

# THE MAYFLOWER;

OR

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### Emily Linwood, OR, THE BOW OF PROMISE.

BY M. E. H.

(Continued from page 100.)

CHAPTER VIII.

The short, cheerless, and dark November days had arrived,—and found Charles still an inmate of Mrs Mayo's dwelling. Though partially recovered, he was yet unable to leave his apartment,—but Mrs. Mayo had been assiduous in her attention,—and Charles had been amply supplied with the daily papers as soon as published, so that from his "loophole of retreat," he was enabled to "hear the stir of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd." The morning of the day, to which we allude, had been occupied with receiving visits from his most intimate friends; the afternoon with reading &c.—but now, as the shadows lengthened, and "twilight came apace," he threw down the paper, and drawing up his arm-chair closer to the fire, that burned brightly in the grate, and stirring it until its genial glow and warmth was diffused through the apartment, leaned back his head on the velvet cushions of the chair,—and, reclining thus, with his feet on a footstool, allowed fancy to roam at will. And now Memory, from her storehouse, gave back, in vivid colours, a picture of the last time he had beheld Emily Linwood. His subsequent illness and pain had deadened for a while his feelings,—or, at

least, prevented him from dwelling on the subject as he might otherwise have done,—and on the circumstances attending the last interview, — but now, with returning health,

"Old dreams came thronging back again," and that quiet evening hour seemed to invite to pleasant musing. Yet still, most provokingly, would intrude the tall and stately form of the stranger who had accompanied Emily that memorable morning,—and annoyed at the pertinacity with which his thoughts, in spite of himself, dwelt on it, he endeavoured to change the subject,—and had partially succeeded, when a gentle tap at the door aroused him.

"Walk in," was his response,—and Mrs. Mayo entered, bearing a splendid bouquet, and after several apparently affectionate inquiries respecting his health, she presented it to him as the gift of a lady.

"And pray, can you not inform me the name of the donor?" said Charles smiling, after examining and admiring them.

"No," was the reply, "for I promised to keep it a secret,—and you know it would not do to break my promise."

"Of course not,—but I think you should have been careful in making it."

"Well, had I not done so, it is by no means probable that you would have received the flowers,—for the lady in question is one of those unassuming persons who, content to make others happy, are careless of any approbation except that of their consciences."

"She must be a phenomena indeed.—Really, you excite my curiosity more than ever,—and had you not promised I should not so easily have forgiven your keeping it a secret. However, you must be the bearer of my thanks to my unknown benefactor,—and I trust some time to have an opportunity of expressing them in person."

"Very well, I give you full permission, that is, if you can find her out."

A silence of a few moments followed, while a servant who had just entered the room, was occupied in lighting the lamp. On his withdrawal, Mrs. Mayo glanced at Charles; his countenance wore a peculiarly animated expression,—and, with woman's shrewdness, she half divined the cause.

"Can it be possible that he fancies the giver is Emily Linwood? If so he shall be speedily undeceived." Then entering into conversation, she endeavoured to "amuse him," as she said, by relating minutely, various little incidents that had lately occurred, and which, to one who had been, for a time, comparatively excluded from social intercourse, were not without interest,—and Charles listened with somewhat of pleased attention. At length Mrs. Mayo, in a careless, and apparently accidental manner, mentioned Emily Linwood, though very careful lest he should for one moment, imagine that she thought him at all interested in her.—Her manner of introducing the subject was certainly worthy of her.

"Really, my dear Mr. Percy," she began. "I am afraid I should make you vain, if I attempted to enumerate half the inquiries that have been made about you. Not content merely with sending their servants, a number of ladies have called in person,—one, especially, has been here every day, without an exception, since the accident;—but how indiscreet I am. I had forgotten that I was not to mention it."

"Your lady friends burden you with a great many secrets," said Charles laughing. "They must place great confidence in you."

"Certainly they do,—and you can bear witness, for one, how faithfully I have fulfilled my duty in this respect,—but, by the bye, it is a wonder Miss Linwood never called, especially before she left the city. I am sure gratitude for your mother's kindness, might have prompted her, if nothing else."

"Left the city, did you say, Mrs. Mayor?"

said Charles in a tone of astonishment.—"Why, where has she gone to?"

"To her native village, I believe. I called on her a few weeks previous to her departure, and she informed me she was about to give up school, and return to the residence of her aunt. I suppose you have never seen her cousin, who was on a visit to the city at the time to which I allude. He is a very fine looking young man,—but had nothing but his profession, which is that of a Physician, to support him, until very recently, when, most unexpectedly, he was put in possession of a large fortune. The cousins were brought up near each other, and have been attached from childhood I understand,—and, now that the chief obstacle to their marriage is removed, it will, I doubt not, speedily take place. But, dear me, how quickly time has flown," she said, taking out her watch and glancing at it, "you must excuse me, Mr. Percy, for I have been gossiping so long and idly, that I had nearly forgotten a special engagement, so I must bid you adieu for the present,—and, indeed, you need rest, for you look positively wearied;" with these words the lady quitted the apartment.

Charles was again alone,—but what a difference a few moments had wrought in his feelings. Then, hope was predominant; now a feeling akin to despair was rapidly gaining ascendancy.

"How blessings brighten as they take their flight," is frequently the exclamation, so true to experience, of those who are doomed with streaming eyes to watch the departure of something fondly cherished, but which, until that memorable moment, has never appeared in so valuable a light,—and thus it was with Charles. Never before had he discovered how strongly the image of Emily Linwood was impressed on his heart, now that she was apparently lost to him for ever. Her voice, her smile, the changing expressions of her countenance, and almost every sentence that had fallen from her lips, memory was assiduous in restoring, restoring but to deepen his anguish. How vainly he determined to banish her from his thoughts, how vainly resolved to forget her. He endeavoured to divert his mind by reading,—but the book conveyed no instruction to him; his eye mechanically wandered over the pages, but the heart was uninterested,—and

he could derive no benefit from their perusal. What a close connection has the mind with the body, and how powerfully does it frequently act upon it, especially if the physical system has been enervated by previous illness. A total prostration of strength, accompanied by high fever, was the consequence of Mrs. Mayo's intelligence,—and so rapidly alarming was it in its subsequent manifestations, that the physician ordered Mrs. Percy to be immediately sent for, and days had elapsed, after her arrival, ere he was aware of her presence.

## CHAPTER IX.

A beautifully situated cottage was the residence of Mrs. Derwent, Emily Linwood's aunt. It stood a little apart from the main road, and in summer so thickly embowered amid foliage, that a careless traveller would have passed it unobserved. A green latticed porch, over which were trained the jessamine and multiflora, opened into a small, square hall, lighted from above. On each side were apartments, not showy-looking, but substantial and cheerful. Emily's boudoir, which was on the ground floor, looked out on a pleasant meadow near the orchard, a favourite resort in childhood, when on a visit to her aunt's, and to which a side-door, at the further end of her apartment, gave admittance. It was yet early in Spring, but the morning to which we allude was exceedingly pleasant, for the season had been unusually forward, and Emily had taken advantage of the fine weather to visit a sick person who lived at some distance. The winter months had glided away but slowly with her, for in spite of herself, the past blended mournfully with the present, and partially deprived her of enjoyments she might have otherwise experienced. Yet Emily was not one to waste time in melancholy musings. No, she felt that "Life is real, life is earnest," and from her daily conduct one might have imagined she had studied the noble monition of a true-souled Poet,—

"Trust no future, how'er pleasant,  
Let the dead past bury its dead,  
Act, not in the living present,  
Heart within and God o'erhead.  
Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,—  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footsteps on the sands of time."

She well knew that no situation in life can exempt us from duties, duties which we owe

both to ourselves and to others,—and that to make those around happy, to diffuse light and knowledge, to call forth the smile of cheerfulness on care-worn countenances, and to point the afflicted to a higher source of consolation, is not merely an obligation, but the delightful prerogative of the true Christian.

But we have digressed: Edward, who was not aware of Emily's absence, had repaired to her boudoir to consult her on the transplanting of some flowers, but having knocked vainly at the door for admittance, entered the room, resolving to await her there. After sitting for some time, and finding she did not make her appearance, he resolved to go in search of her, when his attention was attracted by a piece of music that lay on the open piano. It was a sweet though melancholy strain, the lines attached to it, may be familiar to many of our readers; for their benefit, however, we quote them:

"Bring me not Spring's earliest flowers,  
They remind me of the past,—  
Lead me not to festal bowers,  
'Twas with them I sat there last;  
Music sounds like mournful wailing  
In the halls where once we met,  
Mirth's gay song is unavailing,  
Teach, oh teach me to forget!"

As he replaced the sheet of music, he accidentally overturned a small and curiously carved ivory box, that stood near it, and on stooping down to gather up its scattered contents, his curiosity was attracted by a sprig of myrtle and a withered rose which lay at his feet. He picked them up, and was about replacing them in the box, half amused at the apparent carelessness with which those frail memorials had been preserved, when the door gently opened, and Emily Linwood stood before him.

"I am fairly caught in the act," he said, guiltily turning to her, for she had remained a silent spectator of the scene, "and may as well plead guilty at once, and throw myself on your mercy. But really, Emily, though I was well aware you cherished a passion for flowers, I certainly did not give you credit for such extreme attachment to them, as would lead you to preserve even the withered remains. If I had known you prized them so highly, I could have easily procured you much finer specimens. May I inquire if they are not the productions of the city, for I should say they had inhaled but little of the pure air of the country," he continued,

heedless of his cousin's evident confusion.

"Really, Edward," was the reply, "I am afraid you have mistaken your profession. Your talent at cross-examination proves, beyond doubt, you were intended for the bar."

"You would not be a very desirable witness, however, from whom to extract information; that is, if you were as silent on all matters; as on this," said Edward, laughing, and then, thinking perhaps he had gone far enough, changed the subject.

A day of storm had been succeeded by a gorgeous sunset, when Edward proposed a walk to his cousin.

"How appropriate to this evening are Moore's stanzas," said Edward, as they stood on the summit of a gentle hill that commanded a fine view of the country around.

"I have a slight recollection of them, but would like you to recite them."

"With pleasure," was the reply.

"How calm, how beautiful comes on,  
The stilly hour when storms are gone;  
When warring winds have died away,  
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,  
Melt off, and leave the land and sea  
Sleeping in bright tranquillity;  
Fresh as if Day again were born  
Again upon the lap of Morn;  
When the light blossoms, rudely torn,  
And scattered at the whirlwind's will,  
Hang floating on the pure air still,  
Filling it all with precious balm  
In gratitude for this sweet calm,—  
And every drop the thunder-showers  
Have left upon the grass and flowers,  
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-geem,  
Whose liquid flame is born of them."

"An equally true and beautiful description," said Emily, as they proceeded on at a slow pace, and descending the hill, they directed their steps toward a meadow that bordered a beautiful winding river, which like a thread of silver, intersected the village. At this moment, a poor woman, evidently a stranger, attracted Emily's attention. With one child in her arms, and another holding on to her gown, she was walking slowly along, evidently much fatigued, and her pale countenance bore traces of recent illness. They paused to accost her, and the Doctor observed,—

"You look very unable to travel, my poor woman, where did you come from?"

"From L., sir," was the reply.

"You surely have not performed the journey on foot?"

"Yes, sir, with the exception of two rides,

of a few miles each, but we walked slowly, and took long rests, and, indeed, we would have done very well had I not taken a severe cold, and become very ill, so that we were obliged to remain a week in a lodging-house, where I was robbed of my little money, and obliged to beg the remainder of the journey."

The tears rolled down the woman's face, as she related her sad story, which the little girl, perceiving, began also, silently, to weep.

"But where are you going now?"

"To O., a town twenty miles distant, where I have friends, and I wanted to get on as fast as possible."

"But you are unable to go farther tonight," said Emily. "Return with us, and we will procure you accommodation, and some better mode of travelling on the morrow."

"Thank you, thank you, young lady," said the woman, in a tone of heart-felt gratitude, as she lifted her dim, yet soft and expressive eyes to the countenance of the speaker. "My feet are blistered with walking, and I should much like to rest."

Emily, accompanied by Edward, led the way to her dwelling, followed by the woman and her children, who, after partaking of a bountiful repast, related, at Emily's request, her sad history.

"My father," she commenced, "was a small farmer in O., my native town. He had a large family, but we managed to live pretty comfortably, for as we grew up we each contributed to our own support, so that the bitterness of struggling poverty was unknown. At eighteen I married a journeyman carpenter, and removed with him to L., where he had higher wages, and more constant labour. He was a very steady and honest man, and was much respected by his employer, and, for several years, we lived very happily, but, unfortunately, the master died, and the business fell into the hands of his nephew, who owned a large establishment already, and as times were dull he reduced the business, and dismissed the workmen, so that we were again turned adrift on the world. My husband tried hard to obtain more work, but, as I before said, times were very dull, and it was only occasionally that he even procured one or two days' labour, and, disheartened and almost despairing, he became

very ill. I did what I could, but that was little, to help to support the family, and the furniture we had managed to collect, went piece by piece to pay the rent, for the owner of the dwelling, though a lady, was very hard with us; the very day the rent was due it must be paid or we be liable to be turned out of doors."

"But, perhaps, she was unacquainted with your circumstances," said Edward.

"Ah, no, for I called on her to beg a little longer time, and explained every thing, but was refused. She said, she was always punctual in matters of business herself, and expected others to be so. It was her rule never to allow her tenants to overstep the day, and she would make no exceptions, so I had to return as I went, for Mrs. Mayo was inexorable."

"Mrs. Mayo," interrupted Edward, in a tone of astonishment. "Can it be the woman that called on you that evening, Emily?" "Where did she live?" he asked, turning to the woman.

"In — street, No. 26," was the reply.

"It is indeed the very same," said Emily. "Go on with your story, my poor woman."

