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Emily Linwood, OR, THE BOW OF PROMISE.

BY M. E. H.

(Continued from page 68.)

CHAPTER VII.

Mr., or more correctly, Dr. Derwent, was the eldest son of the aunt with whom Emily had resided, a few months subsequent to the death of her parents. This lady, the widow of a distinguished officer, had, by judicious economy and admirable management, supported her family on the slender pension of an officer's widow,—and nothing but Emily's earnest entreaties could have induced her to consent to her removing from her, to obtain her own livelihood,—for, dearly loved as were her own children, Emily held an almost equal share in her affections,—and was fondly cherished as the daughter of an only and most idolized brother. Though living at some distance, the most endearing intimacy had ever been maintained between the families,—and Emily had always regarded their dwelling as a second, and scarcely less beloved home. Edward Derwent, though several years older than his cousin, had been her chief companion in childhood. It was he who adventured the steep and giddy height to pluck the wild flower for his cousin, from the little garden he proudly styled his *own* were culled the earliest of spring and choicest of summer's floral productions

for her benefit; and dearly as he prized knowledge for its own sake, it became still more precious to him when, through it, he was enabled to pour light on the mysterious lesson; or to solve for her, the brain-wearying arithmetical problem. "But Edward must go to college," was the gentle mother's decision,—and to college Edward did go,—but vacation after vacation found him a welcome guest in his mother's dwelling; yet while Emily smiled secretly at the encomiums lavished on him by strangers' lips, and proud as she was of his well-earned literary honours, it was only with the affection of a devoted sister, little dreaming that the thought, that more than repaid his severest mental efforts, was, "She will hear of them."

Ah, truly has one sweet Poet, sweetly said, that

"Fame is as the moon above,
Its light of life and heaven is love!"

During the illness and death of Emily's parents, and her removal to L., he was a student in one of the medical colleges in Edinburgh,—but, after receiving a diploma, he returned to his native village to practise, with the intention, however, of soon paying Emily a visit, and inducing her if possible, to return and remain with his mother,—and Hope whispered, and let those who have listened to her bear witness how sweet and encouraging is her language, "It may be, in a year or two, I shall be able to offer her an independent home,"—and so, he went on, drawing such fairy pictures as only youth

can portray,—and tinting them with all the colours of the rainbow. But, in this instance, Fortune, that so seldom follows in the footsteps of Fancy,—or if at all, most frequently with slow and measured pace, for once seemed desirous of outstripping her,—and the goal, which even Edward's eager imagination had placed at the distance of one or two years, was at hand. Most unexpectedly, a few days after his return to the village, was the intelligence received that a large fortune had been bequeathed to the family by the brother of Mrs. Derwent's husband, an eccentric old man, from whom they had not heard for many years, and who had died in the East Indies.

"Now," was his mental soliloquy, "now Emily can have no further excuse to remain away,—and, if she will only accept it, she can be put in immediate possession of a happy home." Earnestly bent on this, though he divulged it to no person, when his mother proposed writing to Emily, he so eloquently urged the desirableness of visiting her, previous to communicating the intelligence,—and so strongly insisted on the competency of his sister Margaret, with the assistance of the old and experienced servants, to take charge of the family in her absence, that she, at length, consented to accompany him to L.,—and a few days after entering her little parlour, on her returning from school, the astonished Emily was clasped in her aunt's affectionate embrace.

"Certainly the city air does not agree with you," said Mrs. Derwent, as they were seated in Emily's parlour, the day after Charles Percy's unfortunate accident, "Edward, do you not think Emily is looking very pale?" Thus addressed, the young man raised his eyes from a book he held in his hand,—and glanced at his cousin. Before he had time, however, to reply, little George, who, though apparently absorbed in constructing a miniature edifice, had been an attentive listener, jumping up from the carpet, and laying down the blocks of wood, ran eagerly to his aunt exclaiming, "I know aunt why Emily looks pale. Grace Elliot told me to-day, in school, that poor Mr. Percy fell off his horse yesterday, and was nearly killed, and Emily is so sorry."

"Mr. Percy, is that a relative of the lady you mentioned in your letter?" but the question remained unanswered, for, on some

slight pretence, Emily had, unobserved to her aunt, quitted the room. Mrs. Derwent glanced at her son, who appeared to be still deeply engaged in his book,—but it needed not a woman's discernment to mark traces of uneasiness in the slightly flushed brow, and compressed lips.

"I don't wonder that should make her pale," said the good woman, in an apologising tone, "for I am sure I should have fainted, had such an accident befallen one of my acquaintances."

The remark, though not directly addressed to her son, was evidently intended for his benefit,—but, judging by his manner, failed in its desired effect, for Edward, without making any comment, laid down his book, walked up and down the room with a step betokening mental restlessness,—and then, remarking that he would take a walk before tea, took up his hat and left the room. On Emily's return to the apartment she fancied that the gentle countenance of her aunt wore a slightly thoughtful and troubled expression,—but as no further remark was made, respecting Mr. Percy, she felt comparatively easy,—and when her cousin returned to tea was prepared to receive him with her usual graceful welcome. Through some means or other, she had ascertained the nature and extent of the accident which had befallen Charles; it was not near as dangerous as she had at first been led to believe,—and hearing that his recovery was progressing favourably, her usual cheerfulness returned, and Edward almost forgot his newly awakened fears while gazing on her animated countenance.

"What a lovely evening," exclaimed Emily, as rising from the tea-table she drew back the curtain that shaded the window,—and the full moon poured a flood of soft and golden light into the apartment.

"Lovely indeed," echoed Edward. "I confess I am partial to moonlight,—and would gladly dispense with yonder lamp in order to enjoy its charms."

"You must not indulge him, Emily, in his romantic notions," said Mrs. Derwent laughing. "Do you know that at home I am obliged to spend half of my evenings in idleness to gratify his foolish fancy for the moonbeams."

"But you know, my dear mother, that though the hands may be unengaged, the

mind may be actively and usefully employed. All will agree that there is something inexpressibly soothing in the evening hour, and it seems almost profanation to me to disturb its quiet by other than necessary labour. The sabbath of the day, it brings to the weary repose, to the heart-sick healing,—and welcome is its return to the spirit oppressed by worldly cares, or bowed down with secret anguish. No, no, wisely indeed has the day been appropriated to labour,—but let us spare the quiet evening hour, with its pensive memories, and chastened anticipations, with its dreams of hope and love, and youth, for, in such musings, we

“May think down hours to minutes. Thus the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books.”

“You become eloquent on the subject,” was Mrs. Derwent’s smiling reply, “and I suppose I must yield as usual.” Accordingly the lamp was extinguished,—and in pleasant conversation on the past, the present, and the future, an hour passed swiftly away. Those who have been absent for some time from the fondly cherished scenes of home, and have been thrown among strangers,—can bear witness, if they have ever experienced it, how delightful the visit of some near and dear relative, with whom they could converse freely on topics which, to a stranger, would prove uninteresting and meaningless,—and perhaps, amid the many emotions experienced by such an event, there was none to be compared to the pleasure of unburthening the heart, of dwelling on familiar names which were once dear as “household words,” of recalling every trivial circumstance that chequered the pathway of life,—and every era that marked, either with sad or joyous tints, the domestic history of the past. These were the feelings experienced by Emily as the different events that had occurred during her absence, were faithfully related by her aunt, while Edward, luxuriously reclining in an arm-chair that stood by the window, sat, for the most part of the time, attentively listening; stealing, every now and then, a glance at the fair occupant of the footstool,—for Emily was seated on a low ottoman by the side of his mother. We will not positively affirm that Edward had, intentionally, placed his chair in a position in which he could, unobserved best view his cousin’s counte-

nance,—but, certainly, chance had favoured him highly, for the moonbeams, streaming full upon her uplifted face, faithfully revealed every changing expression, while at the same time they lent to it almost unearthly beauty. After all we must make some allowances for Edward, for remember, reader, that Emily had been absent for some time, and it is only a natural feeling that prompts us to gaze on the familiar countenance, and to mark the change that sometimes a very, very short period will effect in the “human face divine.” And now, for the first time, he acknowledged that she was altered since he had seen her last. The girlish sprightliness had been changed for the soft and subdued demeanour of the woman; the voice, whose sweet and earnest tones had dwelt in his memory like the treasured sounds of some familiar strain, had caught, from the heart, a slight pathos which lent it additional power; the placid brow bore traces of deeper thought; the lustrous eyes wore, if we may so express it, a more dreamy look, as if they had been engaged in contemplating the inward movement of the spiritual world, rather than in observing the aspect of the physical,—and the slight depression of the dewy lips told that sorrow, that mighty transformer, had not passed her unheeded.

“Auld Lang Syne, that good old song, I should like to hear you play it,” said Mrs. Derwent to Emily as she re-lighted the lamp, and drew the curtains across the windows. “Do you remember what a favourite it was of mine?”

“I had not forgotten it, believe me, my dear aunt, though I have seldom trusted myself to play it when alone, for it brought back too vividly the past. But to-night I shall indeed be most happy to comply with your wishes.” We had omitted mentioning before that Emily still retained a small cottage piano, the gift of her father; often had its sweet sounds cheered her lonely hours, and now she seated herself at it, happy that she could contribute, in any degree, to the enjoyment of her friends.

“Come, Edward, it is your turn to select now,” said Emily playfully, as after performing some of her aunt’s favourite pieces, she turned to her cousin, who had been a silent though delighted listener to the melodies. Dr. Derwent smiled, and, advancing to the piano, bent over the note-book,—but

just as he was in the act of pointing out a favourite song the door which was ajar softly opened, and without being announced, Mrs. Mayo entered the room. Somewhat confused, Emily rose, and coldly, though politely, received her visitor,—for though she had become slightly acquainted with her at Mrs. Payard's, her haughtiness had disgusted the gentle girl, and even had Mrs. Mayo desired it, she would have shrunk from forming an intimacy with her. On this occasion, however, that lady appeared extremely desirous of making a favourable impression. She apologised for calling at such an unseasonable hour, by remarking that her extreme solicitude about Mr. Percy, of whose accident she was doubtless aware, and who was at present an inmate of her house, had prevented her from calling before,—but now that he appeared so much better, she concluded to embrace the opportunity of calling on Miss Linwood, in behalf of a friend, who, residing in the country, had earnestly entreated her to select a suitable Seminary for her daughter.

“The very high encomiums bestowed on it by the friends of the children under your tuition, have convinced me that I could not select a more suitable Seminary than your own,—and I hastened to inquire if you could receive my friend's sweet little girl.”

“I am much obliged to you,” was the reply, “but, as I intend resigning the school, at the end of the term, which will expire in a few weeks, I shall not, of course, be able to receive any additional scholars.”

Mrs. Mayo, it must be confessed, dilated her small grey eyes at this intelligence,—though without expressing any more astonishment than, “Indeed, I was not previously aware of that. But do you still intend to reside in L?”

“No, I am about to return to my native village,” was the reply.

“If it were not selfish, I should regret it much on my friend's account, though I am well aware that the task of school-teaching is generally an uninviting and wearisome occupation, and though your resignation of the office will no doubt be severely felt by the community, for it is so difficult to procure a competent teacher,—on your part it might well be a subject of congratulation.”

Then changing the discourse, Mrs. Mayo made some remarks on the weather, news,

&c.—and then, with some skilful maneuvering, again alluded to Mr. Percy. After giving a detailed account of the accident, and we must confess she had *one* interested listener, in answer to Emily's inquiry, respecting his mother, she added,

“Mr. Percy agreed with me, that it was best not to write to inform his mother, as it could be of no possible benefit to him, and would render her very unhappy during her absence.”

“But really, I think, had she been here, she could scarcely have felt it more than poor Miss Elliot, who, I suppose you have heard, is engaged to Mr. Percy. Unconscious of the accident, she called on me a few hours after its occurrence, and when, somewhat thoughtlessly, I informed her of it, she, to my great astonishment, fainted away,—and I had much difficulty to restore her to her senses.”

The speaker had turned her face in the direction in which Emily was seated, trusting to mark, by her countenance, the effect her words had produced,—but in this she was disappointed, for Emily's position, and the obscure light, for the lamp burned somewhat dimly, prevented her from observing the emotion which, she trusted, her information would cause,—and in this matter perhaps, woman's chief stronghold, pride, enabled Emily calmly and coldly to return her affectedly gracious adieu,—as, rising and glancing at a magnificent gold watch, attached to her neck by a massive chain,—she remarked that the carriage must be waiting, and with a polite, “Good evening,” left the dwelling.

(To be continued.)

I confess I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast, and if I were to fall in love again, which is a great passion, and therefore I hope I have done with it, it would be I think with prettiness rather than majestic beauty.—*Cowley*.

Genius has one trial which finds no sympathy: it is the trial of being measured as coarse things are; of seeing its jewels accounted of no value; its inspiration lost for want of interpreters, or used up as fit mixtures with common things.

The Bride.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

She is standing by her loved one's side,
A young and a fair and gentle bride,
But mournfulness hath cross'd her face
Like shadows in a sunny place,
And wistfully her eye hath strain
Across the blue and distant main.
My home! my home!—I would I were
Again in joyous gladness there!
My home! my home!—I would I heard
The singing voice, like some small bird,
Of him, our mother's youngest child,
With light soft step, and features mild—
I would I saw that dear one now,
With the proud eye and noble brow,
Whose very errors were more loved
Than all our reason most approved.
And she, my fairy sister, she,
Who was the soul of childish glee;
Who loved me so—oh, let me hear
Once more those tones familiar, dear,
Which haunt my rest; and I will smile
Even as I used to do erewhile.
I know that some have fall'n asleep—
I know that some have learnt to weep—
But my heart never feels the same
As when those light steps round me came;
And sadness weighs my heavy eye,
Beneath this cheerless stranger sky;
Tho' fewer now might round me come—
It is my home—my own old home!

She is back again in her sunny home,
And thick and fast the beatings come
Of that young heart, as round she sees
The same sweet flowers, the same old trees;
But they, the living flowers she loved,
Are they the same? are they unmoved?
No—Time which withers leaf and stem
Hath thrown his withering change o'er them.
Where there was mirth, is silence now—
Where there was joy, a darkened brow—
The bounding step hath given place
To the slow stealing mournful pace;
The proud bright eye is now less proud,
By time and thought, and sickness bowed,
And the light singing voice no more
Its joyful carol echoes o'er,
But whispers; fearful some gay tone
May wake the thought of pleasures gone.
It is her home—but all in vain
Some lingering things unchanged remain:
The present wakes no smile—the past
Hath tears to bid its memory last.
She knew that some were gone—but oh!
She knew not—youth can never know
How furrowed o'er with silent thought
Are brows which grief and time have taught
The remaining of some shadowy word,
Which was a name— which new, unheard,
May wander thro' the clear cold sky,
Or wake the echo for reply:
The lingering pause in some bright spot
To dream of those who now are not;
The gaze that vainly seeks to trace
Lost feelings beating on a face
Where time and sorrow, guilt and care,
Have past and left their withering there:—
These are her joys; and she doth roam
Around her dear but desert home;
Peopling the vacant seats, till tears arise,
And blot the dim sweet vision from her eyes.

