

THE MAYFLOWER;  
OR,  
Ladies' Acadian Newspaper.

VOL. I.

HALIFAX, NOVEMBER, 1851.

NO. 7.

Emily Linwood,

OR, THE BOW OF PROMISE.

BY M. E. H. †

(Continued from page 165.)

CHAPTER XI.

Several weeks had elapsed after the subsequent scene, and Mrs. Derwent's health being fully restored she became anxious to return home, and, accordingly, a day was appointed for their departure. The afternoon previous was exceedingly sultry, and Emily, weary with the heat, was vainly longing for the cool breezes of autumn, when she suddenly recollected the arbour that stood at the foot of the garden attached to the dwelling, and resolving to spend the sultry hours beneath its grateful shade, she bent her steps to the spot. Effectually screened by intertwining branches from the fervid rays of the sun, bordered by a silvery stream, whose gentle ripples made pleasant music, it was indeed an inviting place for rest, and Emily, after enjoying its stillness for a few moments, again opened the book which she had been previously perusing, and, becoming absorbed in its pages, heeded not the lapse of time. So intent was she in her pleasant occupation that she heard not approaching footsteps, and was only aroused by the sound of her name, and, looking up, she beheld Charles Percy.

"Pardon me, Emily," he said, "for intruding on your solitude, but hearing you were to depart to-morrow, and anxious to see you again before leaving, I was directed, by your aunt, to this truly inviting spot."

Emily, slightly embarrassed, had risen from her seat at his entrance; she now resumed it, while Mr. Percy continued,—

"Your cousin, Dr. Derwent, has just been informing me of his intention to travel on the Continent. I endeavoured to dissuade him, but in vain; his mother, he said, "had given her cordial consent, and she was the only person who would be likely to feel deeply his absence."

"You wrong yourself then," I answered, "I for one, cannot bear to think of your departure from us, and I am sure your cousin will feel it deeply." He smiled sadly and shook his head.

"You are an unbeliever, I see, and to punish you for it I will go in search of Emily and see if she cannot prevail on you to remain at home. And now that I have found you, Emily, will you not enable me to fulfil the promise I made in your name?"

Emily had turned aside her head to conceal her emotion, her voice faltered as she answered; "Indeed, you must excuse me, Mr. Percy, for I am sure no argument of mine could have any effect on Edward, at least," she hesitated, "none that I could with propriety bring forward."

A suspicion of the truth flashed at this moment across Charles Percy's mind. Our

readers may remember that his jealous feelings had been awakened the first time he beheld Edward, but now, in his daily intercourse with him, they had been completely lulled by the conduct of both parties. He remembered the melancholy which had characterised his friend and preserver, and which had increased daily,—and gazing on Emily's downcast eyes and crimson cheeks, he instantly divined the cause that led Edward to forsake his native land.

"Pardon me, Emily," he said, "but I fear I have been too officious in this matter. Dr. Derwent, it may be, has reasons to which I am a stranger for the course he is pursuing, but the strong regard I feel for him, independently of the fact of his being my preserver from a watery grave, must be my apology. When I alluded to it, however, he insisted that it was not to him, but to you I was indebted, for your cries alone brought him to my rescue. And now, Emily," he said, taking her trembling hand in his, "as I am your debtor to so great an amount, you surely cannot refuse me another boon, one without which life will be of little value. Will you not lend your smile to lighten and cheer its toilsome and rugged paths, while I promise to guard and cherish as the most precious treasure, one whom from the first moment I beheld I loved."

Reader, can you guess the answer?

#### CHAPTER XII.

Emily returned to her home a changed being. She was breathing a new atmosphere, the atmosphere of love, and its exhilarating and renewing effects were apparent in the deepening lustre of the eye, the rich bloom of the cheek, and the light step that had fully regained its former buoyancy.—The inhabitants of the little village wondered what had altered Miss Linwood so materially, and lavish were the encomiums bestowed on the sea-breezes in behalf of their favourite, but few there were who guessed that the source of health and happiness was within,—and that the elixir which imparted to her renewed bloom was one which nature, mighty restorer that she is, could not supply, one which could not be purchased by the glittering baubles of earth, even the priceless affection of a true and noble heart. Yet Emily was not exempt from moments of sorrow, moments in which the past returned

with vividness,—and blended mournfully with it was one image whose deep melancholy glances seemed fixed on her. She could not forget her cousin, and often when enjoyment was at its height, a recollection of his unavailing sorrow would shadow her brow with sadness, and cause her lips to quiver with involuntary emotion. It must not be supposed, however, that she regretted for one moment, the course she had pursued,—but admiration of his many virtues was blended with a feeling of pity, most natural to a woman's heart.

Time glided rapidly away, and the wedding day rapidly approached. The afternoon preceding it, Mrs. Derwent was seated with Emily in her boudoir, when the former broke the stillness that had reigned in the apartment for a few moments, by an allusion to a previous conversation. "You remember, Emily, we were speaking of Mrs. Mayo a few evenings ago,—and you were about to give me the particulars of her melancholy death, when the announcement of visitors interrupted us,—and I had forgotten to ask you since."

"It is a painful subject to dwell on," said Emily, "and on that account I refrained from referring to it again, but I will, as briefly as possible, give you the particulars now. You remember the unfortunate accident that happened to Charles, when you were in L. It was several months before he entirely recovered from its effects. He continued at Mrs. Mayo's until the return of his mother, who was on a visit to a dying friend,—but towards spring his health began materially to decline, until the advice of his physician to visit the sea-side, was peremptorily seconded by Mrs. Percy, who, unable to leave home at the time, prevailed upon an intimate friend of his to bear him company. A few evenings previous to their departure, he called at Mrs. Mayo's to bid her adieu. Miss Elliot was seated with her in the drawing-room when he was announced,—and both parties received him with great cordiality. After conversing for some time on various topics, Mrs. Mayo turned the discourse on education, and the difficulty a friend of hers had found to procure a suitable governess for her children.

"'Speaking of governesses,' she said, addressing Charles, 'reminds me of the intelligence I heard the other day of the mar-

riage of Miss Linwood. A young lady who, travelling, passed through the village, informed me that she had seen the bridal train returning from the church where the ceremony was performed.'

"Finding that this, which she expected would prove startling intelligence, received neither remark or comment from Charles, Mr. Mayo quickly changed the subject,—and soon after Charles bade the ladies good-bye, and left the dwelling. About 12 o'clock that night, he was roused from deep slumber by the sound of fire-bells,—and alarmed at the vividness of the blaze, which could be distinctly discerned from the windows of his apartment, he hurried to the spot and to his astonishment beheld Mrs. Mayo's dwelling wrapped in flames. The fire had not been discovered until it had obtained too firm a hold to be dislodged,—and had spread with such rapidity that the servants narrowly escaped with their lives. The first inquiry of Charles was for Mrs. Mayo,—but he could obtain no satisfactory answer. Some of the by-standers declared that they had seen her rush into a neighbour's house, others that she was still in the dwelling,—but the question was speedily answered by the piercing shriek of a woman,—and in a moment after Mrs. Mayo appeared at a high window, to which the flames were rapidly advancing. The servants paralysed with fear, had forgotten their mistress,—and she had only awoke to find that escape was almost impossible. To descend to the lower part of the house was impracticable, for the staircase was in flames, the only resource that remained to her was to endeavour to reach a window that fronted the street. Pushing her way through the smoke and flames, with much difficulty and almost suffocated, she reached the window, where a ladder was procured for her to descend,—but she feared that she could make no further effort to escape, for her strength was rapidly giving way. At this critical moment, Charles, observing her hesitation, mounted the ladder, and succeeded in conveying her safely down,—but no sooner had he reached the ground than the wall on which the ladder leaned gave way, and in a few moments nothing but ashes remained of the dwelling. Mrs. Mayo had been taken to the nearest dwelling, very much exhausted, as was evident from frequent fainting-fits. The attendants at first

imagined they were occasioned by the fright,—but a Physician being summoned declared that she was not only very much burnt, but had received such severe internal injury as could not prove otherwise than fatal. The evening of the next day, finding she was rapidly sinking, she requested Charles to be sent for,—and on his arrival, begging the attendants to withdraw, gave a full account of the deceit she had been practicing. Among other things she mentioned, having destroyed the letter which I left in her charge to Mrs. Percy, containing an expression of my thanks for her kindness,—and informing her of the motives which induced me to leave L. ; and, also, that the marriage of which she had informed him that afternoon, was but a fabrication of her own.—“But what motive could have induced you to act thus?” inquired Charles, as the unhappy woman paused in her narrative.

“Young man,” she answered, slightly raising her head, while the hollow yet stern tones of her voice startled the listener,—“know that revenge is sweet, and revenge actuated me. But it was her mother who was my enemy, though an unconscious one. It was she whose personal appearance, combined with simplicity of demeanour, and engaging manners, won the heart of the only man I ever truly loved,—and the sun that shone upon their nuptials, was witness to a vow I made, a vow of revenge,—and though unable, by removing soon after from the place where she resided, to injure the mother, the moment I beheld the daughter I determined to fulfill it. I noticed that you were attracted by her; the friendship, which I could not prevent, was rapidly ripening into love,—and having carefully laid my plans, I exulted in the thought that she would know, from experience, the bitterness of slighted affection.”

“Mrs. Mayo's voice grew weaker and weaker as she proceeded,—and as she concluded she sank back into a stupor, from which she revived but a few moments before her death, which took place on the following morning.”

“It is indeed a most painful history,” said Mrs. Derwent, as Emily paused,—and one replete with instruction and warning. But was not Mr. Elliot's dwelling consumed at the same time?”

“Yes—and, unfortunately, just as he was

on the eve of bankruptcy. This completed his misfortunes, and he died soon after a broken-hearted man."

"And what has become of the family?"

"The mother takes in sewing, one of the daughters teaches music, and the other is a companion to a rich but very eccentric lady, who contrives to make her life miserable."

"I can fully sympathise with them, for I know how hard it is for those accustomed to the endearments of a luxurious home, to be thrown among strangers, and to meet too often with scorn and contempt."

"It may seem somewhat uncharitable," said Charles, who had just entered the room and heard the latter part of the conversation, but I am disposed to yield them very little sympathy,—for in prosperity they were arrogant and supercilious,—and adversity, I trust, will teach them lessons, painful they may be, but no less necessary and salutary."

A few moments after Mrs. Derwent left the room, and Charles who was standing at the window, called Emily to it.

"Do you see that rainbow yonder," he said, turning to her. Emily smiling, assented.

"And do you remember that afternoon we first saw it together. To us it has been, indeed, the bow of promise,—is it not this evening the herald of a happy fulfilment?"

#### CHAPTER XIII.

We must now pass over a period of ten years, and again visit Charles Percy's splendid mansion, in the city of L., on a delightful morning in spring. In the drawing-room a beautiful and interesting boy is seated on a velvet footstool, playing with a pet-dog,—while, at a table opposite, a young lady is amusing herself by endeavouring to copy a small picture that lies before her. Allow us, to introduce to you, reader, the daughter of Lucy Carman, whose dying request that Mrs. Percy would adopt her child, has been faithfully fulfilled. Named after her mother, she inherits her fair face and graceful form,—and, strange to say, she resembles Emily, now Mrs. Percy, so strikingly that they have been frequently taken for near relatives. Lucy raises her head as the drawing-room door opens,—and a tall stately looking man, evidently a foreigner, is ushered in by the servant. Courteously bowing to the young lady, he enquired for Mrs. Percy. Requesting him to be seated,

Lucy went to summon her, and the stranger was left alone with the boy, who was gazing on him with amazement depicted on his countenance. Approaching him, and stooping to caress the dog, the gentleman inquired the child's name.

"Edward Derwent Percy, Sir," was the reply.

The stranger was visibly agitated at the answer,—and his voice faltered as he enquired.

"And, pray, after whom are you named?"

"After a dear Cousin of Mamma's, who is far away," but the words were scarcely uttered, when clasping the boy in his arms, the stranger exclaimed, "I am Edward Derwent, your cousin."

At this moment the door opened, and Emily, who was totally unconscious of her Cousin's arrival, but who had been informed by the servant that a gentleman wished to see her, entered the room, and great was her astonishment when her Son, running forward to meet her, exclaimed "Mamma, Mamma, this gentleman says he is your Cousin, Edward Derwent."

In silence we pass over their meeting, suffice to say that it was an affecting one to both parties. Emily marked with sorrow that her Cousin was much changed, his brow had become slightly contracted with thought; his eye had lost much of its youthful fire,—and his whole countenance wore the traces of deep abiding melancholy. With pain she observed that his cheerfulness was more assumed than real, and that it was with much effort he maintained his composure.

Alas! poor Edward:

"He thought that time, he thought that pride,  
Had quenched for aye his early flame,—  
Nor knew, till seated by her side,  
His heart in all but hope the same."

After spending an hour with her conversing on his travels, carefully avoiding any allusion to the past, he observed, that his anxiety to see his mother and sister, whom for ten long years he had not beheld, must be his apology for not remaining until Mr. Percy's return, who was then absent from the city, and not expected home until evening,—and promising to see them soon again he bade her adieu.

Of Edward Derwent's subsequent career little remains to be told. That he lived and died a Bachelor is certain, and many were the surmises of ladies unacquainted with the

circumstance, what could be the reason that Mr. Derwent never married. There was one incident, however, which occurred a few years after his return, that seemed to afford him no small degree of pleasure. Our readers, perhaps, have not forgotten little George, Emily's brother. As he advanced to manhood, he fully realized the expectations of his Sister,—and after a course of studies entered into the sacred office,—and officiated in the very village, and at the same altar where his Father had, many years before, offered up the sacrifice of prayer and praise. Soon after entering into the ministry, he was united to Lucy Carman,—and in witnessing their happiness Edward seemed to forget in some measure the sorrow that had embittered his life.

## The Serenade.

(From the German.)

"List, mother, the strains of soft music I hear,  
How sweetly the melody falls on my ear!  
Withdraw those dark curtains, the moon's silver light,  
Will make the sad chamber of sickness seem bright;  
Throw open the lattice—I pine for the air,  
And give me yon roses to twine in my hair;  
I feel what those exquisite numbers must be,  
I know my young lover is singing to me."

