

the dreadful wretch sitting at the head of the unhallowed mound which covered his accursed remains, and motioning me to depart. I did so, heartsick and sorrowing.

There was a turn in the road, at a furlong's distance or may be more from the house, which cut off all farther view of it on the landside in that direction. I here arrested my steps to take one last look at it. I gazed at it intently for some minutes, and methought that the old tenement and the vicinity immediately round it grew dark and dimly gloomy, although the moonlight elsewhere was as serene and clear, as it usually is on a fine autumnal night. Was it an excited fancy that lent its infectious credulity to my wondering senses, or did I in reality behold the like?—

The building on a sudden was lit up with a glare of light, that cast an unearthly glow over it and in the atmosphere around; and which flickered down to the lake side, and upon the graves in the little hollow: On that of the murderer it appeared to be more vivid than in any other place, and fearful forms were moving about it. There was a sound as of tumultuous festivity, that would cease for a little, and all would be silent as death, and then begin again more vehement than before, and in turn be succeeded by the stillness of the grave. Figures of human similitude flitted past the illuminated casements, strongly relieved by the lurid glare that issued from them. An assemblage of persons appeared together in front of the ruined mansion. The white drapery of a female form was distinctly visible amid the unearthly groupe. That form accompanied by another as if leaning on its arm, separated from the rest, and proceeded towards the spot where the summer house in the garden had stood, in figure, attitude, and appearance, just as I had frequently seen the ill-fated Eliza and her destroyer in their walks. Meantime, the noisy merriment increased to an excess—it grew outrageous, then in one pulsation of breath, was heard no more;—all was dark and silent—a faint light again was visible, a sound of deep lamentation swept past me on the wind,—it was hushed for a little;—a burst of fire and flame enrapt the place for a minute, and then vanished with a loud piercing cry, that seemed as if hell had concentrated its most excruciating agonies in that infernal yell, which rings in my ears even to the present moment. I hurried from the horrors of that scene as from the presence of the arch-fiend himself.—Years have followed each other in quick succession since that time, and have been to me little else than an accumulation of sorrow and vicissitude; but neither time nor incident could, or will, ever obliterate the recollection.

It has materially shaken the scepticism of my previous life; and now when memory dwells but for an instant on it, I shudder and wish from my inmost soul that remembrance of aught connected with it was drowned in an eternity of oblivion!