Who would scorn his humble fellow
For the coat he wears?
For the poverty he suffers?
For his daily cares?
Who would pass him in the footing
With averted eye?
Would you brother? No, you would not,
If you would—not I.

A Defence of Enthusiasm.

(From *Half-Hours with the Best Authors.*)

BY H. W. TUCKERMAN.

Let us recognize the beauty and power of true enthusiasm,—and, whatever we may do to enlighten ourselves and others, guard against checking or chilling a single earnest sentiment. For what is the human mind, however enriched with acquisition, or strengthened by exercise, unaccompanied by an ardent and sensitive heart? Its light may illumine, but it cannot inspire. It may shed a cold and moonlight radiance upon the path of life, but it warms no flower into bloom, it sets free no ice-bound fountains. There are influences which environ humanity, too subtle for the dissecting knife of reason. In our better moments we are clearly conscious of their presence, and if there is any barrier to their blessed agency, it is a formalized intellect. Enthusiasm, too, is the very life of gifted spirits. Ponder the lives of the glorious in art or literature through all ages. What are they but the records of toils and sacrifices supported by the earnest hearts of their votaries? Dante composed his immortal poem amid exile and suffering, prompted by the noble ambition of vindicating himself to posterity, and the sweetest angel of his paradise is the object of his early love. The best countenances the old painters have bequeathed to us, are those of cherished objects intimately associated with their fame. The face of Raphael's mother blends with the angelic beauty of all his Madonnas. Titian's daughters, and the wife of Correggio, again and again meet in their works. Well does Foscolo call the fine arts the children of love. The deep interest with which the Italians hail gifted men inspires them to the mightiest efforts. National enthusiasm is the great nursery of genius. When Cellini's statue of Perseus, was first exhibited on the Piazza at Florence, it was surrounded, for days, by an admiring throng, and hundreds of tributary sonnets were placed upon its pedestal. Petrarch was crowned with laurels at Rome, for his poetical labours, and crowds of the unlettered may still be seen on the Mole at Naples listening to the reader of Tasso. Reason is not the only interpreter of life. The fountain of action is in the feelings. Religion itself is but a state of

the affections. I once met a beautiful peasant woman in the valley of Arno, and asked the number of her children. "I have three here and two in Paradise," she calmly replied, with a tone and manner of touching and grave simplicity. Her faith was of the heart. Constituted as human nature is, it is in the highest degree natural that rare powers should be excited by voluntary and spontaneous appreciation. Who would not feel urged to high achievement, if he knew that every beauty his canvass displayed, every perfect note he breathed, or every true inspiration of his lyre would find an instant response in a thousand breasts. Lord Brougham caits the word *impossible* the mother tongue of little souls. What I ask can counteract self-distrust and sustain the higher efforts of our nature but enthusiasm? While the mere intellectual man speculates, and the mere man of acquisition cites authority, the man of feeling acts, realizes, puts forth his complete energies. His earnest and strong heart will not let his mind rest; he is urged, by an inward impulse, to embody his thoughts. He must have sympathy; he must have results. And nature yields to the magician; acknowledging him as her child. The noble statue comes forth from the marble; the speaking figure stands out from the canvass; the electric chain is struck in the bosoms of his fellows! They receive his ideas, respond to his appeal, and reciprocate his love.

Constant supplies of knowledge to the intellect, and the exclusive culture of reason, may, indeed, make a pedant and logician,—but the probability is these benefits, if such they are, will be gained at the expense of the soul. Sentiment, in its broadest acceptation, is as essential to the true enjoyment and grace of life as mind. Technical information, and quickness of apprehension, are not so valuable, to a human being, as sensibility to the beautiful, and a spontaneous appreciation of the divine influences, which fill the realms of vision, of sound, and the world of action and feeling. The tastes, affections, and sentiments, are more absolutely the man than his talents or acquirements. And yet it is by and through the latter, that we are apt to estimate character, of which they are at best but fragmentary evidences. It is remarkable that, in the New Testament, allusions to the intellect

are so rare, while the heart and the spirit are ever appealed to. Sympathy is the golden key which unlocks the treasures of wisdom, and this depends upon vividness and warmth of feeling. It is therefore that Tranio advises,—“In brief, sir, study what you most affect.” A code of etiquette may refine the manners, but the “heart of courtesy” which, through the world, stamps the natural gentleman, can never be attained but through instinct, and in the same manner those enriching and ennobling sentiments, which are the most beautiful and endearing of human qualities, no process of mental training will create. To what end is society, popular education, churches, and all the machinery of culture, if no living truth is elicited which fertilizes as well as enlightens. Shakspeare, undoubtedly, owed his marvellous insight into the human soul to his profound sympathy with man. He might have conned whole libraries on the philosophy of the passions, he might have coldly observed facts for years, and never have conceived a jealousy like Othello's, the remorse of Macbeth, or love like that of Juliet's. When the native sentiments are once interested, new facts spring to light. It was under the excitement of wonder and love that Byron, tossed upon the lake of Geneva, thought that Jura answered from her misty shroud, responsive to the thunder of the Alps. With no eye of mere curiosity did Bryant follow the lonely flight of the waterfowl. Veneration prompted the inquiry

“Whither midst falling dews,
When glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy steps dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way.”

Sometimes, in musing upon genius in its simpler manifestations, it seems as if the great act of human culture consisted, chiefly, in preserving the glow and freshness of the heart. It is certain that in proportion as merely mental strength and attainment takes the place of natural sentiment, in proportion as we acquire the habit of receiving all impressions through the reason, the teachings of nature grow indistinct and cold, however it may be with those of books. I have remarked that some of our most intelligent men speak of mastering a subject, of comprehending a book, of settling a question, as if those processes involved the whole idea of human cultivation. The reverse of all this is chiefly desirable. It is when we are

overcome, and the pride of intellect vanquished before the truth of nature, when, instead of coming to a logical decision, we are led to bow in profound reverence before the mysteries of life, when we are led back to childhood, or up to God, by some powerful revelation of the sage or minstrel, it is then our natures grow. To this end is all art. Exquisite vocalism, beautiful statuary and painting, and all true literature have not, for their great object, to employ the ingenuity of prying critics, or to furnish the world with a new set of ideas, but to move the whole nature by the perfection and truthfulness of their appeal. There is a certain atmosphere exhaled from the inspired page of genius, which gives vitality to the sentiments, and through these, quickens the mental powers. Were it otherwise, those of us who have had memories might despair of advancement. I have heard educated Americans boast of the quantity of poetry they have read in a given time, as if rich fancies and elevated thoughts are to be despatched as beef-steaks on board steamboats. Newspapers are estimated by their number of square feet, just as if this had anything to do with the quality of their contents. Journeys of pleasure are frequently deemed delightful in proportion to their rapidity, without reference to the new society or scenery they bring into view. Such would not be the case if what the phrenologists call the effective powers were enough considered, if the whole soul, instead of the "moddling intellect" alone, were freely developed, if we realized the truth thus expressed by a powerful writer, "Within the entire circle of our intellectual constitution, we value nothing but emotion; it is not the powers, but the fruit of those powers in so much feeling of a lofty kind as they will yield." * * * * *

There is yet another principle which seems to me too faintly acknowledged in the philosophy of life, however it may occasionally be cultivated as a department of literature, —and, yet it is one which we should deem essentially dear to man, a glorious endowment, a crowning grace of humanity. It is that principle through which we commune with all that is lovely and grand in the universe, which mellows the pictures of memory into pensive beauty, and irradiates the visions of hope with unearthly brightness; which elevates our social experience by the

glow of fancy and exhibits scenes of perfection to the soul, that the senses can better realize. It is the poetical principle. If this precious gift could, be wholly annihilated amid the common place and the actual, we should lose the interest of life. The dull routine of daily experience, the tame reality of things would weigh like a heavy and permanent cloud, upon our hearts. But the office of this divine spirit is to throw a redeeming grace around the objects and the scenes of being. It is the breeze that lifts the weeds on the high-way of time,—and brings to view the violets beneath. It is the mystic harp upon whose strings the confused murmur of toil, gladness and grief loses itself in music. But it performs a yet higher unction than that of consolation. It is through the poetical principle that we form images of excellence, a notion of progress, that quickens every other faculty to rich endeavour.

I know it is sometimes said that the era of romance has passed, that with the pastoral, classic, and chivalrous period of the world, the poetic element died out. But this is, manifestly; a great error. The forms of society have greatly changed, and the periods of poetical development are much modified,—but the principle itself is essential to humanity. No! mechanical as is the spirit of the age, and wide as is the empire of utility, as long as the stars appear nightly in the firmament, and golden clouds gather around the departing sun,—as long as we can greet the innocent smile of infancy, and the gentle eye of woman,—as long as this earth is visited by visions of glory, and dreams of love, and hopes of heaven,—while life is encircled by mystery, brightened by affection, and solemnized by death, so long will the poetical spirit be abroad with its fervent aspirations and deep spells of enchantment. Again, it is often urged that the poetical spirit belongs, appropriately, to a certain epoch of life, and that its influence naturally ceases with youth. But this can only be the case through self-apostasy. The poetical element was evidently intended to mingle with the whole of human experience, not only to glow in the breast of youth, but to dignify the thought of manhood, and make venerable the aspect of age. Its purpose clearly is to relieve the sternness of necessity; to lighten the burden of

toil, and throw sacredness and hope even around suffering, as the old painters were wont to depict groups of cherubs above their martyrdoms. Nor can I believe that the agency of this principle is so confined and temporary as many suppose. It is true our contemplation of the beautiful is of short duration;—our flights into the ideal world are brief and occasional. We can but bend, in passing at the altar of beauty, and pluck a flower, hastily, by the way-side,—but may there not be an instinct which eagerly appropriates even these transitory associations? May they not be unconsciously absorbed in the essence of our life and gradually refine and exalt the spirit within us? I cannot think that such rich provision, for the poetic sympathy, is intended for any casual or indifferent end. Rather let us believe there is a mystic language in the flowers, and a deep meaning in the stars,—that the transparency of the winter air and the long sweetness of summer twilight, pass, with imperceptible power, over the soul; rather let us cherish the thought that the absorbing emotions of love, the sweet excitement of adventure, and the impassioned solemnity of grief, with a kind of spiritual chemistry, combine and purify the inward elements into nobler action, and more perfect results.

SOLID PLEASURE.—How I pity those who have no love of reading, of study, or of the fine arts! I have passed my youth amidst amusements, and in the most brilliant society; but I can assert, with perfect truth, that I have never tasted pleasures so true as those I have found in the study of books, in writing, or in music. The days that succeed brilliant entertainments are always melancholy, but those which follow days of study are delicious; we have gained something; we have acquired some new knowledge; and we recall the past day, not only without disgust and without regret, but with consummate satisfaction.—*Madame de Genlis.*

As the sun dispels darkness, so does knowledge clear the understanding from the mists of error and delusion. Let me intreat you to avoid the fetters of ignorance, as the chains which confine the mind are the worst slavery a human creature can experience, yet unlike most other bonds, they may be broken by the strong efforts of reason.

For the *Mayflower.*

Ballad.

BY W. C. MCKINNON.

[The following lines are founded on fact—for the particulars of which we refer our readers to "Scenes and Incidents in the Hungarian War. By an Officer."]

A peasant stood beside the stream
That murmur'd by his cot;
His brow grew darker as he gazed
Around that well-known spot.

Beside him stood a gentle girl,
With forehead fair and high—
Her tresses waving in the air
That softly murmured by.

Her dark eyes flashing love on his,
She threw her arms around
Her father's neck, and whispered low—
"Why musing thus profound?"

"Why dost thy brow so sadly lower—
Why burns with fire thine eye—
And why dost thou look up so stern
Unto the sun-bright sky?"

"As if thou wert invoking thence
The thunderbolt of wrath,
To strike some foe with its dread power
Who crosses now thy path?"

"And so I do, my Madeline!"
The old man sternly said—
As o'er the maiden's fair young face
He bent his hoary head:

"Would that the thunder of the skies
Were now at my control;
Soon should I set my country free,
And shake each tyrant's soul—

"From his throne dyc'd in carnadine,
The Austrian I would hale;—
And with the flash of lightning wrath
Turn every hireling pale.

"Ha! shudderest thou?—then look around—
Behold the wither'd land—
All wet with blood and black with fire,
Beneath th' invader's hand;

"Behold each cot a garrison—
Of Austria's ruffian horde—
And see each field all red with gore
From gallant bosoms poured!"

"Hush! father—hush!—behold, they come!"
The affrighted maiden cried,
As through the far-off cloud of dust,
An army she espied.

The father sternly turn'd his gaze
Upon the approaching band—
He saw a youth far in advance
Wave upwards his right hand.—

That youth sat on a dark proud steed
Whose breast was dash'd with snow—
And a crimson plume wav'd o'er his crest,
Shading his face below.

Beside him rode a warrior form,
Of bearing calm and high—
The light of youth was on his brow,
But wisdom in his eye—

That deep, calm eye, within whose depths
The living soul was seen—
All glorious in its majesty—
And mighty, though serene.

Behind them rode with sabre's clang,
And coursers' echoing tread,
A gallant train of cavaliers
Beneath their penons spread.

The Summer sun gleam'd forth, and shed
A light on each mail'd head—
And loud the martial music rolled
With challenge high and dread.

"Oh!—father—look!—the Austrians—
Behold our dreadful foe!"—
She turned—her father's eyes were bright
With some unusual glow:

"The Austrians?—no—my child!"—he said,
His withered features flushing—
While o'er his brain the lava tide
Of fiery youth came rushing—

"It is the gallant patriot band,
Who fight the land to free—
I know that banner—read, child—read—
'HUNGARIAN LIBERTY!'"

With mighty tread, and trumpet's clash,
The train came prancing on—
The old man raised his trembling voice—
"God speed thee forth!—my son!"

