

JUST PUBLISHED!!!

A TERRIBLE HISTORY OF FRAUD AND CRIME.

THE

TWIN BROTHERS

OF TEXAS,

LIVES, TRIAL, CONFESSION, AND EXECUTION,

AT

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA,

FOR

**THE CRUEL, BUT MISTAKEN MURDER OF
THEIR BEAUTIFUL SISTER,**

EMILY EGANUS.

**WITH FULL CONFESSION OF MANY OTHER AWFUL MURDERS, IN-
CENDIARIES, HIGHWAY ROBBERIES, AND GAR-
BOTING, WHILE CONNECTED WITH
THE LAWLESS BAND OF**

LAND PIRATES IN TEXAS AND KANSAS,

**PUBLISHED BY M. A. MILLIETTE,
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EMILY EGANUS AND HER VICTIMIZER.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by

M. A. MILLIETTE,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE MOUNTAIN—THE TWO HORSEMEN—THE SHOT—THE CAVE—
JOHN A. MURRELL—THE OATH—"THIS COUNTRY SHALL BE AN
EMPIRE!—ITS PEOPLE MY SLAVES"—THE TWIN BROTHERS.

In the north-western part of the state of Alabama, and not far from the city of C——e, there is a high mountain, the sides of which are covered with rocks and small dwarf-like trees. The mountain rises in an almost perpendicular position from the ground; and few if any persons have ventured to climb up the sides. Those who have dared to surmount the many difficulties which lie in their way, speak with delight of the almost endless view of the surrounding scenery which may be had from the top. Far in the distance may be seen the river which gives the state its name; the white steeples and roofs of the city; the cattle grazing in the meadows; the white sails of the many vessels which glide up and down the river, and which add wealth to every place they visit. There may be heard the singing of the birds, the sighing of the wind among the trees, and the low rumbling murmur of the distant waterfall. It is a beautiful place, and if you once reach the peak of the mountain, you leave it with a sigh.

This mountain is known by the name of "Murrell mountain," the reason of which will be seen hereafter.

It was a dark and stormy night in November, year 18—, that two men might have been seen riding slowly along the road that led from the city to the mountain. One of them was a short, thin man, whose features were strongly marked with mildness and benevolence. He was dressed in a suit of black. In a belt around his waist were stuck a pair of pistols and a huge knife, made celebrated by its bearing the name of the gallant Col. James Bowie, of Texas. In the holsters of his saddle were a pair of large horse pistols, the barrels and handles of which were splendidly mounted. Hanging by a strap over his back

was a rifle, the bore of which was scarcely larger than a pin's head. To protect his arms from getting wet he wore a cloak over his shoulders, which almost concealed his features from view. His horse was of that small breed more noted for swift ness than strength. Every movement of this man, even to the lifting of his rein, was done in a studious manner. Few looking at him would have thought that he was one of the greatest villains that ever lived.

His companion was full seven feet in height; his breadth across the shoulders was enormous; his eye was bright and piercing; his hair of a bright chestnut color; his forehead high and noble; his nose Roman. His face had that dark shade which indicates constant exposure to the sun. His clothes, though not very neat were yet clean. The bosom of his shirt was thrown open, exposing the broad bosom which lay beneath it, and which was of the same color as the face. He was armed like his companion, with the exception that his pistols were not ornamented, and his knife was somewhat larger. He also carried a huge axe in his belt.

"Well," said the smaller of the two, "we have not much farther to go."

"Glad to hear it," said the giant; "my clothes are wet through, and the moschetoos bite so that I can't stand it much longer."

"Aye, you say truly," said the other; "this place is noted for its moschetoos, if nothing else. But hush! we are close to the mountain, and the sentinels may fire at us through mistake."

The caution was not unnecessary, for hardly had the word been spoken, when a vivid flash of lightning revealed the figure of a man standing on one of the crags within fifty feet of them.

"A gloomy looking place," said the giant, in a low voice.

The other smiled.

"Little do the inhabitants of yonder city," said he, "dream that I, the terror of the south-west, am so near them. They have spies scattered all over the country to catch me; but it is in vain. 'The Land Pirate,' as they delight to call me, is not to be caught so easily. Fools!" he exclaimed, shaking his clenched fist towards the city, "ye do not know that this country was made to be my empire; its people my slaves. Ere a year shall have passed, ye shall be slain, your houses destroyed; and by whom? The slaves of —"

He paused suddenly, and fixed his dark eyes on the face of his companion, who, with head bent forward, was eagerly listening to what he was saying.

"You are not yet a member of our band," he said.

"But I soon shall be," said the giant.

"True, but our secrets cannot be told to any one but the members."

"Who goes there! who goes there!" shouted the sentinel, as a vivid flash of lightning revealed to him the two men. Without giving them time to reply, he raised his musket to his shoulders and fired. The bullet whistled between the two men without doing any mischief. "Friends!" shouted the smaller of the two; "friends! You are too quick with your gun," he added, in a stern voice. "Lower the ladder."

