ROMER'S CLIFF.

THE STORY OF JANET CLYMER

That truth is far stranger than fiction, that life makes for us such tragedies as never were written from any poor human imagination, and that one weak woman can endure a terror which might drive strong men crazy, I am a living witness.

You have asked me, my dear Laura, to tell you what there has been in my past life to cast such a shade of seriousness over my face. You flatter me by saying that I am very handsome; in truth, I used to think I had beauty; but of late years, very little of such thoughts have troubled me. Having become my friend within the past two years, of incognito for amusement, and had the sea, and fore I came hither with my husband and babes to make a new home. You see me his arrival, and still he stayed; and, if I as I am now, and you truly say that I read aright the meaning of the looks that Nature fairly beckens us to her. Let's have no present cause for anything but he gave me, and the songs that he sung happiness. A husband than whom none me, I was the cause of his delay.

I followed him into the hall, and there could be more devoted or kind; two sweet, sunny-faced children, to make glad this delightful home; the affection and admiration of many new and good friends; indeed, Laura, you say truly that I have every reason to be content with my lot. But still, you say, there is a shadow often on my face; and some-times you think you have seen in it a look of wild, woeful terror, strangely out of place with such surroundings, the meaning of which you cannot imagine. And you think it is a shadow of something in the past which is thus projected over my

You are right. I live in the midst of love, and light, and pleasure, and am quite as happy as it is often given to mortals to be; yet often in my waking as well as my sleeping hours, I seem to see a face and hear a voice which drive the flush from my cheek with the dreadful recollections they suggest; and more than once in the midst of gayety, and laughter, and music, I have bitten my lips till they bled within, to keep back the shrick that rose and sought utter

will tell you why this is. Listen. I am, since my marriage, Janet Clymer; before that, I was Janet Merton, and dwelt at Monteith, a small town so far from this that you can hardly have heard of it. My parents died in my infancy, and I had been adopted by my aunt, my mother's sister, from whom was named. She had never married, and was very wealthy, while my poor mother had always lived just a step above pov-

My aunt Janet's story was quite romantic; but it will suffice to say that at the age of 18 she was engaged to a rich man, who, dying suddenly, only a week before the day fixed for the wedding, left her by his will his elegant house, his lands, and, in fact, all his great property. She at once took possession of the man-sion, and, true to his memory, lived there with her servants alone, until her adop-

tion of me.

If Aunt Janet had been neglectful t my mother, as I have heard it said, she seemed determined to go to the other extreme with me. From a mere child, up to the age of nineteen, I was petted and made much of; and I think it is owing to some natural good that is in me that I was not completely spoiled. I loved my aunt very dearly; but with all others I was wayward and capricious. I was accomplished beyond any of the girls of the neighborhood, and was hated by many of them for it, and for-yes. by many of them for it, and for—yes, Laura, I can say it to you—for my heauty. Nay, you need not tell me that it lasts still; I only speak now of myself as I was then, when my proud girlish heart courted admiration, and my glass, often consulted, told me that I beautiful. I had a round face, not over full, with bold, saucy features, cheeks glowing with the hue of health, eyes a deep, laughing blue, and hair as richly golden as if the precious dust had been powdered over it. I played, I sang, I talked French and painted, and excelled in all these accomplishments; and my kind old aunt told me one day with gratified pride that I entertained my company with beautiful grace and capti But better than all this, I loved long walks out in the country, or through the wild scenery around Romer's Cliff, or gallops over the smooth roads on Aunt

better for you in the end to enjoy them yet a while."

In a while, "and a while a while a plainly yet a while."

In a continuous and so one after the continuous and a second the right about, and kept myself heart-free.

There was one of them, however, who for a long time gave me no chance to so that hard little word of two years and the was faight heart-free.

There was one of them, however, who for a long time gave me no chance to so that hard little word of two grand who was found that hard little word of two grand who was found that hard little word of two grand who was faight heart-free.

