

previous to our separation, we hired a villa in the neighborhood of Torbay. Our nearest neighbor was the widow of an officer who had fallen in the West Indies. She lived retired, with her mother, in circumstances the reverse of affluent. It is bitter for me to tell the tale of my own shame and misery, and before my own child, too. But why should I say shame? Mine are wrongs, not crimes. Well, we grew, I know not how, acquainted. She was, it is but truth to say it, handsome, elegant, and accomplished, and I soon loved her with the warmth of a sister. There was a fatal error: anxious in my situation for a companion, and attached to Mrs. Morton, I pressed her, when the season closed, to accompany us home. After some natural hesitation, she consented; and joyfully I for the last time returned to the house of my fathers. My father, by his will, had given me only a life interest in the estates. In the event of marriage, they fell to its issue on my decease, or, in default of any, to a distant relative. Mr. Manners presented to our eldest boy, on his first birth-day, a trust deed, securing to him, on his majority, ten thousand pounds, with its accumulated interest. Not to be outdone in generosity, and confiding in his affection, a few days after, I conveyed to Mr. M. the interest I before spoke of. 'Julia,' said he, as he took it from my hand, and kissed my cheek, 'I accept your gift. Few women would trust their husbands with all. I take it, not as a proof of your affection—I needed none—but because its refusal would imply a doubt of my own constancy.' Soon after our return, I became the mother of your late patient. The attentions of my husband and Mrs. Morton were most assiduous and most kind. I had not a care, not a doubt. The past, the present, and the future, seemed alike bright. Yet I was treading on the edge of an abyss.

"One morning, at breakfast, the attendant handed several letters—there was one for me. It was in a firm, bold, male hand. Wondering who my new correspondent might be, I broke the seal. It was short:—

"MRS. MANNERS.—They who trust all, trust too much. Mrs. Morton is young, handsome, and—profligate! I know her. Mr. Manners is young and rich. Beware."

This was the entire contents: there was neither date nor signature. It came through the London Post Office. I was a mother—I was a wife—I was a woman! For a moment, as I looked upon the two so named together, I felt a throe of agony—a life of pain. But it passed. I could not, however, trust myself to speak, but handed it to Mr. Manners. While he read, his face crimsoned deeply. I thought that I had been unjust; that heightened color was not the hue of shame, but the surprise of truth. I sprang to him. 'Richard,' I exclaimed,