

asylum, to abide the day of trial, which the nature of her disclosure rendered inevitable. That night the magistrate, attended by a strong escort, rode to Stanley Grove, and inquiring for its master, was shown into his study.

"I arrest you, Mr. Stanley, in the king's name!" said he.

The shock communicated by these words was powerful and apparent. Stanley could scarcely question him respecting his authority, and in a tremulous voice desired to see his informations. They were instantly shown him: and on perusing them, he convulsively clasped his hands, and, as if struck electrically, fell upon the floor. He was finally removed to gaol, and on the first day of assize placed upon his trial.

The curiosity of the people to see a magistrate of the county in the felons' dock—and that magistrate Stanley—filled all the avenues to the court-house with crowds of spectators, and it was with difficulty that the judges could obtain ingress. Multitudes thronged from all quarters; the gentry, attracted by rumours of Stanley's crimes, and the peasantry, by recollections of the events of twenty-five years' standing, the story of which had now spread vividly amongst them. The criminal was taken in a close carriage from the gaol to the court, and the shouts of the infuriated mob, as he passed along, seemed a prophecy of the doom that awaited him; and Stanley, who felt how justly he had earned the bitter cup which he could not now put away, was not the man to exhibit fortitude on so hopeless an occasion. When he was placed in the dock, he in vain endeavoured to convert his subdued appearance into the affectation of calmness: the transitions of colour, and the restlessness of his manner, his grasping the side of the dock, and running his fingers wildly through his hair, were indications that could not be mistaken.

During the reading of the indictment, and while the counsel for the crown was stating the case, his eye wandered over the court, as if looking with impatience for some person whose appearance was important. His abstraction was quickly disturbed, however, when the first witness for the prosecution was called. He turned round, and, upon sight of her, threw his arms over the railing of the dock, and endeavoured to look her steadily in the face. It was the old woman: she never turned towards him, but looked at the jury, prepared, evidently affected, to give her testimony.

The counsel for the crown was occupied in turning over some papers connected with another case, and probably might not have observed her for a few moments longer; had not the judge called his attention to the circumstance. The coun-

sel rose, and apologizing for the delay he had occasioned, proceeded to the examination.

"Pray, my good woman," said he, "what is your name?"

A painful pause followed, during which the witness seemed to be collecting firmness: at length she broke silence, and said, "Honor Fletcher."

The populace expressed their amazement by a confused exclamation, and when order was restored the examination was resumed.

It would render the narrative tedious to relate the details of the trial, which comprised little more than the facts already given respecting Stanley. The only part necessary to repeat here is that which accounted for Honor's absence on the occasion of her father's trial, and the circumstances that finally led her to become the prosecutor of Stanley.

It appeared from her testimony, that when her father was arraigned for the alleged robbery and attempt at murder, Stanley had her conveyed to a distant part of the country, under the care of a man in whom he reposed implicit confidence: that man was McGowan. In the greatest obscurity they dwelt amongst the mountains until the fate of the unhappy Fletcher was decided: nor would Stanley consent to her return, till by force and violence he made her become the wife of the wretch to whose custody he had consigned her. No sooner, however, was the fatal ceremony performed, than Stanley, renouncing the character of guardian and protector, abandoned her to the savage will of McGowan, who, being privately instructed by his master, retired to another district, far removed from inquiry or danger. On Stanley's return from travel, he again associated with McGowan: and conceiving that time had obliterated all recollections, and swept away the kindred of Honor, he brought them both back to the neighborhood of Stanley Grove, imposing, however, upon Honor the obligation of assuming the name of Judith, lest even her name might awaken doubts and produce investigation. The sequel is briefly told. On the night of Norton's murder, Honor fled, partly for safety, and partly because she did not wish, even disgusted as she was with his atrocities, to take away the life of Stanley by remaining to give evidence against him. After the lapse of a year, she returned, disguised by art as well as age; and affecting the mysterious knowledge of the wandering palmists she continued to live in the neighborhood, watching over the life of young Norton, and detecting and frustrating the machinations of Stanley. At last the circumstances occurred which introduced me to Honor Fletcher: the moment and the opportunity seemed favourable to confession: