

# THE MONTREAL MUSEUM,

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL DAYS.

" Oh say not woman's love is bought,  
By vain and empty treasure.  
Oh say not woman's heart is caught  
By every idle pleasure—  
When *once* her gentle bosom knows  
Love's flame—it wanders *never*—  
Deep in her heart the passion glows  
*She loves and loves for ever.*"

Ellen Seymour was one of those rare and beautiful beings who seldom have existence except in the imagination of the Poet, and when beheld, afford convincing proof that the spirits of earth are sometimes permitted to dwell in a form divine. Her features so regular that a sculptor might vainly endeavor to emulate their beautiful proportions, were irradiated by a heavenly expression, beaming from eyes, which enshrined a soul within their deep blue orbs. I first saw Ellen in a brilliant circle assembled at her father's house, to celebrate her nineteenth birth-day. She was spending the summer holidays in Boston, with a friend who was favoured with her intimate acquaintance and accordingly I was numbered in the invitation which requested her company.

In vain had the belles of the Metropolis exhausted their taste to rival Ellen Seymour, and many were the fair and lovely girls, who felt, as they gazed upon Ellen's surpassing loveliness, that, in her presence, they must be content to join in the admiration which she excited, rather than expect their eclipsed at-