

mit. He brushed away the snow, and with his "crow-bar" forced up some of the stones, at that end of the bridge nearest the way he had come. He next carefully lowered himself from the top to the ledge of rock, about five or six feet below, upon which the wall supporting the end of the bridge, was built. This ledge projected sufficiently to give ample room for movement; so that by standing here, he could with much greater facility operate upon the wall: for that such was his intention was quite apparent from his movements. The work was evidently much more difficult than he had anticipated, for after very severe labour, he had but succeeded in removing a few stones from the upper portion of the wall on one side of the bridge. He tried to raise the heavy plank from its position so that by a sudden push he could, when he wished, precipitate the structure into the channel below. He so far succeeded, ultimately, as to feel by severe effort he could give the plank a swaying motion. So great and continuous had been his exertion, that he had not felt the keen, biting, snow laden blasts, which swept through the chasm. The severe muscular strain had almost exhausted his strength; he took off his heavy cloth cap to wipe away the sweat which poured from his head, and leaned against the wall to rest. A feeling of faintness came over him, a dizziness in the head, accompanied by torpor in his right side. He managed, as this feeling stole over him, to crouch into a sitting posture, leaned his head back into a cavity of the wall or rock, and lost consciousness of all around. He was stricken, smitten, by an unseen hand, with hemiplegia, paralysis of the right side! The snow flakes came broader and faster, swiftly, silently, and continuously they fell; and very soon the senseless form was covered thick with the driving shower; shrouded with a treacherous mantle; *an emblem of purity covering an embodiment of vile passions!*

Time passed, and at length there was a movement of the left arm; the lips moved, opened, and the snow, which had gathered about the closed mouth, fell inward, moistening and cooling the dry lips and mouth, and thus assisting to revive

the inanimate man. His eyes opened, a languid groan followed, and the now conscious, but still helpless man looked upward. A sense of his imminent peril of condition, position and circumstances, rushed before his mind: completely helpless! crouched upon the ledge of a precipice! and in imminent danger of freezing from exposure to the storm. These were the stern, startling facts, which stared him in the face; but these were not all. Why had he come there? What was his purpose in travelling over miles of moor? His conscience was sufficiently instructed to answer these questions to his own bitter condemnation. The certainty that alive or dead, detection of his villany must ensue; and if living, the shame and mortification consequent upon an exposure of his cowardly, revengeful design;—these dread circumstances, standing in fearful array, at once, and with vivid distinctness overwhelmed him with mental anguish; and he groaned aloud. He almost wished himself lying a stiffened corpse among the rocks below; but he feared to die! He thought of his past life, of his wife and family, of what people would say about him, and what they might do. How quick and perfect in its action was his memory? Almost all his actions and motives had assumed new forms, new dress, new colours. Hideous mockery! dark, repulsive, unbearable. A shudder of indescribable, unutterable, horror, woe and despair, rushed upon him; took possession of his mind; he attempted to pray; but could think of no form, but the "Pater noster" of his infancy, which he was endeavouring to recall, as he remembered he had said it, when a child, kneeling beside his mother. He had repeated "which art in heaven," and involuntarily he looked upward; the falling snow, the cloudy sky, the dark line of plank fringed with snow wreaths met his gaze; will he listen to my prayer was the thought, the question, which arrested his utterance; thus engaged, a moving object upon the plank arrested his attention; it was coming towards him; with feeble utterance he cried, "help." The answer to his call was a sharp, short bark. The dog, for such the object was, stopped, looked down, and snuffed at him.