His eye had caught that warrior-youth's
Who led the gallant train—
An eye so proud must be Kossuth's—
He knelt upon the plain.

And the warrior bent his crested head,
And spoke a gentle word—
And the old man called his father's God
To bless the patriot's sword.

But the maid gazed on the other youth,
And as their dark eyes met,
The glance that thrilled the soul of each
They never could forget.

To her he doffed his crimson plumes,—
The coming steeds were nigh—
"God for the right!"—the old man said—
And lo! the train went by.

The battle storm has ended now,
And hushed the bugle horn—
And the death dew's damp on many a brow,
And many a gallant face is low,
That flushed with hope this morn.
The riven flags are furled, and slow
No more above the field of woe—
And the wounded horses reeling go
Through trampled fields of corn—
And friend and foe,
Rush to and fro,

Trampling the forms of the dead below—
And the victor, flushed with triumph's glow,
Exults in his work of death and woe—
And mercy laughs to scorn!

O, God of the glorious earth and sky,
Why slumbered Thou when the victory
Was given to Austria's hireling horde—
And the hero-sons of HUNGARY,
Were smitten with the Russian's sword?
When to Freedom's God they sent their cry—
When their pulses thrilled for liberty—
And their battle-prayer went up on high,
With the patriot-warrior's dying sigh—
Why went it up unheard?

Thy answer is:—"REVENGE IS MINE—
I WILL REPAIR"—'Tis written in
The Book of Books—the Word Divine.
Woe! yet, to the Austrian Son of Sin!
For a day shall come when the sword shall shine
Above the tyrant's pagod shrine,
And his coward soul shall die within.

"Hush! father—list!"—the maiden cried,
That summer afternoon—
"I hear a far-off rushing tide,
Like the leaves of the trees in June."

"Hush thee, my child—'tis the muffled roar,
Of the rival armies meeting—
I hear the hum of the rolling drum,
And the cannon's dreadful greeting.

"Oh! may the Lord of Hosts sustain
The champions for the Turan—
And may his mighty arm this day
Give victory to Kossuth."

And she prayed too—but 'twas for him—
The boy, whose flashing eye
Had stirred, that morn, within her soul,
A love that could not die.

"Look, father, up! the foe! the foe—
They come!" she shrieking said—
"Behold! their faces dyed with blood,
And ghastly blanched with dread!"

"Woe!—woe—my child!" the old man cried—
"That is no Austrian blood—
Ah! 'tis our own!" as forth he rushed
To mark the coming flood.

The flood of battle and despair—
The flood of death and dread—
For lo! behind each fugitive
A stream is running red,

The battle flood of flying hosts—
Of horses madly free—
Of staggering men all soaked in gore,
And pale with agony!

And lo! Kossuth's Hussars come—
The gallant and the brave;
All martyrs for the land they loved—
The land they cannot save.

In disarray—with blood-wet spur
They press each, foaming steed;
With shivered sword and banner lost,
And flying at their speed.

Where shall they fly? the land is fill'd
With tyrant and with slave;
There is no refuge there for them
But exile or the grave.

The old man clasped his wither'd hands,
As gazing on the throng;
While from his riven soul up-rung—
"How long—O! God—how long!"

He bowed his head upon his breast—
"The Tyrant's sword hath wou—
But be it so! thou knowest best,
And let Thy will be done!"

But paler grew the maiden's cheek—
Wild terror shook her frame;
One form she singled from that host
Of battle, rout and shame—

And o'er her, like the desert wind
Above its sands of flame,
That vague, heart-sickening sense of ill
With sudden faintness came:

For who is he, whose arms entwine
His horse's crested neck,
As reeling in his saddle's seat
He strives to sit erect?

In vain!—a stream incarnadine
From mouth and nostrils pour,
The charger bounds aside—the youth
Falls at the cottage door.

The old man gazed upon his face—
His spirit groaned aloud—
"Woe worth the day, that thou should'st die,
My beautiful—my proud.

"It is Kossuth's Lieutenant, who
This morn led on the crowd;
Now woe! alas, he lies there low,
His gallant spirit bowed."

The old man bent him o'er the boy,
And marked the gaping wound—
"Thy mortal wound I fear!" he cried—
"Oh! that a leech were found!"

All motionless with love that hurried
Within her as it glowed,
And fear that froze her fainting soul
Mild Pity's tear-drops flowed.

Her dark eyes flashing diamond tears
Her bosom heaving high,
With fear and hope's alternate glow
Up-swelling with each sigh.

The maiden turned her to her sire,
"Oh aid may yet be nigh—
Go, father, seek some saving hand—
He must—he shall not die!"

"No! Madeline—unless you go,
And I with him remain
To draw the blood back to the wound,
He ne'er will speak again ;

"Behold his breast—that sabre gash—
No blood, you see, is here—
'Tis bleeding inward,—at his mouth.
Lo! the red streams appear ;

"Now, if that blood thus choking him
Were drawn back to the wound,
Oh still his life might be prolonged,
Until a leech were found.

"If I go, then he dies—if you,
The Austrians you may meet!
And first, I'd rather see thee, child,
Lie lifeless at my feet!"

"Oh, go!" she cried, and wrung her hands,
"I'll watch by him till then—
Procure him aid—fear not for me,
Or for fierce Austria's men."

The old man blessed his child—then went
Toward the nearest town ;
And o'er the youth the maiden bent,
And by his side knelt down.

The blood-red jacket of the Hussar
She turn'd back from his breast,
And to the sabre's purple cut
Her ruby lips she pressed,

And drew once more the life-stream back
In its accustomed tide,
Ceased from his mouth the blood to flow—
His eyes he oped, and sighed.

The warrior spake: a grateful look
The maiden cast to heaven ;
The youth woke up as from a dream—
New life to him she'd given.

And when her sire returned again,
And with him came the leech ;
He found the youthful warrior
Now capable of speech ;

He wondering gazed—but soon the truth
Came flashing to his mind—
He saw the reason on her lip
The blood had left behind :

"And thou didst this, my gentle one,"
Admiringly he said—
"I deemed on my return to find
Him numbered with the dead.

"Worthy to be a patriot's child,
And worthy a patriot's love!"—
"And mine is hers forevermore—
So help me heaven above!"

So said the Hussar, who weak and faint,
Gazed on her peerless brow ;
"I love thee, and while life remains
I'll love thee well as now ;

"Yea! while the rivers seek the sea,
And while the young stars shine,
My spirit still will cling to thee,
And mingle half with thine ;

"And when again our country's free,
Again we'll seek her shrine,
Till then to lands afar we'll flee,
Across the foaming brine."

The storm rolled over Hungary,—
Her sword was rent in twain,
And the free-born sons of Hungary
Gave forth their blood like rain.

They fell—the gallant and the good,
On each ensanguined plain ;
The voice of wail disturbed no more
The slumbers of the slain.

Oh! a day shall come when Hungary,
Shall rise in arms again,
And shatter every despot's throne,
Beneath fair Freedom's reign.

The Dead may never see that day,
Who slumber cold and low,
Nor feel within their patriot souls
The fire of vengeance glow.

Oh, they sleep well! their fame lives on,
Like Time's unceasing flow,
And glory's light bedecks the tomb
Oblivion ne'er shall know.

There is a land across the deep,
Where Slavery's flag is furled ;
A land no tyrant's foot profanes—
The mighty western world.

And there the patriot warrior lives,
With his Hungarian bride—
Nor will you find such love as their:
In all the land beside.

Nor has the love for Hungary
Within their bosoms died ;
Until lost Freedom is restored,
And peace reigns far and wide.

A Sister's Lover

AND

A SISTER'S HUSBAND.

A Sister's Lover! generally a very unpleasant personage! one who sees more beauty in your sister than in you! one who has everything to say to her; (whole days would not be long enough to say half) and little, positively nothing, to say to you! one who thinks your "room better than your company." Confess, fair ones, is not a sister's lover quite a bore.

Amy and Margaret were sisters who loved each other dearly. Many sisters who love each other well may not altogether agree in some small matters, and may hence have unpleasant words and looks passing between them; but *our* "sisters" were ignorant of such "little quarrels." (*Little* quarrels, but *long* remembered; for when did a harsh word, or an unkind look, fail to sink deep into the soul.) No, Amy and Margaret had no such quarrels; but, as you might have seen them on a balmy summer's evening, tracing their way up and down, in and out of the circuitous garden-paths, with arms entwined round each others neck and waist,

their outward manifestations were indicative of the state of their inward lives. The loving thoughts of each were ever twined round the being of the other. And on that same summer's evening, one would have been puzzled to decide which of the two sisters had most of beauty. Margaret with rich brown hair, soft dark eyes, and an expression of grave thought, almost melancholy, and of protecting sisterly love; or Amy, with her sunny hair, sweet merry smile, and glance of innocent girlishness.— But there was one who could without deliberating long, have helped you in your decision. Frederic Thornley, by some philosophy which young men seem deeply read in, had come to the conclusion that *Margaret* was undoubtedly *the* beauty. And as all beautiful things are pleasant to look upon, Frederic saw no harm in often allowing his eyes to dwell on the fair face and lovely form of the beautiful Margaret. Somehow, he was often at the young girl's home of an evening; so often indeed, that the innocent Amy was led to remark one night, after his departure, "I wonder why Frederic Thornley comes to our house so often now?" And, gazing into Margaret's face, she inwardly asked, "and I wonder why Margaret blushes so?" And thus, Amy was led to meditate on what connexion there could be between the question and the blush. She watched, too, and saw that there was a connexion between *Frederic's* speaking and Margaret's blushing. Soon, too, she observed (for Amy was an observant girl) that after Margaret had been thoughtful awhile, she did not tell Amy what she had been thinking about, as she used to do. So Amy said one day, "I wish young Thornley would never come here again!" Margaret started and exclaimed,

"Ah, Amy!"

"But I do," answered Amy.

"Why?" said Margaret.

"Because," said Amy, "since *he* came here so much, *you* are so changed, Margaret. Before, you read with me, worked with me, walked with me. Now, you read such books as *he* recommends; while working, you are silent, and thinking; and instead of walking with me, you have taken a great fancy for sitting in that old summer-house, where you know I don't like to sit, for fear of spiders dropping down my back. And I say again,

I do wish Thornley would never come here again!"

"But," said Margaret, "what has Thornley to do with all this; how is *he* to blame?"

"Margaret," said Amy, "now look into my eyes." Margaret did so, and with a calm, steady gaze, while Amy continued,— "You used to love me, but now you love Thornley!" But instead of shrinking from her sister's flash of excitement, Margaret, with her calm, steady gaze, replied,—

"Amy! we two have no mother; we have ever been true sisters; our lives, our thoughts have ever flowed in unison; and I would not that any reverse on my part should now disturb the current of our affection. Frankly, then, dear sister, I *do* love Frederic Thornley. But I do not love *you* the less for that. The heart, Amy, can hold many images, and be true to all."

Poor Amy could have turned and wept on her sister's neck; but the thought of "a sister's lover" crossed her mental sight, and she said,—

"So, then, I am to be left alone in the tending upon, and watching over our father. A poor lone bird, in truth, I shall be!"

"Nay, Amy," said her sister, "say, rather, that there will be another added, to share with us the loving duty. There will be *three* to care for him, *three* to grow round his heart and call him father." Again was Amy on the point of burying her face in her sister's bosom, and blessing her; but the remembrance of Thornley, on whose bosom she could not fall, came up, and she replied,— "the old saying has it, that '*three* are no company.'"

This chilled Margaret's heart, and the conversation ended. She was deeply grieved on Amy's account; and Amy was unhappy too, for a secret voice told her that she had not been true to herself. Then she began to justify herself, and thought thus,— "Margaret may love Thornley, but I cannot. To *her*, he is amiable and pleasing, I suppose; to *me*, he is distant and cold; in me he has no interest—in truth, I think he does not *like* me; and perhaps as Margaret grows more and more to think and feel with him, *she* will get to care about me less, too. And how lonely I shall be without her! home will not be like home, when she is gone away! Oh Margaret, Margaret! you do not love me as devotedly, as thoroughly as I do you!

oh, why has Thornley stolen her from me thus!" And Amy wept for the first time tears that were not shared by her sister; and she felt so utterly alone and miserable, so without support and wretched, that she almost despaired of ever being happy again. But time which soothes all grief, and changes the hues of our inward landscape, as wonderfully as the varying light of the sun does the colours and tints of the outward world, came in its own good season to Amy's help.

The marriage-day drew nigh, and Amy assisted her sister kindly, if not with the utmost cordiality, to prepare for the wondrous event. The day came; Thornley and Margaret were *indissolubly* bound in those solemnities, which so many unthinkingly enter within. And now that the short *separation* came, Amy felt more than ever the value of a sister. How lone and deserted she felt! every room in the house seemed desolate and cold. The charm of home was gone; and as Amy had time to reflect, she felt that she *must* have Margaret to love, or life itself would be little worth. She even thought there might be a *reason* why Thornley had been reserved with her; she had not made herself loveable in his eyes, (rather the opposite) and how could he love her? But, when they returned, they should find a different sister awaiting them: one not so personally selfish as the one they left; one who, in their happiness, would find her chiefest joy. She found she could not do without them, and she would like them to feel, that they could not do without *her*; and Amy was impatient for their return.

Thornley and Margaret were delighted to find Amy so cordial; to see that numberless little things which had belonged jointly to the sisters, and which Margaret had left in their old places, had been transferred to the "new home."

It was not long before Thornley found that Amy was very beautiful too, not long before she could hide her face in his bosom, and confess the injustice she had mentally done him—not long before *he* as well as Margaret could from the heart, call her "*dear sister*;" and years but made them *dearer*.—Amy found that the heart can indeed "hold many images," and the more niches are filled with love's images, and the more we bow in such sweet idolatry, the more brimful is our cup of pleasure. She recanted her old doc-

trine that *three* could not be pleasant company; though a few years found the three turned into six. But on the old principle, "the more the merrier," Amy found that her delights increased with the numbers.—Who so patient as "*aunt Amy*?" who so busy as "*aunt Amy*?" Her soft hand soothed *all* sick pillows,—her hopeful smile brought sunshine back.

At times when the sisters sat, talking their little plans of the future over, and their hearts would warm when they spoke of their mutual happiness, of Thornley's kind nature, and his gentle love, Amy could not help, with a tear glistening in her eye, reproaching herself for her former thoughts. "The silly, foolish thing that I was," she would, say, "to have such thoughts about *him*!" "Well, well," the consoling Margaret would reply, "there is a great difference between a sister's husband you know, Amy."

