

POETRY.

THE DISCARDED.

BY LIEUTENANT G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

Woman's love so lightly won,
Obedient to the call,
Like the lyre ye play upon,
Will change and sigh, with all
Tell him from this hour we part,
And own no mutual shrine:
I'll not brook another's heart
Should share the joy of mine.

Step is light—my smile is gay,
For yet my eye is dim—
Tell him not in halls I stray
And never think of him;
I now at eve when music's tone
Comes rushing through the air,
I sit not in my bower alone,
Nor miss his presence there.

Not love—I do not hate—
I were an idle thing!
I'mp'ring strain I will not prate,
Nor yet the gauntlet fling;
I tell him like some passing gleam
That flits along the sea,
I like a shadow in a stream,
His memory is to me.

Chance he thought with simple guile,
To prove me like a sword;
I dwelt with cunning craft the while,
Upon the stanger's word;
I tell him when he left my side,
I knew not that he went,
I shall I clothe my lips with pride,
Nor sigh with discontent.

Voices soft, why o'er my heart
Come with your promptings kind!
I had he tasted of the smart
Which stings an anguish'd mind!
I'm not for his troubled sleep—
I've whisper to his ear,
I eye is not too proud to weep,
But frozen is the tear.

He told him through his every look,
Cold distance shuns to see,
I sigh like a falsely labell'd book,
His name is now to me;
I'd though no more like music bland,
His voice may haunt my rest;
I wear his jewel on my hand,
His image on my breast.

THE REPERTORY.

The False One, A TALE OF WOMAN'S HEART.

"Had I never loved so kindly,
"Had I never loved so blindly,
"Had we never met or parted,
"I had ne'er been broken-hearted."

BURNS.

Never shone the sun upon a fairer creature than was Edith Hesselden, and never sat now, upon a happier one. Her life had been a summer's morning: all brightness and joy. Even Love, that urchin of form and calm, of smiles and tears, had been productive of nothing but happiness to her. The scene was changing now; she had to endure her first trial, her lover was to bid her adieu that evening for some months, as he was about to pay a long-promised visit to an old friend of his father's in Paris. Edith was pacing the garden, anxiously waiting his arrival. She felt unhappy, beyond what the occasion warranted; she did not fear he would forget her, he was too true herself to suspect treachery in him; her love was so pure, so undivided, a thing so almost holy, that it seemed impossible she could have bestowed it on one unworthy. No, it was not a doubt of his affection, or his constancy, that caused her present uneasiness, but an undefined presentiment of future evil.

She did not know Horace Seaton—there were few that did. Even those far more conversant with the world than her, could not deem that beneath that warm glowing manner, there was hidden a cold, calculating, selfish heart. It was true, he loved Edith Hesselden, as much as such a heart ever loves; she was young and beautiful, and that gratified his pride; she loved him, and that pleased his vanity.

He had kept his appointment with her, and the moment of parting had arrived. They were sitting on a garden bench, both appeared sorrowful, his arm was round her, and he whispered words of love, & hopes of future happiness.

"Edith, my own Edith," he said, "you have promised to remember me, and to greet my return with pleasure; one more request—this ring, and promise me, as you value my peace, that no other shall remove it. On my return, dearest, it shall be replaced by another at the altar. Will you not promise me?"

The blushing girl hesitated—again that chilling, vague uneasiness, crept over her heart; but she banished it and placed her hand in his. The large, dark eyes of Edith, would have been startling at that moment, with its intensity of lustre, but that it was softened into mild beauty, by the tears which trembled in it. She looked at him with an expression, in which love and entire confidence were blended.

"Horace," she said, "I will—I do prom-

ise, that this ring shall never be removed, but at the altar. I will not ask you to remember me, while away; it would be implying a doubt that you would not—but for me, I will think of you day and night; I will hold this spot sacred; I will hold communion with none here, but Him who now sees us, and who knows the truth of falsehood of our hearts. To Him will I pray for your happiness, whatever my fate may be."

They parted, and oh! how the fond girl cherished the memory of that parting scene and the words he had uttered; for days afterwards she fancied that she could still hear his voice floating round her—could still feel the pressure of his hand as he passed the ring upon her finger. She little thought that they had parted for ever!—that the voice and hand would henceforth be dead to her; that she had wasted her young warm heart's best and freshest feelings, on one who would outrage them; those feelings, which the heart entertains but once; which we would give empires—worlds, to entertain again!

