

blessed a father's heart. It was the melancholy legacy of the woman he loved; and never did a parent doat with more affection on an earthly hope. This little infant, all purity and innocence, was destined to be the victim of his madness. One morning his friend entered his apartment, and what was his horror at beholding the child stretched on the floor and the father standing over it, his hands reeking with the blood of his babe. "God of heaven!" exclaimed his friend, "what is here?" Mackay approached and calmly welcomed him, bidding him behold what he had done. His friend beat his bosom, and sunk on a chair covering his face with his hands. "Why do you grieve?" asked the maniac; "why are you unhappy? I was the father of that breathless corpse, and I do not weep; I am even joyful when I gaze on it.—Listen, my friend, listen; I know I was predestined to murder, and who was so fit to be my victim as that little innocent to whom I gave life, and from whom I have taken it? He had no crime to answer for;—besides, how could I leave him in a cold world, which would mock him with my name?" Even before the commission of the crime, he had sent to a magistrate, whose officers shortly entered and apprehended him. He coolly surrendered himself, and betrayed no emotion; but he took from his bosom a miniature of his wife, dipped it in the blood of his babe, and, without a sigh or tear, departed. It was this circumstance that made many loathe him, and created against him a sentiment of general abhorrence; but when he afterwards, in prison, declared to his friend the storm of passions, to which that horrid calm succeeded—that he had torn his hair until the blood trickled down his forehead, while his brain seemed bursting his skull, his friend was satisfied and still loved him. In the prison he was with him; though all others deserted him, he pitied and wept. Still, even to the last, he believed he had fulfilled his duty in the death of his child; and often, when he described the scene, and told how the infant smiled on its father at the moment he was prepared to kill it, lisping his name as the weapon was at his throat, he would start with horror at his own tale, and curse the destiny which had decreed it, but always spoke of it as a necessary deed. The time appointed for his trial approached; he contemplated it without dread, and talked of the fate that awaited him—without a shudder. But his friend had exerted himself to procure such testimony of the state of his mind, previous to his committing the dreadful act, as to leave little doubt of the result; yet he feared to awaken hopes in the unhappy prisoner, which might be destroyed, and had never mentioned it to him. The morning of the trial arrived; he was