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Emily Linwood,

OR, THE BOW OF PROMISE.

BY M. E. H.

CHAPTER I.

"How disagreeable," exclaimed a young lady—as listlessly rising from a sofa, and laying down a novel, she approached the window of a handsome drawing-room—"how disagreeable, it is positively raining again. The sun has scarcely visited us for three days,—and now, as though in mockery, breaks through the clouds for a few moments, and then disappears. Now the rain descends in torrents. No chance of any visitors to-day, Louisa?"

"No, indeed," exclaimed the sister appealed to, as she raised her eyes from the embroidery frame,—but the words were scarcely uttered, when steps were heard in the passage leading to the drawing-room,—and in a moment after the servant threw open the door, announcing, "Mr. Percy."

With graceful ease, and with a pleasure which they could not conceal, he was received by the young ladies, and after apologising for his intrusion on such a day, by observing that he had taken advantage of the momentary sunshine to visit a friend, at some distance from his residence,—and encountering, on his return, the rain, had sought shelter in their dwelling, Mr. Percy, by an easy diversion, changed the subject of the conversation. But while the parties are thus pleas-

ingly, and as we may charitably hope, profitably employed—let us turn our attention, for a few moments, to a different scene at a short distance from the elegant mansion of Mr. Elliot, the father of the young ladies referred to above.

The varnished clock in the schoolroom, a relic of former days, has just struck the hour of three. Welcome to the children,—but doubly welcome to the wearied teacher, was that sound, which spoke of a short respite from toil and care, and irksome restraint; allowing the mind again to roam unfettered, released from the drudgery of listening to ill-conned tasks,—and striving to impart to the mind, too stupid or too heedless to comprehend, the first principles of knowledge. Yes, "line upon line, precept upon precept," has been duly enforced to-day,—but the closing hour has arrived at last,—and, with a slightly drawn sigh of relief, the teacher has directed books, slates, pens and pencils, to be placed in their proper places, and the unfinished work to be again returned to the basket and bag, there to repose quietly till the coming morrow. And now the last retreating footstep has passed from the threshold,—and Emily Linwood, like a bird released from its cage, prepares to return home,—but the copy-books for the morrow have still to be ruled, some sewing to be fitted, and the teacher must tarry.

"I am tired of waiting, Emily," said her youngest brother, a child about six years old, who was standing at the door with his cap in his hand. "The rain is almost over now.

Do come, sister." Emily smiled,—and replacing the work which she had prepared, hastily fastened on her bonnet and shawl, and after locking the school-room door, took the hand of her brother, and directed her steps homeward. As they crossed the threshold, a bright ray of sunshine dispersed the clouds which had obscured the day,—and ere they advanced many steps, Emily's attention was attracted by a magnificent rainbow, whose bright colours stood out in bold relief to the heavy clouds, which were now seen rolling rapidly away in the distance. The child, whose large and beautiful eyes resembled his sister's, catching her expressive glance, turned his in the same direction,—and releasing his hands from her gentle clasp, clapped them together with boyish delight, exclaiming, "Oh, sister, what pretty colours are those?" The street, in which they were walking, was one of the principal in the town of L., but somewhat removed from the more business part,—and occupied, principally, by handsome dwelling-houses, inhabited by persons of wealth, it was comparatively secluded,—and Emily, without attracting observation from passers-by, could turn her admiring gaze again and again on the rainbow. Never perhaps before had she felt more in need of a comforter,—never before had Nature spoken to her in such soothing, such encouraging language. The former part of the day had been one of unusual gloom,—one which, though in genial summer time, seemed laden with unwholesome influence; dense mist, and now and then heavy rain, had obscured the face of nature,—and this, no doubt, contributed to depress the orphan's spirits,—while memory, at times so strangely vivid, deepened the gloom, by bringing recollections of the past,—of tones long silent, and forms over which the grave had closed, but not for ever. In pursuing her usual routine of duty, Emily tried to shake off remembrances,—but she strove for some time, vainly to chain the attention, to call back the wandering thoughts,—and though at last she partially succeeded, her spirits failed to recover their wonted composure, and she hailed, with more than usual pleasure, the hour that allowed her thoughts for a time to wander free. To Emily's ardent and imaginative mind, the ray of sunshine, forming such a contrast to the preceding gloomy hours, had been hail-

ed with a delight known only to those whose joys are "few and far between,"—an omen of happier days it seemed to her,—and when arching the heavens like a vision of beauty, the rainbow gladdened her sight, emotions, to which she had long been a stranger, lent fresh lustre to her eyes, and imparted renewed activity to the light step that had lost somewhat of its youthful buoyancy. The little boy, seeming weary at his sister's slow progress, by his childish epithets of impatience recalled her wandering gaze; the beautiful but airy dreams of fancy vanished,—and with a quickened step she hastened homeward, utterly unconscious that another, equally alive to the beauties of Nature, had observed her, or that she had awakened curiosity and interest in a stranger's heart.

But it was scarcely courtesy on our part, gentle reader, to withdraw so abruptly from the occupants of the drawing-room, the light of our presence,—and, if you have no objection, to them we shall return.

Mr. Percy, in agreeable conversation, entertained the young ladies, who laughed gaily, not loudly, who would be guilty of such vulgarity? and half-languishingly, half-sentimentally, gave utterance to hackneyed and common-place thoughts. At last, slightly wearied, though he might not willingly have acknowledged it, Mr. Percy requested some music, and Ellen, who was an excellent performer, rose to comply. The piano was opened, the note books arranged, and the fair musician seated. What shall I play? was the question.

Any thing that *you* can select, cannot fail to please, gallantly replied Mr. Percy.—Piece after piece was played, until, at last, Ellen, wearied withdrew from the piano,—but not without receiving some thanks and that expressive silence of applause which more than the most highly finished compliment, speaks of its effect on the heart. At this moment, the bright ray of sunshine that had cheered the lonely heart of the orphan girl, at the threshold of the schoolroom door, threw its bright beams into the apartment.

"We may congratulate ourselves that the rain is over and gone, young ladies," said the gentleman with a smile, as he pointed to the sunshine,—and, advancing to the window, beheld the beautiful symbol of mercy dipped in the gorgeous colouring of Heaven, as bright as when the eyes of Noah and his

family first gazed on it with reverential awe. Mr. Percy's exclamation of pleasure drew the young ladies to the window, who, after admiring it for a few moments, were turning away, when Ellen was arrested by his inquiry, "Can you tell me Miss Elliot who that young lady is passing. Her face is familiar and yet I cannot call her to mind."

"Her name is Emily Linwood," was the reply. "She keeps a Seminary for young ladies. I have no acquaintance with her," she added with some hauteur,—"but Papa insisted on sending the younger children, for he said it was charity in her case, as she is an orphan, and has only lately become a resident of L."

"Is that little boy any relative of hers," inquired Mr. Percy, more interested than he would have acknowledged even to himself, for a transient glimpse of large thoughtful and radiant eyes, a countenance expressive and aimable had excited both curiosity and admiration.

"It is her brother, I believe."

"But has she no other relatives here?"

"Really, Mr. Percy, I am afraid you will have to apply to some more authentic source for information, for not having the slightest acquaintance with the lady in question, I am unable to satisfy you." At this moment the servant entering announced another visitor, and the gentleman took leave.

Charles Percy was the son of an Englishman, who possessed a large estate in the picturesque town of L. Having finished his course of studies at the University of Oxford, accompanied by a gentleman, who had formerly been his tutor, he travelled through Europe,—but was recalled by intelligence of his father's sudden death. Returning to his widowed mother, he assumed the management of the estate,—and by his intelligence and amiability,—and manners, at once easy and conciliating, endeared himself to all around. Thus far for his former history, let us now return to our narrative.

As Mr. Percy pursued his walk, his thoughts naturally reverted to the conversation he had just held respecting Miss Linwood. "Surely I have seen that face before," was his mental soliloquy, "but where? Let me see. Ah, I think I remember now. It was in travelling homeward,—as we stopped at C. to change horses, a young girl and her invalid mother were passengers in the

stage coach. I am almost certain it was Miss Linwood," and thus musing the young man entered his elegant dwelling.

In one of the small upper rooms of an humble dwelling Emily Linwood was busily engaged in preparations for the evening meal. The snowy cloth was spread on a round and highly polished oaken table,—an old fashioned crimson tea-tray whose bright colour formed a pleasing contrast to the pure china was placed on the board,—and, having finished her preparations, Emily summoned her little brother to partake of the frugal but comfortable repast. The apartment, in which they were seated, was furnished with taste and neatness. White muslin curtains shaded the windows which looked out on a narrow and noisy street, far away from green fields and shady trees,—but on a stand before them were placed several flower pots, containing geraniums, whose lovely blossoms and leaves served to her, as Cowper beautifully expresses it, as a hint

"That Nature lives, that sight-refreshing green
Is still the livery she delights to wear."

At the opposite end of the apartment was a recess, in which stood a small book-case, containing a few of the standard works of ancient authors, with some of the modern publications, a bunch of flowers, which had been presented to her in the morning by one of her scholars, ornamented a side-table, on which was placed her work-basket, and a small volume of Tupper's Poems, which she had a few moments before been perusing.—A stranger entering the apartment, might have noticed the taste with which the simple furniture was arranged,—but nothing beyond. He could not enter into the interest with which Emily gazed on those inanimate objects, for they were associated in her mind with the remembrances of better days. The easy chair, the chintz-covered sofa, the book-case, were all "linked by a thousand ties to her heart,"—and often, in the quiet twilight, when her glances rested on them, her thoughts would go back to childhood and childhood's home. Her father had formerly been the curate of a neighbouring village,—and memory with vividness portrayed to her mental vision, the pretty parsonage half-hidden amid flowers and foliage, which once she called her home. Though young in years Emily had been an apt scholar in the school of adversity. A fever, caught while

visiting one of his poor parishioners, laid the beloved Pastor and Shepherd of the little flock in the "narrow dwelling appointed for all living,"—and a few days after, two fair sons slept by his side. Mrs. Linwood, for the sake of her two surviving children, strove hard to bear up under accumulated misfortune,—but "half her heart was in the tomb." The colour faded from her cheek, the light from her eye, and soon Emily, with one little brother, was left almost alone, in the world. Mr. Linwood's yearly income had merely sufficed to afford his family a comfortable subsistence,—but which, ceasing at his death, left them in comparative indigence. For some months after his decease, and during their mother's illness, they had resided with an aunt, whose large family and limited means could ill afford additional claims on her household expenditure,—and Emily, after the first violent emotions of grief had given place to more resigned feelings, felt it would be injustice to take advantage of her kindness. At the recommendation of a friend she removed to L.,—and having received an excellent education, and possessing, naturally, more than ordinary abilities, opened there a Seminary.

CHAPTER II.

Pleasantly streamed the bright rays of the sun into the breakfast-parlour, as Charles Percy entered it, a few mornings subsequent to the commencement of our narrative. It was a small but square apartment, richly rather than gaily furnished. In the grey damask satin curtains, the couches and ottomans of the same colour, there was nothing to dazzle the eye,—but their otherwise sombre appearance was relieved by the large windows which, on a level with the ground, opened on an extensive and elegant flower-garden, from which was wafted through the apartment, the mingled odours of the honeysuckle, sweet-briar and rose,—while, at intervals, from an adjoining orchard, might be distinctly heard the matin songs of some of Heaven's choristers. At the head of the breakfast-table, on which the servant had just placed a silver urn, was seated Mrs. Percy, a tall dignified-looking woman, attired in deep mourning. While waiting for her son, her glance had turned to a large picture that hung opposite. It was the portrait of her husband, taken in early manhood,—and as she scanned the beloved features o'er and o'er, her

thoughts irresistibly returned to the past,—again he was with her,

"In those happy years
When they were both too young for fears
That they should ever part."

But the spell was broken by the entrance of Charles, whose appearance, at this moment, presented a striking similitude to the portrait.

"Mocked like an apparition in her son"

was the slender yet finely built form, the raven hair brushed carelessly aside from an open and expansive forehead,—eyes full of the vivacity and lustre of youth,—and the beaming smile of affection that told of a heart that throbbled with the kindest emotions of our nature.

"Do you intend going to Mrs. Payard's this evening?" was the inquiry of Mrs. Percy, as after exchanging an affectionate salutation, they were seated at the breakfast-table.

"I have not decided yet whether to go or not. If I consulted my own inclination, I should prefer remaining at home with you."

"But you know, Charles, Mrs. Payard might feel hurt at your neglecting her kind invitation, for the party has been given, principally to celebrate your return."

"Well, my dear mother, if you think it my duty to go, I shall certainly attend.—But what kind of a woman is Mrs. Payard, for you know that it was during my travels you became acquainted with her,—and she is, therefore, comparatively a stranger to me."

"You cannot fail in esteeming her," was the reply. "She is sensible, accomplished, and besides possesses those fascinating manners which attract irresistibly. You will find in Mrs. Payard nothing of that haughtiness, which is too often an attendant of wealth. In her society, persons of worth, intelligence and education mingle freely,—and seldom indeed have I passed more pleasant evenings; then those spent in her hospitable dwelling."

"You quite charm me with your description," said Charles smilingly, "I shall long for the hour to arrive which shall make me acquainted with a lady, possessed of such qualities of mind and heart."

Truly brilliant was the scene that greeted Charles Percy's eyes that evening, as throwing himself into an arm-chair that

stood in a large bay-window of Mrs. Payard's spacious drawing-room, half-shaded by the rich and heavy crimson curtains that fell in graceful folds, he watched the fair forms that glided to and fro. The dazzling light, reflected back from spacious mirrors, the rich perfume of the flowers, that in elegant festoons decorated the walls, and in light and airy wreaths twined round the marble pillars,—the finely carved tables, on which stood vases of exquisite colour and material,—the carpet of velvet softness, whose roses were indeed thornless, for on it the foot sank as on finest moss,—and the rich attire of the gay, the young, and beautiful, who filled the apartment, made it worthy a painter's pencil. From his "loophole of retreat" Charles watched, for some moments, the expressive countenances that every now and then met his glance,—and listened as the half-subdued hum of conversation fell pleasingly on his ear. The sweet tones of woman, mingling with more manly accents,—the sportive and brilliant repartee,—the silvery laugh,—and ever and anon the sweet strains of distant music, sometimes swelling in triumphal peals, and again dying plaintively away,—all lent to the spot a charm which he felt unwilling to relinquish, for a nearer proximity to its enjoyments. Just, however, as he was on the point of leaving his chair, his attention was attracted by the following circumstance :

On the opposite side of the apartment, two marble pillars supported what appeared to be a recess, for its interior was concealed from view by curtains, in colour and material corresponding to those of the windows. But now one of them is drawn aside, by a small white hand,—and in the centre stands a young girl. Nothing can be more picturesque than her appearance at this moment, as with one hand gracefully supporting the curtain, whose vivid colour forms a strange, yet not displeasing contrast to her dress of snowy white,—her dark brown hair, unconfined by brooch or braid, adorned save by one single white rose, falling in glossy ringlets over her neck and shoulders,—and with a countenance serene gentle yet slightly melancholy, she

"Looks like an angel might have done
While gazing on the earth."

