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ORIGINAL TALE.

Ambrose Mandeville.

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CHAPTER I.

"To teach the canvass innocent deceit,
Or lay the landscape on the snowy sheet;
These, these are arts pursued without a crime,
That leave no stain upon the wing of time."

CORTEL.

O, is it not sweet to be thus beguiled
Of the pangs that embitter a long life's close:
By the tender cares of a duteous child;
Who soothes so kindly a parent's woes.—ANON.

"What an exquisite painting!" exclaimed a young and richly attired lady, pausing before the window of a stationer's shop, in which it was suspended. "Do, Aunt Maria, stop for a moment, and look at it."

"Really, Laura, one would imagine you had just arrived from the country, to see you standing and gazing on it with such a look of admiration; I am quite ashamed of you."

"Rather, my dear aunt, it would be cause of shame if I could pass it unobserved;—as well might I blush to be found gazing on the works of Nature, as on this exquisite copy of one of her most beautiful scenes.—But let us step in and inquire its value; for I should delight to transfer it to my boudoir."

"What is the price of that sketch in the window?" inquired the young lady of the bookseller, as she entered his store.

"Five guineas," was the answer; "and,

as the production of native talent, it merits, I think, much commendation."

"That does, indeed, invest it with greater interest; but can you tell me, Mr. Penton," she said again, addressing the bookseller, with whom she had a slight acquaintance, "the name of the artist?"

"No, madam, he is a stranger to me. I can only inform you that he is a young man of very thoughtful aspect; and, though his manners and speech indicate the gentleman, from his apparel I should judge him in indigent circumstances. A day or two ago he brought me this drawing, and, with much modesty, inquired if I thought it worth purchasing. I advised him to allow it to remain in the shop a day or two, as I thought he would be able to dispose of it at greater advantage than I could afford to purchase it. He is to call to-night to hear the result."

Slight and imperfect as those hints of the young man's character necessarily were, they lent to the picture a romantic interest, well fitted to attract a young girl of warm imagination; and she resolved to purchase it, glad of an opportunity to assist a fellow-creature.

Leaving the lady to return with her aunt to their elegant dwelling, we propose to furnish our readers with a brief outline of the history of Ambrose Mandeville.

How diversified are the paths of life, and how varied the experience of individuals. A few there are who, even at maturity, know so little of sorrow, personally, that its very existence appears to them rather as a