He had promised to write to her, and had broken that promise! Edith counted the hours each day, until the post was delivered, with a wild and throbbing heart, but each day proved him more forgetful. At length, strange rumors reached her of an approaching marriage, between Horace Seaton and a young lady in Paris, of great fortune. They crushed and chilled her spirit—and the gay—the happy Edith, was no more.

We will not—we cannot describe her feelings, when first she heard these tidings; she treated them as base calumny! she wrote to him; her letter was unanswered! She accidentally met an acquaintance, who had just returned from France, and from him she learnt that it was too true. He had been for some weeks married! She heard it with calm and composed countenance—but a withered, blighted, breaking heart.

The three years had elapsed, and Edith Hesselden stood gazing from her casement upon the lake below, while the soft moon shone in unclouded loveliness. The next day was her marriage day. A gentleman, named Fortescue, had seen and admired her: love is too strong a word. He admired her beauty, was not repulsed by her coldness, and, after a few months acquaintance, obtained a cool, careless consent from her, to become his wife. She was strangely altered; not the buoyant, enthusiastic girl, with looks and thoughts equally fresh and glowing; she had become the calm, unimpassioned, dignified woman. Tears had washed every trace of rose from her cheek, and what with her paleness, and the constant repression of every feeling on her countenance, she had acquired the appearance of one of Conovay's statues; cold, yet wonderfully beautiful.

She stood sometime at her casement in deep thought—at length she murmured, "It must be!" and turning from the window seated herself at a desk, from whence she removed a small packet of letters. She trembled violently as she rose and walked towards the fire at the end of the room. She held them over the flame for an instant, and in the next they were burning.

"So perish all remembrance of him," she said.

Again she walked towards the window, and took from her bosom a miniature; she appeared collecting courage to destroy that also. A pang shot over her heart as she gazed upon the picture. She pressed it convulsively to her lips; and bitter tears, in spite of her desperate effort to repress them, burst forth in torrents, as if from a source long pent up; she passed her hand over her brow as if to ease its burning pain. "I cannot, oh no, no!—I cannot destroy his picture," she said again, and she looked on it long and fixedly—dreams of other days flitted before her, and she sobbed as if her heart would burst.

But this emotion passed away; she was again still and calm, and beautiful as Parian marble. She unclasped the lock of the chain which supported the miniature of Horace Seaton—again she gazed upon it. The thought that at that time to-morrow it would be guilt for her so to gaze, came across her mind, and she resolved, though she could not destroy, never again to behold it. She placed it in a paper which she carefully sealed, and locked it in her desk.

"Now, then, thank Heaven, it is over, and I shall become another's without one thought of him lingering in my breast," she murmured, but the tone of misery and

utter desolation was in contradiction to her words.

It was morning, and Edith was arrayed in her bridal dress. Not the quivering of a lip, not the trembling of an eye-lid betrayed what was passing in her heart. She walked steadily up the aisle of the church; she uttered the responses in a low yet audible voice—but this calm was unnatural, and was soon to be destroyed.

The ceremony was nearly over, and Fortescue took her hand upon which he was to place the wedding-ring. He started at the death-like coldness, and was surprised to see a jewelled one which he had noticed her constantly wearing, was not removed. She had forgotten that.—And now the recollection of the vow she had made never to let another remove it than he who, however false he had proved, was still Horace Seaton the playmate of her childhood, the idol of her first affections, flashed upon her. The long, long interval of weary days, and sleepless nights, and wasted years, faded away, and she remembered only their parting hour and his parting words, "I will replace it with another at the altar!" At this moment the bridegroom attempted to withdraw the ring; but it was too much, the bow was overbent and snapped; it was the last feather that broke the camel's back, and this last stroke overcome poor fragile Edith Hesselden.

"Never! never!" she murmured, as she struggled to release her hand. In the struggle the ring was removed, and fell on the marble steps of the altar. She gazed upon it for a moment, in speechless misery, and then a loud wild scream escaped her; so loud, so wild, that the hearers felt the blood run cold in their hearts. She fell. Fortescue thought she had fainted, and he raised her head from the floor, but it fell heavily on his arm. He shuddered; the color had forsaken her lips, those bright, beautiful eyes were closed for ever. Edith Hesselden was DEAD!

GOOD LUCK.