For a moment Charles was half-disposed to believe that the dweller of some sylvan

solitude had appeared, to summon the worshippers of art to the magnificent temple of Nature,—for, through the opening, a scene of rural beauty was distinctly visible. Trees of every variety and climate, amid whose clustering foliage peeped forth the golden fruit,—shrubs, whose exquisite blossoms seemed almost worthy of Paradise, and in the centre a marble fountain, whose leaping, sparkling waters, ascended and descended profusely in gem-like drops,—formed a picture delightful to a votary of Nature, its soft and quiet gloom enhanced by its contrast to the brilliancy of the apartment. Another glance sufficed to discover to Charles his mistake, as regarded the nymph of the bowyer, for in her, he recognized Emily Linwood. To immediately abandon his retreat, to advance to Mrs. Payard, who had entered the drawing-room from the green-house with her fair guest,—and to obtain an introduction to her, was the work of a few moments,—and "softly fell the foot of time" that evening, as seated by her side, he listened to the voice whose music he had before heard,—and which had never been hushed in his heart.

(To be Continued.)

The Lay of the Rose.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

"Discordance that can accord;
And accordance to discord."

The Romaunt of the Rose.

A rose once pass'd within
A garden, April-green,
In her loneliness, in her loneliness,
And the fairer for that oneness.

A white rose, delicate,
On a tall bough and straight,
Early comer, April comer,
Never waiting for the summer;

Whose pretty gestes did win
South winds to let her in,
In her loneliness, in her loneliness,
All the fairer for that oneness.

"For if I wait," said she,
"Till times for roses be,
For the musk rose, and the moss rose,
Royal red, and maiden blush rose,

"What glory then for me,
In such a company?
Roses plenty, roses plenty,
And one nightingale for twenty!"

"Nay, let me in," said she,
"Before the rest are free,
In my loneliness, in my loneliness.
All the fairer for that oneness."

"For I would lonely stand,
Uplifting my white hand,
On a mission, on a mission,
To declare the coming vision.

"See mine, a holy heart,
To high ends set apart—
All unmined, all unmined,
Because so consecrated.

"Upon which lifted sign,
What worship will be mine!
What addressing, what exalting,
What thanks, and praise and blessing!

"A wind-like joy will wash
Through every tree and bush,
Bending softly in affection,
And spontaneous benediction.

"Insects, that only may
Live in a sunbright ray,
To my whiteness, to my whiteness
Shall be drawn, as to a brightness.

"And every moth and bee
Shall near me reverently,
Wheeling round me, wheeling o'er me
Coronals of motioned glory.

"I ween the very skies
Will look down in surprise,
When low on earth they see me,
With my cloudy-apect dreamy.

"Even nightingales shall flee
Their woods for love of me,
Singing sweetly all the suntide,
Never waiting for the moon-tide!

"Three larks shall leave a cloud,
To my whiter beauty vow'd,
Singing gladly all the moon-tide,
Never waiting for the sun-tide."

So praying she did win
South winds to let her in,
In her loneliness, in her loneliness,
And the fairer for that oneness.

But out, alas, for her!
No thing did minister
To her praises, to her praises,
More than might unto a daisy's.

No tree nor bush was seen
To boast a perfect green,
Scarcely having, scarcely having
One leaf broad enow for waving.

The little flies did crawl
Along the southern wall,
Faintly shifting, faintly shifting
Wings scarce strong enow for lifting.

The nightingale did please
To loiter beyond seas,
Guess him in the happy islands,
Hearing music from the silence.

The lark too high or low,
Did haply miss her so—
With his crest down in the gorges,
And his song in the star-courses!

Only the bee, forsooth,
Came in the place of both—
Doing honour, doing honour,
To the honey-dews upon her.

The skies look'd coldly down
As on a royal crown;
Then, drop by drop, at leisure,
Began to rain for pleasure.

Whereat the earth did seem
To waken from a dream,
Winter frozen, winter frozen,
Her anguish eyes unclosing.

Said to the rose, "Ha, Snow!
And art thou fallen so?
Thou who wert enthronéd stately
Along my mountains lately.

"Holla, thou world-wide snow!
And art thou wasted so?
With a little bough to catch thee
And a little bee to watch thee?"

Poor rose, to be misknown!
Would she had ne'er been blown,
In her loneliness, in her loneliness,
All the sadder for that oneness.

Some words she tried to say,
Some sigh—ah, well away!
But the passion did overcome her,
And the fair frail leaves dropp'd from her.

Dropp'd from her, fair and mute,
Close to a poet's foot.
Who beheld them, smiling lowly,
As at something sad yet holy:

Said "Verily and thus,
So chanceth e'er with us,
Poets, ringing sweetest snatches,
While deaf did men keep the watches.

"Sauntering to come before
Our own age evermore,
In a loneliness, in a loneliness,
And the nobler for that oneness.

"But if alone we be
Where is our enquiry?
And if none can reach our stature
Who will mate our lofty nature?

"What bell will yield a tone
Saving in the air alone?
If no brazen clapper bringing,
Who can bear the chimed ringing?"

"What angel but would seem
To sensual eyes glient-hin?
And without assimilation,
Vain is interpenetration!

"Alas! what can we do,
The rose and poet too,
Who both anticipate our mission
In an unprepared season?

"Drop leaf—be silent song—
Cold things we came among!
We must warm them, we must warm them,
Ere we even hope to enarm them.

"Howbeit! here his face
Lighten'd around the place,
So to mark the outward turning
Of his spirit's inward burning.

"Something it is to hold
In God's worlds manifold,
First reveal it to creatures duty,
A new form of His mild beauty.

"Whether that form respect
The sense or intellect,
Holy rest in soul or pleasure,
The chief Beauty's sign of presence.

"Holy in me and thee,
Rose fallen from the tree,
Though the world stand dumb around us,
All unable to expound us.

Though none us design to bless,
Blessed are we untheless;
Blessed age and consecrated
In that, Rose, we were created!

"Oh, shame to poet's lays,
Sung for the dole of praise—
Happily sung upon the highway,
With an "*obolus da mihi!*"

"Shame! shame to poet's soul,
Pining for such a dole,
When heaven-called to inherit
The high throne of his own spirit!

"Sit still upon your thrones,
O ye poetic ones!
And if, sooth, the world deery you,
Why, let that world pass by you!

"Ye to yourselves suffice,
Without his flatteries;
Self-contentedly prepare you
Unto him who sits above you.

"In prayers that upward mount,
Like to a sacred fount,
And, in gratitude, bring you,
Bring the music they have won you.

"In thanks for all the good
By poets under told—
For the sound of organs swaying
Through the hidden depths of loving!

"For sights of things away,
Through features of the clay,—
Promised things, which *shall* be given
And sung ever up in heaven!

"For life, so loudly vain,
For death, which breaks the chain,—
For this sense of present sweetness,
And this yearning to completeness!"

Female Suffrage.

The following striking and eloquent remarks are from "*Suggestions on Education*," by Miss Catherine M. Beecher:

"Woman has been but little aware of the high incitements that should stimulate to the cultivation of her noblest powers. The world is no longer to be governed by physical force, but by the influence which mind exerts over mind. How are the great springs of action in the political world put in motion? Often by the secret workings of a single mind, that in retirement plans its schemes and comes forth to execute them only by representing motives of prejudice, passions, self-interest or pride, to operate on other minds. Now the world is generally governed by motives that men are ashamed to own. When do we find mankind acknowledge that their efforts in political life are the off-springs of pride, and the desire of aggrandizement; and yet who hesitates to believe this is true?"

But there is a class of motives that men are not only willing but proud to own. Man does not willingly yield to force; he is ashamed to own that he can yield to fear; he will not acknowledge his motives of pride, prejudice, or passion. But none are unwilling to own that they can be governed by reason; even the worst will boast of being regulated by conscience; and where is the person who is ashamed to own the influence of the kind and generous emotions of the heart? Here then is the only lawful field

for the ambition of our sex. Woman in all her relations is bound to 'honour and obey' those on whom she depends for protection and support, nor does the truly feminine mind desire to exceed this limitation of heaven. But where the dictates of authority may never control, the voice of reason and affection may ever convince and persuade; and while others govern by motives that mankind are ashamed to own, the dominion of woman may be based on influences that the heart is proud to acknowledge.

And if it is indeed the truth that reason and conscience guide to the only path of happiness, and if affection will gain a hold on these powerful principles which can be attained no other way, what high and holy motives are presented to woman for cultivating her noblest powers. The development of the reasoning faculties, the fascinations of a purified imagination, the charms of a cultivated taste, the quick perceptions of an active mind, the power of exhibiting truth and reason by perspicuous and animated conversation and writing—all these can be employed by woman as well as by man. And with these attainable facilities for gaining influence, woman has already received from her Mother those warm affections and quick susceptibilities, which can most surely gain the empire of the heart.

Woman has never waked to her highest destinies and holiest hopes. She has yet to learn the purifying and blessed influence she may gain and maintain over the intellects and affections of the human mind. Though she may not teach from the pulpit, in her secret retirements she may form and send forth the sages that shall govern and renovate the world. Though she may not gird herself for the bloody conflict, nor sound the trumpet of war, she may enwrap herself in the panoply of heaven, and send the thrill of benevolence through a thousand youthful hearts. Though she may not enter the list in legal collision, nor sharpen her intellect amid the passions and conflicts of men, she may teach the law of kindness, and hush up the discords and conflicts of life. Though she may not be clothed as the ambassador of heaven, nor minister at the altar of God, as a secret angel of mercy, she may teach its will, and cause to ascend the humble but most accepted sacrifice."

Love.

'When men describe what is, or might be an exquisite happiness, there steals a melancholy over the description; and Mr. Emerson makes it a primary condition.'

"That we must leave a too close and lingering adherence to the actual, to facts, and study the sentiment as it appeared in *hope*, and not in *history*. Let any man go back to those delicious relations which make the beauty of his life, which have given him sincerest instruction and nourishment, he will shrink, and shrink. Alas! I know not why, but infinite compunctions imbitter in mature life all the remembrances of budding sentiment, and cover every beloved name.— Every thing is beautiful, seen from the point of the intellect, or as truth. But all is sour, as seen from experience. It is strange how painful is the actual world—the painful kingdom of time and space. There dwell care, canker and fear. With thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy. Round it all the muses sing. But with names and persons and the partial interests of to-day and yesterday, is grief.

But be our experience in particulars what it may, no man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart beat, and the most trivial circumstances associated with one form, is put in the amber of memory; when we become all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone; when the youth becomes a watcher of windows, and studious of a glove, a veil, a ribbon, or the wheels of a carriage; when no place is too solitary, and none too silent for him who has richer company and sweeter conversation in his new thoughts, than any old friends, though best and purest, can give him; when all business seemed an impertinence, and all the men and women running to and fro in the streets, mere pictures.

For, though the celestial rapture falling out of heaven, seizes only upon those of tender age, although a beauty, overpowering all analysis or comparison, and putting us

quite beside ourselves, we can seldom see after thirty years, yet the remembrance of these visions outlast all other remembrances, and is a wreath of flowers on the oldest brows."

For the Mayflower.

The Estranged.

We met as strangers; we, who, once,
Had distance severed but one day,
Had sprung with joyful haste to greet,
And fondly chide the long delay;
Now, measured were our steps and slow,—
And frigid was each outstretched hand;
While icy words were all that spoke,
A welcome to our native land.

We coldly listened to the voice
Our hearts once wildly leapt to hear,—
And, with a stoic's calmness, gazed
On features memory counted dear;
And little thought the gay who viewed
Our meeting, we had ever been
Friends, bosom-friends, ere traitor tongues,
And pride and absence came between.

With them we talked of worldly things,—
And smiling dwelt on days long past,—
"Ah, ours were childish hopes," we said,
"Which foolishly we thought might last,
But we had wiser grown since then;"—
And while our hearts our lips belied,
Repressed each word of tenderness,
And called upon our prompter, pride.

And then we parted as we met,
With unmoved tones and placid smile,
But ah, the phantoms of the past,
Reproached us, bitterly, the while:
Those hours of youth together spent;
Our daily converse, heart with heart;
The walks, the flowers, the sports we loved,
In vivid colour seemed to start;
And at each image, sorely wrung,
Our anguished souls would fain have cried,
"Forgotten be each fancied wrong,
Let naught but death our hearts divide."

Oh, had we thus all pride subdued,
How blooming now affection's flowers,—
While withered hopes, and vain regrets,
Would cast no gloom on future hours.
Alas, remorse is all too late,
Yet, severed by the ocean, we
In solitude and silence mourn,
That Friendship's joys should blighted be.

ANON.

The Oppressed Seamstress.

A TRUE TALE.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

Some people seem to have an idea that they pay too much for everything, and it is a positive duty to employ those who will work the cheapest.

Mrs. Ellsworth lived very sumptuously, and her daughters dressed very elegantly. We won't call them extravagant, because

people who have plenty of money are not obliged to give an account to their neighbours of their expenditure. They were, however, discussing the very subject themselves upon the damask lounges, when the servant man entered and presented the seamstress's bill. Such a nicely folded paper always attracts the family's attention, and having looked at the bottom and the amount, exclaimed:

"Dear me, how high."

They then proceeded to examine the contents of the bundle which accompanied the bill.

"The work is done beautifully," said Miss Henrietta; "how superbly this lace is set on—how splendidly this is hemstitched. I declare, mother, I never intend to do any work myself again, it is so much better than I can make it look."

"But you forget," said the mother, "that it costs a great deal to hire all our sewing for a large family, if it be done ever so cheap;" yet she felt herself that it was very pleasant to have garments made.

