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Emily Linwood, OR, THE BOW OF PROMISE.

BY M. E. H.

(Continued from page 37.)

CHAPTER V.

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

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

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

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

land forgotten and uncared for. Lucy's letters to her parents were evidently written in a spirit of feigned cheerfulness,—and a mother's heart was not slow to detect in them the anguish of a wounded spirit, pining under withered affection. Bitter had been her grief at their separation, but how much was it increased by the belief that her daughter was unhappy. The thought preyed upon her spirits, it undermined her naturally delicate constitution, and three months subsequent to the decease of her husband, whom a raging epidemic had suddenly snatched away, with her daughter's name on her lips, the mother of Lucy Carman breathed her last. It is a drop of balm in the cup of sorrow, to know that though separated, there exist hearts which fondly cherish our memories, to whom we are the first objects of regard that

"Our names upon their lips are borne,"

that

"For us the night seems made to pray,
For us they wake to pray at morn."

Ah, how fraught with consolation is the belief that if they knew of our sorrows they would fully sympathise in them; that on one faithful breast the throbbing head might repose; that one ear would not weary at the oft told tale of sorrow,—but with tender and consoling words would encourage the fainting spirit. Alas, poor Lucy! this was no longer vouchsafed to thee. The "eyes that had cheered thee with their light," had now become dimmed and glazed in the presence of the "King of Terrors;" the lips, that had never opened but to bless, in awful silence now leave unsaid all tender thoughts. Turn, breaking heart, from those failing reeds, and seek for some higher and more steadfast support.

Two years passed away with Lucy, years of tyranny on her husband's part, of uncomplaining anguish on her own. But now each morning brought tokens of a change. Her heart's priceless treasure had been bestowed on one who could not appreciate it,—and what remained for her but to die. She felt that she was "passing away,"—and while her trembling fingers could hold the pen, she indited the letter to which we have alluded.

"Friend of my mother," she wrote, "let me hear once again the voice that my girlhood knew; let me relinquish to your guar-

dian care my only, my beloved child, and I shall die content."

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, that Mrs. Percy hesitated not in complying with the request, but that soon after, escorted by a friend, who was travelling to the same place, she proceeded on her journey, while Charles, whom business of importance prevented from accompanying his mother, remained, with the exception of the servants, the lonely dweller of the mansion.

CHAPTER VI.

"A fresh bright morning this for riding," inwardly ejaculated Charles Percy, as he entered the breakfast parlour a week subsequent to his mother's departure.

"You can tell James to saddle my horse, as I shall require it immediately after breakfast."

The servant bowed and withdrew, and Charles was left to discuss his solitary breakfast and indulge in meditations. It is not to be denied that Emily Linwood had a large share in his musings, for however varied his ideas, her image seemed blended with each, and this without any effort on his part. But the visions of fancy were dispelled by the entrance of the servant, who announced that the horse was in readiness,—and, in a few moments, Charles, mounted on his charger, was slowly cantering along, enjoying the fresh September breeze, and experiencing the exhilarating effects of that most delightful of exercises. Very pleasant looked the city that morning; the busy hum of business,—the gay appearance of the windows illuminated by sunshine and displaying to advantage bright-hued ribbons, shawls, &c.,—the smiling looks of pedestrians,—men hurrying to their respective places of business,—women, with their baskets on their arms, returning from market,—rosy-cheeked children laughing and talking merrily as they proceeded to school, all lent cheerfulness to the scene,—and Charles rode onward with a light heart, but just as he turned the corner of the street in which Emily Linwood's Seminary stood, his eye, sharpened it may be by love, discerned her figure in the distance. She was slowly walking towards the school-house: but not alone. For the first time a slight pang shot through his heart, for as she drew nearer he observed that her companion was a young and fine-looking

man. His conversation with Emily was carried on in an earnest though subdued tone,—while she appeared to listen with deep interest, for it was not until they approached very near that Emily, lifting up her eyes, observed him. The crimson blood mounted to her cheeks as she met his earnest though, as she fancied, slightly reproachful glance,—but, coldly returning her graceful bow, he rode rapidly by. For a few moments Charles seemed determined, by the rapidity with which he urged his courser, to disconcert thought,—but he checked it at length and proceeded more slowly, musing on what he had just beheld. “Who can he be?” was the inquiry, respecting Emily’s companion, with which he tortured his brain. “She has no relatives in the city,—and very few acquaintances. He looks like a stranger,—and is, probably, a person from her native village, perhaps brought up together in the same place and—But why pursue those reflections further? What matters it to me?” Ah, but Charles Percy it does matter a great deal to you, for attempt as philosophic an air as you like, it is but a flimsy disguise after all and cannot conceal the real state of your feelings. All potent love, that laughs at the fancied power of the strongest to resist his influence, no doubt, secretly exults over his unsuspecting victim. A true knowledge of our hearts can only be acquired by deep and often painful experience,—and sometimes there lurk feelings within which only await circumstances fully to develop. This was now the case with Charles. He had lulled himself into the belief that he was merely doing Miss Linwood justice in admiring and esteeming her,—but happy man, forgot that he was treading on dangerous ground,—and was only awakened from his fancied security by experiencing a sensation more akin to jealousy than he had ever before known. But suddenly, and most unexpectedly, a stop was put to his meditations. A boy, with a red cap on his head, was rolling a wheelbarrow of stones from the grounds adjoining a dwelling, and emptying them a little beyond the pavement, returned for another load, intending to carry them away together. Charles Percy’s spirited horse, startled, perhaps, at the colour of the cap, gave a sudden spring aside, and threw its rider, who was carelessly holding the reins, with violence

from his seat. His foot, catching in the stirrup, he was dragged a short distance,—but the strap, fortunately, breaking, he was left senseless on the pavement, while the horse galloped rapidly away. There was no person passing at the time,—but the accident had been observed by a lady, who occupied a large and handsome dwelling facing the street. Mrs. Mayo, for she it was, instantaneously saw that this was “a tide in her affairs,” which “if taken at the flood,” might lead if not to “fortune,” at least to the execution of her plans as regards Emily, and, with the rapidity of thought, ordered her servants to carry him into her dwelling.—To prepare a room for his reception, and to summon a physician, was the work of a few moments,—and Charles Percy awoke, from a state of insensibility, to find himself in an apartment in Mrs. Mayo’s dwelling. Scarcely conscious of anything but excessive pain, he was, however, enabled to inquire of the physician, who stood by his bed-side anxiously watching his patient, the nature and extent of the accident.

“I regret to say that your leg is badly fractured,” was the reply, “but I trust by patience and attention you will soon recover.”

“But cannot I be removed?”

“Not on any account.” “Mrs. Mayo wished me to inform you that she will feel only too happy to accommodate you in any way.”

“She is very kind,” was the reply, uttered in a faint tone of voice, for the exertion of speaking overcame him and, exhausted, his head fell back on the pillow.

“Remember, perfect silence must be maintained,” was the Physician’s injunction to the nurse, who had just entered the apartment, “and on no account, for some time at least, allow any person to enter his room except Mrs. Mayo.”

But while the strong man has become almost helpless as a child under the weight of excessive pain, let us turn, for a few moments, to Emily Linwood.

“Who is that gentleman to whom you bowed just now?” inquired Mr. Derwent, a cousin of Emily’s now on a visit to the city, and the young man who had attracted Charles Percy’s attention.

“It is Mr. Percy, a resident of this city,” Emily replied, with a slight hesitation in her

voice and manner, which was not unobserved by her interrogator. "His mother has been very kind to me," she added. "I have been several times invited to her dwelling, and have become quite intimate with her. She is a truly excellent woman," said Emily with enthusiasm, forgetting her momentary embarrassment as she thought of her friend, "is beloved by all her acquaintances, and though possessed of affluence and moving in the first circles of society, she is exceedingly unassuming,—and had I been intimate with her for years instead of a comparative stranger she could scarcely have shewn me more attention."

"And her son, I presume, resembles her," said Mr. Derwent, in a tone of affected carelessness, yet, at the same time, fixing his penetrating eyes on his fair companion's countenance. Emily at first appeared not to have heard the question,—but on its repetition she answered, calmly, "He is highly spoken of I believe,"—and then quickly changed the subject of discourse.

Continued from page 67

Dreamland.

BY I. G. BLANCHARD.

"Dreams have their world."

Away in the regions of thought
A land of rare loveliness lies;
O, where is the soul that ne'er caught
A glimpse of its beautiful skies!
'Tis a land where no sorrow has birth,
Where care's plodding crew are unknown,
And 'tis only akin to the earth,
As it blends all its smiles with its own.

There are blue lakes and mountains and streams,
And vales that are verdant for aye;
The sun is ne'er shorn of his beams,
The groves of their gorgeous array;
There glancing on silver bright wing
Rare birds fan the roseate air,
And soul-moving melodies sing
Among flowers that are fairer than fair.

O, heart never swelled with a sigh
For aught that to bliss might belong,
That is found not beneath the bright sky
Of the magical land of my song.
Bright visions we saw in our youth,
Bright visions our manhood still cheer,
And we deem that their glories, forsooth,
Belong to this every-day sphere.

But their praises to Dreamland are due,
Dreamland is the land of their birth;
'Tis there we must go if we'd view
Full many a promise of earth.
E'en the temporal triumph of peace—
When the Lord in all hearts shall be known—
When all wars and oppressions shall cease
Where, where, but in Dreamland alone?

'Tis a land that is dear unto me,
Ay, loved as the spot of my birth;
The eagle soars heavenward less free
Than thither I've soared from the earth,

And from its rich gardens have brought
To deck this terrestrial sod,
Fresh blossoms of fancy and thought,
To brighten the path I have trod.

For earth's maladies all there is given
In that happy country a cure.
The sinner's a passport to heaven,
And fortune there smiles on the poor;
And greatness and glory and fame,
Tho' denied the poor votary here,
With bright halos encircle his name
In Dreamland's delectable sphere.

'Tis the land of the lover, I ween,
For boasts it a glen or a grove
That has not his visitings seen,
Or echoed the lay of his love?
Or if disappointment attends
His true-hearted wooings—go there—
In Dreamland the maid condescends,
And melts at the voice of his prayer!

O Dreamland, O Dreamland divine?
How dull were earth's scenes every one,
Were they not aye illumed by thy shine,
As the moon is illumed by the sun.
'Tis a blessing that thou art so near,
That world-weary mortals may hie
From the gloomy realities here,
To the light of thy shadowless sky

Sympathy.

Who, after the first enthusiasm of passion departs, who, possessed of a fervent and tender soul, is ever contented with the return it meets? A word, a glance, chills us; we ask for too keen a sympathy; we ourselves grow irritable that we find it not—the irritability offends; that is given to the temper which in reality is the weakness of the heart—accusation, dispute, coldness, succeed. We are slung back upon our own breasts, and so comes one good or one evil—we grow devout or we grow selfish. Denied vent among our fellows, the affections find a refuge in heaven, or they centre in a peevish and lonely contraction of heart, and self-love becomes literally, as the forgotten Lee has expressed it generally,

"The axletree that darts through all the frame."

This inevitable alternative is more especially to be noted in women; their affections are more acute than ours, so also is their disappointment. It is thus you see the credulous fondness of the devotee, or the fossilized heart of the solitary crone, where, some thirty years back, you would have witnessed a soul running over with love for all things, and the yearning to be loved again! Ah! why is it that no natures are made wholly alike? why is it that of all blessings we long the most for sympathy? and of all blessings it is the one which none (or the exceptions are so scanty as not to avail) can

say, after the experience of years and the trial of custom, that they have possessed.—Milton, whose fate through life was disappointment—disappointment in his private ties and his public attachments—Milton, who has descended to an unthinking posterity as possessing a mind, however elevated, at least austere and harsh, has in one of his early Latin poems expressed this sentiment with a melancholy and soft pathos, not often found in the golden and Platonic richness of his youthful effusions in his own language:—

‘Fix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum;
Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspero votis
Flum inopina des—qua non speraveris lora
Surripit—eternum linquens in secula damnum.’*

“And who is there that hath not said to himself, if possessed for a short time of one heart entirely resembling and responding to his own—who has not said to himself daily and hourly, ‘This cannot last?’ Has he not felt a dim, unacknowledged dread of death? has he not, for the first time, shrunk from penetrating into the future? has he not become timorous and uneasy? is he not like the miser who journeys on a road begirt with a thousand perils, and who yet carries with him his all? Alas! there was a world of deep and true feeling in that expression, which, *critically* examined, is but a conceit. Love ‘hath, indeed, made his best interpreter a sigh.’”

* Which may be thus prosaically translated:
“Scarce one in thousands meets a kindred heart;
Or if no harsh fate grant, at last, his dreams
Comes Death; and in the least foreboded hour
Bequeaths the breast an everlasting blank.”

Loss of the First Born.

We have read of a young mother who had newly buried her first born. Her pastor went to see her, and on finding her sweetly resigned, he asked her how she had attained such resignation. She replied, “I used to think of my boy continually, whether sleeping or waking; to me he seemed more beautiful than other children. I was disappointed if visitors omitted to praise his eyes, or curls, or the robes that I wrought for him with my needle. At first I believed it the natural current of a mother’s love. Then I feared it was pride, and sought to humble myself before him who resisteth the proud. One night, in my dreams, I thought

an angel stood beside me and said, “Where is the little bud thou nursest in thy bosom? I am sent to take him away. Where is thy little harp? Give it to me; it is like those which sound the praise of God in heaven.” I awoke in tears; my beautiful boy drooped like a bud which the worm pierces; his last wailing was like the music from shattered harp-strings; all my world seemed gone, till, in my agony, I listened, for there was a voice in my soul, like the voice of the angel who had warned me, saying, “God loveth a cheerful giver.” I laid my mouth in the dust,—and said, “Let thy will be mine;”—and as I rose, though the tear lay on my cheek, there was a smile also. Since then this voice has been heard amid the duties of every day. Methinks it says continually, “The cheerful giver.”

Music on the Waves.

From the Morning Chronicle.

This elegant volume is an example of a happy idea successfully wrought out. The music is made by a company of emigrants on board the good ship Venture, which is ploughing the moonlit waves of the Indian Ocean. The scene and the group are well sketched for us by Mrs. Norton, who enters into the spirit and poetry of nautical life with the enthusiasm of a true “child of the islands.”