The sentinel obeyed. Both men sprang from their horses, and after tying them to a tree, they mounted the ladder, the smaller one leading the way. As soon as they reached the top, the sentinel spoke.

"You bring a new man with you, captain."

"Yes. Are the men assembled?"

"Yes."

"All?"

"I believe so."

"Keep a good look out. Come;" and taking hold of his companion's hand he plunged beneath a rock and touched a spring. Part of the rock immediately flew open, revealing a small entrance which had been cut through the solid rock. The captain drew the other into the passage.

"Show a light within there," he said, in a loud, commanding voice.

The glare of several torches flashed along the walls. The captain again moved forward, followed by the other. After walking several rods he stopped.

"Give me your hand," he said. "See you this narrow plank? Keep your eye on it; look neither to the right nor left. A false step and you are lost."

"Why do you not not cover it over?" asked the other.

The captain laughed.

"You do not understand," he said. "When we are apprehensive of an attack from the police, when we are afraid that they have discovered our cave, we merely draw this board to the other side, and they, not knowing it, will fall at least fifty feet before they stop."

His companion shuddered.

"A happy contrivance, is it not?" said the captain. "But come; we have but a short distance to go."

Both men stepped cautiously over the plank. On reaching the other side the captain clapped his hands three times. Scarcely had the echoes died away when an iron door flew open, and they found themselves in a large room, which was brilliantly illuminated by numerous torches stuck in the wall, and by an immense chandelier which hung from the ceiling.

For a moment the captain's companion closed his eyes: the light was too dazzling for him to bear. When he again opened them he started back in astonishment at the scene which met his view.

The cave was filled with men; all of them, with the exception of the captain, wore dark cloaks and masks, which concealed their features from view. There were at least five hundred men in the cave. At the upper end of the cave was a raised platform, with three chairs on it. Two of these chairs were occupied; the middle one was empty. To conceal the bare walls, and to make the place look as comfortable as possible, large curtains hung from the ceiling to the ground. All of the men had their eyes fixed on the platform. For an instant the captain enjoyed the other's astonishment, and then waving his hand, he spoke:

"I have brought a new man to join our league," he said. "Stand on that platform," said he. "Has any man anything to say against this man joining us?"

For an instant the men silently surveyed him through their masks. One of them rose.

"I know nothing against him," he said; and he seated himself.

"If any man has anything to say against him," said the captain, "let him rise and speak."

All remained seated.

"Good," said the captain. "Are you willing to take the oath?"

"Yes," said the other, boldly.

"Kneel," said the captain. The other obeyed.

"Are you willing to be branded?" asked the captain.

For a moment the other hesitated.

"Where?" he asked.

"On the breast."

Without a word he bared his bosom. The captain waved his hand. A red-hot iron was brought him. For an instant he pressed it against the giant's breast, and then flung it into a tub of water which stood behind him.

"Your name?" he asked.

"Charles Demmon," was the reply.

"Read the oath," said the captain.

One of the men rose and read from a paper which was nailed on the table. Without faltering, the other pronounced the words after him.

"Rise," said the captain, extending his hand. "You have known me under the name of Phillips; know me now under my real name—John A. Murrell."

Demmon grasped his hand.

"I knew you from the first," he said.

"Charles Demmon," said Murrell, "you are now a member of our band,—the dreaded banditti of the West. Soon you will know all our signs and pass-words. Do you know why this band is leagued together?"

"I do not."

"To promote the interests of its members; to make this country an empire; to make me its emperor. We count much upon the slaves of the South and South-west. Men of wealth and respectability, and even ministers of the gospel, belong to the band. Our influence is extended all over the States, from Maine to Texas. Our agents are in every place. Our wealth is immense, for we number among our members several of the best forgers and counterfeiters in the country. Your duty is, to do everything in your power to increase our influence. Remember you are ours, body and soul, and you must obey me. You will be surrounded with spies, who, if you attempt to betray us, will strike you dead. If you are in danger, you will only have to make this sign," and the captain made a sign with his finger, "and aid will come to you. If you are arrested, fear not to make the sign to the judge. Woe unto you if you attempt to betray us, for our power is great; our agents are everywhere."

"You shall never have cause to regret my joining you," said Demmon. "Few equal me in strength; in all exercises I am a master."

A few words more passed between them, and then the captain motioned Demmon to seat himself.

"Men," said Murrell, "it is six weeks since our last meeting. What have you done to aid our cause?"

One of them rose.

"Speak," said Murrell.

"I have gained thirty members," he said, with a look of pride.

"Good," said Murrell.

"And I," said another, "have passed all the money you gave me. I sold it all to one man, and he paid me in cash eighty thousand dollars."

"Who is he?" asked Murrell.

"A broker," was the reply; "his name is A——t Z——g."

"Is he rich?" asked Murrell, quickly.

"He is said to be a millionaire."

"Good," said Murrell; "he is in our power. Think you he will join us?"

"He dare not refuse," replied the other.

