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THE ATONEMENTS OF SENSIBILITY. A NOVEL.

(Concluded from page 384.)

CHAPTER V.

It is always in our power to do that which is just and honourable; but it is not always in our power, however anxiously we may wish it, to repair the wrongs we have been induced to commit.

THE search of the lovely Anna, for her supposed delirious benefactor, was however vain; she haunted the spot where she had met with him, morning, noon, and night; she described him to every one, and made innumerable enquiries; but could procure no intelligence.—Neither were advertisements of more effect. Elphinston, the only friend who knew any thing of the affair, being out of town; and his own mind too much occupied by its own prospects and meditations, to seek for entertainment from diurnal publications.

But the painful interim of suspense was not entirely devoted to retrospects of past injuries and idle speculations of future happiness; he found a more active relief in the execution of those benevolent resolutions he had so solemnly taken.

The wiped eye of many a lovely mourner had beamed comfort on his soul; and the grateful sigh of many a fair bosom had wasted away, for a time, the anguish of his own.

At the expiration of three or four days his friend Elphinston returned. He had flown with eager expedition to discharge the duties of friendship: but, alas! he returned not

‘With healing on his wings.’

No intelligence could be gained of the lost Maria, but such as tended to damp all the hopes of Courland, and plunge his soul into the abyss of anguish.

She had flown from her native town;

no one knew whether. She had remained overwhelmed with penury and contempt; a prey to all the anguish of remorse and shame, and almost of absolute want, till her evident pregnancy exposed her to the terror of merciless justice, when, to avoid the repentment she had not fortitude to bear she suddenly disappeared, and was seen no more.

‘Heaven and earth!’ exclaimed the frantic Courland, ‘what have I done?—But what said my friend? Penury and distress! Here has been fraud and villainy. I thought I had made an ample provision for her, when I sent her, by Mason, notes to the amount of fifteen hundred pounds. An infant too! Distraction! I thought I had sufficient security, in maternal affection, against the guilt and horror of having the dear offspring of my love exposed to want and infamy, when I requested her, in my letter, to let me know if there was any fruit of our endearments, that I might make such provision for it as would be necessary for its future happiness.’

‘It does not appear,’ answered Elphinston, ‘that your commission was ever executed; or that the relief you sent ever reached the unhappy object it was intended to console.’

‘Oh villain!’ exclaimed Courland ‘will not vengeance overtake such treachery? But I was the traitor first. I set the base example, and he has but faintly copied my inhuman perfidy.’

‘Oh, Maria! oh, my child—my child. Take, treacherous incontinence, a lesson from my frantic anguish! In the wild tumult of the boiling blood, when beauty whets the cruel appetite, and wakes the selfish throb of loose desire, could but the images that now disturb my fancy be pre-

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