The first song is volunteered by a daughter of that order of the Anglican priesthood which is proverbially remarkable for small salaries and large families:—

A curate’s daughter—whose kind sire
Lies buried ‘neath the grass-grown sod;
Too poor to keep her station where
Her father taught the word of God;
From England and from English friends
She turns—and dries the blinding tears,
Through which she saw the outward world,
And visionary waste of years.
No dread is in her calm sweet face,
No murmur for a lot not given—
Those who have slenderest hope on earth,
Have sometimes strongest trust in heaven.
Her countenance reveals her soul,
The fear of God, but not of man,
Ne’er shone more nobly, since the world
Its wrecked and altered course began;
And her large reverential eyes
Her inward pious thoughts declare,
Like lights through Sabbath hours that burn
In temples dedicate to prayer.

Ah! many a labourer’s home will miss
The kind light of those helpful eyes;
By many a cottage hearth, her name
They’ll utter with regretful sighs;

And many a brief unlettered prayer
 Invoked for her dear sake shall be,
 Who now, upon that moonlit deck,
 Stands, singing—"Pray for those at sea!"

This portionless young lady, who is proceeding with a younger sister to India, is followed in the musical concert by a lover whom the fortunes of travel have already provided for her in the person of a young Irish adventurer, whom we fear her relatives in the midland counties would hardly consider a good match:—

One of a widow's wealth of sons,
 (Who had no other wealth on earth),
 Accustomed to a struggling lot,
 Even from the moment of his birth;
 The fearless hope—the frolic smile—
 The tender word—the ready jest—
 Sprung up like wild flowers in the sun,
 And decked his poor home in the West.
 Ah, happy home! where all seemed well,
 While all were there to laugh and sing—
 Ah, happy home! which human love
 Had girded with its magic ring—
 Where the neck widow's merry boys,
 And soft-eyed girls their fate defy,
 By mere unconsciousness of cause,
 In poverty, to bid their sigh—
 How often, in more splendid halls,
 He heard exchanged such bitter words,
 The voice of his sisters came
 To memory, sweet as music chords;
 Their glad-ome looks—his mother's smile—
 His brother's warm and clasping hand—
 Thrilled to his soul, and bade him bless
 That green nook in his native land!

Then we have an emigrant mother, with an infant at her breast, who pours forth a plaintive lullaby to lovely music:—

The old trite story—ever new,
 To those who find its fate their own,
 Had been that woman's lot; she loved,
 Was wooed—was left—and now was lone.
 And in the burst of her despair,
 She would have yielded up her breath,
 But that a rosy cherub stood
 Ever between her soul and death,
 Saying "forsake me not, dear life,
 That art the better part of mine;
 Have pity on the feeble grass,
 Which baby fingers round thee twine:
 Have pity on the dumb bright eyes
 Whose sole expression is of love,
 Still answering with a ready smile
 The mother's smile that bends above;
 Have pity on the tender limbs
 Now cradled on thy rocking knee—
 If even friends thy prayers have spurned,
 Oh! what will strangers prove to me!"

In introducing the two Hindostanee boys, who sing the next duet, the poetess indulges in certain passionate apostrophes to "southern mouths," and "southern smiles," and "southern eyes," which cast a reflection upon the north that appears to us to be libellous, and in which our Anglo-Saxon prejudices forbid us to concur. We are more inclined (especially at the present season) to join in the aspirations for a better and warmer climate which immediately follow:—

Oh! sultry days, and moonlight nights,
 Oh! stars, whose glorious light on high,

Treble the frosty twinkling gleams
 Vouchsafed us in our northern sky—
 No wonder if their Lenting hearts
 To these in happy dreams returned,
 And pined to see the land once more
 For which their banished childhood yearned!
 Fly o'er the waves, thou gallant ship—
 With rushing speed glide swiftly on—
 Thy white sails rosy with the tinge
 Each evening of a warmer sun?
 Rise, broad and bright, thou holy moon;
 Make the whole world a summer's dream—
 Bring back, for them, the gleaming flow
 Of Ganges' lotus-covered stream!
 Already all those stranger eyes,
 That crowd so anxiously around,
 To them are like the land-ward lights,
 That vanish from the outward-bound!
 They see their native river banks,
 With many a shapely marble dome;
 They bless the fair and freshening breeze—
 To them, the foreign shore is home.

A ruined haid from the Highlands, to whom this fair climate appears merely a painful exile immediately after their song is ended, gives musical expression to an exactly contrary sentiment. We next have an organ-builder, who regards his art with all the passionate reverence felt by Poussin for painting, and by Wordsworth for poetry, and who is, to us, by far the most interesting passenger on board:—

His soul was in his work: he deemed
 The architect who built the choir,
 And raised the temple from the dust,
 Had less of reason to aspire.
 That silent mass of pillared stone,
 What was it—fill the life of sound
 Thrilled through its startled length and breadth,
 And crept in trembling echoes round?
 In vain, unnoticed and obscure,
 No storied page his name embalms;
 There dwelt in work from his weak hand
 The thunder of a thousand psalms.

A rich man, who is voyaging to dispel his grief for the death of his affianced bride, next sings a beautiful lament, entitled "I saw thee while I slept." But this mourner has already begun to find comfort in one of his fellow-passengers—the curate's second daughter—whose charms and their effect are thus sweetly depicted:—

Her voice was one to cheer a home—
 To lull a suffering child to sleep—
 Make reading pleasant to the blind—
 Or stay the tears of those that weep.
 Something caressing in its sound,
 Yet timid—crept into your heart—
 As though it found therein a home,
 And would not willingly depart.
 And still that melancholy man,
 Who sang "I saw thee while I slept,"
 His eyes, upon her shy young face
 In dreamy contemplation kept.
 The pure and resolute sweet look,
 Her elder sister's visage wore,
 She had not; but, to him who gazed,
 Something that touched and pleased him more.
 Something that made him wish to be
 Her friend—her comforter—her guide—
 Sent out so early, and so lone,
 On restless life's uncertain tide!
 There are to whom home's sacred walls
 A more than common shelter give,
 Like those sweet tandrilled plants that droop,

Torn from the stay by which they live ;
 Both sisters had an equal fate,
 And both were young, and both were fair ;
 But one seemed fit to cope with all
 The other was not framed to bear ;
 Fairest the stately elder seemed
 To him who sang "The Morning Star,"
 But—to the grief-worn man—the one
 Who bowed to grief, was lovelier far !
 Those downcast lashes—that meek mouth,
 Almost too tranquil for a smile—
 A blending seemed of life and death,
 His grave-bound fancy to beguile !
 If she had only raised her eyes,
 That look had chanced the spell to sever,
 But as it was, her beauty won
 And sank into his heart forever.

We hope that the course of true love may run smooth, and that this opulent Indian, when he becomes (as we apprehend he will) the brother-in-law of the young Irishman, may procure him an appointment that in the end may lead to fortune and a happy return to Galway.

The above extracts, taken at random from the beautiful emblazoned pages which do so much credit to the taste of Mr. Chappell, will give our readers some idea of a work which they will thank us for bringing under their notice. Could we also quote the musical accompaniments, they would see that Mrs. Norton has married her fine verses to melodies worthy of their charms.—The dedication to the Duchess of Montrose proves the writer to be as successful in a light and playful style of poetry as in the deep and serious pathos which marked her dedication of a former work to the Duchess of Sutherland—in verses whose glorious burst of genius and feeling might well render both names immortal. Nor is the playfulness of the present address without a certain tenderness of tone—a tenderness inseparable from Mrs. Norton's writing, and which we venture to predict will give this slight volume of ballads a very real value in many homes. Those who have brothers and sons at sea, or friends in foreign lands—who have endured the sorrow of bitter partings, or made obscure struggles in life, will find here an echo of their own feelings ; not expressed in mawkish sentiment, but in as earnest and genuine a strain as ever made affection holy. To all such we confidently recommend "Music on the Waves ;" neither over-rating nor under-rating the value of ballad music in general, of which, in spite of its simplicity among the more scientific lovers of the art, it will remain true to the end of time, that it is universally welcome.

Manhood loves its martial measure,
 Age its notes would fain prolong ;

And the child's first sense of pleasure
 Is the mother's cradle song.

Our favourite among the ten ballads in this collection are the "Prayer for those at Sea," "The Emigrant Mother," "The Friend," and "The Murmur of the Shell." A very clever drawing from the pencil of Mr. Stanfield illustrates the work, and the pages are bordered with nautical emblems. Certainly no ship should put to sea without this pleasant little volume on board, either for the use of the ship's company, or for that of friends in foreign lands.

Gloves and Cigars.

From Peterson's Ladies National Magazine for April, we make an extract, which we particularly recommend to husbands who smoke cigars and grumble at the cost of their wives' gloves and handkerchiefs :—

"I must really have a pair of new gloves, James," said Mrs. Morris to her husband, as they sat together after tea.

Mr. Morris had been reading the afternoon paper, but he laid this down and looked crossly up.

"Really," he said, "you seem to me to waste more money on gloves than any woman I ever knew. It was only last week that I gave you money to buy a new pair."

The wife colored, and was about to answer tartly ; for she felt that her husband had no cause for his crossness ; but remembering that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," she said :

"Surely you have forgotten, James. It was more than a month since I bought my last pair of gloves : and I have been out a great deal as you know, in that time."

"Humph !" And, having pronounced these words, Mr. Morris took up the paper again.

For several minutes there was silence. The wife continued her sewing, and the husband read sulkily on ; at last, as if sensible that he had been unnecessarily harsh, he ventured to remark by way of indirect apology.

"Business is very dull, Jane," he said, "and sometimes I do not know where to look for money. I am hardly making my expenses."

The wife looked up with tears in her eyes.

"I am suré, James," she said, "that I try to be as economical as possible. I went without a new silk dress this winter, because the one I got last spring would answer, I thought, by having a new body made to it. My old bonnet, too, was retrimmed. And as to the gloves, you know you are very particular about my having gloves always nice, and scold, if I appear in the street with a shabby pair on."

Mr. Morris knew all this to be true, and felt still more ashamed of his conduct; however, like most men, he was too proud to confess his error, except indirectly.

He took out his pocket-book and said, "How much will satisfy you for a year, not for gloves only, but for all the other et ceteras? I will make you an allowance, and then you need not ask me for a dollar whenever you want a pair of gloves, or a new handkerchief."

The wife's eyes danced with delight. She thought for a moment, and then said,

"I will undertake, on fifty dollars, to find myself in all these things."

Mr. Morris dropped the newspaper as if it had been red-hot, and stared at his wife.

"I believe," he said, "you women think that we men are made of money. I don't spend fifty dollars in gloves and handkerchiefs in half a dozen years."

Mrs. Morris made no reply, for a full minute, for she was determined to keep her temper. But the quickness with which her needle moved, showed that she had some difficulty to be amiable. At last she said,

"But how much do you spend in cigars?"

This was a home-thrust, for Mr. Morris was an inveterate smoker; and consumed twice as much on this needless luxury as the sun his wife asked. He picked up the paper, and made no reply.

"I don't wish you to give up smoking, since you enjoy it so much," she said. "But surely a cigar is no more necessary to a gentleman than are gloves and handkerchiefs to a lady; and if you expend a hundred dollars in one, I don't see why you should complain of my wishing fifty dollars for another."

"Pshaw," said the husband, finally, "I don't spend a hundred dollars in cigars. It can't be."

"You bring home a quarter box every three weeks; and each box you say, costs about six dollars, which at the end of the

year, makes a total of one hundred and four dollars."

Mr. Morris fidgetted on his seat. His wife was aware of her advantage, and smiling to herself, pursued it.

"If you had counted up, as I have every dollar you have given me for gloves, handkerchiefs, shoes, and ribbons, during a year, you will find it amounted to full fifty dollars; and, if you had kept a statement of what your cigars cost, you would see that I am correct in my estimate as to them."

"A hundred dollars! It can't be," said the husband, determined not to be convinced.

"Let us make a bargain," replied the wife. "Put into my hand a hundred dollars to buy cigars for you, and fifty to purchase gloves and et ceteras for me. I promise faithfully to administer both accounts, with this stipulation, that, at the end of a year, I am to retain all that I can save of the fifty, and to return to you all that remains of the hundred."

"It is agreed. I will pay quarterly, beginning with to-night." And he took out his purse, and counted thirty seven dollars and a half into his wife's hand.

And how did the bargain turn out? Our fair readers have no doubt guessed already. Jane continued, during the year, to supply her husband with cigars, and at the end, rendered in her account, by which it appeared, that Mr. Morris had smoked away one hundred and ten dollars, while his wife had spent only forty on gloves, handkerchiefs and shoes, the ten dollars she had saved having just enabled her to keep her husband's cigar box full, without calling on him for the deficiency till the year was up.

Mr. Morris paid the ten dollars, with a long face, but without a word of comment. He has ever since given, of his own accord, the fifty dollars allowance to his wife. Husbans, who think their wives waste money on gloves, should be careful to waste none on cigars.

Never nod to an acquaintance in an auction. We did so once,—and when the sale closed we found four broken chairs, six cracked flower-pots, and a knock-kneed bedstead knocked down to us.

If you cannot speak well of your neighbour, do not speak of him at all.

Bride.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

I was left an orphan at an early age, but with immense wealth. After arriving at manhood I enjoyed all that untrammelled leisure and money could procure me. I travelled abroad, and for some years pursued those amusements and pleasures which the old world, with its experience of luxury, offers to the unoccupied and wealthy.

When I was about thirty, I determined to marry. As my property consisted mostly of landed estate, situated in my native country, I wished, when I married, to return there and make it my home. Then I thought it would be better to select a wife from my own countrywomen—one who would be content to settle down to the domestic life of her own home. I shrank from selecting my future life-companion among the gay, brilliant belles of foreign circles. No. I was wearied of out-doors life, and pined for some new sphere of enjoyment. A quiet married life would procure happiness for me I felt sure; and on my voyage home, I built all sorts of domestic *Chateaux d'Espagne*.

