

will tell you why. It is a curious requisition of the law in Lucerne, that no malefactor condemned to death shall be brought to the fatal guillotine, until he has made confession of his guilt. Had Jose, therefore, exculpated Emma, it had been to bring his own head at once to the block; while by silence, he thought to drag out existence. Emma was not culpable, therefore had nothing to confess; so he could have no fears for her; and, filled with that insanity to live which sometimes seizes the perilled soul—though life should be preserved amid infamy and degradation—the solitude of a dungeon, or even torture and suffering—he was willing that the innocent Emma should thus endure, rather than to speak the word that should free her!

The trial came, and the place of the court was thronged to overflowing.—The execrations of a mob followed the unhappy pair, as, in separate vehicles, they were conveyed to it. Emma's sweet and melancholy countenance excited pity and tears, though she did not weep, save when she first looked upon Jose, and saw how fearfully he had pined away, and what a ghastly look he wore—and many began to invent excuses for her in their hearts, although they could not resist in their judgements the conviction of her guilt. The result may be supposed. The officers were heard in evidence, and both were condemned to death, when confession of their guilt should have been made. Oh, why did not Jose speak then—then, when his words would have carried conviction—then when every ear was ready to catch at even a whisper that might free the sweet woman by his side? The craven could not! Once, indeed, when he had looked upon her, and the thought of the accursed act—worse, perhaps, than the bloodshed of which he had been guilty—he was committing in suffering that loving and innocent wife to be made thus a victim for him, came full upon him, he essayed to speak—but self struggled with his utterance—the words stuck in his throat—he desisted—he was silent!

They were conducted back to their several dungeons, and a week passed away. Emma could endure no longer. At times, her brain had whirled round and round, shapes flitted before her eyes, and she felt that she stood upon the verge of madness! Should it come upon her, she might, in its paroxysms betray a secret, and, rather than do that, she resolved, in a spirit that was no less madness, prompted though it might be by love, to confess herself to have been the guilty one, and so escape further woe on earth, and perhaps set Jose free. She did so—incoherently, as one of her nature might be supposed to do, when declaring a false tale of self-condemnation, and that for murder—but yet sufficient to satisfy the scruples of justice, and procure the appointment of a day for her own execution, though it did not avail to exculpate Jose. * * * *

It was the night previous to that fatal day, and the solemn realities of the mysterious future, when time to her should be no more and eternity unveil itself to her view, were pressing on her soul. As hour after hour went by, she began to search the depths of herself with the agonizing scrutiny which the spirit that halts upon the verge of the grave must ever employ. All was serene save this last falsehood, this confession, that had procured her death. Could she pass from earth with a lie upon her soul? Priests came to shrieve her, should she show symptoms of penitence and throw herself on the pardoning mercy of her God, and to them she opened all her heart. It was a melting tale of human affections, and human frailty, clear, plausible, and convincing to them, for they were men of tender hearts and ripe judgement—their business had been with the wicked and the dying, and they knew to distinguish between the heartlessness of callous impudence and falsehood, and the outgushing fervour of a stricken spirit. They hastened to present her case to the ears of the high officers of justice; but with an inconsistency with the spirit of their law, which required confession that the blood of the innocent might ne-