

"*That* can decide," said the stranger, pointing towards the phantom of Wentworth, "which of us two was the murderer. Speak!" he cried, waving his hand,— "Which of us present is guilty of thy blood?"

The figure pointed slowly towards Edmund, and then gradually receded.

"It is a trick!" cried Rodolphe, shaking his chained hands,— "let it come here, that I may *feel* it."

"Employ your eyes," said the stranger, "that is testimony sufficient. Are you now satisfied?"

"Will this figure appear in Court against me?" asked Rodolphe; a slight expression of fear crossing his hardened brow.

"You are in Court *now*," said the stranger sternly, as he passed his hand before the Grand Master's face, and threw upon him all the nervous fluid which his most powerful effort could command. "You stand in the criminal's box,— you are facing the Judge; and the spectators are gazing on you with anger in their eyes, and detestation in their hearts. Your knees are trembling—your head swimming; and your soul fails you with fear."

"I will address the Court," cried Rodolphe at once, by the mysterious influence exerted over him; fancying himself in the situation described, while he stood up pale and trembling, "and plead my defence."

The stranger now beckoned to two parties who stood outside, to come forward. One of these was the Attorney General; the other a medical practitioner, of celebrity.

"You was sceptical as to these truths," said the stranger, addressing the latter. "You always imagined there was collusion between the operator and the subject. Now mark—there can be none in this case,—observe." He advanced