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There was a lably Scanleau", a tall, strong fast and the second that he should be such as a second to the long of the second that he should be such as a second to the second that the laster against my inclinations, in keeping at lably the proud of. But I wasked to a child, who could not be trusted out of sight of my home. Mr. Second the second that the laster against my inclinations, in keeping and the second that the laster against my inclinations, in keeping and the second that the laster against my inclinations, in keeping we represent the second that the laster against my inclinations, in keeping are to the was faithfulful in has gentleness when with a second that the second that the laster against my inclinations, in keeping are to the second that the laster against my inclinations, in keeping are to the second the second that the laster against my inclinations, in keeping are to the second that the second that the laster against my inclinations, in keeping are to the second the second that the laster against my inclinations, in keeping and the second that t

ing, to shoot before schoolroom. He's all his movements were nervous.

dropped all that now."
"Well, he's hunting yet, ain't he?" "Yes; he's found better game." And the two went beyond hearing,

with a laugh. Riding home by myself, I first became angry at poor Ralph Sanders for giving any occasion to make such remarks; and then I gave him a little pity for the sincerity of his love, which, I saw, must soon be brought to grief. But my thoughts did not linger long with him; they speedily turned to Sidney Bartol, the stranger who had set the town on the stranger who had set the stranger who had set the stranger who had set the town on the stranger who had set the town on the stranger who had set the stranger w the tiptoe of excitement for the past month, and with whom I had ridden, walked, and chatted several times. He was tall, dark of hair and eyes, and disstopped here for a temporary rest. The

me, I was the cause of his delay.

But him, too, I had put away from my thoughts; I had once or twice half whispered to myself that I could not love such a dark, mysterious being as he seemed; and then I would stifle all thought on the subject with the convenient reflection: "Pshaw! they're all the same to me in the result of the r same to me. I'll marry none of them; I'm well content to be my Aunt Janet's half a mile; and then we struck off by a

girl for some long years yet."

I saw through the shutters that the the door my maid, who told me that Mr. this path at last terminated at the foot o Sanders was waiting for me. I entered Romer's Cliff, which we saw lifting its the parlor without removing my hat or shawl, half vexed at his presence there after what I had heard that evening. He rocky breast as with a gilding of fire.

to—"I beg pardon," he repeated, "for my unseasonable call; but I don't mean to stay To-morrow is a school holiday, and I do so much want you to come and take a walk with me about Romer's Chiff. It is so pleasant there at this time of the

"To-morrow-Romer's Cliff!" I ex-I had a right to be surprised; because now, as I stood there with the knob of the

request of me, almost in the same lancan we know? 'that I cannot go with you. I have another engagement."

He looked grave and very disappointed. ointed.
"I had hoped, Janet," he said, "that
my company was agreeable to you; but
lately I have almost come to think that it influences you."

I took umbrage instantly at his words.

"You pester me," I said, pretending

"You pester me," I said, pretending to be a good deal more offended by his words and tone than I really was. "You talk as though you had some claim upon me, and as though I were bound to pretalk as though you had some claim upon me, and as though I were bound to pre-fer you to my other friends. You know better, Mr. Sanders." He came still nearer.

"Have you never felt that you preferred me to the others?" he asked. And then I rebelled against this question, and spoke out passionately, like a

"I won't be catechized in this way ! I cried. "You needn't ask me any such questions, for I'll never answer

or gallops over the smooth roads on Aunt Janet's spirited horses.

I have mentioned Romer's Cliff. It was a wild place, with a story known to all the neighborhood. I will speak of it anon.

Of course I had my lovers. At one time I think about all the young men in time I think about all the young men in time I think about all the young men in time I think about all the young men in time I think about all the young men in time I think about all the young men in time I think about all the young men in time I think about all the young men in time I think about all the young men in time I think about all the young men in time I think about all the young men in time I think about all the young men in the town were rivaling each other you are; I more than suspected it. I you are; I more than suspected it. I you are; I more than suspected it. Not a tree, hardly a bush, found such

'Quite ready, I see, Miss Merton," he said, as he took my hand.