Murrell drew a book from his pocket, and wrote the broker's name therein.

"I will visit him to-morrow," he said. "What have you done, L——x?"

"Not much," was the reply.

"Have you gained any members?"

"No; but I have got my eye fixed on two persons."

"Who are they?"

"Brothers, twin brothers. They are so like each other that no one can scarcely tell them apart. They formerly resided in Baltimore, but have lately removed to the city near by. They work in a dry goods store."

"Are you acquainted with them?"

"I am."

"Are they honest?"

"They appear to be."

"That is unfortunate."

"It will not stand in the way."

"No; I will visit them to-morrow."

In an hour the meeting broke up. As Demmon entered the city, he exclaimed, "I shall find her yet! I shall find her yet!"

CHAPTER II.

THE DRY GOODS STORE—THE TWIN BROTHERS—THE SISTER—THE BLOW—THE ARREST—THE TRIAL—W. . . . E AGAIN—JOHN A. MURRELL—THE OATH—THE PARDON—THE RING—THE DEPARTURE.

In Weslyn street, near Caroline, stands a large and handsome brick building. The lower part is used as a dry goods store; the upper part, as a dwelling house. The store is fitted up in a superior manner. It is full one hundred feet deep, by twenty-five wide. Two large marble counters run from the front to the back. Behind the counters are numerous shelves, filled with dry goods. Behind one of these counters stands a tall, finely-formed young man, apparently between twenty-five and twenty-six years of age. His pale and intellectual countenance wears an air of sadness. His features are beautiful, and formed in the classic mould. His name is Albert B. Eganus.

At the upper end of the store stands another young man, the exact counterpart of the other. He is dressed in the same manner;—his features wear the same air of sadness. No one can mistake him. His name is Cornelius D. Eganus, the twin brother of Albert.

Seated on a stool, at the upper end of the store, is a tall, portly looking man. His face wears a smiling expression, which

never leaves it. He is dressed in the most fashionable style. His name is W——r; he is the proprietor of the store.

"Business is rather dull, to-day," said Mr. W——r.

"Rather so," said Albert.

At this moment the door opened, and a young lady entered. Her features were very beautiful. Her face wore a winning smile, which added another charm to her features. She was attired in a close fitting silk dress; every movement was graceful; her teeth were pearly white, and her lips of a cherry red. As she entered, Mr. W——r raised his head.

"By heavens!" he muttered to himself, "there she is again, and Oh! beautiful, more beautiful than ever. The fairest flower of Paradise would not equal her. Be still, thou throbbing breast, and let me hear her voice."

"Ellen," said Albert, casting at the same time a glance to W——r, "you here again?"

Ellen blushed deeply.

"I could not help stopping to see you," she said. "A gentleman—a clergyman, I think—stopped at our house this morning."

"What did he want?" asked Albert, quickly, and turning pale.

"To see you," replied Ellen. "He left this note for you;" and she handed him a small, neatly folded note.

"Sir: I wish to see you this evening—say at eight o'clock. I have something of importance to say to you and your brother. Do not go out this evening.

Yours,

JAMES PHILLIPS."

"Phillips! Phillips!" said Albert, musingly, "the name is unknown to me. What does he want with me?"

"I do not know," replied Ellen. "You will not fail him. I think I have seen him before, but where I know not;" and with a pleasant smile she left the store.

Mr. W——r rose from his chair and walked rapidly to and fro. There was a deep flush on his forehead, and his form trembled so that it required a violent exertion on his part to prevent the two clerks from noticing his agitation.

"God help me!" he muttered to himself, "but I have tried in vain to subdue this passion which is now consuming my heart. Would that we had never met! Would that the family had remained in Baltimore! I've her madly, and would make her mine; but my wife! Fool that I was to throw myself away upon her. But what has she to do with this new passion? Does she stand in the way? No! the brothers are poor, and Ellen is

an orphan. I am rich and respected. Money is power. To possess Ellen I would be willing to give one-half of my wealth. Were it not for her brothers I'd soon make her mine. Would that I could get them into my power. But a truce to these thoughts;" and he seated himself.

Suddenly he spoke:

"Did I not say yesterday that to-morrow we must take an account of stock?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Albert, in a faint voice.

"Get down the books," said W——r.

In five hours they had taken "an account of stock," at the conclusion of which Mr. W——r manifested the greatest surprise.

"Several very valuable things are missing," he said. "Hand me that book. Perhaps they were sold."

"Strange," said he, a few minutes after; "I purchased three very valuable shawls last year. They are not among the stock, neither do I see them marked down in the sale-book."

"Mr. W——r," said Albert, in a faltering voice, "the shawls were sold. I sold them."

"But the money, where is it?"

"It paid my father's funeral."

A smile of joy passed over W——r's features.

"Hear me," said Albert; "when we first came to the city we were poor, miserably poor. My mother was taken ill and she died. My father was taken ill; the weather was very cold, and he suffered greatly. Our wages were insufficient to support us. We owed the doctor a large sum. He refused to visit us again unless we paid him. What could I do? What would any one have done if he had been in my place?"