I thought it would be very easy in my own country to obtain just the kind of woman I wanted. I had no fears of my success. I knew I had a fine personal appearance and good address, which would, of course, secure the heart of the happy lady of my selection; then my handsome fortune and excellent position in society would smooth away all family difficulties. But after my return home I found there were as many obstacles existing to my marriage as abroad; the women were the same—beautiful, accomplished, interesting, but mere women of the world.

I became the fashion, of course, and was a mark for scores of manoeuvring mammas and fair daughters. No one asked what faults I had, or whether my disposition was such as to ensure happiness in married life. My passionate, willful temper was termed a becoming spirit, my selfishness was either overlooked or uncared for. I possessed every charm of mind and person, because I was an excellent match. Disgusted, I almost resolved upon old-bachelorhood for the rest of my life.

One summer, after recovering from an

attack of illness, I happened, by chance, in travelling about in pursuit of my lost health, to stop at a sea-bathing place, quite unknown to the fashionable world. It was so unlike every other watering-place I had ever been at, that I resolved to remain there until I wearied of it as I had of every thing else.

At this retired place I met Emily Grayson. Her parents had gone there like myself for the benefit of their health rather than amusement. I soon discovered that Mr. Grayson and my father had been college friends; and though they had but rarely met after they had left college, the recollection of their boyish intimacy was so pleasant to Mr. Grayson that he received the son of his old friend warmly and affectionately. I pass over my introduction to his family. From my first interview with Emily Grayson I felt interested in her, and an intimate acquaintance but increased that interest. I soon penetrated her character—not a difficult task, for never had I seen a face so expressive of the feelings of the soul as hers. Her actions, too, were dictated alone by the impulses of a pure heart. I found that she was artless, intelligent and affectionate; these were the qualities which I had determined that my future wife must possess. Nevertheless, she had faults.—Her curling lip, her expanded nostril and flashing eye, when circumstances aroused her, indicated that she possessed an impetuous temper, with no small quantity of pride. I soon found that she was rather self-willed; but I excused this fault, for she had always been the petted plaything of parents, friends, and teachers. These were her only errors; and I thought they might easily be corrected, for while harshness but incensed her, she was as easily controlled by gentleness as a child. Suffice it to say, that she came nearer my ideal than any one I had ever met with, and I determined to win her.

I loved her as I had never loved woman. I read with her her favourite authors and mine; I walked and rode, sung and talked with her. I told her of the lands I had visited—of the wonders I had seen; and when, at last, I gave utterance to my love, my words fell on a willing ear; and I soon obtained permission to ask her hand of her parents. Great was their astonishment when they heard their girlish daughter de-

manded in marriage. They had seen my attentions, it was true; but they had looked on me as, so much her senior—she was but sixteen, I beyond thirty—that they had never imagined the possibility of my becoming a lover. However, when they found that Emily really loved me, they offered no objection; stipulating, however, that our marriage should be deferred for one year, that we might study each other's characters more closely during that time, with the additional request, that our betrothal should not be made public. If at the expiration of that time we both remained unchanged, they promised that she should become mine. I pleaded in vain for a speedy marriage; I feared that the prize which I had won might possibly be lost to me; and with all my natural impetuosity of temper, I sought to secure immediately what I hoped would perfect my day-dream of happiness. They were firm.

"Their daughter," they said, "was very young, and might possibly have mistaken a girlish liking for a more serious attachment. I, too, might be influenced by a passing fancy."

I yielded to what I could not control, but there was a source of satisfaction mingled with my disappointment. I saw that my wealth had no influence in their decision, and the fear which had always haunted me—of being married from mercenary motives, was destroyed; at length I was loved—fondly and devotedly loved, and for myself alone.

The year passed away more rapidly than I had anticipated. Oh! what a happy year was that! Friendless, alone, a sorrow-stricken old man, on the verge of the grave, I look back on that period as the sunny hour of my existence. In my dreams I recall it, and once again those happy days, with their bright hopes, their blissful realities, are mine. But to my story.

Daily my betrothed grew nearer and dearer to me; though modesty restrained any protestations of love, her silence was more eloquent than words. The year passed happily away, and my wedding-day arrived. I would have made it the occasion of a grand festival; I wished the world to witness my proud joy; but my bride looked on marriage as too solemn, too serious a thing for mirth.

A prouder, if not a happier man, was I when, after we had finished the bridal tour, she was at last installed as mistress of my magnificent mansion—when I received the congratulations of my friends, and heard the whispered murmur of admiration which her beauty excited. Fete after fete was given to her, and we plunged into the maelstrom of fashionable matrimonial dissipation.—Emily, however, preferred the quiet pleasures of home to the gay scenes into which she was introduced—and so, in truth, did I; but my vanity rejoiced in her triumphs.—Secluded as she had been from society, she had none of the faults of the initiated, and I was proud to contrast her artless, unaffected mien, and modest dignity, with the stately pretensions of those around her.

At length the bridal parties were over, and in the quietude of our home our characters began gradually to unfold themselves in each other's view. I found that I was not mistaken in my estimate of my wife's love. It was a deeper and more devoted affection than I had even dreamed would ever become mine. She loved me with all the warmth of her warm, impetuous nature; her faults were not called into action, and she was radiant with all those good qualities which so delight a man. How very happy we were; how very happy we might have remained. My moon of perfect love was at its full. I stood on the topmost pinnacle of happiness. Hitherto I had mused over the poet's lay of love; I had burned at the novelist's description of the intensity of the passion; but their wildest, their most visionary dreams fell short of that Elysium of delight—that Eden of bliss which I enjoyed with Emily. All was joy, all was brightness; but the shadow descended on my hearth—I brought it there—I fed it—I nursed it, until the light of joy was extinguished—until the sun of happiness had departed forever.

I have said that my temper was naturally violent; that I was obstinate; that I was selfish. Previous to my marriage, circumstances had kept this infirmity of disposition in check, and for some months after I controlled it. It had but slumbered—it was not quenched; and I, who had undertaken to correct this very fault in another, now, myself, became its slave. The bonds were soon broken; the first unkind words were

spoken—those words which are so easily repeated after they have once occurred. The first quarrel—that sad era in married life—had taken place between us, and both felt that, henceforth, that perfect love which we had hitherto enjoyed could return no more. Could we ever divest ourselves of the memory of those cruel words? “But we might still be comparatively happy if this evil occurred no more;” so said my weeping wife, when, after a passion of tears, she offered me her hand. Things passed on smoothly for a time; but the bonds were broken, and I ceased to check the ebullitions of anger which the slightest circumstance called forth. Before the second year of my married life had passed away, I became that worst of all oppressors—a household tyrant. At any annoyance, no matter how slight—if my meals were not prepared at the appointed hours—if a paper, or a book was mislaid—I would give way to expressions of anger of which, afterward, I really felt ashamed, knowing how unworthy they were of a man; and yet, when again angered, I repeated them, and more violently than before. My wife bore this with patience, but her indulgence chafed me, and I, sometimes uttered taunts which no human being could suffer in silence. Then came a reply, and when this reply did come—such scenes as occurred! I would work myself into an insane passion, and utter words which in my cooler moments I shuddered at, and which invariably drove her, weeping, from the room. And yet, soon after, would she come to me and beg to be forgiven for the very words which I had forced her to utter. The demon within me rejoiced to see her pride thus humbled before mine, for never, no matter how much in fault, did I seek a reconciliation.—My temper became more and more violent, and at length, in one of our usual quarrels, I proposed a separation. Had a serpent stung her she would not have gazed on it as she did on me. Never shall I forget her look, so deathly pale, as she came near me and placed her hand on my arm.

“Horace,” said she, “do you think I could survive such an act? Do you think I would cast a stain upon my young sisters? Do you think I would send my gray-haired parents sorrowing to the grave? Would see another woman your bride? Would bear the world’s sneering pity? Never! never!

—I will die first. Persecute me, torture me, inflict every refinement of cruelty upon me, even strike me, if you will; but never will I consent to such a proceeding—never shall the world call me other than your wife so long as we both shall live. You came to me when I was young and happy; you took me from a home where I had never known sorrow; you have blighted the hopes of my young life, and now, now you seek to cast me away like a toy of which you have wearied.”

I recoiled at myself; but I remained unchanged.

We had been married four years, and Emily had greatly changed in that time.—The gay, light-hearted girl had become the calm, dignified woman. The world looked upon us as examples of matrimonial happiness, for we were both too proud to betray the truth. Of late Emily’s manner had altered; she ceased to reply to my fits of passion; neither did she now come and seek to effect a reconciliation with me. An icy calm reigned between us. This existed for some time; but, while I wished it broken, my pride prevented me from making the first advances. Fain would I have had it dispelled by any means which would not humiliate me; for, with all my unkindness, I really loved my wife, regretted the violence of my temper, and lamented my want of self-control. But now—what should I do? My pride forbade any advances from my side, and I feared that none would come from hers. I saw at length that her pride was aroused, and I dreaded that she would obey its dictates, even though it broke her heart, for I knew she still loved me. Day by day her cheek grew paler—her form thinner, and I saw she suffered; but my fiendish pride would not give way. Sometimes, when I had almost conquered myself, when I had determined to effect a reconciliation, when next we met a cold bow from her, with her stately manner, again awoke the demon within me, and my good resolutions were broken. Thus matters stood when, one day, I entered the room where she was sitting, and excited by wine, which, lately, was frequently the case, I commenced upbraiding her about some trifle. She answered not, but continued her work—a piece of delicate embroidery. Enraged at her silence, I snatched it from her hands, threw

it on the carpet, and placed my foot on it.—The blood rushed to her pale cheek—her eyes flashed with their former fire, as she sprang to her feet, and bade me restore it to her.

“O, icicle,” I replied, “are you melted at last? Give it to you! No, indeed: I will teach you more respect for your husband than you have lately shown. See,” I continued, as I picked it up and tore it to fragments, “see! there is the frippery which you think more worthy of your attention than your husband.”

“Any thing is more worthy of it than my husband at this moment,” she replied.

“Say you so; say you so, madam,” I exclaimed, grasping her by the arm, and hissing the words through my teeth; “then, what say you to a separation?” You need not refuse, I will have one; I will live no longer with such a wife. Do you consent? answer me?” I continued, shaking her by the arm.

“As you please,” she replied; “nothing can be worse than this.”

“You consent at last then, do you?—Well, this very day I will commence arrangements.”

“When you please,” she replied, and she left the room.

I stood aghast at what I had done; I had proposed a separation, and she had consented. I had said that on that very day I would commence arrangements for the purpose, and could I break my word? Could I go to her and beg her not to leave me, and that, when I, myself, had proposed such a step? My pride again forbade me, and I obeyed its dictates; but there still remained a secret hope within me, that on cool reflection she, herself, would refuse. I determined to consult a lawyer in whose secrecy I could confide, and make such arrangements as were absolutely necessary. I did so, and patiently awaited the result. My wife did not appear again during that day—the next morning I found a note on my plate at the breakfast table: Emily was not there. I opened it, and found that it contained a proposal to the effect that she should be permitted to join some friends who were about to visit Europe, ostensibly on account of her health; that she should remain absent one year, and if, at the expiration of that time she still lived, that a permanent separation

might be arranged; but at present such a thing should not be made public. The note was written in a calm, clear manner, yet I thought the desire to avoid publicity in the affair betrayed some token of relenting. I replied to it at once, saying that I should make no objection to such an arrangement, or to any other that might suit her convenience. With the note I sent a large amount of money for her preparations.

The next day we received an invitation to a party, which, contrary to her late habits, Mrs. Mansfield accepted. She sent it to me in a note, stating the fact, and saying that she thought it would afford an excellent opportunity to make known to society her intention of visiting Europe. I signified my assent. During the time which intervened I saw my wife only at table, where she appeared as calm as ever, though, perhaps, a trifle paler than usual. Hour on hour I had looked for her pride to fail her. Deeply injured as she had been, I could not bring myself to believe that, loving me as she once had loved me, and I fondly hoped still did, she would really leave me; but after having once made public her intention I feared lest she might not shrink. Would she do so? O, how anxiously I awaited that eventful night, and when, at last, it came, I was dressed and in attendance at an unusually early hour. As I paced the floor anxiously, I hoped—I prayed that her heart would conquer—that love would subdue pride; but how could I—how dare I—hope it? What indignities had she not borne from me!—Ought I not to humble myself and ask her to forgive me!

Had she come in at that moment I would have done so, but she came not. I wondered how she would dress. Perhaps some carelessness in her apparel would betray that her mind was too much pre-occupied to think of it. I glanced at the clock; it was time that she should be there. Just then she entered, and as pale and calm as usual. I looked at her dress; it was of dark velvet, trimmed with rich lace—she had worn just such a dress in happier days because I admired it, and thought that it became her style of beauty. But now what was her object? Did she desire to please me still, or was it habit? I glanced at her arms—on her neck;—she wore a set of diamonds, which I gave her shortly after our marriage.

She rarely wore them at first, because she thought them unsuitable ornaments for one so young, but now, when she looked so queenly and moved so stately, they gave to her a grandeur which startled me.

I could detect no carelessness in her dress—no agitation in her manner. Her hand trembled not when I led her to the carriage. She showed no emotion during our drive to the scene of festivity. Could this be the light-hearted girl I married a few short years ago? Could this cold, this haughty, this imperial woman, be the gentle, the loving, the delicate wife of other days? I heard the murmur of admiration which greeted her: I saw group after group of flatterers gathering around her, and I wandered through the crowd like one in an opium dream, until, at last, I reached a conservatory, where I concealed myself, and thought of her—thought of her as when first I met her. I looked back on the happy hours of our betrothal—on the happier days of our early married life. I recalled her joyousness of spirit—her frank confidence of manner—her deep love—our former happiness—our present misery; and I remembered that it was *I* that had wrought the change. In a few days we should part—perhaps forever—part, while our hearts were full of love for each other! Never had I adored her as at that hour, and I determined that she should not leave me.

