

10.

But here let me stop.

An effort to describe the subsequent Horrors that crowded on her mind - would be impiety. It would be more than any human Being has a right to attempt.

It was ascertained that her son was the man.

Her only son - was

+ + + !!! To dye on a Gibbet.
Human nature gave way. She sunk - distracted.

Now Pause a little.

and I'll give
you leave - To shed
a Tear -

On

11.

In this moment - When the spirit of this afflicted mother was just taking its flight to those regions where all anxiety is hushed. Her son (after obtaining an honourable Release) arrived at the door of his father's mansion, in high health.

There is no necessity for describing the scene which followed, &c. - Lady Asquith's letter to Major Gordon which I shall record in the next pages will do it ample justice.

"I f."