

The examination was soon over; the verdict was wilful murder. The sentence of death was passed without hope of mercy.

As the guards were about to remove him he asked for paper and pencil. It was brought and with the manacles on his wrist he wrote a few words which he gave to a guard for Miss Harrison. The note ran thus: "Hetty Harrison, you are avenged. You are beautiful and rich and innocent, while I die on the scaffold. Ten thousand curses called down on my head, but God is just. Farewell forever." Hetty's experience was a very painful one, she was sought by good and worthy men, but the sad memory of the past proved an effectual barrier between her and another connection. She spent her life amidst the peaceful scenes of the home of her preserver to whom she clung with truest affection.

Lady Courtney was a frequent visitor at Darley Manor and was truly happy in witnessing the happiness of her children, but she continued to make her home at Courtney Hall, for there she had come a happy bride, there she had lived a neglected wife and sorrowful mother, and there too she had been lifted from the darkest dungeon of despair to liberty, life and love, both human and divine. She spent there the remainder of her life in happy companionship and peaceful enjoyment.

Of the squire it may be truly said, his wife was as the fruitful vine, his children as the olive branches.