

not believe it—he dares not—he knows me—knows I should dog him like his shadow till we met face to face, and I had torn his false heart out of his dastardly breast. I say he dares not do it!” and yelling out a fearful oath, he fell back in a fainting fit.

Let us draw a veil over the remainder of the scene. The death-bed of the wicked is a horrible lesson, stamped indelibly on the memory of all who have witnessed it. Happy are they whose pure hearts need not such fearful training; and far be it from me to dim the brightness of their guileless spirits by acquainting them with its harrowing details.

Shortly after the scene I have described, internal hemorrhage commenced; ere another hour had elapsed the struggle was over, and a crushed and lifeless corpse, watched by hirelings, wept over by none, was all that remained on earth of the man whom society courted while it feared, and bowed to while it despised—the successful libertine, the dreaded duellist, Wilford! I learned some time afterwards that his father had been an English nobleman, his mother an Italian lady of good family. Their marriage had been private, and performed only according to the rites of the Romish Church, although the earl was a Protestant. Availing himself of this omission, on his return to England he pretended to doubt the validity of the contract, and having the proofs in his own possession, contrived to set the marriage aside, and wedded a lady of rank in this country. Lucia Savelli, the victim of his perfidy, remained in Italy, devoting herself to the education of her son, whom she destined for the Romish priesthood. Her plans were, however, frustrated by the information that the earl had died suddenly, leaving a large fortune to the boy, on condition that he never attempted to urge his claim to the title, and finished his education in England. With his subsequent career the reader is sufficiently acquainted. On hearing of her son's melancholy fate, Lucia Savelli, to whom the whole of his fortune was bequeathed, retired to a convent, which she endowed with her wealth.

As Barstone was out of our way from M—— to Heathfield, and as Clara was too much overcome by all she had gone through to bear any further agitation, we determined to proceed at once to my mother's cottage, and despatched Peter Barnett to inform Mr. Vernor of the events of the day and communicate to him Mr. Frampton's resolution to leave him in undisturbed possession of Barstone, for a period sufficiently long to enable him to wind up all his affairs and seek another residence.

The return to Heathfield Cottage I shall not attempt to describe. Clara's tears, smiles, and blushes—Fanny's tender and affectionate solicitude—my mother's delighted, but somewhat fussy, hospitality—and my own sensations, which were an agreeable compound of those of everyone else—each and all were perfect in their respective ways. But the “*creme de la creme*,” the essence of the whole affair, that on which the tongue of the poet and the pen of the romance-writer must