I started and shuddered; his own was

owing, I think, to an ugly dream that broke my rest last night. Did you ever dream of falling a thousand feet into the sea, and then sinking, sinking, sinking stopped here for a temporary rest. The days and weeks had slipped away since to think of to-day. It's as lovely an Oc-

met Aunt Janet. Mr. Bartol bowed and spoke to her; and she cautioned him to take good care of me, and bring me We passed between well-kept hedges for footpath across the meadows. Leading I saw through the shutters that the through some variety of hill and hollow front parlor was lighted; and I met at in the course of a mile from the highway,

was standing by the piano, hat in hand, humming the first bars of a waltz that I the road, I had heard a sound like that had been playing; and he came directly forward when he saw me.

"I beg pardon, Janet"—he would call attention of my companion to the fact, me by my Christian name, and he was and he did not observe it. I looked back the only one of my admirers who dared to—"I beg pardon," he repeated, "for my unseasonable call; but I don't mean to stay To-morrow is a school holiday, us. I knew him at once for Ralph Sanders. And when we had crossed the first broad meadow, and as Mr. Bartol's hand assisted me over the stile, I looked back, and saw him following us very slowly, at a distance, with his gun over

his shoulder. We continued our walk. I said nothing of what I had seen; but I remem-

where he now stood, and made that same equest of me, almost in the same language.

"A singular coincidence," I thought. Was it not something more? How an we know?

"I am sorry, Mr. Sanders," I replied, that I convert to will now. I accused him in my mind of hypocrisy and deceit in pretending to think that this man at my side is dahgerous to me. Nobody had said it, nobody had thought it, save the one who had taken it upon himself to follow me, like a dog, after I had declined his company. I was sure that a miserable spirit of jealousy, and nothing else, was at the bottom of his conduct; and I resolved upon the instant that I would have nothing more is not. You always refuse me when I to do with him. With this resolve I ask you to ride or walk. I wish I could think that it is no dislike of myself that influences you." withdrew my thoughts from Ralph Sanders, and gave them to my companion. Sidney Bartol was usually animated, though always serious of face; but to-

"You have no right to imagine my motives," I said, warmly. "It should be enough for you to know that I cannot tive; his hand was always offered in time accept this invitation, and that reason is a sufficient one." "You might have known that I would have asked you to-day," he said, half-re-proachfully. "You know I come here every holiday."

way. There was one pince, I remember, where a great tree had fallen right across the path; and when he had helped me upon it, my foot slipped on the wet, mossy trunk, and I should have fallen, had he not caught me. He did more ; he

I have not yet recovered from the effects of that hideous dream."

I looked askance at him; his eye

caught mine, and they seemed to burn with the intensity of the look he gave me. I shuddered again, and from that moment I avoided his gaze. I could not mistake it; it was the fire of deep, de-termined passion that gleamed in his eyes, and its intensity startled me. Yet he said nothing to make me tremble ; it was only that look, that touch.

