

THE MAYFLOWER;

OR

Ladies' Acadian Newspaper.

MAY, 1851.

VOL. I.

NO. 1.

Emily Linwood,

OR, THE BOW OF PROMISE.

BY M. E. H.

CHAPTER I.

"How disagreeable," exclaimed a young lady—as listlessly rising from a sofa, and laying down a novel, she approached the window of a handsome drawing-room—"how disagreeable, it is positively raining again. The sun has scarcely visited us for three days,—and now, as though in mockery, breaks through the clouds for a few moments, and then disappears. Now the rain descends in torrents. No chance of any visitors to-day, Louisa?"

"No, indeed," exclaimed the sister appealed to, as she raised her eyes from the embroidery frame,—but the words were scarcely uttered, when steps were heard in the passage leading to the drawing-room,—and in a moment after the servant threw open the door, announcing, "Mr. Percy."

With graceful ease, and with a pleasure which they could not conceal, he was received by the young ladies, and after apologising for his intrusion on such a day, by observing that he had taken advantage of the momentary sunshine to visit a friend, at some distance from his residence,—and encountering, on his return, the rain, had sought shelter in their dwelling, Mr. Percy, by an easy diversion, changed the subject of the conversation. But while the parties are thus pleas-

ingly, and as we may charitably hope, profitably employed—let us turn our attention, for a few moments, to a different scene at a short distance from the elegant mansion of Mr. Elliot, the father of the young ladies referred to above.

The varnished clock in the schoolroom, a relic of former days, has just struck the hour of three. Welcome to the children,—but doubly welcome to the wearied teacher, was that sound, which spoke of a short respite from toil and care, and irksome restraint; allowing the mind again to roam unfettered, released from the drudgery of listening to ill-conned tasks,—and striving to impart to the mind, too stupid or too heedless to comprehend, the first principles of knowledge. Yes, "line upon line, precept upon precept," has been duly enforced to-day,—but the closing hour has arrived at last,—and, with a slightly drawn sigh of relief, the teacher has directed books, slates, pens and pencils, to be placed in their proper places, and the unfinished work to be again returned to the basket and bag, there to repose quietly till the coming morrow. And now the last retreating footstep has passed from the threshold,—and Emily Linwood, like a bird released from its cage, prepares to return home,—but the copy-books for the morrow have still to be ruled, some sewing to be fitted, and the teacher must tarry.

"I am tired of waiting, Emily," said her youngest brother, a child about six years old, who was standing at the door with his cap in his hand. "The rain is almost over now.