You who have sister's lovers, beware, how you indulge hard thoughts, and unkind feelings, which you may have sometime with sorrow to confess to a sister's husband!

Woman and her Position.

What lessons of wisdom, truth, and charity have emanated from the pens of celebrated women. They always inculcate right principles, lighten our sorrows, purify our joys, and breathe a freshness upon the sterile mind of man. But this germ which is planted in the breast of woman, will not germinate unless fostered and watered by a proper system of education; they must be educated as the architects of their own fortunes, they must be convinced that their superiority consists not in wealth nor in beauty, but in a refined and cultivated taste; they must have the horrors of vice painted with all the danger and misery that attend its votaries. Never lose an opportunity of passing an high eulogium upon their virtue, heroism and humanity; let none of these go without rewarding, then we shall not hardly ever see such a creature as a flirt, or even a coquette; vanity and conceit would have another turn, then the most esteemed woman would be her who shone most brilliantly with unaffected graces, and whose mind was well stored with principles of honour, chastity, truth, and wisdom.—*Mech. Organ.*

Past Memories.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

How thrills once more the lengthening chain
Of memory at the thought of thee!
Old hopes which long in dust have lain,
Old dreams come thronging back again,
And boyhood lives in me;
I feel its glow upon my cheek,
Its fulness of the heart is mine,
As when I learned to hear thee speak,
Or raised my doubtful eyes to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,
I feel thy arm within my own,
And timidly again uprise
The fringed lids of hazel eyes
With soft brown tresses overblown,
And memories of sweet summer eyes,
Of moonlit wave and willow war,
Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,
And smiles and tears more dear than they.

Ere this thy quiet eye hath smiled,
My picture of thy youth to see,
When half a woman, half a child,
Thy very artlessness beguiled,
And folly's self seemed wise in me;
I too can smile, when o'er that hour
The lights of memory backward stream,
Yet feel the while that manhood's power
Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on, and left their trace
Of graver care and deeper thought,
And into me the calm, cold face
Of manhood, and to thee, the grace
Of woman's pensive beauty brought,
On life's rough blast, for blame and praise,
The school-boy's mine has widely flown;
Thine, in the green and quiet ways
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed,
Our still diverging paths incline;
Thine, the Geneva's sternest creed,
While answers to my spirit's need
The Yorkshire peasant's simple line;
For thee, the priestly rite and prayer,
And holy day and solemn pain;
For me, the silent reverence, where
My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me
An impress Time has not worn out,
And something of myself in thee,
A shadow of the past, I see
Lingering e'er thy way about:
Not wholly can the heart unlearn
That lesson of its better hours,
Nor yet has Time's dull footsteps worn
To common dust that path of flowers.

Musical Association.

BY MISS AUGUSTA BROWNE.

"Many are poets who have never penned
Their inspiration, and perchance the best:
They felt, and loved, and died, but would not lead
Their thoughts to meaner beings.
Many are poets, but without the name:
For what is poetry, but to create,
From over-feeeling, good or ill; and aim
At an external life beyond our fate;
And be the new Prometheus of new men,
Bestowing fire from heaven?"

And many a heart is full of music—as if
joy-bells were chiming perpetual Jubilate

within—which is incapable or undesirable of giving it intelligent utterance or signification. In order to ennoble and exalt the soul, the Creator imbued it with the spirit of sound as a part of its vital essence, and its true office is to elevate our aspirations and thoughts to Paradise, from whence it flows, where all is harmony—where the silver streams, as they eternally ripple through the green pastures, murmur praises, and the lowliest flowerets, when brushed by angel feet, breathe songs of adoration.

Music is the language of immortality—the intimator of our divine origin, ever arousing within our souls, by its solemn monitory voicings, unquiet, restless longings after an undefinable something, which, although still invisible and elusive, we are yet confident exists. It suggests a thousand remembrances of a pre-existent state of being; and while under its profound spell, glimpses of a dim, half-obliterated past fit before us, and visions of unearthly loveliness—until, oblivious of the realities of the present, we pant, impatient to expand the spirit-pinions fluttering so wildly, and to cast off the cumbersome clay habiliments that shackle us, that we may speed away to search into the mysteries that so encompass us, and mingle in communion with superior intelligences. While struggling under such influences, how oft does the earnest inquiry arise from the depth of the heart, "Tell us, oh, tell us, why, and for what end, are we here, exiles from thee, Most High Eternal?"

Though enchanted and subdued by its powers, Richter must have hearkened to music with a but half-awakened spirit, when he exclaimed—

"Away! away! thou speakest to me of things which in all mine endless life I have found not, and shall not find!"

No—he found them not here below; for the intense thirst awakened by the murmurings of the water of life, may not be slaked until we arrive at its margin.

There is a magic in old psalm-tunes, which a frivolous mind can neither comprehend, nor appreciate, nor respond to; but to the thoughtful, serious mind, it is more gratefully eloquent than any other whatever. As the familiar strain peals forth reverberatingly along the echoing arches of the dim cathedral, the aged worshipper, forgetful of the sacred splendour surrounding him, is

transported back to the simple village church of his boyhood, and lists again to the dear voices that were wont to ascend with his in this very melody; and as the cadence dissolves, floating away in aerial symphonies, his heart follows on, glowing in the assurance that he, too, ere long, shall join in the far more exultant lays that they are now singing. In the tears, therefore, springing so fast to his eyes, there is no bitterness—they are tears of hope.

To such an one, music is an unfailling resource of pure, unalloyed gratification. The delicate thread which at his birth attached him to the Throne of God, has never been rudely severed; and now, as in the winding hand of the Angel of Time, it is gradually shortening, drawing him to his home, he becomes more and more alive to the vibratory pulses of the celestial harmonies, until, on his complete absorption into the true and excellent life, they burst upon his raptured soul in full magnificence.

"There is an hour of deep repose,
That yet upon my heart shall close,
When all that nature dreads or knows
Shall burst upon me wondrously.
O, may I then awake for ever
My harp to rapture's high endeavour,
And as from earth's vain scenes I sever,
Be lost in immortality!"

That the associations of sacred music are thus especially hallowing, is attributable to the reason that they belong to our holier moments—that they are connected with seasons spent in the church, in social communion, and in the mysterious transition chamber, where, from lips pallid and quivering, faltered the swan-like song of triumph that proclaimed the victory won, the mighty goal gained. A remembrance of this latter nature surmounts even the simplest and plainest air with a nimbus of irradiating beauty.

It was during the first deep blackness of one of those bitter storms of life which sweep with whirlwind violence over the heart, crushing every hope into dust, and smiting it with sudden paralysis, that a strain of music was indelibly impressed on my mind through the extremely inelegant medium of a street-organ. The proprietor of one of these much contemned instruments, having stationed himself opposite the door, commenced discoursing his harmonious numbers.—Had the result of his efforts been a common melody or dance, it is probable that not the

slightest attention would have been attracted; but it was a psalm-tune—the familiar one, "St. Ephraim's," which, although previously rather an antipathy of mine than otherwise, now sounded so sympathizingly sad, so burdened with tender pathos, that it seemed beautiful and affecting above anything I had ever listened to before. It was as a song of hope to despair—like a silver edge to that terrible thunder-cloud; and beloved commensurately ever since it has been, for the ray of light then darted.

Associations furnish the real charm of everything; and even when, through expediency, or a conviction of its excellence, we are induced to adopt and embrace a fresh object, our first care ever is, before we yield it cordial love or reverence, to cluster around it a group of accessories or secondary influences, else our jewel is useless, being without a mounting.

Do you wish to subject an untried heart to an ordeal of faith and love? Mark, then, that heart, how it *retains* and treasures up the recollections of early tenderness, of by-gone years; mark well how it hoards up the memorials of former days, relics inseparably linked with spirit-loves; for be assured that one faithful to the memory of the *departed*, will be no less loyal to the affection of the *living*. The preservation of a lock of hair—of a withered flower—of a scrap of an old letter—of even the minutest atom—often discloses, more plainly than volumes could do, the existence of a heart-history, perchance marvellously touching in devotedness and romance. Of the same category of mementoes are old strains of music; and cold, light-of-love, and utterly barren, must that heart be, which throbs not at the recurrence of some simple cradle-song, some dear strain of youth. The bosom that owns no such gentle sway, is incapable of entertaining or reciprocating a single emotion of sincere, fervent love. Beware of that heart: it is, notwithstanding all protestations to the contrary, perfidious and frigid. Beware of entrusting to its tender mercies your smallest interests; for if you do, so surely will it betray them.

The human heart craves occupation—it will not, cannot remain long an empty void; so, if it be not filled with fragrant blossoms and fruits, it assuredly will be with noisome weeds and brambles. It must have some-

what to bestow love upon—some recipient of its ever out-going sympathies; and the object, when once chosen, heedless whether in the view of others it seem worthy or unworthy, it will proceed to invest with attributes so excelling, and hues so resplendent, as befit the idol of the spirit-shrine.

Isolation is repugnant to the soul—a direct violence to its nature; and, from the moment that it draws in its anchor, and relinquishes a hold upon some object, however small, it drifts surely and rapidly adown towards the breakers of desolation and wreck.

That is a pretty story of the noble Italian prisoner, who, pining in the solitude of his dungeon for companionship, chanced to discover, one day, insinuating its way through the stones outside his prison door, an insignificant fragile weed. Delighted beyond measure at obtaining an object on which he might lavish his care, the captive watched over his treasure with a love so trembling and engrossing, that it would have appeared extravagant if applied to a human creature. But the weed *Picciola* “was not all a weed”—it was a link of association with that world from which he was so entirely secluded, and an instrument that revived a host of memories smouldering into ashes at the root of his heart.

In this manner an old *music-book* may become, nay, is, an invaluable record—a collection of thrilling incidents—a chronicle of departed scenes—or a mirror of the past, magical as was that famed one of old, into which, with irrepresible longings to behold once again his lost child, Miriam, swelling within his soul, gazed, of pilgrims the chief, the Wandering Jew. Every one of such venerable volumes is so sacred and fraught with interest, that I would fain have it treated with a reverence not to be awarded to the most sublime and magnificent ebullitions of *unassociated* modern genius.

My musical library is to me a chronological chart—unintelligible, it is true, to others, but by no means, therefore, of an exclusively personal nature, or devoted to exclusively personal interests; for those of many, many others are blent in it. Little historiettes and adventures there are affixed to an hundred pieces of music—I could not get rid of them if I would; indeed, there is scarce a solitary page that I have played familiarly from infancy, unsupplied with one—scarce a

page that does not marshal before memory's vision, with the freshness of reality, some peculiar action, mood, or dawning sensation. Many of these associations, it may not be denied, are passing mournful, ever claiming the tribute of tears; but better is it to remember and weep, than to forget and be happy.

Now, here is a well-fingered page, sadly torn and disfigured; but for all that, the whole space, from top to bottom, seems to beam with one great, broad smile—the identical smile that shone over it on a comic occurrence, “long, long ago.”

Another page is precious, because, at that cramp chromatic run, sprang up in my mind the germ of an original thought; and another, because, in that cruelly hard stave of complicated modulations, a new step up the Hill of Difficulty was mastered. This page is beloved, because, while playing it, some joyful tidings were communicated, and that other because a pleasant, cheering voice commended the performer.

Here is a favorite old ballad, that, strange to tell, effects a momentary resurrection; for, no sooner do I begin the prelude, than a youthful lithe form springs to my side, and shaking the ashes of the grave from his hair and pale brow, joins, with the sweet ringing tones of yore, in the well-remembered strain. Ah, yes! and yet another page is before me—a duct—but one of the singers, where is he? Bearing part with the angels in the song that gladdens Paradise. His dying whisper, sweeter than was ever melody of earth in its expressions of hope, lingers ever on mine ear. But I close the book; tears outnumber smiles, wherever I open—and tears, the dew of the heart, are not for the garish light, but to be shed in the solitude of deepening shadows. In a few of my own, I have portrayed the feelings of many; every genuine lover of music assimilates in mind and fancy.

It has often been conjectured that one of the employments of the Blessed in Heaven, will consist in recalling old associations, in reminiscences of their terrestrial life, and in reviewing and contrasting the diversified trials, joys, sorrows and mercies that interspersed their homeward road.

Once, after touching over a Russian march, (not that boisterous affair in octaves that has caused many a luckless piano to

quiver in every joint, but a charming *morceau*.) I was eagerly inquired of by a gentleman in our neighbourhood, as to where I obtained it. He said that never before since the conflagration of Moscow had it greeted his car: and the best of reason had he for remembering it; for he was at the time in a hotel uncomfortably contiguous to the hottest scene of conflict, confined to his couch with a severe illness that rendered flight impossible. It was while in this dilemma that he made the acquaintance of the march, as, floating brilliantly above the ranks of the retreating Muscovites, it saluted him by way of serenade. If he lacked sufficient gratitude or musical taste to appreciate it *then*, on the occasion of first hearing, he certainly acknowledged its powers on the second; for it was a grand diorama in itself. Not the most laboured and minute description could have presented so forcibly to his imagination the events of that unique tragedy.

Legend of Paternoster Row.

BY CHARLES WILTON.

The thought has often struck me, when occasion has led me through Paternoster Row, that many a one would deem trouble and fatigue of little moment, could he but stand for one hour in that seemingly dull and narrow thoroughfare, and look with his own eyes upon the houses from whose doors have gone forth pages that have startled the world, and upon whose shelves the accumulated products of more than a thousand brains have stamped the locality as the head quarters of English literature. But few among the thousands who there daily pass and re-pass probably give a thought to what the locality might once have been, before the wand of commerce changed it to an emporium for books, and the eternal round of business—business—business—gave to it a character of its own. Yet in the immediate vicinity are there still solitary indications of a ruder age—scattered vestiges of antiquity, whose origin is for ever hidden in obscurity, but over which the hand of time has lightly passed, as if at once to invite and to mock the labours of the curious antiquary.

Those who are acquainted with the spot will immediately call to mind the cluster of houses situated between Ivy Lane and Fanyer Alley, on the north side of "The Row." Imbedded in the centre of this group, and attained by a paved way, known as Lovel's Court, is a building which, with the outward semblance of modern architecture, is yet possessed of chambers, in which generations have lived, and doubtless died, and whose walls may have witnessed all the varying passions that can influence the human heart: of the tenderest emotions and of the darkest feelings—of love and hatred, pity and vengeance—of health and sickness—of life and death—of triumph and despair.

