

last, and that fatal journey commenced. With a skill beyond words to paint, Mrs. Morton made that letter, after a while, the theme of discourse between us; and, oh! with what consummate art she contrived, even while protesting against its calumnies, to admit, as it were unknown unto herself, that I possessed a hold upon her affections. Then she painted the depth and truth of her own heart, spoke of repelled and passionate longings, until, mastered as it were by the vividness of her own thoughts, she sobbed in uncontrollable emotion. Mr. Williams, I was then twenty-five; my fair tempter was some years younger, in the very prime of womanhood, a beautiful, elegant, and impassioned being. In the madness of the moment, I clasped her to my bosom!—wife, home, children, self, all vanished, and I became the villain and the victim. There arose reflection; still I had not even the manhood to fly. The letter you read ill portrays the misery I underwent. A blighting sorrow from that hour has haunted me.

"We journeyed on, I scarce knew where or whither. At last I was in Italy. I plunged into dissipation, and sought in the excitement of wine and the gaming table, to stifle the reproaches of my own heart. It was in vain. There was a spectrum ever before me—my wife—my child; not in the eye of thought merely: the features of every gentle woman grew into her likeness, and every passing infant took the aspect of my own child. I wrote repeatedly, but my letters remained without reply. Yet I could not harden myself. I knew I was abused, and merited the contempt all meted to me. My companion sought to console me. I could not curse her, but her sight grew hateful. Remonstrance, reproach, tears, bitter words, filled our hours. Suddenly she became calm; she soothed me; she forbore to reply. But I, a hypocrite now, suspected others. To my child alone was I myself. I drove round with him for hours, that we might talk of home together; and while he agonized me with his artlessness, I grew in love with misery.

"One evening at the Opera, whither I had gone alone, I found myself unexpectedly in the presence of a near and valued friend. I hastened towards him; he turned away. Not thus, however, would I be denied. I almost insisted he should retire with me to a neighboring hotel. To avoid a scene in such a place, he coldly consented. We walked out side by side, and being shown into a private room, I threw myself into a vacant seat; my friend remained standing. Finding I did not speak, he opened the conversation, by requesting, in a constrained voice, to know why I sought this interview. 'Why have not my letters been answered?' I exclaimed. 'I know what I am: you may safely write me villain; you may speak it, too, and I will not start. But, Creighton, I have found no Lethe. Man!' and I grasped his