

serve as a guide in her endeavor to render her own deportment pleasing to him to whom she had given unreserved affection. From him she had learned to attach a name and an endearing value to the spot which he called his home, and for his sake she sought to throw every enchantment around the scene of their domestic enjoyments. With all that wonderful facility with which the female heart, when stimulated by the desire of pleasing, can mould itself to the wishes of another—she caught his opinions and learned to understand his tastes, entwining her own existence around his, as the ivy clings to the oak. Her cottage soon became conspicuous for its neatness and beauty. She transplanted the wild rose and the honeysuckle from the woods, and trained them over her door in imitation of the bowers that he had described to her. Her table was spread with the dainties which he had taught her to prepare, her furniture arranged in the order which he dictated—and all her household duties directed with the nicest regard to his feelings or prejudices. And had she no prejudices to be respected—no habits to be indulged—no wishes to be gratified? None. She loved with a pure devotion of a generous woman. She had a heart which could sacrifice every selfish wish upon the altar of affection—a mind so resolute on the performance of duty that it could magnanimously stifle every desire that ran counter to its own high standard of rectitude. She possessed talent and feeling—and to those ideas of implicit obedience and profound respect for her husband which constitute nearly the whole code of ethics of an Indian female, she added a nice perception of propriety, and a tenderness that filled her whole heart. She had no reserved rights. She was too generous to give a divided affection. In giving herself to her husband, she severed all other ties, and merged her whole existence in his—and the language of her heart was, "thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." Such is the

hallowed principle of woman's love—such the pure sentiment, the deep devotion, the high-minded elevation of that passion when sanctioned by duty in the bosom of a well principled and delicate female.

PRIDE AND VANITY.

THE *proud* man is penetrated with a sense of his superior merit, and from the summit of his grandeur, treats all other mortals either with indifference or contempt. The *vain* man attaches the greatest importance to the opinions of others, and seeks their approbation with eagerness. The *proud* man expects that his shall be sought out; the *vain* man knocks at every door to fasten attention upon himself, and he supplicates for the smallest honour. The *proud* man disdains the marks of distinction which constitute a source of happiness to the *vain* man.—The *proud* man revolts at foolish eulogiums; the *vain* man inhales with delight the incense of applause, however absurdly and unskillfully administered.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD MAID.

BY F. E. F.

Man delights me not, nor woman neither.—*Hamlet*.

IN the spring of the year 18—I returned to my father's house, after an absence of two years at a fashionable boarding school in New York, where I had been sent to receive the last *polish* in what I may fairly say I had never been taught the first elements, viz: the accomplishments. Let that pass, however. It was not likely that in the little village of S—, where my father resided, my French would be put to the test; and as to my music, a naturally good voice, with plenty of pretension on my part, and ignorance on that of my listeners, stood me in the place of science. And so I returned home, at the age of sixteen, full of