"O! hush, gentle daughter, no lover is nigh,  
He has left thee in sorrow and sickness to die;  
Thy beauty has vanished—thy triumphs are o'er,  
And gay serenaders shall woo thee no more:  
My voice only greets thee with pitying strain;  
I sit by thy pillow, I weep for thy pain;  
Thou hast now, my dear child, on this desolate sod,  
No friend but thy mother, no hope but thy God."

"Hark! mother—the sounds more exultingly rise,  
A peal of loud joyfulness swells to the skies;  
Our friends some glad festival surely prepare,  
And summon us thus in their paganant to share."

"Our friends are all changed, love—they pass by our door,  
Their smiles and their banquets rejoice not the poor:  
O heed not their faithlessness—quick heaves thy breath,  
These subjects belit not the chamber of death."

"Again the clear voices the chorus repeat—  
Say, mother, was harmony ever so sweet?"

"I listen, my child, but I hear not a tone,  
That music is breathed for no ear but thy own.  
O think not of passion, of pomp or of mirth,  
Thy heart must be weaned from the trifles of earth:  
Those voices proceed from a region of light,  
My daughter, I feel thou must leave me to-night."

"O mother, a knowledge prophetic is thine,  
I am passing from life, yet I do not repine;  
Thanks, thanks, for thy patience and tenderness past,  
But most for thy faithful rebuke at the last;  
Though the world has its injuries heaped on my head,  
I mourn not—my mother hangs over my bed,  
And the God whom she taught me to serve and to love,  
Has sent his kind angels to call me above."

Hope is the leading-string of youth, memory the staff of age.

## A "Gentleman."

"Show me the man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voice of age—who can hold cheerful conversation with one whom years has deprived of charms—show me the man who is as willing to help the deformed who stands in need of help, as if the blush of Helen mantled on her cheek—show me the man who would no more look rudely at the poor girl in the village than at the elegant and well-dressed lady in the saloon—show me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood as he would the heiress, surrounded by the powerful protection of rank, richness and family—show me the man who abhors the libertine's gibe, who shuns as a blasphe-mer, the traducer of his mother's sex—who scorns as he would a coward the ridicu-ler of womanly foibles, or the expos-er of womanly reputation—show me that man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy, the respect that is due to woman as woman in any condition or class—show me such a man, and you show me a gentleman—nay, you show me better, you show me a true Christian."—*Giles' Lectures.*

## All Breeding.

Ill breeding, says the Abbe Bellegarde, is not a single defect, it is the result of many. It is sometimes a great ignorance of decorum, or a stupid indolence, which prevents us from giving to others what is due to them. It is a peevish malignity which inclines us to oppose the inclinations of those with whom we converse. It is the consequence of a foolish vanity which hath no complaisance for any other person; the effect of a proud and whimsical humour which soars above all the rules of civility; or, lastly, it is produced by a melancholy turn of mind which pamp-ers itself with a rude and obdoling be-haviour.—*Fielding.*

Pope, in his old age, said: "As much company as I have kept, and as much as I love it, I love reading better. I would rather be employed in reading, than in the most agreeable conversation."

## The Wife.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

She was a beautiful girl when I first saw her. She was standing up at the side of her lover at the marriage altar. She was slightly pale—yet ever and anon, and the ceremony proceeded a faint tinge of crimson crossed her beautiful cheek, like the reflections of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters of a quiet lake. Her lover, as he clasped her hand within his own, gazed on her a few minutes with unmingled admiration, and warm and eloquent blood shadowed at intervals his manly forehead and melted in beauty on his lips.

And they gave themselves to one another in the presence of Heaven, and every heart blessed them, as they went their way rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on and I again saw those lovers. They were seated together where the light of sun-set stole through half closed crimson curtains, lending a richer tint to the delicate carpeting and the exquisite embellishment of the rich and gorgeous apartment. Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girlish buoyancy of the one had given place to the grace of perfect womanhood, and her lips were somewhat paler and a faint line of care was slightly perceptible upon her brow. Her husband's brow, too, was marked somewhat more deeply than his age might warrant; anxiety, and ambition, and pride had grown over it and left the trace upon it; a silver hue was mingled with the dark in his hair, which had become thin around his temples, almost in baldness. He was reclining on his splendid ottoman with his face half hidden by his hand, as if he feared that the deep and troubled thoughts which oppressed him were visible upon his features.

'Edward, you are not ill to night,' said his wife, in a low, sweet, half inquiring voice, as she laid his hand upon her own.

Indifference from those we love is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun of Heaven refused its wonted cheerfulness, and glared upon us with a cold, dim and forbidden glance. It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love refuses to ask our

sympathy—that he broods over the feelings which he scorns or fears to reveal. The wife essayed once more.

'Edward,' she said slowly, mildly, and affectionately, 'the time has been when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to one who had never, I trust, betrayed your confidence! Why, then, my dear Edward, is this cruel reserve? You are troubled, and yet you refuse to tell me the cause.'

Something of returning tenderness softened for an instant, the cold severity of the husband's features, but it passed away; a bitter smile was the only reply.

Time passed on and the twain were separated from each other. The husband sat gloomy and alone in the damp cell of a dungeon. He had followed ambition as a god, and had fallen in a high career. He had mingled with men whom his heart had loathed, he had sought out the fierce and wronged spirits of the land, and had breathed into them the madness of revenge. He had drawn his sword against his country; he had fanned rebellion to a flame, and it had been quenched in human blood. He had fallen, and was doomed to die the death of a traitor.

The door of the dungeon opened and a light form entered and threw herself into his arms. The softest light of summer fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once beautiful wife.

'Edward, my dear Edward, she said, 'I have come to save you; I have reached you after a thousand difficulties, and I thank God, my purpose is nearly executed.'

Misfortune has softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed his pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eyelid.

'I have not deserved this kindness,' he murmured in the choking tone of agony.

'Edward,' said his wife, in an earnest but faint and low voice, which indicated extreme and fearful debility, 'we have not a moment to lose. By an exchange of garments you will be enabled to pass unnoticed. Haste or we may be too late. Fear nothing for me. I am a woman, and they will not injure my efforts in behalf of a husband dearer than life itself.'

'But Margaret,' said the husband, 'you

look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air of the dreadful cell."

'Oh, speak not to me, my dearest Edward,' said the devoted woman, 'I can endure anything for your sake. Haste, Edward, and all will be well,' and she assisted with a trembling hand to disguise the proud form of her husband in female garb.

'Farewell, my preserver,' whispered the husband in the ear of the devoted wife, as the officer sternly reminded the supposed lady, that the time allowed to her visit had expired.

'Farewell! we shall not meet again,' responded the wife, and the husband passed out unsuspected, and escaped the enemies of his life.

They did not meet again, the wife and husband; but only as the dead may meet, in the awful comings of another world.—Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit until the last great purposes of her exertions were accomplished in the safety of her husband—and when the bell tolled on the morrow, and the prisoner's cell was opened, the guards found wrapped in the habiliments of their destined victim, the pale but beautiful corpse of the devoted Wife.

## Fireside Topics---The Fire.

It is a common saying, that in winter "the fire is the finest flower of the garden;" and in so far as the climate of the British islands is concerned, the saying is literally true; so true, that there are, perhaps, more happy faces around English firesides on December nights, than there are in all the gardens of the world during the choicest month of the summer's bloom. It is customary for those who depict the beauties of nature, to speak of "the language of flowers;" and some of them contrive to make those lovely things of the season discourse right eloquently. So let us see whether we cannot, in homely and fireside phrase, find some "voice" in this flower, which cheers and benefits us so much in hall, in parlor, and in kitchen.

In the first place, when we think of it, the possession of fire is the grand and distinguishing physical characteristic of man, and the one which at once puts the sceptre of

dominion into his hand, and makes him the lord of the nether world. When seamen traverse the wide-encircling sea, and come to islands previously untrudden by an European foot,—if the night is diversified by sparkling flames, or the day by curling smoke, peering through the openings of those lovely groves which nature's own hand plants in the land of the sun, then he instantly says within himself, "Here are the dwellings of my fellow-men; and whatever may be his color or his habits, within the shades of those forests I shall find a man and a brother." No doubt there are accidental fires, and volcanic ones, in the lighting up of which man has no concern; but these have peculiar characters by which they can readily be distinguished; and they are, generally speaking, upon such a scale as that man cannot avail himself of them for any useful purpose.

When we consider the peculiarity of the human structure, the rank which man holds in creation, and the height to which he may rise, if he hide not his talent in the earth of indolence or dissipation, we are speedily brought to the conviction that "the gift of fire" is the best as well as the most universal of all those which a bountiful Creator has bestowed upon man. From the endless variety of offices, all calculated to promote comfortable enjoyment, which it is necessary for man to perform, it is easy to see that the human body requires to be the most universal of all instruments; and that, as each of the other animated creatures has some single department, some one species of action, upon which its powers are concentrated and to which they are in a great measure confined, each of them must, in its own peculiar department, be superior to man, the universal actor. He has not the wings of eagles, the fierceness of lions and tigers, or the strength of elephants; but he has more: he can rub one dry stick against another,—until the action of fire is elicited, and, marching forth armed with his firebrand, he can make the most powerful and the most ferocious tenants of the forest tremble at his approach. It seems, too, that the whole constitution of man's nature is so framed as to impel him on to the discovery and use of this grand engine of his physical power.

It is probable that the natives of New Holland, when first visited by Europeans,

were the rudest race upon the surface of the globe, or were equalled in this respect only by the same black people which are found in the central forests of Borneo, and several of the other large islands on the south-east of Asia. Generally speaking, they had no clothing and no habitations ; their historical knowledge did not extend farther than their own memories, and their geographical knowledge only to a few miles. On some of the more fertile spots, they made a sort of bark huts, about the same size as those which the gipsies erect our green lanes ; and in some places they also had very rude canoes, in which they could paddle for a short distance across the water. In other places they had nothing of this kind, but performed their trifling navigations, which amounted only to passing from one side of the creek to the other, upon logs of light wood, astride which they sat with their feet clasped round, and paddling themselves along with their hands—so that these logs were the real, and the only real, sea horses. But still, whether in canoe or on log, or whether aproned with plaited bark or absolutely naked, not one of those rude savages was without his fire-stick, consisting of a little dice of wood, with a hollow in it, and a short piece of stick, by pressing the end of which against the hollow and twirling it round between his hands at the same time, he could contrive very speedily to ignite some light vegetable matter, and from that very soon kindle a fire, for protection or for cooking, as the case might be.

Thus we see, from the case of these people, that fire is the very first discovery of mankind ; and the very fact of its being so is sufficient to establish the truth of its being the most useful, and the one which is capable of being applied to the greatest number of purposes. When we further consider that no creature on earth except man has any knowledge of fire, or any capacity of producing it, but that in their wild state it is an object of terror to the whole of them, we cannot fail to be further convinced of the great advantages which man derives from it, and consequently how very useful the knowledge of it must be to every body, more so indeed than any thing else that we could name ; for, as we have already mentioned, it is the first possession which rude man acquires ; and when we look around us, we

shall not fail to discover that it is the grand instrument in the very highest improvements which the arts have acquired in civilized society.

Secondly, look around, and reflect what England would be without fire, both in respect of direct comfort and of useful application. Fire forms our substitute for the light and heat of the sun, at those seasons when these are withdrawn from us, in order to afford the beauty of summer and the plenty of autumn to the southern hemisphere. The modifications are endless, and so are the applications and the advantages ; but the process is everywhere substantially the same. We warm ourselves by means of fire, we prepare our provisions by means of fire ; we light our houses, and streets, and roads, by means of fire ; our steam-ships defy and defeat both wind and tide by means of fire ; our steam-carriages transport goods and passengers at the rate of a mile in two minutes, by means of fire, ten times the mechanical labour which could be performed by all the men, women and children, and all the horses and other working animals, now living on the face of the earth.

The fire which so cheers us on a winter night is, therefore, a whole library of knowledge, a whole museum of nature, and a machine of art, to the capacity of which no bounds can be set. How exceedingly desirable, then, that we should be well and thoroughly acquainted with its nature !—*Magazine of Domestic Economy.*

THE ADVANTAGES OF AUTUMN.—A French journalist, says :

In this season, the constitution, exhausted by the heat of summer begins to assume a healthful and vigorous tone ; sleep, appetite and tranquility return. By a sympathy which is easily understood, this season necessarily acts upon the mind, developing the powers, and increasing the facilities for mental occupation. On examining the annals of arts and sciences, it is proved that this season has produced more inventions, more discoveries, more literary works of a high order—in fact, more *chef-d'œuvres* of every sort—than any other. It was an error to sing the advantages of spring—that is an enervating season—autumn is the season of action.

## Family Management.

### A TALE.

"What can be the reason Harriet and Miss Williamson are so late in returning from their walk?" said Mrs. Aylmer to her husband, as they were sitting one November evening in the comfortable library. "What can they be about?" continued the lady, an additional shade of gloom passing over her face, as she watched the approaching shadows of night darkening more and more the room in which they sat. "That girl Harriet keeps the house in a continual state of agitation; I never know what it is to have a moment's peace with her mad-cap pranks."

Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer were people of rank and fortune, who resided in the south of England; they had married late in life, and the results of their union were two children, a boy and girl. Mr. Aylmer's principal peculiarities were an excessive love of good English dinners, and long comfortable naps after them. Charles Aylmer, the son and heir, was a sickly spoiled boy of fourteen. He was ill-tempered, selfish, cowardly, and mischievous—the darling of his mother, who remitted in his favour the uninterrupted severity she showed to all else—the heir of the property, and the sovereign of the household. He was chiefly remarkable for telling tales of his sister; eating a surprising quantity of cakes and sweetmeats; a great love of tyranny, united to a strong sense of personal danger. He had a tutor, who, for £100 per annum, with a considerable number of physical comforts, was willing to take charge of an unwilling pupil and a disagreeable boy. Harriet Aylmer was fifteen, a fine tall girl, very handsome, very high-spirited, very clever, and very disobedient, passionate, and mischievous; she had always shown great aptitude for teasing and laughing at her brother (for which she invariably got punished), and for treating with supreme contempt all existing authorities. Her character was redeemed from its great faults and unfeminine love of mischief by deep and strong powers of affection, which few had the power of calling forth, and by great kindness and benevolence towards those worse off than herself for the luxuries of life. She was neither her mother's dar-

ling nor her father's heir; and as they had some floating idea of the necessity of both rewards and punishments in the education of children, they solved the difficulty by applying the rewards to Charles and the punishments to Harriet. Poor Harriet, she was no one's pet! She teased her brother, disturbed her papa's naps, grumbled at her mother's partiality, caricatured the tutor, disobeyed and disliked her governess, held Mrs. Jones, her mamma's officious maid, in supreme contempt, and was disliked by one half of her friends, and continually reproved by the other; the only persons who loved her undividedly were her little dog Fido, the gardener's daughter, silly Jane, and most of the servants, who pitied and excused her.