"I wonder," said Sophia, a tall, graceful girl, of sixteen, to the little waiting seamstress in the entry,—“What you would charge to make papa ten shirts? I have engaged to have them done by the first of May, and it is a long job, and so vexatious, I wish I could transfer them to you to finish.”

The child was sent home to inquire of her mother, what she would charge to make ten shirts with full bosoms hem-stitched each side, and ruffled, of the nicest fabric, and workmanship to correspond.

The little girl returned and artlessly replied:

"Mother says how she shall charge a dollar; but if the young folks said they would not give it, rather than lose the job, she would say seventy-five cents a piece!"

Amused with the simplicity which ought to have excited sympathy rather than merriment, Sophia pretended that seventy-five cents was all that she expected to give; she had hoped to get them done for fifty cents. Mrs. Fuller only gave that, but she did not add that Mrs. F.'s shirts were unbleached, and very common work was put in them.—After some hesitation she brought them down, and doing up a large bundle dispatched it to the seamstress, adding:

"Now my poor head and eyes are relieved."

But let us see to whom this bundle was transferred. The same seamstress once had a husband who was a prosperous merchant, but he speculated unwisely, died suddenly, and left a widow with two small children to grapple with the hard fate of poverty and remembrance of "better days." They occupied but one room, and as her only employment was sewing, it was difficult to make both ends meet with the most untiring industry."

"Don't you think, mother," said little Ellen who brought home the work, "the young lady thought she ought to get the shirts made for fifty cents apiece. But mother, she surely could not have known what a slow process it is, to gather and hem-stitch, and ruffle, and do all the sewing just for a half week's rent, or she never would have said so."

The mother brushed a tear away. "No, child, she never sewed for a living."

"And mother, she told her sister that she was so glad to get rid of the tiring work, and she said her father would never know but what she did it all, and she would have fifty cents clear on every shirt, what could she mean?"

Mrs. A. had heard of such deception before, but she cared not to inform her daughter that the young lady was probably to receive one dollar and a quarter for each shirt. She felt that her business was only to finish her whole number as soon as possible. She immediately set about the task of cutting them by the pattern, assorting them into piles and getting the plainer parts ready for Ellen to hem, as she was very nice in needle-work as far as she had learned the art. But it was always near "school time," and the poor child but little relieved her mother.

It was at that season, too, when storms succeed each other in rapid succession, and the heavens are overcast, and as the tenebment of the widow was badly lighted, it began to make sad havoc of her vision.

Her eyes were weary from continual use, and when the long job was patiently accomplished, who could tell the aches and pains by which it was all the way attended? Miss Landon in speaking of such poor said:

"We little think how wearily
The aching head lies down."

Long before the promised time Ellen carried home the ponderous bundle of ten shirts.

Miss Sophia severely scrutinized them, pulling the ruffles, next looking at the gathers, then the stitching, and finally tossing them into a heap, added :

"Tell your mother they are worth no more than fifty cents, and I will give her that if she will receipt the bill."

The child returned with a heavy heart and imparted the information.

The seamstress wept—she looked every now and then upon the picture upon the wall.

"If he were but alive," said she, "I should have some protector against wrong usage." She could not but exclaim: "how my head does ache!" as she undid another budget of work; "five dollars for ten shirts? I ought," thought she, "to better vindicate my rights—but they who oppress the poor have the worst of it. Here, Ellen, dear, take this bill for making the shirts, and bring me back just what Sophia pleases to give; but say mother has toiled very hard, early and late upon them."

Ellen did so, and Sophia took her five dollars from her purse, adding :

"This is a great deal of money for poor people to spend—it will buy you a number of calico dresses."

"But mother's rent is due," said the child.

"Pshaw, rent is nothing—make your landlord trust you!" and so saying, she darted from the room.

The seamstress never closed her eyes that night. Think you no unseen eye will vindicate her true claim? "Sophia Ellsworth," said Grace Eaton, "where did you get that splendid fan? It is really elegant."

"I saved it," replied Sophia, "from money father gave me to make his shirts—but I hired them done at half price, and he never knows it to this day."

Poor girl! your fan should be used as a screen to hide the hard spot in your heart. Prosperity never long follows in the footsteps of oppression.

A SWEET PICTURE.—Sitting yesterday toward evening at the bay window, in great abstraction of mind, oppressed by a sense of my lonely condition, I did weep unrestrainedly, not knowing I was perceived by any, until a little hand

was put in mine, and Lizzy's face was raised up to kiss me. Sorrowful thoughts could not at once be set aside, and I did not speak to her for a time, for my heart was heavie. She sate quietly down at my feet, with a gentle loving look, and so remained. The rain had ceased, and the sunne shone in through the side casement. The light, as it fell upon her golden haire, made her seeme like to me the holy children in the Italian pictures. Of such; me thought, are the kingdom of heaven: thus looketh, and haply is even now nigh unto mee, separated only by this veil of flesh, the spirit of my precious child; as the flower of the field so he perished, and my heart yet yearneth after him, my first-born. Arose and took Lizzy in my arms, and held her up to the window. A few pale flowers of the musk rose smelled sweetly after the raine. Di and Fanny were running on the terrace; we went out to them and they were as merrie as birds; and I did put from me my own griefe.—*Lady Willoughby's Diary,*

She was a phantom of delight.

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eyes sorene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a Spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light.

WORDSWORTH.

A BEAUTIFUL IMAGE.—A deaf and dumb person being asked to give his idea of forgiveness, took a pencil and wrote—"It is the sweetness which flowers yield when trampled on."

A Defence

OF LITERARY STUDIES IN MEN OF BUSINESS.

Among the cautions which prudence and worldly wisdom inculcate on the young, or at least among those sober truths which experience often pretends to have acquired, is that danger, which is said to result from the pursuit of letters and of science, in men destined for the labours of business, for the active exertions of professional life. The abstraction of learning, the speculations of science, and the visionary excursions of fancy are fatal, it is said, to the steady pursuit of common objects, to the habits of plodding industry, which ordinary business demands. The fineness of mind which is created or increased by the study of letters, or the admiration of the arts, is supposed to incapacitate a man for the drudgery by which professional eminence is gained; as a nicely tempered edge, applied to a coarse and rugged material, is unable to perform what a more common instrument would have successfully achieved. A young man, destined for law or commerce, is advised to look only into his folio of precedents, or his method of book-keeping; and dulness is pointed to his homage, as that benevolent goddess, under whose protection the honours of station and the blessings of opulence are to be obtained; while learning and genius are proscribed, as leading their votaries to barren indigence and merited neglect.

In doubting the truth of these assertions, I think I shall not entertain any hurtful degree of skepticism, because the general current of opinion seems, of late years, to have set too strongly in the contrary direction, and one may endeavour to prop the falling cause of literature, without being accused of blameable or dangerous partiality.

In the examples which memory and experience produce of idleness, of dissipation, and of poverty, brought on by indulgence of literary or poetical enthusiasm, the evidence must necessarily be on one side of the question only. Of the few whom learning or genius has led astray, the ill success or the ruin is marked by the celebrity of the sufferer. Of the many who have been as dull as they were profligate, and as ignorant as they were poor, the fate is unknown, from the insignificance of those by whom it was

endured. If we may reason *a priori* on the matter, the chance, I think, should be on the side of literature. In young minds of any vivacity, there is a natural aversion to the drudgery of business, which is seldom overcome till the effervescence of youth is allayed by the progress of time and habit, or till that very warmth is enlisted on the side of their profession, by the opening prospects of ambition or emolument. From this tyranny, as youth conceives it, of attention and of labour, relief is commonly sought from some favourite avocation or amusement, for which a young man either finds or steals a portion of his time, either patiently plods through his task, in expectation of its approach, or anticipates its arrival by deserting his work before the legal period for amusement is arrived. It may fairly be questioned, whether the most innocent of these amusements is either so honourable or so safe as the avocation of learning or of science. Of minds uninformed and gross, whom youthful spirits agitate, but fancy and feeling have no power to impel, the amusement will generally be boisterous or effeminate, will either dissipate their attention, or weaken their force. The employment of a young man's vacant hours is often too little attended to by those rigid masters, who exact the most scrupulous observance of the periods destined for business. The waste of time is, undoubtedly, a very calculable loss; but the waste or the depravation of mind is a loss of a much higher denomination. The votary of study, or the enthusiast of fancy, may incur the first, but the latter will be suffered chiefly by him whose ignorance or want of imagination has left him to the grossness of mere sensual enjoyments.

In this, as in other respects, the love of letters is friendly to sober manners and virtuous conduct, which, in every profession, is the road to success and to respect. Without adopting the common-place reflections against some particular departments, it must be allowed, that in mere men of business, there is a certain professional rule of right, which is not always honourable, and, though meant to be selfish, very seldom profits. A superior education generally corrects this, by opening the mind to different motives of action, to the feelings of delicacy, the sense of honour, and a contempt of wealth, when earned by a desertion of those principles.

To the improvement of our faculties as well as of our principles, the love of letters appears to be favourable. Letters require a certain sort of application, though of a kind, perhaps, very different from that which business would recommend. Granting that they are unprofitable in themselves, as that word is used in the language of the world, yet, as developing the powers of thought and reflection, they may be an amusement of some use, as those sports of children, in which numbers are used to familiarize them to the elements of arithmetic. They give room for the exercise of that discernment, that comparison of objects, that distinction of causes, which is to increase the skill of the physician, to guide the speculations of the merchant, and to prompt the arguments of the lawyer; and, though some professions employ but very few faculties of the mind, yet there is scarcely any branch of business in which a man who can think will not excel him who can only labour. We shall accordingly find, in many departments where learned information seemed of all qualities the least necessary, that those who possessed it, in a degree above their fellows, have found, from that very circumstance, the road to eminence and wealth.

But I must often repeat, that wealth does not necessarily create happiness, nor confer dignity; a truth which it may be thought declamation to insist on, but which the present time seems particularly to require being told.

The love of letters is connected with an independence and delicacy of mind, which is a great preservative against that servile homage, which abject men pay to fortune; and there is a certain classical pride, which, from the society of Socrates and Plato, Cicero and Atticus, looks down with an honest disdain on the wealth-blown insects of modern times, neither enlightened by knowledge, nor ennobled by virtue.

In the possession, indeed, of what he has attained, in that rest and retirement from his labours, with the hopes of which his fatigues were lightened and his cares were smoothed, the mere man of business frequently undergoes suffering, instead of finding enjoyment. To be busy as one ought is an easy art; but to know how to be idle is a very superior accomplishment. This difficulty is much increased with persons to

whom the habit of employment has made some active exertion necessary; who cannot sleep contented in the torpor of indolence, or amuse themselves with those lighter trifles in which he, who inherited idleness as he did fortune, from his ancestors, has been accustomed to find amusement. The miseries and misfortunes of the 'retired pleasures' of 'men of business, have been frequently matter of speculation to the moralist, and of ridicule to the wit. But he who has mixed general knowledge with professional skill, and literary amusements with professional labour, will have some stock wherewith to support him in idleness, some spring for his mind when unbent from business, some employment for those hours, which retirement and solitude has left vacant and unoccupied. Independence in the use of one's time is not the least valuable species of freedom. This liberty the man of letters enjoys; while the ignorant and the illiterate often retire from the thralldom of business, only to become the slaves of languor, intemperance, or vice.— But the situation in which the advantages of that endowment of mind, which letters bestow, are chiefly conspicuous, is old age, when a man's society is necessarily circumscribed, and his powers of active enjoyment are unavoidably diminished. Unfit for the bustle of affairs, and the amusements of his youth, an old man, if he has no source of mental exertion or employment, often settles into the gloom of melancholy and peevishness, or petrifies his feelings by habitual intoxication. From an old man, whose gratifications were solely derived from those sensual appetites which time has blunted, or from those trivial amusements which youth only can share, age has cut off almost every source of enjoyment. But to him who has stored his mind with the information, and can still employ it in the amusement of letters, this blank of life is admirably filled up. He acts, he thinks, and he feels with that literary world, whose society he can at all times enjoy. There is, perhaps, no state more capable of comfort to ourselves, or more attractive of veneration from others, than that which such an old age affords; it is then the twilight of the passions, when they are mitigated, but not extinguished, and spread their gentle influence over the evening of our day, in alliance with reason and in amity with virtue.

For the Mayflower.

The Orphan.

'As I to work have bent my steps
 At early morn, in summer bright,
 I oft have met a little girl—
 A little girl with tresses bright ;
 She had a pale, sad, speaking face,—
 A tear I once saw in her eye.—
 And with her always walk'd a dame
 To whom she spake attentively.

She call'd the dame, her grandmama ;
 And with her tiny, tim'rous voice,
 Sweet tales would tell, each simple word,
 Did make the old dame's heart rejoice.
 Who they could be, I marvel'd much,
 And long it was, ere I did know ;—
 But now their names I would forget,
 Remember'd, they depress me so.

The little girl, an orphan was,
 And knew no friendly hand, save hers
 Who led her to the sun's warm beams
 For soothing charms which he confers.
 Her father, and her mother, too,
 Lie in no cold, dark church-yard grave ;
 They rest where none can see, but God ;
 They sleep beneath the sleepless wave !

Of all a hundred living souls
 Who left their fatherland, to seek
 For bread and life,—mayhap, there lives
 But few, who of their tale can speak.
 The sea hath swelled its giant breast,
 And swept away a hopeful band,
 And sorrow hath most poignant been,
 With those who reached the dreary land.

One morn, as I to labour went,
 The little girl I did not meet :
 The angel face I always lov'd
 Was not with those who paced the street ;—
 And now to miss her, and the dame—
 Excited fears I could not quell,
 For oh, to lose her gentle smile—
 Would be a loss, I know full well.

Again I passed that cheerless street,
 And hoped to see that sad-fac'd child ;
 But not one face like hers I found—
 Not one so pale, so good, so mild ;—
 Only a hearse I met :—and then—
 There came a sudden, deadning dread ;
 Then spoke a voice—a chilling voice,
 Which seem'd to say—"The child is dead !"

Halifax, May, 1851.

B.

Virtue alone is Beautiful.

The following extract is from a Book entitled "The Stranger in Lowell," of which J. G. WHITTIER is the Author :—

"Handsome is that handsome does—hold up your heads, girls" was the language of Primrose in the play, when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. Would that all my female readers, who are sorrowing foolishly because they are not in all respects like Dubufe's Eve, or that statue of the Venus 'which enchants the world,' could be persuaded to listen to her. What is good looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle—generous in your sym-

pathies, heedful of the well-being of all around you, and my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you. Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you. That mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is given on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace 'which passeth show,' rests over it, softening and mellowing its features, just as the full, calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness.