Just then the voice of some one singing reached me. The tones seemed familiar: I could not be mistaken: the voice was hers. I hastily repaired to the room from which it proceeded, and, placing myself in a position from which I could see the singer without being seen by her, listened until the song was finished. She was about to arise, when several voices asked for another song—for one which once had been a favourite of hers—of mine. Her face flushed, and then paled again, when it was placed before her. Perhaps she thought of how often she had sung that song for me. In my eagerness I had pressed forward, and just when she hesitated, her eyes met mine. She immediately complied. Her voice faltered at first, but recovering herself, she sang it through to the end. It was a lay of happy love.—When it was finished, she raised her eyes for a moment, and only a moment, to mine, and then commenced another—one I had

never heard before—the story of a proud heart broken! The words seemed to come from her very soul. The tones of her voice will ring in my ears until they are dulled by death. A deep, painful silence pervaded the room. Tears stood in many bright eyes, and many red lips quivered with emotion.—Then she ceased and arose from her seat, but so pale was she I feared she would faint.

We soon after returned home. The distance was short, but the time seemed an age until we reached our house. I would have given worlds to have spoken and to told her all—all my sorrow—all my repentance—but I could not; my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, nor indeed, until long after we had reached our home, and she bade me “good-night,” could I utter a word. Then and only then I stammered out a request that she would remain for a few moments. She closed the door and returned to her chair, raising her large, dark eyes inquiringly to mine. I hesitated.

“Emily,” at last said I—I had not called her so for months before—“Emily, will you not sing me those songs you sang to-night?”

“Certainly, if you wish it,” she replied, and seating herself at the piano, she sang them again in a clear, calm tone.

I had determined when the songs were finished to seek a reconciliation; but the demon, pride, whispered will you be less firm than she?—this cannot last: why humiliate yourself?” Alas, I listened, and obeyed! I suffered the last opportunity, to recall our lost happiness, to escape. Pride, the tyrant, was obeyed, and I suffered her to leave the room with a cold “good-night.” I went up into my own lonely chamber, and sat down, and pondered on the events of the evening, regretting, bitterly regretting my folly in suffering my pride again to master me.

I heard my wife moving about her room which adjoined my own, and then, suddenly, a heavy fall and a low groan! I rushed into her apartment and found her extended on the floor. I raised her in my arms, and to my horror! her white night-dress was covered with blood, which was streaming from her mouth. The truth flashed upon me at once; she had broken a blood vessel; she would die! I sprang to the bell. In a few minutes—minutes which seemed an age, the servants entered the room, but stopped hor-

ror-stricken at beholding their beloved mistress apparently in the agonies of death!

"The doctor! a doctor, quick!" I shouted—"she will die—she will die!"

In a second they were all gone save her maid, who was sobbing and praying, while she wiped the blood from the blue lips of her expiring mistress. O, what agony I suffered during the interval which ensued before the arrival of the physician! I called her by the dearest titles; I begged her but to speak one word. I entreated her to forgive me—only to smile once more? She slowly opened her large eyes; a slight smile passed over her face, and she was—dead! Just then the physicians entered. I would not—I could not believe that she was really no more—that God had taken her from me. I begged and prayed of them to exert their skill—to save her!

"It will be useless to attempt it," was their passionless reply; "no human power can restore life!"

I did not believe them. My wife was not—could not be dead! I clasped her in my arms; I kissed her brow—her lips; and all became a blank!

What passed afterwards I know not.—When I awoke to consciousness I found myself lying on a bed in a darkened room. A strange female was standing by its side, talking in a low tone of voice to another stranger.

"He seems better to-day, doctor," said she, "much better."

I asked for my wife: they told me to be quiet, that I had been very ill, and inquired how I felt? I answered not, for gradually past events came back to my recollection. I remembered every thing—even my last kiss on her clay-cold lips. I knew that she was dead, and asked them what they had done with her? At first they hesitated, but at length they told me that she had been buried. Buried! my Emily! my wife!—Again I ceased to remember. The delirium which accompanied the fever that had attacked me, returned. All was chaos.

Several months elapsed ere I recovered, and since that time my days have been passed in tears, and in prayer, at her grave; my nights in dreaming of her goodness, her affection and my terrible sin. Years have passed away since she was consigned to the tomb—years of suffering—of remorse—in which

I clothed my spirit with sackcloth and heaped ashes on its head. My deep repentance has at last procured forgiveness. Last night she smiled upon me in my dreams and beckoned me away. I most joyfully acknowledged the summons. Ere many days I shall pass the portals of that mystic land where sorrow comes not, and forgetting all my crimes I shall abide with my angel forever and forever!—*Graham's Magazine.*

For the *Mayflower.*

The Widow of Nain.

Forth issuing from the gates of Nain,
Appears a dark funeral train;
And every follower's downcast eye,
Is wet with tears of sympathy;
And pitying sighs spontaneous rise,
From all who view those obsequies;
Nor few their number—aged men
Are there, with younger citizen;
And matron grave, and youthful maid,
And children, with their laughter staid;
All moving on with measured pace,
To the last solemn resting-place,
Of him, last scion of his race.
Each face shews grief, but one is there,
Whose woe seems merged in stern despair;
The rigid lip, the sunken eye,
All speak of that keen agony,
Which rends the tortur'd human heart,
When feeling its last hope depart;
That in its wild excess of pain,
The very life-blood seemst to drain;
And while it makes the heart its throne,
Transforms the outward man to stone.
The anguish in her bosom pent,
Seeks no relief in loud lament;
And no external sign betrays
The grief that on her spirit preys,
Save, that with tight, convulsive wring,
Her stiffen'd hands together cling:
Like moving statue, onward led,
She follows close behind her dead;
No husband's arm her form sustains,
Sharing, and lighten'g all her pains;
For he who once that title bore,
Has long since left this earthly shore;
And, with its heritage of tears,
A widow's mournful name she bears.
No son with tender, filial clasp,
Unlocks her cold hands' icy grasp;
Her soul's last prop extended there,
Onward she moves in mute despair;
With eyes her lost one fixed upon—
He was that widow's only son.
But, hark! approaching steps she hears,
And, lo, a travelling group appears;
A King is there! though no display
Of regal splendour marks his way:
No proud, and stately cavalcade,
In trappings gorgeous array'd,
Attends his course, nor armed band,
His progress heralds through the land;
The followers that around him throng,
To lowest earthly grade belong;
And worn, and travel-soll'd appear,
The coarse habiliments they wear:
But, oh! the King on whom they wait,
Requires no aid from outward state,
To prove his high descent,—his deity,
That power of mortal man exceeds;
His strength to save, his power to heal,
All his high lineage reveal:
The dumb, and deaf that speak and hear,
The unclean spirits, in their fears,

At his command, abandoning
 Their victims pale and quivering;
 Yet with reluctance—nor without
 Malicious rend, and hideous shout
 Yet, in their mad, despairing cry,
 Hailing him, "Son of God most high."
 He stands before that widow now,
 Compassion on his Godlike brow;
 She sees that look, and from her eye,
 The pleading tear falls heavily;
 Oh! will he with his mighty power;
 Assist her in that trying hour?
 Unite Life's sever'd, golden chain,
 And bid her dead revive again?
 Silent, and with suspended breath,
 She waits the issue—Life or Death.
 "Weep not," the Saviour gently says,
 As on the bier his hand he lays;
 And while, obedient to his will,
 The bearers of the corpse stand still,
 He speaks again—"Young man, arise!"
 And straight, before their awe struck eyes,
 The dead sits up, not wan or weak,
 But Health's rich glow upon his cheek;
 While gushing words of tenderness,
 Burst from him, as in fond caress,
 His joyful mother, Sorrow gone,
 Clasp to her heart her living son.

Shelburne.

A. B.

Domestic Affairs.

In order that she may be qualified to act well her part in life, a young lady should acquire a thorough knowledge of domestic and culinary affairs, so that, even if she should never be required, by circumstances, to go into the kitchen to cook a dinner, she will yet be able to give directions how to do it,—and know when it is properly done. No one knows what a day may bring forth. Life is a scene of perpetual changes. We have known ladies, who have been raised in entire freedom from labour, suddenly reduced to poverty, and compelled, for a time, to do what might be well called household drudgery,—or see their husbands and children subjected to the severest privations. And even where no such reverse, but only a change from one section of the country to another, has taken place, the necessity for a practical knowledge of every thing pertaining to housekeeping, is frequently found to exist.

A very beautiful and delicately-raised girl was married, not long since, to a young man, on the eve of his departure to a small but thriving town in the west. Her parents were in moderate circumstances, but she was their only daughter, and they had raised her most tenderly. Every dollar that could be spared was expended on her education. The highest accomplishments were sought for her. At the time of her marriage she was

a young, slender, sylph-like creature, that looked as if time had never showered any thing but blossoms on her head. She could dance with the grace of a fairy; perform with great skill upon the piano, harp, or guitar, and sing exquisitely. But she knew as little of housekeeping as a boy just let loose from school.

A few weeks after their marriage the young couple started for their new home in the west. On arriving there, they found a little village of three or four hundred inhabitants, in which was a stage-house or tavern, kept by a drunken Irishman. At this house they were compelled to stay for two or three weeks, until their furniture arrived. There was no other boarding-place in the village. By the time their furniture was received, they had rented the only vacant house there was. This was a small frame tenement, containing four rooms, two below and two above. It stood alone, on the outskirts of the village. Without, all was cheerless enough. The yard contained about the eighth of an acre, and was enclosed by a post and rail fence. There was upon it no tree or shrub, but plenty of rubbish from the house which had just been built. Inside, every thing was as as meagre and common as could well be. There were windows, but no shutters; rooms, but no closets; walls, but no paper; not even whitewash. All was as brown and coarse as when it came from the hands of the plasterer. The young bride shed many tears in prospect of being compelled to occupy so miserable and lonely a place,—and the young husband was made to feel as wretched as could well be, in consequence. At length their furniture arrived,—but there were no upholsterers to make and put down the carpets. Nor could any body, with the ability of the needle, be obtained in the village to do the work. After various efforts, and inquiries on the subject, the bride was coolly told, by a plain-spoken matron, that she guessed she would have to make her carpet-herself, adding, "People, in these 'ere parts, have to help themselves." The making and putting down of carpets was more serious work than she had been used to,—or ever thought of doing. But it was out of the question to think of living on bare floors, so, after taking a good hearty cry to herself, she went to work; and, after two or three days of sta-

dy application, got the carpets made and tacked down. It is not to be denied that some of the figures were a long ways from matching,—and that a number of rough places in the seams, attested the young lady's want of skill in such matters. But the work was done after a fashion,—and that was a good deal. The bedsteads were then put up, the furniture arranged,—and the young couple took possession of their new home.

But here a new and undreamed-of difficulty arose. A servant could not be had for love or money. There was not a woman in the village who had any help unless she were fortunate enough to have a grown-up daughter, a niece, or unmarried sister, living with her.

"What am I to do?" asked the bride in despair, after she fully understood the disabilities with which house-keeping was to be attended. "I can't cook, and do all the work about the house. I never got a meal's victuals in my life."

"We can go back to the tavern, and continue boarding I suppose," said the young husband, uttering what he did with great reluctance, for the accommodations at the stage-house were little better than no accommodation at all.

"I would'nt be paid to stay another day in that house," was the quick reply. "The worst fare we can have will be better than going back to that wretched place."

"I fully agree with you," said the husband. "Bread and water here, would be preferable to the richest food there. Try and do the best you can,—and I will help you all I know how. It would be a pity, it seems to me, if two young people, with health and the means of living as we have, could not take care of themselves."

So it seemed to the young wife,—but then how was she to do it at all. She could make a cup of tea,—but that was about the most she could do. As to baking a loaf of bread, she knew no more about doing it than if she had never heard of bread,—and the cooking of meat, or the making of pies, or puddings, were mysteries of the culinary art far beyond her comprehension.

The attempt to buy bread, for the first meal, proved unavailing. There was no baker yet in the village. The effort to beg or borrow was more successful. The young

man called in at the house of their nearest neighbour,—and frankly stated his difficulty. The woman, to whom he applied understood the position of the young couple in a moment. She was of the better sort, and not only supplied them with a couple of large fresh loaves of good bread—but promised to step over in the morning, and give the inexperienced bride some little instruction in household affairs. She was as good as her word,—and her young scholar was quite an apt one. The situation, in which the latter found herself so unexpectedly placed, caused her to reflect upon and to be ashamed of her deficiencies. She had spent years in the acquirement of various branches of information, many of them little better than useless,—but not one of them was now available in this her first essay in life. Her education had been confined almost entirely to the ornamental, while the useful had been totally neglected. She had married, and commenced the world with her husband.—He was fully prepared to do his part,—but she was entirely deficient in ability to do hers. But she had the merit of possessing a fair proportion of common sense; had some quickness of perception,—and being willing to do the best she could, was not long, under the kind instruction of her neighbour, in acquiring a very fair knowledge of housekeeping. For six months she did all her own cooking, baking, washing, and ironing. There was no help for it, unless she did it, it would have to remain undone. After that she was fortunate enough to obtain a good domestic, brought from the east by her husband, when he went on to purchase goods.

A little previous instruction in housekeeping affairs, would have saved this person from a good deal of mortification, trouble and perplexity.

A friend of ours, remarkable for his strong good sense, married a very accomplished and fashionable young lady, attracted more by her beauty and accomplishments than by any thing else. In this, it must be owned, that his strong good sense did not seem very apparent. His wife, however, proved to be a very excellent companion,—and was deeply attached to him, though she still loved company, and spent more time abroad than he exactly approved. But as his income was good, and his house

furnished with a good supply of domestics, he was not aware of any abridgment of comfort, on this account, and he, therefore, made no objection to it.

One day, some months after his marriage, our friend on coming home to dinner saw no appearance of his usual meal,—but found his wife in great trouble instead.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nancy went off at ten o'clock this morning," replied his wife, "and the chamber maid knows no more about cooking a dinner than the man in the moon."

"Couldn't she have done it under your direction?" inquired the husband, very coolly.

"Under my direction? Goodness! I should like to see a dinner cooked under my direction."

"Why so," asked the husband in surprise. You certainly do not mean that you cannot cook a dinner."

"I certainly do, then," replied his wife. "How should I know anything about cooking?"

The husband was silent, but his look of astonishment surprised and worried his wife.

"You look very much surprised," she said, after a minute or two had elapsed.

"And so I am," he answered, "as much surprised as I should be at finding the captain of one of my ships unacquainted with navigation. Don't know how to cook, and the mistress of a family! Jane, if there is a cooking school any where in the city, go to it, and complete your education, for it is deficient in a very important particular."