"So, with the money you received for the shawls you paid the doctor?" said W——r.

"Part of it paid him. I intended, as soon as my father got better, to return the money as quickly as possible. Unfortunately, he died, and the remainder of the money went to the sexton."

"And so I am to lose that money?" said W——r, in a cold tone.

"Not so," said the young man; "I will return it to you as soon as I can get it."

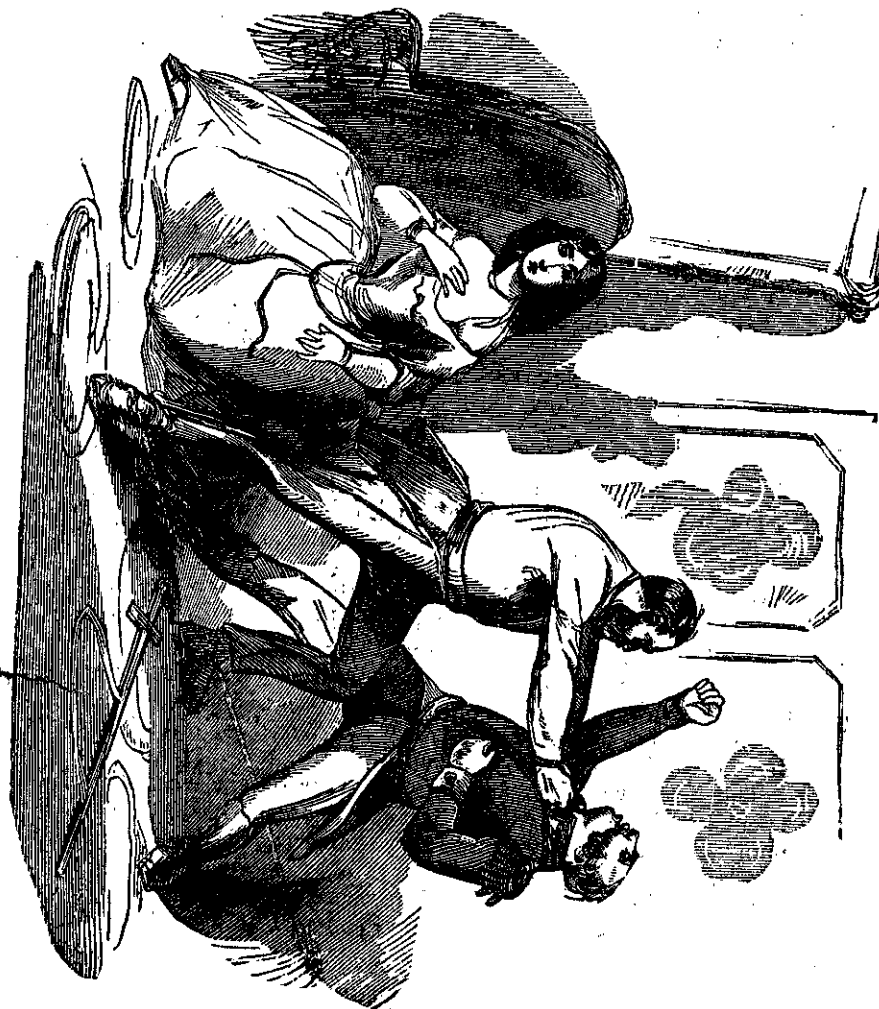
W——r smiled grimly.

"What if I were to bring an officer here and have you arrested?" he said.

"Oh, you will not do that," said Albert, entreatingly.

"You would be tried, convicted, and sent to prison."

Albert clasped his hands.



"You would be pointed at, scorned—your reputation would be blasted forever."

"Why torture me thus?" said Albert.

"Your sister—how would she feel to see her brother in the felon's dock?" and the man bent his still smiling face upon the almost broken-hearted young man.

"You will not do it!" said Cornelius.

"I will," and he rose.

"Stay," said Albert, grasping his hand and sinking on his knees; "you surely will not do this."

"But one thing will prevent me!"

"And that is—what?"

"Your sister."

Albert turned pale.

"Make her mine and"—

With the quickness of lightning Albert raised his fist and dashed him to the floor. Then planting his foot firmly on his neck, he seized a stool, and raised it high above his head. Ere he could give the blow, Cornelius wrested it from him.

"Rise," he said.

Almost choking with passion, W——r obeyed, and shaking his clenched fist at Albert, he left the store.

The two brothers looked at each other with dismay. Before they had time to speak, W——r returned, accompanied by an officer.

"Arrest that man!" he said, pointing to Albert. The officer sprang forward and laid his hand on his shoulder. Albert did not resist him. In an hour he was in prison.

Two hours after, he was visited by his sister, who attempted to console him, but it was in vain.

Three hours after, he was tried and found guilty. The next day he would receive his sentence.