"I fear I shall weary you; however, we struggled on in this manner for some months, but when times grew better, and my husband might have obtained work, he was too weak to do it. He wasted slowly away in consumption, and six weeks ago to-day, he died." The woman was silent for a few moments, and then continued. "I made up my mind then, to return to my native town, if I could only obtain sufficient means, for though my parents were dead I should, at least, be among friends and neighbours, which would be better than living among strangers. I intended to remain in L. for a time, and, by taking in washing, hoped to gain a little money, so that we should be able to return to O. in the summer, but when the next rent day came round, for we hired the place by the month, Mrs. Mayo sent word that I should have to find some other lodging, for she had obtained a better tenant. In the midst of my labour I received this notice, for I remember well sitting down and weeping bitterly. I looked at my children, and wondered what I should do, where should I go to? I had no friends, at least none to whom I could apply for help, for they were all poor like myself. I again resolved to go

to Mrs. Mayo. She was a widow, and this circumstance, I thought, might have some weight, for she would be better able to sympathise with one similarly situated, but all the indulgence I obtained was permission to remain three days longer, so that I could look out for a new abode. I could not forbear weeping as I returned home, for my heart was heavy. Like the Patriarch I was ready to exclaim, "All these things are against me." I tried to stop the tears, for I did not wish to be observed, but they seemed but to flow the faster, when I was accosted by a very pale but handsome young gentleman, who was slowly walking along. His kind inquiries drew from me a recital of my history, and when I mentioned Mrs. Mayo's name he seemed as astonished as you did, sir. He asked me a good many questions respecting her, and then, putting into my hand five gold pieces, said,—

"My good woman, I advise you to lose no time in returning to your friends, if you think you can do better among them. Here is a little money to support you on your journey, and keep you till you can obtain employment. I am going away early to-morrow morning, to a sea-port, for the benefit of my health, or I might be able to do something for you, but should you ever return, or be in need of assistance, here is my address, apply to me, and I will give you what help I can." The woman, as she said this, untied her bundle, and taking from it a card, which had been carefully preserved, handed it to the Doctor, observing that she "could not read, but would like to know the name of her benefactor."

Edward glanced first at the card, and then at Emily, and after a moment's hesitation read aloud,—

"Charles Percy."

The warm blood suffused Emily's cheek, her eyes filled with tears, and she turned aside her head to conceal her emotion, while the woman, without observing it, continued, "I trust that I shall have some future opportunity of thanking the gentleman, for he vanished so quickly from my sight that I had not time, and, indeed, my heart was so full from astonishment and gratitude, that I could not utter a word."

"But, then, if the gentleman gave you means, how did you come to be so destitute?"

"Ah, sir, I am coming to that part of the story now. A neighbour's wagon was going a few miles, and he kindly offered to take us in it, but we had only gone a short distance, when a heavy storm came on, and exposure to it gave me a severe cold, so that when I arrived at a lodging-house I could scarcely hold up my head. For a week I was forced to remain there, but one morning, after I had somewhat recovered, I awoke and to my dismay missed my money. I had, as I thought, carefully secreted it, but it was gone. I made inquiries of the people who lived in the place, but they laughed at me, pretending not to believe my assertion that I had any money, and when I grew more urgent they threatened if I did not go, to send for a constable, as I had no money to pay my lodgings. With a sadder heart than ever I pursued my journey, and with one or two rides from some persons whom we met, and by begging cold victuals as we passed along, we arrived here."

"You are not strong enough," said Emily, as the woman finished her story, "to travel to-morrow. Remain with us until you are recruited."

The woman, with tears in her eyes, gave expression to her gratitude, and continued, with Mrs. Derwent until her health was fully restored, when a comfortable wagon was procured to convey herself and children to O.

(To be continued.)

## Pleasant Memories.

The memory of the past is pleasant to us or otherwise, according as we were sincere or true-hearted, when we received the impressions which it now renews within us.—No matter whether the events of past experience were pleasant or disagreeable, if the soul that realized them was truthful and sincere, then does the bright become more beautiful and the shades of experience lose their asperity as they recede into the past. Like evening clouds, they sometimes glow with a more beautiful sunset radiance, and enrich our present life with the brightest visions reflected from the past.

Neither can remembered joys become to us a source of pain, if we are still sincere. It may be otherwise when we ourselves are

false. Then it is possible we may realize the words of the poet:—"There is no greater pain than to remember happy hours in moments of suffering."

If the impressions of a painful experience have been received by a soul debased and unworthy of its high destiny, there is a poisoned current sent forth to flow onward, ever imparting a baleful influence to that soul until haply it shall have arisen beyond that influence by the native good yet remaining within it.

Then, if thou wouldst carry with thee pleasant memories through life, be truthful. Look forward to the darker hours, when the shadows of age cast a gloom over the things of time, and be animated with renewed energy to fill the present with bright and virtuous actions—with the impress of a truthful and heroic soul, so that a full tide of bright and glorious memories may bear down upon that darker age, and illumine the fading embers of life with a brilliant halo.

## Love.

How bright and beautiful is love in its hour of purity and innocence—how mysteriously does it etherealize every feeling, and concentrate every wild and bewildering impulse of the heart. Love, holy and mysterious love—it is the garland spring of life, the dream of the heart, the impassioned poetry of nature, its song is heard in the rude and unvisited solitude of the fair forest, and thronged haunts of busy life; it embellishes with its flames the unpretending cot of the peasant, and the gorgeous palace of the monarch, flashes its holy gleam of light upon the measured track of the lonely wanderer, hovers about the imperiled bark of the storm-beaten mariner, and imparts additional splendour to the beacon that burns "on the far distant shore."

Love is the mystic and unseen spell that harmonizes and "soothes, unbidden," the wild and rugged tendencies of human nature, that lingers about the sanctity of the domestic hearth, the worshipped deity of the penetralia, and unites in firmer union the affections of social and religious society, gathers verdant freshness around the guarded cradle of helpless infancy, and steals its moonlight darkness upon the yielding heart

of despairing age—it hushes into reposing calmness the chafed and unrelenting spirit of sorrow, and bears it from the existing anticipated evils of life, to its own bright and sheltering bower of repose—transforms into a generous devotion the exacting desires of vulgar interest and sordid avarice, and melts into a tearful compassion the ice of insensibility.

The image which holy and undecayed love has once portraited on the deep shrine of the heart, will not vanish like linaments which childhood's finger in idle moments may trace upon the sand—it will burn out undefaced in its lustre, amid the quick rush of the winds and the warring of the tempest cloud—and when the wavering “star of our fate seems declining,” the bowed and bewildering spirit, like the trembling dove of the patriarch, will meet its home and its refuge in that hallowed fane, where love presides as high priestess of its sanctuary, and consecrates to unbending truth the offered vows of her votaries.

### Amiability.

What a world of pleasure might this fair earth be, if all its inhabitants, from the monarch to the peasant, were blessed with that blessed and most God-like virtue, amiability. True, the primeval curse would be on our race, thorns and thistles would still spring up, by the sweat of their brow men would have to earn their bread, but amid the toil and wearisomeness of this pilgrimage, flowers would spring up and spread around his path; nature would put on a different garb, what appears now dark and threatening, would smile with the light from God's own throne. The little errings which we in our present nature cannot possibly avoid, would be overlooked or forgotten; the harsh word no longer sounds harshly upon the ear, the cold averted look would assume the smile of generosity and affection, the distrustful glance would be thrown aside and the confidence of brothers would be found instead. We should not murmur at fate, but acknowledge all the dispensations of Heaven with a cheerful heart. Love would spring up where hatred and malice now breathe their fetid breath. Envy, the tyrant of the heart, would give place to joy at ano-

ther's success, the faults of our fellow beings would be judged not with uncharitable and unjust reasoning, but with mercy and forgiveness. We should in short behold ourselves “as others see us,” and many a wretch who has plunged into the gulf of endless and irretrievable perdition, would have been now shining in the “Mausions of the Blessed.”

## THE Bright Hours of Memory.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

The bright hours of mem'ry!—oh, who can look back,  
Retracing his path through the desert of years,  
Nor find in the waters of that long-trodden track,  
Some fair isle of verdure whose dew is not tears:  
Some spot to whose greenness his steps would return,  
In spite of the thorn and the deserts between,  
Could they bear back the spirit that once they had borne,  
Or find it the region that once it has been?

The lights of the past may be feeble and few,  
And seen through the mist when life's morning was gray,  
And pleasures and hopes which they brought to our view  
Like the mists of that morn may have melted away,  
But still their bright track, which remains in the soul,  
No shadows can cover, no tears can efface:  
Around it life's billows and tempests may roll,  
But they leave it still clear for the pilgrim to trace.

Perchance 'twas an hour when the triumph of youth  
Arose o'er its labours, and honours achieved,—  
Perchance when the vows of affection and truth  
Were fervently uttered and fondly believed;  
O' far in the distance of childhood it lies  
Where dim as the cloud-covered mountains, have grown  
The scenes that surround it, but still in our eyes  
It seems like one spot where a sunbeam hath shone.

The bright hours of mem'ry—how oft in our dreams  
They bring us the glory of long summer days,  
The joy of the spring-time's first blossom and beam,  
And the laughter that rang by the winter hearth's blaze!  
And, oh! there are hearts, though by fate long estranged,  
And eyes that can lighten our journey no more,  
That come in those visions, still true and unchanged,  
With the light, and the love, and the gladness of yore!

Bright, bright, shines the beacon of hope from afar,—  
And strong is the faith of our youth to pursue  
The path of its promise, till dim grows the star,  
And faint grow our steps in the wilderness too:  
But ne'er of her treasures can Mem'ry be reft,  
And dark must the days of his pilgrimage be,  
Who finds not one hour, in his retrospect left,  
Like a full ark of joy on the desolate sea!

Happiness and sorrow are the measures of our mortal life. We willingly record the moments of gladness, and sorrow's hours make their own impress.

If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

*For the Mayflower.*

## A Visit to the Indian Camp.

A few weeks since, I hastened to fulfil a wish that I had earnestly entertained, by visiting two families of Indians who had just returned to their annual haunt in my neighbourhood.

Before the freshness of the morning had passed away, I reached one of those lovely spots which the Indians so well know how to choose. Near their camps, a narrow river quietly glided along, while in the rear arose

Majestic woods of clear and vigorous green,  
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills,  
In deep immensity of shade.

Well has it been admitted by those who have travelled in sunnier climes, that many beautiful parts of our Province favourably contrast even with those bright lands where flourish the lovely citron groves—and beautiful orange bowers—and where every prospect pleases.

But my object was less to admire the beauties which Nature so lavishly spread around, and to thank God for them, than to lead my Indian neighbours to solemn thoughts of Him, and humbly to guide their minds to that Blessed One who came to save alike the roving Indian, and the dwellers in the cities and the plains. I talked to them about Him—the crucified—they having first placed beneath the boughs of the forest, a piece of timber for us to kneel on. The Indians then, with uncovered heads and thoughtful brows, knelt around, with their children beside them,—and we prayed earnestly to God, to reveal his Spirit within us, and to draw us from the love of self and sin.

In that leafy temple, we prayed for every fellow being, of every country, creed and colour, and never have I witnessed more intense interest than was depicted on the countenance of the father and his meek eyed squaw. "Thank ye—thank ye—priest"—she said, with great energy, the moment she had risen from her knees—and "thank you, sir"—were the sounds which instantly rose from all their lips. As I was emerging on horseback from the edge of the forest, into the open sunshine of the summer day, I felt deeply thankful for this opportunity of interesting in one common salvation, these dwellers in the Indian camp. I felt as feels

the husbandman, who having thrown his seed broadcast over his fields, humbly committed the result to the God of the Forest.

Reader—will you not, as opportunity may offer, go and do likewise among the swarthy Indians, in their humble camps?

August, 1851.

*Siqua.*

CORNERS have always been popular. The chimney-corner, for instance, is endeared to the heart from the earliest to the latest hour of existence. The corner-cupboard! what stores of sweet things has it contained for us in our youth—with what luxuries our shelves have groaned in manhood! A snug corner in a will! who ever objected to such a thing? A corner in a woman's heart! Once got there, and you may soon command the entire domain. A corner in the Temple of Fame! arrive at that, and you become immortal.

Insects generally must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory and pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never arose from a human censer. Fancy again, the fun of tucking themselves up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of the summer air, nothing to do when they awake but to wash themselves in a dew-drop, and fall to and eat their bed-clothes.

Adversity overcome, is the brightest glory, and willingly undergone, the greatest virtue. Sufferings are but the trial of valiant spirits.

Friendship hath the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness and patience of the best mother.

If we scrutinize the lives of men of genius, we shall find that activity and persistence are their leading peculiarities. Obstacles cannot intimidate, nor labour weary, nor drudgery disgust them.

Never give way to passion, if thou would'st be happy.

Be wise; for in gaining wisdom you also gain an eminence from which no shaft of jealousy and malice can harm you.

More pleasing than the dew-drops that sparkle upon roses, are the tears that pity gathers upon the cheek of beauty.



## The Orphan Chamber.

A TALE FOR EMIGRANTS.

BY GEORGINA C. MUNRO.

"What do you think I have been doing?" said Robert Anderson to his brother colonist, Mark Reid, as they sat together before the latter's house, towards the close of a sultry December day in South Africa.

"You've bought a new waggon!" exclaimed Reid, whose heart was filled with the desire of adding another to his own possessions.

"No—I've been making my will."

"Making your will," echoed Reid. "Ha-ha-ha! you are really growing a rich man, Anderson; I wish you joy. When is the family vault going to be built, and your coat of arms engraved?"

"Not for a long while yet," replied prudent Robert, shaking his head and laughing. "But it is every man's duty who has anything to leave; and I'd advise you to see about your own will—no one knows what may happen to him."

"Well, and suppose I should happen to die some of these days," says Reid, "my wife and the young ones would never quarrel about the little I left behind. They'd all stick together, and I hope do as well as if I lived to work for them."

"Of course you know your own business best," observed Anderson. "But it's what one should do anywhere; and they do say that there's something in this country makes it the first thing proper to be seen about."

"Papa, papa! see what a beautiful bird William has brought me!" cried a bright-eyed little girl of six, Reid's youngest, darting out of the house with an emerald and ruby plumaged sugar-bird struggling between her tiny hands.

"Ah, indeed, what a pretty thing!" replied the father, lifting the child on his knee. "Take care you don't hurt it, my dear.—See, we'll tie a bit of twine round the bird's leg, and then Annie can keep it quite safe, without harming it." And so, entering heart and hand into the little one's pleasures, the fond parent forgot to inquire into what might deeply affect his children's interests. Then, in a few minutes more, his wife and Mrs. Anderson came out to sit in the length-

ening shadow, and there was no after opportunity for resuming the conversation.

