

his speed into the town, where he told his horrid story and miraculous escape to the night-watch. The night-watch conducted him to the Burgomaster, who was soon aroused from his sleep, and acquainted with all that had happened.

In less than half an hour from the time of his escape from it, the horse-dealer was again at the murderous inn with the magistrate and a strong force of the horror-stricken inhabitants, and the night-watch, who had all run thither in the greatest silence. In the house all seemed as still as death, but as the party went round to the stables, they heard a noise; cautioning the rest to surround the inn and the outhouses, the magistrate with the traveller and some half dozen armed men ran to the stable door—this they opened, and found within the host and his son digging a grave.

The first figure that met the eyes of the murderers was that of the traveller. The effect of this on their guilty souls was too much to be borne: they shrieked, and threw themselves on the ground, and though they were immediately seized by hard griping hands of real flesh and blood, and heard the voices of the magistrate and their friends and neighbours denouncing them as murderers, it was some minutes ere they could believe that the figure of the traveller that stood among them was other than a spirit. It was the hardier villain, the father, who, on hearing the stranger's voice continuing in conversation with the magistrate, first gained sufficient command over himself to raise his face from the earth; he saw the stranger still pale and haggard, but evidently unhurt. The murderer's head spun round confusedly, but at length rising, he said to those who