The clock was just striking the hour of six when the door opened and W——r entered the cell. For an instant the young man glared at him, and then covered his face with his hands.

"What do you want here?" he asked suddenly.

"To-morrow," said W——r, "you will be brought up to receive sentence."

The young man shuddered.

"Five years in prison."

"Five years!" shouted Albert, springing from his chair.

"Do you know what five years in prison are to the young heart? Five years! Good heavens! Three years will kill me."

"I can save you."

"How?"

"The judge is my friend; he will do whatever I wish. Your sister—what say you?"

"I," said the young man, hardly knowing what he was saying, "I——"

"Refuse your offer," said a voice, and John A. Murrell, the land-pirate, entered the room. His features were concealed by a cloak.

Albert and W——r gazed at him with astonishment.

"What want you here?" cried W——r.

"To converse with this young man," was the reply.

"Leave the room," said W——r, angrily.

"Leave it yourself," said Murrell. "What! dare disobey me;" and Murrell threw open his cloak and exposed his features. W——r staggered back.

"Go!" said Murrell, pointing to the door.

Without daring to say a word, he left the place. When the noise of his retreating footsteps had died away, Murrell locked the door.

"Your name is Albert B. Egan," said he. The young man bowed his head. "My name," continued the other, "is Murrell."

Albert half darted from his chair.

"Sit still," said Murrell. "I have not long to stay, and when I begin a thing I always like to finish it as soon as possible. A few minutes ago I heard of your arrest and trial. To-morrow you will be sentenced to five years' imprisonment. I can save you."

"At the same price W——r demanded?"

"No; an easier one."

"The price! the price?"

"That you and your brother join my band."

"But how can you save me?"

"The judge, before whom you were tried to-day, belongs to my band. He has taken the oath, and is therefore bound to obey me in everything."

"Enough," said Albert; "I am yours."

"Think you that your brother will join us?"

"I do!"

Murrell was overjoyed.

"You must take the oath now."

"If you wish it—yes."

Murrell administered the oath, and the young man slowly repeated it after him.

"And now hear what you have to do," said Murrell, and he repeated, word for word, what he had told Demmon the last evening. The young man was horror-struck.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "this is horrible."

"Too late now," said Murrell, with a sardonic smile. "Better to live a life of pleasure than to die in prison."

"Woe to the man who brought this upon me," said Albert. "W——r shall die a most horrible death."

"Do as you please to him," said Murrell. "He is not a very valuable member; besides he is old. We want young men. Here are ten thousand dollars. They are counterfeits, yet no one can tell them from the real. When you have passed them, you must return me five thousand dollars in good money."

Albert took the bills and thrust them in his pocket.

In a few minutes the door opened and Cornelius entered. In a few words Albert informed him of what had occurred.

"Since you wish it, dear Albert," he said, "I will join the league. Speak the oath, sir, I will repeat it after you."

In a few minutes Cornelius was a member of the league.

"Do you wish to leave the prison now?" asked Murrell.

"No; to-morrow will be time enough," was the reply; and seeing that his brother looked surprised, he added, "I wish to brood over my wrongs and think of vengeance."

"It will be the best for you to leave the prison to-night," said Murrell. "Remain here till I return. I must get a pardon from the judge;" and he left the room.

In a few minutes he returned. In his hand he held a paper.

"Here is the pardon," said he. "Remember, in four weeks we meet at the cave. I will give you a sign by which you can gain admittance;" and he moved his hands in a peculiar manner. "Take this ring, and whenever you need help, show it;" and he left the room.

A few words more passed between the brothers, and they both left the place. Soon they were walking swiftly towards their residence.

CHAPTER III.

ELLEN AND W——R—THE BROTHER'S RESCUE—THE MURDER—THE ARREST—THE JAILER—THE LAND-PIRATE—THE ESCAPE—THE TRAITOR—THE OATH—THE TRAITOR'S REWARD—THE PURSUIT—HO FOR THE NORTH.

On leaving the prison, W——r hailed a cab. As it drew up to the sidewalk he sprang in. After receiving his orders, the driver drove at a smart pace towards the center of the city.

"Curses on Murrell!" muttered W——r to himself; "he defeated me at the moment of success. What does he want with Albert? Ah, I have it—to join the league. Albert will refuse him; of that I am certain;" and he closed his eyes. Suddenly he started up.

"What a lucky thought!" he almost exclaimed. "She lives alone, and no one will interrupt us. Yes; I'll do it. Driver, turn your horse's head the other way. Drive to 56 W——m street. Stop at No. 30. She may be looking out of the window," he said, "and if she should see me, she would flee," and W——r rubbed his hands with glee.

In a few minutes the cab stopped. W——r got out, paid the driver his fare, and dismissed the cab.

"So far so well," said he; and in a few minutes he stood in front of the young lady's house. For a moment he hesitated, but mastering his fear, he mounted the steps, and turned the handle of the door. It was locked. He then rang the bell, and impatiently awaited for it to open.

