

a small white hand next him, and in much the same manner as others similarly situated do, begged that he might become its happy possessor.

Though he made this request with the utmost humility, and expressed himself unworthy of such an inestimable blessing, nevertheless, when the lady gave him a decided refusal, he was quite astonished, and begged to know her reason; "for," he very modestly added, "he had entertained such ardent hopes of success."

Without replying to his agitated question, she opened the book which he had been reading, and with a smile in which archness and embarrassment were mingled, she pointed to the tale in the praise of which he had been so eloquent, and quietly said;

"I am the authoress. This is my signature attached to it. My father and William call me Maud, but my proper name is Madeline."

"You the authoress! and your name Madeline!" exclaimed the astonished youth, surveying the young lady with looks of admiration and wonder. "How? When did you write that beautiful production?"

"It was written since I had the pleasure of Mr. Charles Clifford's acquaintance, and if he will examine it narrowly, he will perhaps recognize some of his own sentiments in it, though perhaps disguised in the author's own language."

Now, considering all that Charles had said against "Literary Ladies," and his determination never to marry a lady who could write anything more learned than a letter or a receipt, it is most astonishing that he was more delighted than ever with Miss Sinclair.

In vain she told him that "Literary Ladies," could not attend to domestic matters, and that her intellect was too refined to stoop to the ordinary occupations of less intellectual minds; and she ended by very candidly assuring him that she would certainly make a very bad wife.

He exclaimed, enraptured, "You are an angel! Forgive me all that I have said; but it was only against those who neglect all other pursuits that I spoke. To you my remarks could have no reference, for one who can attend, as you do, to woman's noblest and most useful employments, and at the same time have her mind occupied in the composition of such a production as this, must indeed render home an earthly paradise to him with whom she deigns to link her fate. Maud, say you will now be mine!"

Need we say that Charles was accepted, and that he never more railed against "Literary Ladies."

It is now nearly a year since he was married.

and he assures me, (for I am his most intimate friend,) that he can lay his hand upon his heart, and say that he firmly believes himself to be the happiest mortal in this world.

Maud, or rather Mrs. Clifford, is still the same quiet little lady as ever, though her fame is now widely known, for her husband is so proud of her abilities that he has insisted she should no longer use the simple and unpretending signature of Madeline, but avail herself of that name which he has conferred upon her.

The example of Mrs. Clifford has had such a salutary effect upon the conduct of her husband's sisters, that they are rapidly becoming exemplary housewives, and a noted gossip informed me the other day, (of course as a great secret, and as such, dear reader, to you I communicate it,) that William Sinclair is actually paying particular attentions to Miss Seraphina.

In conclusion, I only wish, that all who rail against "Literary Ladies" may be punished as the happy Charles has been, and that all those ladies, who, by an exclusive devotion to literature, and their neglect of domestic duties, give occasion to that raillery, may, like Seraphina, reform, and, like her, receive "particular attentions."

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

BY J. H. C.

The wreath of orange blossoms that once decked that brow so fair,
Is gone, and in its stead, the widow's cap is there;
No more her merry laugh is heard; her sunny smiles are fled;
Her heart is gloomy, lone and sad, her thoughts are with the dead.

Few years have passed since at the shrine her plighted hand she gave,
To him her bosom's chosen lord, now tenant of the grave;
Ah! little thought that happy one, then standing by his side,
That thou, oh, Death! so soon would'st tear that husband from his bride.

Her grief is not forbidden, from the purest source it flows,
The widow's stricken heart has borne the load of human woes,
Still she bows in meek submission, and gently bears the rod;
For well she knows the orphan's hope, and widow's stay is God!

Maitland, Feb. 15, 1815.