

by my unfortunate wife and child. The most exact and arduous search was instituted. France, Italy, Germany, were traversed by my agents, but in vain—no trace of them could be discovered.

“Year after year rolled away thus. The anxieties of my mind had stricken down my health; it was evident the seeds of that disease under which I am now sinking, had been sown by a depressed and over-burdened spirit. I knew all was to be over soon; and utterly hopeless of ever discovering the fate of those whom I had so dearly loved and deeply wronged, I calmly awaited the fatal moment. Life was, and had long been, to me a perfect desert. My boy, George, was the only thing to which I clung. The instinct of existence had grown dull—but no, it only slept. A letter from New York had been accidentally found, in sorting the papers of Mr. Steady, which, treating principally on various business matters, among other items of information noticed the safe arrival of Mrs. B. and child. The time and the persons strangely tallied; it might, yes! it might be them. Despite of every argument that could be urged, I resolved myself to undertake the voyage. All had been so long darkness, this faint ray appeared the noon-day blaze. We sailed—we landed—the ocean had been safely traversed. But here were new difficulties. The house to which we had been directed had lately failed; the principals were in the South arranging their affairs; the subordinates could afford no clue. In this state of anxiety I was not long to remain. Accident brought to my notice an individual once extensively engaged in land speculations, by which means he discovered the purchase and conveyance to Mrs. Manners of her present abode. I know not, but from the exact and detailed character of the information he furnished, I felt now I should know their fate. Applying to Mr. S., to whom I had letters, and whose kindness has been throughout of much service, he replied, ‘I have an old friend residing in that very township.’ I will only say, he gave me a description of you, (which I then thought highly colored, but now know to be less than the truth,) and promised to interest you in my favor.”

Here he concluded. This recital had carried us deep into the night; and as Mr. Manners was much exhausted, I proposed he should once more lie down, and that on the morrow I would disclose his state and wishes gradually to Mrs. M., and arrange every thing. I desired to remain with him. He said, “No, the services of my son will be sufficient. But, Mr. Williams, ‘coming events cast their shadows before.’ The sands of life in me are running low; and you cannot impose on me. A few days since, and in my eyes years were valueless; now minutes are beyond price. For this meeting I have come far; for this meeting I have wrestled with sickness and sorrow, long, very long. I would see the wife of my youth once again, before the grave receives me, so might she