Meanwhile, in a shady kloof, or ravine, cutting deep into the hill which towered above Reid's dwelling, two young hearts were dreaming away the sultry hours in visions of future happiness. How bright were the scenes they pictured! bright, not with the light of gold or gems; not glittering with splendour, nor brilliant with riches, rank, or fame. It was their own affection which cast that sunny glow around the coming years; and a humble cottage home, and a life of industry and devotion to each other's happiness, formed their ideal of felicity.—And they had good reason to so look forward. For the parents of both were well inclined to their marriage, and there frowned no barrier between them.

How pleasant it was to wander amid the luxuriant vegetation of the kloof, plucking the gay blossoms which hung high on the tree-boughs, or clustering round their feet, truly wreathed their path in flowers. How sweet, when wearied of their light labour, to sit upon the grassy bank, and, while the refreshing breeze stole gently through the jasmine and myrtle leaves around them, look on the tall hills stretching afar in the cloudless sunlight, and dream that the brightness of that clime was cast also on their lot."

"What a happy day has this been," said Edward Reid; "if but every one resembled it—"

"We should be very useful people, should not we?" asked Grace Anderson, with a merry laugh. "And, hark! there's your sister Mary calling us,—this day is over now, so far as our truant rambles are concerned," added the light-hearted girl, springing to her feet.

The youth followed her with a sigh, loth to end that grand bright holiday. But clouds pass quickly from happy and hopeful spirits, and his voice was soon the gayest among those who gathered round the tea-table on the smooth grass before the dwelling, to enjoy at once the coolness of the sunset atmosphere, and Mrs. Reid's delicious cakes.—Laughter, and jest, and merriment went round, and the general happiness of the two families appeared—and in most cases truly—as a spontaneous outpouring of grateful hearts to him who had surrounded them with so many blessings. And then came

inspanning the Andersons' wagon, and then farewells, by some breathed most reluctantly; for, in those latitudes, daylight lingers but a short time after the sunset, and prudent Robert, as he was often called in jest, was anxious to pass the roughest portion of the homeward road ere he should be left to pursue it beneath the doubtful star-beams.

On the following morning, as Reid watched his cattle pass out to pasture under charge of his second son, and his sheep wander away, tended by the third, it occurred to him, as to many another man, to consider and compare the past, the present, and the future. A life of labour and hard struggling with the world had been his in his native land; and when his wife's father died, and left them three or four hundred pounds, they had come to the conclusion that, with a family of boys growing up, the wisest thing they could do was to emigrate to a country where this sun, seconded by their own exertions, would place them all in comfort. They had accordingly bought in England—knowing them to be cheaper at home—all articles of house-keeping, and farm apparatus, which were advisable and within their means, caring not that, when arrived on the small farm they had purchased in the eastern province of the Cape Colony, their money was nearly expended.—For all this property was but capital with which they were to trade to increase it. They had required no hired labourers, for as yet their own family was sufficient for all: and now when two years nearly had passed, Reid beheld himself with a comfortable house, a wagon, and a couple of span of oxen, which, with other cattle, and two or three fields already under cultivation, formed the nucleus of future prosperity, and with their frugality and industry, what bright prospects were there not to cheer them on.

As these pleasant feelings swelled within Reid's heart, while contrasting the past and the future, there came into his mind the recollection of what Anderson had said the evening before about the propriety of making a will. The knowledge that his family were aware of his wishes respecting the disposition of his property, and would deal honestly and kindly by each other if he were gone, had hitherto precluded all anxiety on this point; but, as his neighbour's words recurred to him, Reid wondered whether there

might not be something in them, after all. He would at least inquire. Not to day, however, for he had to finish hedging in the piece of ground he was adding to his garden—nor to-morrow; for he had promised his wife to fix shelves in her dairy, and could not disappoint her. But some day soon he would ride over to Anderson's and hear all about it. So resolved Mark Reid, in that fearlessness of health and strength which made him

“—Look on death as lightning, always far  
Off, or in heaven.”

But the close of the third day beheld him laid on the couch of sickness, stricken even unto death; and with the next sun his spirit passed away.

As the newly-widowed woman wept in anguish beneath the sudden blow, surrounded by the children it had made fatherless, she held it as a coarse intrusion on the sacredness of their grief when the *veldt* cornet,\* who was but little known to her, demanded if her late husband had left a will. She replied that he had not; and relapsed into the indulgence of her heartfelt sorrow, from which she was only aroused by the intimation that strangers were preparing to take entire possession of the property of herself and children, and placing official seals on everything in the name of the Orphan Chamber, for the purpose of equitable division. It was in vain she declared her intention of administering to the estate, and carrying out the known wishes of the deceased in every respect—in vain Edward's desire to have the direction and division of the property confided to his mother was echoed by all her other children. They had no voice in the matter—the law must be obeyed, and on this point it was peremptory. From the richest to the poorest it equally affects the families of all who die intestate. The Orphan Chamber—instituted for the protection of the rights of all children, and the guardianship of minors—seizes at once upon the effects, disposing of everything according to its unalterable rules, without, when any of the heirs are under age, paying the slightest regard to the wishes or feelings of the bereaved, taking it for granted that any person who did not desire such inevita-

\* *Veldt-Cornet*—Field-Cornet, a civil functionary, fulfilling, in rural districts, the multifarious duties of coroner, assessor, registrar, &c., &c.

ble interference with his concerns and arrangement of his property would himself dispose of it by will.

When the heart is filled with mourning for a beloved one, other misfortunes, however heavy, often pass by almost unfelt; but there are some whose very nature is to aggravate sorrow; and the abrupt announcement of utter ruin could have been borne with greater composure by the Reids than the irritating prying and spying, and authority of that Chamber, which even those to guard whose interests it was designed regarded as an offensive, not as a protecting power. And yet they did not suffer as much temporary annoyance as some have suffered in like circumstances; for they were permitted to retain in their own possession such articles of clothing as were requisite for their comfort, which have in some cases been refused. Then, as time went on, there came another shock, in the tidings that everything was to be sold off, since a just division would otherwise be impracticable.—Even the farm was to be brought to the hammer, as it was estimated at considerably more than half the total value of Reid's property, or the widow might perhaps have been allowed to retain it at a valuation, the share allotted to her by law being—as she had six children—one half of the entire property, and one seventh of the remaining half. Vainly did the widow and her eldest son, who was but twenty, exclaim against the immense sacrifice this would occasion, they might as well have essayed to stop a locomotive at full speed.

The day of sale at length arrived; and with bitter feelings the sorrowing family witnessed their possessions brought forth, to be scattered abroad by the whirlwind of a public auction. Nothing was spared; the most grasping creditor could not have been more rigid than were, in the conscientious performance of their duty, these agents of a kindly-intentioned law. And, alive only to the evils it brought on them, it is no wonder that the sufferers could not recognise the broad basis of equity on which it was established, nor do justice to the true motive of rules framed so strictly for the prevention of fraud towards the weak and helpless.

The fortune of sales by auction is quite a lottery; and the Reids that day drew a blank. The assemblage was small, and con-

sisted of persons either having little need of the things offered, or little money to spare in purchasing. So that, with the exception of the wagon and oxen, which possessed a sort of intrinsic value, everything went as low as is frequent at forced sales. Even the farm, with all its improvements, sold for one third less than Reid had paid for it.—“There were a good many “bargains” bought that day; but the unfortunate family knew that all their once brilliant prospects had now passed away.

“I am very sorry to see the turn matters have taken,” said Anderson, as he mounted his horse towards the conclusion of the sale. “Tell your mother, Edward, that my good woman sent her half a dozen kind messages, only I wouldn't wish to see her at such a time as this.”

When people speak thus concerning a change in one's worldly circumstances, the truth of their friendship may well be doubted. Edward was too inexperienced to draw such an inference, but he felt a chill come over the heart that had been sorely tried that day, and his voice trembled as he inquired, almost timidly—“And Grace; how is she?”

“Why, she's well,” replied the farmer, settling his broad-brimmed hat with a resolute air. “To say the truth—only for her, I'd ask you all to come over and stay at our place until you could look a little about you. But I must speak out plainly, young man; all the nonsense that's been going on between Grace and you must be done with altogether. It was a different thing while your father lived, and you had a prospect of having a house and a few cattle to yourself on a corner of the farm, in a year or or two; but there's an end to all that now, and I must do my duty as a father. And so, you see, it will be best for all parties that you keep away for the present.”

Harsh and unfeeling as would have been those words at any time, they were most cruelly insulting at that moment; and, as the youth replied, proudly and bitterly, “You may be sure I will not trouble you with an unwelcome visitor,” he felt that misfortune has many a sting we dream not of until it pierces.

“I'm glad to hear it—good bye,” said Anderson, as he rode off to his own happy and prosperous home.

Edward returned to the house, and entered the room where his mother sat, clasping the hands of her weeping children in her own, and listening to the sounds without, which told too truly the progress of the sale. He looked on her pale and tearful face, and felt that it would then be the extreme of selfishness to allow his mind to dwell on his individual sorrow, when his first duty was to do his best to support and to console his mother and the helpless ones around her. In an hour the sale was ended; and the Reids left the dwelling which was theirs no longer, and took up their abode for the time in a little cottage in Bathurst, too fully aware of the extent of their misfortunes to suffer disappointment on the subsequent statement of their affairs. Yet even in this there was delay, and the money advanced from time to time to Mrs. Reid for the subsistence of herself and family in the meanwhile, occasioned considerable expenditure of the proceeds of the sale. At length it came, and, as they had expected, when the expenses of every kind had been deducted, the total amount had shrunk to little more than a hundred pounds, making each child's share—of one fourteenth part—a sum little needing the already executed formality of appointing trustees.

And this was the result of the sale and scattering of property which, left in its original form, was fully capable of maintaining them all in comfort, and, as years went on, would, from time to time, have furnished ample means of establishing the younger members of the family advantageously in life. Could Reid but have foreseen the evil that would be wrought to those most dear to him by what was first his ignorance, then his neglect, he would have known no rest until the will was executed which should preserve to them in peace and security the fruits of his industry and good fortune.

Good to some often springs from ill to others; and the melancholy example of the Reids had the effect of inducing every settler in the neighbourhood, who had not already made his will, to lose no time in guarding his family against similar consequences of his decease. Meanwhile, the Reids in their fallen circumstances were considering how best to employ the little left to them; and, with the consent of the trustees, who gave her up her children's money for the

purpose, the widow repurchased their own wagon and two span of oxen from the neighbour, who kindly gave them back at the same price he paid for them. With Edward for driver, and the youngest boy, William, for leader, the wagon was to form their chief dependence, by plying with loads between Graham's Town and Port Elizabeth; and the second son was taken to assist in the store with which they had dealt in the first-named town, where Mrs. Reid herself tried her fortune with a humble shop.

It is a hard life, that of driving a wagon "on the road:" under the wagon, or beneath a bush, is the best resting-place they must know, in the wildest weather; and the narrow limits of the wagon-box the space into which all their appliances of comfort must be contracted. But the young Reids cared little for such hardships; they were working for those who loved them well, and that feeling would smooth the roughest pillow. Yet this mode of life was not the best calculated to win Edward from his regrets for bygone hopes. The hours and days which he would spend with William as sole companion, and the past the most fertile subject of conversation or reflection, tended but to encourage saddening thoughts, and to deepen his love for Grace, even while he believed she had forgotten him.

Two years had passed away; and the morning sun shone down gaily into a broad valley, along which wound a line of vivid green, marking the course of a little stream of pure sweet water. The white tent of a wagon was gleaming forth beside a group of myrtles, and some seven yoke of powerful black oxen were grazing near, while a thin thread of smoke curled above the trees, and the merry voices of Hottentots rose on the hushed and moveless air. Now another wagon might be seen amid the trees, as it descended the nearest hill, drawn only by the usual number of twelve oxen, but they were fine animals and in good condition, as those which were ever kindly treated, and under a master's eye. It then proceeded up the valley, but not so far as the first wagon, for, perceiving that others were on the ground before them, the new comers halted at a distance, and, unyoking their oxen from the heavily-laden vehicle, set them free, to seek food and rest for the next few hours. The Reids—for it was they—then sat down

to their humble meal of sun-dried meat, the usual fare of wagoners, and after awhile the younger fell asleep in the cool shade of the mimosas, for they had been travelling since early dawn. But Edward slept not: there were feelings busy at his heart which warred against repose. At length he observed that the oxen were straying out of sight with a quickness that threatened desertion, and resolved to turn them back. He had to pass the strange wagon, and a glance told him that it was fitted up in the most comfortable manner for travelling; the Hottentots also, who still sat chattering by the fire, were well dressed, and, to all appearance, servitors of some person well to do in the world. Edward saw all this without thinking of it: then, in rounding a clump of trees, he came suddenly upon the retreat of the travellers themselves. There was Kafir matting spread on the ground, and hung on the branches to deepen the shade, and hampers stood by, and baskets of grapes, and figs, and apricots lay on the mats. On the further side sat a female in a widow's dress, which did not, however, prevent his recognizing her; and he was passing rapidly, when she looked up, with a start which attracted the attention of a person opposite.

"Edward!" exclaimed a gentle voice, as he was still hurrying on; and he turned to meet Grace Anderson's kind smile and outstretched hand.

"Why would you run away from us?" asked the mother, as she also greeted him most cordially.

"I know not—circumstances have changed, and you might not now be glad to see me," said Edward, in great agitation.

"As glad as ever," murmured Grace, in a low sweet tone, which went to his heart.

"Circumstances may change, but they cannot alter us," replied Mrs. Anderson; "we are in all respects the same as you found us in former days."

"May I believe it?" exclaimed Edward, turning to Grace; and, carried away by the delightful intoxication of such unlooked-for happiness, he held out his hand.—Grace placed her own in it frankly as of old; and each felt that in that simple act a solemn pledge was given and received.

Mrs. Anderson had been some months a widow, so much Edward Reid already knew; but now he beheld the advantages of Ander-

son's testamentary arrangements, in the air of prosperity spread around his old friends. Their circumstances had not been very dissimilar at the period of his father's death, and under the careful management of himself, their own farm, might, in all probability, have advanced to the same flourishing condition at which the Anderson's must have arrived. But, instead of all their prosperity vanishing away like a dream, the latter had suffered no vexation or injurious interference with their concerns. Anderson had himself determined how the affairs of his family should be conducted, and his property apportioned among his children, who were as many as Reid's and yet younger; and all the law required was rigid performance of his behests. And so *their* farm might continue to improve in value every year, as though the eyes which were now closed for ever still watched its progress. Poverty and hardship, and worldly care, would not depress the spirits or cloud the brows of those with whom he now conversed. What a contrast to his own family—fallen in fortunes, and struggling with adversity!