Now that we have introduced the Aylmers to our readers, we will continue our tale where we left it off, in the old library.

"Well," continued Mrs. Aylmer, "I must know what keeps them so long. Ring the bell, Mr. Aylmer; Miss Williamson should remember I don't approve of a young lady of Harriet's age being out so long. Oh, here they come!" she exclaimed, as the door opened. It was not them; it was Charles and his tutor.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed the boy, bursting in with an excited look and heated face, "what do you think Miss Harriet has been doing?—she will get what she does not like, I expect, when you know."

"What has she been doing?" asked Mrs. Aylmer; "something wrong, I have no doubt; but don't be in such a hurry, my darling. Poor child! you are quite out of breath; you will kill yourself with such speed. I thought I had told you, Mr. Ramsay," said she, turning round to the embarrassed tutor, "that I do not wish Mr. Charles to exert himself in this way, to put him in such a state. It is very odd people cannot attend to what is said to them."

"I assure you, madam," answered the unfortunate tutor, seeing a storm brewing in Mrs. Aylmer's threatening brow—"I assure you, Mr. Charles was so anxious to come and tell you that he saw Miss William"—

"Stop, stop!" interrupted Charles, "I don't want you to tell mamma—I shall tell her myself."

The obsequious tutor was silent, and the spoiled child proceeded to relate how his sister had in a frolic seized upon and bound her governess to a tree in the adjoining wood. A servant was immediately sent to release her, and a search made for the delinquent, far and near. Some one thought of going into her room, where she was found, sitting quietly by the window. By this time the unfortunate governess was released from her situation, and had returned home, with the determination of not staying another day with such a pupil. Pale with anger, she rushed into Mrs. Aylmer's presence.

"Madam—Mrs. Aylmer"—she gasped, as soon as she found words.

"I know all," interrupted Mrs. Aylmer, waving her off with her hand. "Pray, do not repeat things so very unpleasant for a mother's ear; but I must say, Miss Williamson, you must have your pupil under very indifferent command, for her to get to such a pitch."

"Madam," again gasped the ill-treated governess.

But it was in vain for her to speak; Mrs. Aylmer would not listen to her.

"Well, then, Mrs. Aylmer," she at last said, "you will perhaps have the kindness to hear me when I say that, sorry as I may be to leave a house where I have experienced so much *kindness* and *lady like treatment*, I am obliged to decline the honour of any longer conducting the education of your daughter."

"Spare yourself the trouble," interrupted Mrs. Aylmer again, with a haughty glance, for I have long thought of removing Miss Aylmer from your care, and the events of this night have hastened my determination." She rung the bell. "Robert, tell Mrs. Jones to bring Miss Aylmer here."

"My dear, shall we not dine first?" interposed Mr. Aylmer, with a timid voice. (He had been sitting for some time looking on in great annoyance at the bustle and turmoil going on around him.) "It is past seven o'clock, and the dinner will be spoiled," he continued, fidgetting in his chair, from a mixture of fear of his wife's anger at the interruption and dread of the dinner being overcooked. His faint appeal was of no use.

"Mr. Aylmer, may I beg of you once

more not to interfere? I believe," said she, casting on him a glance of supreme contempt, "your dinner is of more consequence to you than all your family put together." At this moment Harriet entered, her brow firmly set, her mouth closed, and her whole appearance showing she had made up her mind to bear the storm hovering over her head with dogged indifference. It is needless to repeat her mamma's address to her; the specimen we have given of her eloquence will show the style of it. Harriet listened unmoved and unsoftened. "Well," said her mother, stopping at last for want of breath to go on, "what have you got to say for yourself? Speak—are you deaf?"

"No, I wish I were," muttered Harriet, sullenly; "I have not any thing to say; I know if I were to explain, it would do me no good—I should not get justice done to me."

"Leave the room, Miss Aylmer."

Harriet obeyed; in opening the door she passed the poor governess, wiping tears of mortification from her eyes. Harriet was touched; she went up to her, and, taking her hand, said, "Come, Miss Williamson, let us be friends; I will forgive you if you will me. I am sorry I tied you to a tree, but you put me into such a passion, I could not restrain myself." The governess flung away her hand, and, with flashing eyes, muttered something about hypocrisy. Harriet turned as red as fire; she looked round the room; her brother Charles was laughing at her disappointment. "Take that for your pains," said she, giving him a box on the ears, "you cowardly tell-tale;" and, with flashing eyes, ran out of the room.

The simple version of this adventure was as follows:—Miss Williamson and Harriet were taking their usual afternoon's walk.—Harriet had brought with her in her arms her little pet Fido, who was seized with an unaccountable whim of keeping up a constant barking. Miss Williamson, who was not in the best of humours, having had a brief interchange of words with Mrs. Aylmer, felt very much inclined to vent her ill-humour upon the present company. In no very gentle terms she insisted upon Harriet putting the dog down. Harriet refused, and Miss Williamson seized hold of the dog, and threw him roughly on the ground; poor Fido howled piteously, and limped away.—With sparkling eyes and raised colour, Har-

riety took hold of her pet, and dared Miss Williamson to do it again. The governess was so unmindful of her position as to do it. Harriet said nothing, but not many minutes after, she seized her opportunity, and being a remarkably strong girl, tied her governess to a tree; she then quietly left her, and going back to where her poor little dog lay really hurt, she took him up in her arms, went to her own room, where she remained, with dogged firmness, till called upon to account for her conduct.

The next day, Harriet was conveyed in a close chariot by her mamma to a school some fifty miles off, celebrated for the strict seclusion and severe discipline in which the young ladies were kept. Mrs. Aylmer, still burning with anger against her daughter, gave such a character of her to Miss Lewis, the head of the establishment, that this lady looked upon the entrance of Harriet into her house with almost the same fear and trepidation as she would had an Ogre, a Jack Sheppard, or an Officer of the Guards, with a Lovelace kind of reputation, been presented to her as a boarder. However, seeing Miss Aylmer was of rank and fortune, and that much money, and, perchance, much credit (if she could succeed in changing her into a propriety-loving young lady), was to be gained by her admittance, she consented to receive her under certain severe restrictions, to all which Mrs. Aylmer consented, and came away perfectly satisfied that she had introduced her daughter to such discipline "as would make her know herself," as she expressed it, "and regret the home she now despised." Miss Lewis was stiff, starched, and a decorum worshipper. She had no idea of imbuing her pupils with the genuine feeling of kindness they ought to have for each other; but she did her best to teach them never to behave *ungentlely* to each other, and always to be polite and young-lady-like. She expected from her young ladies that they should know dancing, singing, piano, harp, drawing, French, Italian, all in a young-lady-like manner, and that they should have a certain elementary knowledge of all the other branches of education; they should make a curtsy on entering a room, and another when they went out, and call each other *dear* when they spoke to one, another; above all, that they should not know the meaning of the word love, or at

all events, if they were so unfortunate as to have this knowledge, they should *appear* not to know it, and be particularly incensed at the mention of the institution of marriage. Such characteristics, she considered, made a perfect *young lady*.

The second act in this drama of family management now opens.

Mrs. Medcalf was the widow of a naval officer, who on his death-bed had bequeathed to her a modest income; and the guardianship of the orphan son of his dearest friend, whom in the absence of any family of his own, he had adopted as his son. Mrs. Medcalf was the sister of Mr. Aylmer, but owing to the great difference between her character and that of her sister-in-law, and also the disapprobation she continually expressed of the manner in which her nephew and niece were brought up, she held very little intercourse with Aylmer House. She knew very little of the children, but had a general impression that they were very spoilt and disagreeable. One dark and stormy night in the month of January, she was sitting over her tea, musing on the approaching college vacation of her ward, William Mansfield—whom she longed to see as much as if he were her own son—when she heard a voice at the hall door begging to see her. There seemed to be some dispute upon the subject, so she rung the bell to know who was there, when the drawing-room door opened, and there entered with the servant the muffled-up figure of a young girl. Mrs. Medcalf started; she knew the face, but could not at once recollect it, as the stranger advanced and threw up her veil.

"Aunt Margaret!" at last said our old friend, Harriet Aylmer.

"My niece Harriet!" said Mrs. Medcalf, in utter astonishment; "what has brought you here?"—and she motioned to the servant to leave the room. "What is the matter?—what brings you here?" she repeated, in an anxious voice.

"I am come to ask you for a home and for a refuge from those who persecute me," said Harriet, with a burning cheek and almost menacing tone; "and if you refuse it me I will go away, and no one will ever be troubled with me again."

Mrs. Medcalf saw she was dreadfully excited. "Sit down, my poor girl," said she,

soothingly, "and tell me what has happened to you—you look dreadfully fatigued and excited; I will do anything I can for you. Do not be frightened," she continued, observing the sofa shake under the emotion of poor Harriet, who at length burst into such heart-rending tears and sobs, that her aunt thought she would almost fall into convulsions; she untied her bonnet and cloak, gave her some cold water to drink, and finally, had the pleasure of seeing her restored to more calmness.

"These are the first tears I have shed since I left my father's house," said she at length, finding words to utter; "and I was nearly desperate, when your words, the first words of kindness I have heard, quite overcame me." She at once began her story; she related, in clear terms, the misconduct which had caused her dismissal from home, and her being sent with the most disgraceful reputations to school. There she had to undergo every kind of disgrace and contumely; she was not allowed to associate with the girls, nor were they permitted even to speak to her; she was always kept from every one, and every night was sent for into Miss Lewis's room, where she was accused of every possible fault and misdemeanour and exhorted to repent of them. Tales of her misconduct at home were daily circulated among the girls, as warnings to avoid the like; and, in fact, every humiliation and mortification were showered upon her. "I was treated as a felon, and as if I had the feelings of a felon, and not those of a young girl like the others," said Harriet, with flushed cheeks; "so at last I could bear it no longer; I thought any thing would be better; and I watched and watched till I made my escape, and came to see if you would take me in; and if you had refused, I would have gone and killed myself," said she with vehemence; "I am sure I would. I had but a few pence in my pocket, as my money and jewels were taken from me, and I have walked fifty miles, sometimes buying a pennyworth of bread."

Mrs. Medcalf shuddered with horror at this relation; she thought with terror of all the dangers her niece's violent temper, and the injudicious treatment to which she had been subjected, might have brought her.—She was too sensible a woman to reason with her on her conduct that night, so with

soothing words and kind promises she conducted her to her bed; she could scarcely refrain from tears when she saw her swollen and blistered feet, which she got bathed and bandaged, and giving her a composing draught, left her to seek that repose of which she stood so much in need. It was a late hour that night before Mrs. Medcalf retired to her room; Harriet's conduct occupied her most anxious thoughts. She was a very superior woman, both in feeling and intellect; and she resolved, if possible, to take charge of her niece. She wrote an earnest and solemn letter to the parents, stating that Harriet was under her roof, and another to Miss Lewis, acquainting her that her former pupil was in safety, and that she need take no further measures for her recapture.

The next morning the aunt went into her niece's room; she found her just awake, very feverish, and evidently very unwell from fatigue and excitement. She sent for medical assistance; it was a week before Harriet was able to leave her bed, and then she was very much paler and thinner. In the meanwhile, Mrs. Medcalf left her to the attendance of her trusty maid, and set out herself for Aylmer House. She exerted all her eloquence in representing Harriet's case to her parents, and her whole stock of patience in listening to Mrs. Aylmer's animadversions in return. By dint of prophecies of shame and disgrace to the family, if Harriet, by unrelenting rigour, was driven to extremity, and confident promises of amendment if kindness was shown to her, she prevailed upon the mother to give her up to her charge. This Mrs. Aylmer was the more readily induced to do, in despite of her jealousy of her sister-in-law's interference in family affairs, as she felt that Harriet's high spirit was too much for even her passionate temper to curb. She consoled herself for granting the request by remembering that her darling Charles would be only too happy to get rid of his sister for ever. After making, therefore, as many objections as she could muster together, she graciously acceded, and Mrs. Medcalf returned content with her mission.

When her niece was sufficiently well to bear the news, she told her of her success. Harriet fell at her feet in an ecstasy of joy, and promised for herself much more than she was able to perform.

Time passed on. Mrs. Medcalf knew

she had taken a heavy responsibility upon herself in thus adopting her niece, and that the charge of so wayward and passionate a girl could not be otherwise than a distressing one; and such she found it, for, strive as Harriet would, she could not correct the faults of sixteen years into a few months, and many were the bitter hours passed by her in repentance and regret for having offended her aunt. But what will patience, unwearied kindness, and charity, not effect? Mrs. Medcalf laboured hard at her task, and before six months were passed, Harriet looked upon the displeasure of her aunt at her greatest misfortune. But all were not like her aunt; to others she often behaved ill.— Her aunt suffered. Harriet was heart-broken, and firmly resolved to do so no more—which resolution she kept, till a temptation too strong to be overcome came in her way. Fortunately this occurred more rarely every day, and Mrs. Medcalf looked forward with sanguine hope to the reward of her benevolence.

About this time William Mansfield came to pass his college vacations with his guardian, before setting out on a three years' tour on the continent. He knew Mrs. Medcalf had the disagreeable Miss Aylmer staying with her, who was known in all the neighbourhood as a mischievous vixen, and whose reputation had been more than usually severely handled, as she had no one to defend her. It was therefore with no pleasurable feelings that he looked forward to having his *tete-a-tete* conversations with his second mother, whom he loved most affectionately, disturbed by her presence. When he did see her, he was very much surprised to see so tall and striking a looking girl; and could scarcely believe that one who seemed so likely to grow up into a lovely and elegant woman, could really be so odious as she had been described. But, alas! these first favourable impressions soon wore off. Harriet was very apt to take antipathies, and she instantly disliked and felt affronted at the supercilious and slim collegian, who seemed to wish to keep her at such a distance, and to look with contempt on all she did and said. She was, besides, very shy, and consequently awkward, never being accustomed to see strangers. She was at one moment silly and bashful, at another rudely familiar; and s<sup>t</sup> was not at the

slightest pains to conceal that she looked upon his room better than his company, to use her own more expressive than elegant phrase. As for William, he was disappointed to see his solitary interviews with Mrs. Medcalf intruded on; and, we are afraid, looked upon Harriet as little better than a disagreeable interloper.