'Hold up your heads, girls!' I repeat after Primrose.—Why should you not?—Every mother's daughter of you can be beautiful. You can envelope yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels.—Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoked, stained women of Lapland who wrapped him in their furs, and ministered to his necessities with kindness and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the homesick heart of Park seemed the dark maids of Segoe, as they sung their low and simple song of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger, who had 'no mother to bring him milk, and no wife to grind him corn.' O! talk as we may, of beauty as a thing to be chiselled from marble or wrought on canvass—speculate as we may on its colours and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction after all?—The heart feels a beauty of another kind ;—looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.

"This was well understood by the old painters. In their pictures of Mary, the virgin mother, the beauty which melts and subdues the gazer, is that of the soul and the affections—uniting the awe and the mystery of the mother's allotment with the inexpressible love, the unutterable tenderness of young maternity—Heaven's crowning miracle with nature's sweetest and holiest instinct.—And their pale Magdalens, holy with the look of sins forgiven, how the divine beauty of their penitence sinks into the heart! Do we not feel that the only real deformity is sin, and that goodness ever more hallows and sanctifies its dwelling place?"

Craining of Daughters.

From Mrs. Ellis's Mothers of England.

In cultivating a taste for what is refined and beautiful,—in the acquisition of general knowledge,—as well as in that of easy and agreeable manners,—in conversation, at once intelligent and unobtrusive,—in the practical part of female duty,—and in all those graces of mind and person, which most embellish the female character, it is impossible to imagine a young girl more advantageously situated than in a well regulated home,—and surrounded by an amiable and well informed family, where occasional reading aloud, from well selected books, lively instructive conversation, and easy and faithful narrative, constitute the fireside amusements of a social circle. In the midst of such a family, with a mother who can teach her all the beauty of household accomplishments, without any of their vulgarity, a young girl may indeed be said, to be fitting herself for a useful and agreeable woman,—and the nearer the education of schools can be made to resemble this, the more likely they will be to make young women, all which the companions of their future lives would desire.

There is no reason, that I can imagine, why household duties should not be attractive; why a mother and her daughters, associated for a few hours in the laundry, or, even in the kitchen, should not enjoy conversation as pleasant, as when seated in the most elegant drawing-room; nay, rather, I believe the brisk healthy exercise, the natural satisfaction of dispatching business, and the pleasant idea of being useful, are calculated, when combined in this manner, and when enjoyed with congenial companions, to do good, both to the bodily health, and the animal spirits,—and I would strongly urge upon all mothers to make the experiment, who are afflicted with discontented, over-sensitive, and morbidly miserable daughters.—But how is it, we ask, that young ladies have such an unconquerable repugnance to this kind of occupation? Shall I be pardoned if I suggest, that many of them have never seen their mothers happy,—some have never seen them reasonable,—and others still, have never seen them good-humoured, while engaged in their domestic duties. There is

such a thing as toiling on, from morning till night, and yet making nobody comfortable,—dusting, washing, brushing, and cleaning, and yet making nobody comfortable,—cooking, boiling, stewing and steaming,—and yet making nobody comfortable; concocting good things, and yet making nobody comfortable; laying down carpets, fitting up rooms, stuffing out pillows, smoothing down beds, and yet making nobody comfortable. No, it is this perpetual hurrying, scolding and grumbling, this absence of peace, and absence of pleasure, which disgusts and deters young women from plunging into a vortex, where the loss of all comfort appears inevitable,—and when we look at the anxious expression of these house-devoted slaves,—when we hear their weary step, and, above all, their constant complainings of servants and work-people,—when we see how entirely their life is one of tumult and confusion, excluding all calm or intellectual enjoyment, we cannot wonder that any young women, with any right feeling, or any taste for refinement, should be effectually repelled from all sympathy or association with their mothers' pursuits.

Comfort is not to be purchased by the loss of peace. No, there must be system,—there must be order,—there must be a well-regulated, as well as a busy household, before the individuals, who compose it, can be made happy,—and, therefore, it needs both good sense and refinement,—both a well-managed temper and a cultivated mind, for the mistress of a house to conduct her affairs in such a manner, as to render the scene of her practical duties, in this department, one of attraction to her daughters.

May.

From Half-hours with the best Authors.

The May of the Poets is a beautiful generalization, which, sometimes, looks like a mockery of the keen east winds, the leafless trees, the hedges without a blossom, of late springs. In an ungenial season we feel the truth of one poetical image,—

“Winter lingering chills the lap of May;”

but we are apt to believe that those who talk of halcyon skies, of odorous gales, of leafy thickets, filled with the chorus of Nature's songsters, to say nothing of Ladies of the

May,—and morrice-dancers in the sunshine, have drawn their images from the Southern poets.

In such a season, which makes us linger over our fires when we ought to be strolling in the shade of bright green lanes,—or loitering by the gushing rivulet to watch the trout rise at the sailing fly, some nameless writer has seen a single feeble swallow,—and has fancied the poor bird was a thing to moralize upon!—

THE FIRST SWALLOW.

He has come—before the daffodils,
The foolish and impatient bird;
The sunniest noon hath yet its chill,
The cuckoo's voice not yet is heard;
The lamb is shivering on the sea;
The covering lark forbears to sing,—
And he has come, across the sea,
To find a winter in the spring.

Oh! he has left his mother's home:
He thought there was a genial clime
Where happy birds might safely roam,
And he would seek that land in time.
Presumptuous one! his elders knew
The dangers of those tickle skies;
Away, the pleasure-seeker flew,—
Nipped by untimely frosts he dies.

There is a land in youth's first dreams,
Whose year is one delicious May,—
And life, beneath the brightest beams,
Flows on a glad some holiday;
Bush to the world, unguided youth,
Prove its false joys, its friendships hollow,
Its bitter scorns,—then turn to truth,
And find a lesson in the unwise swallow.

Away with these wintry images. There is a south wind rising; the cold grey clouds open; the sun breaks out. Then comes a warm sunny shower. A day or two of such showers and sunshine,—and the branches of the trees that looked so sere

“Thrust out their little hands into the ray.”

The May of the Poets is come;—at any rate we will believe that it is come.

The sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,—
And from the stately elms, I hear
The blue-bird prophesying spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new: the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,—
And even the nest beneath the eaves,
There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight,
And learn, from the soft heavens above,
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden—that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For, oh it is not always May!

Enjoy the spring of love and youth,
To some good angel leave the rest;
For time will teach the soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest!

LONGFELLOW.

Chinese Embroidery.

We are indebted to Mr. Trediscant Lay, for the following interesting account of the art of embroidery, as at present practised by the Chinese. “For twenty-two cash, or tseen,” he says, “I purchased an elegant book, filled with choice subjects of the graphic art,—as patterns for the use of the young needle-woman. She is assumed to be poor,—and, hence, the little manual is priced at about one penny of our money. It has a cover of a fair yellow, studded with spangles of gold, and contains between two and three hundred figures, culled from the varied stores of nature and art. In fact, the objects are so well selected, and so numerous, that they might serve as illustrations to a small encyclopædia. One acquainted with Chinese literature and natural history, might deliver several lectures, with this book before him. The meadow, the grove, the brook, the antiquary's museum, and the pages of mythology, with the adornments of the house and garden, are all laid under contribution. The book is said to be for the use of the person who belongs to the *green window*, which is the epithet for the dwelling of a poor woman,—while the *red gallery* denotes the residence of a rich female. The industrious poor plies her task near the green lattice, which is made of earthenware,—and lets in both the light and breath of heaven,—while the rich dame leans upon the vermeil tinted balusters of the gaudy verandah,—and gazes carelessly at the sunbeams, as they sparkle among the flowers, or woos the soft breeze which agitates the green roof of the Italian fig-tree. The title-page presents us with a venerable man, in the weeds of office, holding in his hand a scroll, with this motto, ‘Heaven's magistrate confers wealth.’ Over his head are bats disporting among the clouds,—an emblem, I suppose, of wakefulness, for these animals are on the alert, while men sleep. ‘Her candle goeth not out by night,’ is what Solomon tells us of the needle-woman, whom he eulogises in the last chapter of Proverbs. I once saw two girls at this work in the village of Mongha. They were seated upon a low stool, and extended their legs across another, twice the height of their seat. In this way, a support was provided for by the

frame, on which the piece to be embroidered was spread forth. Their faces wore a sickly hue, which was owing, perhaps, to close confinement, and the unnatural position in which they were obliged to sit. The finest specimens of embroidery are, as far as my observation goes, done by men,—who stand, while at work, a practice which these damsels could not imitate, as their feet were small. They were poor,—but too genteel, in their parents' idea, to do the drudgery of the humble housewife,—and so their feet were bandaged, and kept from growing beyond the limits of gentility. Their looks were not likely soon to attract a lover,—and hence, they were compelled to tease the sampler, from the glistening dawn till dewy eve. Much skill and labour are bestowed on the embroidery of a plaited skirt, worn by ladies, which, with my partiality for what is Chinese, I think without a rival for beauty, as an article of female attire. In the little work before me, several patterns are given, expressly for the purpose. A curious purse, worn in the girdle of Chinese gentlemen, is also the subject of much of this kind of elaboration. Embroidery and figured textures were generally in favour with the ancients,—so that the discovery was thought worthy of a superior agency. In the Old Testament, we have two kinds, the *waase rokem* (opus phryginicum), in which the figures were inserted by the needle,—and the *waase chosob* (opus plumarium), in which they were wrought in with the work. The Chinese are fond of retaining what is old,—and have preserved both these arts in the highest state of perfection.—*Hand Book of Needlework.*

Hyacinth-Glass Mat.

From the Work-Table Friend.

Half an ounce of shaded Green, two skeins of six shades of Scarlet—all 4-thread Berlin Wool; the lightest shade of Scarlet to be a bright Geranium colour, the darkest a rather light claret, the third shade from the lightest to be a military scarlet. Four yards of White Skirt Cord, the size of ordinary Blind Cord. No. 2 Penelope Hook.

To form the Cup.

With Green wool work Dc over the Cord for eight rounds, increasing in the 2nd round two stitches into every loop, the next round the same, the next round one in every 2nd stitch; and so on in proportion as the increasing may be necessary, till of sufficient size for a Hyacinth Glass. The bottom of the Mat should be one round larger than the size of the Glass. Then work an additional round without increasing, but drawing the cord rather tightly about every twelve stitches. Now work eight rows up the side, without increasing, being careful to draw the cord at intervals: fasten off neatly, and turn the Mat inside out.

For the First Row of Leaves.

Take the four lightest shades, and commence with the darkest: make 12 chain, turn back, work 4 Dc up, 6 L; and into the end loop work 7 L; now work down the chain 6 L, 4 more Dc.

Fasten on the next shade; work 5 Dc up, 5 L, 2 L into every loop of the 7 L, excepting in the centre loop, where work 3 L instead of 2, 6 L down the leaf, 5 Dc.

Fasten on the next shade; 6 Dc up, 4 L, 2 L into every loop of the 14 L, with 3 L into the centre loop.

Next shade; take some wire drawn from white ribbon wire, and work 4 row of Dc all round, enclosing the wire in the stitches; fasten off neatly. Eight of these light leaves will be required.

For the Broad and Dark Leaves.

Commence with the darkest shade; make 9 chain, turn back, work 1 L into every loop except the last, when work 7 L.

Next shade; 7 L, with 2 L into every loop of the 14 L, with 3 L into the centre loop; now 7 L down.

Next shade the same.

Military scarlet; Dc over the wire as in the first leaves, taking care to bend the end of the wire after the first and last stitches are made, to prevent it slipping. Seven of these leaves will be sufficient.

With lightest wool sew on the first circle of leaves at the points, leaving about an inch and a half above the cup; then with some wool sew each leaf together just where the top of the cup reaches, cutting off the wool every time—not carrying it on. Then, with

darkest wool, sew on the outside leaves, taking care that neither ends of wool or wire show; then attach these also, about an inch from the bottom; now mould them into shape with the finger and thumb.

Extract from

"CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM EATER."

BY THOMAS DE QUINCY.

Who is this distinguished looking young woman with her eyes drooping, and the shadow of a dreadful shock yet fresh upon every feature? Who is the elderly lady, with her eyes flashing fire? Who is the down-cast child of sixteen? What is that torn paper lying at their feet? Who is the writer? Whom does the paper concern? Ah! if she, if the central figure in the group—twenty-two at the moment she is revealed to us—could, on her happy birthday, at sweet seventeen, have seen the image of herself, five years onwards, just as *we* see it now, would she have prayed for life as for an absolute blessing? or would she not have prayed to be taken from the evil to come,—to be taken away one evening at least before this day's sun arose? It is true she still wears a look of gentle pride,—and a relic of that noble smile, which belongs to *her* that suffers an injury which many times over she would have died sooner than inflict. Womanly pride refuses itself before witnesses to the total prostration of the blow,—but, for all that, you may see that she longs to be left alone,—and that her tears will flow without restraint when she is so. This room is her pretty boudoir, in which, till to-night, poor thing! she has been glad and happy. There stands her miniature conservatory,—and there expands her miniature library; as we, circumnavigators of literature, are apt (you know) to regard all female libraries in the light of miniatures. None of these will ever rekindle a smile on *her* face;—and there, beyond, is her music which, only of all that she possesses, will now become dearer to her than ever,—but not as once, to feed a self-mocked pensiveness, or to cheat a half visionary sadness. She will be sad indeed. But she is one of those that will suffer in silence. Nobody will ever detect *her* failing in any point of duty,—or querulously seek-

ing the support, in others, which she can find for herself in this solitary room. Droop she will not in the sight of men,—and for all beyond, nobody has any concern with that except God. You shall hear what becomes of her, before we take our departure,—but now let me tell you what has happened. That haughty-looking lady, with the Roman cast of features, who must have been strikingly handsome—an Agrippina, even yet, in a favourable representation—is the younger lady's aunt. She, it is rumoured, once sustained, in her younger days, some injury of that same cruel nature which has this day assailed her niece,—and ever since she has worn an air of disdain, not altogether unsupported by real dignity towards men. This aunt it was that tore the letter which lies upon the floor. It deserved to be torn,—and yet she that had the best right to do so would *not* have torn it. That letter was an elaborate attempt on the part of an accomplished young man to release himself from sacred engagements. What need was there to argue the case of such engagements? Could it have been requisite, with pure female dignity, to plead anything or do more than *look* an indisposition to fulfil them?—The aunt is now moving towards the door, which I am glad to see,—and she is followed by that pale girl of sixteen, a cousin who feels the case profoundly,—but is too young and shy to offer an intellectual sympathy.