The wife was hurt and offended at the words and manner of her husband,—but she soon got over this. The next time the cook went away there was no trouble about the dinner.

For the Mayflower.

Hope.

Sweet ray from Heav'n on mortal's pathway shed;
A beacon light when all around is gloom;
The last safe refuge of the human heart;
The balm that soothes the triumphs of the tomb.

Mysterious power, the best and truest friend,
The troubled soul may ever call its own;
A spirit hand which battles with despair,
When fortune frowns and fickle friends disown.

Oh! helpless child, and erring son of earth,
How bleak thy sojourn in this "vale of tears,"
Did future *hopeless* haunt thee on thy way,
No ray of promise mingle with thy fears!

We leave behind the home of early days,—
And bid farewell with less of pain than haste—
We sigh for wealth; alas! how soon we find
We're weary wand'ers on an arid waste.

The flowers that bloom'd on childhood's sunny path
All scattered lie like emblems of the dead;
Each passing year some joyous dream dispels,
And leaves a sad remembrance in its stead.

Death link by link, affection's chain destroys,
The wounded heart turns saddened from the scene,
While all is changing, feelings callous grow,
And nature wears a misanthropic mien.

No kindly hand, or generous friend removes
The many thorns that cruel fate hath sown,
But hurrying onward with the busy throng,
Each seeks and bears his destiny alone.

Unfeeling world! ambition's tinsel throne;
Unhallowed stage of folly and for strife!
What dire neglect for other's woes are here;
The sufferer asks, *Can this be really life?*

Yes! this is life, that brief and measured span,
Where sorrow taints the sparkling cup for all;
'Tis mortal's heritage, and yet there's *hope*,
The precious boon bequeathed us at "the fall."

When Adam sinned in cloudless Eden blest,
And brought on man the anger of his God,
A ray of mercy lingered with the curse,
To ease and soften the avenging rod.

And this was *HOPE*, the star of peace, designed
Our fallen race from dark despair to save,
With Iris hues to brighten thro' the storm,
And shed its radiance on the closing grave.
July 1851.

For the Mayflower.

Leaves

FROM A COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

BY M. W. WILSON.

No. I.

"Commune with thyself, oh man"

Leisurely passing, one fine autumn morning,
A pretty cottage, in the suburbs of the city, I
overheard, from a lady who stood near an
open window, the following remark:

"I was very sorry, indeed,—but I never
gave it a thought."

I passed on, without ascertaining to what
she alluded; whether trivial or great had
been the result of want of thought,—but as
I wended my way, I could not avoid dwelling
on the benefits which had resulted from
a due exercise of that great power, bestowed
on man,—and the evils which flow from its
neglect.

Thought, properly directed, and practically
enforced, what blessings has it not conferred
upon man. The mighty steam-ship,
that now, "like a thing of life," cleaves the
blue waters of our harbour,—the telegraph,
sending its voice to and fro through the land,

—the rail road,—the press,—all bear testimony to its influence. Observe, too, the benevolent institutions of the day. Look at the Asylums, erected in every part of the civilized world, for the relief of the wretched and needy. Philanthropic thought, carried into action, has snapped asunder the fetters of the slave, and “bid the oppressed go free;” it has looked upon the lonely captive in his dungeon,—and the balmy air of heaven has again fanned his feverish brow, it has sent forth its Missionaries, far and wide, to degraded and down-trodden humanity,—and by the mighty influence of truth, has elevated them in the scale of moral and intellectual beings.

But the want of thought, what evils have not arisen from it. Alas, alas, for the homes made desolate, the firesides deserted, the hearts withered, under its blighting influence. But my attention was painfully diverted from the subject, by a deplorable spectacle. “Ah,” said I, “here it is practically exemplified.” A crowd had gathered around some object,—and, as I advanced, I immediately recognized the man, who lay, in a state of intoxication, an outcast from society, a jibe for the scoffs and sneers of an unfeeling throng. I remembered that he had once been the darling and pride of a widowed mother,—and that she, who would willingly, if called upon, have laid down her life to promote his welfare, was the first to present to him the poisoned cup,—and bid him sip, thoughtless of the result. Oh, had she but allowed herself to consider the probable consequences of her act, that son might now be an ornament to society, “blessing and blessed.”

The cemetery gates were open,—and as I entered one of them, a procession of mourners was bearing to its last narrow resting-place, another victim of the “King of Terrors.” As the coffin was lowered into the ground, I observed the inscription. It was that of a youthful female; one in life’s brightest and sunniest prime. I beheld the father, convulsed with grief, bending over the grave, as though he would fain have shared its repose,—and my heart throbbed with pity, as I thought of his desolate fireside. But what had laid her in an untimely grave? The sad story, by stranger lips, was told to me. Life had dawned on her full of sunshine and flowers. Blest with

affluence, friendship and love, what more could the heart have desired. Betrothed to one, who appeared in every respect worthy of her choice, the wedding day was appointed, when a word, thoughtlessly spoken, gave offence, an explanation was demanded, pride aroused,—and the engagement abruptly broken off. The young man departed to a distant country, while she remained at home,—and, after lingering for some months, died broken-hearted, a victim to a thoughtless word.

“Alas, how slight a cause may move
Dissensions between those that love;”—
“A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind, or wrongly taken—
Oh, love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch, like this, hath shaken.”
“Till hearts so lately mingled seem
Like broken clouds,—or, like the stream
That smiling left the mountain’s brow,
As though its waters ne’er could sever,—
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods that part for ever.”

Leaving the Cemetery, I bent my steps towards the Penitentiary. As I passed along, the woods re-echoed with the melody of native songsters; the blue sky bent lovingly over my head,—all nature seemed animated. The trees, playfully rustled by the passing breeze,—the little murmuring brook, that pursued its useful and happy course, the busy insects, that fitted to and fro in the sunbeams, all seemed rejoicing in the gift of existence. In gazing and admiring the loveliness around me, I had almost forgotten that it was “blooming but to die.” Sunburnt Autumn already trod the plain,—and even now,

“The south wind searcheth for the flowers,
Whose fragrance late it bore,
And sighs to find them in the woods,
And by the stream, no more.”

On turning down the path, leading to the Penitentiary, I observed three men, clad in the habiliments of that Institution, chained and breaking stones by the way-side. One of them, particularly, arrested my attention. He never raised his head, except once, to brush away the hair from his forehead,—and then I caught a glimpse of a countenance bearing the traces of deepest melancholy, but with a stamp of refinement, not visible in the others. At a subsequent period, I learned from him his sad history,—which was confirmed by other lips. A stranger, from a distant country, accompanied by his wife and three children, he had

landed on our shores, with the intention of settling, if possible. Unfortunately, soon after his arrival, he was taken ill,—and the little money they had brought with them, was soon expended. They struggled hard against the approach of want, and, unwilling that their poverty should be known, suffered in silence, until, at length, the wife, observing her husband growing daily weaker for want of the necessaries and comforts of life—stimulated by Love, stronger than Pride, solicited, from door to door, alms from the hand of Charity. The hollow cheeks and sunken eyes of the young stranger, told of suffering more distinctly than her few broken words of English, uttered in a low and musical voice,—and Pity looked kindly on her, weeping as she listened to the tale of sorrow,—and gladly threw in her mite for their relief. But alas, before the man had entirely recovered his strength, a false report, originating in some thoughtless expression, that he was unworthy of their kindness, spread abroad, and when he sought employment, every door was closed against him. Finding their endeavours, to obtain a livelihood fruitless, they gathered up their scanty goods, and determined to travel to Halifax. But misfortune seemed to pursue them. While still at a distance from the city, the poor wife, who had struggled bravely against the gales of adversity, and “weary with the march of life,” would gladly, but for her loved ones, laid her aching head on the green sod, and exchanged her existence of sorrow, for one of immortal blessedness. At a little distance from the spot, stood a barn, the door of which was open. Thither the husband conducted his wife and children, for they were at some distance from a farmhouse, and then went forth to seek for charity,—but, rudely repulsed, and rendered almost desperate by the remembrance of his starving family, he, at length, when the attention of the owners was diverted, secreted some provisions and money, and hastened with them to his family, who, imagining they had been bestowed by benevolent hearts, partook of them with thankfulness. But short-lived was their joy. The officers of justice was speedily on their track,—and ere a few weeks had elapsed, the husband and father had become an inmate of the Penitentiary,—and his wife and children were placed in the asylum for the poor. What evil had

not a thoughtless expression wrought.

But ere we draw our meditations to a close, let us reflect, gentle reader, how frequently you and I may have sinned, in this respect. Oh may we endeavour to use more faithfully, for the future, that great, that blessed boon which Heaven has bestowed upon us,—and while we cultivate words of instruction, consolation, and kindness, let us guard against the habit of speaking thoughtlessly.

Poor Rosalie.

BY MRS. OPIE.

(Concluded.)

The next morning, as she was working at her needle, and deeply ruminating on the trying duty which awaited her, while as I noticed before, the heat of fever, now aided by emotion and anxiety, had restored to her much of her former beauty, by flushing her usually pale cheek with the most brilliant crimson, she heard a manly voice in the next garden, singing a song, which reminded her of her native village, and of her mother,—for it was one which she was used to sing, nor could she help going to the window to look at the singer. She saw it was a carpenter, who was mending some pales,—and she was listening to him with melancholy, but pleased attention, when the man looked up,—and seeing her, started, broke off his song immediately, and stood gazing on her with an earnest, perturbed, and, as she thought, sarcastic expression, which was so disagreeable to her, that she left the window, and the man sang no more. The next day Rosalie saw him come to his work again,—but she withdrew immediately, because he looked at her with the same annoying and unaccountable expression, as on the preceding day. The following afternoon, when, as she knew, a fair was held in the village, she saw the same man appear with his cheek flushed, and his gait unsteady, from evident intoxication. He was dressed in his holiday clothes; had some tools in a bag, hanging on his arm,—and was gathering up some others, which he had left on the grass,—and thence Rosalie concluded that he was not coming to work there any more. As he had not yet observed her, she continued to

observe him, when suddenly he lifted up his head,—and as his eyes met hers, he exclaimed in a feminine voice, as if mimicking some one: “*Oh the pretty arm!—Oh the pretty arm,*” and then ran out of the garden. At first Rosalie stood motionless and bewildered,—but the next moment conviction of a most important truth flashed upon her mind. She well remembered, when, elated by vanity, she had uttered these memorable words. It was when she believed herself alone, and on the night of the murder. But they had been overheard! He, therefore, who had just repeated, must have overheard them,—must have been concealed in the room in which she had spoken them,—and must, consequently, have seen her, himself unseen. Then, no doubt, she had beheld, in the man who had just quitted the garden, the murderer of her benefactress! Never was there a more clear and logical deduction, and, in Rosalie’s mind, it amounted to positive conviction: but was it sufficient to convince others? There was the difficulty,—but Rosalie saw it not. And, in a transport of devout thankfulness, she fell on her knees, exclaiming that the hand of the Lord had led her thither, that she might avenge her murdered friend, and clear herself. But how should she proceed? It was evident that the man was going away from that spot. What could she do?—and Madelon was not at home to advise her. No time was to be lost, therefore, throwing a veil over her head, she hastened to the house of the chief of the municipality, which was on the road to the town, mentioned before. Fearfully did she go, as she ran a risk of meeting the ruffian by the way, and she thought he might suspect her errand. But she reached the house unseen by him, and requested an immediate audience. It was not till she had sent in her message,—and was told the magistrate would see her in a few moments, that she recollected in what a contemptible light, as the utterer of such weak self-admiration, she was going to appear, but she owned it was a humiliation which she had well deserved, and which she must not shrink from. When she was summoned into the presence of the magistrate, she was so overcome, that she could not speak but burst into tears.

“What is the matter, my poor girl,” said he, “and who are you?”

“Come, come, I have no time to throw away on fine feelings; your business, your business!”

Rosalie crossed herself devoutly, struggled with her emotion, and then, though with great effort, asked him if he recollected to have heard of the murder of an old lady, in such a village, and at such a time.

“To be sure I do, said he,” and a young girl who lived with her was tried for the murder.

“Yes—and acquitted!”

“True,—but I thought very wrongfully, for I believe that Rosalie something or other was guilty.”

Again the poor Rosalie crossed herself,—then, raising her meek eyes to his, she said in a firm voice. “She was *innocent* Sir; I am Rosalie Mirbel.”

“Thou, then looks are indeed deceitful,” replied the magistrate fixing his eyes intently and severely upon her.

“Not so, if I look innocent,” she answered.

“But what can be thy business with me young woman?”

“I am sure I have discovered the real murderer, and I am come that you take him into custody on my charge.”

“He! what! oh, he is thy accomplice, I suppose, and you have quarrelled, so thou art going to turn informer, is that the case?”

“I am innocent, I tell you, Sir, therefore can have no accomplice, and I never saw this man in my life till three days ago.”

“Girl! girl! dost thou expect me to believe this.” What is he?

“A carpenter?”

“What is his name?”

“I do not know.”

“And where is he?”

“In the neighbourhood.”

“But where could I find him?”

“I do not know.”

Then how could I take him up? and on what ground? On mere suspicion? On what dost thou rest thy charge? But thou art making game of me. Away with thee, girl!”

“Not till you have heard me.” Then rendered fluent, by a feeling akin to despair, she told what, even to herself, began to seem her improbable tale. Though Rosalie expected to feel considerable mortification while relating her own weakness, the effect,

on the magistrate, was such as to overwhelm her with shame for repeating over and over again. "Oh the pretty arm!—Oh the pretty arm!"—he gave way to the most immoderate laughter,—but when he recovered himself he asked Rosalie, in the sternest voice and manner, how she should dare to expect that on such trumpery evidence as that is, he should take up any man,—and on such an awful charge as the one which she presumed to bring,—and against a man too, of whom she knew neither the name, nor the abode. Rosalie now, for the first time, seeing how slight to any one but herself the proof of the man's guilt must be, sunk back upon a seat, in an agony of unexpected disappointment and despair.

"And you do not believe me?—and you will not take him up?" she exclaimed, wringing her hands.

"Certainly not. Recollect thyself. What, is a man's telling a young girl she has a pretty arm, a proof that he has committed a murder?"

"But you know that is not all."

