

# THE MAYFLOWER;

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Emily Linwood,

OR, THE BOW OF PROMISE.

BY M. E. P.

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CHAPTER X.

The first summer month had arrived, bearing with it gracious gifts of fruit and flowers,—but June's roses, peeping into the latticed windows of Emily's chamber, failed to encounter the admiring gaze of its fair occupant,—for Mrs. Derwent's health having rapidly and alarmingly failed within the last few months, the invigorating effects of the sea-breeze have been prescribed,—and accompanied by Edward, together with Emily and her brother, she is now journeying towards a neighbouring watering-place. After a few days somewhat tedious travelling, they arrived at the place in question, and as the weary horses were driving slowly through the principal street, an elegant carriage passed them rapidly by. Emily, whose glance was turned in a contrary direction, would have passed it unobserved, had not George's exclamation of "Emily! Emily! I am sure that is Mr. Percy!" arrested her attention. She turned, but only in time to see the cloud of dust, which the carriage had raised, half overwhelming some poor pedestrians. "He was seated inside," continued George, "but the window was open, and I saw him with

his head resting on his hand. I do not think he noticed us, for he did not look up.' Fortunately for Emily,—who, however much she might have relished the discourse in private, intuitively felt that it was one which her cousin, who was seated opposite her, very silent all the while, could not or would not appreciate,—a sudden turn in the road gave them, abruptly and unexpectedly, a glorious view of the sea; and George's attention being arrested by this, to him, unwonted spectacle, his friend was for a time forgotten.

"What a beautiful night!" said Edward, some hours after, as, tolerably recruited by a comfortable repast, they stood gazing out on the wide expanse of ocean; for the apartments which they occupied were contiguous to the sea. "Clear, soft, and starlight," he continued. "Emily, what say you to a ramble on the beach? My mother, I know, is too much fatigued to accompany us, but you, Emily, with youth and health in your favour, can plead no such excuse."

"You must forgive me for declining, Edward," was the reply; "but, indeed, I am too much fatigued to be able to appreciate a ramble,—and you are so enthusiastic an admirer of the wild waves, that if, while gazing on them, my weariness should cause me to regard them rather indifferently, you would, I am afraid, consider it as a want of taste, or something of that sort."

"I never knew a woman who could not assign some reason—not always satisfactory, however, for non-compliance with a reason-