Had I not myself examined this curious building, and traced the varied windings, the multiplicity of doors, and the singular facilities for concealment or escape, which the changes of many years have still left visible, I might be inclined to think that the legends extant regarding it had too much of the air of romance to be relied on; nevertheless, with reference to the following, I may state, that I had it from one who speaks with satisfied confidence of the circumstances, and whom I have been accustomed to regard as a competent authority. For myself, the scattered indications of antiquity and wealth which the house yet presents are the only data by which to judge; and, therefore, in the following relation, I must be understood to premise that

"I cannot say how the truth may be—
But I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

Many, many years ago, the name of Sir William Bridgnorth was renowned in the city for great commercial wealth and enterprise, and even in the remotest parts of the country the fame of the house of "Bridgnorth and Son" became matter of village gossip, and the term "as rich as a Bridgnorth" was familiar in the ears of our ancestors. Sir William had two sons; the elder, early developing the characteristic temperament of the family, had applied himself steadily, and with determined perseverance, to the pursuit of wealth, in which he had acquired so much tact, that the father seldom interfered in the management of affairs, but entrusted all to his discernment and ability.

But Richard, the youngest, presented a striking contrast to his brotlier William;

whilst the latter was close and plodding, the former was open and imaginative; when William appeared sullen and immovable, Richard was invariably gay and volatile; and whilst William was making an invoice, the odds were that Richard was writing a sonnet. In the matter of figure, too, they again differed. That of the elder, although unexceptionable in the counting-house, would have seemed awkward and ungainly in the drawing-room. On the contrary, nature had been lavish with the younger; and his light shape and polished demeanour, his frank countenance and insinuating address, threw around him an air of nobility that would have given him a graceful ease in the ball-room, and have caused him to breathe the atmosphere of the higher circles of society as one in his natural element. These qualities were regarded by the father with mistrust. Essentially a commercial man, he would have had his sons the same; and any tendency towards a different sphere of life—any wish to depart from the fixed and arbitrary track, was viewed as rank heresy, and always met with a frown. What, then was the astonishment of the worthy knight, when Richard announced to him, on the day of his coming of age, that his determination was taken to abandon all anticipation or prospect of wealth in England, and to carve out for himself a fortune and a name in France! The father objected, but the son persisted—and although the brother significantly shook his head, with a sarcastic smile, as much as to say—"I knew very well what it would come to," the day was fixed for his departure: for, when Sir William found that entreaties and commands were equally futile, he determined, in a generous spirit too seldom manifested, to aid the youthful Richard in his projects; and, as he could not dissuade him from his purpose, to exert his powerful endeavours in saving his son from present danger, and, perhaps, from ultimate ruin.

A few months later, the house of Bridgworth established an agency in Paris, and the firm was there represented by a son.

The time had now come for Richard to establish or falsify the fears and prognostications of his family; the time had come for him to disprove the estimate formed of his character and capacity—and he *did* disprove it; laboriously and wearisomely—but

he did disprove it. At home he had no incentive to exertion, he had no scope for his ability: there was no *necessity*—that mighty moulder of men's destinies—for the exercise of his powers. But now his pride was touched,—his ambition was embarked in a clear and open channel. The French language had been from youth familiar to him, and no obstruction arose from that source; but from the first day he set foot upon the shores of France, he commenced the pursuit of his object with a zeal that, early and late, he never ceased to exert until that object assumed a clear and tangible shape.—His imaginative tendency became quickness of apprehension; his volatile love of adventure developed into successful commercial enterprise; and the obstinacy that had been predicted as his ruin, proved to be firmness in design, and untiring perseverance in execution.

Two years elapsed, and circumstances brought our young merchant into contact with one of the great jewelers of Paris, with whom he had several transactions, and whose representations induced Richard to embark in a speculation of great magnitude, and of consequent danger. After months of anxiety and fatigue, the upshot was declared, and declared a victory,—the enterprise was eminently successful; and Sir William Bridgworth, in the fulness of exultation, invited all his commercial friends to an unprecedented dinner, at which he informed them, with all due ceremony and importance, that his son Richard had kept his promise to the letter, and had "carved out for himself a fortune and a name in France."

Seven years after Richard's settlement in Paris saw his talents universally respected and his society courted. He had freed himself of the incumbrance of his father's business, and transferred it to other hands, whilst he devoted himself entirely to the more lucrative and less laborious occupation of a jeweller. His accomplishments, together with his riches, gained him admission into the first society, and the courtesy and manliness of his behaviour made him everywhere a favourite.

But a cloud was gathering whose shadow he could not see, and a storm arose which made him a criminal in the land of his adoption, and a fugitive from France.

Marie Delvise was the daughter of the

French jeweller whose counsel and assistance had been instrumental in the establishment of Richard's fortune; and Marie was possessed of no ordinary powers of mind. The frivolities of many of her sex and age she despised. Her conversation was marked by a clearness and refinement, a delicacy and precision, which made her at once an object of attraction; whilst the well-formed figure, the expressive features, the thoughtful look, and the calm, pure, expanded brow, spoke eloquently of the soul within, and drew around her a host of admirers. But amongst them all was one, Alessandro Maupertez, a Spanish adventurer, who had gained the confidence of the Dauphin of France, to whom he had become necessary in the pursuit of his pleasures, whose eye she could not meet. In the gayest moments the mingled ferocity and cunning in the glance of that man had power to chill her very heart. His attentions were dreaded, and she shuddered if he even touched her hand.

Richard Bridgnorth had conceived for this lady a pure and lasting attachment, and his leisure hours were invariably passed either at the house of Delvise the jeweller, or in parties at which Marie and himself had been invited; for, as it was understood in society that the young Englishman was on the point of marriage with Marie, a card of invitation was invariably sent to both. It was at one of these evening parties, given by the Count of ———, that Alessandro Malpertz seemed more than usually self-satisfied: his eye flashed from face to face with the air of a man who is on the eve of accomplishing a successful project. He had frequently pressed his suit with Marie, and had as frequently been repulsed; he could not fail to observe that, since Richard had shown attention to Marie, he had been constantly and systematically shunned. The gloom upon his brow from that time had deepened, and he had ever appeared in a deep reverie. But to-night his look was changed, and to any there who could have read his thoughts, his features would have borne the impress of a coming triumph.

When wit and gaiety were at their highest, the folding-doors were thrown apart, and, to the astonishment of the entire assembly, a domestic announced in a loud tone, the arrival of the Dauphin of France!

"The Dauphin!" repeated the guests, as they simultaneously rose—for his coming had been reserved by the host as a pleasurable surprise.

"The Dauphin!" muttered Bridgnorth, as he glanced towards Alessandro, and sought to read the haughty working of his lip; and a chill passed over him as he remembered that the Spaniard was the rumoured creature of the prince, and that deference was paid to him as the prince's associate and favourite: he felt the chill, but he knew not whence it came, nor why.

It may well be imagined that the prince now engrossed the universal attention; but the agitation of the ladies and the snivety of the gentlemen need no portrayal here: it is enough to say that the royal guest looked long and frequently upon Marie, but that he addressed to her no word. An hour passed; Richard had stepped into an adjoining room, and Marie was alone in the assembly. A dance was in formation, and Malpertz, with a smile that made her tremble, approached the jeweller's daughter and offered his hand.

Marie retreated a step, and said, with visible tremor, "I—I thank you, Signor—you will pardon me—I am not well."

"Nay, lady," returned he, "say not so; the spirit of the dance will chase away ennui."

And again he advanced towards her, and now he had taken her hand. She felt for the moment a faintness stealing over her, and her glance involuntarily wandered to the door through which Richard had passed; then, in a firm, decided tone, withdrawing her hand, she said—

"Signor de Malpertz, I thank you for your courtesy, but I have no wish to dance."

"Come, I will take no refusal," persisted the Spaniard, half in jest, half in earnest; "you have never yet danced with me, and now you must."

At that moment Richard re-entered the room. Marie saw him not, nor did Alessandro; but her lip quivered as she now endeavoured to disengage her wrist from the firm grasp of the courtier, and she exclaimed in pain—

"You hurt me, sir! Signor de Malpertz, you are *rude!*" and her eye flashed fire as she spoke.

"Cruel Ma'mselle Delvise!" he returned.

"Signor," now interrupted Richard, "you forget yourself; and forget, too, the courtesy of a gentleman."

"When I need your counsel, sir," returned the other, haughtily, "I will ask it."

He still held the hand of Marie, whose heart was palpitating wildly.

"Whilst here, sir," exclaimed Richard, "that lady is under my protection; nor, in my presence, shall any dare to offer her an insult."

"Away!" cried the courtier; for, altho' the prince had left the room, he presumed upon his presence in the house; but he had overshot his mark. The word was scarcely uttered, when Richard grasped the Spaniard by the throat, and with one powerful effort he was hurled to the distance of several yards, and went reeling to the floor. Livid with rage, he sprang to his feet, and his naked sword glistened in the light. But, with a cry of horror, the guests interposed.

"I demand satisfaction!" shrieked the Spaniard; "Stand back! Blood for the insult!"

"How now, Malpertz?" demanded the prince, who, attracted by the noise, at that moment re-entered the room. "What means this disturbance? A drawn sword in the presence of ladies!" and then he sharply added, "Take you this for a camp, sir? Restore your blade to its scabbard—instantly."

Alessandro bowed to the presence of royalty, and obeyed. The circumstances were then rapidly explained to the prince, and Malpertz was violent in his demand for immediate satisfaction.

"This is no place nor time for brawls," said the Dauphin; "I must adjust this quarrel myself. Monsieur Bridgnorth, and you, Signor Malpertz, will follow me."

And, accompanied by the count, in whose mansion the outrage had been committed, and by a crowd of gentlemen, the prince and the disputants retired to a distant room.—Arbitration, however, was of no avail—the Spaniard would hear of no postponement; and, emboldened rather than abashed by the presence of his master, claimed immediate decision. It was an age of few words and sudden deeds; and, in the presence of the company, and by the sanction of the prince, as at a tournament in yet earlier times, the combatants were now arrayed, sword in hand. The ladies, and those who remained

in the drawing-room, listened eagerly for the issue of the consultation; when suddenly the alarming sounds of clashing steel struck upon their ears. Marie uttered a faint scream, and rushed from the room; and, ere a moment had elapsed, guided by the sound, the entire assembly broke into the chamber.

But the battle was decided. In an unguarded moment the sword of Malpertz was struck from his hand, and he was at the mercy of Richard. The guests entered the room as Richard took possession of the fallen weapon, when gracefully presenting it to his antagonist, he said,

"Take back your sword, Signor Malpertz, and when next it is drawn may it be in a nobler quarrel."

A murmur of applause broke from the lips of the auditors at the magnanimity of the victor; and the defeated Spaniard, sheathing his sword with a scowl, threw upon Richard a look of hate and scorn, and immediately disappeared.

A month passed, and the day was fixed for the marriage of Richard and Marie.—The parents of both had consented; and as Richard had now secured a handsome competency, he had resolved—for the horizon of France was darkening—to relinquish commerce and return to the land of his birth.—With that view, his accounts were closed, and the bulk of his property transmitted to his father's care, in London, retaining only sufficient for immediate wants. His domestic affairs were easily and quickly arranged, and a ship was in preparation for the voyage. The aged Delvise had been prevailed upon to follow them to England, as soon as his arrangements would permit.

When it became publicly known that their marriage day was fixed, the invitations to fashionable parties were even more numerous than before; and, whether by accident or design, wherever Marie was, there the prince made it convenient to be also. Not that he noticed, or appeared to notice, Marie more than another; or that his attentions were more particularly addressed to her; but it became the subject of pointed remark that the prince was more frequently in public than had been his custom. However this might be, or to whatever extent surmises were directed towards Marie, she scarcely noted the circumstance, and was certainly too much occupied with her own

happiness to observe or be annoyed by the Dauphin's presence.

It would be idle to dilate upon the preparations that ushered in the marriage-day, or upon the magnificence of the wedding, or the feasting and festivities that followed.—It is sufficient to say, that as the wedded pair had arranged to leave Paris on the evening of the same day, to pass a few hours at a country house some miles from the capital, and proceed thence direct to England, the Count of —— and his friends would part with them on no other condition than that they should devote the last few hours of their stay in Paris to a farewell party in the Count's mansion. In vain Richard pleaded: the Count would take no denial, but promised to release them at an early hour, as they had determined on leaving Paris that night.

That evening the Dauphin was not present, and the mirth was unrestrained; but time flew on, and every minute seemed an hour, to two at least—to the young couple. No sooner would Richard allude to the necessity of departure, than he was surrounded, and cheated into staying a little longer. The count had an admirable story to tell—the marquis recollected a striking illustration to it—and some one else, now that the affair was mentioned, remembered a singular collateral circumstance—and, in fine, it was near midnight before they escaped into their carriage and drove rapidly away.

It was a night in spring, and the heavy clouds had deepened in their hue, and hung like a pall over the silent capital. The streets were now deserted, and the feeble light of the lamps, that scarcely served to show the ropes by which they were suspended across the roads, appeared more fitful and cheerless than ever.

The carriage was proceeding slowly along an ill-paved street in a quiet quarter of the city, when a man, masked and cloaked, suddenly stepped forward to the horses' heads, and cried in a loud voice,—

"I arrest you!" seizing the reins with both his hands. At the same moment four others, but without masks, emerged from an archway, and rushed to the carriage door; but Richard had thrown it open at the sound of the voice, and now confronted the assailants.

"What means this? Who are you that dare to stay us in the public road?"

"Gentlemen of fortune!" was the laconic reply of one; "we pick up our living in the streets."

"Industrious artizans," said another, "for we work whilst our neighbours are asleep."

There was no need for these facetious explanations, for their exterior betrayed their calling.

Not caring to parley with the ruffians, who were too numerous, also, to be easily shaken off, Richard drew out his purse, saying:

"You are poor—you want money; take this and let us pass—I have no more."

"A very benevolent gentleman," remarked the fellow who had just spoken, as he snatched the purse; "and a very acute sense of the wants of his fraternity: but at the same time, that lady must come with us," producing a pistol as he spoke; "just as a pledge of your good faith, you know."

Richard started back, and the words—"My wife!" escaped his lips as he grasped the carriage door; and, as he spoke, a coach came slowly from the archway into the street, and drew up.

"Sorry to disturb conjugal felicity," rejoined the man, rubbing his chin with the muzzle of his pistol, "but if you're like me with *my* wife, you'll stand something handsome to get rid of her."

"Why do you delay?" demanded a tall, masked figure who had alighted from the coach; "bind him if he resists, and seize the lady."

