite with Mrs. Howard and her daughters. It was soon visible that the Cornelia was the magnet that attracted his frequent visits. Their admiration was mutual: Cornelia regarded him as a superior being; and when, after an intimacy of a few months, he proposed himself to Mrs. Howard as her future son-in-law, the proposal was received by her with joy, and Cornelia looked forward with the happy confidence of innocence, to a life of uninterrupted happiness with a being who appeared to possess every amiable quality. She never thought of suspecting that Stanly's regard for her could ever become false. She

judged his heart by her own, and that heart was so tender, so confiding, so full of benevolence and virtue, how could it suspect another? Stanly, who knew that Mrs. Howard would not consent to separate entirely from her daughter, had, when he proposed their union, promised that he would only take Cornelia on a visit to England, to show, as he said, his treasure to his sisters and friends, and then return and settle in New York; he sent to his sisters a miniature of his intended bride, and the time was fixed for their union.

About this time Mrs. Howard received intelligence that her daughter Isabella had consented to receive, as her future husband, a young gentleman who had long paid his addresses to her, and who was esteemed by the whole family.—Isabella had used the license which is too frequently allowed to beauty, and had kept her lover long in suspense. Her friends were happy to learn that she had at length determined to reward his constant attachment. Mrs. Howard, in particular, was rejoiced at it; for she knew Isabella was volatile, and acted too often from a momentary fancy, she hoped that her marriage with a man whose character was exemplary, and whose habits were domestic, would aid in giving more stability to her beautiful, though volatile daughter. It was agreed on that the marriages should take place at the same time; and Isabella was desired to return home to prepare for that event. Isabella did return—and burst upon the astonished gaze of Stanly in all the lustre of resplendent beauty.—Never had he beheld a being so dazzling! Her wit and gaiety were irresistible; her smile was enchantment. Cornelia, till now the object of his highest admiration, seemed but an ordinary being compared with the fascinating Isabella.—She knew the power of her beauty. She read Stanly's admiration in his enraptured gaze.—Coquetry was natural to her; but in this instance, gratified vanity paved the way for a passion, violent as it was sudden. Stanly appeared to her so far superior in person and manners, to the amiable man to whom she had promised love and constancy, that in less than a week the fickle Isabella hated the engagement which bound her to the amiable Charles Mortimer;—and could think, without shuddering, of supplanting her high-souled, unsuspecting sister. Mortimer, who was necessarily detained in Boston, and who was to follow Isabella as soon as possible, was of course ignorant of the change in her whom he idolized. Stanly's mind was a whirl of conflicting feelings; the child of prosperity, accustomed to have his slightest wish gratified, and ever the slave of impulse, the barrier which his engagement with Cornelia opposed to his wishes only rendered them more ardent. His better feelings at times predominated, honour resumed her sway over his mind, and when Cornelia stood before him in her calm and innocent loveliness, he trembled at the base idea of inflicting pain on a being so tender and so pure; and his soul revolted at the projects he had half dared to form. The innocent cause of his embarrassment could not avoid noticing that his manner, at times, seemed changed, but she was far from suspecting the cause. The penetrating eye of Augusta saw farther—and she earnestly wished for the arrival of Charles Mortimer. Her anxiety was still further increased