

**THE AMARANTH: OR,
TOKEN OF REMEMBRANCE,
A CHRISTMAS AND NEW
YEAR'S GIFT**

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The Amaranth: or, Token of remembrance, a Christmas and New Year's gift by Emily Percival

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EMILY PERCIVAL

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EDITED BY
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THE AMARANTH.

TO JULIET.

SWEET lady, look not thus again ;
Those bright, deluding smiles recall ;
A maid remembered now with pain,
Who was my love, my life, my all.

O, while this heart bewildered took
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,
Thus would she smile, and lisp, and look
And I would hear, and gaze, and sigh.

Yes, I did love her — wildly love ;
She was her sex's best deceiver ;
And oft she swore she'd never rove ;
And I was destined to believe her.

Then, lady, do not wear the smile
Of one whose smile could thus betray ;
Alas ! I think the lovely wile
Again could steal my heart away.

For, when those spells that charmed my mind
On lips so pure as thine I see,
I fear the heart which she resigned
Will err again and fly to thee.

EDUCATED WOMEN.

BY MRS ABDY.

LET not my readers be alarmed at the title of my paper. I am not going to advocate the claims of lady colleges, on the one hand, or cookery schools, on the other. I hold *that* education to be the best which not only fits a woman for the station which she is likely to fill in the world, but which so strengthens her character that, should fortune see fit to elevate her to a higher or depress her to a lower station, she would still be able to act in becoming accordance with its duties. Illustration is often better than precept: I will therefore give a short sketch of three married women of my acquaintance who, in my opinion, admirably exemplify the effects of a judicious education; but, lest my readers should surmise that I am about to inflict upon them the delineation of paragons of perfection, I will tell them beforehand that each of these exemplary persons possesses one fault, which I am about to point out, with the hope

that, in their case as well as in that of many others, it may be not only confessed, but amended.

Lady Corwyn was the daughter of a quiet widow with a moderate income, who was prevented, partly by ill health and partly by an indolent disposition, from introducing her daughter into general society. Sir James Corwyn, however, a baronet with a fine country seat and fifteen thousand a year, obtained an introduction to the secluded fair one at the house of one of her relations, and a marriage took place. Twenty years have elapsed since that event. Lady Corwyn is now eight and thirty; and her country neighbors and her London associates, her husband's friends, nay, even her husband's family, those chartered critics of a wife's sayings and doings, unite in praising the uniform propriety of her conduct — propriety which does not array itself in buckram, but which is evinced by the exquisite good taste and ease with which every relaxation of life is enjoyed, every social and domestic duty performed. Sir James Corwyn and his family pass the spring in London; it is his wish that his wife should mingle with the gay world; and she does so cheerfully and willingly. She is no flirt; yet men love to congregate around her and to listen to her animated, sparkling anecdotes. She is no flatterer; yet women consult her in their millinery dilemmas and girls eagerly seek her as a chaperon.