"No,—but even supposing some one was concealed in the room, and heard thy self-praise—heard thee"—here he laughed again in so provoking a manner that Rosalie exclaimed, "Do not laugh, I cannot bear it! you will drive me out of my senses."

"Well, well, I will not. But suppose that this man did knowingly repeat thy own words to thee; does it follow that he must himself have heard thee utter them? Some other person might have heard thee,—and repeated them to him and he, recognizing thee."—

"But I never saw him in my life, till now."

"Indeed, recollect thyself. He must have known thee personally, at least, that thou canst not deny."

"Certainly not,—and he saw and heard me also, that fatal night,—and I tell you again he is the murderer."

"But listen, young woman, art thou prepared to assert, that on that night, and that only, thou wast ever betrayed into praising thy own beauties?"

"I am; it was the first and only time."

"And thou expectest me to believe this?"

"I do."

"Why, girl, it is most unnatural, and most improbable."

"But it is true, and even then, I was

only repeating the praises I had overheard.

"Well then, art thou desirous of making thyself out to be a paragon of perfection?—and, that will not help thy suit at all, I can assure thee. Besides in this case, the poor man might only be expressing his own admiration of thy arm, as seen at the window."

"Impossible! In the first place, he did not see it, and, if he had, it has lost the little beauty it once possessed. "See," she cried, baring her now meagre arm," is this an arm to be praised? It tells the tale of my misery, Sir, and if you refuse to grant me this only chance of clearing my reputation, and avenging the death of my benefactress, that misery will probably destroy me.

"Young woman," he replied in a gentler tone, "I see thou art unwell, and unhappy, and I would oblige thee, if I could do so conscientiously, but recollect, thy charge is one affecting life."

"So was the charge against me,—but, being innocent, I was acquitted,—and if I cannot establish my charge against him, so must he be."

"But then a stain will rest on the poor man's character."

"So it does on the poor girl's, as I know, from fatal experience," replied Rosalie in the voice of broken-heartedness. "Oh, Sir, had you seen this man, and heard him as I did, mimicking both the voice, and manner of a girl, after having looked at me with an expression so strange, so peculiar, and so sarcastic, you could not have doubted the truth of what I say."

"I now do not doubt that thou art sure of his guilt, yet that is not ground sufficient for me to bring him to trial."

"But cannot he be confronted with me?"

"Sure——" here Rosalie started and uttered a faint shriek for she heard the well remembered song,—and, trembling in every limb, she drew near to the magistrate, as if for protection, exclaiming,—"There he is, oh, seize him, seize him!"

"Where, where, cried he running to the window." Instantly Rosalie, doubling her veil over her face, pointed him out as he staggered along the road to the town.

"What, that man with the scarlet handkerchief, tied round his hat."

"Yes, that is he."

He instantly called in one of his servants, and asked him if he should know that man

again, pointing to him as he spoke.

"Know him again, Sir, I know him already!" replied the servant. His name is Caumont, and he is the carpenter whom I employed to mend our window-shutters.

"And what sort of man is he?"

"A very queer one, I doubt. He never stays long in a place I hear, and is much given to drinking, but he is a good workman, and is now on his way to do a job in the town to which I have recommended him."

"So, so," said the magistrate thoughtfully (while Rosalie hung upon his words and looks.) "A queer man; does not stay long in a place; given to drinking. You may go now, Francis, but do not be out of the way."

The magistrate then examined and cross-examined Rosalie, for a considerable time, in the strictest manner,—and he, also, dwelt much on the improbability that this man, if conscious of being the murderer, should have dared to repeat to Rosalie words, which must, without difficulty, lead to his conviction.

"Without difficulty," said Rosalie, turning on him a meaning, though modest glance; "Have I found no difficulty in making these words convict him?"

"Well put, young woman," replied the magistrate smiling, "perhaps the man confided in the caution and conscientious scruples of a magistrate, but what is more likely to be the real state of the case, guilty or not guilty, the fellow was intoxicated, and cared not what he said or did, and, at all events, I now feel authorised to apprehend him."

Immediately, therefore, he sent his officers to seize Caumont, and his servant to identify him; while Rosalie, agitated but thankful, remained at the house of the magistrate.

The officers reached the guinguette, or public-house, at which Caumont had been drinking, just as he was waking from a deep sleep, the consequence of intemperance, and was, happily for Rosalie, experiencing the depression consequent upon exhaustion.

The moment that he saw them enter, he changed colour, and subdued in spirit, and thrown entirely off his guard, he exclaimed, in a faltering voice, "I know what you come for,—and I have done for myself! But I am weary of life," then, without any resistance, he accompanied the officers, who,

very properly, took down his words. When he was confronted with Rosalie, she looked like the guilty,—and he, like the innocent person; so terribly was she affected at seeing one who was, she believed, the murderer of her friend.

Her testimony,—but more especially his own words, were deemed sufficient for his commitment,—and the unhappy man, who now preserved a sullen silence, was carried to prison to take his trial the ensuing week. The heir of the old lady was then written to,—and the usual preparations were made. Caumont was, meanwhile, visited in prison by the priest,—and Rosalie passed the intervening time in a state of agitating suspense. At length the day of trial arrived,—and the accuser and the accused appeared before their judges. With what different feelings did Rosalie enter a court of judges now, to those which she experienced on a former occasion. Then, she was alone; now, she was accompanied by the generous, confiding Madelon; now she was the accuser, not the accused,—and her mild eye was raised up to heaven, swelling with tears of thankfulness.

The proceedings had not long begun, when Caumont begged to be heard. He began by assuring the court that he came thither, resolved to speak the whole truth; and he confessed, without further interrogatory, that he, and he alone, planned,—and he alone committed the murder in question.—At these words a murmur of satisfaction went round the court,—and every eye was turned on Rosalie, who unable to support herself, threw herself on the neck of the exulting Madelon.

He then gave the following detail:—He said that as he passed through the village, he had heard, at a public house, that the old lady was miserly and rich; that, having lost his money at a gaming table, he resolved to rob the house, when he heard how ill it was guarded,—but had no intention to commit murder, unless it was necessary; that he stole in the dark hour, when the old lady was gone to bed, and had hidden himself in the light closet in the sitting-room, before Rosalie returned; that, from the window of that closet, he had seen and heard Rosalie; that he was surprised and vexed to find she slept in the room of the old lady, as it would, he feared, oblige him to commit two

murders;—and kill Rosalie first,—but that when he drew near her bed, she looked so pretty and so innocent, and he had heard she was so good, that his heart failed him,—besides, she was in such a sound sleep, there seemed no necessity for murdering her, nor would he have killed the old lady, if she had not stirred, as if waking, just as he approached her; that he took Rosalie's apron to throw over her face, in order to stifle her breath,—and then strangled her with her own handkerchief. He then took her pocket-book; searched the plate-closet; carried away some pieces of plate,—and buried them a few miles off, and had only dared to sell one piece at a time; that he had never ventured to offer the draft at the banker's; that he had, therefore, gained very little to repay him for the destruction of his peace, and for risking his precious soul,—and that, unable to stay long in a place, he had wandered about ever since, getting work where he could,—but that Providence had his eye upon him, and had brought him, and the young girl who had he knew been tried for his crimes, thus strangely and unexpectedly together, at this far-distant place,—and where he seemed to run no risk of detection; that the evil one intending to destroy him, had prompted him to utter those words, which had been the means of his arrest, and would be of his punishment. "But," said he, addressing Rosalie, "it is rather hard you should be the means of losing my life, as I spared yours. I might have murdered you,—but I had not the heart to do it, and you have brought me to the scaffold."

This was an appeal which went to the heart of Rosalie. In vain did the judge assure her she had only done her duty; she shuddered at the idea of having shortened the life of a fellow-creature, and one so unfit to appear before that awful tribunal, from whose sentence there is no appeal, and,—
"Have mercy on him; don't condemn him to death," burst from her quivering lips.—No wonder, therefore, that before sentence was pronounced, Rosalie was carried from the court in a state of insensibility. Caumont bore his fate with firmness; met death with every sign of penitence and remorse; and was engaged in prayer with the priest, till the awful axe of the guillotine descended.

It was a great comfort to Rosalie, to learn from the priest, that Caumont desired the

young girl might be told that he forgave her. Rosalie spent the greater part of the day of his execution at the foot of the cross, and she caused masses to be said for his soul!

The next day, all ranks and conditions of persons thronged the door of Madelon to congratulate Rosalie. On principle, and from delicacy of feeling, she had avoided making many acquaintances,—but her gentleness and her active benevolence had interested many hearts in her favour,—while her apparent melancholy, and declining health, inspired affectionate pity, even when the cause was unknown. But now that she turned out to be the victim of unjust accusation, and of another's guilt, she became a sort of idol for the enthusiastic of both sexes; and the landlord of Madelon, ashamed of his unjust severity, was desirous to give a village fete on the occasion, as some reparation for his past conduct.

But Rosalie would neither show herself abroad, nor would she partake in, or countenance any rejoicings. She saw nothing to rejoice in the death of a sinful fellow-creature, however just might be his punishment,—and her feeling of deep thankfulness for being restored to an unblemished reputation, was a little damped by the consciousness that it had been purchased at an awful price. It appeared to her, therefore, little short of profanation, to commemorate it, otherwise, than by prayer and thanksgiving, breathed at the foot of the altar. Besides, her satisfaction could not be complete till her father knew what had passed,—and as she had not heard of him for more than a year,—and that only from a person who saw him as he passed his house, there was an uncertainty, respecting him, which proved a counterbalance to her joy. "But I will write to him," said she, to Madelon,—and show him that he can doubt my innocence no longer. Yet oh, there's the pang that has been wearing away my life—that of knowing that my father could ever have believed me guilty!"

"Shame on him for it," cried Madelon, "he does not deserve thee darling."

"Hush," cried Rosalie, "remember he is my father,—and I will write this moment."

Just as she was beginning, some one knocked at the cottage door,—and Madelon came up with a letter in her hand for Rosalie. It was from her father,—and the first words

that met her eyes were, "My dearest, much injured, and innocent child!" "Oh," said Rosalie faintly, "as he calls me innocent, no doubt he has heard of the trial and—but no," she added, her eyes sparkling with joy, "no, this letter is dated days before ever the arrest of Caumont could have been known to him."

"To be sure," said Madelon, "the bearer said he was to have delivered it ten days ago,—but had been ill."

"Oh, merciful Providence!"—cried Rosalie, "how has my trust in divine goodness been rewarded! Now is the rankling wound healed in my heart,—and for ever! My father was convinced of my innocence before the confession of Caumont! Madelon, that I shall now soon recover I doubt not. But what is this?" she cried, reading on, "My wife is dead,—and, on her death-bed, she confessed that she had first intercepted and destroyed my answers to thy letters,—and then had suppressed thy letters themselves, so I was led to believe thou hadst forgotten thy father and thy home. I knew thou wast alive, as one of our villagers had seen thee, several times during the last five years,—but judge how pleased though shocked I was, when she gave me one of thy intercepted letters,—and I read there, the fond and filial heart of my calumniated child! Long had I repented of having seemed to think thee guilty, for, indeed, it was always seeming. Come, come directly to my arms and home! Thy brothers and sisters are prepared to love thee,—and if our neighbours still look coldly on thee, no matter; we shall be sufficient to each other. If thou dost not come directly, I shall set off in search of thee."

Rosalie could not read this welcome letter through, without being blinded by tears of thankfulness for the proof of a father's love,—nor could her joy be damped by the knowledge that her constant enemy, her step-mother, was no more. She rejoiced to hear that she died penitent,—and heartily, indeed, did she forgive her.

"Well then," said Rosalie, "now I shall return to my native village,—and so happy! And who knows but that my dear father will be here to-day, or to-morrow, as he said he should come for me if I did not set off directly. Then what a happy journey I shall have, and now, what a happy home,—and how

ashamed all those will be who judged me so cruelly: Auguste St Beuve, and every one. Madelon, dear Madelon, is not this a blessed day?"

Madelon replied not; she only sat leaning her head on her hands. At last she faltered out "It may be a blessed day to thee,—yet it ought not to be so, Rosalie, as it has broken my heart! Thy home may be a happy one,—but what will mine be? Unkind girl, to be so very glad at leaving one who loved and cherished thee,—and believed thee innocent, even when thy own father!"

"Madelon, my own dear friend, my mother!" exclaimed Rosalie, throwing herself on her neck. "Indeed I have no idea of home unconnected with thee, my home will not be complete unless it is thine also,—and thou must go with me."

"What, and leave my dear Rosalie?"

"To be sure; thou wast willing to leave her to go with me a very few days ago, Madelon."

"Yes, darling,—but then thou wast friendless and unhappy, but now—"

"I shall be unhappy, still, if she, who would so kindly have shared my adversity, does not share in my prosperity. Yes, yes, thou must go with me,—and we will come, from time to time, to visit thy Rosalie's grave."

"But if thy father will not let me live with you?"

"Then we will live in a cottage near him."

"Enough," cried Madelon, "I believe thee, and wonder I could for a moment distrust thee, darling."

Rosalie was right. Her father, alarmed at her silence, did come that evening,—and their meeting was indeed a happy one. Though satisfied of her innocence himself, even before the trial, he was glad that every one should be equally convinced,—and he took care that the papers, which contained the proceedings, should be widely circulated.

The generous heir of the old lady was not wanting in proper feeling on this occasion, and he insisted on giving Rosalie a considerable present in money,—not for having been the means of bringing the culprit to justice, as in that she only did her duty,—but as some amends for all the unmerited sufferings which she had undergone. The day of Rosalie's return to her home—accompanied by her father and her maternal friend, whom

the former had warmly invited to live with them—was indeed a day of a rejoicing.

Their friends and neighbours—nay, the whole village came out to meet them. Amongst the rest Rosalie observed Auguste St Beuve,—but she eagerly turned away from him to greet that young man who, believing her innocent, as he candidly weighed her previous character against every suspicious circumstance—had, though a stranger, visited her in prison. This young man had suddenly followed to America, unknown to his friends, a young woman whom he had tenderly loved. He had married and hired there,—and on his return to his native village,—he had entirely exculpated himself from the calumnious charge against him,—and had, thereby, rendered some service to Rosalie. But the pleasure of welcoming home again the patient sufferer, under unmerited obliquy, was considerably damped by the alarming change in her *appearance*. She had now, however, the best of all restoratives in a quiet mind,—and, at length, her sense of happiness, and of having “fought a good fight,” restored her to health.