The terrified Marie screamed as the men approached, and Richard instantly exclaimed to the masked figure as he held fast the door, and kept the men at bay:

"Dauphin, your disguise is useless! I know you—and I know you now for a villain!"

He had not drawn his sword, for policy withheld him; and although the prince, to avoid the possibility of bloodshed, and depending on superior force, had strictly forbidden the pistols to be loaded, Richard knew it not; and in a moment he was overpowered, and Marie dragged into the street. She implored the prince's mercy, and called upon his honour, but in vain, when a thought seemed suddenly to strike the prince, and at his command they were released—Marie flying to her husband for protection.

"You see," said the prince to Richard, "that you are at my mercy: Marie must and shall be mine; and now reflect: if you resist, she is mine by force, and the law will avail you nothing against me. Consent to an accommodation, and to-morrow you are the richest man in France, and my influence shall procure you a title to your name."

The husband's face was crimson as the dauphin spoke, and the haughty "Never!" that passed his lips in reply, went to the prince's heart, and again the latter grasped Marie by the arm.

Richard's breath came thick and fast. He gasped—"Prince, are you mad?"

"Beggars!" was the reply.

The prince had motioned the men aside while they spoke. Alessandro, for Richard now saw it was he, had left the horses' heads, and the opportunity was ripe for a desperate venture.

In a suppressed tone, and grinding his teeth with the words, the jeweller cried—"Beware, Monseigneur, and loose your hold."

"*Sacre!*—*Camaille!*" shouted the prince in scorn.

The bridegroom uttered not a word—for one moment his cheek flushed with a burning rage, and in another instant the Englishman's sword was red with the dauphin's blood.

A cry escaped his followers as they saw him fall to the ground, and in the confusion Richard swung the fainting Marie into the carriage, secured the door, and leaped upon the coachman's box. Away went the horses over the rugged street, scattering the sparks from their hoofs as they dashed madly on—their nostrils extended, and the white foam flying from their mouths—till far behind was the scene of danger, and the house of Delvise was gained. Richard, forbidding the coachman to move, first reassured Marie, then dashing open the door of the house, and pale, agitated, and breathless, stood in the chamber of Delvise.

"Where is the passport, Delvise? Give me some money, for I must fly!"

"It is there!" he exclaimed, and as Richard took it from the table, asked in terror, "Richard! Richard! your looks alarm me—what have you done?"

"Nay—do not ask me, Delvise; I have drawn my sword in the streets of Paris—I have slain the Dauphin of France."

The old man groaned, and sank heavily back upon the chair; a light footstep was heard upon the staircase, and the terrified Marie stood by her father's side. The jeweller clasped his daughter to his bosom, and then the pent-up feelings found an utterance, and she sobbed upon his breast.

"O God! O God!" cried the wretched husband, "and *this* is my wedding night!"

He buried his face in his hands, and in the pause that followed, a thousand thoughts were chasing through his mind, and above all there arose the image of the galleys, or of immediate and shameful death. He started from his momentary lethargy, with a wildness in his look and accent, as he exclaimed:

"Father, I must away: every moment wasted now is a letter on my tombstone!—Marie, my wife! will you go with me?"

"To death, Richard!" was the proud response, as she placed her hands in his with unshaken confidence and love.

"Then we must know no rest till the seas are between us. The ship is ready at Calais. Once on board we are safe. Father, you will remain secure—they cannot harm you; and give us now your blessing."

"God bless you!" cried the old man, as the tears started to his eyes. Richard grasped his hand, Marie took a last embrace, and the clocks of Paris struck out the hour of one, as the carriage halted at the barrier, whilst the passport was examined—and then the open country was before them, and they were driving swiftly on towards Calais.

Paternoster Row was then, as now, a busy thoroughfare, but it was before the days of the booksellers, and various was the merchandise for which its houses were celebrated; but the mercantile firm of Bridgnorth & Son, which for years had been its leading feature, no longer transacted business there—its operations being now conducted in more spacious premises on the banks of the Thames; and the deserted house, refitted and re-arranged, had lately become the town residence of the youngest son of the family, who, after an absence of some years, had returned from France, with a rapidly acquired fortune, and with a lady who bore his name.

Richard and his wife had not been many days in their new habitation, before they received a letter from Delvise, which conveyed to them the joyful intelligence that the

dauphin had survived his wound, and was out of danger; but then, to Richard, followed this alarming passage:

"As was inevitable, sentence of death has been passed upon you, and a heavy reward held out as the price of your apprehension; this you need not have feared—but I know from positive authority of a private nature, that the Spaniard, Malpertz, induced by the hope of a title, and by the desire to revenge some wrong that you have done him, has taken a sacred oath to follow you to your retreat, and at the risk of his own life, to capture or destroy you."

At that moment a ship was crossing the seas to England, and Alessandro Malpertz was pacing to and fro upon her deck.

A cloudy day had given place to a clear, starlight night. The autumn winds were abroad, and the few leaves that yet remained upon the solitary tree in the garden attached to Richard's house fluttered mournfully upon the branches—for their companions were yellow and dead, and scattered upon the ground, and the rustling song of the green and crowded leaves, that had given renewed youth and cheerful life to the old tree, was now silent and gone, and the sound occasionally given forth, as the strong wind more rudely shook the branches, was but the memory of a former time, and the heavy sigh of old age for the faded glory of youth.

One apartment of that house, which looked upon the garden, presented a striking contrast to the cheerlessness without; a large bright fire blazed ruddily in the grate, and lighted up the paintings that were hung about the room, while the magnificent mirror upon the mantel-piece reflected the dancing rays as they shifted fantastically about, and followed their curious antics in a hundred varying phases.

It was one of those roomy and substantial houses that our ancestors loved to build; and every chamber gave an indication of wealth and ease. The rich tint of Sienna marble was on the walls, and the broad and many-stepped staircases, the massive and highly-finished doors, the warm wainscoting and profuse drapery—all served to stamp the habitation as that of a family of affluence. It was in a time when the rich merchants of London invariably dwelt in the city, and built for themselves houses more

resembling the mansions of nobility than the dwellings of tradesmen, and this house was one of the most sumptuous. Retired somewhat from the public thoroughfares, and reached by a court-way closed at night by tall and massy iron gates, it combined at once the comforts and convenience of a town residence with the repose and safety of a castle. But on the night of which we treat, when the iron gates were closed, they shut the enemy in. At dusk, a stealthy footstep had passed unseen up the courtway, and when the porter secured the gates and entered the house, he saw not the dark figure crouching beneath the shadow of the garden wall.

Let us return to the chamber where the broad mirror is chasing the shifting rays upon the pictures, and as we pass through the doorway, we may hear in a low tone the single word "Check!" pronounced.

The two figures seated at the table by the fire, with the curious little ivory men between them, are Richard and Marie, and they are playing the thoughtful game of Chess.

But a deeper game was being played—a game of mighty import, to be won and lost that night. The old tree in the garden, whose branches sometimes touched the window, was shaking violently, and it was not the wind that shook it; it was no bird that alighted now upon it, for a strong man had climbed to the trunk, and was straining every nerve to reach the window by the aid of its sturdy arms.

"You are not playing well to-night, Richard," said his wife.

"I am not altogether well myself, Marie," he rejoined, as he threw himself back in his chair. "The weather influences one's spirits; it has been very gloomy to-day, and I have had sadder thoughts than usual; I have been thinking of Paris, and I never think of Paris without being sad."

"You should not give way to desponding thoughts," said Marie, tenderly; "I can think of Paris, and yet not be sad."

"It is when I think of *you*, Marie, that the shadow comes. You do not betray a wish to see France again, and I know it is in kindness to me you hide your thoughts. Do you never long for your native country? do you never sigh for the home of your birth?"

"Richard, Richard," she replied, as she rose and threw her arms about him; "where you are is my country, and the only home I ask is in your heart."

"Ugh!" cried the husband, and started to his feet as though an adder had stung him. His eye had glanced upon the window as a human face had pressed against the glass; and they were features indelibly stamped upon his memory. Quick as thought he put his wife from him and darted across the room, flung open the casement and gazed out into the night. But the quiet stars looked down upon him; and as the cool autumn air gently fanned his forehead, the strong clear moonlight streamed past him into the chamber, and played upon the marble mantelpiece. He passed his hand across his brow as he fastened the window and drew the curtains more closely together.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife anxiously.

"Why I thought—oh, nothing—an idle fancy—no more;" and he stood awhile gazing abstractedly upon the fire: then stepping to the door and opening it, he called mildly, "Philip! Philip!"

A domestic appeared in answer to the summons.

"Are the outer gates closed?"

"I secured them myself, sir, at nightfall."

"It is well; see that the doors are barred, and—good night."

An hour elapsed, and the servants had retired to rest; Marie had sought her chamber—it was within that where they had played at chess—and Richard was alone.

Above the staircase on the second story of the house a powerful alarm-bell had been erected, and from it diverged wires that passed down the walls, and were skillfully and secretly attached to the principal chamber doors, leaving it in the power of the occupant of the room to set or loose at will the springs connected with the wire above the door; but should the door be accidentally moved or an entry attempted by a strange hand, the entire machinery was instantly set in motion, and the alarm effectually spread.

Richard went to the door to set the spring; but before doing so he opened it, and looked for a moment through the staircase window at the dark cathedral, whose gigantic bulk stood clearly out against the cold blue sky.

And there he leaned against the doorway, and mused till the cold air reminded him of bed, and sighing, he scarce knew why, he softly closed the door, set firmly the spring of the alarm-wire, and went towards the hearth.

It was no fancy of Richard's when, an hour before, he had sprung towards the window; but when he looked forth he saw nothing—for the intruder had suddenly dropped from the window-sill among the shrubbery of the garden, and the dark dress had blended with the leaves, while the deepened shade that hung around the spot had aided the deception. Nor could Richard know, as he gazed afterwards through the staircase window, that the same being had crept round to that side of the house, and was seeking the means of climbing to that very window—that, indeed, he was accomplishing his object as Richard fastened the door and set the spring.

The lamp upon the table was faintly glimmering, and nearly extinct; the fire was low in the grate, and what remained was powerless and dulled; yet still the master of the house gazed upon the coal, for his thoughts were busy, and his mind was far away, and he saw not the dying lamp nor the perishing fire, for in imagination he stood again in the streets of Paris—when a light sharp crack startled him from his reverie, and he listened: but the only sound that broke upon his ear was the great cathedral bell, as it slowly gave out its ponderous tones, and announced, by the twelve beats of its mighty pulse, the hour of midnight in London.

Hark! he could not be mistaken!—there was a stealthy footstep on the landing! No: again all was still. But his suspicions were aroused; he thought of the face at the window, and he shuddered. He drew a poniard from his breast—a weapon that never left him—and waited, and listened, with his glance fixed upon the handle of the door,—and, as he looked, he distinctly saw it move.

"Who's there?" he demanded, in a loud commanding tone, and grasped the poniard firmly.

The sound of his voice was like a spell upon the intruder, who, finding the door locked and resisting his hand, threw his whole weight heavily against it, and burst violently into the room. The alarm-wire was broken by the shock, but the bell rung

out a fearful peal. The man was masked, and in his hand he held a horse-pistol, which was levelled at Richard; but the unexpected bell unnerved his arm, the doubtful light cheated his aim, and the bullet whizzed through the hair of Richard, while the majestic mirror crashed into ruin at his feet.

"Help! help!" he exclaimed, as he dashed away the chair that was before him. The assailant saw his failure, and in an instant drew a knife from his girdle, with his left hand, and, uttering a savage Spanish oath, rushed upon Richard with the butt-end of his uplifted pistol. Swift as thought, the young man darted from the spot, and his assailant, unprepared for the movement, was carried by his own force beyond the mark, and stumbled. Like a tiger Richard sprang upon him, and struck him in the back with his poinard: the keen blade passed through the lungs into the heart, and the wretched man fell heavily upon the hearth—a corpse.

In a moment the room was filled, and Marie clung to her husband, and thanked God for his safety. The alarm was sudden, and they brought no lights. Richard dragged the body to the window, and when he drew back the curtains and tore off the mask, the broad moonlight revealed to him the face and form of Alessandro Malpertz!

Generations have passed since that time, and the world has seen a change. The family of Bridgnorth yet exists, but reverses have come—the name is changed—and the descendants know nothing of the wealth of their ancestors. The house yet remains, but it is not the same. The hand of time has been busy with the spot, and commerce has claimed it for herself. Where the garden stood, and the old tree grew, is now a garden no more: the space is filled by out-houses pertaining to the buildings that surround it, and scarcely a trace remains to say what once it was. But in the house itself are many indications of the past, and here and there the rich paint upon the walls, though cracked and broken, defaced and stained, speaks out from its ancient garb to tell of an earlier time; and to this day, in its old position, yet hangs a remnant of the alarm-bell, with fragments of the wire dangling from it, but all broken and useless, and only serving to excite speculation as to its

former intent in him who may chance to mount the staircase.

It was but the other day that I stood in the room where the fated mirror had fallen, and endeavoured to recall the incidents I have narrated. My eye fell upon the chimney-piece, and I could not look without regret upon the lately-broken marble—the work of a careless hand—nor without a wish, perhaps an idle one, that the time-honoured relics of our ancestors should be handled with a more gentle touch, and be more reverently removed. The building, from time to time, has had many masters, and undergone many alterations: rooms have been merged into each other by the removal of party-walls, and the early arrangement materially interfered with to suit the whim or convenience of the varied occupants; nor does it longer bear a distinctive character—for two adjoining houses have been blended with it, and it is now somewhat difficult to trace the boundary of each. In place of the quiet and repose of old, the roar of machinery echoes through the rooms; the passages are no longer trodden with a noiseless step; and at the entrance of the courtway, where the high gates stood, are now two slight iron barriers—the supporters of a gate, which in its turn has been removed; and on either side a bright brass plate, but lately placed there, announces to the passers-by that the premises are in the occupation of printers!

I know not why we should speak mournfully of other days, nor why we should approach, with a reverence amounting at times to awe, the things upon which Time has done its work; yet it would seem an immutable principle in human nature, and in human nature alone. May it not be that in these perishing mementos we see an image of our own decay?—silent admonitors of that great Mystery to which we are all hastening, and in which, sooner or later, we must be merged!

Sensibility is the cause either of the greatest happiness or misery attending the female sex,—but too frequently it leads to the latter, yet if virtue is their guide it gives them gleams of the former by a hopeful assurance of eternal felicity.

Habitual acts of kindness have a powerful effect in softening the heart.

For the *Mayflower*.