time I think about all the young men in the town were rivaling each other to gain my affections; but I was too fastidious to take up with any of them, and not a few had a decided no from my lips. So it was that I easily gained the lips. So it was that I easily gained the lips. So it was that I easily gained the lips. So it was that I easily gained the lips. So it was that I easily gained the lips. So it was that I easily gained the lips. So it was that I easily gained the lips. So it was that I easily gained the lips. So it was that I easily gained the lips. So it was that I easily gained the lips. So it was that I easily gained the lips. So it was that I easily gained the lips. So it was that I easily gained the lips. So it was that I easily gained the lips. So it was that I easily gained the lips. I think, name of a coquette; unjustly, I think, twice; and I can't tell exactly what I fear from him on your account; but I tell you, Janet, he is a dangerous man for you. But you do not believe me. Well, I shall pray to God for your safety, and I shall watch over you, as far as I to give it a pyramidal appearance; and its reared itself almost in a perpendicular two hundred and seventy feet above us. Not a tree, hardly a bush, found sustenance on that granite that you hundred and seventy feet above us. Not a tree, hardly a bush, found sustenance on that granite that two hundred and seventy feet above us. Not a tree, hardly a bush found in the stunted pines that lips in the stunted pines that lips in the stunted pines that it wo hundred and seventy feet above us. Not a tree, hardly a bush found in the stunted pines that lips in the stunted pines that it wo hundred and seventy feet above us. Not a tree, hardly a bush found in the stunted pines that it wo hundred and seventy feet above us. Not a tree, hardly a bush found in the stunted pines that it wo hundred and seventy feet above us. Not a tree, hardly a bush found in the stunted pines that it wo hundred and seventy in two hundred and seventy feet above have had a f "I don't think you'll take a common one, any time; but don't be in haste to leave your auntie, even for the best kind of a husband. You're having pretty good times here, child; it'll be better for you in the end to enjoy them yet a while."

I thought so, too; and so one after I thought so, too; and so one after thinking in the same instant that I can. quarter of a mile to the rear of the chif.

The place had its story. In olden times there was a straggling village about where Monteith is now situated; and among its youth was Isaac Romer, a bold, daring hunter. The village was surprised one night by the unexpected irruption of a large band of outlaws, its dwellings given up to the torch, and its people, men, women and children, to

all his movements were nervous. He smiled that melancholy smile that was habitual to him, disclosing the even white teeth under his lips; and he inclined his head with a quick motion that shook the curling locks on his broad brow.

At Naples they use a frame like ours at part, though the executioner's part, though the King had given them, by act of Parliament, to use martial law. At Venice, in the same year, he writes:

At Naples they use a frame like ours at part, though the King had given them, by act of Parliament, to use martial law. At Venice, in the same year, he writes:

And this, dear Laura, is my sto: v, excepting that he whom I have called his head with a quick motion that against him. Talking incessantly to endown the same year, he writes:

At Naples they use a frame like ours at part, though the King had given them, by act of Parliament, to use martial law. At Venice, in the same year, he writes:

And this, dear Laura, is my sto: v, excepting that he whom I have called him the same year, he writes:

At Venice, in the same year, he writes:

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And this, dear Laura, is my sto: v, excepting that he whom I have called him the deep cunning of insanity he had succeeded in hiding his real condition of mind until the moment when I sat with him under Romer's Cliff.

At Venice, in the same year, he writes:

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At Venice, in the same year, he writes:

And this, dear Laura, is my sto: v, excepting that he whom I have called him him under Romer's Cliff. resting-place, a great rock, fifty feet of these sweet children. above the one where we had been sit-

We paused here for breath, and lean ing faintly and wearily against it, I looked down, and saw the figure of a man, with a gun over his shoulder, disappearing around the face of the cliff.
My heart throbbed; and at that instant I wished that I had accepted the school-master's invitation. I glanced at the man beside me; he was looking straight pwards, and had seen nothing below.

upwards, and had seen nothing below.

"Come!" he said.

His hand griped mine again; his eyes blazed with a wild, unearthly light; and, dragged unwillingly after him, I ascend-dragged unwillingly after him, I ascend-they are only shadows—thank heaven, and bruised against the rocks that lined the way, my breath was failined the way. The course of Sir H. Vane my hand from his grasp, and turned to fly; but my strength was all gone, and I ank helplessly on the path. He turned fiercely upon me.

"No more-no more, Mr. Bartol, I beseech you!" was my pitiful ery. Please let me go home ; don't urge me any further." "Not a step backward!" he shouted.

