

slightly grazing his arm, was shivered to pieces on the wall. Foiled in his cowardly attempt, and gnashing his teeth in the bitterness of hate and disappointment, he hurled a horse pistol snatched from his belt, at Sir William, while in the act of stooping for a weapon to defend himself, and killed him to the earth. Sure of his prey, with a diabolical laugh of gratified revenge, he again rushed forward, and, snatching his pistol from the ground, was raising it for a second blow, when a stroke from an unseen hand laid him by his victim.

Gentleman John at the moment had fortunately approached to view the success of the day, and seeing the movement of Pierre, immediately rushed after him, and, in the eagerness and blindness of his passion, was able, undiscovered, to frustrate his cowardly purpose. Securing Pierre, who had only been stunned by the blow, he raised Sir William, and seeing he was yet alive, carried him to the open air, which almost instantly restored him to consciousness. Leaving him in the hands of his companions, he openly espoused, as we have said, the side of his Captain. After the struggle was over, he had again returned to Sir William, and found, on examining his wounds, that, though a large gash had been made by the pistol, extending from the temple transversely behind the ear, there was no imminent danger to be apprehended.

There is one more scene we would gladly omit attempting to describe. For some time Colonel M., after his fatal wound, had lain in a kind of stupor, without apparent signs of life. Captain George, supporting his head, had ordered his wound to be examined, and, if possible, the blood to be stopped. With great difficulty this had been accomplished, and, in attempting to lift him up, with the intention of removing him into the cottage, his eyes languidly opened, as, with a deep groan, he called on them to forbear.

"Is Captain George here?" faintly muttered the Colonel.

"Here I am," said the person addressed, as he still supported his head.

"Thank you! This is indeed kind—more, much more than I deserved. Order Sir William and Pierre to be calked. I have much to say, and I feel here (attempting to lay his hand on his breast,) that it is all over with me! I have much, (continued Colonel M., addressing Captain George,) for which to ask your forgiveness. From the first I attempted to deceive you, and this is my reward. I deceived you on entering the band, and, during the whole of the time you endeavoured to restrain us from blood, I secretly worked against you, when I could not with success oppose you openly. Nay, let me speak on: do not interrupt me," continued he, as Captain George expressed his readiness to forgive him. "I repaid the man who saved my life with treachery. I attempted to blast his hopes; for last-

ly I knew who you were. I had almost repaid his kindness by murder!"

"From my soul I forgive you!" exclaimed Captain George, moved deeply by the anguish of the miserable man. "Allow us to carry you into the cottage?"

"Never!" exclaimed the dying wretch, as if stung by a viper. "THERE has been the scene of much of my guilt; it is misery enough to die in sight of it! There I have destroyed virtue, and left the miserable victim of my passion to perish. I have sworn and lied in my heart. I have despised the prayers and entreaties of those I had ruined—laughed at the anguish I had caused—mocked the purity I had trampled upon! Lord God, have mercy upon me! My punishment is greater than I can bear! It is false! it is false! I swear I did not murder her! Off—off!" exclaimed he, struggling in a paroxysm of agony, as if to free himself from something grappling with him. "Ask Pierre; 'twas he that did it! I swear by all——" and the tortured man sunk back exhausted, and apparently lifeless.

The spectators, horror-struck at the fearful exhibition of remorse, stood gazing in breathless terror at the body, while even the most hardened of his creatures felt the blood curdle around his heart.

In a few minutes he again revived, and gazed fearfully around him, as if awaking from some horrid dream.

"Where am I?" asked he—the first words he uttered—a convulsive shudder passing over his whole frame.

Captain George attempted to soothe him, and he apparently listened until awakening consciousness brought back the fearful reality.

"I thought it was a terrible dream!" muttered he, and as he observed Sir William, he added: "Let this be an answer to what I would say. Thank God, that at least I was not able to accomplish all my designs against you. My crimes have been greater against you than you imagine. I dare not hope for your forgiveness, did you know all. And yet I would confess all, but I am faint and feel myself unable."

Sir William forgot his injuries at the sight of so dreadful a punishment, and kneeling down beside him, freely accorded him his forgiveness, and endeavoured to calm him by offering him his thanks for the many services he had done him.

"Speak not of thanks!" cried the Colonel. "They were my greatest crimes! Righteous God! I feel thy hand has taken hold of me. But how is this?" said he, after a moment of silent agony, as he noticed the blood unwashed from Sir William's face. "By the Almighty! he dare not!" muttered the Colonel.

At the moment Pierre, who had at first refused to