

trembling frame attempted to unveil the countenance of his victim. Gently he drew back the cloak that concealed his face; the body rolled with a heavy crash to the ground, and disclosed the glazed eyes, and convulsed stiffened features of—his father!—of that father for whose sake he had thus plunged himself deep in guilt, and whom he had murdered as he returned from the fort with a promise of assistance from the governor. He gazed at the corpse as though he had gazed his whole soul away at the sight; he burst out into a hellish shout of triumphant laughter, and the fire of the deepest the deadliest madness flashed across his brain. He then raised the body from the ground and with a bitter shriek the sound of which is described as having been like nothing earthly, rushed with it into the room of his grandmother. A dim rushlight was burning in the chimney corner as he entered, and the tattered fringe was drawn close round the bed. He approached—he drew aside the curtains, and roused the trembling woman by the wild phrenzy of his triumph. She started at the noise, and the first object that presented themselves, were the blood-stained figured of her son, gazing at her with eyes fixed in the livid ghastliness of death, and the fearful aspect of her grandchild, gnashing his teeth with phrenzy, blaspheming with the most awful imprecations, and shouting with the unearthly yellings of a demon. She could see—she could feel no more—death seized her at the instant: she cast but one look of kindness, as if imploring a blessing on her murderer, and then closed her eyes in the eternal slumber of the grave.

In the mean time the shrieks of the unhappy parricide drew the attention of some guards belonging to the fort, and who happened to be passing at the moment. They rushed forward to investigate the cause, and beheld a sight of never to be forgotten horror. The dead body of the old lady was reposing on the bed, where she had but just now expired, and the maniac had placed the corpse of his father in his arms, and was weeping and laughing over it, like an infant, as he unconsciously twined his fingers through the dark grizzly locks stiffened with clotted gore, and passed his hand across the pallid features that struck to his heart with the icy chillness of death. With some difficulty the guards were able to secure him, stratagem at length prevailed, and he was removed on board the convict ship that was stationed off the coast opposite Fort Cumberland. The bodies of the mother and her son were quietly committed to the grave, and the circumstances of the dreadful transaction remembered but as a dream that once was.

Time rolled on, and as the hour of his trial approached, the spirits of the poor maniac seemed likely to settle into a calm melancholy. The heavy clogs that had hitherto been attached to his feet, were now, therefore, removed, and he was permitted to occupy the cabin that looked upon the sea shore. Here he would sit for hours watching the vessels as they passed to and fro, and weeping at the remembrance of former days. At a distance was the gibbet, the scene at once of his guilt, and its probable punishment. A shudder of horror passed over his countenance whenever he beheld it, and the wildness of insanity again took possession of his soul. But when the fit was passed, tears would sometimes come to his relief, and he