In a few minutes he heard steps descending the stairs. Another moment and the key was turned. Without giving the young lady time to open the door, he turned the handle and sprang in, closing the door after him. On seeing him Ellen uttered a slight scream, and leaned against the wall for support.

"Well, Ellen," said W——r, with a triumphant smile, "you are now mine. No brother is here to save you."

"Leave the house," said Ellen.

"When you are mine—not before," was the reply.

"Yours!" said Ellen, proudly, "I shall never be yours. Leave the house, or I will call for help."

"Your cries will avail you nothing," said W——r; and rushing forward, he caught the young girl by the neck and covered her mouth with his hand. She struggled to free herself from his grasp, but it was in vain. Opening a door, he dragged her into a room and closed it. All this occupied several minutes.

"You see you are in my power," he said.

"God help me," murmured the poor girl. "Oh, Albert! would that you were here."

"Albert is in prison," said W——r. "To-morrow he will be free. He has sold you to me."

"Liar!" shouted a voice, and Albert sprang into the room, followed by his brother. For a moment the young man glared at W——r with a look in which joy and hate were intermingled together. W——r appeared like one paralyzed. Ellen uttered a scream of joy.

The tableau lasted but a moment. With one bound Albert caught the ruffian by the throat and bore him heavily to the

floor. At the same instant Cornelius snatched up an axe and raised it over his head.

"Move your body a little, Albert," he said, for the young man stood in such a position that he could not strike without injuring his brother.

"Spare me!" cried W——r, vainly endeavoring to rise, and holding up his hands entreatingly. "My God! you will not kill me! Spare—Oh! spare my life! For God's sake, spare ——"

The axe descended with such force that it buried itself in his brains. W——r half rose from the floor, clasped his hands together, as though entreating for mercy, and then fell dead upon the floor.

"Good God!" cried Ellen, "what have you done?"

"Sent the villain to where he belongs—to hell," said Albert.

Cornelius dropped the axe, and for a moment stood terror-stricken at the deed he had committed.

"Come! be a man," said Albert, laying his hand on his shoulder.

"Oh! brother! brother! how could you do it?" said Ellen, sobbing.

"Hush! would you alarm the neighbors by your cries?" said Albert. "What shall we do, Cornelius?"

His brother made no reply to the question, but slowly raised his finger and pointed to the body.

"He moves! he moves!" he cried. "Is he alive yet? Has his soul returned from hell to confront me?"

"Hush!" said Albert, shaking him violently. "You know not what you say. He is dead. Ellen, a glass of brandy! quick!"

"Drink," said Albert, when it was brought to him.

His brother obeyed.

"This is dreadful, Albert," he said.

"It cannot be helped," said Albert. "What shall we do with the body?"

Before Cornelius could reply, the door was dashed open, and several police officers rushed into the room. The body of W——r at once made them comprehend of what had occurred. The two brothers were seized, bound, and in another hour lodged in prison.

"Our doom is sealed," said Cornelius, gloomily.

"Not so," said Albert, who was the bolder of the two. "See," and he held up his finger. "I hold a ring which is almost as powerful as Alladin's lamp."

Cornelius' features brightened up.

The next morning, when the jailor entered the room. Albert asked, "Do you know Murrell?"



"What of him?" inquired the man.

"Do you know him?" and Albert held up the ring.

"I see you belong to the league," said the man. "I am also a member of it."

"And by your oath you are bound to aid me."

"Willingly. Do you wish to see Phillips?—our leader goes under that name in this city."

"Yes."

"He will be with you in an hour," and the man left the room. In an hour Murrell entered.

"A bad business," said he, "a very bad business. I saw your arrest in the papers."

"We must escape," said Albert.

"That can be easily arranged," said Murrell. "The jailer belongs to our league. We must bind him."

"Bind him!" repeated Albert.

"Yes; we do matters in such a way that suspicion falls on no one. To-night, at nine, everything will be prepared."

"But Ellen—what will become of her?"

"She shall be attended to; fear not for her."

"Whither shall we go?"

"To the North. You can make a handsome living at the watering places. There you will not be recognized. Two fleet norses will be ready for you at the end of the city. I have a large number of counterfeit bills in my pocket, amounting to over one hundred thousand dollars. Had you not better take them? You can combine business with pleasure."

"Let us have them," said Albert.

Murrell drew a large roll of bills from his pocket, and handed it to Albert.

"You will write to me often," said Murrell; "farewell; to-night we shall meet again."

"We have no arms," said Albert.

"I will supply you to-night," said Murrell, and he left the room. Evening came. At nine Murrell entered the rooms. The jailer suffered his arms to be bound behind him, joking all the time with the men. When this was done, they descended the stairs and left the prison. Soon they were mounted; the arms which Murrell had provided for them placed in their belts; and in an hour they had left the city far behind them.

At noon they reached a small country tavern. Several men were lounging about the door. The two brothers threw themselves from their horses and called for wine. As they were something tired, they resolved to remain there all night. After drinking their wine, they requested the landlord to show them to their rooms.

