

at the appointed hour, and disappointed and maddened, I committed the act,—crime, you silly votaries at the shrine of conscience would term it ;—and you are all here to glare at, and estimate the consequences no doubt as is best deserving ;—well, you are heartily welcome. I shall soon pass from among you ; and I feel neither remorse nor fear at the thought of what I have done. I have lived in the wanton commission of every crime ; and my passage to hell will not be unworthy the hopeful promise of my whole existence. Think you, but I will grace the infernal levee with the best of them. Nay, shrink not back in dread, nor turn away so ; I beseech you from me ; dying devil as I am, I can no more ravish or murder. And I — I would not,”—— Here a convulsive spasm arrested the blaspheming levity of the hardened and infidel profligate. The death pang seized him ;—he glared horribly on the body beside him—the intensity of the gaze cracked his eye strings, and the orbs turned inwards ; his teeth gnashed, his fingers clenched themselves round a pistol that lay near him, covered with blood ; and with a start—and a faint shivering yell, his soul loaded with guilt, was hurried to its dreadful retribution.——But why should I dwell on a soul harrowing subject like this ?—I will be brief. A miserable and broken hearted father lived but to bury both his murdered children ; and then, by his own request, was laid beside their remains—beside those of his darling Eliza, the child of his hopes, and the blessing of his fondest expectations ; and whom an act of suicide had emancipated from a suffering state of wild despairing insanity.

Memory glanced like lightning over recollections like these, as I stood in the ruined chamber of desolation ; and despite of my usual philosophical indifference, I began to feel a something of unpleasantness, as the wind whistled mournfully through the crevices of the shattered and ruinstruck tenement. My imagination became heated ; I fancied I heard voices in the room above me ; a noise as of a weight falling on the floor, a groan, and then a rush of many footsteps down the staircase towards the saloon where I was, was too much for my fortitude, —I could bear no more. I rushed out ; and lost all farther recollection until I found myself lying behind a heap of rubbish over which I had fallen outside the outer court, and the moon shining serenely across the surface of the lake, and silvering the landscape around. I turned to leave a place where I had unfortunately been witness to so much ; and the thought of which had been to me productive of many moments of unpleasant retrospective feeling. As I walked slowly away, my eye was accidentally caught by an object in the bosom of a little valley that sloped away with an abrupt descent on one side of the house : It was rather indistinct at a first glance, but when I had steadfastly gazed on it for a few moments I could not be mistaken. A few broken pales that once were part of a black railing, & on which the moonbeams fell with a softened light, pointed out to me the spot where slept a father and his offspring, the victims of murder and suicide. Farther on, and under the forbidding gloom of a large pine tree, was the grave of him, the guilty one who had worked this evil ruin. I almost imagined I saw