

The heavens seemed to smile auspiciously upon the purposes of our excursion. It had for its object an attempt to restore to the bosom of her family and friends an amiable wanderer, a penitent daughter. Cast out from her father's house, yet towards that cruel father did her heart yearn continually. We knew her well, and, notwithstanding the degraded and equivocal situation in which she had long lived, the propriety of her domestic conduct, and her affectionate behaviour towards my own family, on an occasion of contagious disease, had endeared her particularly to me. She was a repentant child, seeking shelter under a paternal roof; and forgiveness for her errors from her sole remaining parent. Let us throw a veil over her faults. Yet not too deep a veil, for a censorious and hardjudging world would instantly set her down for one of those miserable daughters of infamy, who sell their promiscuous favours to every profligate. No; seduced indeed, and seduced too by a married man, yet to that one man she continued faithful. Calumny itself could not invent a tale by which to stigmatise her with a second fall. With him she shared his prosperity, and with him she bore the deepest adversity—Constant and loving, she dotted on the destroyer of her peace, whom she seemed to have taken “for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health;” and her divided heart wavered between the affluence of her parental home, and the misery of her seducer's now mean abode. Many letters had she written, many overtures made thro' a friend of her departed mother's, but in vain,—inexorably had her father forbidden her return. Her mind could not rest satisfied; she would make a per-