"Don't make a noise," said the landlord. "A sick gentleman, as has lost his darter, is in the next room. The partitions are made out of boards, and o' course the least noise made in one room can be heard in the next."

When night came, the two brothers undressed and went to bed. Through the cracks they saw a bright light shining in the next room. Suddenly they heard a door open. Albert motioned to his brother to keep silent, and springing from his bed, he applied first his ear and then his eye to one of the cracks.

"Have you succeeded?" asked a voice.

"Beyond my utmost expectations; so far as to gain an admittance into the cave," replied the other.

"But my daughter—have you seen her?"

"Not yet; but I hope to see her soon."

"Is she in the cave?"

"She must be; where else would Murrell put her?"

"How are we to find out whether she is there or not?"

"That is the difficulty. My plan is to get a large number of men together—this we can easily do by offering so much to every man—and to attack the cave."

"Think you that you'll succeed?"

"I should not attempt it if I were not sure of success."

"Poor M——a," said the other.

The sigh was echoed by his companion.

This companion, as our readers may have suspected, was Demmon.

"But how did you gain admittance into the cave?"

"I am a member of the league."

"Have you taken the oath?"

"Yes; but an oath made to such men is valueless;" and he informed the other what had occurred at the cave.

"This is indeed a terrible plot," said the other. "The government must be informed of it at once."

"This is sheer rashness," said Demmon. "If the leader is slain the league is destroyed."

"Tis lucky that our house is so near the cave," said the other.

"Perhaps your negroes have been tampered with."

"It may be so, but I'll soon find out. Do you intend to remain here all night?"

"A few hours," replied the other. "Before daybreak I shall be up and far away. I will collect all my friends and you must collect yours. As Murrell says, 'every man helps.' Is the adjoining room occupied?"

"I believe that the one on the right is."

"You should have told me so when I first entered the room."

"I'll sleep in the next room. If anything happens, call me;" and he left the room.

For several moments the gentleman remained seated, with his face leaning on his hand, and his elbow resting on the table. At length he rose and went to bed. The lamp was extinguished, and all was darkness.

"Cornelius," said Albert, bending over his brother, and speaking in a hurried tone, "did you hear their conversation?"

"Every word."

"What is to be done with him?"

"Let Murrell settle with him."

"Remember our oaths. We have sworn that if any suspicion rests on a member, to slay him."

Cornelius shuddered.

"What have we to fear," said Albert. "Remember that we are in Murrell's power, and if he should hear that we suffered this man to escape, he will say, 'behold the murderers of W——r.'"

"And must we kill him?"

"Yes; have you not the heart to do it? You have only to hold him, and I will strike the blow."

"Oh! Albert, every murder makes Heaven recede from us, and brings us nearer Hell."

"Let us do the deed," said Albert. "Come; he is in the next room. My knife is sharp; a moment will finish the work."

"And send a soul before its Maker."

"Pshaw!" said Albert. "Get up; we will dress ourselves."

In a few minutes they were dressed.

"Put your shoes in the pocket of your great-coat," said Albert, as he opened the door. A few steps brought them to the door of Demmon's room. Albert listened attentively.

"He is sleeping," he said; and he opened the door without making any noise. A lamp was burning on the mantel-piece. Demmon lay asleep upon the bed. In one hand he held a small locket, the lid of which was open. Albert examined it. It was the picture of a young lady of the most surpassing beauty. Cornelius sighed as he beheld it; it reminded him of his sister. Demmon's features wore a smile; he was dreaming. His chestnut locks waved over his high and noble forehead. Both hands were folded over his broad bosom. His arms lay upon the table beside the bed. He was a very model of Hercules; he looked like a lover dreaming of his mistress.

"Poor fellow," said Cornelius, "and must he die?"

"Yes," said Albert, who, since the murder of W——r, appeared to have a delight for blood, "he must die."

"Then strike?" said his brother. "If I remain here a mo-

ment longer, pity will take possession of my heart, and I shall awaken him. Strike, I say, for the angel of mercy is hovering over me with his wings."

Without hesitating a moment, Albert raised the knife and plunged it into his heart. Demmon did not move, nor even groan. That one blow had freed his spirit, and he was — where?

"The deed is done," said Albert, as he coolly wiped his knife on the sheets of the bed. "Let us see if he has any money about him;" and taking up the clothes which were lying on the foot of the bed, he emptied the pockets of their contents. There was a large purse filled with gold, and a pocket-book stuffed with bills. Albert chuckled over his ill-gotten gains.

Hearing a noise, both turned toward the door. There stood the landlord, his features expressing both astonishment and fear. In his right hand he held a lamp; in his left a glass of wine, which it appeared the deceased man had sent him after.* Albert fixed his eye on him and moved slowly toward him. The landlord was too terrified to speak; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He attempted to move — to raise his hand — but it was in vain. Slowly Albert approached his intended victim. His eyes did not wink, nor his hand tremble, even when he raised the fatal knife. Like a bird fascinated by the snake, the landlord suffered him to approach him. Albert gave him a blow in the breast and removed his eyes. The charm was broken.