"O BREATHE NO MORE THAT NAME TO ME."

O breathe no more that name to me,
For I have steeled my heart to bear
The worst extremes of poverty,
The canker pangs of doubt and care.

Yes, I have calmly learned to smile,
Though cold contempt and scorn my lot,
Unheeded by the careless throng,
And, by the friends I loved, forgot.

I've said to Envy's foolish dreams,
"Deceive no more my trusting youth;"
And summoned, to direct my steps,
The counsels of the matron, truth.

For chastened is my wayward heart,
To duty's stern decree I bow,—
And, patiently, with willing steps,
I tread life's thorny pathway now.

Then, if you love me, breathe no more
The name that mocks my self-control—
That bids the waves of passion sweep
In fiercest tumult o'er my soul.

Too vividly it brings to mind
The golden hopes that once were mine;
The dreams that lent delusive light
As false, as fair, I now resign.

The buoyant step is now subdued—
The joyous laugh is heard no more;
And the pale cheek forgets the tint
That once, in happier days, it wore:

Yet hush, my heart, no more rebel,
Bow to a Father's gentle love,
Who calls thee, from earth's fleeting toys,
To seek for nobler gifts above.

Halifax.

F. R.

What is True Love?

Two ladies of my acquaintance, a short time ago, discussed the important question:—"What is true love?" And, reader, would you believe it, they differed so much in opinion, that they agreed to refer to the first gentleman they met; with the understanding that they should have been previously acquainted with their umpire. Fortunately for me, I happened to be that lucky personage; and each lady began to unfold her views on the subject with that rapidity of tongue only found amongst woman.

"My dear John, don't you think; that when one person begins to feel interested in another and—"

"No, no, I object to your way of asking the question, my dear Jane;" began Mary, before Jane could finish her speech; and I had begun to think it was going to be a regular set-speech, too. But, as I found they were going to differ about-so trifling a matter, I asked what they wished to know; and on being informed, said: "I am sure I cannot give you any definite answer at present,

but let me hear each of your views on the subject; but please, only one at a time—therefore, let me hear yours first, Jane, as you appear to have studied what to say, and have all at your tongue's end. She then began, in earnest, somewhat as follows:—

"Well, I say, that when one person begins to feel interested in another; anxious about their welfare, inquires about, and gets to know all they can about them; I say that love prompts them to do so; and that is true love, and nothing else, although that anxiety, et cetera, be but slight and not very deeply rooted in them."

"Oh, I suppose," inquired I, "you are an advocate for what are called '*first impressions*'?"

"To be sure I am; and I think that is true love, for I really '*fell in love*' with Captain C— last night; he is such a nice fellow, although I never saw him before."

"Please don't detail such a love story at present. I suppose you would have accepted his hand in marriage, if he had offered it this morning; but, remember, Jane, this old saying:—'*Marry in haste, and repent at leisure*.'"

"Now, Mary, I think I understand Jane's views, let me hear yours."

"Well, John," she began in an undertone, "I differ from her very much; I am not an advocate for what are called '*first impressions*,' but for that only true love which has been seasoned and strengthened by time; that God-like love, always the same, or rather, loving more for knowing more; that which would endure even death for the loved one. Jane thinks only of loving such as Captain C—, but my love would extend to all mankind; from king to peasant, from the free to the slave, from black to white, from the savage to the most civilized."

"Yours, Mary, is what may be called *love universal*; or, where you see your fellow-beings, there would you extend your love?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think I now understand you both; and, as your umpire, it is my duty to sum up, and then give my opinion on this important question. First of all, I must comment on Jane's remarks. I hope she will excuse me, when I say that I cannot agree with her altogether, but in part can;

—‘When one person feels interested in another,’ she says, ‘that is love and nothing else;—it is love, truly, but like a man who has just begun to ascend a hill, he will never reach the top, if he goes no further: so Jane’s theory of love must advance, or it will not do for me. Again, let me tell you, I am not in favour of what are called ‘first impressions.’ Jane, I would advise you not to determine too hastily, but weigh well and consider; ‘look well before you leap,’ or you may afterwards feel the consequences; be careful not to attach yourself to worthless persons; such as, I am afraid, Captain C—is.”

“Now, Mary, I have not much to say upon your remarks, except that I agree with them generally; but let me also caution you not to attach yourself to all indiscriminately, as you might have to rue as well as Jane.

“I suppose I must now give you my opinion of love, although it is nearly the same as Mary’s; as you will guess from the remarks I have made. A picture painted in the brightest colours is not always best; but often far from it: ’tis the equal blending that strikes the eye. So it is with true love; he who paints you in the brightest form, does not always love; nay, generally praises you to accomplish his own ends—while, on the other hand, he who sometimes remonstrates, find fault, and points out your errors, is often your best friend; and, if he do it with good grace and suitable advice, blending your good as well as evil doings together, and making a picture as you ought to be, he cannot fail to do good. But, besides this, there is other love equally good and noble; that which would defend the fallen and the weak: that which would hide the faults it saw in another; that which would cheer the outcast and forsaken; reform the vicious; bring the wanderer from virtue to vice back again to virtue; that which endureth all things, hopeth all things; which setteth forth no evil reports, but striveth to curb calumny, vice, drunkenness, and other evils too numerous to detail. I could dwell on slavery, war, &c., and those noble-minded men, who strive to abolish such fiendish, base, and unnecessary institutions, but my time will not at present admit; however, I may hereafter have an opportunity, which I shall not pass heedlessly by. I must now bid you good-bye, and in doing so, I would

say, that he who sincerely striveth to benefit his fellow-men, no matter in what form, or how, loves them truly; and that is what I call True Love.

The Language of Flowers.

The fair lily is an image of holy innocence; the purple rose is a figure of unfeigned love; faith is represented to us in the blue passion-flower; hope beams forth from the evergreen; peace from the olive branch; immortality from immortelle; the cares of life are represented by the rosemary; the victory of the spirit by the palm; modesty, by the blue, fragrant violet; compassion by the ivy; tenderness by the myrtle; affectionate reminiscences by the forget-me-not; natural honesty and fidelity by the oak leaf; unassumingness by the corn-flower; (the cyan;) and the auriculas, “how friendly they look upon us with their child-like eyes.” Even the dispositions of the human soul are expressed by flowers. Thus, silent grief is portrayed by the weeping willow; sadness, by the angelica; shuddering, by the aspen; melancholy by the cypress; desire of meeting again, by the starwort; the night smelling rocket is a figure of life, as it stands on the frontiers between light and darkness.—Thus nature, by these flowers, seems to betoken her loving sympathy with us, and whom hath she not often more consoled than heartless and voiceless men are able to do.

A GENEROUS HERO.—The deputies of a great metropolis in Germany, offered Marshal Turenne one hundred thousand crowns not to pass with his army through the city. “Gentlemen,” replied he, “I cannot, in conscience, accept your money, as I had no intention to pass that way.”

SELF-CONFIDENCE.—They who gird themselves for the business of the world should go to it with a sense of the utility, the importance, the necessity and the duty of their exertions.—*Southey.*

Lord Bacon says, “Slander is one of the taxes which excellent persons pay to the public; the best persons are most injured by it, as the birds generally peck at the best fruit.

Call me Pet Names, Dearest.

BY MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

Call me pet names, dearest! Call me a bird,
That flies to thy breast at one cherishing word,
That folds its wild wings there, ne'er dreaming of
flight,

That tenderly sings there in loving delight!
Oh! my sad heart keeps pining for one fond word,
Call me pet names, dearest! Call me thy bird!

Call me sweet names, darling! Call me a flower,
That lives in the light of thy smile each hour,
That droops when its heaven thy heart grows cold,
That shrinks from the wicked, the false, and bold,
That blooms for thee only, through sunlight and
shower;

Call me pet names, darling! Call me thy flower!

Call me fond names, dearest! Call me a star,
Whose smiles beaming welcome thou feel'st from afar,
Whose light is the clearest, the truest to thee,
When the "night of sorrow" steals over life's sea;
Oh! trust thy rich bark where its warm rays are,
Call me pet names, darling! Call me thy star!

Call me dear names, darling! Call me thine own!
Speak to me always in love's low tone!
Let not thy look nor thy voice grow cold:
Let my fond worship thy being enfold;
Love me for ever, and love me alone!
Call me pet names, darling! Call me thine own!

A Fair Offer.

Dr. Franklin, it is said, once made the following offer to a young man:

"Make a full estimate of all you owe and all that is owing to you. As fast as you can collect, pay over to those you owe. If you cannot, renew your note every year, and get the best security you can. Go to business diligently and be industrious; waste no idle moments; be very economical in all things; discard all pride; be faithful in your duty to God, be regular and hearty in prayer morning and night; attend church and meeting regularly every Sunday and do unto all men as you would they should do unto you. If you are too needy in circumstances to give to the poor, do whatever else is in your power for them cheerfully, but if you can, help the poor and unfortunate. Pursue this course diligently and sincerely for seven years, and if you are not happy, comfortable, and independent in your circumstances, come to me and I will pay your debts."

Young people, try it.

It is the interest of every man who wishes to be happy himself to endeavour to make others so.

UNEDUCATED WOMEN.—There is no sight so truly pitiable as that afforded by a rising family of children under the guardianship of an ignorant mother.—I would be understood in the use of the term IGNORANT, as wishing to convey the picture of a mother whose maiden days were devoted to the acquirements of fashionable accomplishments, to the exclusion of solid mental culture and acquirements.

The woman who reigns the queen of the ball room is very seldom found capable of being the governess of her own children; and the time spent at soiree and route will be bitterly regretted, when age brings experience and consequent remorse for the evil she has inflicted and her incapacity to discharge properly the interesting and important duties of her station, when it was her natural duty to be at once an instructor and example.

The maiden who casts aside her book for the cotillion, will never win the love and esteem of a sensible man; and should she select a partner for life among her partners in the dance, she will find, when it is too late, that her choice has been as unfortunate, as the place where she first attracted his notice was injudicious.

I never look without pain upon that young wife, who enters upon her second era with fashionable ideas of society. Her first era has been devoted to the attainment of certain rules and systems, which are scarcely pardonable in the girl, certainly censurable in a wife, and criminal in the mother.

DISCOVERIES OF THE LAST HALF CENTURY.—There has been no period since the commencement of the world, in which so many important discoveries tending to benefit mankind were made, as in the last half century. Some of the most wonderful results of human intellect have been witnessed in the last fifty years. Some of the grandest conceptions of genius have been perfected. It is remarkable how the mind of the world has run into scientific investigation, and what achievements it has effected in that short period. Before the year 1800, there was not a single steamboat in existence, and the application of steam to machinery was unknown. Fulton launched the first steamboat in 1807. Now there are three thousand steamboats traversing the waters of

America, and the time saved in travel is equal to seventy per cent. The rivers of every country in the world nearly, are traversed by steamboats. In 1800, there was not a single railroad in the world. In the United States alone there are now 8,707 miles of railroad, costing \$286,000,000 to build, and about 23,000 miles of road in England and America. The locomotive will now travel in as many hours, a distance, which, in 1800, required as many days to accomplish. In 1800 it took weeks to convey intelligence between New Orleans and Philadelphia, and now it can be accomplished in minutes through the electric telegraph which only had its beginning in 1843. Voltaism was discovered in March, 1800. The electric magnet in 1821. Electrotyping was discovered only a few years ago. Hoe's printing press, capable of printing 10,000 copies an hour, is a very recent discovery, but of a most important character. Gas light was unknown in 1800; now every city and town of any pretences is lighted with it, and we have the announcement of a still greater discovery, by which light, heat, and motive power may be all produced from water with hardly any cost. Daguerre communicated to the world his beautiful invention in 1839. Gun cotton and chloroform are discoveries of but a few years old. Astronomy has added a number of new planets to the solar system. Agricultural chemistry has enlarged the domain of knowledge in that important branch of scientific research; and mechanics have increased the facilities for production, and the means of accomplishing an amount of labor which far transcends the ability of united mental effort to accomplish. The triumphs achieved in this last branch of discovery and invention are enough to mark the last half century as that which has most contributed to augment personal comforts, enlarge the enjoyments, and add to the blessings of man. What will the next half century accomplish? We may look for still greater discoveries, for the intellect of man is awake, exploring every mine of knowledge, and searching for useful information in every department of art and industry.

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MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL.—It is a true index of the progress of our race, to observe the regard paid to homes: and it is a con-

soling reflection that its sanctity has attracted, at last, the attention it deserves. To be loved as it ought, to awaken the affection home should inspire, it must be beautiful, and worthy of being cherished. When it is so easy a thing to beautify and adorn home, is it not a matter of surprise that so little attention, in this respect, is given to it in many parts of our country? Indeed, we may fear that this neglect will become "a byword of reproach." It is a mistaken idea that home cannot be made beautiful, but by the costly exotics. Incentives, of the highest character, are held out to induce men to plant and cultivate shady trees. No argument is needed to confirm the truth that shade trees promote health, that they are conducive to comfort and pleasure; and he is truly to be pitied, who sees no beauty in trees, nothing majestic or grand in trees, Nature's waving, "frowning Titans." If more is required to induce the growing of trees and shrubs for shade and ornament, compare the appearance of some of our villages, where, for near the full circle of a mile, scarce a solitary tree intervenes its grateful shade to break the rays of a summer sun's roasting heat, or to invite the cool, refreshing breeze: compare one of these, (for there are many such,) with the pleasant town whose streets and squares are tastefully planted with handsome elms, maples, or locusts. Not only is the aspect of the latter more pleasing, or the effect more delightful; but it is the safest criterion by which to judge of the virtue, refinement and intellectual cultivation of its citizens; for where Nature's beauties are cherished, vice and sensuality cannot flourish. What is true of towns and villages, is equally true relative to the homes of men, except the influence of the former is more general, while that of home, whether farm-house or village residence, more directly affects the individual family. There is no investment of labour or time that remunerates man with so much and healthful enjoyment, as that bestowed upon the cultivation of shade and ornamental trees and shrubbery. These make home beautiful; beauty will endear it to his soul and make it "part of him;" then, in truth, will it be his own "sweet home," and his country—

"The land of the myrtle, the cypress, and vine,
Where all, save the spirit of man, is divine."

*For the Mayflower.***OH CHERISH A LOVE FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.**

Oh! cherish a love for the beautiful,
 'Twill make this earth more bright;
 'Twill cast o'er the shadowy pall of time
 A halo of golden light.

The radiant smile of a glorious God
 That shone on creation's birth;
 Still pours its beams like an ocean of light,
 On the beautiful things of Earth.