That thought seemed to recall him from a blissful vision to cold and stern reality. "I had forgot," said he, with sudden sadness, "that all was not as once it was. I am too poor to hope—to dream as I am doing!"

"Why so?" inquired Mrs. Anderson. "Her father did not leave Grace portionless, and there is none to whom I would as soon she carried her little fortune, than one whom I have known and liked so long.—She has some cattle and sheep, and there is plenty of room for them to graze; and then our own people could build up a house which might very well serve you for a year or two; so that altogether, many have begun the world with less, and with worse prospects."

"How have I deserved such kindness!" exclaimed Edward—I who have nothing of my own to offer! But I dare not think of the life you picture—my mother requires my exertions, and I cannot leave her in poverty."

"Nor shall you," said Grace, earnestly; "her home shall be ours."

"Of course," said Mrs. Anderson: what is the difference of one or two on a farm? She will assist and advise you; and Wil-

liam, too, you will have plenty of need of him and of the wagon. And a few more stones, for whose loss the land will be all the better, will make the house large enough for you all. Though I should myself like to steal your eldest sister Mary, to help me in the place of Grace. For what with making, mending, churning, baking, and drying fruit for the market, I have scarcely time to look about me."

"There could be but one reply to this; and yet the generous-hearted Andersons did their best to check all words of gratitude.— There were happy hearts beneath the widow Reid's roof the following day, when her sons and her old friends arrived together; and some were even happier when, a few months after, Grace welcomed, with smiles full of affection, her mother-in-law to her new home. Here Mrs. Reid found once more ample field for her industry; and her skill in making butter and cheese soon rendered the dairy one of the most productive departments of the little farm. Edward, also, wrought with all the energy of a man who strives thus to compensate for want of wealth, and aided by the neighbourhood, and the kindness of Mrs. Anderson, who, in her unclouded prosperity, was able to do far more than she had promised for the inmates of the smaller dwelling, the Reids rose gradually to the level from which they had sunk. After years saw the young wife's affection and generosity amply rewarded, even by worldly possessions; and in the love and happiness which blessed her, she had long before found a recompense sweeter and dearer far.

But the widow Reid's first charge to her son, was, to lose no time in making his will. "Never was man more attached to his family than was your father," she would often say; "yet thoughtlessness led him into a neglect which reduced us all from comparative affluence to poverty; while before us is the evidence of how very differently we might have been situated. But it was God's will that we should suffer; and, if we had not, I might never have known how good and dutiful my children were, nor felt the true worth of one who is now my daughter also."

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Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all men are agreed.

(Selected for the *Mayflower* from the *Common-place Book of a young Lady.*)

## Minutes with the Muses.

N O. I.

### THE POETRY OF ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

"We consider Miss Barrett to be a woman of undoubted genius, and most unusual learning, but that she has indulged her inclination for themes of sublime mystery, not certainly without displaying great power, yet at the expense of that clearness, truth, and proportion which are essential to beauty."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. lxvi. page 389.

Her own words assure us that she has earnest thoughts to put on paper; that she is no trivial jingling songstress. "Poetry," says she, "has been as serious a thing to me as life itself, and life has been a very serious thing. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry, nor leisure for the work of the Poet."

And another critic has observed that the perusal of a few pages of her poetry will secure it against the suspicion of being only the product of a lively fancy and a dexterous hand, for they contain strains which we take to our hearts at once, the outpourings of a noble spirit disciplined by study, and the greater discipline of sorrow. A deep tinge of sadness characterizes her writings, and gives them a tone which is appreciated but by few, by those namely whose minds are both cast in the same mould, and have been exercised in the same passages of tribulation. Hence she is never likely to be widely popular. But amongst her many effusions, there are some that contain charms for one and all; touches of nature that make the whole world kin, sympathies of feeling and beauties of expression which promise for them a permanent and hearty reception among the people at large. And of such is her poem entitled "Cowper's Grave." Tenderness and beauty meet together in sweetest harmony, and converse softly, reverently, affectionately, concerning the gentle poet whose soul passed beneath such deep waters, who wrote the "Castaway" and then "fell on sleep." Some forty years after the bard of Olney had gone to his last long home,—life's fitful fever over, our authoress honoured his memory with these worthy lines:—

It is a place where poets, crowned,  
 May feel the heart's decaying;  
 It is a place where happy saints  
 May weep amid their praying,  
 Yet let the grief and humbleness,  
 As low as silence languish,  
 Earth surely now may give her calm,  
 To whom she gave her anguish.

O, Poets! from a maniac's tongue  
 Was poured the deathless singing,  
 O, Christians! at your cross of hope  
 A hopeless hand was clinging!  
 O, Men! this man in brotherhood,  
 Your weary paths beguiling,  
 Groaned inly while he sought you peace,  
 And died while ye were smiling.

And now, what time we all may read  
 Through dimming eyes his story,  
 How discord on the music fell,  
 And darkness on the glory;  
 And how as one by one sweet sounds  
 And wandering lights departed,  
 He wore no less a loving face,  
 Because so broken-hearted!

He shall be strong to sanctify  
 The poet's strong vocation,  
 And bow the meekest Christian down  
 In meeker adoration.  
 Nor ever shall he be in praise,  
 By wise or good forsaken;  
 Named gently as the household name  
 Of one whom God hath taken!

With sadness that is calm, not gloom,  
 I learn to think upon him,  
 With meekness that is gratefulness  
 (O God whose Heaven hath won him,  
 Who suffered once the madness cloud  
 Towards his love to blind him,  
 But gently led the blind along  
 Where breath and bird could find him.

And wrought within his shattered brain  
 Such quick poetic senses,  
 As hills have language for, and stars'  
 Harmonious influences.  
 The pulse of dew upon the grass,  
 His own did calmly number,  
 And silent shadow from the trees  
 Fell o'er him like a slumber.

“Beautiful and touching! All that love  
 Cowper,—and who does not?—are indebted  
 to Mrs. Browning for this glowing expres-  
 sion of homage to his memory. Her allu-  
 sions to the unconquered tenderness and love  
 of his kind, which were buoyant within him  
 even at his darkest hour, are finely wrought  
 indeed.”

The very world, by God's constraint,  
 From falsehood's chill removing—  
 Its women and its men became,  
 Beside him true and loving;  
 And timid hares were drawn from woods  
 To feel his fond caress,  
 Uplooking in his human eye  
 With sylvan tenderness.

But while in darkness he remained,  
 Unconscious of the guiding,  
 And things provided came without  
 The sweet sense of providing;  
 He testified this solemn truth,  
 Though frenzy desolated—  
 Nor man nor nature satisfy  
 What only God created!

## Indian Legend OF THE STAR AND LILY.

BY KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOUHL.

In the wigwam of the Indian during the  
 evenings of spring, that season when nature,  
 loosed from the bondage of winter, awakes  
 to new life, and begins to deck itself with  
 beauties, the old sage gathers around him  
 the young men of the tribe, and relates the  
 stories of days long since departed.

I have seen these youths sit in breathless  
 silence, listening to the old man's narrative.  
 Now and then the tear-drops would course  
 down their cheeks, and fall to the ground,  
 witnesses of the interest they felt in the  
 words of their teacher.

To induce the sire to narrate a tradition,  
 the Indian boys would contrive some inge-  
 nious plan by which to get some tobacco,  
 which, when offered with a request for a sto-  
 ry, would be sure of a favourable answer.—  
 Frequently it happens, that from sunset to  
 its rise these clubs are entertained, and they  
 do not separate till daylight calls them to  
 the chase.

“There was once a time,” said he, “when  
 this world was filled with happy people,  
 when all nations were as one, and the crim-  
 son tide of war had not begun to roll. Plen-  
 ty of game were in the forests and on the  
 plains. None were in want, for a full sup-  
 ply was at hand. Sickness was unknown.  
 The beasts of the field were tame, and came  
 and went at the bidding of man. One un-  
 ending spring gave no place for winter, for  
 its cold blasts or its chills. Every tree and  
 bush yielded fruit. Flowers carpeted the  
 earth; the air was filled with their fra-  
 grance, and redolent with the songs of my-  
 riad warblers that flew from branch to  
 branch, fearing none, for there were none  
 to harm them. There were birds then of  
 more beautiful plumage than now.

“It was then, when earth was a paradise,  
 and man worthy to be its possessor, that In-  
 dians were the lone inhabitants of the Ame-  
 rican wilderness. They numbered millions,  
 and living as nature designed them to live,  
 enjoyed its many blessings. Instead of  
 amusement in close rooms, the sports of the  
 field were theirs.

“At night they met on the wide, green  
 fields. They watched the stars; they loved

to gaze at them, for they believed them to be the residences of the good who had been taken home by the Great Spirit. One night they saw one star that shone brighter than all others. Its location was far away in the south, near a mountain peak. For many nights it was seen, till at length it was doubted by many that this star was as far away in the southern skies as it seemed to be.— This doubt led to an examination, which proved the star only to be a short distance, and near the tops of some trees. A number of warriors were deputed to go and see what it was. They went and returned, saying that it appeared strange, and somewhat like a bird. A council of the wise men was called to inquire into, and, if possible, ascertain the meaning of the phenomenon.

“They feared that it was an omen of some disaster. Some thought it a precursor of good, others of evil. Some supposed it to be the star spoken of by their forefathers, as a forerunner of a dreadful war.

“One moon had nearly gone by, and yet the mystery remained unsolved.

“One night a young warrior had a dream, in which a beautiful maiden came and stood at his side, and thus addressed him :

“Young brave! charmed with the land of thy forefathers, its flowers, its birds, its rivers, its beautiful lakes and its mountains clothed with green, I have left my sister in yonder world to dwell among you.

“Young brave! ask your wise and your great men where I can live and see the happy race continually; ask them what form I shall assume, in order to be loved and cherished among the people.’

“Thus discoursed the bright stranger.— The young man awoke, On stepping out of his lodge, he saw the star blazing in its accustomed place.

“At early dawn the chief’s crier was sent round the camp to call every warrior to the Council Lodge. When they had met, the young warrior related his dream. They concluded that the star they had seen in the south had fallen in love with mankind, and that it was desirous to dwell with them.

“The next night five tall, noble-looking adventurous braves were sent to welcome the stranger to earth.

“They went, and presenting to it a pipe of peace, filled with sweet-scented herbs, were rejoiced to find that it took it from

them. As they returned to the village, the star, with expanded wings followed, and hovered over their houses till the dawn of day.

“Again it came to the young man in a dream, and desired to know where it should live, and what form it should take. Places were named. On the tops of giant trees or in flowers. At length it was told to choose a place itself—and it did so. At first it dwelt in the wild rose of the mountain, but there it was so buried it could not be seen. It went to the prairie, but it feared the hoof of the buffalo. It next went to the rocky cliff, but it was there so high, that the children, whom it loved most, could not see it.

“‘I know where I shall live,’ said the bright fugitive, ‘where I can see the gliding canoe of the race I most admire. Children, yes! they shall be my playmates, and I will kiss their brows when they slumber at the side of the cool lakes. The nations shall love me wherever I am.’

“These words having been uttered, she alighted on the waters, where she saw herself reflected.

“The next morning thousands of white flowers were seen on the surface of all the lakes, and the Indians gave them this name, *Wah-be-gwon-nee*, (White Lily.)

“Now,” continued the old man, “this star lived in the Southern skies. Its brethren can be seen far off in the cold north, hunting the great bear, while its sisters watch her in the east and west.

“Children, when you see the lily on the waters, take it in your hands, and hold it to the skies, that it may be happy on earth, as its two sisters (the morning and evening stars) are happy in heaven.”

While tears fell fast from the eyes of all, the old man lay him down, and was soon silent in sleep.

Since then I have often plucked the white lily, and garlanded around my head; have dipped it in its watery bed, but never have I seen it without remembering the *Legend of the Descending Star*.

Four things are grievously empty: a head without brains, a wit without judgment, a heart without honesty, and a purse without money.

The study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of virtue.



For the *Mayflower*.

## Yes, thou art changed.

Yes, thou art changed, too well I know, I feel it,  
Thou who hast been a wanderer so long,—  
Ah, vainly was the hope for years long cherished,  
That thou would'st listen still to memory's song.

Disclaim it not, within those eyes I read it,  
Whose radiant light beamed truthfully on me,—  
The cold, indifferent, formal words of greeting,  
That seem to whisper, "I at last am free!"

Yes, free from all thy boyhood loved to cherish,  
From all the dear remembrances of home,—  
From every noble impulse that once swayed thee,  
For such a liberty 'twas wise to roam.

What hast thou found amid thy many wanderings,  
To recompense for freshness of the heart?  
What gem resplendent,—or what store of ingots,  
That thou, for them, with hope and love could'st part.

Ambition lured thee from our wood and hower,  
Well pleased wert thou her syren strains to hear,  
She told thee flattering stories of the power,  
The pomp, and glory, thou should'st surely share.

And now, that laurel wreathes have gaily crown'd thee,  
Now that the million dwell upon thy name;  
Those vain applauses say, do they suffice thee,  
Doth thy heart yearn for nothing more than fame?

If it be so, depart, I would not bid thee  
Even for "wild tang syne" to tarry here,—  
To rest once more within our cottage lowly,  
Or breathe the fragrance of thy native air.

Depart, lest to thy heart some long lost feeling,  
The wild flowers at thy feet should summon back;  
Lest starting from the past some sunny vision,  
Of early youth thy truant footsteps track.

Go to the lands whose brighter skies I doubt not,—  
In beauty's beaming eyes go back again;  
List to the praises of the hollow hearted,  
And close thine ears to memory's sombre strain.

But when thy summer friends have all departed,  
For fly they will when wintry age draws nigh;  
Return, and seek the grove, by eypress shaded,  
Of one who loved thee well enough to die.

AKON.

## A Chapter on Marriage.

BY ISRAEL OLDEN.

