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### Emily Linwood, OR, THE BOW OF PROMISE.

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CHAPTER III.

THE scene is changed to Mrs. Elliot's drawing-room, a few days after the party; where several ladies and gentlemen are assembled, ostensibly, to pay a morning call,—but, in reality, to hear and retail the different items of news.

"I really wonder at Mrs. Payard," said a lady, turning to a gentleman who sat near her, "at inviting to her house such a person as Miss Linwood. To be sure she is very well, very well; indeed, poor thing! but then I think every person ought to know their station, and to remain in it. Do you not agree with me?"

"I have never given a thought to the subject," was the reply,—“but Mrs. Payard must have given satisfaction to *some* persons in the company by introducing Miss Linwood, judging from the attention she received from one quarter at least.”

"Oh, you mean Mr. Percy I suppose," said the lady, with a scornful toss of her head. "I saw him talking to her for a few moments, but, of course, he did not know who she was,—but supposing her to be a stranger, common politeness would have dictated his attention. But really it is cruel in Mrs. Payard to invite that young girl, into society so much above her circumstances.—

Poor thing, I pitied her,—for I could not help thinking how awkward she must feel, and I did not wonder at remarking, on her countenance, an expression of regret, blended, I fancy, with envy. She was, doubtless, comparing her own situation with that of others around her."

"Your powers of discernment are, I doubt not, much stronger than mine," replied her companion,—“for I should never have been able to detect such feelings, beneath Miss Linwood's placid brow, and in her sweet touching smile. Her countenance, I allow, wore a slightly pensive expression, which served but to heighten its beauty,—that, however, appeared the effect of past sorrow, not of any present discontent,—for my own part I thought that one look at that calm unworldly face should have been sufficient to banish all sordid and unworthy thoughts.”

"Mrs. Mayo bit her lips in vexation, at a reply so unexpected,—and at sentiments so contrary to her own,—and with a stronger feeling of dislike to the unoffending girl, addressed Mrs. Elliot,—

"What is your view of the case, my dear madam?"

"I agree with you, precisely, Mrs. Mayo. I, for one, would not be willing to allow my daughters to attend Mrs. Payard's parties, if she persists in inviting that girl there. I have been very particular in selecting associates for my daughters,—and I was really very much annoyed at seeing her. It showed such a want of proper feeling, as I remarked to Louisa; for any humble, modest