

plunged deep in thought during their journey through the forest. Sometimes, when she addressed him, he answered her in a tone of coldness which chilled the poor girl's heart. She was both hurt and surprised; the tears started in her eyes; but she did not choose to complain. Her fondness suggested a thousand excuses for him, and her innocence was a stranger to suspicion. Their road now lay through an intricate path in the forest; and when they had reached the most sequestered spot, Zittaw proposed that they should sit upon a bank and eat their breakfast from a basket of provisions which he carried along with him. Mary consented. Their meal was just finished, when this execrable villain turned aside, and, drawing a long knife from his pocket, without saying a word, plunged it into her bosom. Mary gave him one look; it was her last; she sighed deeply, and breathed out her gentle soul without a groan or torture.

She was no sooner dead than Zittaw began to strip her of her jewels. The necklace and the bracelets were easily disengaged; but the trinkets which the poor girl had stuck in her hair (as she had said) fixed so fast in the thick locks and ringlets, that it was no easy task to extricate them.

Whilst coolly employed in his murderous rapine, he was alarmed at the report of a fowling-piece, the sound of which seemed to be near him. Delay was not to hazard both his spoil and his detection; without hesitation, therefore, he severed the head of Mary from the lifeless trunk, and wrapping it up, with the precious contents of the hair, in a thick handkerchief, he struck into another path of the forest, and ran forward with the utmost swiftness.

The blood had penetrated the handkerchief, and the road of the murderer could easily be traced by the drops of human gore which had fallen to the ground. In his alarm Zittaw was not aware of this circumstance. He had not left the spot in which he had committed the murder more than half an hour, when two men, whom he knew to be game-keepers in the forest, and servants of the baron of Darmstadt, jumped from a hedge into the road along which he was flying. He caught a glance of them as he looked backward, and his person was too remarkable not to be recognised; these men had been led by the sound of the fowling-piece, which alarmed Zittaw, into a pursuit of those whom they suspected to be poachers. Great rewards were offered for apprehending such offenders, and the game-keepers of the baron were unusually vigilant. They had no doubt but

Zittaw was the man who had fired the gun; and the handkerchief, moreover, in his hand contained the game he had shot. The track of blood upon the ground, which they supposed proceeded from the animal he had secreted, confirmed their suspicion. They called on him to stop, but Zittaw, aware of his danger, increased his speed. At length, when the game-keepers found that he had gained upon them, and that they were likely to be losers in the contest of swiftness, one of them (having warned Zittaw that he would shoot him if he did not surrender himself) levelled his piece, and discharged it at the fugitive. Zittaw continued running, but was soon obliged to stop; he had received the shot in his leg, and was compelled to give up. The handkerchief, which he held fast, was soon wrested from his gripe: and what was their surprise when they discovered, instead of the game they expected, that its contents were a human head!

It is needless to pursue the narrative of this well authenticated fact and wonderful detection. By the traces of the blood, the game-keepers were conducted to the body of Mary. Zittaw's guilt was too manifest to be disowned; he confessed his crime, and, after a mere formal trial, expiated it upon the wheel.

He died, however, without penitence or remorse. Poor Andrew Risbrough did not survive the fate of Mary many months, and the Golden Fleece suuk with him. It is now only remembered by the unfortunate tale attached to its former tenants.

### A Tale of Irish Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

[Continued.]

Andy was all ready, and followed his master and Dick with great pride, bearing the pistol-case, after them, to the ground, where Murphy and Tom Durfy were ready to receive them; and a great number of spectators were assembled; for the noise of the business had gone abroad, and the ground was in consequence crowded.

Tom Durfy had warned Murrrough Murphy, who had no experience as a pistol-man, that the squire was a capital shot, and that his only chance was to fire as quickly as he could.—“Slap at him. Morty, my boy, the minute you get the word; and, if you don't hit him itself, it will prevent his dwelling on his aim.”

Tom Durfy and Dick the Devil soon settled the preliminaries of the ground