It was with these sentiments they parted, and Mrs. Medcalf felt William's disappointment as not the least of her trials, for he had been accustomed to look upon her house as his undivided home. She was sorry also to see two persons, who were likely often to meet under her roof, and whom she felt would soon be equally dear to her, show so little mutual good-will.

The morning after he left, while Harriet and her aunt were sitting at work together, Harriet opened the conversation by observing, "I am glad William Mansfield is gone—he is a very disagreeable, proud, conceited man. I wonder, aunt, you are so very fond of him."

"Even granting that all you say of my poor William is correct, which I should be deeply grieved to believe," answered her aunt, smiling, "I should perhaps still love him. You know I love you, and many people say you are very disagreeable, proud, and conceited; but I do not think so," she continued more gravely, observing the colour mounting to Harriet's temples, while the tears suffused her eyes—"I should be sorry to do so. As for William Mansfield, he is most amiable, benevolent, and liberal-minded young man; and let me tell you, Harriet, I did not think you showed either delicacy of feeling or gratitude to me, in gratifying your own prejudiced opinions, instead of remembering all I had told you of his worth. You behaved to him with rudeness and unkindness, which I did not think you would have done towards one whom you know I look upon as a dear and beloved, son, nor do you show generosity in speaking ill of him to me when I am overwhelmed with sorrow at his departure." Mrs. Medcalf looked so seriously displeased that Harriet was miserable; she burst into a flood of tears.

"Ah! I behave ill to every one," said she, as she hastily left the room. The lesson was severe, but necessary; it never was repeated, nor again called for.

Two years have passed since this little

scene. Harriet is eighteen, a clever, accomplished, talented girl, exceedingly lovely and graceful; perhaps there is too much vivacity in her movements, too much fire in the rapid glance of her rich hazel eye, for the propriety-chart of a fashionable young lady; but no one, even Miss Lewis herself, could fail to admire her open brow, beaming look, and the ingenious smile of her half-opened lips, showing the pearly teeth beneath: she was Mrs. Medcalf's greatest source of happiness and pride; she introduced her to the small but select society she was accustomed to see herself, and looked upon her as the greatest ornament of the circle. As for Harriet, love is a faint term to express all she felt for her aunt; she knew she owed not merely her present happiness, but perhaps even her existence to her kindness—I cannot more aptly express her feelings, than to say she flourished in her presence and languished in her absence, and never felt thoroughly happy but in her company. Harriet had also been home several times; and though these visits had at first been hard to bear, no self-control now was too difficult for her to undertake to gratify her aunt. All the energy she had once shown to commit mischief and folly was now expended in obtaining control over herself, and giving pleasure to this generous friend. She had succeeded so well by her patience and gentleness, that even her lady mother was softened in her favour, and graciously contemplated having her home again, now that she was likely to do honour to the family name; but Charles expressed such decided disapprobation against this step, that fortunately for the aunt and niece, the scheme was abandoned; as for her papa, he loved her as much as he was capable of doing, and much more than he did either his lady or his heir. Harriet's affectionate heart was often gratified by receiving from him kind letters and numerous presents, which showed he did not forget her; and when the family paid Mrs. Medcalf a visit, Harriet endeavoured to make up, by her attentive solicitude, the trouble she had once given them. The absent traveller often wrote to them; gradually Harriet began to look upon him with the sisterly affection and interest which she felt to be due to the adopted son of her benefactress, and which his amiable character really deserved; she invariably called him cousin,

and he on his side did not forget her; he often enclosed a few kind words for her, and sometimes sent her different specimens of the manufactures of the country he was passing through. It was impossible for Mrs. Medcalf to write to him so often and familiarly, and not to introduce the subject of her niece's improvement; and though William suspected the account to be slightly exaggerated, he still felt there must be much good to call forth such ardent praise.

"Aunt," said Harriet one morning, "I should like to thank my cousin William for his last present to me; shall I write a few words to him in your letter?" Her aunt consented; and thence sprang up a correspondence between the two pretended cousins, which did more to unfold their real character to each other than a year's fashionable acquaintance would have done. In happiness and content the time passed over, and now was the term of the traveller's absence nearly expired; they expected him from day to day.

One bright summer evening that Mrs. Medcalf had gone out to visit a neighbouring cottage, and Harriet was alone in the drawing-room, a ring was heard at the door, and a strange voice inquiring for Mrs. Medcalf, Harriet advanced to meet the stranger, whom she believed to be some casual acquaintance. The door opened, and a tall young man of about five-and-twenty stood before her; his naturally pale complexion embrowned by travel; a good-humoured smile upon his lips, while his dark eyes gazed earnestly upon those of his wondering companion.

"You don't know me, I see, Miss Aylmer," he said. After a moment's reflection, the truth flashed upon her: that tall manly figure was that of the slim, pale collegian she had seen three years ago—it was William Mansfield! With a vivid blush, she placed her hand in his. "Is that all the welcome you give your affectionate cousin and old friend?" said he, as he kissed her blushing cheek; "remember what a long time I have been absent, and how delighted I am to see you all again." Mrs. Medcalf was sent for; she could not sufficiently admire his manly appearance and intelligent conversation; and they separated that night mutually pleased and happy. Harriet admired the liberal and enlightened sentiments expressed by William, his benevolence, and gentle manners.

William thought Harriet the loveliest girl he had ever seen; and when he fell asleep, visions of her open brow and laughing eye were mingled with the kind smile and loving kiss of her aunt. As for Mrs. Medcalf, she admired them both, and thought within herself, " 'Twere a pity so pretty a pair should ever be parted."

The intimacy of the *cousins* every day became greater; William, for worlds, would not give up the relationship—it afforded him so many opportunities of showing love and friendship which pass current among relations. One day, some months after his return, as they were walking out together, Harriet was conversing upon a theme she never tired of—her beloved aunt. Gradually she began to relate the adventures of her early youth; William had never heard them before; he listened earnestly, and could not sufficiently admire the truthful ingenuousness with which she related her youthful follies. "Where should I now be?" said she, as she concluded her tale, looking up with enthusiasm in his face, "if my aunt had not taken pity upon me?"

"Certainly not in my arms," said the daring lover, clasping her to his breast with an insinuating smile. "Tell me, Harriet," said he, in a voice which he meant to be irresistible, "will you not make up for being so naughty a child by being a good girl, and promise to love a modest, well-disposed youth like myself for the rest of your days?"

Harriet broke away from him, but it was in vain to feign displeasure; she did not feel it. She again gave him her hand, with the half-serious condition that he would behave better another time. Before they returned home she had promised to be his wife, if her aunt approved of their union. Mrs. Medcalf *did* approve of it; and before another month was passed, William was pleased because he had won Harriet for his wife; Harriet was pleased because she was married to the man she loved; Charles was pleased because he now had Aylmer House to himself, without fear of intrusion; Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer were pleased because their daughter had married a man with £5000 per annum; and the good aunt was pleased, because *evil had been changed into good.*

Slanderers are like flies, that leap over all a man's good parts, to light upon his sores.

## The Happy Home.

BY JESSE E. DOW.

I love the hearth where evening brings  
Her loved ones from their daily tasks,  
Where virtue spreads her spotless wings,  
And vice, fell serpent, never basks;  
Where sweetly rings upon the ear,  
The blooming daughter's gentle song,  
Like heavenly music whispered near,  
While thrilling hearts the notes prolong;  
For there the father sits in joy,  
And there the cheerful mother smiles,  
And there the laughter-loving boy,  
With sportive tricks the eve beguiles;  
And love, beyond what angels know,  
Like sunlight on the purest foam,  
Descends, and with its cheerful glow,  
Lights up the Christian's happy home.

Contentment spreads her holy calm,  
Around a resting-place so bright,  
And gloomy sorrow finds a balm  
In gazing at the pleasing sight;  
The world's cold selfishness departs,  
And discord rears her front no more;  
There's pity's pearly tear-drop starts,  
And mercy watches at the door;  
No scandal, whispered first in hell,  
Grates on the ear, or scalds the tongue,  
But there remembrance loves to dwell,  
And there the song of love is sung,  
While human nature soars on high,  
To where the heavenly spirits roam;  
And vice, as it stalks rudely by,  
Admires the Christian's happy home.

Oft have I joined the lovely ones.  
Around that bright and cheerful hearth—  
Yes! father, mother, daughters, sons,  
The brightest jewels of the earth;  
And while the world grew dark around,  
And fashion called her senseless throng,  
I've fancied it was holy ground,  
And that fair girl's a seraph song;  
And swift as circles fade away,  
Upon the bosom of the deep,  
When bubbles, toss'd by boys at play,  
Disturb its still and glassy sleep,  
The hours have sped in pure delight,  
And wandering feet forgot to roam,  
While waved the banners of the night  
Above the Christian's happy home.

The rose that blooms in Sharon's vale,  
And scents the purple morning's breath,  
May in the shades of evening fail,  
And bend its crimson head in death;  
And fairer ones amid the tomb,  
May like the blushing rose decay,  
But still the mind—the mind shall bloom,  
When time and nature fade away;  
And then, amid a hollower sphere,  
Where seraphs bow in deepest awe,  
Where sits in majesty severe,  
The author of Eternal law,  
The ransomed of the earth with joy,  
Shall in their robes of beauty come,  
And find a rest without alloy,  
Amid the Christian's happy home.

CHARACTER.—As they who, for every slight infirmity, take physic to repair their health, do rather impair it; so they who, for every trifle, are eager to vindicate their character, do rather weaken it.

## Married and Bachelor Life.

Marriage, when followed in obedience to natural laws, comes in the very threshold of lives, when every floating atom and every minutest particle is greedily sucked in by the hungry soul, to be absorbed unscrupulously, and faithfully to be employed in building up the completed character. Marriage has a powerful influence on death; but death has no influence on marriage. For as we marry or do not, as we marry wisely or foolishly, so is the developed man. We have seen the most eminent men tossed about like feathers by the winds of marriage; calm, hopeful, wretched, despairing, ill-tempered, profligate, purposeless, abandoned, as the great more-than-death went ill or well with them. Dryden married unhappily, and how much of the venomous sting of his satire, how much of his unpoetic, coarse depreciation of women has its origin therein. Addison shared his fate, and we know that the married Addison did by no means equal the bachelor Spectator; Pope refrained from matrimony, (his physique, indeed, was not calculated for winning hearts,) and may we not imagine that the "divine little artist" might have produced something beyond the sphere of mere art, had successful love and domestic comfort warmed his heart, and so ripened the *Rape of the Lock* into a higher creation than the *Dunciad*? Swift also avoided marriage—wherefore, no man shall know; avoided it with his heart vibrating between a Stella and a Venessa, and descended, a very questionable moral man, through a morbid old age, to a cheerless tomb—leaving his character as an inexplicable enigma to all times. Nay, in our days, have we not seen Lord Byron struggling his fiery course, without repose, without definite purpose, through a maze of contradiction, wrath and profligacy, to an awful Nowhither. A man who married most unhappily, whose heart was cauterized by the loss of the only woman he, perhaps, ever truly loved. His writings, his actions, tell us, that in his deepest abandonment to vice, the ghost of his first and purest love rose ever and anon before him, to frown a clear reproof upon his wayward career. But even the loss of Mary Chaworth might have been nullified, and his marriage ended well. It did not; and the

unwise marriage magnified and prolonged the unwise life, and prepared the early death. Surely the time when heart pants for heart, and the music of isolated spirits ought to blend itself with other isolated ones in a divine accord; when we love and are vanquished; when we marry with insight and foresight; when we marry blindly, in the dark, at hazard, and so take into our being's very core a nutriment or a poison forever; surely this is a crisis in the life of man, grand, terrible and tragic as, and in great affinity with, that other crisis when the moorings are loosened, and we sail forth upon the unknown seas.

But, in another aspect, marriage may be associated with death. Marriage is a change of existence, a death-birth, as our German friends would say. An Exodus—a transit from one life to another—and with as impenetrable a veil of doubt and uncertainty spread over that other life, as is over that life to whose domains death is the portal. Where we are, we know, may a man about to be married will exclaim; where we have been, we also know; whither we are going no man knoweth, nor can know, till the going has merged into the gone. Charles V. said, no man could be said to be truly brave until he had snuffed a candle with his fingers; but my idea is, that no man's courage can be so severely tested as by entering into the holy state of matrimony; provided, always, that the man be of a contemplative, reflective nature, and not a dweller in the moment that now is. This courage is more required on the woman's part than on the man's. She must infallibly know less of him than he of her, as he beholds her ever as in the world she moves in; whereas he, when he leaves her, mingles and is lost in the crowd of outer life. Whether he keep himself apart among the virtuous, or has his haunts among the vicious, she can only hear by report, and report is not a witness that should be trusted, even on oath, and female etiquette denies her the searching inquiries necessary for complete satisfaction. Then, again, he has more resources than her, if the home be made unhappy by the ill-assorted union.—The tavern, the theatre, the meeting, the mart are all open to him. He can be away from home when he likes, and as long as he likes, and when from home, to all intents and purposes, he is a bachelor again. Not

so she, poor lady! Once a wife, a wife for ever. She may not, cannot, would not, dare not leave him. The laws, her children, and high womanly instinct, alike forbid it. She can never lay down her wifehood and become a maid again. And even if she do separate from him, and return once more to her father's house, the gay heart, the unspeakable palpitations of maidenly desires and hopes, the budding promises of coming life, these are there no longer; the butterfly is freed, but its wings are torn and unfeathered—it can fly no more. Hence, there is no one thing more lovely in this life, more full of the divinest courage, than when a young maiden—a young maiden from her past life, from her happy childhood, when she rambled over every field and moor around her home; when a mother anticipated her wants and soothed her little cares; when brothers and sisters grew from merry playmates to loving, trusting friends; from the Christmas gatherings and romps, the summer festivals in bower or garden; from the rooms sanctified by the deaths of relatives; from the holy and secure back-ground of her childhood, and girlhood, and maidenhood, looks out into a dark and unilluminated future, away from all that,—and yet, unterrified, undaunted, leans her fair cheek upon her lover's breast, and whispers, "Dear heart! I cannot see, but believe. The past was beautiful, but the future I can trust—with thee!"

