

# THE MAYFLOWER:

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### Emily Linwood, OR, THE BOW OF PROMISE.

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(Continued from page 37.)

CHAPTER V.

Summer had nearly ripened into Autumn when, one evening, Mrs. Percy received a letter in an unknown hand. Opening it she found that it was from the daughter of a dear, though deceased relative, who resided in a distant part of England. The mother of Lucy Carman, the writer of the epistle, had not only been united to Mrs. Percy by the ties of consanguinity,—but by the more endearing bonds of sympathy and congeniality: kindred spirits, dwelling in the sunny hours of youth near each other, drinking from the same fountain of learning, in reference to that period they might with propriety apply the words of the poet,—

"'Twas then we luvit ilk either weel,  
'Twas then we twa did part,  
Sweet time, sad time, twa bairns at schule,  
'Twa bairns and but ae heart—  
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,  
To leir ilk ither lear,  
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,  
Remembered evermair."

Time, as usual, brought changes,—but though married and separated, they continued to correspond, and Mrs. Percy, delighted to receive, in her distant habitation, letters which recalled her thoughts to her native land, penned as they were, by one who could still say, "I dwell among my own people."

Once, and once only, on a visit to her girlhood's home, Mrs. Percy again beheld the friend of her youth; beheld her the diffuser and recipient of happiness,—and as, with a mother's pride, she presented to her friend her sweet daughter Lucy, the belle of the village, Mrs. Percy marvelled not that time had effected so little change in her appearance, for content, that great preserver of beauty, had entitled her to retain many of the charms of youth. Alas, soon after Mrs. Percy returned to her home, sorrow invaded the circle. A stranger, young, handsome, and possessed of polished and fascinating manners, had won the heart of Lucy, and awaited only the consent of her parents to obtain her hand. This was with some reluctance granted, for, in addition to the pain which the removal of an only and tenderly loved child must necessarily occasion, a feeling of distrust, for which they could not account, prevented them from giving the union their warmest sanction. Mr. Carman, as we before hinted, resided in a distant part of England, and with many tears they committed "the idol of their fondest care" to a stranger's keeping, trusting that he would "deal gently with her." But alas, in this rude world, how seldom love, that flower of paradise, finds a congenial soil,—but drooping beneath the blasts of unkindness pines for its native air. The apparently affectionate husband speedily became the selfish and exacting tyrant,—and she whose childhood had been surrounded by tender friends, now found herself in a stranger's