One only person in this world there is, who could, to-night, have been a supporting friend to our young sufferer,—and *that* is her dear loving twin-sister, that for eighteen years, read and wrote, thought and sang, slept and breathed, with the dividing-door open for ever between their bed-rooms,—and never once a separation between their hearts,—but she is in a far distant land.—Who else is there at her call? Except God, nobody. Her aunt had somewhat sternly admonished her, though still with a relenting in her eye, as she glanced aside at the expression of her niece's face, that she must "call pride to her assistance." Ay, true, but pride, though a strong ally in public, is apt, in private, to turn as treacherous as the worst of those against whom she is invoked. How could it be dreamed by a person of sense, that a brilliant young man of merits, various and eminent, in spite of his baseness, to whom, for nearly two years, this young

woman had given her whole confiding love, might be dismissed from a heart like hers on the earliest summons of pride, simply because she herself had been dismissed from *his*,—or seemed to have been dismissed, on a summons of mercenary calculation. Look! now that she is relieved from the weight of an unconfidential presence, she has sat for two hours with her head buried in her hands. At last she rises to look for something. A thought struck her,—and taking a little golden key which hangs by a chain within her bosom, she searches for something locked up amongst her jewels. What is it! It is a Bible, exquisitely illuminated, with a letter attached, by some pretty silken artifice, to the blank leaves at the end. The letter is a beautiful record, wisely and pathetically composed, of maternal anxiety, still burning strong in death,—and yearning, when all objects beside were fast fading from *her* eyes, after one parting act of communion with the twin darlings of her heart. Both were thirteen years old, within a week or two, as on the night before her death, they sat weeping by the bedside of their mother,—and hanging on her lips, now for farewell whispers, and now for farewell kisses. They both knew that, as her strength had permitted, during the latter part of her life, she had thrown the last anguish of love into a letter of counsel to themselves. Through this, of which each sister had a copy, she trusted long to converse with her orphans. And the last promise which she had entreated on this evening from both, was that, in either of two contingencies, they would review her counsels,—and the passages to which she pointed their attention in the Scriptures; namely, first in the event of any calamity, that for one sister, or both, should overspread their paths with total darkness,—and, secondly, in the event of life flowing in too profound a stream of prosperity,—so as to threaten them with an alienation of interest from all spiritual objects. She had not concealed that of these two extreme cases, she would prefer for her own children the first. And now had that case arrived indeed, which she, in spirit had desired to meet. Nine years ago, just as the silvery voice of a dial in the dying lady's bedroom was striking nine upon a summer evening, had the last visual ray streamed, from her seeking eyes, upon her orphan twins, after which, throughout the

night, she had slept away into heaven. Now, again, had come a summer evening, memorable for unhappiness; now, again, the daughter thought of those dying looks of love, which streamed at sunset from the closing eyes of her mother; again, and just as she went back, in thought, to this image, the same silvery voice of the dial sounded nine o'clock. Again she remembered her mother's dying request; again her own tear-hallowed promise,—and with her heart in her mother's grave she now rose to fulfill it. Here when this solemn occurrence to a testamentary counsel has ceased to be a mere office of duty towards the departed, having taken the shape of a consolation for herself, let us pause.

* * * * *

Now, fair companion in this exploring voyage of inquest, into hidden scenes, or forgotten scenes of human life, perhaps it might be instructive to direct our glasses upon the false perfidious lover. It might. But do not let us do so. We might like him better or pity him more than either of us would desire. His name and memory have long since dropped out of everybody's thoughts. Of prosperity, and what is more, internal peace, he is reputed to have had no gleam, from the moment when he betrayed his faith and in one day threw away the jewel of good conscience and "a pearl richer than all his tribe." But however that may be, it is certain that, finally, he became a wreck, and of any hopeless wreck it is painful to talk, much more so when through him others also became wrecks.

Shall we then, after an interval of nearly two years, has passed over the young lady in the budoir look in again upon *her*? You hesitate, fair friend,—and I myself hesitate. For in fact she has become a wreck, and it would grieve us both to see her altered. At the end of twenty one months, she retains hardly a vestige of resemblance to the fine young woman we saw, on that unhappy evening, with her aunt and cousin. On consideration, therefore, let us do this. We will direct our glasses to her room, at a point of time about six weeks further on. Suppose this time gone; suppose her now dressed for her grave,—and placed in her coffin. The advantage of that is, that though no change can restore the ravages of the past, yet as often is found to happen with young

persons, the expression has revived from her girlish years. The child-like aspect has revolved and settled back upon her features. The wasting away of the flesh is less apparent in the face,—and one might imagine that, in this sweet marble countenance, was seen the very same upon which, eleven years ago, her mother's darkening eyes had lingered to the last, until clouds had swallowed up the vision of her beloved *twins*. Yet if that were in part a fancy, this, at least, is no fancy, that not only much of a child-like truth and simplicity has reinstated itself in the temple of her now reposing features,—but, also, that tranquility and perfect peace such as are appropriate to eternity,—but which, from the *living* countenance, had taken their flight forever, on that memorable evening when we looked in upon the impassioned group, upon the towering and denouncing aunt, the sympathising but silent cousin, the poor blighted niece,—and the wicked letter lying in fragments at their feet.

For the *Mayflower*.

Fireside Days.

NO. 1.—THE WIFE.

My heart keeps time to but one voice,
I hear its music now;
I see the form of manly grace,
The frank and noble brow;
Within the garden, lo, he stands
To gather for his hair,
The opening blossoms of the rose,
That scent the balmy air.

A warm and generous soul is his,
A gifted, ardent mind;
A heart to plan, a skilful hand,
And feelings how refined;
His words of gentlest sympathy,
The mourner loves to hear,—
For smiling Charity attends
The friendless poor to cheer.

My foolish eyes with tears are filled,
Earth seems too full of bliss,—
I sometime wonder heaven can know
More happiness than this;
Be checked, vain thoughts; a Father's Hand
Those precious gifts bestow,—
And He, alone, can make the cup
Of life, with love o'erflow.

Mine is, indeed, a pleasant home,
With many comforts crowned;
A cottage, shaded from the road,
On gently sloping ground.
Before it smiles, in summer-bloom,
My fondly cherished flowers,
That claim my watchful, guardian care
At early morning hours.

And, near at hand, a sheltered lake,
Sends forth its murmurs low,—
How often, mingling with my dreams,
I hear its small waves flow;

While, through an opening in the woods,
I catch a transient sight,
Of towering masts, and snowy sails,
That glisten in the light.

Oh, well I know, within each bark,
—Are forms, to some how dear,
For whom is heaved the longing sigh,
And breathed the ardent prayer;
Alas, how many anxious looks,
Will scan the distant main,
In search of those, whose presence ne'er,
May gladden home again.

Some mother's eyes, perhaps, grow dim,
In watching for her son;
Some sister wakes from happy dreams,
To miss the absent one;
And oh, not blest like me, perchance,
Some fond and faithful wife,
In cruel fancy, views the wreck,
Amid the ocean's strife.

They *near* me dwell, the friends I prize,
A few, but kindly band;
I joy to meet their smiling looks,
And clasp each loving hand;
And often, when the storm without,
Makes all within more bright,
We gather round the social fire,
And bless its ruddy light.

In converse, innocent and gay,
The happy hours pass on,—
Oft varied by the Poet's lay,
Or sweetly soothing song;
And, sometimes, with the wise we hold,
Communion deep and true,—
Or, breathless, hear the Traveller's tale,
And feel his fears anew.

Yet, oh, we would not place our hopes,
Too much on things of earth,—
They bear Mortality's broad stamp,
And fleeting is their worth;
But even the damp cold dews of death,
Shall quench not friendship's flame,—
Amid the joys of Heaven, we trust
Each kindred heart to claim.

MARION.

Intellectual Qualities OF MILTON.

In speaking of the intellectual qualities of Milton, we may begin by observing that the very splendour of his poetick fame, has tended to obscure or conceal the extent of his mind, and the variety of its energies and attainments. To many, he seems only a poet, when, in truth, he was a profound scholar, a man of vast compass of thought, imbued thoroughly with all ancient and modern learning, and able to master, to mould, to impregnate with his own intellectual power, his great and various acquisitions. He had not learned the superficial doctrine of a latter day, that poetry flourishes most in an uncultivated soil, and that imagination shapes its brightest visions from the mists of a superstitious age; and he had no dread of accumulating knowledge lest he should oppress and smother his genius. He was

conscious of that within him, which could quicken all knowledge, and wield it with ease and might; which could give freshness to old truths, and harmony to discordant thoughts; which could bind together, by living ties and mysterious affinities, the most remote discoveries; and rear fabrics of glory and beauty from the rude materials which other minds had collected.

Milton had that universality which marks the highest order of intellect. Though accustomed, almost from infancy, to drink at the fountains of classical literature, he had none of the pedantry and fastidiousness which disdain all other draughts. His healthy mind delighted in genius, in whatever soil, or in whatever age it might have burst forth, and poured out its fulness. He understood too well the right, and dignity, and pride of creative imagination, to lay on it the laws of the Greek or Roman school. Parnassus was not to him the only holy ground of genius. He felt that poetry was a universal presence. Great minds were everywhere his kindred. He felt the enchantment of oriental fiction, surrendered himself to the strange creations of "Araby the blest," and delighted still more in the romantic spirit of chivalry, and in the tales of wonder in which it was embodied. Accordingly, his poetry reminds us of the ocean, which adds to its own boundlessness, contributions from all regions under heaven.

Nor was it only in the department of imagination, that his acquisitions were vast.—He travelled over the whole field of knowledge, as far as it had then been explored. His various philological attainments were used to put him in possession of the wisdom stored in all countries where the intellect had been cultivated. The natural philosophy, metaphysics, ethics, history, theology, and political science of his own and former times, were familiar to him. Never was there a more unconfined mind; and we would cite Milton as a practical example of the benefits of that universal culture of intellect, which forms one distinction of our times, but which some dread as unfriendly to original thought. Let such remember that mind is, in its own nature, diffusive. Its object is the universe, which is strictly one, or bound together by infinite connexions and correspondencies; and, accordingly, its natural progress is from one field of thought to ano-

ther, and wherever original power or creative genius exists, the mind, far from being distracted or oppressed by the variety of its acquisitions, will see more and more bearings, and hidden and beautiful analogies in all the objects of knowledge, will see mutual light shed from truth to truth, and will compel, as with a kingly power, whatever it understands to yield some tribute of proof, or illustration, or splendour, to whatever topic it would unfold.—*Channing.*

Advice to Young Ladies.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A just regard for the good of others, will not require a woman to neglect any home duty,—but, will prompt to its more perfect and faithful discharge. Her charity will consist in doing all that her hands find to do, with cheerfulness and alacrity for the sake of others. The comfort and happiness of others are, always, in her hands,—and every act of her life either adds to, or diminishes, the comfort and happiness of one, or many.

In the beginning, let a young woman remember, that as she cannot live for herself alone, it will be true wisdom for her to seek to live for others. Every day of her life, she will find herself placed in circumstances, that, if improved, will enable her to give pleasure to, or perform some useful thing for another,—and her reward, for so doing, will be a delight sweeter far than can possibly spring from any selfish gratification.

"Let me wait upon the table, mother," said a daughter as the family were assembling for tea.

"Your head has ached all day,—and you are not well this evening." The mother gave up her place, at the head of the table with a feeling of pleasure at the affectionate consideration of her daughter, that sensibly diminished the pain of her aching head. It was a little matter, seemingly, this act of the daughter's,—but much was involved in it. The mother was happier,—and the daughter felt a glow of internal satisfaction warming through her bosom. While the former was made happier for the moment, the latter was made better permanently.

"Don't go away, sister," said a poor little invalid, lifting his large blue eyes to the face

of his sister, a young girl, in her sixteenth year, who had just come into his room with her bonnet and shawl on." I want you to stay with me."

"Sister must go, dear," spoke up the mother. "She has been invited out,—and has promised herself much pleasure in going. I will stay with you."

"I want sister to stay too," replied the child. "I don't want her to go away."—The sister stood thoughtful for a few moments,—and then, whispering something in her mother's ear, laid off her bonnet and shawl,—and sat down by the bed-side of her sick brother, whose eyes brightened up, and almost sparkled with pleasure. First she told him a story,—and then, holding one of his hands in hers, she sang to him a little song. "Sing another, dear sister," said the child. The sister sang another and another song, her voice falling into a lower and more soothing tone. Presently she ceased,—and looked up into the face of her mother with a smile. The dear little sufferer was asleep. The maiden bent over the bed,—and tenderly kissed the slumberer's cheek,—then, rising up, quickly she replaced her bonnet and shawl, and glided lightly from the room. Never, in her life, had she enjoyed herself so well among her young companions, as she did during that evening. Need we tell our readers the cause.

"A right view of life, then, which all should take at the outset, is the one we have presented. Let every young lady seriously reflect upon the subject. Let her remember that she is not designed, by her Creator, to live for herself alone,—but has a higher and nobler destiny, that if doing good to others,—of making others happy. The little world of self, is not the limit that is to confine all her actions. Her love was not destined to waste its fires in the narrow chamber of a single human heart; no, a broader sphere of action is hers,—a more expansive benevolence. The light and heat of her love are to be seen and felt far and wide. Who would not rather thus live a true life, than sit shivering over the smouldering embers of self-love? Happy is that maiden who seeks to live this true life! As time passes on, her own character will be elevated and purified. Gradually will she return toward that order of her being which was lost in the declension of mankind, from

that original state of excellence in which they were created. She will become more and more a true woman; will grow wiser and better and happier. Her path, through the world, will be as a shining light,—and all who know her will call her blessed.—Who would not wish to lead such a life?—Who does not desire to return, from disorder and misery, to order and happiness?

The Rotation of the Earth

RENDERED VISIBLE.