"Up—up, till we reach the highest sum-mit—no faltering, no hesitating." I made no answer. His face was terrible in its wildness to look upon; his eyes shone with frenzy, and the exercise had brought a vivid flush to his dark face. I hid mine that I might not see

He stamped his foot impatiently. The next instant he seized me boldly. and swung me to his shoulder, and ran upward like an antelope along the path.
As he held me in his arms, my head overhung a frightful precipice, while his feet trod close on the borders of it. The terror was too much for me—I fainted outright.

A cool breeze blew over my face, and brought me to life again. I was lying on the grass; Bartol stood with folded arms two days beside me, gazing out upon the prospect. parlor door in my hand, looking into this man's face, I remembered that on the previous night, at this very hour, that other man, Sidney Bartol, stood just where he now stood, and made that same where he now stood have a single glance where he now stood in the prospect. I started to my feet, and a single glance showed me that we stood on the spex of your safety, and I shall watch over you myself, so far as I can."

And now, it would seem, he had begun have been enraptured with the glorious have been enraptured with the glorious had not a single glance and the now stood on the spex of your safety, and I shall watch over you myself, so far as I can." beauty of the spectacle that burst upon my sight. Touched with the gorgeous coloring of October, the country below spread out before us, its diversity of field, woods, and farm stretching away

which to reflect upon the horrors of my ituation, I think I should have died with the thought; but he gave me no

time.
"What more fitting place for a bridal, my beloved?" he exclaimed, laughing gleefully. "You did not know, sweet-heart, why we came here; it was that we might be wedded here, and united be youd the chance of separation. Don't you remember, sweetheart, the pretty story you told me of the lovers who were united here, long ago? So will we be joined, and the world at our feet shall witness our eternal betrothal. Come, sweetheart; I have chosen you; come!"

I cast myself down at his feet, praying, imploring him to spare me. I might as well have prayed to the rocks around me. Again he caught me in his arms and strode straight toward the edge of the cliff. A word of prayer was upon my lips; I was about to close my eyes for-ever upon the beautiful world I loved so well; I thought once of dear Aunt Janet,

and murmured, "God have mercy!" My head hung forward upon his preast; the prospect was inverted to my eyes. Four steps more would launch us both into eternity. At the instant, a light puff of smoke floated out of the bushes far below the foot of the cliff—so far that I could plainly see it over the edge. Bartol took one step more, staggered, brought his hand to his heart with a groan, and dropped me to the ground. A dreadful imprecation followed; he stumbled over me; I looked up, and

found myself alone!
Some horrible fascination urged me look over the edge of the cliff. On my hands and knees I crept thither, and grasping the bushes with tenscious fingers, gazed into the fearful void below. Far, far down, on the edge of the rocks, lay all that remained of the manise; and I saw approaching it the tiny figure of a man with something carried across his shoulder. I drew back upon the edge; the revulsion overcame me; all was dark again. look over the edge of the cliff. On my e ; all was dark again.

courage me, and pulling me up as he kalph Saunders was really Ralph Clytalked, he forced me along to the first mer, now my dear husband, the father had always liked im, and after this adventure she said that she thought I intimated that she should not object to a speedy marriage with him. We lived with her until she died, some five years after, and she, kind old soul, left me all

her property.

I am happy, Laura; I have been happy ever since the day that gave me to Ralph Clymer. But you will not wonder, after what I have told you, that hideous visions often disturb my sleep

Sanson very justly observes voluminous memoirs that it would be a very difficult matter to put into a cadre methodique a history of death punishments. Still more so would it be to do so within the limits of a newspaper article. All, therefore, that we propos to do is briefly to glance at those modes which have been and are most in vogue. The early modes of execution were barbarous in the extreme. Among them crucifixion and impalement were the most common. Crucifixion prevailed among most Eastern nations. The Romans reserved it for a low class of criminals, and it was inflicted by the Jews only under Roman rule. Crosses were not usually high, but the convicts feet were within easy reach from the ground. The Roman cross had a pin projecting from the middle to support body and keep the hands from tear-The method adopted in cruciing out. fixion was for four soldiers to draw the convict up with ropes and set him on the projecting peg in the center. The arms and feet were then bound and nails driven through them. Sometimes the

