

ed to her, and with a face full of anger, uttered a strong expression of contempt. She turned pale, but did not abridge her usual habits of devotion; and, when abed, in a hopeful temper, thinking all to be only the effect of illness that would cease to have existence with the departure of its occasion, fell asleep. Not so with Jose. He had resolved to rob the stranger, without having shaped out any definite mode of action after the deed should be done, or having fully or adequately estimated the difficulty of appropriating whatever he might acquire, and escaping detection. To be possessed of money once more was all he thought of; and lying perfectly still until Emma's deep and regular breathing betrayed that she slept soundly. He rose and partly dressed himself, groping about in the dark, through fear that the glow of a lamp might awaken her, and thwart his design. When prepared and armed with a case-knife, which he had secretly brought up the stairs, not with the remotest thought to use it, but in obedience to a natural feeling that there was danger in what he was about to do, he listened intently once more as he passed out of the chamber door. All was still, save Emma's regular drawn inspirations and the beating of his own heart. Assured by this, he closed the door and softly opened that of the traveller. He slept soundly; but his lamp was dimly burning on a chair by his bedside, casting an indistinct illumination over the objects in the apartment. Jose first ransacked his portmanteau and clothes, and finding no money or valuables, proceeded carefully to the bedside, and gradually thrust his hand beneath the pillow. Already it had touched a wallet when the traveller's eyes suddenly opened; and fully awaking as suddenly, he sprang from the bed, and grasped Jose by the throat. He was a strong, and, as was manifest, a daring and resolute man; and, unprepared for such a rencontre, Jose was for a moment thrown off his guard, and was forced, half choking, to the wall. But he, too, was strong and resolute; and, un-

grappled with the traveller, in a fierce and determined struggle. He had been compelled in his first efforts of self-defence, to let fall his knife upon the floor; and the sight and sound of the instrument imparting to the other that his life had been resolved upon, gave him a fearful energy, and a determination to execute upon Jose the death he had so apparently intended for him. It became a terrible contest of life and death, now one, now the other prevailed, the stranger endeavouring to grasp the knife to put an end to the conflict. At length, Jose was thrown violently upon the floor within reach of the fatal instrument.—He grasped it in an iron clutch, and the traveller, having vainly tried to wrench it away from him, pressed his fingers upon his throat to strangle him.—The horrors of his guilty deed were now come upon him!—He could not move his body—he could not relieve himself. Or he or his foeman must perish! Not a moment was to be spared in the revolting horror at the dreadful alternative, for the grasp became tighter and tighter upon his throat, and his consciousness wavered! In a spasm of fear to die, he acted! and plunged the knife into the breast of the other! The fight, the deed, were both consummated in a shorter period than I have been relating them—and when Emma, who had started from her bed at the first shock of alarm, and, despairingly comprehending the wo-fraught scene, had rushed to the chamber to interfere with her feeble aid—had come, with a shriek, within it, there stood Jose, in the streaming gore from the heart of his prostrate victim, pale as ashes, and shivering, and gazing with bloodshot eye-balls that seemed starting from their sockets, upon the ruin he had made, like a terrified and gaping idiot!

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I pass by the horrors of that long, long night of anguish. When morning came the dead body had not been stirred. Jose had nearly completed a grave in his garden in which to thrust it, and Emma, half stupified with grief and emotion, had thrown herself upon