The following from the London Sporting Magazine for August, furnishes a striking instance of good luck:

"The late Luke White, the celebrated Irish millionaire, commenced life as an errand boy to a book stall, and finished it by representing in his own person and those of his three sons, four counties in Parliament. Having succeeded in scraping together as much as enabled him to purchase a few pamphlets, as trifles of stationery, he tied a wallet to his back and set up himself as a pedlar. His tour performed, and his merchandise disposed of, he turned his steps once more towards Dublin, to replenish his knapsack and add to his store. When some thirty miles short of his destination, he retired into a field adjoining the high road, to dine off a crust, and wash it down from the rivulet upon whose banks his humble meal had been made. That over, he renewed his journey, arriving towards the evening of the following day at his destination. The succeeding morning saw him sally forth in quest of new merchandise, when lo! his bitter-won earnings were gone! The greasy canvass bag, his then strong box, had vanished, and he was again a beggar.

Almost in despair, his desperate search was made in the cellar wherein he had slept, but in vain; at length the idea flashed upon him, "could he have dropped it where, by the river side, he had dined and stooped to drink from the stream!" Instantly the road was retraced; and at the end of the fifth day, half starved and dead with travel, the bag and its contents were found upon the brink of a public path, within a few yards of the turnpike road. After this, it is not surprising that in a few years we find him in prosperous business as a bookseller in Dublin. It was during the period when the mania for lottery speculation was at its height. Like others in his line, he dealt in tickets, and, upon the particular occasion to which this alludes, he had disposed of all his shares, save two half tickets, which he was in the act of enclosing back, as unsold, to London, when a young woman entered his shop and inquired for a sixteenth. He told her how the case stood, that he had but two halves remaining, which he was about sending off at that moment.

After interchanging some badinage, "Come," said the bibliophile, "you shall buy one of the halves and I will keep the other, and should the ticket turn up to be a prize, we will marry and join ourselves and our tickets together." So it was; and the ticket was a twenty thousand pound prize, and

they were married, the fruit of the union being the three senators already spoken of.

A scene in Nashville Tennessee.—Elbow room has been quite scarce in Nashville during the past week. Such scrouging, gouging, twisting, turning in, and turning out has seldom before been witnessed. Instance the following.

Traveller dismounts at a tavern.—"Hillock landlord, can I get lodgings here to night?"

Landlord—"No sir, every room in the house is engaged."

Traveller—"Can't you even give me a blanket, and a bunch of shavings for a pillow in your barroom?"

Landlord—"No sir, there's not a square foot of space unoccupied any where's in the house."

Traveller—"Then I'll thank you sir to shove a pole, well secured, out of your second story window, and I'll roost on that."

Singular.—A star little inferior in brilliancy to the most luminous that are visible in the heavens, has been observed several times, by many of our citizens, moving in various directions, with considerable velocity. Its position is nearly west at first, where it moves towards the meridian, and then descends and sinks below the horizon for a few minutes and rises again.—*Wheeling Gazette.*

Giving Warning.—A gentleman unfortunately linked for life to one who made him feel the weight of his chain, was one day told by the maid that she was going to give her mistress warning as she kept scolding her from morning till night, "Ah! happy girl!" said the master, "I wish I could give her warning too."

Definitions found in no Dictionary.

Anatomical.—The gross mistake of giving to Anna the name Tom

Aristocrats.—A palpable error in pneumatic chemistry, generally made use of when we are speaking of anti-republicans. Air-is-stock-rats is inaccurate. The atmosphere is composed of oxygen, nitrogen and carbonic acid.

Crisis.—Weep sister if you like. A lamentable expression.

Cincinnati.—Nathaniel twice requested to transgress. "Sin! Sin! NATTY."

Decorus.—Having the deck above us. When eight persons are in a lower cabin we always say *decorate*.

Explain.—The letter X legibly written.

Analyze.—An attack on Anna's veracity.

Analyst.—Pay attention Anna!

Allegory.—A bloody Alley.

Entarge.—A capital letter.

Mollify.—O, fie upon you Molly!

Salutary.—Stay you here Sally! You tary, Sally! Sal-u-tary means Sally you are no Whig.

Willful.—William a little tipsey.

Dannation.—The mother nation. Our mother country England.

Innocence.—In no sense of the word.

Inquire.—Put up in 24 sheets.

