

alike deceiving and deceived, has been often told. We were but weak and erring creatures; at length caution slept; Mary ceased to be virtuous; and the reproaches of my own heart told me I was a seducer.

On the night following I was again at the tower, but the hour of tryst passed, and Mary came not. It was a moonless summer's night, and the air was sultry and oppressive. For long hours did I sit watching for the sound of her footsteps, in the path that wound along the hillside, and start at every rustling of the leaves made by the fox, as he stole through the bushes towards his furze cover—but Mary came not, and the night passed in solitude and sadness. I lingered till the day dawned, and the song of the birds that came forth to card their sweet matins in the sunrise, warned me that my hopes were vain, and I sought my pillow with worn spirits and an anxious bosom. My dreams were wild and dreary, and I woke only to encounter the fierce upbraidings of offended conscience. A lovely, friendless, innocent, and defenceless creature had trusted herself to my honor and protection, and I had plunged her in irremediable ruin. What need was there to add now and more intolerable anguish to the griefs of one already desolate and oppressed? Why select me a victim, the most innocent, the most confiding, the most unhappy of her sex? In vain did I attempt to hush the still small voice, by pleading that I too had fallen unwarily into the snare. The pitfall was not dug in my path—I had sought it—I had voluntarily courted the temptation under which I fell. Had I not sworn, and called on the Deity to witness my truth, to love her but with a brother's love, and to guard her honour stainless and immaculate? She had trusted me. To her innocent and unsuspecting heart, my promises had been as those of gospel truth. She had clung to them with woman's faith. In them she had embarked all that belonged to her in this world, her innocence—and she had been betrayed. What was it now to say, that I have over-rated my strength, or to deplore the fatal consequences of my ungoverned passions? Are not the consequences of his guilt lamented even by the most selfish and hardened sinner, when the enjoyments it afforded him are past? But what could avail regret, however bitter? The victim had fallen—the altar had been desecrated by the sacrifice, and the immolation of innocence had been completed. Wile seducer! unprincipled betrayer of confiding love! Like Cain, shalt thou be branded among men, and go down to the grave with the guilt of perjury upon thy soul? Never till now had I felt the bitterness of an upbraiding conscience, and it goaded me to the quick:—There is no extremity of bodily suffering I would not have preferred to the mental agonies I then endured. I strove to escape from my own reflections, but could not—like the wretch, who feels in his quivering flesh the flames by which he is surrounded, and attempts escape in vain, for he is chained to the stake.

And Mary too, where was she? Might she not have been driven to some act of despair, and might not even the guilt of murder be added to my already dark catalogue of crimes? Was I not once more to see, and comfort her, to join my tears with hers, to tell her how much her very weakness had endeared her to my heart? I was indeed full of anxiety on her account, but I feared to venture to the cottage, for I knew my visits there were watched, and guilt is ever full of many fears. My steps were directed, therefore, to a part of the park, from which it was overlooked, and there did sit for

hours gazing on its thatched roof, and the little garden that lay between it and the road, neglected and full of weeds. The sun had gone down ere I quitted my station. No living being had approached the house, no smoke arose from its chimney top—it seemed tenanted and deserted. Sick of soul, did I return to Thornhill; I shrank from society—the caresses even of little Lucy were become hateful and distressing. I pushed her rudely from me, and while the tears started up into her large and blue eyes at my unkindness, I retired to solitude and suffering, in my own apartment. Night came, and the stars again saw me at my watch tower on the hill top. They rose and disappeared; but Mary's footstep had not gladdened my ear, nor her tall and slender form delighted my eye. Heavily did the sun appear that morn to raise his disk above the dark curtain of the clouds, and less than usually pained, no thought, was the jubilee of living nature in his return. I did not return home, but roamed onward through the woods, and selecting the path that led to where the shadow of the dark green pines was deepest and least pervious, I cast myself on the ground, and listened to the melancholy sound of the water fall, that ascended from the glen. It was noon ere I reached Thornhill; a letter had come for me by the post, and I knew it was from Mary. I thrust it hastily into my bosom, rushed up stairs to my apartment, and having secured my chamber door from the possibility of intrusion, I opened it with a trembling heart. It was indeed from Mary, and gave melancholy evidence that her spirit, which now had borne up against sorrow and misfortune, was at length broken. It contained no reproaches, she upbraided me not with my broken faith. She had foolishly, she said almost wickedly loved, where dreadful punishment had followed her offence. She said that all thoughts of happiness had fled forever, and she now knew herself to be a creature alike alienated from God, and despised by man. She told me, too, that her father now treated her with more harshness and cruelty than ever; that he even threatened her life, if she refused to pay the price of his safety by marrying Pierce, and what could she do? Her heart was broken, and she knew not. She concluded by wishing me farewell forever. We could never meet again. She had been guilty, but her nature would not suffer her to persist in guilt. Her love would cease only in the grave; it was unalienably, indefeasibly mine—yet she desired me to forget her. She was, she said, but a guilty, miserable, and worthless thing, unworthy of a thought, a word tossed upon the waters, wind and waves. The letter was written with trembling fingers, and blotted with tears. Shall I attempt to describe the effect it produced on me? No. The feelings of suffering that letter cost me shall still rest undisturbed in their sepulchre, nor shall the grave be called on unnecessarily to open its ponderous and marble jaws, and cast them up again.