Life hath its hours of weariness,
 And seasons of gloomy despair;
 Sorrow will rest on the youthful brow,
 And leave its dread symbol there.

But love for the beautiful things of earth,
 Disperses the gathering cloud;
 While streams of gushing delight returns
 To the heart by anguish bound.

Earth's beauty will fade as age draws on,
 And the visions of youth depart;
 But it gives to the spirit a holier aim,
 And a halcyon joy to the heart.

Halifax, N. S., 1851.

CAREE.

Answers to Enigmas.

No. 1.
 By T. T.
 Kiss.

No. 2.
 By H. M.
 Caress.

Editorial.**WORKS OF IMAGINATION.**

Some good-meaning people appear to regard all works of imagination, except those of a decidedly religious character, in an unfavourable light,—and pronounce the reading of them a sinful waste of time. We freely admit, that many of those works have a tendency to injure the mind, dissipate the attention, and give ungoverned reins to fancy, so that a return from their perusal to the world of action, is accompanied by a distaste for its simple joys, and utter incompetence to encounter its duties and sorrows,—yet, at the same time, we conceive that a line of demarcation might and should be drawn, and while are justly excluded those productions, though emanating from the pen of genius, which offer incense at the altar of vice, let us welcome, to the domestic circle, those innocent productions of fancy which minister only to morality and virtue. Few, who are at all acquainted with the constitution of man, will deny the necessity of recreation,

—and, in support of it, how often the sentiment of the couplet which, from its truthfulness, has passed into a proverb, recurs to the mind, that labour, without recreation, is injurious both to the physical and mental system,—but the question constantly occurring, and one somewhat difficult to solve is, “What is innocent recreation?” and here we meet a variety of conflicting opinions, which, however, would occupy too much time to specify or answer. Though to this law of our being all nature ministers: the azure canopy of the heavens,—earth with its undulating surface,—its gorgeous tints of leaf and flower,—the placid murmur of the silvery lake, and the awful sounds of the mighty ocean,—yet how often the dwellers in the city are partially or totally debarred from a sight of “Nature in her green array,”—or, if, perchance, they steal a few moments from carking care to wander in the shady grove,—to stand by the stream, as it reflects the rich hues of sunset,—or, perhaps, reclining under the shadow of some graceful tree, listen entranced to the sweet warbling choristers, whose presence make glad the “solemn depths of the forest,” how quickly are they recalled from such soft and soothing delights to mingle again in the whirl of business. It is true that to many,

“Knowledge here,
 Rich with the spoils of time her page unrolls;”

yet study cannot be called recreation,—and though much of our time may and should be devoted to its pursuit, the want still remains,—and is felt, especially, by those who are separated from the endearments of home, and the charms which hover around the domestic circle. Hence arises a strong temptation to mingle in the crowded saloon, or noisy bar-room, where every thing of a pure and intellectual nature is banished, and the animal passions are alone ministered to.—For clearer illustration let us suppose a case, and one to the fidelity of which every day life can bear witness. A young man bids adieu to his home, it may be one situated in a rural district, if so, from his boyhood, he has been in daily and familiar intercourse with Nature; he enters a crowded city, paces its busy thoroughfares, becomes, not merely a spectator, but a partaker in its turmoils,—and is initiated into its worldly customs and maxims. For a time the novelty of the scene charms him,—but as that

wears off, and the monotony of business increases, he becomes restless, morbid and uneasy. Thrown among strangers, whose coldness, to a sensitive heart, seems a strange contrast to the warmth of domestic affection, debarred, by daily avocation, from mingling much with society, his spirits falter, and vainly yearning for home enjoyments he seeks for something to supply their place,—and the need of recreation becomes more and more apparent. And now, solicited by some gay companion, he is half-tempted to seek it in the halls of revelry, where a few moments of so-called pleasure are dearly bought by future upbraidings of conscience, when his glance falls on a book that has lain, forgotten and unopened, on his table; he takes it up, becomes interested and absorbed in its contents,—and the hours, which would otherwise have been devoted to noisy mirth and sparkling wine, have passed unheeded and innocently away. But what volume is it that has fascinated him? It is a work of imagination, whose sole aim was the presentation of right principles, in the most striking and interesting light,—one calculated to win the attention of the gay and youthful. It embodies a story of every-day life,—and so forcibly depicted are its characters, so vivid its descriptions, that the reader almost forgets that he is not an actor in the scenes: the beauty of earnest and active endeavours, of a well ordered life, are placed in liveliest colours, his ambition to “go and do likewise,” is aroused, and he rises, from its perusal, a wiser and a better man.

Again: It is evening,—and a group of ladies are seated, in a fashionable drawing-room, in the city. Two of them are deeply engaged in conversation, the purport of which may be conjectured from the half-whispered sentences that reach the ear, “Dear me, did you ever hear anything like it?” or, “I wonder Mrs. R. would have acted so,” &c. &c. But let us direct our attention to a lady who is seated a little apart near a centre table, on which stands a lamp. She too is busily occupied,—but it is in reading a work which endeavours to expose the folly and unkindness of slander. The author might have written with greater ease perhaps an essay on the subject, but, justly concluding that in such a form it was more liable to be rejected by those for whose benefit it was intened, he weaves it into a

narrative,—and thus, while he interests, insensibly instructs the reader. More clearly than ever before she perceives that it is a sin against the law of love,—and, rising from a perusal of the book, inwardly resolves that by both precept and example she will discountenance it for the future.

Here, forcibly recurs to our memory a remark made by a lady “not a long time ago.” In alluding to works of the above description, her answer was that “she was too serious to read them.” A few moments after we heard her engaged in an animated discussion on some trivial article of apparel, and for half an hour its merits and demerits were dwelt on with a zest which showed that the heart of the speaker was engaged in the subject. The writer must be pardoned in believing that the lady had mistaken her motive,—and that want of intellectual taste, not religious principle, had actuated her refusal to peruse them.

In conclusion, while we have endeavoured to prove that well-written works of imagination, of a moral and intellectual character, may not only be harmless but positively beneficial in their tendency,—and while we would be very far from placing them in the stead of those of a religious, scientific, or literary character, yet, at the same time, we would claim for them a place in the household library, which, while justly excluding all works liable to pervert the judgment, or vitiate the taste, should be freely opened to those which while they are subservient to virtue, afford a healthy stimulus to the imagination, that great and glorious boon bestowed by the Creator, and surely not in vain. No, for let persons pronounce against it as they may, it is good for all to let their spirits soar sometimes, above the petty cares of earth; to remember that the wants of our spiritual are as real as those of our physical nature; that life consisteth not merely in the abundance of worldly endowments, and tangible pleasures possessed,—but, properly to enjoy existence, the mind must be actively alive to beauty in all its manifestations,—and the heart must feelingly respond to every noble and philanthropic sentiment.

Cheerfulness and good nature are the ornaments of virtue.

Change of fortune is the lot of life.

APPEAL TO THE LADIES.—The desirableness of a more extensive circulation of the *Mayflower*, induces an appeal to the Ladies, for whose instructive amusement this Periodical is principally intended. Will they not afford us their invaluable influence in obtaining subscribers among their friends and acquaintances? The low price of the *Mayflower* requires a large number of subscribers to sustain it,—and, of course, were it better supported, many improvements might be made which, at present, it is impossible to attempt.

Perhaps our friends will bear this in mind,—and if they approve speak a word in its behalf, in the social circle—

LATEST PARISIAN AND LONDON Fashions.

(From the Ladies' Newspaper.)

Jacket of Worked Muslin. This is one of the newest forms introduced in Paris, where it is distinguished by the name of "Casaque." The foundation is of clear white muslin. It is made to draw in easy fulness at the waist, is high at the back, and opens to a point in front of the bosom. The top is edged all round with a trimming of needlework, turning over as a revers, and carried down in front as low as the waist. A volant, or frill of muslin, worked at the edge, forms the basque round the waist. The sleeves, which descend about midway down the lower arm, are loose at the ends, and are edged with a double volant of needlework. The pattern of the work consists of an open scalloped edge, surmounted by rows of light sprigs. This casaque has a very pretty effect when worn over a dress of colored silk. The dress should have short sleeves, with a corsage half high.

White Muslin Mantalet. Muslin mantalets will doubtless be exceedingly fashionable, as the warm weather advances, and we therefore select, for description, one of the newest and most elegant of the many that have been prepared for the present season. This mantalet is of the shawl form, but very much rounded at the back. The ends in front, also slightly rounded, descend to about the knees of the wearer. The mantalet itself is made of very thin, soft, white muslin,

and it is trimmed with worked volants, from six to seven inches broad, and set on rather full. The back and front of the mantalet are edged with two volants, and a third passing over the arm-hole, forms a sort of sleeve. The dress, worn with this mantalet, is of white muslin, richly ornamented with needlework—but the mantalet is intended to be worn in out-door costume, with a dress of silk or *barege*. The pattern of the needlework consists of a deep scallop, with a notched or dentated edge. Within each large scallop there is a sprig, the leaves of which are formed in open work.

Muslin Sleeve. It may be made either of sprigged or plain muslin. The trimming is composed of two deep volants, ornamented with needlework of a very rich design, and scalloped at the edge.

Morning Costume. Dress of white muslin, trimmed with two deep flounces, scalloped and ornamented with needlework, each flounce surmounted by a plaiting, formed of a narrow band or stripe of muslin, edged merely with a hem. A white muslin *pardessus*, the trimming corresponding with that on the dress. Habit shirt and collar of worked muslin. Cap of valenciennes lace, trimmed with lilac ribbon. Straw-coloured kid gloves.

The Work-table.

BY M'LE. DUFOUR.

CROCHET.

Infant's Cap.

Materials:—Marshland's crotchet thread, No. 100; Penelope crotchet, No. 4.

Make a round foundation of seven stitches—work two stitches of double crotchet in each stitch.

2nd round.—1 double crotchet, 5 chain, miss one; repeat.

3rd round.—Double crotchet in centre stitch of chain, 9 chain; repeat.

4th round.—Like 3rd round.

5th round.—Double crotchet in every stitch.

6th round.—3 double crotchet, 11 chain, miss 5; repeat.

7th round.—Double crotchet in every stitch.

- 8th round.—1 double crotchet, 5 chain,
 9th round.—1 long, 3 chain, miss 2; repeat.
 10th round.—1 long in centre chain, 4 chain; repeat.
 11th round.—1 long in centre chain, 5 chain; repeat.
 12th round.—8 long, 4 chain; repeat.
 13th round.—Like 12th round.
 14th round.—4 long in chain, 5 chain, 1 long in 4th long, 5 chain; repeat.
 15th round.—Like 14th round.
 16th and 17th rounds.—Like 12th and 13th rounds.
 18th round.—1 long, 3 chain, miss 3.
 19th round.—Like 18th round.
 20th round.—Double crotchet.

Now work, in close and open squares, 3 chains between each long in the latter, and finish with a round of double long stitches, and one of double crotchet.

Items of News.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY IN BULGARIA.—A very curious discovery has just been made in the province of Bulgaria, in Turkey. Some Greek workmen, in digging near the village of Rahmanileah and the town of Hadzah, found a large table of gray colored marble; they removed it, and found one beneath exactly similar; having removed that also, they saw a great number of objects shining like gold and silver. They hastened to the captain of the district, and that functionary, assisted by two ecclesiastics, proceeded to make an examination. They found a skeleton of large stature, with a copper helmet on his head, surrounded by a thin crown of gold; the hands and arms up to the elbows were stained with something of a bronze color; in the right hand was a copper chain, with an incense-box of the same metal, covered with verdigris; on the third finger of the left hand was a gold ring, with the figures in Roman characters, 966. By the side of the skeleton were three cups in silver, very brilliant, and 26 cups in iron, very rusty, but bearing traces of having been gilded; there were also an immense number of nails, and about 500 arrows, of which the wood was rotten and the points rusty. The skeleton and the different articles were carefully packed up, and sent to Adrianople for examination.

CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.—There is a pleasing experiment which I have often made in my youth. It is this:—If you place your head in the corner of a room, or on a high backed chair, and close one eye, and allow another person to put a candle upon a table; and if you try to snuff your candle with one eye shut, you will find that you cannot do it—in all human probability you will

fail nine times out of ten. You will hold the snuffers too near or too distant. You cannot form any estimate of the actual distance. But if you open the other eye the charm is broken; or if, without opening the other eye, you move your head sensibly, you are enabled to judge of the distance. I wish not for my present purpose to speak of the effect of the motion of the head, but to call your attention to the circumstance, that when the head is perfectly still; you will be unable with a single eye to judge with accuracy of the correct distance of the candle.—*Professor Airy, Royal Astronomer.*

DOES THE MOON INFLUENCE THE WEATHER?—From remote ages, a traditionary opinion has prevailed among the rude—and civilized too—people of all nations, that the moon influenced the weather. A few years ago, the French astronomers reported against this opinion as a fallacy, and the question was thought to be settled; but in the July number of the American Journal of Science and Arts, Mr. J. W. Alexander contributes a short article on meteorological coincidences, in which he states as the result of a long continued series of observations, "that the third day before the new moon regulated the weather on each quarter day of that lunation, and also characterized the general aspect of the whole period. Thus, if the new moon happened on the 26th of May, 1851, the term day was the 23th of May; the weather on which the 24th of May determined what was to be on the 29th of May, and on the 3d, 11th and 19th of June, the quarter days respectively of that lunation." This is an important discovery, and shows that the influence of the moon is appreciable, contrary to the generally received opinion among the learned.

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.—A late French newspaper relates a marvellous incident, which is said to have occurred during a thunder storm in the interior department of France. A barn, in which were two goats, was struck by lightning, but not burnt. After the shower, a woman who had been accustomed to feed the goats, went to the barn, and perceiving that the animals were entirely motionless, approached and touched them, when, to her great astonishment and alarm, they fell and crumbled to pieces, exhibiting nothing but a mass of cinders.

LONDON EXHIBITION.—One of the most singular inventions exhibited is the model of a man by Count Danin. It represents the figure of a man five feet high, in the proportion of the Apollo, and from that size the figure can be increased in all its compartments to six feet eight inches. It is intended to facilitate the clothing of an army; and it is so ingenious that the Emperor pardoned and recalled Count Danin, who is a Pole, on seeing this result of many years' labor. The number of pieces composing the model is 700.

Daniel Webster's commission, or fees, on the suits brought by Messrs. Train against the States of New York and Massachusetts, for recovery of certain monies, paid by them as head money, amounts to \$70,000.