

with whom in childhood I played, pass with their husbands, in all the pride and confidence of having attained what others but vainly desire,—and I can look at them with calmness, and wish for them every joy of earth, though I then feel my own loneliness more sensitively. I can gaze with tenderness on their children, and pray for them a happier lot than mine. And yet how are we misrepresented by those who call themselves the *reasonable* portion of creation. For our misfortune the contempt due to dishonour only is heaped upon us in profusion. And this is *reason*—*shaw!* 'tis the vilest of prejudices!

But I will—yes, I am determined to undeceive them. Life has grown bitter—there is only hopelessness and misery in the future—and I am now a blank in creation. I would ameliorate, *its sorrows*—I would enhance its comforts—and I am denied the privilege in a world abounding with wretchedness. Then, I have taken my resolution—I WILL LEAVE IT. I will no longer belong to the most contemptible, in the eyes of men, of all classes of God's creatures. I will cease to obtrude kind services on my fellow creatures—see their sincerity doubted, and then, after all, refused. If I smile on a little child, to its mother there is poison in the glance—some dreadful fascination, like that with which the serpent allures the timid dove. If I offer to direct the steps of an old blind man, my designs are suspected,—and he is warned to beware and consider ere he trusts his life—(he, who is almost expiring from helplessness)—and his property—(of which I can know nothing)—with such a person, and then a whisper informs him that his conductor is—AN OLD MAID! Away with such judgements! I have recorded my convictions, and the world shall have a proof of their sincerity—one which they cannot resist—which they must acknowledge: and future generations shall judge, by my conduct, between a despised class and those who despise them. They shall not delude themselves into the belief that I have died from despair—no, I could drag out this weary life to its close,—but I will show them, in living characters, their own illusion and my motives. But enough. * * * *

Ay, here is one—(picks up a nail from the floor, and glancing towards the ceiling, hammers it in one of the beams.) This, as the Roman hero said—"this shall end them all." I will cease to grieve—I will jest in death—I will even laugh—they shall know it was done willingly—cheerfully! Thus do I measure out my own destruction—(unwinding cord from a ball, one

end of which she ties round her neck, and the other to the nail)—and thus, before I forever sink, do I take an elevation—(mounting the table.) BUNNABY!—If yet thou wanderest the earth, adieu! Pity me not—you will not despise me. If thy wanderings have ceased, I rejoin thee—But there is noise!—ay, it is the well known voice of man—(a knocking at the street door)—no entrance here—ye are late—too late! Adieu, ye hard-hearted worldlings,—and remember, I die cheerfully—yes, laughing—ha! ha! ha!--(throws herself from the table.)

PART II.

"All that's spoke's marr'd."

OTHELLO.

AND here concluded the soliloquy of Miss Cynthia Amelia Wainsborough. That the reader may be made acquainted with the causes which abridged the Lady's meditations, we shall now conduct him to an inn a few miles distant from the scene of the foregoing tragedy.

In the very best apartment of this establishment was seated a gentleman in a travelling dress, and he seemed to be awaiting with great impatience the arrival of the hour when he was to continue his journey. His countenance was of a cast generous and manly, and his noble brow marked him as one fitted for great undertakings. There was a softness in his deep blue eye which gave an air of fascination to features otherwise dignified, and which, when those features relaxed, as the mind was occupied on some tender theme, was perfectly irresistible. In the contemplation of themes like these did his mind lose itself, after having partaken of the comforts which "mine host" had set before him. He threw himself back in his chair, and to rich and thick-coming fancies surrendered his imagination. Ah! sweet thoughts are they! See his face: now it looks dark and gloomy, as he cons over all the possible mischances which may have happened in his native village since his boyhood: but then it brightens, as he thinks of the many escapes he has had, and the difficulties he himself hath surmounted since his departure from it. And then, how few in comparison are the dangers in a little village, where all is so peaceful, every body so good-natured, to those which surround very large towns and cities. O, yes, there is hope,—there need be no fear: and anon, a calm, deep smile of anticipated happiness passes over his visage,—and a tear-drop, a gentle tear-drop, stands in that soft blue eye.

Yes, he was once more in his native village. Except for one he loved, 'twas with little regret