"Not quite so fast, prithee, friend," testily interposes a father of a family at our elbow.

"Are we, then, to consider termagants, shrews and slovens as among that class of fabulous creatures in which we place dodoes and mermaids? Does not the man also risk something? May he not entertain deep-rooted, long-loved ideas of domesticity and the exceeding comforts of home? How, think you, does a sullen temper, an untidy nature, a vixen tongue, accord therewith? May not children be allowed to run about a house ungoverned, uncared for; with hair unkept and face unwashed, and pinnafore that has not had recent intercourse with the laundress; cannot domestic festivals, set apart to the divinities of the wash-tub, the mangle, the baker, the scrubbing brush, the polish-paste, the dust-pan, be prolonged and repeated till they become perennial and intolerable domestic bores? Is a man's din-

ner always hot then? and are there never any defalcations in his shirt buttons? A plague on your rose-pink pictures of female heroism! A man has the greater risk, say I."

The father of a family is a man of long matrimonial experience, and I would not lightly quarrel with him. Certainly a man takes his share of the risk. The change from bachelorship to married life is great. It is indeed a death. Well may he hesitate on the threshold, and consider the past in reference to the future. Glorious freedom of single blessedness! how can one relinquish thee? To live in lodgings exactly as you like; have a landlady a submissive slave to you, bound thrall by invincible cash; to rise when you like, eat what you like, do what you like; to have those pleasing bachelor re-unions; \* \* \* \* when you can go to the Derby, or wile away an evening at the opera, like the gods themselves, with none to question you; when your income is your own, and you spend it as you choose, and the milliners and dress-makers create no palpitation in your heart. Certes, to leave a state like this is indeed a risk. To depart from that, and enter, one knows not what, is indeed to die.

To die, said I, is to be born. What are all selfish bachelor delights to the true comforts of married existence? Lonely lodgings are abandoned—a neat and cozy home awaits the happy man. A fair hand pour out for him his cup of tea, and he quietly sips his coffee under the influence of an incarnation of that divine beauty that has been the living music of the world since the time of Adam. He leaves the house for the town, and a fair hand adjusts his garments, and he feels a sweet thrill vibrate through him, as her little fingers touch him, ornamenting and improving. He has an impetus that bears him half through the day, in the echo of a kiss that plays warmly about his lips; a power that draws him homeward in the certainty of a coming duplicate, and in the bright eyes that will light up his frugal board. And as to the opera—what is Alboni singing to a houseless, homeless, homeless bachelor, to Alboni singing impassioned music to attuned and concordant hearts? The loss of the noisy orgies of bacchanal inebriation, whose proper region is the ta-

vern, is amply repaid by the prattle of infancy, or the serene pleasure of an æsthetic tea? The odours of mignonette or hyacinth are surely sweeter than the sickly smell of stale smoke; and the absence of opium and tobacco upon the lips, discoloring the teeth, poisoning the breath, and killing the nerves, is fully made up by the fond kiss of pure affection on those lips, and by fond eyes looking into his soul.

"Umph!" grunts the father of a family.

"Ridiculous!" exclaims the impatient reader.

Good reader, be not wroth. I married, and am now in my honeymoon.—*Leigh Hunt's Journal.*

For the *Mayflower*.

## The Funeral in the Woods.

What follows was published years ago in one of our periodicals. The narrative is written with such pleasing simplicity, and yet in such sober solemnity, that I think it will be acceptable to the readers of a very welcome monthly visitor—*The Mayflower*. The thankfulness referred to by the missionary would doubtless have been increased, if he could have applied to the sorrowing mother the last of these lines of Pike:

"Mother—thy child is blessed;  
And though his presence may be lost to thee  
And vacant leave thy breast,  
And miss'd, a sweet load from thy parent knee:  
His tones, familiar from thine ear have faded.  
Thou'lt meet thy first-born, with his Lord, at last.

NOVEMBER, 1851.

*Synna.*

In the early part of May, 183—, I was called to bury the child of one of my remote parishioners, whose dwelling was in the bosom of the forest, at a distance of full twenty miles from mine.

My course lay through what a short time ago was but trackless wilderness, but is now dotted by new and improving farms, with here and there some humble cabins. For miles, however, the eye is uncheered by those signs of civilization, and rests upon the unbroken wood, or the broad surface of some beautiful lakes, whose waves to-day were sparkling in the rays of an unclouded sun. The road was such as the provincial mis-

sionary has almost weekly to travel, at the risk of his neck—sometimes impeded by rocks and stumps, and the roots of trees—and sometimes a mere path, scarcely discernible to an unpractised eye; and on this occasion there was the unsettled state of the ground, owing to the frost coming out, to contend with, making it often dangerous to sit on the horse. The whole might fitly bring to the mind the *road of life*—for a little while smooth and pleasant, but soon beset by various difficulties and dangers, temporal and spiritual. Happy they who in the midst of these can realize the protecting and guiding hand of Him who is himself the "WAX, the truth and the life."

The house of mourning, to which I came, was embossed in the trees which "God's right hand had planted," and was prettily placed on the margin of a beautiful lake—alone in the wilderness, with no other dwelling of man in view. The owner had come to the spot with axe in hand but a short time before, and the considerable clearing that appeared around was good proof that he had not used that instrument in vain. The house was such as is usually reared in haste by the poor settler—formed of logs, and the interstices filled with moss. But contentment seemed to abide within its humble walls; and, what is better still, we trust that on this day the Spirit of the High and Holy One did not disdain to be present also. The single room of this dwelling was my Church—rough boards placed on blocks of wood served for pews—a table and chair were the substitute for a pulpit.

The neighbours, that is, those who lived within six or seven miles, were gathered to the number of about twenty or thirty, to assist on the sad occasion. It was the first death that had occurred there, and the first time that the voice of a minister had been heard celebrating the ordinances of the church. We had first our blessed prayers, and our comforting scriptures, as appointed for the burial of the dead; nor was the psalm of praise wanting, such as untutored voices might humbly raise, acceptable perhaps on high, as when accompanied by the loud swell of the magnificent organ, or "gentle psaltery's silvery sounds."

I failed not to seize the occasion when hearts were softened by affliction's rod, to preach the Gospel of Him who came to

"comfort those that mourn," and who has especially said of such as the little one that lay before us, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not." The warning note was addressed to the old and the young—the afflicted parents were reminded not to sorrow as those without hope for their child, translated from the cares and sorrows of earth to the joys of the blessed in heaven. Nor did the word seem to go forth void, if we might judge from the fixed attention of the congregation, and the tears that not seldom coursed down the rough and sunburnt cheeks of many before me. The missionary, though averse to what commonly pass for "funeral sermons," is careful not to let slip such occasions as these, without endeavouring to bring home to the hearts of those who generally assemble, (and perhaps seldom are able to enter a church,) the great truths of the Gospel, and thus become the "voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord."

Our services within doors being ended—the last nail driven into the rude coffin—the last look taken, and the last kiss given to their beloved child as he lay apparently locked in the arms of sleep, with the wild flowers and green herbs around his head,—we all went forth, young and old, male and female, to the narrow house which had been prepared for his last earthly abode. Church-yard, or church, there was none, nor tolling bell, nor long train of mourners, "bearing the mockery of woe." But near to the house the green sod, amid the stumps, had been broken up, and a soft bed made ready for the little one. There for the first time did the earth open to fulfil the sentence of the Creator—and there for the first time was the sublime and comforting Burial service of the Church performed. Seldom have I used it with a happier influence on my own heart, and, as it seemed, on the hearts of all around me. The cheering declaration especially of the Saviour—"I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth on me though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth on me shall never die," came home with accompanying faith and power to the soul, and it is hoped, sent the mourner comforted away.

After a little time spent in more private and direct communication with the family,

and with others that came from far, I turned my head homewards, having other duties before me on the morrow, and reached it safely about ten o'clock, somewhat weary, but very thankful for the mercies and impressions of the day. And I felt when I lay down to rest, that though I have in my time followed the great, the learned, the pious, the beautiful, to the grave—and have myself performed the last solemn services over numbers of all descriptions, and under every various shade of circumstance—and though I have been where all that wealth could do has been put into requisition to add solemnity to the obsequies of the dead—I yet could remember few of such scenes more affecting and impressive than this little

FUNERAL IN THE WOODS.

A MISSIONARY.

*For the Mayflower.*

ON THE

## Last Parting with a Mother.

Though more than forty years have fled,  
Since last I felt the fond embrace  
Of her whose gentle face and form,  
I yet can unmistakaken trace:  
The tear that fell adown that cheek,  
When murmuring came the last farewell;  
And the deep anguish of the heart,  
None but that mother's self can tell.

Methinks the impress of that kiss,  
Distinctly, on these lips, is felt;  
As when her blessing to receive,  
In childhood's hour I fondly knelt:  
O how impassioned were the words,  
Through the choked utterance scarcely heard;  
The warning came in saddened tones,  
Which my young heart had so much feared.

"Go thou, my son, where duty calls,  
Nor longer let me hold thee here;  
Seek heaven's approval and its smile,  
And thou hast then naught else to fear:  
Never again this wasted form,  
Or pallid cheek shall meet thy view;  
Nor wilt thou hear again this voice,  
Now tremulous with the last adieu!"

Though time has wrought its mighty change  
In all I feel and see around;  
Not yet forgotten are those words,  
Their import or their thrilling sound:  
That fond embrace when rapt in sleep,  
I sometimes in fond fancy feel;  
'Mid dreams of childhood's happy hours,  
I seem before that form to kneel.

The counsel kind which from those lips,  
In accents sweet I seem to hear;  
And fancy that the cheeks, still wet  
With that fond mother's kindly tear:  
Nor yet forgot the toll—the care—  
Given thus for comfort and for health;  
More valued in remembrance far,  
Than honour's titles or vain wealth.

Though age's impress bends this frame,  
 And silvered locks o'ershade the brow;  
 Though faltering steps and tottering limbs,  
 Tell of life's downward pathway now;  
 I dare not murmur at those signs,  
 Or wish a moment to retreat;  
 But welcome these as speed the hour,  
 When parted friends again shall meet!

II.

## Reward of Upright Conduct.

" Oft from apparent ills our blessings rise."

—Beattie.

An old chiffonier (or rag picker) died in Paris, in a state of the most abject poverty. His only relation was a niece, who lived as servant with a green-grocer. This girl always assisted her uncle as far as her slender means would permit. When she learned of his death, which took place suddenly, she was upon the point of marriage with a journeyman baker, to whom she had been long attached. The nuptial day was fixed, but Susette had not yet bought her wedding clothes. She hastened to tell her lover that their marriage must be deferred, as she wanted the price of her wedding finery to bury her uncle decently in the grave. Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exhorted her to leave the old man to be buried by charity. Susette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the young lady lost at once her place and her mistress. She hastened to the miserable garret where her uncle had expired, and by the sacrifice not only of her wedding attire, but of nearly all the rest of her slender wardrobe, she had the old man decently interred. Her pious task fulfilled, she sat alone in her uncle's room, weeping bitterly, when the master of her faithless lover, a young, good-looking man, entered.

"So my good Susette, I find you have lost your place," cried he; "I am come to offer you one for life—will you marry me?"

"I, sir—you are joking."

"No, faith, I want a wife, and I'm sure I can't find a better."

"But every one would laugh at you for marrying a poor girl like me."

"O! if that is your only objection, we shall soon get over it: come, come along; my mother is prepared to receive you."

Susette hesitated no longer; but she wished to take with her a memorial of her deceased uncle: it was a cat that she had had for many years. The old man was so fond of

the animal that he was determined even her death should not separate them, for he had her stuffed and placed upon the tester of his bed. As Susette took puss down, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding her so heavy. The lover hastened to open the animal, when out fell a shower of gold.—There were a thousand louis concealed in the body of the cat; and this sum, which the old miser had starved himself to amass, became the just reward of the worthy girl and her disinterested lover.—*Noble Deeds of Women.*

## The Seamstress.

The following lines are from the pen of James R. Lowell, and possess quite as much undeniable truth as eloquent poetry:

Hark, the rustle of a dress,  
 Stiff with lavish costliness;  
 Here comes one whose cheeks would blush  
 But to have her garments brush  
 'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin  
 Wove the weary broderie in;  
 And in midnights chill and murk,  
 Stitched her life into the work—  
 Bending backward from her toil  
 Lest the tears her silk might soil;  
 Shaping from her bitter thought  
 Heart's-ense and forget-me-not;  
 Satirizing her despair  
 With the emblems woven there.

THE POWER OF EARLY INFLUENCES.—Among the cliffs of the Andes, a child's hand may turn the course of the Amazon. But let it flow onward three thousand miles, swollen by the influx of a thousand tributaries, and there is but one power in the universe that can turn it from its broad and deep-worn channels. So the mind, in the beginning of its career, is yielding, and takes its direction from the slightest influences. So, too, when the channels of thought and feeling have become broad and deep, it spurns control, and bows to nothing but Omnipotence.

It was among the loveliest customs of the ancients to bury the young at morning twilight; for as they strove to give the softest interpretation to death, so they imagined that Aurora, who loved the young, had stolen them to her embrace.

## A Tale with a Moral.

BY CATHARINE SEDGWICK.

I dreamed I was sitting on an eminence where the scene of life was before me; seas, plains, cities and country—the world and its actors. An old man with the noble head and serene countenance that befits wisdom, stood beside me, and I turned a perplexed gaze on this multitudinous human family, to ask him, “who is it that so many seem confidently expecting, and so many others to be blindly pursuing?”

“She is immortal,” he replied, “whose home is not of this world. In truth, she rarely visits it. Her companionship is reserved for those, who, in the language of Scripture, “shall see God as he is, for they shall be like him.” Her name is Happiness. She is never found of those who seek her for her own sake.”

“Why, then, are so many pursuing her?” I asked. Why do they not learn from the experience of others?”

“The desire of her presence,” he replied, “is born with them; the child cries for her; some are ignorant of the means of attaining her; some delude themselves, and others are deluded as to the means of winning her; few are willing to pay the price of her friendship, and fewer still receive the truth that does not abide on earth with those most worthy of her presence. To them her visits are rare and brief, but they are content to dwell among her kindred, Submission, Tranquility, Contentment and Patience. Take this,” he said, giving me a curious eye-glass, “it will enable you to see the distant, to penetrate every secret path, and to discern untold thoughts.”