Impalement was the splitting of the body on a pointed stake. This mode lingered in Turkey until recent times. The Turks, however, had a variety of modes of punishment. "Braying them in a vast morter used only for that purpose," was the mode of death specially reserved for muftis. Death by the infliction of the knout

(now happily abolished) is thus described .

scribed:

"This is a kind of whip, consisting of a thong for miles, until it lost itself in the horizon I looked, and wondered, and on wondered, and on the horizon I looked, and wondered, and on the horizon thought the voice of Bartol quickly brought me back to the full horror of my situation.

"Look how glorious it is!" he cried, seizing my arm with one hand, and was some steps forward, while the seizing my arm with one hand, and was some steps forward, while the house there with the full sweep of his arm. "How glorious—how beautiful—how mighty! Look—look!"

The gleam of his eye was not now casual and at intervals; it was habitual. He quiverest in every muscle with excitoment; his hand gripped my hand so doesn't make from all parts, the sufferer become green and blue. "When,' says the Marcuity was in his face. The appalling truth was before me; the man was a maniac!

"Another most fearful Russian punish-" the man was a maniac!

"Another most fearful Russian punish-" the man was a maniac!

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"This is a kind of whip, consisting of a thong about 5 p. The test long and an inch broad, tags the two as word, handle some two the two its of his hand, and tear the burning of his hand, and tear

shot his lord. He was condemned to six thousand strokes of rods. Six thousand men were ranged in parallel lines, armed with small sticks of green wood. The condemned was conducted in a cart escorted by some men to the place of punishment. His hands were fastened tightly to the mouths of two muskets crossed to the heights of the bayonets with which they were armed. In this situation the hands rested on the barrel, tightly to the mouths of two muskets crossed to the heights of the bayonets and the points of the bayonets upon the breast of the criminal. Attended by two sub-officers, he passed slowly, with offi-cers holding the bayonets on either side, down the line, each soldier deliberately striking him as he passed. An eye

witness says:
"The execution was suspended at stroke 2,619, when the man was taken to hospital. Seven months later he was brought out to have it finished, but died at the commencement of

ecution lately performed by the com-mandment of the Emperor's Majesty upon the persons of some chief statesmen and others in Prague, 11 June, 1621.

and others in Prague, 11 June, 1621."

"Nearly all the condemned were men of high degree. First of all came the Earl of Schlick; 'he stretched forth his nack, holding up his head, which the executioner struck off with great dexterity and nimbleness.' An unfortunate Dr. Jessenius underwent an unexceptionally dreadful punishment. 'Coming to the scaffold last of all, the executioner took him presently and tied his hands upon his back, and then, sitting down upon his knees, a black cloth being laid open under him, he still calling upon the name of God, when the executioner, with a little pair pincers, pulled out his tongue and cut it off with a knife; and thereupon presently after he cut off his head with his sword.' These executions (there were twenty-four) were performed by the areamtioners of Prague with four awork."

tions (there were twenty-four) were performed by the executioneer of Prague with four swords."

Decapitation by the ax flourished especially in the seventh century, and in France was mostly in vogue under Richelieu. But hanging was the punishment for inferior crimes up to the appearance of the guillotine. The most potable of the guillotine. The most notable decapitations in England may be said to have taken place under the Stuarts.

Raleigh behaved with extraordinary coolness and dignity on the scaffold. He asked for the average when there were

and the second

him under Romer's Cliff.

