

to his paralyzed victim, and placing his hand on his head, he said,—

“You will not plead; it is now useless. Do you see the witnesses that have appeared against you? The dead have arisen; do you see them?”

“I see a dusky group before me,” answered the unfortunate man, shuddering.

“You can distinguish them each,” continued the stranger. “Do you see a father and son stand forth and testify against you?”

“Ha, the game is up!” cried Edmund, shutting his eyes; “those are the Wentworths,—all’s done!”

“How do they look?”

“They are black and shriveled,—they were blown up in the explosion!” answered the murderer, trembling.

“And there is another stands out,” continued the stranger, “he wears an officer’s uniform?”

“Ah,—that is Moodie; let him do his worst,—he wronged me, and I avenged myself. I regret it not.”

“And there is another one, with his head crushed.”

Edmund shuddered. “The die is cast,” he said; “that is Edward Wentworth.”

“And there is a pale and wasted woman——”

“Yes—yes; that is Catherine. Oh, villain that I am!”

“And William Rodolphe is amongst them. How does he look?” asked the stranger.

Edmund’s eyes dilated wildly; “Ah!” he cried, “he is in the flames! his hair is erect! and there—there he is, showing the judge the letter which I wrote to him! Oh, there is no escape for me!”

“And Harry Simms is there; what does he do?”

“He is showing the jury his shattered jaw; his face is