

sham. What will your friend Harriet say to this? she will not easily get such another husband."

The heiress held up her finger, in order to check her parent. Miss Watson had fainted. Though not really attached to the Count, she was shocked beyond measure at his awful fate.

"How did you learn this, sir?" said Miss Ogilvie, after having seen her friend conveyed to bed. "It appears to me too dreadful to be true."

"It is true though," said the Baronet. "I had it from Philip himself, who was upon the spot, and though he did not see the deed done, yet he assisted in carrying the dead body of the Count to old Robinson Crusoe's hut. How is your friend? Is she much affected by her loss?"

"She'll soon get over it, as far as her feelings are concerned," said his daughter. "But her pride has received a severe shock."

"Oh, that's but natural," returned the unfeeling Baronet. "But this young Marsham—what will be done with him?"

"I suppose he will be tried for his life."

"Yes, when they get him. But no one knows what has become of him."

"How did it happen?"

"Nobody knows. Some jealous freak about one of those girl Linhopes. They have turned the heads of all the young fellows in the place. It will be a good thing if Philip be not drawn in by one of them. Hey! Amelia, why, what the deuce! are you going to faint too?"

"No, sir," said the heiress proudly. "Philip is not an Ogilvie if he could condescend to mate himself with a beggar. I know the old family falling too well. He may love the girl—flirt with her—pay her attention in public, and make love to her in private—but, he will never marry her."

"I hope not," said the Baronet. "Philip is so like me—he is quite a lad after my own heart. I should be sorry to be obliged to disinherit him."

"You will have no occasion," said Amelia—and there the conversation dropped. Philip made his appearance, for once sad and dispirited, and entered into a minute detail of the murder, which so engrossed the attention of his auditors that nothing else was thought of until they retired to rest.

We will leave the inhabitants of the Hall, to sleep off the grief and surprise that variously affected them, and return to Alice, and watch with her beside the bed of the unhappy maniac. When left to the silence and solitude of night, she had leisure to think over the past, and tears, those blessed softeners of human woe, came freely to her relief; she sank down upon her knees, and wept and prayed, both for the mother and the son: until a holy calm was gradually stealing over her mind, and she could murmur without a fresh gush of tears—"O, Lord, thy will be done." Her head was still buried in the coverlid, when a slight rustling of the curtains start-

led her, and a voice as from the grave, whispered near her. "Mother, dear Mother! I behold you once again."

She raised her head. It was Marsham. With hands bloodstained, and pale and haggard mien, he stood beside the bed, gazing upon his sleeping parent with such a glance of unutterable grief that Alice was spell bound, and continued to look upon him without the power of speech or motion. He neither saw nor regarded her. His whole soul seemed occupied with one image—one thought. He had stolen thither, at the dread and solemn hour of night, to take a last farewell of that mother, who, in spite of all his faults, was now the dearest thing to him beneath the skies. Every other passion and feeling was lost but that—and there he stood gazing upon her sleeping face, with tearless and blood-shot eyes, the living image of despair.

"Poor mother!" he continued, "sleep on. Happy is it for you that you can sleep. Never more will prayers for me disturb your rest. I go, my mother, to expiate my guilt. I go, and we two shall meet no more. Mine has been a life of guilt and sorrow. I have sinned. I have shed blood. A fire is kindled in my soul which all the waters of the ocean would never quench. I have defied the living God, and he has left me to perish. For myself I weep not—but for you, dear mother! Oh, that I could relive the past, and, for your sake, could be a better son."

He bent over the bed. His hot tears fell fast over the unconscious face of the poor sleeper, as he kissed with devoted tenderness, her cheek and brow, and pressed her small white hands to his heaving breast. His eye at this moment fell upon the upturned face of Alice, who, pale as a marble statue, still continued to gaze upon him, with hands tight clasped, and streaming eyes.

"Alice," he said, in a whisper. "You here! What brought you here?"

"Compassion for both mother and son. Oh, Roland, if you could look into my heart, and see how sincerely I pity you—how deeply I feel for both her and you—how truly I forgive you for all the past, you would not ask what brought me here, in an hour like this."

"Angelic girl! Your kindness reconciles me to my fate. You weep for me. You pity me. Me—the murderer. Oh, Alice! It was madness hurried me to commit that frightful deed. I knew not what I did."

"I believe you—indeed I do."

"It was not until I heard his dying groans beneath the cliff, that I was aware of the dreadful deed I had committed," continued Marsham. "I was jealous of him, Alice, but I did not hate him. I did not wish his death. He came to me in an evil hour, and met an evil fate. It was the devil working within me did the deed. I had no power to