

hand in his bosom? and whatever he may affect to say, they ask him not, most certainly that stain on his shirt-collar is blood. But now they are at Moorside.

There is still a great crowd round the house, in the garden, and at the door, and a troubled cry announces that the criminal has been taken, and is close at hand. His father meets him at the gate, and, kneeling down, holds up his clasped hands, and says, "My son, if thou art guilty, confess, and die." The criminal angrily waves his father aside, and walks towards the door. "Fools! fools! what mean ye by this? What crime has been committed! And how dare ye think me the criminal? Am I like a murderer?" "We never spoke to him of the murder, we never spoke to him of the murder!" cried one of the men who now held him by the arm; and all assembled then exclaimed, "Guilty, guilty, that one word will hang him! O, pity, pity, for his father and poor sister, this will break their hearts!" Appalled, yet firm of foot, the prisoner forced his way into the house; and turning, in his confusion, into the chamber on the left, there he beheld the corpse of the murdered on the bed, for the sheet had been removed, as yet not laid out, and disfigured and deformed just as she had been found on the moor, in the same misshapen heap of death! One long insane glare, one shriek, as if all his heart-string at once had burst, and then down fell the strong man on the floor like lead. One trial was past which no human hardihood could endure, another, and yet another, awaits him, but these he will bear as the guilty brave have often borne them, and the most searching eye shall not see him quail at the bar or on the scaffold.

They lifted the stricken wretch from the floor, placed him in a chair and held him upright, till he should revive from the fit. And he soon did revive; for health flowed in all his veins, and he had the strength of a giant. But when his senses returned, there was none to pity him; for the shock had given an expression of guilty horror to all his looks, and, like a man walking in his sleep under the temptation of some dreadful dream, he moved with fixed eyes towards the bed, and looking at the corpse, gobbled in hideous laughter, and then wept and tore his hair like a distracted woman or child. Then he stooped down as he would kiss the face, but staggered back, and, covering his eyes with his hands, uttered such a groan as is sometimes heard rending the sinner's breast when the avenging furies are upon him in his dreams. All who heard it felt that he was guilty, and there was a fierce cry through the room of, "Make him touch the body, and if he be the murderer, it will bleed!" "Fear not, Ludovic, to touch it, my boy," said the father: "bleed afresh it will not, for thou art innocent; and savage though

now they be, who once were proud to be thy friends, even they will believe thee guiltless when the corpse refuses to bear witness against thee, and not a drop leaves its quiet heart!" But his son spake not a word, nor did he seem to know that his father had spoken, but he suffered himself to be led passively towards the bed. One of the bystanders took his hand and placed it on the naked breast, when out of the corners of the teeth-clenched mouth, and out of the swollen nostrils, two or three blood-drops visibly oozed, and a sort of shrieking shout declared the sacred faith of all the crowd in the dreadful ordeal. "What body is this? 'tis all over blood!" said the prisoner, looking with an idiot vacancy on the faces that surrounded him. But now the sheriff of the country entered the room, along with other officers of justice, and he was spared any farther shocks from the old savage superstition. His wrists soon after were manacled. These were all the words he had uttered since he recovered from the fit, and he seemed now in a state of stupor.

Ludovic Adamson, after examination of the witnesses who crowded against him from many unexpected quarters, was committed that very Sabbath night to a prison on a charge of murder. On the Tuesday following, the remains of Margaret Burnside were interred.---All the parish were at the funeral. In Scotland it is not customary for females to join the last simple ceremonies of death. But in this case they did; and all her scholars, in the same white dresses in which they used to walk with her at their head into the kirk on Sabbaths, followed the bier. Alice and little Ann were there, nearest the coffin, and the father of him who had wrought all this woe was one of its supporters. The head of the murdered girl rested, it might be said, on his shoulder---but none can know the strength which God gives to his servants, and all present felt for him as he walked steadily under that dismal burden, a pity, and even an affection, which they had been unable to yield to him ere he had been so sorely tried. The ladies from the Castle were among the other mourners, and stood by the open grave. A sunnier day had never shone from heaven, and that very grave itself partook of the brightness, as the coffin, with the gilt letters---"Margaret Burnside---Aged 18"---was let down, and in the darkness below disappeared. No flowers were sprinkled there---nor afterwards planted on the turf---vain offerings of unavailing sorrow! But in that nook---beside the bodics of her poor parents---she was left for the grass to grow over her, as over the other humble dead---and nothing but the very simplest headstone was placed there, with a sentence from Scripture below the name. There was less weeping, less sobbing than at many other funerals; for as sure as Mercy ruled the skies, all believed