

contemplating the past and the present, as I sat in that lonely dungeon, surrounded by dark and gloomy walls, grated windows in front, and heavy iron doors in the rear. And on that rude iron bedstead rested her, the only occupant of that living tomb. Oh, how my heart bled, as if by electric shocks; each thought wasted far over the wide and trackless deep, where once she had a home and friends. How natural did her infant days appear; and then the poor mother, that caressed her once gentle, innocent and guiltless lips. In a distant land, how sad and heartrending the contrast, as I beheld the emaciated form before me. While thus afflicted with the pressure of my own feelings, she turned around, and gazed in my face with such intensity, as to awake me from my reverie, and then accosted me for the first time since the clergyman left. "Mr. Finnerty, sir—if I mistake not you conduct a periodical. The good Sheriff mentioned your wish to write my life; I would be pleased if you would agree to write strictly in accordance with the information furnished." To which I replied, that I felt no wish to exaggerate, neither did I feel any interest beyond the gratification of my numerous readers. She then continued, "My object is twofold; first, as a lesson to youth and a vindication of my sex; secondly, by my instrumentality, several persons suffered in person, in property, and character; and a circulation of my life might tend to cause inquiry, and perhaps result in releasing from the chains of bondage those innocent persons who are now transported for deeds which I committed."

After examining the paragraph taken from the English paper, she said, "I remember that article, and felt grateful for even one shadow of sympathy; but they made a mistake relative to my age; instead of ten, as inserted there, I was thirteen when I went to Warrington; then I may commence with the period of my fall and continue down to the present."

CONFESSION.

My name is Margaret Eliza Dawson, born October the 27th, 1820; am now a little over twenty-six years old. I never beheld my poor father after my seduction, for his vengeance and my disgrace equally forbade it. I remained eight months at the lodgings furnished by my aunt, during which time I sent several letters to Steward, before as well as after the trial; he answered only one, and that was the last. Here it is; insert its contents, for it is the weapon of his destruction.

All who may read of his death, also see his conduct in life. From the moment I received and read his contents, I swore