While the pious and grateful girl, never forgetting the mercy which had been vouchsafed to her in the day of her distress, was daily repeating those words of the patriarch, that had so often shed peace upon her soul. “*Though he slay me yet will I trust in Him!*”

To Children at Play.

BY THE LATE SARAH HERBERT.

Little ones, whose tiny feet,
With the butterfly compete,—
Gathering, through the morning hours,
Childish store of fruits and flowers,
Bright your eyes, and pure your glee,—
What hath care to do with ye?

Yet I marked, by yonder glen,
Sunburnt groups of toiling men;
Swiftly fell each reaper's stroke,—
Not a word the stillness broke,
Checked seemed every sign of glee,
Yet they once were young as ye.

On your cheeks a tint there glows,
Such as only Health bestows;
Thick your sands, and slow to pass
Through the ancient mower's glass;—
Years before you seem to be,—
What hath Death to do with ye?

Yet, through yonder shady lane,
See a melancholy train,
Now with solemn steps they bear
To his rest a man of care;
Life hath nought for such as he,—
Yet he once was young as ye.

But I would not have you trace
Thoughts like these upon my face;
Innocent and happy things,
Seize the joy each moment brings,
Many may those moments be,
Ere life's shadows fall on ye!

For the Mayflower.

An Evening Walk IN DARTMOUTH.

Just before sunseting, we set out for a walk,—and, perhaps, had we our choice, we could not have selected a more lovely evening. The breeze—which, throughout the day, had been playing with the forest leaves, stirring the waters, and insinuating its way into every crevice—had gradually subsided,—and a calmness, which seemed peculiarly appropriate for the Sabbath evening, rested on the lovely scenes of Nature. Our way led through paths, whose beauty must be seen, in order to be properly appreciated. Now they were skirted by spruce and ash trees, now by green, open meadows,—and now by orchards, whose broken fences could not conceal the beauty they enclosed,—and whose fruit trees, laden with blossoms, waved gracefully above our heads. The farther we advanced, the denser grew the foliage,—now and then we would come in sight of human habitations, situated in beautiful sequestered spots, on which the eye of the traveller could not fail to rest with delight,—and the gazing on them caused me, involuntarily to exclaim, in the beautiful words of Moore—

“If there is peace to be found in the world
A heart that is humble must hope for it here.”

One of those lovely mansions was surrounded by green fields, sloping gently off to the water's edge. Here and there luxuriant trees shaded it,—while variegated shrubs bloomed around. It was not one of those small cottages so frequently erected in the woods,—but a fine stately mansion, whose white and lofty walls contrasted well with the green and fragile plants, which clustered thickly over them. Near the house was a stream, which had been turned out of its natural course, part of it being formed into a pond, and part into a miniature water-fall. The pond was surrounded by trees, which cast their dark shadows on the waters, and imparted an air of solemnity to the spot,—

* The above lines have never before appeared in print

while the pleasing and soothing sounds of the water-fall seemed in fit harmony with the scene.

When we arrived at the shore, the sun was bidding farewell to the lovely landscape which had basked in its smiles during the day. We stood on the beach, viewing with delight the exquisite scenery around us. The city of Halifax with its beautiful suburbs lay opposite; and the sound of its church bells came with a soft and soothing influence over the waters,—behind us were the green hills of Dartmouth, with their spirimidal trees, dense, dark, and pointing heavenward, as though they would fain pierce the clouds which lay, in quiet beauty, above them. How I longed for the pencil of a Claude or Lorraine, that I might transfer to canvass that glowing landscape, and those glorious hues which marked the sun's decline. A few dark heavy clouds served to exhibit more prominently, the golden ones which covered the face of the sun,—and from which it shone forth now and then, like one who, bidding adieu to the home of his youth, "casts a lingering glance behind," ere he can tear himself from "scenes that hold such influence o'er his heart." At length, rending the drapery that concealed him from view, he came forth, exhibiting his lovely face, and lavishly pouring a flood of golden rays on the waters,—forming a path of light which fancy imagined similar to the ladder on which the favoured Jacob beheld angels ascending and descending, and waking cried, "this is the gate of heaven." Alas! expression fails in painting the beauty of that exquisite scene,—and imagination must strive to fill up what the writer could not find words to depict.

F. R.

I Love You.

I love you—'tis the simplest way,
The thing I feel to tell,
Yet if I told it all the day,
You'd never guess how well;
You are my comfort and my light—
My very life you seem:
I think of you all day; all night
'Tis but of you I dream.

There's pleasure in the lightest word
That you can speak to me;
My soul is like the Eolian chord,
And vibrates still to thee.

I never read the love song yet,
So thrilling, fond or true,
But in my own heart I have met
Some kindred thought for you.

I bless the shadows on your face,
The light upon your hair—
I like for hours to sit and trace
The passing changes there;
I love to hear your voice's tone,
Although you should not say
A single word to dream upon,
When that has died away.

Oh! you are kindly as the beam
That warms where'er it plays,
And you are gentle as a dream
Of happy future days—
And you are strong to do the right,
And swift the wrong to flee—
And if you were not half so bright,
You're all the world to me!

The Sisters.

There is no better monitor and guard, in all the ills and temptations of the world, than the home affections. The love that grew around the hearth "at home," survives and flourishes when all else is dead and ruined. The influence of a well ordered and happy household is never entirely lost. The forbearing and considerate kindness which distinguishes some people above others, has its root in *home*, though the home where that love was taught and cherished may have been five hundred miles away, and distant a long life-time from the present.

Observe and pity the man who never had a home. I don't mean a dwelling of four walls and a roof simply, and a bed at night—that is not a home, but a lodging—but a shrine, no matter how poor and lowly, where the lamp of love is ever burning. Women are nowhere seen to so much advantage as at home. There, they are free from the *forms* of society; at least, they are less bound by them—and can give their feelings and sympathies full play when there are no prying eyes or babbling tongue to see and tell, and no suspicious heads to guess their motive and their actions; and so the home affections, like the flowers in a well kept garden, are all the stronger and healthier for being properly pruned and tended.

The heroisms, the nobleness, the sacrifices, the loves of home, keep many a bosom pure that else would harbor evil; and make a bower where a weedy wilderness might luxuriate in rankness and ill will. When a child grows up without the sweet influences of the affections—a mother's love, a father's care, a sister's kindness, a brother's strong affectionate protection—and comes to be a

man, of blind impulses and uncurbed desires, that I call a tragedy; aye, deeper and more painfully impressive than was ever played upon the mimic stage.

The Sisters—is there any love to equal theirs, when pure and true? I do not quite mean to say, however, that the affection of sisters for each other is universal; far from it: but there is a certain age, before the loves of the sexes commence, in which a kind of gentle friendship, a tender regard, a fondness, and confidence, between those of like ages appears to spring up unconsciously, and exclude all minor feelings. It is constantly observed in boys and girls of the same family, and is the first dawning of the master passion which rules the world; and has its little jealousies and weaknesses, and fancies, like love itself. This passionate sort of friendship is frequently seen among sisters, and when unaccompanied by the grossness of too familiar intercourse, is a bond of union between them, outliving after and more ambitious affections. In this sense I mean, then, that the affection of sisters is unequalled.

I call to mind a simple little episode, all the more impressive from being true, of two sisters who both loved one youth. They had grown up together, and were to each other what only sisters can be. They sang, and laughed, and played together, and had their thoughts in common; and years passed on, and they grew up to be women. They were both beautiful, and but a year divided them. They read the same books, and had the same tastes; and, oh the misery of the mischance! both placed their hearts in thrall to *one*. It is an old story, quite common, but quite true. He was a noble youth; and neither told the other of her secret; but the younger—she was the fairest and the gentlest of the two—soon guessed the cause of the estrangement that sprung up so suddenly between them—the worm that was eating into her dear sister's heart; and, with a noble resolution, worthy of all honour, sacrificed her own love to that sister's happiness; and when they married—that elder sister, and that youth—*she* was the first to wish them joy, though her own poor heart was breaking.

Upon her grave the grass is waving now, and the fresh flowers grow, and the breeze is gently blowing. Blessings on her noble heart. And, when the children of that elder

sister—cherubs in innocence and beauty—sit upon the grassy mound in the sweet summer time, and make chains and necklaces of the yellow dandelion stems, and weave wild flower chaplets for each others' hair, their voices are more hushed, and their mirth less boisterous, and their steps lighter and more slow; for they have been taught to believe that the quiet spirit of her who was once a child like them, lies gently asleep beneath beneath the warm and sunny sod.

Oh! was there ever sacrifice and love so great, so noble? Aye, many a time—for woman's love is a great mystery, which the rougher spirit of her protector, man, scarce ever knows, and very, very seldom properly appreciates. Peace be to thee, dear one; thou wert worthy all the kindness and affection his nature could bestow; for man's love is so different to yours—so much a thing of principle and calculation. Men love with their heads, women with their hearts.

And yet, methinks, it were better that it should be so; for without that sweet, confiding gentleness—that sacrificing of self which belongs peculiarly to women—our children would be untaught in the affections; they might be clever, and dutiful, and good-natured, and kind to each other; but they would never learn the sweet principle that keeps them pure through all their lives—the love that fostered them *at home*!

There was a good man once, who said that he was never so happy as when in the bosom of his family; and there was a great king, who, when his prime minister surprised him in the midst of a romp with his children, with one little rogue on his back, and others crowding around him on the floor, inquired if the intruder were a father; and when he found he was,—“Then,” said the king, “you can wait till my romp is over, and excuse me, I am certain.” In these little traits of humanity there is more truth and nature than in the ambitious efforts of men who know the world is looking on.

I COMPARE the art of spreading rumors to the art of pin-making. There is usually some truth, which I call the wires; as this passes from hand to hand, one gives it a polish, another gives it a point, others make and put on the head, and at last the pin is completed.

TO
Lady Anne Hamilton.

BY HON. W. R. SPENSER.

Too late I staid, forgive the crime,
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of his glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings?

The Work-table.

BY M'DLLE. DUFOUR.

CROCHET.

Bread Cloth.

Marsland's Cotton, No. 20.

Work a chain of 274 stitches, one plain row of open crotchet, each square being 11 s. 2 c. s., miss 2; repeat. Begin each row on the same side. When finished, work the ends in d c, to confine the pieces of thread left at the beginning and end of each row. 3 d c into every open square. Then work an edge all around thus:—5 c s, miss 2, 11 s, 5 c s, miss 2, 1 s e into next stitch; repeat.

2nd row.—9 c s, s c into 1 s; repeat. 11 c s at corner, s c into same stitch.

3rd row.—11 s, 3 c s, 11 s round 9 c s, 5 c s; repeat. 10 c s into corner stitch of 11.

4th row.—31 s round 5 c s, 4 c s, s c round 3 c s, 4 c s; repeat. At corner, 5 c s, 11 s, 5 c s, 11 s into 10 c s of last corner.

Enigmas.

1.

There is a certain production of the earth which is neither animal, vegetable, or mineral. It has neither length, breadth, depth, or height. It exists from two to six feet above the surface of the earth. It is neither male nor female, but is often between both. It is frequently mentioned in the Old Testament and strongly recommended in the New. It is subservient both to affection and treachery.

2.

By the late Hon. Mr. Cannings.

There is a word of plural number,
A foe to peace, and tranquil slumber;
Now, any word you choose to take,
By adding s will plural make;

But if you add an s to this,
Strange will be the metamorphosis;
Plural will then plural be no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.

We shall be happy to receive answers to the above from our young friends.

Editorial.

NOTICES OF "THE MAYFLOWER."

We express our thanks to that portion of our city press, the conductors of which have kindly and favourably noticed our unassuming and well-intentioned effort to furnish a monthly Periodical, to amuse the leisure hours of the ladies of the Lower Provinces, without designing to interfere with the pre-established claims of other journalists. They have appreciated our motives, and smiled on our humble attempt,—and we hope they will enjoy the rich reward which is ever attendant on an unenvious and truly benevolent spirit. We are, however, at a loss to account for the fault-finding strictures of *The Church Times*, whose severity of remarks presents a striking contrast to the opinions of others, as well qualified to judge as he. It is painful to us to notice the unnecessary, and, in some instances, contradictory, comments in which he has so freely indulged; yet, as his criticisms involve principles which are generally held to be untenable, we take the liberty of making a short reply in *self-defence*.

His animadversions fall heavily and principally on the citizens of Halifax. They will, doubtless, value his opinion to the full amount of what it is really worth, when he speaks of "*the impoverished state of our society*," and of "*the absence of that appreciation of literary effort which has always been the characteristic of Halifax*." Our citizens are under great obligations for this very flattering representation of their *pecuniary means* and *literary taste*! It must greatly elevate them in the eyes of the world.

He excepts to the quantity of "original writing;" it is deficient, he says. Whilst we never promised to make *The Mayflower* strictly an original work, we hope it will improve in this particular. It is but a beginning, and we may presume that the *literati* of this Province will contribute, more or less, to its pages. But if the pretensions of some other journals that we know of were

to be judged by the quantity of *original* matter appearing in their columns, they would be "meagre" indeed; aware of their own manifest deficiencies, they are generally the first to cry out against others. They can at the same time land *foreign* importations, which are altogether made up of *selected* articles—but *home* selections, though equally as good, cannot fail to come under their withering ban. It is the opinion of many judicious conductors of the periodical press, that suitably selected matter is no less important than that which is original; and, in this view, it meets with general approbation.

The "quality of the paper" and the "mechanical execution" come in for a share of censure; and yet our critic admits that these are "drawbacks for which neither the editress nor publisher can be said to be *fairly* accountable," as they are "occasioned by the necessity for cheapness, for which, in *this* community at present, grace and elegance are sacrificed." He would, therefore, discourage all efforts of a literary character, until "this community" has become wealthy, and learned withal to appreciate "grace and elegance and beauty." With his consent, no publisher should "fall in with the perverted taste," at present prevalent in Halifax.—The result would be, if the *editor of the Church Times* had his way, that our city would be inevitably doomed to the continuance of that deplorable state in which "literary effort" is unappreciated, and "grace and elegance and beauty are sacrificed" to mercenary considerations!

