

He cautiously entered the house, and having ascertained that all was still, he proceeded first to the chamber of his sister. With a stealthy step he entered the apartment. He listened a moment, and her heavy breathing told him that she slept. He approached her bed, turned aside the curtain, and the flickering light from his dark lantern fell across her face. The swollen appearance of her eyes gave evidence that she had been weeping. Her stifled sobs, also, as she slept, indicated that she was not a stranger to sorrow. Involuntarily she pronounced the name of the being who was gazing upon her. Often, although she had not yet attained to the age of womanhood, had she remonstrated with her brother on the evils of his way—and it was no doubt on his account her present slumber was disturbed by unpleasant dreams. Little did she suppose, however, that that brother, on whose account she evinced so much anxiety, was then standing over her, about to separate the mortal from the immortal part.

What brother, gazing upon an only sister, and that sister sweet and lovely, lying with her auburn ringlets scattered in neglect, and having wept herself to sleep in prayer for him, would not have exhibited some sign of emotion?—and yet the demon smile was all that sat upon the countenance of that fiend in human shape, George Lampanas. Calmly and deliberately he applied the stupefying drug. She inhaled the deadly odour, and the powers of sense and motion were lost. The bowie knife was then drawn from its hiding-place, and the jugular veins and carotid arteries were deliberately separated, or cut asunder,—and the spirit of Susan Shaftesbury was insensibly and unceremoniously dismissed from its earthly tenement.

The murderer next proceeded to the room occupied by his parents. The door was cautiously opened, and making sure that they also slept, he entered. The drug was first submitted to be inhaled by his mother, and then the bowie knife again brought into requisition,—the “nice young man” complimenting himself upon his gallantry in giving the lady the preference, and in waiting upon her first.

Having disposed of his “second customer,” as he expressed himself, he next prepared to operate upon him whom he technically termed the “Old Cock of the Walk.” But, unluckily for himself, as he was about to commence operations, a gust from without closed with violence a window shutter of the bed room. The old man was