[We commend the following sensible article, says the *Tribune*, to the consideration of all—to the married as well as the unmarried. The latter, especially, have a deep interest in pondering upon the truth it contains. As for those who are already engaged, and badly so, to them we recommend patience—such need much of the "martyr-spirit"—the only way is to make the best of it:—]

I have heard a great deal, at divers times, about the ordainings and leading of Providence in connection with this matter. It has been suggested that Providence may wisely ordain the union—no, I will not say union

—of opposite qualities in marriage, that thereby the greatest amount of good may be distributed.

The learned shall instruct the ignorant, the refined shall polish the rude, the liberal dispense the gains of the covetous, and (I might also as well add) beauty reflects some of its attractiveness upon the face of ugliness. This is a very comfortable doctrine for one to preach who feels himself badly mated. Men love to throw their sins upon the shoulders of Providence, if they can, or on circumstances, or even on the devil himself. It is an easy way of getting over a piece of egregious folly. No, no, friend, just blame your own precipitancy or thoughtlessness, and let Providence go clear. As for circumstances, very likely you moulded them to suit your own views and gratify your own passions. I do not believe that Providence intended you to have any other than one of the best of wives. "A prudent (or good) wife is from the Lord." You see Scripture is plainly against you. If your wife is not a good one, i. e., not adapted to your nature and circumstances, you cannot regard her as sent from God, except as a punishment for your sins. Had you taken the requisite pains, you might have found one just adapted to you. If there was any leading of Providence in the case, very likely you took the lead yourself. This sort of leading of Providence is rife in the world.

I shall now address myself particularly to the unmarried, and more especially to the young men. I shall not say with Saint Paul, "Seek not a wife." I suppose you to be thinking about the matter, perchance to be a seeker. Yet I would say, seek not unless thou seekest rightly. I tell thee, friend, it is the most important step of thy life, as thou mayest hereafter find. Pause, therefore, and consider a little. Think what thou shouldst love most, and what thou shouldst love longest. Believe me, you can love just as deeply, and far more safely, if your reason and judgment have considerable to say in connection with this business. I go for love of the deepest, strongest, and most lasting kind, and I am sure that reason is no enemy of this.

If you suffer yourself to be blinded by mere show and glitter, and are at the same time led by some blind Cupid, you at least will be likely to "fall into the ditch." I

have known those who have regretted that in the choice of a wife they were led so much by passion and so little by reason, or were so thoughtless in a matter of so great importance. Many, very many, bestow far more pains, in the choice of a house, a horse, or even a dress, than in the choice of a wife or husband. The house must be carefully examined, the good points of the horse looked after, and the dress turned over and over; but a companion for life, the sharer of our joys and sorrows, the manager of all our domestic concerns—this is nothing—hit or miss—here goes. I say, be not hasty in this matter. Look—think, before you commit yourself. A knot of this kind is easily tied, but like the old Gordian knot, it cannot be untied. Death alone can cut it, and I would not have you think him long in coming.

One of the great objects for which marriage was instituted, is, as I conceive, the intellectual and moral improvement of the parties. The object is a high, a permanent one. The union ought to be formed with a view to the whole life of man; his intellectual and moral life; his life here and hereafter. How few look upon the matter in this light, and enter upon it with such views! "Something transcendent—Utopian—can't be made to enter into every day's life." Ha! say you so? They are the only views worthy of the union of two immortal beings. They who marry with such views and feelings, will be married body and soul both. The highest happiness can rest on no sure foundation but that which is laid on the human soul. Beauty, wealth, equipage—all that is outward—may be swept away in a moment, or if continued, may not satisfy.

Intellectual and moral qualities are a more sure possession. Time serves but to improve them, and the enjoyment of them never cloy. Marry your wife's soul, friend, marry her soul. Let its qualities attract you. Then, every acquisition which she makes, every day's experience, every book she reads, will aid in her onward progress, and render her more capable of ministering to your improvement and happiness. Do you want a wife capable of assisting you to become wiser and better, as well as to patch your clothes, darn your stockings, or cook your dinner? Alas! alas! how many think a woman need to know nothing else. Such

might almost as well marry a thread and needle, a knitting-machine, or a cooking-stove.

What if you are a mechanic, a farmer, or a day-labourer! May not, ought not, mechanics, farm-labourers and day-labourers grow wiser and better? Have you not a veritable soul, capable of improvement? And do you not want a wife with a soul? Darning stockings and cooking dinners are important affairs, (the latter especially,) and may be peculiarly so to you. I know not, however, why a woman with a soul—a feeling, thinking, cultivated soul—may not do these things. There is no good reason why you should not take the most elevated views of this subject, and go about this business in a sensible, rational manner. Do you say, "One can scarcely find the article you recommend." Somewhat difficult, I allow. But it is to be feared that little demand exists for money of this sort. Let the demand become general, and the articles (speaking after the manner of men) will soon come to market. Higher ground must be taken, higher views must be inculcated. The true subject, the whole subject of marriage must be understood and felt, and husbands and wives must be educated in view of it, ere they can become all to each other that God designed.

I have urged deliberation upon the unmarried. It is indispensable to a wise choice. Do you remember the old saying, "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure?" Pray wait till you get a few years older. You need the ripest judgment possible for this business. The eyes of sixteen do not see things in the same light as do the eyes of twenty-three or four. Seven or eight years at this period of your life will improve your vision wonderfully, especially if you look well about you. Get old enough to understand your wants tolerably well. Study your own nature. What are your predominating tastes? Good ones, of course. What will probably be your vocation in life? What qualities in a wife will be likely to render you the most happy, as years roll on? Let the points be well looked to ere you make your choice. Perhaps I can sum up all in one word.

Get a companion,—one who will enter heart and soul into your pursuits,—who has the power to do so,—the disposition to do so,—who can read with you if you read,—

study with you if you study,—who shall possess a full sympathy with you in most or in all things,—who can minister to the higher and more refined wants of your nature, and who will be likely to stir you up to noble endeavours. A doll or a baby cannot do this. A woman, high-minded, strong-minded, cultivated, whole-souled woman, is alone capable of it. You need a mind that will travel with your own. So shall you have a companion. There are wives and husbands who yet are not companions. It would be a sad thing to feel that in the highest and most delightful walks of life, in the regions of taste, of intellectual beauty, you are, though married, *alone*, all alone; your house well taken care of; your dinners and suppers, and all that, well got up; but in the highest, best pleasure of life—alone. Alas! for thee! Look well, then, to this business.

Do not be afraid of a well-cultivated mind. Do not adopt the vulgar error of supposing that such a woman must needs be very unfit for the care of a household; must know very little of domestic affairs; that, indeed, all this must, as a matter of course, be sacrificed, if intellectual cultivation exists to any extent. I do not believe it. It is a foul slander on the sex. You will generally find that those women who possess the best cultivated mind, are the best managers at home. I admit exceptions. They do, however, but prove the rule. And why should it not be so? The best disciplined and most highly polished mind, one might naturally suppose, would apply itself with great advantage to the management of domestic affairs. So I am persuaded it will be found, notwithstanding the sneers and saws about "blue stockings," "literary ladies," "domestic every-day duties," and all that.

Some people's ideas of domestic duties seem to be entirely circumscribed by the walls of their kitchens. Such most surely think the "chief end of man" is to feed, clothe, and sleep well; or that woman was designed to be the servant of man's lower appetite, and not a companion of his whole being. And has she indeed no higher mission than this? Is this the "help" designed by Providence as "meat" for man? Is this your view of the matter. Go live in Turkey, friend. Turn Turk. You shall have soulless women for this world, and a houri for the next, if Islamism be true. I

repeat it, be not afraid of mental culture. If you can appreciate it in a wife, by all means seek it in her.

And intellectual sympathy is perhaps deeper than any other, and will bind friends more strongly together than aught beside. It is a sympathy between the highest faculties of our nature, the immortal part. You cannot enjoy the highest happiness of which you are capable, with a wife who is not able to meet, to some extent, the higher wants of your nature, with whose spirit yours cannot, in most cases, blend. You cannot truly marry outward beauty, or money, or lands, or houses. You have a soul, and cannot join it to these things. You can really marry only a human soul, harmonizing in the tasteful and beautiful with your own.

A few words to the married. Are you just married. Then the recollection of the days of courtship are yet fresh. Keep it up. Do not cease to court because you are married, the very reason of all others why you should continue to do so. Your opportunities for this now are far better than they were before. Be just as careful of each other's feelings, and just as solicitous to retain each other's good opinion as before. "Fix up" as smartly for each other's society as before. Go right on doing all that is gallant and handsome as before. Your lover, madam, was a gentleman. Your mistress, sir, was a lady. Shall not the husband and wife remain the lady and gentleman? Do not forget your bow, sir, nor you your curtsy, madam. Give the best of these to each other. Do you, madam, study your husband's tastes and character. Understand him fully. If you are wise, (this is a secret,) you may manage him altogether, and he, good man, will know nothing about it. If he be given to reading and study, do you read and study with him, if possible. If he is fond of having things snug and quiet, do you take a great deal of pains to have things so. You will find your account in it.

Are you ill-married? Are you suffering the consequences of thoughtlessness?—Matches of thoughtlessness are by far the most numerous in the world, and you, perhaps, are among the multitude. Well, you need much of the "martyr-spirit." You must make the best of it. One good thing you may do: you may prevent others, by your advice and influence, from doing in this

matter as foolishly as you have done. If you have children, save them from the rock on which your hopes have split. Do not marry your son or daughter to a human body with a farm, or so much bank stock joined on to it. You can fuse gold with gold, and you can mingle dirt with dirt; and unless you possess creative power, you cannot blend the immaterial with the material. If a young man comes to court your daughter, do not consider it a good match merely because he may be "well to do" in the world. How many marry for a "home," but by no means find it a "sweet" one. Only think of a fine, sensible, cultivated, intellectual girl, tied to a plodding, utilitarian sort of a fellow, who can no more appreciate her than did the cock the jewel he scratched up. Horrible! Make good use of your own experience in this matter; so shall you turn your folly to good account.

Are you well married? really well married? Sit down and sing the old song of "few happy marriages." You can well afford to sing. You are of the few who have got into the narrow way of matrimonial felicity. Providence has smiled (I want to say laughed, broadly laughed) upon you. You have many a pleasant smile and good honest laugh at home, I warrant. How I should like to "drop in" some evening, and spend an hour or two at your comfortable fire-side, just for the sake of seeing a well-married couple; a *rara avis*, truly! I leave you to your enjoyment.

For the *Mayflower*.

## Evening Hymn on the Rhine.

[Will the Editress of the "Mayflower" insert the following attempt to translate the Evening Hymn sung by the Rhinelanders, amidst the lovely hills and valleys of the Rhine?]

*Synon.*

The much loved hour of rest is come,  
And we hasten to our home,  
We seek the sunset tree;  
Recline beneath its grateful shade,  
And praise Him who these comforts made,  
And humbly bend the knee.

Sweet is this hour; repose and calm  
Fall on each heart, like soothing balm,  
As if a Sabbath day;  
But sweeter still that Sabbath long,  
Where angels sing their holy song,  
And praise in endless day.

No sun is there with scorching heat,  
No toil to pain our weary feet,  
No suffering, sin or woe;  
How sweet and long is rest in Heaven,  
To all to whom that bliss is given;  
May I not seek in vain!

## The Herbarium of Linnæus.

The stranger whose predilections are botanical, will not long be in London till he turns aside from the heady current and turmoil of its great thoroughfares, into the comparative seclusion and tranquility of Soho-square, to pay a pilgrim's homage at a shrine which commands the veneration of botanists from all quarters of the world. In a quiet nook of the square is a suit of rooms occupied by the Linnæan Society. The house formerly belonged to Sir Joseph Banks, and was for many years the rendezvous of the 'savans' of England, and the resort of scientific foreigners visiting the Metropolis. It is now the repository of the Herbarium of Linnæus, that collection of plants which furnished the illustrious Swede with the materials for the construction of an artificial method of classification, with an ultimate view to the more philosophical system which has taken its place founded on the natural alliance of plants. It was in this collection that Linnæus studied the characters of individual plants, and accumulated the observations which have enabled succeeding botanists to group them into families. When we hear modern botanists, therefore, denying the Linnæan system, they appear chargeable with the ingratitude of spurning away the ladder by which they have ascended to the loftier generalization of the natural system; forgetful, too, that it was to a natural system that the great founder of botanical science looked forward as the ultimate resting place to which all the industries of the artificial system were steadily tending.