I soon after was compelled to leave Thornhill; of Mary Brooks, I saw, I heard no more; but I have since learned that she died soon after my departure. When I returned to Thornhill several years afterwards, I wished to shed a tear on her grave. But there was no stone to mark its site—the sexton knew it not—Mary and her grave were alike forgotten.

Real friends are like ghosts and apparitions, much talked of, but seldom seen.

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LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

I received your letter, dearest child, and it made me very happy to find that you and dear Mary were well, and taking pains with your education. The greatest pleasure I have in the midst of my toils and troubles, is the expectation which I entertain of finding you improved in knowledge; and the understanding which it has pleased God to give you both, has been cultivated with care and assiduity. Your future happiness and respectability in the world depend on the diligence with which you apply yourself to the attainment of knowledge at this period of your life; and I hope that no negligence of your own, will be a bar to your progress. When I write to you, my beloved child, so much interested am I, that you should be serviceable and worthy of the friendship and esteem of good and wise people, that I cannot forbear to second and enforce the instruction which you receive by admonition of my own—pointing out to you the great advantages that will result from a temperance and sweetness of conduct to all people, on all occasions. It does not follow that you are to coincide and agree in opinion with every ill judging person; but after showing them your reason for dissenting from their opinion, your argument and opposition to it should not be tinged by any thing offensive. Never forget for one moment that you are a gentlewoman, and all your words and actions should mark you gentle. I never knew your mother—your dear, good mother—say a harsh or a basty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper—my sensibility is touched sometimes by a trifle, and my expression of it sudden as gun powder; but, my darling, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me much pain. It has, indeed, given me more trouble to subdue this natural impetuosity, than any thing I ever undertook. I believe that you are both mild; but if ever you feel in your little breasts, that you inherit a particle of your father's infirmity, restrain it, and quit the subject that has caused it, until your serenity be recovered. So much for noise and manners. Next for accomplishments: No sportsman ever hits a partridge without aiming at it; and skill is acquired by repeated attempts. It is the same thing in every art; unless you aim at perfection, you will never attain it. But frequent attempts will make it easy. Never, therefore, do any thing with indifference. Whether it be to mend a rent in your garment, or finish the most delicate piece of art, endeavor to do it as perfectly as possible. When you write a letter, give it your greatest care, that it may be as perfect in all its parts as you can make it. Let the subject be sense, expressed in the most plain, intelligible, and elegant manner, that you are capable of. If in a familiar mood, you be playful and jocular, guard carefully that your wit be not so sharp as to give pain to any person; and before you write a sentence, examine over the words of which it is composed, that there be nothing vulgar nor indelicate in them. Remember, my dear, that your letter is a picture of your brain, and those whose brains are a compound of folly, nonsense and impertinence, are to blame to exhibit them to the contempt of the world, or the pity of their friend. To write a letter with negligence, without proper stops, and crooked lines and great flourishing dashes, is indelicate. It argues either great ignorance of what is proper, or great indifference towards the person to whom it is addressed, and is consequently