

he was dead. Contending feelings kept him motionless—he scarcely breathed. He saw the young man tenderly raise the body—he saw him bathe his temples, and he saw too the man revive under his care.

Craighton looked eagerly round—he knew the danger of his position, and gave himself up for lost. A thousand thoughts of his lonely and deserted wife—of his children's fair name blasted—made his mind a chaos for several moments, but he raised himself to his feet. The young man begged him to come into the house with him, and offered to support his steps. At this moment a thought that he might be rescued occurred to Whitley. It was no love for Craighton that gave birth to the idea, but he was impelled by fear to an act of daring. He argued that he might thus save himself from the effect of the revelations, which, judging from his own coward nature, he doubted not would be made by Craighton, should he be secured and questioned.

The revival of Craighton, and the full occupation of young Bradshaw in his work of charity and benevolence, favored his scheme. He therefore, noiselessly approached, his usual cat-like pace rendered yet more stealthy, and seizing the bludgeon which had been cast away by the old farmer, he dealt a murderous blow on the youth's temple. He fell as if a thunderbolt had struck him, and Whitley, hurriedly explaining his design, dragged rather than assisted Craighton from the spot. In a short time they reached the road, and after a quarter of an hour's walk, arrived at the place where they had left their "waggon," a light spring cart made expressly for such excursions. Having entered it, they drove off at full speed, towards Craighton's house, where, it was reasonable to suppose, no one would look for them. The agony and pain, of body as well as mind, the wretched man endured during that dreary ride, it is not possible to tell.

Ere they reached the miserable dwelling of the wretched Craighton, the day had begun to dawn. Nevertheless, the lonely wife had not yet retired. She sat by the decaying embers of the fire, her head buried in her hands, the big tears rolling through her fingers, and sobs bursting from her oppressed and overburthened heart, which seemed as if it would break in the vain effort to suppress its convulsive heavings.

A fine young man was standing opposite her—gazing upon her with stupified wonder, and with an expression of agony upon his features which it would be vain to attempt to describe. It was evident he had not slept, and it was also evident that he had travelled far and fast, for his clothes were stained with mud, and his riding boots were

still armed with spurs, upon which the blood-spots were yet visible, showing that his journey had not been one in the pursuing of which he was disposed to loiter by the way.

"Mother!" he cried, "do not thus give way. I cannot—I will not believe the dreadful tale, which in your delirium you told me. My father cannot be what your fancy has portrayed him. Some fiend has been playing with your credulity, in order to make you miserable."

"Oh! my son!" sobbed the wretched woman. "Would to God, it were indeed as you would fain believe. I would gladly die, could my death disprove the horrid truth so needlessly revealed. Aye! aye! you whom I have loved so dearly—for whom I have nursed such hopes—your name, for your father's sake, is a name of infamy. What grief greater than this, can a mother bear?"

"Mother! you drive me mad. The tale you tell me sounds strangely in my ears—it seems,—it must be—some dream of the imagination. It cannot—shall not—be! Oh! God—to come on such an errand, with such high hopes—and to meet a reception such as this!"

"What errand!—what hopes, my poor child, brought you here? I thought you only came as you always did, to give us pleasure—to gladden my heart with your presence. You cannot gladden it again! What other errand brought you now?"

"Mother! I came to ask my father's approval of my marriage—your blessing for my wife—one who, should she ever be a mother, would resemble you,—who is all your goodness would desire for the son you love."

"Alas! alas! This is misery indeed. I thought the shame would be enough for you to bear. But to have your young hopes rooted out! It is too dreadful. Why, oh heaven! why were you ever born?"

"Mother!" cried the young man, pleadingly.

"Richard!" replied she. "No hope remains, save one!"

"And that!" exclaimed Richard, eagerly, a ray of joy lighting up his features, and kindling in his eyes.

"Is,—that not even for *this* will she forsake you. If she is such as I would seek for you, she will cling only the closer to you for your grief."

"Then I am doomed indeed. If it were only grief she would share and lighten it. But guilt and shame! she shall not wed *them* with me. The poorest outcast, with an honest name, were a fitter mate for her. No—no—there is no hope there—none anywhere!"

He paced the room for some moments, franti-