And this, dear Laura, is my story, excepting that he whom I have called Ralph Saunders was really Ralph Clymer, now my dear husband, the father of these sweet children. Aunt Janet had always liked time and after this ad

In February, 1662, he accompanies Dr. Scarborough and some of his friends, after dining at Surgeons' Hall, "to see the body of a lusty fellow, a seaman, that was hanged for robbery. It seems one Dillon, of a great family, was, after much endeavor to have saved him, hanged with a silken halter this sessions, of his own preparing, not for honor only, but it being soft and sleek it do slip close and kills, that is strangles presently whereas, a stiff one do not come so close together, and so the party may live the longer. But all the doctors at table conclude that there is no pain at all in hanging, for that it do stop the circulation o the blood, and so stops all sense and mo-tion in an instant." In January, 1663, Pepys is "up to get a place to see Turner hanged, and got for a shilling to stand upon the wheel of a cart in great

pain above an hour. At last he was flung off the ladder in his cloak." In 1668 there is dreadful disappointment. "Away with Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, toward Tyburn, to see the people executed, but came too late, it being done two men and a woman hanged."

France has upon its records the chron

icle of some exceptionally terrible execu-tions by breaking on the wheel and tear In 1756 there was published in Paris for the Historical Society of France a highly interesting journal of the reign of Louis XV., by M. Barbier, avocat au Parlement de Paris. This gentleman gives a detailed account of one of the most tarrible executive. most terrible executions that ever took place, that of Damiens, in 1757, for attempting the life of that most utterly

Another most fearful Russian punishment which resulted in death, was by rods. In 1841, a fearful example took place, the victim being a serf who had shot his lord. He was condemned to six

At the beginning of the century there yet lingered a barbaric custom of hangand saw a pirate hanging in chains upon a gallows erected by the side of the Thames." An idea was prevalent some years ago that hanging alive in chains was once a recognized legal punishment in England. But this was not so; it was rather an extraordinary torture sanctioned by usage. The last execution by hanging of a nobleman in England was that of Lord Ferrers for the murder of In the Harleian Miscellany there is a curious "true relation of the bloody execution lately performed by the commandment of the Emperor's Majesty upon the persons of some chief statesmen naturally be very inquisitive concerning the religion his lordship professed, and asked him if he chose to say anything upon that subject. To which his lord-ship replied that he did not think himself accountable to the world for his sentiments on religion, but that he had

The was one of them. Journal of the stage of

was very ingenious; he invented an Engin which, by the pulling out of a pin, would fall and so cut off the neck. This device kept them in awe a great while, till at the last this Friar had committed a notall columns in St. Mark's plazza, at the last this Friar had committed a nohad always liked im, and after this adwenture she said that she thought I
heeded somebody to take care of me, and
intimated that she should not object to a
speedy marriage with him. We lived
with her until she died some five years

Itall columns in St. Mark's plazza, at the
sea brink—the executioner striking on
the axe with a beetle, and so the head
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sea brink—the executioner st Pepys evidently delighted in executions. On April 19, 1662, he goes to a draper's corner shop and "did see Barkstead, Okey, and Corbet, drawn toward the gallows at Tiburne; they all looked very cheerful." In the following June, "about 11 o'clock, having a room got ready for us, we all went to the Tower Hill, and there saw Sir Harry Vane brought. The scaffold was so crowded during the messant strument was discovered and support to the property of this instrument was discovered during the messant control of this instrument was discovered during the messant control of this instrument was discovered during the messant control of this instrument was discovered during the messant control of this instrument was discovered during the messant control of the scaffold of this instrument was used at Halifax as early as the time of Edward III. It was an instrument peculiar to that town, and even there restricted to the punishment of felonies committed in the neighboring forest of the property of the prop

and you never feel it," caused great

The superiority of the guillotine over other inventions of its kind was in the peculiar shape of its knife, which has a peculiar shape of its knife, which has a stanting edge instead of a horizonta one, producing a far more effectual cut Mr. Carlyle puts down the victims of the guillotine during the Reign of Terror at four thousand. Some have thought that he understed the case, but the late accomplished Sir John Bowring, writing to Notes and Queries, in 1870, supports this view. Some forty years ago, he says, I had an opportunity of examining the records kept by M. Sanson at his private house, of all the executions by the guillotine which had taken place at Paris during and since the French revolution. There is a proces verbat of each kept in admirable order and duly signed by the officials who assisted at the executions. We were much struck with executions. We were much struck with the current exagerations as to the num-ber of victims, and I have little doubt that Mr. Carlyle is right in asserting that the whole number was under four thou-

