

suffer is from the consciousness of the disgrace and misery that I have brought on you and my dear afflicted parents! Oh, may you endeavor all in your power to comfort them, and to satisfy them that it is the will of the Almighty and that their heavy afflictions in the decline of life may prove for their spiritual good. My dear brother, my last request is, that you cherish religion, and that you hereafter try in every way to promote it among your relatives and friends. It is this that will enable me to meet my fate with fortitude and resignation. I never thought, in the former part of my life, that it was possible for me to be so weaned from earth and my dear relations, and that I could have been so content to go down to the chambers of the grave! Considerations of eternity, my dear brother, will restrain your fondness for the vain amusements of this life; it will satisfy you of the importance of adorning religion by a holy, exemplary and blameless walk and conversation. It is in eternity my dear brother that we must expect again to meet; and oh, it is, and has been my constant prayer in prison that we may all meet there in happiness; until then I bid you an affectionate farewell.

"HARRIOT WILSON."

Thus fell, an early victim to the seductive arts of an unprincipled villian, the unfortunate, and once beloved HARRIOT WILSON.

The heart, not totally blunted to the sensibilities of humanity, must be so lacerated at the recital of this "tale of woe" as to have all other feelings extinguished by those of abhorrence for the seducer, and pity for the unfortunate victim of his arts. To behold a female, who, as it were but yesterday, was in all the bloom of loveliness—charming as a cloudless vernal morning—lovely as youth, beauty and innocence could make her—doated on by her parents, and brother, and idolized by all her acquaintance, now, as an offender of the blackest cast, expiring on the gibbet, to appease violated justice, and a public warning against future crimes, must call forth the tears of sensibility, and awaken the pity of benevolence.

In this sublunary world, properly called the "vale of tears" calamities assail us on all sides; wherever we turn our eyes, human misery is presented to the view of all her dark and imposing attitudes, and the hideous form of vice stalks uncontrolled, in whatever clime we range. Man who was originally created in the form of his maker, and once lived in innocence, peace, security, and happiness, is now, for having disobeyed