He "trusts, however, that the Magazine will be remunerative, which is, he dares say, the *chief consideration*." Of course he is free from all desire of being remunerated for his own efforts to cater for the public. We dare say he is quite disinterested, otherwise he would not know so well to impute motives to others. His reference to the "chief consideration," we regard as altogether beneath serious notice. When he informs us of his *gratuitous* labors for the public enlightenment, we shall give him due credit for being a genuine philanthropist; but until that auspicious moment shall have arrived, he will not take it amiss if we remind him, that silence on "the chief consideration" will better become him than ungentlemanly allusions.

We conclude this notice, thus painfully forced upon us, by quoting his concluding paragraph, which we cannot but think, strangely contrasts with his previous censures:—

"It is an effort which betokens the possession of ability and judgment, which would be largely developed were there a proper value set upon their exercise."

"The first number of 'The Mayflower, or Ladies' Acadian Newspaper'—Edited and Published by Miss Herbert—was handed to us last evening. It contains 32 pages, is well got up, as to material and style, and judging from the contents, (for we have not had time to look beyond the cover,) we should say it is filled with reading which will be found interesting and instructive.—We wish the Publisher the most gratifying success."—*Sun, May 23rd.*

"THE MAYFLOWER.—The beautiful emblem of our country has been chosen as the sponsor of a New Monthly Magazine by Miss Herbert, the first number of which has just made its appearance. The Public of Halifax should endeavour to make it a credit to the country. As the tiny flower requires the pure clear water that flows from the driven snow to give it life, nourishment and perfume; so doth this literary bud seek the smiles of thousands to bring it to perfection. Cherish the Mayflower! Let it not fade and die, after putting forth blossoms of pure and healthful promise."—*B. N. American.*

"THE MAYFLOWER.—The above is the title of a new work edited and published by Miss Herbert of this city. The first number has been laid on our table. It is exceedingly well got up; the selections are really admirable; the original matter is highly creditable to the gifted lady who conducts it; and the typography is altogether unexceptionable. The title of this Miscellany is beautifully appropriate, and we trust 'The Mayflower' may receive from the ladies of Nova Scotia a support commensurate with its merits. Indeed there are several reasons why, on the present occasion, the entire community should aid and assist in developing the Mayflower! And we sincerely hope the circulation of Miss Herbert's work may more than realize the sanguine expectations of her friends."—*Chronicle.*

"THE MAYFLOWER.—The first number of a new monthly journal bearing the above title, and edited by Miss Herbert, has just been issued from the press of the Athenæum office. It comprises a large variety of reading matter in its 32 pages, but chiefly selected. Its poetical contents are the Lay of the Rose, the Estranged, the Orphan, the Wife, &c. The principal prose articles are as follows: Emily Linwood, or the Bow of Promise, an original tale by the Editress; the Oppressed Seamstress, A Defence of Literary Studies, Intellectual qualities of Milton, Advice to Young Ladies, Something about a Murder, the Fashions, Items of News, Editorial, &c. Without having had leisure to examine it attentively, we can but briefly say that we wish the *Ladies' Acadian Newspaper* every success."—*Guardian*.

"THE MAYFLOWER.—The second number of this periodical, edited by Miss Herbert, was issued on Wednesday from the Athenæum Press. It is quite respectable in appearance,—and its diversified contents, filling 32 8 vo. pages, are charming in style and sentiment. We anticipate our fair cotemporary will be encouraged by such a numerous list of Patrons of literary enterprize, as will make the Mayflower a fashionable Table-book of every house of the Province, whose inmates prize literary entertainment more than frivolous amusement."—*Acadian Recorder*.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINES.—Godey's *Lady's Book*, and Graham's and the *International Magazines* for July, have appeared. These deservedly popular Periodicals contain some fine plates, and a variety of choice original and other articles.—Their mechanical execution is unexceptionable,—and their perusal cannot fail to form a pleasing and profitable recreation for leisure hours. For sale by E. G. Fuller, American Book Store.

TO THE FRIENDS OF LITERATURE.—We hope that the friends of literature will aid in sustaining the character of this Periodical by the contribution of good original articles, both in prose and verse. Such will ever be welcome to the columns of the *Mayflower*. It is deemed right to state that the usual privilege accorded to Editors, will be exercised in declining articles which may

not come up to the standard of merit we have proposed to ourselves,—with no intention, however, of wounding the feelings of any individuals.

The Old Mountain AND THE LITTLE BROOK.

A WORD FOR THE YOUNG AND MERRY.

BY CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

In lofty grandeur, mighty and alone, a venerable mountain reared its gigantic form, and reigned undisputed sovereign over all that grew beneath its shadow. So hoary was his head, and so protecting his spreading circumference, that he seemed to awaken fancy like some benevolent grandsire, while the creeping mosses were cherished little ones, climbing the knees of their beloved parent, and making him smile at their playful innocence. But it was not often that this mountain smiled; for he was a very grave old gentleman indeed, and extremely learned. He knew all about the deep hidden mines that lay beneath his surface, and which no one had as yet thought of exploring; he could tell the hard name of the different strata that were embedded one above the other in geological order, and had spent more than a century in trying to discover the nature of some unpronounceable fossil, which he fondly hoped all Christendom would be as much interested about as he was.

Well, close by this mass of profundity, there danced and sparkled a saucy little brook—not by any means shallow though, or deficient in another kind of learning, for she could tell long tales about her journey down the side of the mountain, and what pretty things the sun had said to her on her way; but she liked a little fun now and then, for all that, and sometimes with saucy gesture sprinkled the steady and time-worn foot of her old neighbour, tumbling and frolicking about in sheer wantonness, and saying as plainly as words could, "What a happy life we are all living here." Once, when she had been going on in this way for some time, she heard an ominous sound that seemed to proceed from the heart of the mountain, and soon distinguished the following words addressed to herself:—

"What a noise you are everlastingly making with your senseless babbling! never giving one a moment's peace, splashing and dashing about from morn till night; one would think the sight of my grey head might restrain your ridiculous antics, now and then; but no, you are always the same preposterous creature, and I think nothing in the world will ever sober you."

At this, the poor little brook, like a frightened child, behaved herself for a minute or two very properly; but, alas! a play-fellow, in the shape of a most delectable sunbeam, having come to dance with her, she forgot all her scolding, and very soon made more noise than ever. What was to be done?

Again the mountain began grumbling, and again the poor little thing was quiet for awhile; but to suppose that such quietness could continue, while sunbeams shone and the gayest little birds came to kiss her every moment, was quite out of the question. So thought and said a cheerful, cozy little heath-bush who, from one of the glades of the mountain, had overheard the complaint he had just been making, and thus, with a sort of quiet dignity quite becoming to her, she addressed the sovereign of the place:—

"Really, good Mr. Mountain, I think, unless we could have little worlds to ourselves, the grave and steady must now and then put up with the noisy mirth of the more frolicsome. Don't you think, if she submits unrepiningly to the monstrous shadow you are always throwing between her and the sun, you might sacrifice a little of your venerable gravity, and let the poor little thing frisk about as she pleases?"

LATEST PARISIAN AND LONDON

Fashions.

From the Ladies Newspaper.

Costume for the Promenade or the Open Carriage.—Dress of steel coloured glace, the skirt quite plain but exceedingly full.—Mantelet of white silk of the shawl form, but rounded very much at the back, where it descends about half-way down the skirt of the dress; the ends in front, which are pointed, descend rather lower than the knees. The trimming consists of one very broad row of white silk fringe, above which, are

five rows of narrow white ribbon, with a dentelle edge drawn so as to hang like frills. The neck of the mantelet is finished by four frills of this drawn ribbon. Bonnet of open fancy straw, lined with pale pink crape, and trimmed with pink gauze ribbon. Undertrimming, white roses intermingled with loops of pink gauze ribbon. The hair in waved bandeaux, gloves of primrose-coloured kid.

For out-door costume, at the present season, we may offer the following general hints:—The most fashionable bonnets are of French chip, tulle, blonde, leghorn and fancy straw, trimmed with feathers, flowers, ribbon and lace. Mantelets are of black and coloured silk, trimmed with fringe, lace, or frills of the silk itself. Instead of the mantelet a shawl may be worn. It should be one of the various kinds of cashmere or barege, now so fashionable,—or a pointe or half-shawl of Chantille or dentille de laine has a very elegant effect. Nearly all the parasols used in the open carriage are in the style called the marquise. They are very small, and are edged with deep fringe.

The chassures, best adapted to walking costume, are cashmere or prunella boots, tipped with glazed leather. The cashmere or prunella tops may be black or coloured. If the latter, the tint should harmonize with the colour of the dress. In evening dress, the chassure may be white or black satin slippers, trimmed with rosettes of coloured ribbon. In addition to the many beautiful morning slippers which have already appeared, a novelty has been introduced, in the form of worked muslin slippers. They are lined with coloured silk, pink being the most effective, and are edged round with a narrow ruche of lace.

Items of News.

The fourth volume of Torrey's Translation of *Neander's Church History* will be published during this summer, carrying down the history as far as it was printed at the time of the author's death. A further portion, down to the martyrdom of Huss, will be published from Neander's Manuscript.

Lord Ashley succeeds his late demised father, as Earl of Shaftesbury, and as such enters the House of Lords.

ST. ANDREW'S RAILWAY COMPANY.—A general meeting of the Shareholders of this Company was held at the Town Hall, at St. Andrews, on Tuesday, the 17th inst., at which the Secretary read the Annual Report of the Directors, from which it appears that the total receipts have been £24,668 19.; disbursements on account of the actual construction of the works, engineering, office, law, and other incidental expenses, £25,371 8s. 2d.—leaving a balance against the Company of £1202 9s. 2d. In addition to this amount, the sum of £10,276 16s. has been expended in England on account of iron rails, engine, tender, and other ordinary expenses. Mr. Myer's contract for grading and making all the earth work for ten miles will expire on the 1st July next, and it is expected that this distance will be finished during the present summer. A provisional agreement has been made with a Mr. Shaw, an English contractor of eminence, for the completion of the entire unfinished road to Woodstock, his agent (Mr. Brookfield) having personally examined the whole line through the woods. Resolutions were passed approving of the suggestions of the London Board in reference to founding a settlement on the principles of the Canterbury one in New Zealand.—*Courier*, June 23.

THE NEW ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.—We are happy to have it in our power to announce the opening of the new route to the Pacific, across the territory of Nicaragua, by which over a thousand miles of navigation is avoided, and the land carriage is reduced more than two-thirds. The new steamer Prometheus is the first of the line, and will sail from this port on the 14th of July, direct for San Juan, from whence passengers will be transported by the river and lake in a new iron steamer, to within twelve miles of the Pacific, and from thence on a good road to San Juan del Sur, where the splendid ocean steamer Pacific will be in readiness to transport them to California. Cornelius Vanderbilt is the principal proprietor of this line. The saving of time and comparative comfort of this route, will entitle it to a preference over every other now open to California. It is confidently expected that the trip from New York to California, by these steamers, will be from six to eight days shorter than by the Isthmus, even if the railroad should be completed.—*N. Y. Post*.

DISCOVERY IN SURGERY.—Among the scientific critics in Berlin, according to the correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin, there has been some interest lately in a newly claimed discovery of the application of chlorine to cure cases of pain. The difficulty in the use of chloroform, thus far—and a difficulty felt far more in Europe than America—has been the danger of suffocation, or of otherwise injuring the body by a total stoppage of some of its functions. This new application claims the merit of escaping the danger. According to this account, the fluid, (some 10 or 20 drops,) is dropped on the part affected, or on a lint bandage slightly moistened with water, and then applied, and all bound up in oil silk, and a linen band. After from two to ten minutes the dart becomes insensible, and the pain is no longer

felt, whether it be from rheumatic, nervous, or other disorders. After a time it returns again, but usually weaker, and with several applications it is often entirely relieved. The discoverer's name is Aran, and he has already presented a memorial on the subject to the Academy of Paris.

A CURIOSITY.—Last week the workmen at Power's Summit, on the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad, found a petrified snake, the size of which would seem to indicate that in this region at least, that species of reptile has greatly degenerated. His snakeship was found imbedded in the solid limestone rock, some sixty feet below the earth's surface. Its size is enormous—sixteen feet in length, and in the middle at least four inches in diameter. Although its substance is completely assimilated to the rock in which it was imbedded, it looks surprisingly natural—indeed almost as perfect in "form and feature" as when alive.—*Beaver (Pennsylvania) Star*.

NATURAL SOAP IN NEW MEXICO.—John Gorman, Assistant Marshal, who was engaged in taking the census of New Mexico, discovered in the Town of Chimallo, in Rio Arriba county, a substance resembling soap. It makes a lather like soap, and has the property of removing grease spots or stains out of any kind of cloth. When put in water it immediately slacks like lime. At the place where the discovery was first made, it is even with the surface, and about fifteen yards square. It is rotten on the top to about the depth of three feet, but appears cleaner and sounder at greater depths. It can be taken out in large lumps, of ten or fifteen pounds weight. It is as white as snow, and seems to exist in large quantities. Specimens have been forwarded to the Census Office at Washington.

POPULATION OF FRANCE.—The census recently taken in France shows a total population of 25,500,000. The number of foreigners domiciled, of all nations, exceeds 1,000,000; of these upwards of 75,000 are English, in various parts of the country, which is considerably less than previous to the revolution, when it exceeded 150,000.

Mr. Fortune, the naturalist, has arrived at Calcutta, with upwards of 20,000 tea-plants, for the use of the Himalayan nurseries, Kemaon and Girhwall. The Assam Tea Company's plantations are also rapidly increasing, and there is little doubt that in a few years tea will be extensively produced in India.

A century ago the amount expended in books, periodicals, and newspapers, did not exceed £100,000 a year, whereas the sum now so expended annually is calculated at £2,100,000.

At Welburg, in the Northallerton union, is a female aged 103, who is active, and walks about the village without help. She remembers the Rev. Win. Dawson, rector of the parish, giving a dinner to the poor people on the day King George the Third was crowned, in September, 1761.

The King of Prussia has just named the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michael, sons of the Emperor of Russia, colonel of two Prussian regiments.