There is a little history connected with the Herbarium, which may prove interesting to other than botanical readers. Sir James Edward Smith, the eminent English botanist, was, when a young man, a constant visitor at Sir Joseph Banks' to whom he had recommended himself by his taste for natural history. It was in this house, in 1783, that he learned from his patron that the library and natural history collections of Linnæus, had been offered to him for a thousand guineas. After a life of labour and vicissitude, Linnæus had died at Upsal, full of honours and even of wealth, in 1778, in the 71st. year of his age. He had twenty years before been elevated to the nobility, and as-

sumed the title of Von Sinne. Still greater honours were paid to his memory after his death. His remains were born to their resting place in the cathedral of Upsal by members of his University, 16 Doctors of Medicine, his former pupils, supporting the funeral pall. A general mourning of the citizens showed that his death was felt to be a public loss. King Gustavus the second caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of his name; and attended a meeting of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm, held in honour to the memory of the great naturalist. In his speech from the throne, Gustavus lamented the death of Linnæus as a public calamity. It seems strange, that in so brief a period as five years after these national tributes were paid to his memory, a portion of his property so identified with his scientific fame as his books and collections in natural history, should have been offered for sale in England. But although Linnæus, while he lived, had enjoyed the esteem both of his countrymen and foreigners, and, after his death, was embalmed in their remembrances, his honour and happiness had been betrayed by the relative, who, of all others, should have most dearly cherished them; whose tyrannical disposition and unnatural treatment of her own offspring, had deprived his home of all that should have constituted it the sanctuary of his affections; and whose sordid parsimony was now eager to devote his collections into money, and send away forever from the country that claimed him as the most distinguished of her sons, the principal inheritance of his scientific treasures. The eldest son of Linnæus, who proved himself not unworthy to share in his renown, was, in consequence of the mercenary conduct of his mother, obliged to purchase at her own price, the books and collections, including the Herbarium, which were his own by birthright. He died in 1783, and his books, plants, &c., reverted to his mother and sisters. The offer of sale made to Sir Joseph Banks, was at the instance of the mother and sisters, who were thus making merchandise a second time of the collections of the great naturalist. Sir Joseph declined to avail himself of the offer, but recommended the purchase to Smith, then a student of medicine. He made the purchase, and the possession of Linnæus' collections, determined his future pursuits as

a botanist. "Though enthusiasm and a love of fame," remarks Lady Smith in his memoirs, "had some influence, a love of science had greater still. He said to others, 'The fairest flower in the garden of creation is a young mind, offering and unfolding itself to the influence of Divine wisdom, as the Heliotrope turns its sweet blossoms to the sun; and may it not be said of him that taste and virtue fixed his choice?'" The number of volumes was upwards of 2,000, including some valuable manuscripts. There were 3,198 insects, 1,564 shells, 2,424 minerals, and 19,000 plants, deducting a small Herbarium which belonged to young Linnæus, and contained no species that were not included in the great collection; Smith obtained the whole for 900 guineas, but the entire cost, including the freight, amounted to £1,088. Through the intervention of Sir John Jarvis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent, and at this period one of the members for Great Yarmouth, an order was obtained upon the treasury passing the whole collection, except the books, free of custom-house duty. It was in October, 1784, that a ship named the "Appearance," was freighted with the precious treasures. The vessel had just left the shores of Sweden, when king Gustavus the third, who had been absent in France, returned to his dominions, and on hearing that the Herbarium and other monuments of the labours of the illustrious naturalist had been sent out of his native kingdom, he despatched a frigate to the Sound to intercept the voyage of the "Appearance" to England. But the latter vessel distanced her pursuer, and the valuable cargo was safely landed at the custom house of London. This singular race between the two vessels, has been commemorated in a pictorial representation, which our friend, Professor Balfour, is in the habit of showing annually to his class. The event is remembered in Sweden, as we learned from a botanist of that country, whom we found employed upon the Herbarium of the Linnæan Society. Sir James Smith's own views of the conduct of the Swedish nation in allowing the Herbarium and other collections to be sold to a foreigner, were expressed in the following terms, in a letter to Dr. Aërel, who had negotiated the bargain with him:—"Between ourselves, it is certainly a disgrace to the University (of Upsal) that they suffered

such a treasure to leave them; but if those who ought most to have loved, and protected the immortal name of Sinne, failed in their duty, he shall not want a friend or an asylum, while I live or have any power, though ever so small, to do him honour." After the death of Smith, the Herbarium was purchased by the Linnaean Society of London, of which he was the founder.

The Herbarium of Linnæus contains only 10,000 species, which, along with duplicate specimens, are fixed upon 14,000 sheets of paper. At Kew, Sir William Hooker kindly showed us his Herbarium, containing about 140,000 species of flowering plants alone, being the largest and completest collection in the world. The difference between the two collections shows the progress which has been made in descriptive botany, since the days of Linnæus. The Swedish Herbarium is contained in three wooden cases or presses, the doors of which still retain impressions of a series of illustrations in the forms of leaves, which were cut in tin and fastened upon the wood, and employed by Linnæus in lecturing to his class. A royal Swedish physician, M. Pontin, has described the country residence and lecture room of Linnæus, at Hammarby, near Upsal; which he visited in 1834,—“The building containing Linnæus’s dwelling-house consists of two houses, and is situated at the foot of a strong height surrounded by large rocks, as if an earthquake had thrown the granite rocks around it. It was only here and there that a tree could find space enough to spring up among these rocky ruins; it was here where he established his collections in every department of natural history, and, during the academical vacations, lectured eight hours a day, communicating his discoveries, to a “select audience, who lodged with the neighbouring peasantry, so as to be always at these lectures, which were venerated as the sayings of an oracle.” The pious and grateful spirit of the illustrious naturalist was shown in the inscription over the entrance to his parlour,—“*Dum faveat Cœlum,*” “While it pleases Heaven.”

We took advantage of the obliging offer of the Curator to show us some of the more remarkable plants in the Herbarium, and simple style in which they were fastened upon very unpretending paper, with their names written on the back of the sheet. Of

all the collection, which plant could you select for examination so appropriate as the modest and beautiful *Linnaea Borealis*? Sir James Smith, in the English Botany, observes that “Linnæus has traced a pretty fanciful analogy between his own early fate, and this ‘little northern plant, long overlooked, depressed, abject; flowering early;’ and we may now add, more honoured in its name than any other.” It was the favourite plant of Linnæus, who had it painted on his China vases and tea-services. Turning from the Herbarium to the Autograph-book, in which the Fellows of the Society subscribe their names, we found the signature of our gracious Queen, on a separate page, wreathed about with drawings of the *Linnaea Borealis*. The names of Prince Albert, George IV., William IV., Prince Leopold, and the King of Saxony were among the royal signatures, Mr. Hollmann, the Blind Traveller, also takes rank with the botanists. The Hall where the Society holds its meetings, is hung round with the portraits of eminent naturalists. Sir Joseph Banks and Sir James Smith are commemorated in exquisite marble busts. The late Bishop of Norwich was a regular attender of the Society’s meetings, and provided at the last anniversary of the birth of Linnæus, on the twenty-fourth of May.

## A Picture for Bachelors.

If in that chair yonder—not the one your feet lie upon, but the other beside you—closer yet—were seated a sweet faced girl, with a pretty little foot lying out upon the hearth a bit of lace running round the throat, and the hair parted to a charm over a forehead fair as any in your dreams, and if you could reach an arm through that chair-back without fear of giving offence, and suffer your fingers to play idly with those curls that escape down the neck, and if you could clasp with your other hand those little white taper fingers of hers which lie so temptingly within reach, and so talk softly and low in the presence of the blaze, while the hours slip by without knowledge and the winter winds whistle uncared for—if, in short, you were no bachelor, but the husband of such a sweet image—dream call it, rather—would it not

be far pleasanter than a cold single night, sitting counting the sticks,—reckoning the length of the blaze and the height of the falling snow ?

Surely imagination would be stronger and purer if it could have the playful fancies of dawning womanhood to delight it. All toil would be torn from mind-labor, if but another heart grew into this present soul quickening it, warming it, cheering it, bidding it ever God-speed. Her face would make a halo rich as a rainbow atop of all such noisome things as we lonely souls call trouble.—Her smile would illumine the blackest of crowded cares ; and darkness that now seats you despondent in your solitary chair, for days together, weaving bitter fancies, dreaming bitter dreams, would grow light and thin and spread and float away, chased by that beloved smile. Your friend, poor fellow, dies—never mind ; that gentle clasp of her fingers, as she steals behind you, telling you not to weep—it is worth ten friends.

Your sister, sweet one, is dead—buried. The worms are busy with all her fairness.—How it makes you think earth nothing but a spot to dig graves upon ! It is more. She says she will be a sister ; and the waving curls, as she leans upon your shoulder, touch your cheek, and your wet eye turns to meet those other eyes. God has sent his angel, surely ! Your mother—alas for it !—she is gone. Is there any bitterness to a youth alone and homeless like this ? You are not alone. She is there—her tears softening yours, her grief killing yours, and you live again to assuage that kind sorrow of hers.—Then these children, rosy, fair-haired ; no, they do not disturb you with prattle now ; they are yours. Toss away there on the green sward. Never mind the hyacinths, the snow-drops, the violets, if so be they are there. The perfume of their healthful lips is worth all the flowers of the world.

No need now to gather wild bouquets to love and cherish. Flour, tree, gun, are all dead things. Things livelier hold your soul ; and she, the mother, sweetest and fairest of all, watching, tending, caressing, loving, till your own heart grows pained with tenderest jealousy. You have no need now of a cold lecture to teach thankfulness ; your heart is full of it ; no need now, as once, of bursting blossoms, of trees taking leaf and greenness, to turn thought kindly and thankfully ; for

ever beside you there is bloom, and ever beside you there is fruit for which eye, heart and soul are full of unknown, unspoken, because unspeakable thank-offerings.—(Reveries of a Bachelor.

## Constance Allerton,

### A STORY OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

Mr. Allerton, a merchant of Philadelphia, had for some years been doing business to considerable advantage, when a sudden check was put to his prosperity by the unexpected failure of a house, for which he had indorsed to a very large amount. There was no alternative but to surrender every thing to his creditors, and this was done fairly and conscientiously. He brought down his mind to his circumstances ; and as, at that juncture, the precarious state of the times did not authorise any hope of success if he recommenced business (as he might have done) upon borrowed capital, he gladly availed himself of a vacant clerkship in one of the principal banks of the city.

His income, however, would have been scarcely adequate to the support of his family, had he not added something to his little salary, by employing his leisure hours in keeping the books of a merchant. He removed with his wife and children to a small house in a remote part of the city ; and they would, with all his exertions, have been obliged to live in the constant exercise of the most painful economy, had it not been for the aid they derived from his sister, Constance Allerton. Since the death of her parents, this young lady had resided at New Bedford, with her maternal aunt, Mrs. Ilford, a Quakeress, who left her a legacy of ten thousand dollars.

After the demise of her aunt, Miss Allerton had just completed her twenty-third year. She had a beautiful face, a fine and graceful figure, and a highly cultivated mind. With warm feelings and deep sensibility ; she possessed much energy of character—a qualification which, when called forth by circumstances, is often found to be as useful in a woman as in a man. Affectionate, generous, and totally devoid of all selfish considerations,

Constance had nothing so much at heart as the comfort and happiness of her brother's family; and to become an inmate of their home was as gratifying to her as it was to them. She furnished her own apartment, and shared it with little Louisa, the youngest of her three nieces, a lovely child about ten years old. She insisted on paying the quarter bills of her nephew Frederick Allerton, and volunteered to complete the education of his sisters, who were delighted to receive their daily lessons from an instructress so kind, so sensible, and so competent. Exclusive of these arrangements, she bestowed on them many little presents, which were always well-timed and judiciously selected; though, to enable her to purchase these gifts, she was obliged, with her limited income of six hundred dollars, to deny herself many gratifications, and indeed conveniences, to which she had hitherto been accustomed, and the want of which she now passed over with a cheerfulness and delicacy that was duly appreciated by the objects of her kindness. How far the disinterested Constance was inclined to sacrifice her own feelings for the welfare of her brother's family, will afterwards appear.

The family had been living in the manner we describe for about a twelvemonth, when Mr. Allerton was suddenly attacked by a violent and dangerous illness, which was soon accompanied by delirium, and in a few days it brought him to the brink of the grave. His disease baffled the skill of an excellent physician; and the unremitting cares of his wife and sister could only effect a slight alleviation of his sufferings. He expired on the fifth day, without recovering his senses, and totally unconscious of the presence of the heart-struck mourners that were weeping round his bed.

When Mr. Allerton's last breath had departed, his wife was conveyed from the room in a fainting fit, Constance endeavoured to repress her own feelings, till she had rendered the necessary assistance to Mrs. Allerton, and till she had somewhat calmed the agony of the children. She then retired to her own apartment, and gave vent to a burst of grief, such as only can be felt by those in whose minds and hearts there is a union of sense and sensibility.

In the evening, Constance repaired to the apartment of her sister-in-law, whom about

an hour before she had left exhausted and passive. Mrs. Allerton was extended on the bed, pale and silent, her daughters Isabella and Helen, were in tears beside her; and Frederick had retired to his room.

On the sofa, near the head of the bed, sat Mrs. Bayley, who in the days of their prosperity, had been the next-door neighbour of the Allerton family, and who still continued to favour them with frequent visits. She was one of those gossiping, small-minded women, having good feelings in the main, but whose chief concern, in cases like the present, relates to nothing beyond a due exhibition of the external trappings of woe.

"You have suffered a great loss, no doubt," said this kind-hearted lady; "but, my dear Mrs. Allerton, remember the funeral is to take place on Thursday, and there is no time to be lost. What have you fixed on respecting your mourning? I will cheerfully attend to it for you, and bespeak every thing necessary." At the words "funeral" and "mourning," tears gushed again from the eyes of the distressed family; and neither Mrs. Allerton nor Constance could command themselves sufficiently to reply.

"Come, my dear creatures," continued Mrs. Bayley, "you must really make an effort to compose yourselves. Just try to be calm for a few minutes, till we have settled this business. Tell me what I shall order for you. However, there is but one rule on these occasions—rape and bombazine, and everything of the best. Nothing, you know, is more disreputable than mean mourning."

"I fear, then," said Mrs. Allerton, "that our mourning attire must be mean enough. The situation in which we are left, will not allow us to go to any unnecessary expense in that, or in any thing else. We had but little to live upon—we could lay by nothing. We have nothing beforehand: we did not—we could not apprehend that this dreadful event was so near. And you know that his salary, that Mr. Allerton's salary, of course, expires with him." "So I suppose, my dear friend," answered Mrs. Bayley; "but you know you *must* have mourning; and as the funeral takes place so soon, there will be little time enough to order it, and have it made."

"Perhaps we may borrow dresses to wear," said Mrs. Allerton. "And of whom will you borrow?" "I do not know. I



have not yet thought." "The Liscom family are in black," observed Isabella; "no doubt they would lend us dresses." "Oh! none of their things will fit you at all," exclaimed Mrs. Bayley. "None of the Liscoms have the least resemblance to any of you, either in height or figure. You would look perfectly ridiculous in *their* things."—"Then there are Mrs. Patterson and her daughters," said Helen.

"The Pattersons," replied Mrs. Bayley, "are just going to leave off black; and nothing that they have, looks either new or fresh. You know how soon black becomes rusty. You certainly would feel very much mortified, if you had to make a shabby appearance. Besides, nobody now wears borrowed mourning—it can always be detected in a moment. No: with a little exertion—and I repeat that I am willing to do all in my power—there is time enough to provide the whole family with genteel and proper mourning suits. And if it is not settled to-night, there will be hardly time to-morrow to talk it over, and get the things, and send to the mantuamaker's and milliner's. You had better get it off your mind at once. Suppose you leave it entirely to me. I attended to all the mourning for the Liscoms, the Weldons and the Nortons. It is a business I am quite used to. I pique myself on being rather clever at it."