Of all those who suffered by the guillotine, the interest centers most in Marie Antoinette. Sanson, the hereditary exe-cutioner before alluded to, writes of her: "On arriving upon the Place de la Revolution, the cart stopped exactly opposite the Grand Alley of the Tuileries. For some minutes the Queen remained buried in profound reverie. She became more deadly pale, and murmured, in a low voice, 'my daughter, my children.' My grandfather and father supported her as she mounted the scaffold. Charles Henry she mounted the scaffold. Charles Henry Sanson said to her, in a subdued tone, 'Courage, madame,' The Quoen turned quickly, as though astonished to meet. with aught like sympathy, and said, 'Thank you, sir; thank you.' Her accent was unchanged, her tone was firm, her steps, as she mounted the scaffold, as majestic as though she was ascerting, in the height of her grandeur, the grand staircase of Versailles, 'Adieu, my

for no less than fifty-four years. During this period 139 criminals had passed through his hands. He was once asked by a visitor whether he thought the separated head continued to live after it had rolled into the basket. He pondered a few minutes, as if to collect his memo-ry, and then related instances which went to support an affirmative answer. Among them he said that on one occasion. a woman's head made a faint effort tospit at him; and he spoke of violent contortions occurring in the muscles of Orsini's face. Similar contractions were observed to occur in Queen Mary's face. after decapitation. But, surely, none of these movements can be regarded in any other light than as of the nature of reflex actions. The stimulus is, no doubt, the sudden loss of blood, which here, as-elsewhere, induces convulsions, and wealtogether repudiate the idea that cons nousness is preserved even for a moment in the decapitated head. The mere blow-must stun, and before recovery occurs the flow of blood from so many large vessels must be sufficient to occasion perfect unconsciousness. M. Heindrick appears to have been a man of some cultivation, or, at least, to have had some interest in his calling, as he attended Velpeau's lectures in order to acquire a knowledge of the exact position of the næud vitat. He also made various improvements in the construction of the instrument with which he operated.

instrument with which he operated.

A remarkable story was told some time tago in the Indian papers, of a case of the Maker of all things; that whatever his notions were he had never propogated them, or endeavored to gain any persons over to his persuasion; that all countries and nations had a form of religion by which the people were governed, and that he looked upon whoever disturbed them in it as an enemy to society; that he very much blamed my Lord Bolingbroke for permitting his sentiments on religion to be published to the world; that the many facts and disputes which happen about religion have almost turned morality out of doors. He could never believe that faith alone could save a man. His own crime, he said, was committed when he was beside himself through vexation. In his apartment with which he operated.

A remarkable story was told some time ago in the Indian papers, of a case of recovery after execution. A soldier who had deserted and taken to brigandage was captured and condemned to death. Being taken to the place of execution a firing party of five performed their painful duty, and the Sergeant commanding the was really a finishing stroke, the body was handed over to the grave-digger; but, as night was approaching, the latter poetpon of the task until morning. The unfortunate man was not dead, and the contrived to drag himself to the wall of the inclosure, against which he placed a ladder which happened to be there, got over, though bleeding all the time, and with his arm broken by bullets, and delivered himself up as prisoner at the nearest goard-house. The Minister of War and justice each claimed him, but it was expected that he would be pardoned. What the result actually was we cannot say.

An attempt was made to recover the A remarkable story was told some time