I took the glass; it fulfilled his promise, I now beheld the whole world in pursuit of this enchanted being. Some were crossing the wide sea, some treading the wilderness, masses were crowding into cities, and others flying to the country in search of her. They looked for her where she was never heard of, and what at first was inexplicable to me, those that most eagerly sought her, and sought nothing else, never by any chance found her.

Tired of my general observation, I finally confined my attention to two young persons,

who began the course of life together. One was a beautiful girl called Brillanta, whom I saw in a French boarding school, with teachers in all the various branches of learning.

“Why do they confine me here?” she exclaimed pettishly; “they tell me I was born for Happiness and I have not so much as heard the rustling of her wings in this tiresome place. Well, I must worry it through—but when school-days are over, and I am out and surrounded by friends, and followed by lovers and go at will to operas and balls, then Happiness will be my constant companion.”

The golden future became Brillanta’s present. I saw her wreathed with flowers and sparkling with jewels; admired and flattered, and hurrying from one scene of gayety to another; but instead of the companions she presumptuously expected, there were only Pleasure and Excitement, and at their heels Society and weariness.

“Alas!” exclaimed Brillanta, “Happiness is not yet with me, but she will come to my wedding—with the bridal gifts and festivities—she will take up her abode in my luxurious home!” But true love was not required at the marriage, so Happiness refused to be there. Vanity and Pride were among the guests, and were soon followed with the fiend Disappointment. Happiness could not breathe the air they infected.

A few years passed. “Happiness has never been, never will be here!” exclaimed Brillanta. “My husband is so tiresome! my children teasing! my servants so tormenting! I will go to foreign lands—I will explore other countries—surely where so many rush to seek Happiness she must be found.” And away went Brillanta, but the chase was vain; she never got so much as a glimpse of Happiness, though she went on pursuing till death overtook her. A mist that had been gathering around her settled into darkness, and I saw her no more.

She whom I had seen start in the career of life with Brillanta was named Serena. She came forth daily from a home where all sweet contentments were, from God-loving and God-fearing parents, to her school tasks. She had an earnest and sweet countenance; but what chiefly struck me about her was, unlikeness to the rest of the world. She was not pursuing Happiness. She was too

modest to claim her appearance, too humble to expect. She was so occupied with her tasks and desires that she had no time to think of herself, but she was eager enough to obtain the acquaintance of happiness for others. What disinterestedness! what forgetfulness she practised to achieve this! and strange to say, when she asked and sought this eluding being, and when clouds gathered heavily around Serena, so that happiness could not come, (for her nature required bright skies,) she sent her helping handmaid, Patience, and Serena was content and grateful.

"How many unexpected and happy meetings I have with my heavenly friend!" Serena would exclaim. And as I saw, Happiness daily saluted her with the lovely aspect of nature, in household loves, in the prayer of faith, and the peace of an acquitting conscience. To Serena, in due time also came the wedding day, and with illimitable hope and right confidence that belongs to that period of a woman's life, she said, "Happiness, you will of course preside at this festival."

"Of course," replied Happiness, "for where my best friends gather on the wedding day—love, fidelity and moderation—am I ever absent? But remember, my dear Serena, my stay cannot be long; care, trial, sorrow, must come to you; I cannot consort with them, but they will prepare you for my constant society hereafter, and make you relish it more keenly. Care, trial, sorrow, stern sisters, who come to all, did come to Serena, but they were not always present—their terrors were turned to a precious ministry by the unfailling presence of Serena's best friend, Religion.

My eyes followed the whole course of this "traveller between life and death," and I saw that she met Happiness on many an elevation, in her life, at many a bright spot or sudden turn; and finally, when the gates of death opened to her, I saw her celestial friend, with open arms, awaiting her, to abide with her forever and ever.

"The sorrows of a pure heart are like May frosts, the forerunner of a fervent summer time. The tears of the compassionate are sweeter than dew-drops falling from roses on the bosom of the earth."

For the *Mayflower*.

## The Wish.

My wish is for a cottage home  
In some sequestered vale,  
Far from ambition's withering breath,  
And fortune's fickle gale.

Where no discordant sounds are heard,  
Where hatred dare not come,  
But sweet content must reign supreme  
Within my humble home.

With this enough to aid the poor,  
A willing heart to give;  
A soul to sympathise with all,  
Ah! then 'twere joy to live.

I'd care not for a hermit's life  
Without one joyous smile;  
But music sweet and early friends  
Should all my cares beguile.

I love the calm which music throws  
Upon life's troubled sea;  
In tones both sad and gay it breathes  
A heaven born melody.

And then when death with certain aim  
Shall sever earthly ties,  
I wish a loving sister's hand  
May gently close mine eyes.

November 1851.

CARRIE.

Extract from a *New Work* entitled "*Memorials of Theophilus Trinidad*."

## Morning Thoughts.

"There be many that say, Who will show us any good? "We will," reply all Seasons and their change. "I will," says the Morning, "when I come forth with fire shining as if fresh from the presence of God, I have healthy breezes and pleasant songs." "And I will," says the Evening, "when with serious joy I go away into the darkness as one returning to God, to rest with him, and bring to him my works. My heavens, serene and sublime, shall be over thee as his wing." "And I will," says the Summer, "I am fruitful, and happy, and rich." "And I will," says the Winter, "I have beauty of the snow, and cheerfulness of the home fires." Shall man answer, "Miserable comforters are ye all!" saying to the Morning, "Thou singest songs to a weary heart;" and to the Evening, "Thou sayest, Peace, peace, when there is no peace?" To the Summer, "When we desire thy fruits, they may not be ours, and, when they fall to us, appetite is gone;" and to the Winter, "Who can heed beauty of the snow in the freezing

wind? and what to us are thy fire, when the heart within us is desolate?"

Oftentimes, when men have been ready thus to speak, and have thought thus to speak, they have been gently overpowered. They have been charmed into hope and into healing. The angel of content has won over them a mild victory with a touch and they are softened into peace. In the "season and their changes," and in the best religious books and usages, and remembrances, there is a charm-like influence.—The good angels first speak to us, and we rebut their words; but they are near us, and touch us, and, then in spite of ourselves, we are greatly overpowered, and our vexed mood is quieted. And these strengths that heal us when sick, increases our joy of health when well. We are kindly shamed too, as by a friend's look, when this blessing of peace and cheerfulness comes to us in our discontent. We must needs give thanks if not in word, yet with our heart for the blessing; but a little while ago we were ready even to curse. Why so hasty? did we well to be angry? If such a sweet delivering cheerfulness comes to us in the morning, it is like the dew on the flowers,—

#### THOUGH TRANSIENT, NOT VAIN.

At early morning, on a flower,  
A dew drop rested large and cool;  
The sun arose, and in an hour  
The blossom opened fair and full;  
But the dew drop, child of dawn and night,  
Ere while rejoicing in the light,  
Already it had vanished quite.

At early morning on a heart,  
Joy rested pure, and fresh and still;  
The world awoke, and part by part  
Unfolded strength, and thought, and will;  
But the joy, tho child of night and dawn,  
One hour not passed since it was born,  
Brief-lived, it had already gone.

But the noon came, and heart and flower  
Fronted the light each strong and fair,  
Nor dew nor joy in one short hour  
Breathed forth a vain life to the air:  
From each an offering rose to heaven,  
By each true nourishment was given,  
And thus both man and plant have thriven.

We feel most, said Theophilus, the greatness and the sacredness of good, when coming, it at once relieves us from the worst, hints to us the better and gives to us a present healthy glow. Then brightens the sky of our heart.

CUPID'S TELEGRAPH.—Some years ago a provincial newspaper stated the following curious particulars:—"At a neighbouring town, we learn that a new system of signals has been introduced, which are rendered subservient to the affections of the heart and the obligation of the parties. For example, if a gentleman wants a wife, he wears a ring or a diamond on the first finger of the left hand; if he is engaged, he wears it on the second finger; if married, on the third; and on the fourth, if he never intends to be married. When a lady is not engaged, she wears a hoop or diamond on the first finger; if engaged, on the second finger; if married, on the third; and on the fourth, if she intends not to marry. When a gentleman presents a flower, a fan, or a trinket, to a lady with the left hand, it is on his part an overture of regard; if she receives it with the left hand, it is an acceptance of his esteem; but if with the right hand, it is a refusal of his offer. Thus, by a few simple tokens, explained by the above rules, the passion of love is expressed; and through the medium of Cupid's telegraph, kindred hearts communicate information."

When thou doest good, do it because it is good, not because men esteem it; when thou avoidest evil, flee it because it is evil, not because men speak against it; be honest for the love of honesty, and thou shalt be uniformly so: he that doeth it without principle is wavering. Say not unto thyself, Behold truth breedeth hatred, and I will avoid it: dissimulation raiseth friends and I will follow it. Are not the enemies made by truth better than the friends obtained by flattery?"

The heart of the generous man is like the clouds of heaven, which drop upon the earth fruits, herbage, and flowers; the heart of the ungrateful is like a desert of sand, which swalloweth with greediness the showers that fall, but burieth them in her bosom, and produces nothing."

Whatever is highest and holiest is tinged with melancholy. The eye of genius has always a plaintive expression, and its natural language is pathos. A prophet is sadder than other men; and he who was greater than all prophets, was "a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief."

## The Walk.

A SELECTION.

Came from the city to-day along with a thronged highway of men; felt the scene wildly wonderful, and repeated to myself with strange, serious exhilaration, my hymn called "Truth." I, as it were, shouted it aloud, though it was in the silence of my spirit. There are hours when truth gives us solemn quieting music, nay, invites us to pleasure music with a banquet of wine; but the thought expressed in my verses, that he who hears well, hears to be aroused, not just to be delighted was what I felt. How wonderful all the order and the tumult, the din and yet the steadfast strength, of a great city are! There the Protean human heart most variously displays itself. If the fullness of all bread were but as the fulness of hunger, and the fulness of goodness as that of knowledge and skill! It is like the sea when the four winds of Heaven wrestle upon it, so that the waves roar and are troubled. But there is a King mightier than the noise of many waters. Here are hard hearts, clothed in soft apparel; here is manhood girt in sack-cloth. Here are the burdened, who are in strong elastic life move on unfriended yet befriending. Here are the nobly striving, whose work has been rewarded; conspicuous exhibitions of human worth and sense, (fruitful trees of a wide shadow.) Here the ruined and doomed have found a hell—a hell in which there are those who sport like demons with the horrid fires of passion, that burn and glow on the thick obscurities of city life. But with all that there is to disturb and affright us, how much is there to enliven and enlarge our hearts, love and hope! Fond as man is of sight-seeing life is the great show for every man—the show always wonderful and new to the thoughtful. The silent country, so prosperous looking and sacred, is glorious, but so is the city full of men and of stir—we delight ourselves in the country with the abundance of peace, and in the city with the abundance of life, of human souls and labours. What cares and changes and joys, are evidenced to us as the people pass us along the crowded streets! How much sin, and hope, and vehement endeavour! "One generation

passeth away, and another cometh, but the earth remaineth." Here are youth and age still in their glory and their beauty, as in earliest time. The rich and the poor, the good and the base, still meet together, and the same pure eyes—the eyes of the Lord—still behold the populous city and the quiet country; in each, every plant that he has not planted shall be plucked up, or shall wither. And as those that are of his right hand's planting these shall surely have increase and perfecting.

It was getting quite dusk as I neared home. My mood had changed as I left behind me the throng of the city. I had been thinking: wit and work are the two wheels of the world's chariot; they need to be equal and each fixed fast. But now the fires shining through the unclosed windows, and the pleasant glimpses of domestic scenes within, filled me with new feeling, and led to new thought. One room especially arrested my eye and heart. There sat in it a girl laughing heartily—the fire-light shone on her merry, and as they seemed, handsome, features. "You seem, dear girl," thought I, "gay and innocent; there you sit, happy at least for the hour, while outside your window may pass women young as yourself, their dress squalid, their natural grace is already wasted with vice or pain—their lot perhaps is never such as yours, nor ever to be such—and yet you, how know I what is within you, and around you, and before you? This half hour's mirth may be but as a wind that cometh not soon again.—But I would rather suppose you happy, and your life hopeful and good—then you are an elect lady; you make a 'sunshine' on many 'shady' places. Pursue your work and may you prosper: your happy place will often be excellent medicine; your word and laugh a restorative cordial for worn spirits." A well-clad woman in a well-furnished room is a sight right pleasant to see; yet a shrunken form in a base dwelling may be the environment of a soul that suits by correspondence, the dress and furnishings, the graceful and free life of the lady. *May be*, I say, not all the first are last; but many are, and many of the last first. A beautiful external life symbolizes a beautiful life, even if such life be absent. It stands for a reality that exists somewhere. The marble bust of a woman is beautiful though the marble be cold and

and dead ; and though it may not represent actual living grace, yet the living heart of a woman must have given expression to living features to make this best possible. To create the beautiful form and fashions of social life, how much human loveliness and intelligence have had being and activity ! And though circumstance and cash may put around some of us a show of life to which we have no interior relation, and which therefore tells nothing of us ; yet this show has a most real significance concerning human qualities and delight ; and even to us it gives some semblance of possessing these. Beautiful things are suggestive of a purer and higher life, and fill us with a mingled love and fear. They have a graciousness that win us, and an excellence to which we involuntarily do reverence. If you are poor, yet pure and modestly aspiring, keep a vase of flowers on your table, and they will help to maintain your dignity, and secure for you consideration, and delicacy of behaviour :

“ Money is a defence, and wisdom is a defence,” and, I will add, cheerfulness is a defence. Whether my laughing lady had defence of wisdom, I know not ; but she appeared to have both defence of money and of cheerfulness. “ Money is a defence.” Many true things we unbelievingly say ; as, That the man is more than his coin or clothing. Many, we say, cantingly or inconsiderately ; as when we ask, what matter whether we be prosperous or poor ; for the rich are not therefore happy, nor the poor, miserable ?