"I will then trust to your judgement," replied Mrs. Allerton, anxious to get rid of the subject, and of the light frivolous prattle of her self-styled dear friend. "Be kind enough to undertake it, and procure for us whatever you think suitable—only let it not be too expensive." "As to that," answered Mrs. Bayley, "crape is crape, and bombazine is bombazine; and as everybody likes to have these articles of good quality, nothing otherwise is now imported for mourning. With regard to Frederick's black suit, Mr. Watson will send to take his measure, and there will be no further difficulty about it. Let me see—there must be bombazine for five dresses, that is for yourself, three daughters, and Miss Allerton."

"Not for me," said Constance, taking her handkerchief from her eyes; "I shall not get a bombazine."

"My dear creature," cried Mrs. Bayley, "not get a bombazine! You astonish me! What else can you possibly have? Black

gingham and black chintz is only fit for wrappers, and black silk is no mourning at all."

"I shall wear no mourning," replied Constance, with a deep sigh. "Not wear mourning!" ejaculated Mrs. Bayley.—"What, wear no mourning at all! Not wear mourning for your own brother! Now you indeed surprise me."

Mrs. Allerton and her daughters were also surprised, and they withdrew their handkerchiefs from their eyes, and gazed on Constance, as if scarcely believing that they had understood her rightly. "I have considered it well," resumed Miss Allerton, "and I have come to a conclusion to make no change in my dress. In short, to wear no mourning, even for my brother—well as I have loved him, and deeply as I feel his loss."

"This is very strange," said Mrs. Allerton, "Excuse me Miss Constance," said Mrs. Bayley, "but have you no respect for his memory? He was certainly an excellent man." "Respect for his memory!" exclaimed Constance, bursting into tears. "Yes, I indeed respect his memory! And were he still living, there is nothing on earth I would not cheerfully do for him, if I thought it would contribute to his happiness or comfort. But he is now in a country where all the forms and ceremonies of this world are of no avail, and where everything that speaks to the senses only, must appear like the mimic trappings of a theatre. With him all is now awful reality. To the decaying inhabitant of the narrow and gloomy grave, or to the disembodied spirit that has ascended to its Father in heaven, of what consequence is the colour that distinguishes the dress of those whose mourning is deep in the heart? What to him is the livery fashion has assigned to grief, when he knows how intense is the feeling itself, in the sorrowing bosoms of the family that loved him so well?"

"All this is very true," remarked Mrs. Bayley, "but still, custom is everything, or fashion, as you are pleased to call it. You know you are not a Quaker; and therefore I do not see how you can possibly venture to go without mourning on such an occasion as this. Surely you would not set the usages of the world at defiance?"

"I would not," replied Constance, "in

things of minor importance; but on this subject I believe I can be firm." She then rose and left the room, unable any longer to sustain a conversation so painful to her.

"Well, I am really astonished!" exclaimed Mrs. Bayley; "not wear mourning for her brother! However, I suppose she thinks she has a right to do as she pleases! But, she may depend on it, people will talk."

Just then a servant came to inform Mrs. Bayley that her husband was waiting for her in the parlour. "Well, my dear Mrs. Allerton," said she, as she rose to depart, "we have not yet settled about the mourning.—Of course, you are not going to adopt Miss Constance's strange whim of none at all?"

"What she has said on the subject appears to me very just," replied Mrs. Allerton.

"Aunt Constance is always right," remarked one of the girls.

"As to Miss Allerton," resumed Mrs. Bayley, "she is well known to be independent in every sense of the word; and, therefore, she may do as she pleases—though she may rest assured that people will talk."

"What people?" asked Mrs. Allerton.

"Everybody—all the world."

"May I request," said Mrs. Allerton, "that you will spare me on this subject to-night. Indeed I cannot talk about it."

"Well, then," replied Mrs. Bayley, kissing her, "I will hope to find you better in the morning. I shall be with you immediately after breakfast." She then took her leave; and Constance, who had been weeping over the corpse of Mr. Allerton, now returned to the apartment of her sister-in-law.

Released from the importunities of Mrs. Bayley, our heroine now mildly and sensibly reasoned with the family on the great inconvenience, and, as she believed, unnecessary expense, of furnishing themselves with suits of mourning in their present circumstances. The season was late in the autumn, and they had recently supplied themselves with their winter outfit, all of which would now be rendered useless if black must be substituted. Her arguments had so much effect, that Mrs. Allerton, with the concurrence of her daughters, very nearly promised to give up all intention of making a general change in their dress. But they found it harder than they had supposed, to free themselves from the trammels of custom.

Mrs. Allerton and Constance passed a sleepless night, and the children awoke to weep at an early hour in the morning. They all met in tears at the breakfast table. Little was eaten, and the table was scarcely cleared, when Mrs. Bayley came in, followed by two shop-boys, one carrying two rolls of bombazine, and the other two boxes of Italian crape. Constance had just left the room. After the first salutations were over, Mrs. Bayley informed Mrs. Allerton that she had breakfasted an hour earlier than usual, that she might allow herself more time to go out, and transact the business of the morning.

"My dear friend," said she, "Mrs. Farrel has sent you, at my request, two pieces of bombazine, that you may choose for yourself; one is more of a jet black than the other, but I think the blue black rather the finest. However, they are both of superb quality, and this season, jet black is rather the most fashionable. I have been to Miss Gregg, the mantuamaker, who is famous for mourning. Bombazines, when made up by her, have an air and style about them, such as you will never see if done by any one else. There is nothing more difficult than to make up mourning as it ought to be—I have appointed Miss Gregg to meet me here—I wonder she has not arrived—she can tell you how much is necessary for the four dresses. If Miss Allerton finally concludes to be like other people, and put on black, I suppose she will attend to it herself. And here is the double-width crape for the veils. As it is of very superior quality, you had best have it to trim the dresses, and for the neck handkerchiefs, and to border the black cloth shawls that you will have to get."

Mrs. Allerton, on hearing the prices of the crape and bombazine, declared them too expensive. "But only look at this quality," persisted Mrs. Bayley, "and you know the best things are always the cheapest in the end—and, as I told you, nobody now wears economical mourning."

"We had best wear none of any description," said Mrs. Allerton.

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Bayley, "I see that Miss Constance has been trying again to make a convert of you. Yet, as you are not Quakers, I know not how you will be able to show your faces in the world, if you do not put on black. Excuse me, but innova-

tions on established customs ought only to be attempted by people of note—by persons so far up in society that they may feel at liberty to do any out-of-the-way thing with impunity.”

“I wish, indeed,” said Mrs. Allerton, “that some of these influential persons would be so public-spirited as to set the example of dispensing with all customs that bear hard on people in narrow circumstances.”

The mantuamaker now made her appearance, and Mrs. Bayley exclaimed, “O, Miss Gregg, we have been waiting for you to tell us exactly how much of everything we are to get.”

A long and earnest discussion now took place between Mrs. Bayley and the mantuamaker, respecting the quality and quantity of the bombazine and crape. Their business being accomplished, the shop-boys departed, and Miss Gregg made her preparations for cutting out the dresses, taking an opportunity of assuring the weeping girls that nothing was more becoming to the figure than black bombazine, and that everybody looked their best in a new suit of mourning.

At this juncture, Constance returned to the room, and was extremely sorrow to find that the fear of singularity, and the officious perseverance of Mrs. Bayley, had superseded the better sense of her sister-in-law. But as the evil was now past remedy, our heroine, according to her usual practice, refrained from any further animadversions on the subject.

(To be continued)

## Farewell.

BY MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

We parted. Cold and wordly eyes,  
Upon that parting fell,  
And bravely we kept back our sighs,  
And calmly said, Farewell.

But these are looks we learned of love,  
That only Love can read,  
And like the flash from cloud to cloud,  
From heart to heart they speed.

Yes! in one eloquent glance thy soul,  
On wings of light, to mine  
In wild and passionate sorrow stole,  
And whispered words divine.

Heaven's blessing on that royal heart,  
That thus could lavish feeling!  
'Twas almost sweet, though sad, to part,  
Our silent love revealing.

## The Royal Gala.

BY MISS H. M. RATHBONE.

Author of "Rose Allen," &c.

It must often strike an observant reader of the Morning Post, Court Journal, and numerous local papers, how large a space is occupied in their columns by full and minute details of her Majesty's state balls, including descriptions of the separate dresses worn by distinguished individuals, the number of dances they performed, and lists of the waltzes, mazurkas, and overtures played in the course of the evening.

Pondering on these things, as my companion and I sailed slowly past the northern shore of the Mediterranean, we suddenly appeared to remember that the queen of Parnassus gave a grand fete that night, to which we were especially invited. Accordingly, at the appointed hour we set out; and thinking the season too warm for dancing, instead of entering the open saloon where the dancers were assembled, we took our seats in a retired gallery, set apart for those who preferred looking on, to taking a share in the brilliant festivities. Here we enjoyed an excellent view of the superb assemblage, and soon became aware that we were gazing upon no ordinary company. The striking appearance, indeed, of every one present made us rejoice, when a young friend of ours, well acquainted with the court, came up to us, and gladly gave us all the information, of which, as entire strangers, we stood in so much need. We had arrived early, and could see each *entree*, distinctly; but nothing reached our ears for some time, save subdued whispers and the sound of music in the distance, until a flourish of wind instruments, not loud, but soft, thrilling, and harmonious, announced the entrance of her majesty. We could just see the silvery folds of her white dress; while a veil of the finest texture almost concealed the wreath of myrtle which bound her long, luxuriant hair, and a kind of halo that played around her, hid features, whose unearthly loveliness, though dimly seen, caused our hearts to beat tumultuously, and our brains to whirl around. Ascending the throne, she took her seat amidst attendant ladies, who, robed in the costume of the muses, encircled her like pla-

nets around the moon; their exquisite beauty, which resembled that of their mistress, only serving to set off the superior lustre of her majesty's. I needed not the interpretation of our guide, to recognise in Urania, with her tiara of stars, robed in blue, and bearing a globe in her hand, the fine countenance of my gifted friend, the Hon. Mrs. Norton; or in the laurel crowned Calliope, the delicate features and elegant form of sweet Felicia Hemans; whilst the Lyric muse, with roses in her hair, and carrying a lyre which, ever and anon, she touched with mournful prophetic fire, was fitly represented by L. E. L.; and I perceived the gorgeous purple and gold mantle of Melpomene, bespeaking the tragic muse, enveloped the person of dear Joanna Baillie. Mary Howitt, Miss Barrett, Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Bowles, and Mrs. Tighe, completed the constellation of fair attendants upon the queen.

The entrance of her majesty had been immediately followed by the commencement of the fete; and impatiently we endeavoured to distinguish the illustrious visitors who, each paying their compliments as they passed the throne, soon dispersed to enjoy the various amusements provided for them. No small part of our entertainment arose from observing the partners chosen by the different eminent poets who joined the dancers.—In one part of the hall I saw three pretty little sisters, daughters of the goddess Flora, with bright, happy faces, sunny ringlets, and blue, mirthful eyes, waltzing respectively with Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, and Barry Cornwall; and their low, merry laughs formed a pleasant accompaniment to the exhilarating music. Yet, the partner of the last named bard looked as if shadows of deeper feeling sometimes eclipsed the sparkling animation of her smiles; and the contour of her brow denoted a higher order of intellect than apparently belonged to her fair young sisters. Once a universal murmur of applause greeting a tall, graceful girl, who wore a robe of the darkest blue; her dusky tresses, flowing to her feet, were embroidered with diamonds, and a crescent moon over her brow shone with a brilliancy only exceeded by "the unfathomed depths" of her large, soft, melancholy eyes, which expressed all a woman's capability of passionate devotion and intense tenderness towards the beloved one. This beautiful personification of night

was accompanied by a grotesque train, most of whom were hideous figures, representing Care, Fraud, Misery, Discord, Sleep, Death, and the scoffing Mornus, with a perpetual sneer on his lips. She moved along the hall with stately step, taking no notice of the homage paid to her beauty as she advanced; and her attendants reminded us irresistibly of the rabble rout belonging to Comus, when encircling the lady Alice Egerton. I watched her closely, until a man of noble aspect, who, until she appeared, had been moodily leaning against one of the vine-wreathed marble pillars, regardless of everything around him, suddenly perceived her, and taking her hand, while they exchanged glances of exquisite pleasure, they disappeared from the gay scene; and I afterwards saw them wandering amidst the lonely ruins of the temple of Delphi, and conversing in the moonlight with Keats and Shelley, who had willingly quitted the noisy multitude to enjoy the society of Byron and his lovely companion. Our attention was next attracted by a fairy-like little figure, her white dress ornamented with bouquets of roses and marjoram, and clinging to the arm of her father, whose mantle of saffron and lighted torch denoted Hymen himself. His daughter kept refusing all entreaties for the favour of her hand in the dance; and whilst we were wondering a little at her pertinacity, a lively old man came up, and, carrying her off to another apartment, we soon heard them singing the "Isles of Greece," and various Irish melodies to a group of admiring youths and maidens, who hovered round the venerable bard of the Emerald Isle, and concluded the concert by singing in hearty chorus:

"Here's a double health to thee, Tom Moore,  
A double health to thee."

The queen having expressed a wish to see a Highland reel; Allan Ramsay, Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, Grahame, and Burns, stepped forward, and I looked anxiously to see who the latter would invite to become his partner. His somewhat heavy countenance changed, and his eye kindled as he approached the goddess Hebe, whose young daughter, "in all her morning purity array'd," had evidently never before entered the precincts of a ball-room. She seemed, indeed, a child of the mountain land; a garland of heather and hare-bells was her sole adornment, while in her hand she held a few

crimson-tipped daisies, one of which she presented with a shy blush to her partner, who received it with that expressive smile of singular sweetness which distinguished the author of "The Cottar's Saturday Night."

When the reel was concluded, it was succeeded by one of the old-fashioned figure dances, that display the powers of the dancers in a way which few of the modern galloping dances accomplish, and which form a trying test to those who have forgotten their steps. The two graceful daughters of Juno were dancing in this quadrille with Campbell and Beattie, while Goldsmith's and Gray's partners were sweet but serious-looking girls, the offspring, we were told, of the goddess Hygeia. Their correct regular movements, and measured elegance, formed a singular contrast to the varied, animated ways, manners, and appearance of most of the other guests.

