

held him, "Let me see that stranger nearer; let me touch him—only let me touch him!" The poor horse-dealer drew back in horror and disgust.

"You may satisfy him in this," said the magistrate, "he is unarmed and unnerved, and we are here to prevent his doing you harm."

On this, the traveller let the host approach him, and pass his hand over his person, which when he had done, the villain exclaimed, "I am no murderer! who says I am a murderer?"

"That shall we see anon," said the traveller, who led the way to the detached apartment, followed by the magistrate, by the two prisoners, and all the party which had collected in the stable on hearing what passed there.

Both father and son walked with considerable confidence into the room, but when they saw by the lamps, the night-watch and others held over it, that there was a body covered with blood, lying upon the bed, they cried out, "How is this! who is this!" and rushed together to the bed-side. The lights were lowered; their rays fell upon the ghastly face and bleeding throat of a young man. At the sight, the younger of the murderers turned his head, and swooned in silence; but the father, uttering a shriek so loud, so awful, that one of the eternally damned alone might equal its effect, threw himself on the bed and on the gashed and bloody body, and murmuring in his throat, "My son! I have killed mine own son!" also found a temporary relief from the horrors of his situation in insensibility. The next minute, the wretched hostess, who was innocent of all that had passed, and who was, without

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