

Many days passed away before he left the cottage even after his return to health. He followed Emma wherever she went, and praised her beauty, and her graces, and promised—what he never intended to perform. But his praises and his promises won her in nocent heart. Unpractised in deceit, she judged of others by the pure law written in her own bosom, and gave her heart at last unbindingly to her deceiver.

The day at length arrived when the stranger youth was to depart. He bid a kind farewell to his constant but deeply injured friends, promised most solemnly to return to his adored Emma in a few months, and sailed down the Susquehanna. But in vain they looked for his return at the appointed time. No tidings came—it was even discovered that he had passed his time at the cottage under a feigned name, and had deceived them as to his place of residence.—The poor widow, however, for a long time knew not how cruelly the kindness of herself and daughter had been requited. It was revealed to her, when it could no longer be concealed, and the last consolation of the cottagers, the consciousness of virtue and its accompanying peace of mind was gone.—Grief preyed upon the pale-faced mother—and her daughter pined silently away, a sweet emblem of the fading flowers of the sickly autumn.

The returning summer strewed its robe of green upon the forest scenery, and the grass grew luxuriously around the cottage door; but the mountain reared its bald head unchanged from its ancient barrenness, towards the sky, and the heart of the cottage inmates were even more barren of happiness. One day Emma climbed up to the highest rock of the craggy point that lowered far above the cottage and sat musing with melancholy, in full prospect of a large extent of country, diversified with hill and dale, and winding creeks and rivers. The scene though beautiful was sad to her—above, she looked at the calm, clear sky, and a thought stole across her bosom, which she trembled to entertain, but which still seemed full of sweetness. It would be but a momentary pang, she said, I should not suffer—the rocks below would mangle, but I should be insensible, and while all but this rude and wild and faithless world looks fair and beautiful, shall I not be forgiven if I end a miserable life by throwing myself into the eternity that comes so near me? A voice spoke just behind her—Emma!—she turned—it was the stranger, more bright and beautiful than she had ever seen him in his first ruinous visit. Emma! his trembling lips repeated, and he was at her feet.

He came to redeem his promise; to perform his vows; to save himself from the burnings of a perjured conscience.—He was rich, he was lord of a domain wider than that the eye embraces from Storm-head Point, and

all was Emma's. Her and her mother are happy now.

There is a brief moral to the story. Be virtuous and leave the rest to heaven; and even if erring once, or twice, or thrice add not to crime the double sin of doubting the justice and mercy of providence. Penitence, patience, and persevering goodness seldom end in sorrow, suffering or despair.

#### OBSERVATIONS ON THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF YOUTH.

Natural Philosophy is a very bright ornament of our rational natures: and a course of philosophical experiments should be attended where practicable, by young ladies as well as gentlemen.

History is another accomplishment of youth, and ornament of education. The narratives of the various occurrences in nations, as well as in the lives of particular persons, will furnish the mind with a store of knowledge, whence to derive useful observations, inferences, and rules of conduct.

Biography ought to be pursued with equal zeal. It is equally interesting, and more applicable to the pursuits of common life.—Biography teaches the knowledge of human nature, excites a spirit of emulation, and enables us to surmount the dangers and difficulties which attend our progress though life.

Nor can our education be called completely elegant in so polished an age as this, without something of Poetry. I would not be understood to recommend verse-making to every young gentleman and lady; but reading it in the best authors, to learn to know, and taste, and feel, a fine stanza, as well as hear it. Nor is this a mere amusement, or useless embroidery of the soul; it brightens and animates the fancy with a thousand beautiful images, it enriches the soul with sublime sentiments and refined ideas; it fills the memory with a noble variety of language, and furnishes the tongue with speech and expression suited to every subject. It assists us in speech and writing, and adds life and beauty to conversation.

Drawing and Painting are ingenious and graceful acquirements. Well educated youth should have at least some taste of these arts, some capacity of being pleased with a curious draught, a noble painting, a beautiful statue, and other fine resemblance of nature.

But of all the accomplishment of youth there is none preferable to decent behaviour, a modest freedom of speech, a soft and elegant address, a graceful deportment, a hatred of calumny and slander, a readiness to do good, compassion to the unfortunate, with an air and countenance expressive of all these excellent qualifications.—WATTS.

#### THE SILVER HOOK.

Dr. Franklin observing one day a hearty young fellow, whom he knew to be an extra-

ordinary blacksmith, sitting on the wharf, bobbing for little mud eels and eels, "Tom, what a pity it is you don't fish with a silver hook." The young man replied, he "was not able to fish with a silver hook." Some days after this, the Doctor passing that way, saw him out at the end of the wharf again, with his long pole bending over the flood.—"What, Tom," cried the Doctor, "you not got the silver hook yet?"

"Indeed, Sir" cried the blacksmith, "I am hardly able to fish with an iron hook."

"Poh, poh," replied the Doctor, "go home to your anvil and you'll make silver enough in one day to buy more and better fish, than you can catch here in a month."

Diligence to one's employment generally procures a silver hook.

#### WEEKLY MIRROR.

FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1835.

*To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.*—Thus said the wise man, and we earnestly entreat our patrons not to forget that there is a time to pay the printer (see our terms) and since there is a season for every purpose, surely now is the time to thank such of our Subscribers as have already complied with our terms; and to say to those who have not, that the needful from them would both oblige and assist us. We do assure you that if we have not actually lost any thing by our labour for the last six months, we have not gained one farthing—we have paper to purchase and necessarily in our other expenses which we ought and must promptly pay, and unless we are more liberally supported, and regularly paid, we shall be compelled, though much against our will to give up the concern.

The Athol Troop Ship arrived on Tuesday, with detachments of the 34th, 83d and Rifles. The Romney Troop Ship, with the 43d Regt. for New Brunswick, was to sail from Cork about the 9th May.

The Campden Packet arrived yesterday 39 days from Falmouth, we cannot find that she brought any news of importance.—Lord Amherst we hear has been recalled.—Lady Campbell arrived in the Campden.

#### FRANCE.

The Constitutionnel says that the Minister of Finance, fearful of the responsibility that he might otherwise incur, has resolved not to pay the first instalment of the American indemnity until the Chamber of Deputies shall have declared sufficient the satisfaction that may be offered. According to the Gazette de France preparations are making at the American Legation for the departure of Mr. Livingston, who, the same journal adds, is said by persons belonging to the Embassy to look upon the amendment agreed to by the Chamber of Deputies as a virtual nullification of the treaty.