When the evening was about half over, her majesty proposed adjourning to the delicious gardens, whose tempting fragrance and lovely flowers invited the company to enjoy the splendour of sunset in a southern climate. We followed in the wake of the queen, who frequently paused to speak to her guests, and evidently enjoyed the freedom of walking on the green turf, after the confinement of the dancing-hall. She paused first at an arbour of honeysuckles, whence issued, to our surprise, a pleasant odour of a well-known odoriferous herb, and we perceived a mild-looking spinster, of engaging aspect, occupied in its preparation; while a bard, dear to the hearts of most English, was employed in coaxing a tame hare to drink the cream he had placed for it on the mossy grass. Her majesty smiled kindly as she returned the poet's lowly salutation, and proceeded to a grove of acacias and citrons, where a singular scene met our eyes in a fancy bazaar of tasteful articles, expressly prepared for the amusement, as we were informed, of Mrs. Hannah More and Miss Jane Taylor, who disapproved of the frivolous pleasures in which the rest of the assemblage were engaged. Her majesty appeared a good deal amused, but courteously expressed her hopes that Mrs. More enjoyed the quiet recreation she had chosen: and I have little doubt she did, for several brother poets of the serious order were congregated around her, and an edifying discussion

seemed going on between herself, Bernard Barton, and Blair; while the good old poet, Herbert, I heard discussing the subject of the difference between modern and ancient poetry, with the puseyite Keble and the meditative Young. Bursts of laughter, greeted our approach to the area, which, in former days, had witnessed the Pythian games; and there we found Sir Walter Scott, surrounded by a tartan array of Highland bards, all engaged in shooting at the popinjay; an amusement he deemed superior to the spiritual communion in which so many hundreds were only too delighted to join. But the queen appreciated the "sheriff's" poetry too highly, to make any comment on this novel mode of using the consecrated ground of classic days; and she bestowed a rich jewel upon the minstrel when the wild Highlanders proclaimed their chief victorious.

Presently we descended to the glorious stream of Castally, which flowed at the foot of the bi-forked mountain of Parnassus.—Here the crowd thickened, and each moment did we wish ourselves possessed of immortal faculties, that we might take in the whole scene, and converse, if only for a moment, with the mighty bards now seen for the first and last time in our lives. In descending the mountain, we continually passed the great poets of every clime and of every nation: all made obeisance to the queen as she proceeded, and to all she spoke winning words of encouragement or approval; smiling kindly upon the humble bards, who kissed fondly the hem of her garments, and frequently allowing them the honour of saluting her hand. In a thicket of oak trees, where the tangled wild flowers grew unheeded, we heard Bryant repeating in solemn tones his *Thanatopsis* to an admiring audience of fellow-countrymen, amongst whom I noticed Professors Willis, Hoffman, and Longfellow,—the latter accompanied by his beautiful wife, for whom, like the patriarch of old, he had waited for seven long years. In a lone weird-like hut, we saw Southey conversing with an old woman, who seemed busily engaged in consulting auguries of magic import. He blushed upon perceiving the queen, and, joining her train, entered into conversation with the venerable Wordsworth, who continually gathered specimens of every "herb that sipp'd the dew," and to whom her majesty, ever and anon, addressed some

slight observation on the scenery around them.

But it would, alas! take far more space than we can bestow, to enumerate, even by name, all that gifted assemblage: as it is, I have only spoken of those, whose titles will be most interesting to English ears; and must draw to a conclusion, without attempting to allude to the great bards of Italy, Germany, and Greece. Yet I will just mention one other out of the infinite variety of amusements provided by the munificent giver of the gala;—this was the acting of one of the ancient lyric tragedies by Talford, Taylor, and other tragedians; while the choruses were sung by young virgins dressed in spotless white, and so garlanded with flowers, that the whole air was perfumed by their fragrance. When the play concluded, they preceded the queen, scattering violets before her, swinging censers filled with choice oriental spices, and singing divine melodies, in which Alaric Watts, Haynes Bayley, Herrick, and other warblers of sweet song, occasionally joined.

And thus was conducted her majesty through cool grottoes, whose echoes multiplied every harmonious sound; past murmuring fountains, whose dancing waters gleamed with all the hues of the rainbow in the soft, brilliant moonlight, until she entered a wondrous pleasant valley; sunny limes and almond trees, in full bloom, feathery palms, flowering myrtles, adorned its turfy slopes; nightingales sang to the roses, who bowed their beautiful heads as they listened to the enchanting music; while turtle doves cooed softly as the queen passed by; and zephyrs, with gauzy wings, fitted before her path, or gathered lilies of the valley to bind in garlands round the white lambs who sported silently and joyously beneath the orange trees. At the upper end of this fair valley stood a marble altar, whose fire burned brighter and purer as her majesty drew near; and then, taking her place on its upper step, she received the parting adieus and farewell homage of her subjects. This was to us far the most impressive part of the events of that memorable evening. What a long procession of the world's noblest bards now advanced, and, each prostrating himself, presented a gift to his beloved queen, and received her gracious thanks. The high priest who ministered to the sacred fire on the al-

tar, our guide reverently informed us, was Homer himself; and also, clothed in priest's vestments, were his assistants, Shakspeare, Milton, Dante, and Ariosto; while, robed in Tyrian purple, were other attendants, who received and carefully preserved the offerings made to the queen; and amongst them we perceived Spenser, Coleridge, Petrarch, and Tasso.

The effect produced on the mind and senses by the presence of such immortal genius, the divine music, the exquisite odours, the loveliness of the female part of the assemblage, the splendour of the golden hues of a southern night, the delicious atmosphere of a perfect climate, were altogether so overpowering, that I gladly covered my face with my mantle, until my companion's touch aroused me, and looking up I beheld with sorrowful astonishment the chariot of Apollo, which the queen had just entered, and I knew we should soon see her no more. Her subjects all knelt to receive her benediction, weeping that she left them; and never can any of the beholders cease to remember, to the day of their death, the transient view she allowed us of her heavenly countenance, radiant with immortality and holiness, as she ascended into the blue ethereal dome, and vanished for ever from our sight.

## Enigmatical Answer

TO THE FIRST ENIGMA IN NO. 3 MAYFLOWER.\*

If rightly I have made a guess  
I fear you'd not dear Edithress,  
Consent to take the illustration  
Should I request — by application.

*Osculus.*

\* The above answer to Enigma appeared too late for publication in the last *Mayflower*, we had therefore to postpone it till the present No.

## The Work-Cable.

BY MD'LE. DUFOUR.

CROTCHET.

Edging No. 1. Border for Antimacassar.

*Materials.*—Marshland's crotchet thread No. 16; Penelope crotchet No. 2.

Make a row of long stitches at each side and the ends, increasing twelve stitches at the corners; then work in close and open

squares. In order to form the scalloped edge in the 19th row, work thus—4 close squares, 3 open, 4 close; turn the work, 4 close, 3 open, 4 close; turn the work, a single stitch in each stitch of the first close square, 4 close squares, 1 open, 4 close squares; turn the work, a single stitch in each of the long in the first two squares, 5 close, a single stitch in each long of the close squares; then detach the thread, commence again on the second close square from that worked on the 19th row, and repeat as before.

### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

## On Fashion and Dress.

(From the Ladies' Newspaper.)

Mantelets of coloured silk are occasionally trimmed with braid of the same colour, set on in some fanciful pattern instead of being in straight rows. Those of dark silks, as violet *glace* with black, or dark blue *glace* with black, are ornamented with black braid. Another favourite style of trimming consists of rows of narrow black velvet on a deep piece of black tulle, to the edge of which is attached a flounce of black lace. During the recent sultry weather, scarfs have been partially revived by the Parisian ladies; but they have not been generally adopted, the mantelet having become decidedly the favorite article for out door costume.

Amongst the latest novelties in bareges, we may notice those manufactured with broad stripes or bands, running horizontally. The stripes of some of these bareges are of different widths, and are intended to have the appearance of tucks on the skirt of the dress. Other new bareges are of beautiful patterns in bouquets, or sprigged with numberless small flowers. The skirts of the dress are made with or without flounces, as may best accord with the pattern of the barege. The corsages are usually in the Louis Quinze style, trimmed with eschelles, composed of ruches or frills of narrow ribbon, to match the dress, and bows of the same without ends.

Nearly all the dresses, now in course of preparation, for the country, are made with two corsages; one high, and the other low.

The low corsage has a berthe descending en cœur to a point in front of the waist,—and a piece de poitoin, trimmed with bows of ribbon, an echelle of passementrie brullonnées, or plaiting of ribbon, &c., harmonizing with the trimming on the skirt. The sleeves short, and the trimming corresponding with that on the corsage. The high corsage is frequently made with a basquine slit at the edge, the ends of the sleeves being slit to correspond. The sleeves are sometimes open up their whole length, from the wrist upwards, the opening being confined here and there in the Spanish style, by fancy buttons, bows of ribbon, or other ornaments. These sleeves form a pretty variety to the pagoda sleeves, which, however, still continue highly fashionable.

TO OUR READERS.—We must apologize to our readers for the paucity of original matter in the present No. We have received several original articles,—but regret that they were forwarded too late for publication, and must therefore be deferred till the next. An Editorial article was also prepared, but has been accidentally omitted.

## Stems of News.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.—Nova Scotia has sent to the EXHIBITION a fine collection of iron ores and iron products through the medium of one of her most enterprising inhabitants, Mr. C. D. Archibald. The mineral property of this gentleman is exhibited in the rough ores, which appear not only rich in quantity of metal, but of excellent quality; and a systematic arrangement of pig, bar, steel, tin-plate, wire, and manufactured articles, (knives, grates, &c.), deserving high credit, as evincing energy and skill, as well as methodical industry, to exhibit these very valuable productions in a young colony. Gray copper-ore and native copper, of fair quality, appear on this table, and some oxide of manganese. Some interesting fossils of the carbonaceous series have been sent by the Central Committee of Nova Scotia, and one lump of coal of good bituminous quality.

The Halifax and Quebec Railroad is receiving increased attention in England, and many of the British Journals are treating the subject with the consideration its importance demands.

Trade was considerably depressed in England, and several failures have occurred. The harvest was progressing favourably, and flour had declined 6d. per barrel.

The affairs of FRANCE are just now exciting a good deal of attention, and it is thought the Councils-General will decide in favour of a revision of the constitution. It is the prevailing opinion that the Prince de Joinville will be started as a candidate for the Presidency.

The National Temperance Convention at Saratogo, N. Y., continued two days, and was a grand demonstration of the right kind of Temperance sentiment and spirit—christian and kind, earnest and bold. Twelve strong and important Resolutions were unanimously passed by the Convention, which was composed of three hundred men from seventeen States and the British Provinces.

The Newton University of Baltimore, Maryland, has recently conferred the honorary degree of *Doctor of Divinity* upon the Rev. A. W. McLEOD of this city.

The Jews propose building a Temple in Mount Zion to equal Solomon's in magnificence.

On Friday night, 29th ult., the house of Luther Porter, of Cornwallis, was destroyed by fire, and we regret to add, a grandchild was burned to cinders, and Mr. Porter himself was so seriously burned, that he expired on the Sunday morning following.

CUBA.—The accounts from Havana are of the most serious character. It appears that the Habanero, Spanish government steamer, while cruising off a place called Bahia, forty miles west of Havana, captured a party of fifty men, belonging to Gen. Lopez's expedition, who were in four boats. They were brought to Havana on the 16th inst., and at one o'clock in the morning placed on board a Spanish frigate lying in port. They were taken on shore about noon the same day, and executed in the public road in Havana, in the presence of at least twenty thousand persons.

A despatch from the American Consul at Havana, states that all the prisoners were tried (probably by a military tribunal) previous to their execution.

THE REVOLUTION IN CUBA.—The execution of fifty of the invaders of Cuba, by the authorities of that Island, has caused considerable feeling in several sections of the United States, and indignation meetings have been held to denounce the act. It is stated that at a Cabinet Meeting at Washington on Saturday last, it was resolved to send a Messenger to Cuba to inquire into the facts of the U. S. Mail steamer Falcon having been fired into, and the circumstances of the capture and execution of the invaders.

New Orleans, August 23.—The excitement on Cuban affairs is still very great, and there are no signs of abatement. The principal streets are thronged with rioters, and the property of Spaniards is destroyed in all directions. The Spanish Consul has been burnt in effigy; in the meantime our authorities are doing nothing to check the lawlessness of the mob, which reigns supreme.

Philadelphia, August 25.—An immense Mass Meeting was held in Independence Square this evening, to condemn the proceedings of the Spanish authorities in shooting the American prisoners at Havana. The meeting evinced great enthusiasm throughout the proceedings, and was one of the largest assemblages ever convened in this city.

We learn from the Boston papers that a terrific tornado lately passed over the villages of Weston, Waltham, Watertown, West Cambridge and Medford, levelling in its course dwellings, barns, &c., and tearing by the roots trees of twenty to thirty years standing. The scene is described as truly terrific—timber and trees flying in all directions, and women and children screaming through fear. The tornado appears to have covered a space of about forty rods square, and the height of the column appeared to be about a mile.

FIRE-WATER AMONG THE INDIANS.—The Indians, of whom there are a number in Durham, Canada East, suffer from "fire-water." It is to them a withering scourge. They own much good land in Durham, but if they can manage to be supplied with tobacco and whiskey they are content to yield to their native indolence, and leave their lands to waste. Truly, how difficult for them to forget their origin, and adopt the habits of civilized life. A sad incident occurred among them while we were there. A party of them returning from their winter's hunt, near Maine, on the head waters of the St. Francis, floated down one day to the rapids in Durham. Here they must make portage. Some of the party, went for horses, leaving one of their number, who had been drinking freely, in charge of their treasures. On the return of the Indians with the horses, what was their disappointment and dismay to find that their drunken companion, with the fruits of their winter's toil—bear-skins, moose-skins and tallow, had gone to the bottom, and all were irrecoverably lost.—*Corr. Montreal Witness.*

NEW BRUNSWICK HONEY.—Yesterday we saw in the Drug Store of Messrs. Coy & Son, about twenty pounds of virgin honey, which formed part of the produce of one of the hives cultivated by E. H. Wilmot, Esquire, of Fredericton, and is as fine a specimen of that article as can be produced in any country. We have heard that it is the intention of the owner to send this specimen to the Provincial Exhibition in St. John, and we hope the rumour is correct, for there can be no doubt that bees will by-and-by be cultivated in this Province to a much greater extent than hitherto, and with profit to those who have time and taste enough to take proper care of the hives.—*Head Quarters.*