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THORNHAUGH.

A DIARY.

Feb. 8th 184—What am I to do? . . . A question very easily asked, but far more difficult to answer. It is so hard for a woman to do any thing without stepping beyond the bounds and limits that custom has appointed. Had I my own way, I would go on the stage. The applause I have gained in private theatricals gives me tolerable security that I could achieve something in that way. But I suppose if I followed my own inclination so far, that the few relations I have would rise up in horror. There is certainly no reason that I should consult them, for I have no cause to love any of them much, (save one), but one would not willingly outrage the feelings of one's family.

And yet something I must do. I cannot continue to be a burden on my good aunt, who, however kind she may be, is far from being able to do for me all she might wish. Even in the few weeks I have been with her, I have learned that; and I am too grateful for the welcome and the asylum she gave me when I surely needed both, to cause her inconvenience for a moment longer than I can avoid. And surely I ought to be able to support myself, as so many others have done and must do.

But how? The case stands thus. I have been reared in affluence, and must now be content with comparative poverty. That is but little. I have been a spoiled child, petted and caressed, whose path has been through the flowery meadows of life; I must now encounter some of the rocks and stones. That is not much. I have been used to perfect independence of thought, will, and action, I shall have now, in the two latter cases at all events, to depend on others. That is a great deal; and it will, I fear, be some time before I can make up my mind to it.

After an hour's deliberation, I have come to the conclusion that I must