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STORY OF A MAGDALEN.

From the Baltimore Dispatch.]

We find the following picture of a Life of Sin, and its terrible results, in a Scotch paper. With but little variation, the story of Mary Anne R——will apply to the frail sisterhood in our own city. Some of the more fastidious may object to the propriety of the publication of this truthful picture of a life of sin; but we hold that to save the pure and innocent from the snares of vice, the monster must be stripped of his allurements and presented as he really is. If every woman who reads this article realizes that the fate of the poor victim whose story is here given would be hers, if she once ventured on the treacherous path of guilt, our streets would not now be thronged with the fallen, nor our prisons and almshouses filled with female outcasts. The North Britos vouches for the correctness of the story:

Mary Anne R——was the daughter of a respectable professional gentleman of ample means, who resided in a village near Edinburg. Her childhood was passed in affluence, and amid plenty. Her education was well cared for, and no expense was spared to render her the perfect mistress of every accomplishment at a comparatively early age. She was sent to a large boarding-school in Edinburg to complete her education; and it was in this place, we regret to say, that, according to her own story, the seeds of her future ruin were first implanted. It was, as poor Mary Anne stated, at the boarding-school where her virtue was first sapped. One of her companions first spoke to her of love, and fired her imagination by the vivid pictures of the enchanted intoxication. "Ovid" was produced from its secret hiding-place, and its pages were devoured with unappalled appetite; the desire thus created, a craving came for more, and "Little's Poems," "Kisses," and other volumes of richly imaginative poetry were produced by the boarders and one of the governesses, a French woman, whom they made a tool of. These volumes, and a course of religious conversation, soon did the work; and Mary Anne left the boarding-school ready to fall into the first pit that was dug for her.

It was two years after this period that we first saw her. She had been invited to a relation's house to pass a few months of the winter season, and attend the assemblies. Happening upon her friends just in the evening of one of these gay re-unions, we found her dressed and waiting for her chaperon. She looked a magnificent specimen of pride and beauty. Alas! we little can divine our future.

"With pride in her step she trod the hall,
And with scorn in her glancing eye,
She dreamed not that grief could blight her youthful fall,
Or that scorn itself scout the."

Such are the words of one of our most gifted poets, and they well express the pride, which language is almost equal to. They at once, as we write this, conjure up to our mind's eye the awful contrast of the two scenes—the gilded ballroom, crowded at dead of night, and the desolate dreary garret hovel at the next—the beautiful spring-time of life, the gushing out of the woman, and the "last scene of all," the haggard worn-out, diseased, and dying frail sister, heavy laden with her sins, weary with life, a burden to herself, and a disgust to all who come in contact with her. But enough of this for the present.

We are now left more dependent on the girl's own story. According to her own account, her mother was the late Mrs. Grundy, a lady whom she met, for the first time at a party in Aloalie Place. She thought his attentions were meant in the most honorable spirit, and after much solicitude on the part of the fair lady, tunities, and in an unfortunate moment consented to elope with him to London. In that city she continued to live for two very gay seasons, and, all

"Went merry as a marriage bell."

Mary Anne had no care for the present; and little thought for the future; but, alas! a change was fated to come o'er the spirit of her dream, and her state of dress and show was speedily terminated.

A gentleman whom Mr. R——was in the habit of bringing to visit at his lodgings soon gained the affections of Mary Anne, to the scarcely repressed satisfaction of his friend, who was evidently already satiated with his unfortunate victim. This partiality ended, as such things usually do, in a fresh elopement, and a still further descent in the scale of morality and happiness. The new lover was a gay rose, and for a time he too was charmed with the grace of his new mistress. The rich toy was a thing to caress and flatter; and, like the butterfly, it had its brief day of sunshine before fortune gave it its sad change. Balls of a certain class, the opera, theaters, concerts, shops, the park, all in turn were graced by the beauty and gayety of Mary Anne. But, alas! for her, the fatal change was fated found a new flower to adorn his buttonhole. The change was fated to come o'er the spirit of her dream, and her state of dress and show was speedily terminated.

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