Facts are the ore, and truth the metal ; and cant the scum. It is fact that outward good is very unequally distributed. It is truth, that mere things and circumstances determine happiness ; but what the man, his temper, and sensibility, and capacity and religion. Yet is it cant, without discrimination to speak of the slender purse and sordid limiting circumstances as inconsiderable matters. They are laceration and soreness of the bones. Soreness when we sit ; hindrance when we move. Green fields are green and inspiring, though the man who dwells among them may walk in them with careless eye and the heart of an animal ; and a desert is a desert, though he who wanders over it, finds its water-melons the most refreshing of fruits, and with joy and thankfulness says so.

Snow was beginning to fall as I reached home, I sat down to the piano whilst the kettle was hissing preparation, fluttered for a minute or two over the keys, and then played Purcell's Frost-piece from King Arthur, with comfort in my heart :

### Secret of Female Influence.

The power of the woman, in bending the stronger sex to their will, is, no doubt, greatly augmented when they have youth and beauty on their side ; but even with the loss of these, it is not altogether extinguished ; nor does it altogether consist in actions—it often effects its purposes by means less visible, and impossible to be described. But these means must constantly have for their basis softness and good nature ; they must ever be such as to throw a veil over the pride of our supposed superiority, and make us believe that we are exerting that sovereign power which we consider as our right, when in reality we are obeying it. The least appearance of the contrary alarms our pride ; and she who discovers to us her intention to govern, by her power ; or by her haughty temper, produces an effect which the other sex are not sufficiently aware of ; she raises a disgust which all our efforts cannot conquer. In short, such conduct in a woman is the same thing as it would be in a lion to fight with his hinder legs, or with a hare to face about and defy the teeth of the pursuing pack ; it is neglecting to make use of what nature has furnished, and endeavouring to use what she thought proper to deny :

We could point out, were it necessary, a great variety of instances where women have governed men by the influence of good nature and insinuating manners ; but we defy history to furnish one single instance of this ascendance having ever been obtained over a man of sense by brawling ill-humour, and a visible contest for superiority. No man of feeling is proof against the softer arts of a sensible woman. Such arts are armed with an irresistible power. Almost every man is proof against her open attacks ; they are the attacks of a bee without a sting :

A man's life, says South, is an appendix to his heart.

## "It is Light, my Daughter."

[Suggested on reading an affecting incident of a child, belonging to one of the manufactories in England, who, being aroused by her mother's exclamation, "It is light," gently lifted her head, and exclaiming:—"It is light, mother," fell back and expired.]

"It is light, my daughter, arouse thee quick,  
For the day is just begun,—  
Though many hours must pass before  
Thy weary toil is done;  
It is light, my daughter. She heeds me not,  
She dreams, perchance, of some brighter lot.

"For over her pallid features a smile  
Of unearthly beauty plays,—  
As though her spirit had caught a glimpse,  
In the future, of happier days;  
How bitter from dreams of bliss to be  
Awakened to sad reality.

"To awaken to labour, uncheered by love,  
To meet with harshness and scorn,  
To eat thy bread with bitterness  
Is the lot to which thou wast born;  
Ah, surely it would not be sin to crave  
For thee, my darling, an early grave.

"Fain would I bid thee slumber on,  
And forget awhile the care,  
That has left its trace on thy sunny brow,  
And shadowed thy face so fair,—  
But it may not be, my daughter, arise,  
For the sun is gilding the eastern skies."

Aroused by her call was the slumbering child,  
And unclosing her soft blue eyes,  
She lifted them up to her mother's face,  
With a look of glad surprise;

Then slightly raising her fair young head,  
"It is light, my mother," she gently said.

"It is light, my mother," then falling back,  
On her pallet hard she lay,  
With clasped hands, and upturned gaze  
That heeded not the day;  
For her spirit beheld a brighter light  
Than that which had chased the shadows of night.

Oh, surely unto that gentle heart  
Were glimpses of glory given,  
Which brighter grew as the toils of earth  
Were exchanged for the bliss of heaven:  
For, commissioned, the angel of death had come  
On wings of love to convey her home.

—BROOKS.

For the *Mayflower*.

## Stray Thoughts.

FROM A SCRAP BOOK.

We love a quiet walk and a rural scene, and there is no spot on this wide continent where the man, immersed in business, can so easily enjoy both, as in the suburbs of Halifax; from the magnificent Panorama that stretches around the base of the citadel, to the leafy nook and shaded dell that lie invitingly beyond, all is beauty and repose; no sound save the fluttering leaf or murmuring rill, disturbs the peaceful meditations.— For years we enjoyed, with undiminished

zeal, our morning rambles through the wood, or along the shore, watching the varying aspect of the trees—the seasons—the fields of yellow grains and gardens full of fruits and flowers, marking, here or there a rising cot or villa, without a thought to mar the loveliness of Nature; but by and by faint murmurs began to float across the surface of content; occasionally a returned slip of Acadia, who had not previously been suspected of possessing an idea, would be heard after twelve months' sojourn in some of the cities in the adjoining Union, dilating with all the exuberance of youth about the Fountain or Boston Common, the beautiful scenery of the Hudson, the occasional excitement of a Broadway ramble, the cheap trip to Albany, and the advantages of Railroads, Steamboats, and other inducements to travel in modern times. We frequently felt an intense desire to analyze the curious phenomenon presented to our view, on phrenological principles—the lineaments of the countenance unchanged, with a visible improvement in dress and manners—but a dash of levity, gleaming through the remarks, soon revealed the surface refinement, for the eye that sparkles not as it glances across some well-remembered scene—the tongue busy with the oft-repeated description of far off beauty, but silent regarding the summer glory of the shady groves that lie around is, to our mind, evidence of an artificial taste that only can appreciate what others feel, but thinking on those things we, in common with many of our countrymen, experienced a restlessness and curiosity that ocular demonstration alone could satisfy, and, determined to learn from personal experience a little more about Brother Jonathan—to pry into the heights and depths of social pleasure and penury, convinced that we would either return contented with our lot, or strike the tent and camp for the rest of our mortal career in the land of notions. With these feelings we embarked on board the steamer, and three days after landed in Jersey City, and seeing little to attract attention passed over to New York in one of the splendid steamers, which ply between the mammoth city and her rising suburbs. The mansions of brick and palaces of marble, the long string of omnibuses, carriages and vehicles of every description that meet the gaze, the myriads of human beings, hurrying to and fro as the

varied calls of business or pleasure urged them along the crowded thoroughfare, embarrass and confuse a stranger; every thing is new and strange; and as sights and sounds so various attract his attention, he is apt, if given to reflection, to pause and ponder on the novelty of his situation, to think of the well-known faces in the quiet street—and to contrast them with the crowded city, but he is quickly reminded by a gentle push, first to one side and then to the other, that he must retire to the Park, or choose another time and place to muse in—we rumbled from street to street, from Barnum's Museum to the Castle Garden—from the Theatre to our temporary abode weary with pacing the stone flags, expecting to enjoy a little repose, but during the night a confused noise, like the roaring of distant thunder, prevented our falling into the arms of Morpheus; but on inquiring in the morning we ascertained that it proceeded from the numerous steamers continually arriving and departing from the landing places in the neighbourhood. After a hasty breakfast we started for Harlem, to see the pride of New York, the High Bridge, and also the great Aqueduct that supplies the city with the greatest of all luxuries—good water; they are certainly magnificent structures, worthy of the pride, praise and care manifested about them. From thence we hurried to the Art-Union Picture Gallery, to inspect the works of art by native artists, and among many good pictures we observed that ladies in different costumes, on different coloured chargers, and battle scenes were the predominating evidence of native taste, originality appeared to be at discount and copying fashionable; passing from thence to Hoboken, we enjoyed a rural treat, still there is too much pretension among its thousand visitors to make it pleasant to reside there.

At the entrance to Trinity Church is Lawrence's Tomb, a chaste and delicate memorial to a brave man; but the costly edifice, with its graceful arches and painted windows seemed to me an inappropriate place to approach with a proper spirit to worship the Father of all.

Brooklyn—with its spacious Navy Yards, and the rows of trees along the streets,—its magnificent Town-hall and elegant Parterre in front is our *beau idéal* of a city, and we spent a day there of unalloyed pleasure with some of its generous and free-hearted citizens.

Next morning fatigued with a week of excitement, we were glad to hear the fierce breathing of the iron horse, as he snorted up to the station; and bidding adieu to Brooklyn left for Boston. After a pleasant ride we arrived at Worcester, in time to partake, with our fellow travellers, of a supply of substantial and delicacies at one of the best arranged hotels in the Union. In half an hour the train was rapidly travelling a rich and apparently fertile tract of country,—on which the rapidity of Railway travelling prevented our bestowing more than a passing glance, although we were deeply interested in the inhabitants of the rising villages and busy work-shops, so pleasantly situated, far from the temptations of a great city, and yet brought near by the power of steam.

Boston, with its crooked streets, appearing as though they had been expressly arranged for the purpose of perplexing a stranger and puzzling an invading army, is justly proud of her common, without which it would simply be an ocean of brick and mortar, and to the weary sons and daughters of toil, it appears as an *oasis* in a desert to which the traveller is glad to turn and enjoy the balmy influences which descend like the morning dew upon his thirsty spirit,—and refresh, with the remembrance of bud and blossom, the hour of daily toil—I had rather live in the wilderness than toil in a crowded city.

Happening to be in Charlestown on the Sabbath, we visited Bunker Hill; of our feelings, as we stood at the foot of the monument and watched the young and old, the rich and poor, wending their way to the house of prayer, of the interest with which we scanned the green blades of grass that grew beneath our feet, the ships in Boston Bay, and the evidences of wealth and luxury that lay around—of the thoughts of the past and present that crowded thick and fast upon the mirror of our mind, we care not to speak.

We left Boston for St. John, N. B., the following morning, and, passing through East Port, observed little of interest save the U. S. Barracks perched, like a dove-cot, on the top of a neighbouring cliff, into which we had neither the leisure nor inclination to penetrate, and here, we espied the last trace of American progress, indicated by the sign over an apothecary shop, intimating

the fact that "hot and cold shower baths" might be had for a moderate compensation, and this, in a town, with fewer inhabitants than Windsor can boast of, is no slight evidence in their favour; we reached St. John about ten the same evening and on reaching the wharf were immediately surrounded by a crowd of loafers, cab-men and others; with difficulty we bundled our luggage into a carriage from which we were glad to make our exit in safety at the entrance to the St. John Hotel.

Next morning the sun shone gloriously, — and there appeared an unusual stir in the wide street; the population seemed crowding to a given point, and learning that it was regatta day, we followed the crowd to the river. The races were few, but the rowers skilful; great excitement prevailed among the crowds of lookers on, as one after another of the favourite boats approached the winning post, but the tide coming rapidly in, it was soon over, and we started in the steamer for Annapolis, passing through Digby Basin, after dark, we saw little of its beauties and wiled away the hours, discussing politics with a hard case doctor of the old school, who would sooner lop off his experimental digit than admit universal suffrage into the country. Arriving at Annapolis at "the wee short hour ayont the twelve;" we found the coach waiting to start for Halifax. With pleasure we arrived—with regret we passed through the ancient capitol and the fertile valley without a ray of light above us to illumine the scenery of that, to our mind most interesting portion of the Province, but when we arrived in Halifax, O! what a fall was there my countrymen!—we imagined that something had taken the people out of town—the stir, bustle, business, life, energy, activity, of which we have so lately been the witnesses, seemed like the remembrance of a dream; it was long before we became reconciled to the jog-trot of our previous existence, we had read the riddle, and advise those who are not accustomed to philosophise to seek not to withdraw the curtain that hides our colonial obscurity from view; but strive to live in the quiet enjoyment of the happiness which is within their reach.

J. McC.

## Artistic Associations.

BY MISS AUGUSTA BROWNE.

The Fine Arts, Music, Poetry, Painting and Sculpture, must ever endow, with a portion of their own lofty characteristics, the spirits of their sincere worshippers, inasmuch as that it is utterly impossible to be in intimate fellowship with either minds or influences without assimilating to them in tastes, feelings and habits. Some physiologists have carried this idea so far as to assert that persons placed continually together for a length of time, will finally grow to bear a close resemblance to each other in lineament and contour. However, be this pretty theory real, or be it only fanciful in regard to the outer person, it is certainly true in relation to the inner life. It were impossible to inhibe impurity from purity, vice from virtue, depravity from holiness, ugliness from beauty, or plan deliberately a deed of darkness or treachery whilst drawing in pure inspiration from an exquisite musical performance or a noble painting.

The Fine Arts carry around them a sacred atmosphere peculiarly their own; and this atmosphere being impervious to the coarser fluids of the material and deteriorated creation, it steadily repels the admixture of any foreign essence, however subtle and forcible, and refuses to transmit the most gorgeously brilliant colours, if shot from a mere Parhelion.

With pain we are compelled to admit that both music and painting have been profaned by being made vehicles of conveying unworthy and unholy sentiments. For instance, who, in his rational mind, would, *could*, for one moment, give ear unto the vulgar and oftentimes profane jargon of the negro songs which are now exerting so extensive an influence in perverting the taste of the pastime-seeking masses, were it not for the many truly charming melodies attached? Surely not a creature. And as to pictures, many a work, "stale, flat, and unprofitable," do they redeem from richly merited obscurity; many a worthless, bad book is forced into circulation through the lure of a few clever illustrations.

Music proves itself to be pre-eminently a social science, in this respect particularly,

that it is ever soliciting companionship—communion; and because that never do we experience such all-sufficing delight in it, as when surrounded by beings whose hearts chime unisonant, and fancies blend in harmony, with our own. The May of the nightingale is ever most melodious when audited by its mate.

But there is a time when solitude is necessary. On first approach to any object of unendorsed *virtu*, it is expedient, nay, indeed, absolutely essential toward forming a correct impression of its merits, that we be entirely alone, in order that the attention be undisturbed, undistracted; for, whether we spring toward the new candidate for admiration in the freshness of welcome, the spirit of kind geniality that joys in awarding eulogium, or draw nigh with the stealthy pace of a cautious, false-searching critic, there is always a sort of misty spell enveloping a first view or hearing, that requires for its clear penetration a complete concentration of thought, an abstractedness, that a step, a word, a breath, may roughly discompose and dissipate. We must grapple with our intellectual challenger *alone—alone* must conquer it, and *alone* securely cage it, ere we earn the ability and right to exhibit its beauties, or descant upon its peculiarities to even our twin-soul. But the grand ordeal once over—the judgment once firmly decided—then, then it is that we earnestly call for participation in our treasure, for the presence of kindred ones, to whom we may impart our new found acquisition. There is no true miserliness in true art. Like the sun, it dispenses its brightest beams alike over all. According to its code, a pleasure unshared is no pleasure at all. The iteration of even the most enchanting strain waxes dull, and palls upon the sense, unless an echo be awakened in the direction of the heart's desire and summons.