Although the demonstration by which the rotation of the earth has been established be such as to carry convictions of all who are versed in the principles of natural philosophy, to the masses the physical phenomena, by which this great truth has been established, admit of simplification. This has been accomplished by an experiment, now being exhibited in Paris, by which the diurnal rotation of the earth is rendered palpable to the senses:—

To the centre of the dome of the Pantheon a fine wire is attached, from which a sphere of metal, four or five inches in diameter, is suspended, so as to hang near the floor of the building. This apparatus is put in vibration after the manner of a pendulum. Under, and concentrical with it, is placed a circular table, some twenty feet in diameter; the circumference of which is divided into degrees, minutes, &c., and the divisions numbered. Now it can be shown, by the most elementary principles of mechanics, that supposing the earth to have the diurnal motion upon its axis which is imputed to it, and which explains the phenomena of day and night, &c.,—the plane, in which this pendulum vibrates, will not be affected by this diurnal motion,—but will maintain strictly the same direction during twenty-four hours. In this interval, however, the table, over which the pendulum is suspended, will continually change its position, in virtue of the diurnal motion, so as to make a complete revolution round its centre. Since then the table thus revolves, and the pendulum, which vibrates over it, does not revolve, the consequence is, that a line, traced upon the table by a point projecting from the bottom of the ball, will change its directions relatively to

the table, from minute to minute, and from hour to hour, so that if such a point were a pencil,—and paper were spread upon the table, the course, formed by this pencil during 24 hours, would form a system of lines, radiating from the centre of the table, and the two lines, formed after the interval of one hour, would always form an angle of 15° , being the 24th part of the circumference. Now this is rendered actually visible, to the crowds which daily flock to the Pantheon to witness this remarkable experiment. The practised eye of a correct observer, especially if aided by a proper optical instrument, may actually see the motion which the table has in common with the earth, under the pendulum between two successive vibrations. It is in fact apparent, that the ball, or rather, the point attached to the bottom of the ball, does not return precisely to the same point of the circumference of the table after two successive vibrations.

Thus is rendered visible the motion which the table has in common with the earth. It is true that, correctly speaking, the table does not turn round its own centre,—but turns round the axis of the earth, nevertheless, the effect of the motion relatively to the pendulum suspended over the centre of the table is precisely the same as it would be, if the table were moved once in 24 hours round its own centre; for although the table be turned in common with the surface of the earth's axis, the point of suspension of the pendulum is turned also in the same time, round the same axis, being continually maintained vertical above the centre of the table. The place, in which the pendulum vibrates, does not however partake of this motion,—and, consequently, has the appearance of revolving once in 24 hours over the table, while, in reality, it is the table which revolves once in 24 hours under it.

Something about a Murder.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

A fair and gentle girl was Barbara Comyn, the only daughter of one of the strictest and sternest old ministers that ever adhered to Calvin. Yet Mr. Comyn was thoroughly conscientious in all his views; and when he frowned, he did it not through love

of frowning, but that he hoped, by gathering a cloud upon his brows, to bring down from those eyes upon which he frowned such showers of repentance as refresh and make green the soul sin-withered and sere from the harsh and hot sins of vice. He was, in truth, a worthy and good man; somewhat narrow of mind and bigoted of creed, it may be, but utterly incapable of committing an ungenerous or dishonourable action. Still, greatly as he loved his winsome daughter, much as he prized her for that dead woman's sake, who, as long as she lay in his bosom, had brought him comfort, and happiness, and honour, he was something over-harsh with her, niggardly in the bestowing of caresses, and liberal in the gift of unnecessary rebuke. Very severe, then, was his displeasure, when she confessed to him, with many blushes, that she loved her young Episcopalian kinsman, John Percival.

The cousins had not been reared together, nor had they even met before the youth had passed his twenty-fifth, the girl her nineteenth year. But we are not of the opinion that young people are the more prone to fall in love with each other for the being educated together in a sort of family domesticity. Such facts are contended for in fiction, but realities have convinced us that such things seldom happen; and if we ever have the fortune to possess children of our own, and wish a son or a daughter to wed a particular individual, we shall take good care, not only to conceal our intentions from them, but to keep the pair apart from all brother-and-sister communism, until such time as each heart begins to have its natural craving for a congenial spirit,—when, in sooth, it looks for others than brothers and sisters to cling to. It is a very old, perhaps a very vulgar proverb, that "familiarity breeds contempt;" and we assuredly think, that the constant fireside associations of young folks, trained up together in bread-and-butter ease, is more apt to generate calm friendship than warm affection.

But, as we have said, our cousins were brought up asunder; he in England, of which country his father was an eminent physician lately deceased, who had bequeathed to his only son his professional ability, with ample means of commencing his career in a handsome manner. When he first came to Scotland to visit his mother's

sister, he found her a corpse ; and there, in the house of mourning, the consoler of the motherless Barbara, he learnt to love her with a sincerity of affection to which she fully responded. Great was his vexation and surprise to receive a stern denial of his suit from the minister, who, although he had never testified any degree of partiality for his wife's nephew, had, nevertheless, evinced no dislike of him. But when respectfully called upon to assign a reason for so unexpected a rejection, he briefly said, that "no child of his should with his blessing wed any man who was not a strict Presbyterian ; and that, moreover, he had other views for his daughter." Nor were the tears of his child, nor the intercession in their favour of his kind-hearted but timid old maiden sister, of any effect. His obstinacy was not to be subdued, nor his will opposed ; and the unrelenting preacher, who taught humility, love, and concord from his pulpit, and who could produce not one sensible reason for thwarting the attachment of two amiable creatures, concluded the scene by flying into a furious passion, in which he gave John Percival clearly to understand, that he was no longer an acceptable, or even permitted, guest.

The young man left the manse immediately, and was not slow in quitting Scotland ; but love, which teaches many things, taught the kinsfolk means of keeping up, though at rare intervals, an epistolary communion—so frequently the one sustaining prop of two divided hearts.

A year or more passed, finding them true to each other. Barbara refused several excellent proposals of marriage, nor did her father persecute her with expressed wishes for her acceptance of any of them ; until, at length, he introduced her to one Mr. Bruce, a wealthy cloth-merchant from Glasgow. He was a man of about fifty years of age, of a well-favoured and portly presence, and accounted a sure and somewhat sour follower of Mr. Comyn's favourite creed. Barbara had frequently heard her father speak highly of his Glasgow friend, but as no warning had prepared her, she was very far from dreaming of the character he was about to perform in her presence, ; and, indeed, the wooing of the honest clothier was neither very active nor oppressive—but, alas, for all that, it was steadfast and resolute.

A wonderful deal of what they deemed

"religious discussion" was carried on betwixt Mr. Bruce and the minister during the visit of the former at the manse, which, we have omitted to state, (though for certain reasons we do not intend to give it a name,) was situated out of the town of Aberdeen, in a retired strath or valley, full of hazels and sloe-bushes, with the Dee running through them like a huge silver snake. Although little more than half a mile from Aberdeen, and much nearer the church of which Mr. Comyn was minister, the manse seemed as lonely and quiet as if thirty miles lay between it and a busy, populous town. Now, though Mr. Bruce had hired a sleeping apartment in the cottage of Mr. Comyn's bellman, or sexton, which stood hard by the kirk, he spent all his spare time with his friend at the manse, where his meals were invariably taken ; and in addition to the wonderful amount of polemical palaver we have hinted at, a wonderful deal of whisky-toddy did the worthy minister and his guest contrive to swallow in the heat of their arguments. Many a time and oft did good, innocent Miss Henny Comyn declare, that when the shake-hand's hour arrived, Mr. Bruce, "puir man, seemed to toddle aff to his cosie beddie at Davie Bain's marvellously fu' o' the spirit !" True it was ; but the ancient virgin guessed not in her guilelessness, that the spirit was an evil one, and elicited by man and fire from the unsuspecting barleycorn.

At last, as we have said, Mr. Comyn spoke out his wish—nay, his commands—that Barbara should prepare to receive Mr. Bruce as a bridegroom in six months thereafter.—And now Mr. Bruce himself, a shy and dour man at other times, found courage one day, after dinner, to express his—"love ;" so he really called it, and so we suppose must we, in our extreme ignorance of the precise category of nomenclature to which the feelings that actuated him belonged. Honest man ! bigoted and selfish as he was, he was neither cruel by nature nor cross-grained ; and he was even moved by the pathetic and frank avowal which Barbara made to him of the state of her heart. But, though touched by her tears, he understood them not, treating them but as the natural mawkishness of girlish sentimentality ; nor had her assurances, that she could never love any one but her cousin John, power to dis-

snade him from the prosecution of his suit. He was void of all delicacy of feeling, was neither hurt or displeased with her confessed partiality for another, but satisfied himself by quoting, misquoting, and utterly perverting Scripture, and concluded by assuring her that it was her bounden duty to obey her father *before* marriage—her husband *after*. He had no doubt she would be very happy as his wife, for “he was rich, and a steady Presbyterian!” And with this declaration, threatening a return in six months to claim her hand—which he had the audacity to kiss—he left her for his Glasgow warehouses.

In this dire dilemma the poor lassie knew not what course to pursue. Her aunt, although kind, indulgent, and pitying her, (for in youth she had experience of a blighted affection, and no woman-heart, that is not naturally sour, passes through such trial without becoming sweeter) — was bound in complete serfdom to her brother, and was quite unable to suggest any means or likelihood of release; so Barbara wrote a full account of her predicament to her lover. Not long afterwards, so cleverly disguised by dress as to deceive even herself, Percival was again at Aberdeen—determined, should all other methods fail, to carry off his kinswoman on the very eve of the bridal; and every twilight evening, when the minister sat over his books or took his after-dinner nap, did those two young creatures meet, unnoticed and unsuspected, on the banks of the Dee. But those meetings must soon end, for six months have passed, and Mr. Bruce—once more lodged in the house of Davy Bain—is come to wed and take home his reluctant bride.

One evening—it was cloudy and threatened foul weather, though the summer air was warm and surcharged with flower-scents—John Percival betook himself as usual to the customary trysting-place. It was a thick copse of hazel past which ran—heard but not seen—the river; which, where the shrubbery ended, formed a dark, deep pool, so garnished by overhanging nut-trees that it had acquired the name of the Nut-hole.—Beyond this pool lay the road to the manse; but as the trees here ceased to offer concealment, the Nut-tree-hole became the limits to Percival's attendance on his cousin in her way homeward. The rustic seat in the

centre of the coppice was still unoccupied, and he began to fear that something had transpired to prevent her from coming. It was no use to listen for the sounds of her light, and advancing footsteps; for the Dee made so loud and incessant a sough as it tumbled from the steep bank that helped to form the Nut-hole, that it drowned all lesser sounds.

He was, however, soon made conscious that there were sounds which no sough of tumbling waters could drown; for, on a sudden, neither remote nor suppressed, a fierce, a pitiful cry, like that of one in some dread life-peril, struck upon his ears, succeeded by the breaking asunder of the boughs of trees, and then a plunge in the water, a heavy plunge, that made itself heard above the monotonous murmur of the falling flood. Astonished, almost alarmed, he rose, and was hastening through the thicket toward the Nut-hole, whence the noise had proceeded, when, as he was about to cross the track that led from the manse to the main road to Aberdeen, he beheld flying toward him a dark-mantled figure: he knew it at once. Her hands stretched towards him, her face ghastly with the death-white of intense horror, Barbara staggered toward him, and with a sharp, short gasp, as if she dreaded to give utterance to deep fear by a louder sound, she fainted at his very feet.

He thought no more of the Nut-hole, nor what might have happened there, absorbed in his solicitude for his beloved cousin, but his endeavours to restore her to animation were fruitless. The manse lay not two hundred yards distant; so at such a juncture, regardless of what the consequences might be to himself, he bore her in his arms; and not without some difficulty, for the track was narrow and broken up, and the night had darkened with falling rain. He reached the house. Fortunately, there was no one in the parlour but Miss Henny; and the startled maiden, seeing a stranger bearing the body of her niece, would have screamed, had he not at once whispered his own name, briefly explained what had happened, and entreated her to befriend them.

“Gae awa', gae awa', laddie,” said she, as she quickly brought some vinegar from the sideboard and bathed her niece's brow with the refreshing liquid. “My brither maunna see you; nor, if I can help it, sa'll

he know aht o' this. Gae awa', Johnny dear; he'll be back, belive. She's beginning to revive. I'll get her to bed, and tell him she's too ill to attend prayers. God bless you, my ain dwawtie, what's a' this?" added she, kissing the brow of the girl, whose eyes opened to perceive the retiring form of her cousin.

If Barbara Comyn revealed to her good aunt the cause of her fright and consequent illness, it is very certain that Miss Henny kept the secret. Next morning, indeed, though with a wan face, Barbara appeared at prayers; and Mr. Comyn had concluded reading a portion of the Gospel, when a paper, falling out of the Bible, arrested his attention for a moment. Only for a moment, however; for, mentally supplicating forgiveness for that involuntary wandering of his thoughts from the act of worship in which he was engaged, the good man knelt and prayed with fervour. This sacred duty terminated, they sat down to the breakfast-table, and then the minister slowly opened the paper, glanced over it, turned deadly pale, and exclaimed,

"The great and good God be around us! Let not the delusions of Satan prevail, but keep from us the evil spirits that make us see things that are not!"

"What is the matter, brither?" cried the wondering Miss Henny, whilst, as though chained to the table, Barbara neither moved nor spoke.

"Take this, woman," said he, in a tremulous voice, "and read it to me, that I may be sure the same awful words that meet my sight also meet yours."

And the astonished Henrietta, taking the paper, read what follows:

Last night, after leaving you, I was stopped by your sexton, my landlord, David Bain, who led me out of the highroad to the Nut-hole, under pretence of showing me a large salmon which he had hooked but could not land. He there felled me to the earth, robbed me, and flung my body into the river Dee. Pray for the soul of

SIMON BRUCE.

When the awe-struck Henrietta ceased, she found that Barbara had fainted; and the minister, in a whirl of distracting thoughts to which he was unaccustomed, ascribing his child's swoon to terror, placed the ominous paper in the Bible, and determined to make

known the whole mysterious case at once to Mr. Craigie, the chief magistrate of Aberdeen. Not for a single instant did Mr. Comyn suspect a hoax, or imagine the affair to be only the mischievous trick of some idler. Indeed, such was not likely; the times were superstitious, nor were there any persons connected or at variance with the family who were liable to be suspected of having played off such a foolish and wicked jest at the expense of the minister, even if any motive for doing so had existed. The minister, therefore, hastened up stairs to change his coat, leaving the Bible containing the document from the dead on the table; while his sister, finding her niece better, left her to see that her brother's best hat and gloves were ready.

