

her bed, but not to sleep. It had not long been day light, when, in the providence of God, some officers bearing despatches of moment, requiring haste, came, on the full gallop, towards the cottage, on their way to Lucerne, as the murdered man had been. Startled by the clatter of their horses' hoofs, Emma sprung up, and obeying her first impulse to prevent their entering the house, and making discovery of the awful deed that had been committed, hurried down to the door, which she succeeded in bolting before they had dismounted from their horses. Hearing the sound of the bolt, and enraged at the refusal of admission, they thumped upon the door with hearty oaths, and threatened violence if they were not permitted to enter by fair means. Jose, in the mean time, had attracted their notice: and when he let fall his shovel, and was skulking away along the shore of the lake, suspicions of some evil were excited, and two of them started in full pursuit.—Jose sprang away with vigorous speed so soon as he found himself sought after, dodging and turning, but all in vain. He was already almost exhausted with the conflict within himself since the bloody deed, and fell at last into the grasp of the officers; and their companions having now obtained admission to the cottage, by bursting in a window, it was searched—and with exclamations of horror, the body of the traveller was descried. Jose was bound hand and foot; Emma, more dead than alive, was placed under the surveillance of one of their number, and, by the rest, a consultation was held as to what measure it was best to pursue. Finally, the horse, the property of Jose, and that of the stranger were brought out, Jose was bound fast upon one, Emma compelled to mount the other, and surrounded and closely watched by the captors, they were escorted to the town of Lucerne, and thrust into separate prisons. * *

No word of communication was permitted them before their trial. The case, from its apparently atrocious circumstances, had excited intense interest, and the conduct of Emma, in attempting

to prevent the entrance of the soldiers into the cottage, wearing a most suspicious aspect, the decision of a jury had been forestalled by public opinion, which demanded the condemnation of both. The struggle in Emma's bosom was intense—almost sapping the fountains of life. Conscious of her own innocence, she dared not attempt to exculpate herself, knowing that all guilt removed from her own shoulders, must rest with tenfold weight upon those of Jose. His own lips had told her, in the course of the night of the murder, that he had not, in the slightest degree, meditated the fearful deed, and not until his own life was in imminent peril, he had taken that of his adversary. She believed him; she knew that it must be so; and her heart yearned the more towards him, when she thought of the gnawings of conscience which his unwilling act must have occasioned. So, although her woman's nature, it was hoped, would melt away, and she would be brought to reveal every thing, and ghostly fathers were sent, one after another, to her dungeon prison, to wheedle her into confession—though all the terrors of her church were thundered against her—the condemnations of eternity were arrayed, and every means put in requisition to extort the desired information—the image of her husband was ever before her eyes, and she would smile in her sufferings upon her questioners, never answering a word. "I am his wife," thought she, "and if he is to die, covered with ignominy, he shall have a sharer in his agonies and his shame!" The priests, at last, astounded at the evidences she exhibited of tenderness of nature, and yet obstinacy of silence, abandoned her to herself.

How in sad contrast with the self-devotion of the innocent wife was the selfishness of the guilty husband! Although not a word was vouchsafed to him as to his wife, yet he must have known that she was accused. A word from him might have lifted from her the suspicion and condemnation under which she was labouring, but he had not the magnanimity to speak it. I