When a singular, noble thought springs up into new-born life within the mind, restless, panting and impatient it walks, with resounding tread, up and down the solemn temple of the soul, demanding egress, that it may impart its electric influence to others, and sue for reciprocity. Immure a thought, no matter how vigorous it may be, in selfish seclusion, and it dies for want of action, for the soul can no more flourish without exercise than can the body. And what delight

hath life, compared with reciprocity of sentiment? It is a cordial for its heaviest woes, a precious salve for the deepest wounds of the heart, and an all compensating reward of its intensest struggles—as non-appreciation and neglect are the sorest pangs which the spirit can undergo.

When, after straining every power to accomplish some great thing which mayhap shall strike home to the coveted heart of a beloved one, and enkindle within it a resplendent glow of sympathy and love, the effort proves futile, who can describe the anguish of the poor hopper, upon whom the whole burthen of his accumulated offerings of hopes, desires, longings and affections is, trampled on and withered, hurled scornfully back. Ah! many a fount of bitterness hath life bubbling up throughout its diversified journey, but none like unto this. What wonder that the stricken one, gasping with unassuaged thirst, turns away, exclaiming, in tones of despair, *Marah! Marah!*

The greatest efforts of mind are lost, wasted, except they have an individual aim; the mere generalizer but rarely accomplishes anything worthy of note. Genius never bends a random bow; there is always a choice prize which it secretly determines to secure. Singleness of motive is invariably necessary to ensure sublime results. The truly wise orator, though he seem to address with equal personality every member of the promiscuous crowd before him, in *reality* urges his argument upon a prominent few, or, perhaps, even one auditor in the assemblage, whom he has selected. Petrarch smelted his burning soul into lays for one, Laura, careless of all others; the musician pours forth his most impassioned harmonics in an absorbing thought of the beloved one, as did Beethoven for his faithless, cruel idol, Adelaide; and the ardent painter, working in momentary obliviousness of fame, leaves, as his proudest monument, the semblance of his bosom's queen.

On the loftiest summit of the heart's altar, genius offers his gift of love, and though the rich incense be consecrated to one alone—the spirit-love—yet may the multitude also be free partakers in the fragrant perfumes that float from off it.

To elucidate our meaning more fully; the mind requires a cynosure to look up to, both for encouragement and reward. There nev-

er yet was a piece of music composed, a picture painted, a poem written, a statue chiselled, worthy of immortal fame, without a special reference, and mental inscription, to some being preferred above all others; and if no such real presence existed, an ideal was created, endowed with all desired qualifications.

We all feel this to be true, especially all who have laboured in the pleasant yet toilsome field of authorship. Therefore, if the cherished umpire turns away from the labour of love, and refuses to bestow upon it the expected and well-earned meed of recompense, from henceforth to the artist his work is utterly valueless, its fine gold has become dross. Poor Sappho, not alone art thou in thy experience! No! not alone, for thousands have endured with thee the blighting miseries of inappreciation and neglect. A correspondent history is that of Properzia Rossi, a celebrated female sculptor of Bologna, who was possessed also of talents for music and poetry. She died in consequence of an unrequited attachment.—A painting by Ducis represents her showing her last work, a basso-relievo of Ariadne, to a Roman Knight, the object of her affection, who regards it with indifference.

—“Tell me no more, no more  
Of my soul's lotty gifts. Are they not vain  
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?  
Have I not loved, and striven, and failed to bind  
One true heart unto me, whereon my own  
Might find a resting place, a home for all  
its burdens of affection? I depart,  
Unknown, though Fame goes with me; I must leave  
The earth unknown. Yet it may be that death  
Shall give my name a power to win such tears  
As would have made life precious.”

## Answer to Charade.

I have read your Charade, and would say in reply,  
That it is nothing more—nothing less than your *Eye*.  
Dartmouth, November. M. M.

What a mysterious thing is a blush, what a word, a look, or a thought, should send inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of a summer sunset! Strange, too, that it is only the face—the human face—that is capable of blushing. The hand or foot does not turn red with modesty or shame, more than the gloves or the sock which cover them! It is the face that is heaven!

## The Work-Cable.

BY MIDDLE DUFOR.

CROTCHET.

HEAD-DRESS.

Materials.—Two skeins of each of four shades of scarlet Berlin wool; Penelope crotchet, No. 2.

With the darkest shade make a chain measuring twenty-two inches; on that work 2 double long, 2 chain, miss two. Leave two inches at each end, and on the remaining stitches work two rows with each shade, in chain stitch, open crotchet, making nine stitches in the chain. Increase at the beginning and end of each row by making an additional chain.

The head-piece is now completed.

For the borders, make a chain of twenty-six inches, with the darkest shade, and work chains of seven in each stitch. Work one row with each shade, united to the centre stitch of chain, except in the last row, which is worked in the same stitch as preceding row.

Work a second piece to correspond with this, after which arrange them at the sides across the head-piece, backwards and forwards, for five rows. Work two rows along the band at the back part of the head.

Make a cord with the wool, and pass through the double long stitches, and attach a small tassel, made of wool, at each end of the cord.

Strings may, also, be made in a similar manner.

## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON Fashion and Dress.

(From the Ladies' Newspaper.)

The Parisian “season” has fairly commenced, and with it have been ushered in many novelties in fashion.

We will lay before our readers such information as we have been able to collect, relative to the preparations for winter costume.

With respect to head-dresses, it is certain that they will be worn very backward on the head; caps just cover the hair at the back

of the head, and the head dress of ribbon or lace is worn so as to droop behind the ears. The extreme fullness of the front bandeaux of hair, renders it almost obligatory to fix the head dress very much towards the back of the head.

The few head-dresses we have yet seen are rich and elegant. They consist, for the most part, of blonde, lace, open work velvet, and dentelle d'or,—and, for trimming, flowers, feathers, ribbons, gold and silver blonde, and jet ornaments are employed. One of the prettiest caps we have yet seen is composed of a fauchon of black lace, trimmed with black ribbon, *broche* with gold, and two small light bouquets of gold flowers.—Another cap consists of a *fauche* of white silk tulle, spotted with gold, and trimmed, on each side, with a tuft of small marabout feathers, strewed with gold.

High dresses continue to be very general in demi-toilette; but the corsages are almost invariably open in front, and trimmed with lace or ribbon. Among the new dresses we do not observe that there is any variation from the style generally adopted for some time past. In full evening costumes the berthe descends in a point to the lower end of the waist in front, and the intermediary space is trimmed with bows of ribbon, *eschelles* of lace, &c.

**Mourning Costume.** The recent revival of the old fashion of employing jet trimmings, adds greatly to the elegance of mourning. A black crape dress has been trimmed with seven flounces which, as well as the corsage and sleeves, are ornamented with jet. Another dress, composed of black brocade, has the bottom of the skirt ornamented with three rows of fringe formed of jet. Dresses consisting of a skirt of black silk, and a jacket or vest of the same to match, have also been made to be worn in slight mourning. The skirts of these dresses are flounced, and the flowers, as well as the edge of the *pardessus*, are ornamented with embroidery.

Black cashmere, is a material often employed for morning or walking costume.—Dresses of this material are embroidered with silk, or ornamented with braid. In deep mourning, crape is usually employed as a trimming for cashmere dresses. A *pardessus* of the same trimmed with frills of crape, scalloped, and a black crape, may be

added for out-door costume. Mourning bonnets, consisting of bias folds of crape, have wide strings of ribbon *crepe*, and are trimmed, under the brim, with scabins and jet and foliage, or with velvet flowers, violet and black intermingled, collars, habit-shirts, and under-sleeves are ornamented with needlework in black. Among the head dresses adapted for mourning, may be mentioned crape flowers, relieved by *aiguillettes* of jet, and a *petit-border* of black crape, ornamented with a marchout feathers intermingled with jet: under-trimming, a small bouquet of violets, each having a jet bead in the centre.

**NOTICE.**—We must apologise to the readers of the *Mayflower*, for the late appearance of the present No. Circumstances, over which we have had no controul, have delayed it much beyond the usual time of publication, but we trust that future arrangements will be more satisfactory.

## Items of News.

On the authority of the *Buffalo Advertiser* it is stated that the secret of the perpetual motion has really been discovered by three young men of that part of the country named FORCE. They are now in Washington City, applying for a patent, and are sanguine of success. The principle upon which the machinery is propelled is the pressure of atmospheric air upon a succession of vacuums. It is said they have been offered in Washington Fifty thousand dollars for the patent right for the State of New York.

**A SCHOONER CAPSIZED AND THIRTY PERSONS LOST!**—The sch. *Newbald*, Capt. Maine, was capsized a few days since on Lake Michigan with about thirty persons on board, all lost. She was on her passage from Chicago to Grand Traverse, with full supplies for a lumbering establishment at the latter place.

**STEAMER SUNK.**—The new steamship *El Dorado*, 1900 tons, built for the Chesage route, and advertised to sail on the 26th, capsized in the gale yesterday, at New York, and her windows being open, filled and sunk. She must have been rather *cranky* for an Ocean steamer.—*lb.*

**FRENCH OFFICERS AMONG THE KAFFIRS.**—It is stated that a French officer of distinction named Parel, is among the Kaffirs, as a leader of the forces against the English. He is said to have acquired a great ascendancy in the country by his bravery and intelligence.

**THE INFLUENCE OF RAILROADS.**—A Railroad Convention was held at New Haven, Conn., on the 13th inst., for the purpose of taking active measures to finish an air line from New York to Boston. A number of very excellent speeches were made, but the one made by Prof. Silliman, who has returned recently from Europe, presents something so new on the subject that it cannot fail to interest our readers.

He adverted to those portions of Europe where he had lately been, that possessed railroads, as being inhabited by a people of superior intelligence. For example, in those parts of Italy, particularly in the Pope's dominions, where railroads did not exist, there was squalid misery, rags, and the most importunate begging, while in Tuscany and Lombardy, and other parts of Northern Italy, the people showed a better spirit, a high degree of prosperity, and there railroads prevailed. In England and Scotland the progress of railroads was wonderful. The country was covered with them, and he had been on some of them on which the trains went at the rate of seventy-two miles per hour by the watch, while the average was fifty miles. They moved faster than the wind, or the winged dove; and it was impossible but that some accidents should take place. He hoped that this should be a model railroad, not only in point of construction but for the vigilance of its police. In Germany he saw all along the railroads, a man in charge of every mile, with a signal ready to give warning in case of danger. Though in these countries they were ready to sacrifice men in locomobiles, there was less loss of life and limb by railroads in Europe than here; and Europeans showed a commendable care which Americans lacked. He was not so much in favor of going ahead as some people. It was better to look ahead first, and then go ahead. For want of precaution many went ahead and broke their heads.—*N. Y. Scientific American.*

**ELECTRICITY.**—It has for sometime been believed that we were on the verge of making some extraordinary discoveries as to the application of Electricity and Magnetism to the great purposes of life. The following extract from a letter, sent us by a friend in Dundas, will be read with the deepest interest as indicating a discovery which may probably affect the most important changes in the economy of light and heat. Mr. Bates, who has made this discovery, formerly resided in this city, and was the original projector of our Mechanic's Institute.—“Mr. Bates, of this place, has made a very important discovery. Some time ago, from the published description of Payne's alleged production of light by means of the decomposition of water, Mr. B. seized the conception that this simple subtle element might be produced by the more natural means of the decomposition of atmospheric air, as being in its nature more congenial with light, and as a medium of its transmission of much less density than water. Contemplating from this source a result similar to Payne's, he was encouraged to enter upon a series of experiments, and has now hit upon a simple and ingenious method of producing light of snowy brightness, from a peculiar-

ly modified decomposition of common air—a method which combines clear smokeless brilliancy, with absolutely perfect safety, with extreme cheapness, (such as must put out of use gas, or carburetted hydrogen) with simplicity, and with facility of management and contrivance augmenting or reducing its intensity at pleasure. He intends shortly to exhibit it to the public, and to apply for protection by patent.”—*Examiner.*

**NEW YORK, Nov. 24.**—*A Crash.*—About noon to-day, a portion of the wall of Gregory & Hartman's brewery fell upon the blacksmith shop of R. Hoe & Co., crushing it in, and instantly killing two men named McKay and Brown, and injuring Robert Sears and William Conquest.—It was feared others were buried in the ruins, but we have not heard of any being discovered.

**A MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT,** which resulted in the drowning of four men, occurred in the harbour on Tuesday night about twelve o'clock. Three of the crew of the steamship Asia, who had been ashore on a visit, attempted to get on board that vessel,—which was lying at anchor off Cunard wharf—in a small dory, accompanied by two boatmen. The wind was blowing a gale at the time, rain poured down in torrents, and when about half-way between the wharf and the steamship, the boat was swamped by a heavy sea and four of the five passengers were drowned.—Their names were James Hascith, cook; David Watkins, second steward of the forward cabin; Alex. Turnbull, bar-keeper—all of the steamship Asia; and John Sumner, watchman, who resided in Bessen court, East Boston. The boatman, Henry Davidson, saved himself by clinging to the boat until rescued by assistance from the shore. Only one of the bodies, that of Mr. Hascith, has as yet been recovered. It was found in the bottom of the boat, and was yesterday taken to the dead house in Court square where an inquest is to be held over it. Mr. Sumner was a widower, but he leaves three helpless orphans.—*Boston Courier.*

**THE NATIONAL REVENUE OF THE UNITED STATES**—We have authentic intelligence from Washington, to the effect that, during the last fiscal year, ending June 30, the revenue for Customs amounted to \$49,000,000  
From Public Land, to 2,000,000  
Total, \$51,000,000

Kossuth arrived in New York on the 4th inst., there was great *furor* on the occasion. Lola Montes had also arrived.

**MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.**—A young girl aged about twelve years, living in the neighbourhood of Amherst, a daughter of Mr. John Horton, while attempting, lately, to draw a pail of water from a well, provided with a swing pole, accidentally slipped, as was supposed, and was subsequently found drowned in the well. How careless not to have wells properly curbed! We record similar accidents from town and country almost every season.—*Recorder.*