We wonder what Barbara is about meanwhile.

Presently Mr. Comyn returned to the parlour, and putting the Bible into his pocket, (for he dared not again look at the horrible piece of writing,) sat off at a quick pace for the town. Nor, as he hurried on, did he give a passing glance at the track which diverged from the Nut-tree-hole.—The magistrate was at home, and great indeed was his amazement when he heard the minister's story; but lo! when Mr. Comyn, reverently taking the Bible from his pocket, opened it to show Mr. Craigie the note, written as he declared in the peculiar handwriting of his friend, he found nothing where he had deposited it but a piece of blank paper, folded up in the same form, but utterly void. And then in troth the worthy magistrate waxed somewhat wroth; at first accusing Mr. Comyn of being credulously duped by some pawkie servant who owed him a grudge, and ending by setting him down as "clean daft, doited, and dazed by two mickle study;" (and in his ire he had very nearly added, "too much toddy.") But, as in no amicable frame of temper the gentlemen were about to quarrel downright, the magistrate asking the minister what proof he could adduce of Mr. Bruce's not being alive and merry, a seasonable and loud knocking at the street-door interrupted them; and presently a servant entered to announce that a drowned man had been found in the Dee, and that his body had been brought to the door.

With shaking limbs the minister followed

Mr. Craigie down stairs to the lobby, now full of people. It appeared that some men employed in the salmon fisheries had, within the last hour, dragged their nets, in which they had discovered the corpse of a man whose skull had been literally smashed in twain by a violent blow.

It was, in fact, the body of Mr. Bruce.—Here, indeed, was confirmation strange of the statement which the mysterious and missing document had contained; and both Mr. Craigie and the minister, exchanging looks that expressed their mutual dismay, were sorely perplexed in their own minds how to account for these singular events.—The body was reverently laid out in the hall, whilst the magistrate, summoning some of his officials, and accompanied by the clergyman and one or two of the fishermen, proceeded to the cottage of David Bain.

The bellman was not at home, having gone, they said, "to Mr. Comyn's, to inquire about his lodger, Mr. Bruce, who had not come home to his bed the night before, as was customary."

Strange glances passed between the auditors; but a sign from the magistrate imposed silence, and they departed, determining to survey the Nut-hole, near which, in the river, the body had been found in the nets, after which they had no doubt they would find the sexton at the manse. As they threaded the thicket of hazel at some distance from the pool, one of the salmon-fishers declared, that from a plot of white-thorn and bramble-bushes he had seen the eyes of a fougart or polecat glare out upon him; and in a low voice, directing the attention of a comrade to the spot, they both imagined they could detect the figure of a man crouching among the trailing shrubs.—Whispering their suspicion to Mr. Craigie, he ordered the whole party to join quietly in a search, and follow him and the minister to the Nut-hole. Thither, then, the magistrate, attended only by Mr. Comyn, proceeded; and who, think ye, found they there?

(A young man, handsome and well-dressed, in the undisguised apparel of a gentleman, stood there, evidently unconscious of the advancing twain. He held a stout, club-like stick in his hand, which he was examining intently—for it was covered with blood, now dried, and amidst which stuck-clots of hair!

As the gentleman came suddenly upon him he started, and dropped the stick; whilst Mr. Comyn, staring at him in wonder, for, as we have said, all disguise had been discarded, exclaimed—

"John Percival, is this you?"

A question which the young man could have answered in the affirmative with strict veracity, but for the assertion from the magistrate which followed it up.

"And you, sir, are the murderer of Mr. Bruce!"

"Good God! what do you mean?" cried the horrified youth.

"That stick, which you have just dropped, is covered with blood," said Mr. Craigie; "a foul murder has been committed, and we find you with the supposed instrument of that murder, near the very spot where there is ground to believe the act was perpetrated."

A fearful pang shot through Percival's frame, but conscious innocence made it brief, and with a calmness of demeanor which guilt never could have assumed, and gravely smiling, he turned to his uncle saying—

"You cannot believe that I am guilty!"

"No, no, John!" answered the individual appealed to. "God forbid that I should judge you wrongfully, but——"

"But" interrupted the magistrate, "not only does it appear that you have slain a man, but that, desirous of fixing your guilt upon another, you have written a letter, falsely accusing an innocent person of that crime."

"Letter!" repeated Percival, "Sir, I do not even know what you mean."

"Mr. Comyn," asked the magistrate, "this young man—the nephew of my lamented friend, your late wife—paid court, as I understand, to your daughter, and was by her rejected?"

"By me, sir—by me, Mr. Craigie," answered the clergyman; "the lassie never rejected him, but I did."

"And the murdered man," slowly pronounced the magistrate, "was the betrothed husband of Miss Comyn?"

Percival started violently, uttering an ejaculation of horror and wonder, for at last he saw the inferences which Mr. Craigie seemed willing to draw from circumstances that certainly looked suspicious.

"As God is my judge, that is the truth," replied the minister, "and I had forgotten all about it. Oh! John Percival, as you are the nephew of my beloved Mary, answer me with truth, and say that you are innocent of this heinous deed!"

"I am indeed innocent, my dear uncle," said the young man; "nor did I know until this moment who the unfortunate man was, of whose untimely death I am accused."

"Here he is, gentlemen; we've got him safe and sound!" cried several voices; and dragging a wild and haggard-faced man, the fishers and officials of justice approached the trio who stood by the Nut-tree-hole.

"The Lord be our guide!" exclaimed Mr. Comyn, it is really David Bain!" and as the wretched sexton struggled to free himself from the arms that pinioned him, the minister, prompted by a sudden impulse, advancing toward him, and looking steadily in his face, said—

"David Bain, look not to deny your crime, but confess it, and implore your Maker's pardon, even at this the eleventh hour. In my Bible, this morning, I found a paper, written by the spirit of him you murdered here last night, and charging you with the commission of the deed."

At these strange words, which in our modern times might have produced mirth, the guilty creature, losing all self-possession, uttered a loud cry, and pointing to the bloody cudgel which still lay at the magistrate's feet, exclaimed—

"I did it with that! I did it with that!" and fell back in a fit.

It would be easy to lengthen out our historiette into one of circumstantial evidence, trial, condemnation, and ultimate discovery; but we have preferred telling it as it really happened. On the person of David Bain were found a pocket-book and purse, recognized as the property of the late Mr. Bruce, and containing bank-notes and bills to a considerable amount; the sight of which, in the possession of his lodger, had evoked the cupidity of the bell-man. He made a full confession, and in due time suffered the penalty due to his offence. Meanwhile the minister, in the thankfulness of his soul to find his nephew guiltless, embraced him tenderly, and freely permitted that courtship to proceed between his daughter and him, which he had before so strenuously opposed.

One circumstance still remained a mystery, undeveloped to all save Barbara's aunt, Percival, and the worthy magistrate,—by whose advice, indeed, it was concealed from the minister; who, to his dying day, confidently believed that the paper he had found in his Bible had been placed there by supernatural interposition. But the hand of the dead had nothing to do with it, as we mean to explain.

On the evening of the murder, Barbara Comyn sallied forth to meet her cousin, leaving Mr. Bruce and her father discussing punch and polemics. She was later than usual, and as she sped along, she became aware of the approach from Aberdeen of an individual, whom she could not avoid meeting if she proceeded direct to the tryst.—She therefore stole in a different track, thinking to make a circuit which would occupy the time the stranger might take in passing the cove of hazels; but, unfortunately (or fortunately was it?), she met a poor woman, the wife of a neighbouring peasant, who was on her way to the manse to implore some black currant jelly for a child suffering from sore throat. The call of distress was never disregarded by Barbara, and she flew back to the manse, procured the jelly, and giving it to the woman, hastened amidst falling rain to the trysting-place. As she was about to round the point which hid the Nut-hole from view, she heard the sounds of struggling feet and wrestling arms; and regardless of danger to herself in her fears for Percival, she forced her way through some bushes, and beheld two men, in no friendly embrace, staggering on the very verge of the pool. Before she could look again the one had fallen on the earth; and the other, with a desperate blow of his stick on the head of the prostrate man, uttered an oath in a voice whose peculiar tones were well-known to Barbara, and in the twinkling of an eye shoved the wounded man over the bank into the Nut-tree hole!

Her blood curdling with horror, Barbara found no voice, no strength, to speak or stir; but she became, so to speak, all eye; and as the murderer, swiftly cramming into his hat and pockets something which she could not define, rose up, and forgetful of the cudgel, which lay blood-dabbled on the grass, rushed from the place where he had taken the burden of a deadly sin upon his soul, she

saw his face, and recognized her father's sexton—David Bain.

In terror, that found no tongue, she reached her lover; and became insensible; nor was it till her recovery, when she found herself alone with her aunt, that she felt how important to her future life might be the events of that night. She resolved, ere yet she spoke one word in reply to the questions of her aunt, to ascribe her swoon to anything but the real cause; and it was, perhaps, well she so determined, for she remembered that, in her flight from the fatal spot where she had witnessed the perpetration of so foul a deed, she had picked up a letter, which she had hid in her bosom, scarcely conscious of what she did, yet, perhaps, imperceptibly aware—with the foresight of inexplicable convictions—that it might yet prove of essential service. When she retired to her chamber, and had got rid of Aunt Henny, she took the paper from its concealment, and saw that it was the empty cover of a letter addressed to "Mr. Bruce, at the house of David Bain, Sexton;" and then the certainty struck her of the murdered man being her affianced husband.

The character of David Bain was marked by extreme avarice, and Barbara's conclusions as to the instigating cause of the crime he had committed were easily formed.—But what means could she pursue in order to convict guilt, without at the same time rendering her own appearance before a public court of justice necessary? from which she shrank nervously, since the cause of her presence in such a spot, and at such an hour, must of course be revealed. A sudden thought struck her—and, wild as it was, she put it into instant execution. She knew her father's belief in supernatural agency, and trusted strongly to the effect such a document as that which she now prepared would have upon him. She wrote the note which Mr. Comyn discovered in the Bible, imitating Mr. Bruce's hand, which was peculiar, as closely as she could; and then, when the minister left it there—a circumstance which, though she did not foresee, rejoiced her—she subtracted it thence, uninterrupted and unsuspected. But when it pleased the Almighty to make manifest the murderer by the means thus strangely suggested to her, she confessed the whole to the indulgent Henny and her lover, and by their ad-

vice took the magistrate also into her confidence.

We have nothing more to relate, but that Barbara Comyn and John Percival were soon after united by the worthy minister; whilst Miss Henny was as busy as a bee in preparations for the wedding, and as happy in witnessing the happiness of others as if she had never known a care of her own.

Enigmas.

1.

From wintry blasts and chilling air,
My first assists to guard the fair:
Another join—and lo! how strange!
My form and nature both I change:
My praises fill the peopled street,
My presence decks the sober treat,
AWhere China's beverage circles round,
Nor Beauty blushes to be found.

2.

Dear to the fond parental breast,
And justly dear, my first is found;
My last explores the watery waste,
And draws up spoils from Ocean's ground.

Sacred to Laura lives my whole
While Petrarch's pöesy can move;
By me he soothed his tortur'd soul,
And breathed the sighs of earnest love

3.

EXTRAORDINARY DOUBLE TRANSPOSITION.

A lover begged of his mistress a proof of her sentiments towards him; she wrote on a slip of paper "THE NOVEL PAGE," bidding him change one of the consonants into a vowel, and transpose the letters into an answer. He did so, and was quitting her in despair, when she asked him by what mishap it was that her token of affection should cause him so much pain? Query. How did the lady wish the letters transposed, and how did the swain transpose them?

The Mayflower.

EDITORIAL.

With mingled feelings of pleasure and anxiety is presented to the readers of the *Mayflower*, the first No. of that periodical. Pleasure in recalling to mind the many who, eager to encourage native literature, have given their name and influence in its support,—and anxiety, from a consciousness that the responsibilities, devolving on the conducting of such a Periodical, are of no ordinary character. Perhaps a few brief statements of the motives which have led to its publication, may not be inappropriate at its commencement. In comparing the size of Halifax, and the number of its population, with those of other cities, the reflective mind cannot fail to observe, that there are

few places in which are published, weekly and tri-weekly, so many periodicals. Religion and Politics here have their strenuous and unflinching advocates; the lovers of concord and strife, the men of commerce, and he, whose energetic mind delights to dwell on the stirring intelligence conveyed from every quarter of the globe,—the man whose heart, noble and benevolent, thrills as it contemplates each new triumph achieved by the advocates of truth,—and the sordid and narrow-minded being, whose eye searchingly peruses every paragraph that may redound to his worldly aggrandisement,—all have matter devoted, peculiarly, to their interests. But to the lovers of Literature, those who delight to step aside, now and then, from the beaten and dusty paths of life, to roam a while in the flowery fields of romance,—to hold communion with the Muses,—or to cull additional stores to their scientific knowledge, a periodical, exclusively devoted to the subject, seemed a desideratum in our Province and one which, if properly conducted, might prove beneficial to all parties. Not only to the intellect, however, should this periodical appeal,—but it should arouse to action the best feelings of the human heart. The social and relative situations of life,—the golden links of love which bind man to man,—the warm emotions which proclaim each to other kin, children of the same Fathers, on whose souls are enstamped the seal of immortality, and to all of whom an eternal Home is equally open,—these are the subjects which dwelling on the heart is made wiser and better, more active in the discharge of duty, more considerate and kindly towards its fellow-men.

Something of this kind has been attempted: how far it may prove successful must be left to the judgment of the readers to determine, trusting that their kindness will overlook deficiencies that youth and inexperience may have caused.

M. S. L.

TO THE FRIENDS OF LITERATURE.—We hope that the friends of literature will aid in sustaining the character of this Periodical by the contribution of good original articles, both in prose and verse. Such will ever be welcome to the columns of the *Mayflower*. It is deemed right to state that the usual privilege, accorded to Editors, will be exercised in declining articles which may not

come up to the standard of merit we have proposed to ourselves,—with no intention, however, of wounding the feelings of individuals.