Patrolling.—Patrick turning on his axis.—*N. O. Pickayune.*

Declaration of the reclaimed Infidel.—Dr. JOHN E. COOKE, Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Transylvania University, though once a member of the infidel corps, thus concludes an Introductory Lecture to a medical Class:

"I unhesitatingly say, not only that I am perfectly convinced of the truth of the Christian Revelation, from a close and patient examination of its claims on the testimony presented, but that I believe that *better testimony could not be offered, could not be devised* in support of it, and that no man is left unconvinced, who has given the subject a thorough investigation, unless he is kept from it by a state of mind the most deplorable which we can conceive, a state of enmity against the God that made him, and the Saviour who redeemed him, not letting him come to the light, because his deeds are evil."

"The design of this Lecture was to show that the study of medicine has no skeptical tendency.—*Petersburg Intelligencer.*

Anecdote.—"We must be unanimous," observed John Hancock, on the occasion of signing the Declaration of Independence, "There must be no pulling different ways—we must all hang together."—"Yes," added Franklin, "we must all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

May be illustrated by the same beautiful figure which an elegant writer has applied to another subject. It is like the beautifying effect of concealed but bountiful springs, silently and unperceivedly irrigating the hill side and the meadow, and making the landscape smile with a power as beneficent and silent as it is potent; visible only in its effect. When we draw woman forward into the public eye, and constant public collision with the stormy elements which constitute society, the same notoriety which robs her of her character defrauds her of her influence. "Monsters are admired, and not esteemed." People may like, from curiosity, or from admiration of talent, wherever it develops itself, to listen to the language of talented women—but such are not those among whom the wise look for partners of their joys, their cares, and their sorrows. When we speak thus, we would not bar from our affections the female who possesses genius and cultivation. When she makes her natural and acquired ability the ornament of her fireside, and the charm of the social circle, woman is doubly dear, and doubly enchanting.

How blest may be the lot of woman! Engrossed in cares which carry their own reward with them, her life should pass, as all who deserve the name of men would have it, in quiet and delightful usefulness. It is of course, subject to the circumstances which may mar or lessen all human happiness—but we are yet to learn that these may be avoided by forcing her into an unnatural sphere. Contemplate the "even tenor of her way" from infancy. The relations of daughter and sister are among the most delightful and confiding in the world. Her father's success is hers—her brother's fortune is her own property. The affection which nature has made a characteristic of the female mind, identifies her with the course of those with whom she is connected. That she shares sorrow as well as joy, is true; but hers is the power to pour balm into the wounded spirit—and successful relief or assuagement of sorrow confers a reciprocal pleasure. Follow her to the delightful situation of a blushing bride—thence to that holiest of all earthly relations, a happy mother. In her hands are, it may almost be said, the issues of the life and death of her offspring. To her in an especial manner is confided that most delightful of all employments and privileges, the observation of the development of mind, and its progress from infancy to maturity. New objects of interest—absorbing interest—spring up about her path as life wanes, and when she herself has arrived at that point where the pleasures of life become tasteless by repetition, she may enjoy them anew by sympathy with her children. The last sweet task remains—the support of her partner down the declivity of years. It is a wise provision of Providence that the fortitude, the patience, the capacity of endurance, in which she exceeds the ruder sex, permit her to wear longer. In how many instances we may daily see the ivy which twined around the youthful oak, and drew its support from it, becoming in turn no small supporter of the falling tree.

Yet there are those who hold the doctrine that woman's sphere is too circumscribed.—They would do away the dependence of the weaker sex upon the stronger, and place woman upon a political equality with the lords of creation. The thought is monstrous. Woman was made "to temper man." Such a change would rob her of the gentleness and delicacy which enable her to abate the rudeness of the other sex. It would impart to her perhaps more energy—but it would rob her of loveliness. Worse than all, it would divert her attention from that imperative of all duties, the education of children. Men may teach—woman educate.

If any change is desirable, it is that woman, instead of being taught to sigh for change—to come out of her retirement and interfere with politics and other matters in man's proper sphere, should be made sensible of the full weight of responsibility which pertains to her sex.—And man, particularly young men—should be taught properly to estimate the advantages of refined female society. They should go to the fairer sex to learn—to be taught the courtesies of life and its purity. The worst objection to our colleges and schools—the reason why insubordination so abounds in them, may be traced to the fact that young men there collected together, retrograde to a state of comparative barbarism, from the absence of female society and female example.