CHANGE OF TITLE.—Those who have seen the Prospectus will observe, that the title, of this Periodical, has been changed from the *Arbutus Magazine*, to the *Mayflower Newspaper*. The alteration of *Arbutus* for *Mayflower* was adopted at the instance of friends, who thought that the latter term would be more acceptable, as well as more generally understood, than the former;—and that of *Magazine* for *Newspaper*, to accommodate Country Subscribers with regard to the new postal arrangements.

LATEST

Parisian & London Fashions.

Morning Dress. This beautiful robe is one of the most admired novelties recently imported from Paris. It is made of very fine cambric muslin,—and the skirt is trimmed with three broad flounces, edged with large castellated notches. These notches are finished with very narrow lace edging,—and above the edging are three rows of needlework of a narrow chain pattern. The flounces are set on in very slight fulness.—The corsage forms a sort of pardessus, fitting tightly to the figure at the back,—and the front is laid in a few folds at each side. Round the waist, there is a small basque, notched and trimmed in the same manner as the flounces. This trimming is carried up the front of the corsage, and round the collar. The sleeves are tight at the shoulders, and loose at the lower part of the arm,—and are finished with broad turned-up cuffs, edged, in the same style, as the flounces.

Morning Dress. This, like the dress just described, is of white cambric muslin. It is open in front,—and the open edges are scalloped. The two front breadths are ornamented with a broad row of needlework, in a rich and elegant arabesque design. The corsage is without a collar, and scalloped at the throat. The two fronts of the corsage are ornamented with needlework, in a style corresponding with the skirt. The sleeves are loose at the ends, scalloped at the edges.

and ornamented with a broad row of needle-work.

Several novelties in bonnets, adapted for the spring season, have made their appearance, within the last week. Among them are drawn silk bonnets of bright tints, trimmed, for the most part, with frills of ribbon, or of lace. Some very pretty bonnets, of fancy straw, have also been prepared. They are trimmed with ribbon or flowers,—or of ribbon and flowers combined. The trimming employed for the inside of the brim, should correspond, in style, with that on the outside of the bonnet;—according as one or the other is used for the outside. Among the newest bonnets we have seen, we may mention two distinguished for elegance. 1. A drawn silk bonnet, the colour pale green, trimmed with frills of black lace. 2. A bonnet composed of alternate folds of lemon-colour crape and silk; ornamented, on one side, with a white cactus, having a yellow centre. The inside trimming consists of light sprays, trimmed with buds of the same flower. A bonnet of lilac crape, trimmed with a bouquet of white lilac, has a very elegant effect. Bouquets of fuschia, in white or blue as well as of the natural colour, we observe are much employed in trimming bonnets. The importations from Paris, this week, include two Leghorn bonnets. One is trimmed with a bouquet of white moss-roses, with a slight tinge of red in the centre of each; the other bonnet is ornamented with a spray of double peach blossom. The strings of both these bonnets are of silk, pinked at the edges,—and buds of the flowers, used for the outside, are employed for trimming the inside.

Nearly all the plain silk dresses, intended for spring walking costumes, have either front trimmings or are flounced. The flounces are pinked,—and they are narrow or broad according to the fancy of the wearer. The sleeves are open at the ends, and worn with under sleeves of muslin or lace. *Barège*, *mousseline de laine*, *balzarine*, and other fabrics, (as well as *chine silks*) are now manufactured in the dress pieces, either with the front breadth of a different pattern from the rest of the dress,—or with flouncing, edged with a different pattern from the ground of the dress.

A great variety of *pardessas* and *mantelets* are in preparation. Several of the new

black silk *mantelets* are trimmed with black lace.

Many of the dresses worn at the evening parties, which have recently taken place, are of brocade of the most splendid and costly description. These dresses are without any trimming,—and have the corsage richly ornamented with diamonds or other jewels.—One of the new evening costumes consists of a dress of *moir antique*, the colour of a beautiful emerald green. The skirt of this dress has two deep flounces of rich black lace; the top flounces reaching nearly to the waist. The corsage has a piece de *poitrine* trimmed with bows of satin ribbon, each bow fastened by an emerald brooch. With this dress has been worn a head-dress of gold net covering the back hair, and attached on each side by a gold chain and long gold tassels. The chain passes over the *bandeaux* of hair in front of the forehead.

A dress of lemon-colour *tarlatane* has just been made, with two *jupes*, each edged with a double row of narrow satin ribbon, set in plain. Over the *tarlatane jupes*, there is another of lemon-colour silk, made in the *tunic* form, and edged with a ribbon *noche*. The corsage is of silk, open in front, and trimmed with an *ochellé* of narrow *noches*. The bouquet de corsage, to be worn with dress, consists of red *clematis*, intermingled with diamonds. The wreath for the hair is of the same flowers. A diamond comb fastens the plait at the back of the head. We may mention a white silk dress which presents some novelty in the style of trimming. The skirt has eighteen or twenty narrow flounces, pinked and set on close to one another; the whole reaching from the edge of the skirt to about the height of the knee. This style of flouncing has almost the appearance of a single very wide *noche*. The corsage of this dress has five small *basques* at the waist, each *basque* edged with a narrow *noche* pinked, and the open corsage has a piece of *de poitrine* edged with the same.—The sleeves are nearly covered with narrow pinked notches.

A novelty, in bridal wreaths, has been introduced by the Parisian florists. Sprays of orange blossom are here and there intermingled with lilac, roses, lilies of the valley, or any other flowers. This intermixture of colour gives a pleasing relief to the monotony of the white flowers usually employed.

Another new wreath, which has just appeared, is composed of fine leaves of half the natural size, though still much larger than those generally used for wreaths. In some, these vine leaves are bronzed, the edges having a golden hue. Others have a few leaves with a red tinge at the edges, intermingled with some of a brown tint. Others, again, are intermingled with gold fruit and flowers.

Stems of News.

PUBLIC RAILROAD MEETING.—We are happy to be able to announce in our first Number the important Rail Road Meeting which was held at the Masonic Hall, according to previous notice, on Thursday the 15th inst. Gentlemen of all shades of politics were in attendance and took part in the proceedings of the day. His Worship, the Mayor, took the Chair and called the meeting to order. S. L. Shannon Esqr. was called on to act as Secretary, and A. Almon Esq. as assistant Secretary. The Hon. Provincial Secretary moved the first resolution, which was seconded by W. B. Fairbanks Esqr. The second Resolution was moved by F. Charman Esq. and seconded by B. Wier Esq.—the third, by Dr. Avery, and J. N. Shannon Esq.—the fourth, by W. Young Esq. and J. H. Anderson Esq.—the fifth, by Hon. J. McCully and Hon. H. Bell—the sixth, by Dr. Gesner and C. Robson Esq.—the seventh, by the Hon. Attorney General and the Hon. E. Kenny—and the eighth, by R. McLearn Esq. and J. Esson Esq. The Hon. Samuel Cunard, on entering the Hall, was greeted with rounds of applause. A vote of thanks to the Mayor and others, including the Hon. Delegate, was enthusiastically carried. The Resolutions were in favour of accepting the offer of the British Government to build the Halifax and Quebec Railway. The effect of this Meeting, it is said, will be very great throughout the whole of British North America in promoting the objects contemplated.

THE SHUBENACADIE CANAL.—The adjourned meeting of persons favourable to the construction of the above work was held pursuant to notice yesterday, at the Exchange Reading Room. Dr. Avery was called to the chair. The meeting, although not very numerously attended, was composed of intelligent and influential persons. An interesting report from the Committee was read, and a report of Mr. Fairbanks of the cost of constructing a canal, and the probable receipts, &c. The meeting was addressed by the Provincial Secretary, the Speaker, William Lawson, H. Hyde, and other gentlemen; and all present seemed fully impressed with the immense advantage and profit that would be

derived from completing the work in question.—After which it was resolved that the reports be received and adopted. Secondly that the Committee be a Committee to negotiate with the local Government for the purchase by them of the equity of the mortgage of redemption shortly to be sold under a decree of the Court of Chancery, and in the event of the Government declining to become purchasers, to take such other steps as may be necessary for forming a company to purchase the property. Dr. Avery, Wm. Lawson, Henry Pryor, C. W. Fairbanks, H. Hyde, and Andrew Mackinlay, form the Committee. The meeting then adjourned.—*Colonist.*

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—Punctually at twelve o'clock the Queen arrived, her *entree* being marked by long and animated cheering. She seated herself on a chair raised on a platform, surrounded by a spacious elegant blue canopy adorned with feathers, with Prince Albert on her left. They were accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal. The court circle was now completely formed, making a *tableau* never to be forgotten. The Queen looked remarkably well. She wore the order of the garter, a pink brocade dress, shot with gold, and the Prince looked calmly and proudly happy. The Duke of Wellington, who this day completed his eighty-second year, had been there nearly two hours before, and the commissioners and all the officials and ladies of the household surrounded the throne presenting a scene of extraordinary splendour. The National Anthem was performed. The Archbishop of Canterbury then delivered the prayer of inauguration, which was followed by the Hallelujah Chorus of Handel, under the direction of Sir Henry R. Bishop. A procession was then formed of a most interesting character. Then came the officials engaged in constructing the building; afterwards the foreign acting Commissioners, among whom I noticed Mr. Cobden, dressed in a plain black coat. Then followed the venerable Duke of Wellington, walking side by side with the Marquis of Anglesea; both were loudly cheered. The foreign ambassadors, among whom Mr. Lawrance appeared to considerable advantage from his age and commanding appearance, followed, and her Majesty's Minister's, headed by Lord John Russell. These were loudly applauded; and last the Queen and Prince Albert, the one leading the Prince of Wales, and the other the Princess Royal, closing the procession, with the Royal Prussian guests at the palace, and the ladies of the household. The procession first marched along the British or western naves, and then, recrossing the transept, passed on to the eastern extremity, the United States' end. At every step new acclamations arose; the music from the various organs saluted the procession as it passed.

The Queen then declared "the Exhibition opened;" and the trumpets and artillery announced the fact to the countless multitudes outside.

It is said that not less than 30,000 people were gathered to witness the great event—but not an

approximation to riot or disorder occurred to mar the general rejoicing:

The products of the North American, West Indian and Australian Colonies are thus handsomely noticed by the special reporter for Wilner and Smith:

"We now come to the colonial department, comprising the industrial products of our Australian possessions, of the Canadas, and Nova Scotia, New Zealand, several of the West India Islands, the Cape of Good Hope, Western Africa, Malta and the Channel Islands. The contributions from this vast extent of territory are chiefly confined to the south side of the nave. They yield in interest and variety to no other department of the Exhibition, but they are chiefly raw produce."

The Prince and Princess of Prussia, Prince Frederick William and suite, arrived in London from Ostend.

FRANCE. PARIS.—Socialist proclamations still excite much attention. There seems no probability of any disturbances on the 4th of May, and the population was never in appearance more tranquil or more regardless of political questions, but general uneasiness prevails respecting political affairs. The chiefs of the majority begin to be really alarmed at the confident tone of the Ultra-Republicans and Socialists.

PORTUGAL.—The news from Portugal is important. Accounts had been received via Spain, stating that the garrison of Oporto rose on the 24th ult. in consequence of the arrest of a number of officers and soldiers, and declared for Marshall Saldanha—after a combat of two hours. The general who, after having remained incognito in the city, had taken the route to Vigo, to embark in an English ship, was recalled by the insurgents. The inhabitants of Oporto have declared for the insurrection.

PENDING DIFFICULTIES BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND TURKEY.—THE HUNGARIAN REFUGEES.—The correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing from Constantinople on the 8th of April, says,—“I know that in spite of the efforts of absolutist powers, the intense interest the English people took in the fate of Kossuth has not yet subsided. I, therefore, endeavoured, immediately after my arrival at Constantinople, to ascertain if there is any probability as to the liberation of the illustrious patriot. I was informed by the best sources that the Porte had solemnly declared to the Austrian Government that the Sultan has fulfilled the pledge given in the autograph letter of September, 1849, and as peace had not been disturbed in the states of the Austrian empire, she cannot detain any longer the Hungarian refugees, and is willing to restore them to full freedom, which is their natural right, in the hope that the justice of the cause, the power of the Porte, and the good-will of England and France, will protect her against every aggression of Russia and Austria which might ensue from the liberation of Kossuth.

The lithographed *Correspondence* has received information of a terrible and wide-spread conspi-

rary, whose purposes are, of course, revolutionary. The head-quarters of this body are said to be London, the chief seat of their operations the south of France, with active committees and sub-committees in Germany, Italy and Spain; the conspirators are said to be provided with pecuniary resources, and to have established a perfect system of military organization, the ultimate aim of which is the proclamation of a European social republic.

Information of the conspiracy has been received by the Governments of Vienna and St. Petersburg, and appears to be credited there. It has made a profound impression here, and may perhaps be made the handle to some new measures of oppression.

The late Secretary of General Kossuth is delivering lectures on Chemistry in Toronto.

TRINIDAD.—Three smart shocks of Earthquake were felt on the morning of the 8th. The census of the whole Island was just completed, showing the population to be 36,329.

REFINED TASTE.—A wealthy Creole lady, of Royal-st., who keeps her carriage, and perhaps livery servants, but notwithstanding these *externals*, must not be overburdened with brains, nor very discriminate, despatched her servant with a note to Jenny Lind, a few days since, requesting Jenny Lind to call and see her; that she desired to look on her; to examine the lady, we presume, as she would an animal she contemplated purchasing. Miss Lind, without appearing to feel annoyed by the uncourteous request, placed a very diminutive lap-dog on a large salver and told the servant she might take it to her mistress, as it was handsomer than she (Jenny) was, and better worth looking at. The above we have from a reliable source.—*Orleanian*.

SOMNAMBULISM IN CHURCH.—During the services in the Tabernacle Church on Sunday evening last a boy about twelve years of age, who was in the sleeping state, arose from his seat in the congregation, and steadily walked up the main aisle to the platform surrounding the pulpit, where he stumbled and fell. He readily regained his perpendicular, and stepped up into the pulpit, and grasped the officiating minister by the hand. Some gentlemen near him soon saw that he was in the somnambulist state, and quietly conducted him back to the seat from whence he came.—*St. Louis Times*.

Capt. Wilkes, of the United States Exploring Expedition to the Antarctic Seas, has just received an elegant gold medal from the British Government, as an acknowledgment that he was the true discoverer of a disputed continent.

To Adam, Paradise was home; to the good among his descendants, home is Paradise.

A promise and its performance, should, like the scales of a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment.

Wisdom and virtue are the greatest beauty; but it is an advantage to a diamond to be well set.