"Help! help! they murder me!" shouted the landlord. Repeatedly the assassin plunged the knife into his body. Suddenly his cries ceased, his eyes closed, and with a low moan he fell back — DEAD.

The work was done, and the murderer rose. The glass of wine was lying upon the floor, and, strange to say, not a drop had been spilled. He stooped down and emptied the glass of its contents.

"Let us escape," said Cornelius.

Albert threw open the window; it was but twelve feet from the ground. He leaped out; his brother followed him. Hurriedly they made their way toward the stable. Suddenly a huge dog sprang up and caught Albert by the throat. One blow with his knife, and he was freed from this new enemy. The stable door was dashed open and the horses brought out. It took but a few minutes to place the saddles upon their backs. Hardly had they mounted them, when the door of the tavern

* The landlord's wife stated to the Coroner that her husband was subject to fits, and that he always brought a glass of wine with him when he retired to his room. Many witnesses, who were acquainted with the landlord, stated the same. As but a few drops of wine were found, it is supposed that the murderers drank it.—
M——g Tribune

was thrown open, and several men came forth. By the light of the moon they held the brothers.

"Shoot them down!" shouted one of the men; and drawing a pistol from his belt he fired. The ball passed through Cornelius' cap. Revenge prompted him to draw a pistol and fire in return. The man sprang several feet into the air, and fell dead.

"Forward!" shouted Albert; and pressing his spurs into the animal's side, he leaped over the fence in gallant style. For an instant Cornelius' horse refused the leap, but a sharp cut over the neck with his whip caused him to make it.

"Follow them!" cried one of the men; and the two brothers had not proceeded more than a mile, when they heard the sound of pursuing footsteps behind them. Each drew up at the same instant, and each held a cocked pistol in his hand. As they were standing in the shadow of a tree, the horsemen did not see them until it was too late. The two brothers fired at the same instant, and two saddles were empty. Then, again putting spurs into their horses' sides, they rode swiftly forward.

When day broke, they had left the tavern far behind them.

Reader, tales of blood are hateful to us. Would that this story were merely a fiction, but alas! it is true, and we must give it as told to us by the brothers. Young man, master your passions while young, it cannot be done when old. Do not let your passions master you, but master them. Remember this.

On reaching the city of Bornton, the young men went to the first hotel in the place, and ordered the finest apartments in the house to be placed at their disposal. As they were afraid that their resemblance to each other would betray them, they bought false beards, wigs, &c.; and also ordered the landlord to send for Mr. H—, the merchant tailor. As soon as he came, they ordered him to measure them for several suits of clothes. They gave a short account of themselves to the landlord, in which they stated that they were cousins, and that their father had sent them to the city to inquire after an uncle by the name of Martyn. The landlord brought them a directory, and on opening it, they found that several persons in the city were named Martyn. They requested the landlord to send their meals up in their rooms, as they were bashful, and were not used to dining in a hotel. They also stated that they wished to sell their horses, and that they would let them go out of their hands for one half their value. The landlord, who suspected nothing, offered to purchase them, and to pay for them in cash, one thousand dollars. Albert saw a sprightly young negro boy playing about the floor, and he offered the landlord two hundred dollars for him. After a little wrangling about the price, the landlord consented, and Albert paid him in counterfeit money.

As soon as their clothes were finished, they purchased tickets for New York, and having entered the cars, they were soon on their way to that far-famed city.

It was several weeks after their departure before the landlord discovered that the money he had received from them was worthless. He raved and stormed, but it was of no use. He offered a large reward for their arrest, but years passed before he saw them again.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW YORK — THE TWIN BROTHERS LOSE THEIR MONEY — THE INVITATION — THE BALL ROOM — PICKING POCKETS — THE LOAN — THE BRACELET — THE BUSTLE — THE DISCOVERY — THE ALARM — HOUSE BURNING — THE ESCAPE.

New York City! Great thou art in riches, great thou art in crime. Many a young man hast thou ruined, many a felon hast thou made. Well worthy thou art of being called the "Empire City," for an empire thou art in crime and wretchedness.

It was noon when the twin brothers reached New York. They were astonished at everything they saw; but as soon as they had somewhat recovered, they ordered a cab and were driven to the Astor House. On reaching it, they gave out that they were British noblemen, traveling for health and pleasure. Before night had drawn her curtain over the sky, numberless cards and invitations had been received. The two brothers were overjoyed at their success.

"All goes well," said Albert. "That was a good thought of yours, the making out that we are lords. At any rate, we have more money than most lords have."

"Let us visit the theatre," said Cornelius.

"With pleasure. Waiter, call a carriage."

A carriage was called and the two men stepped in. In an hour they reached the theatre. Neither of them had ever visited a place of amusement before. They were astonished at the large number of lights, and the splendor of the stage. The play was Macbeth, one of the most thrilling tragedies of the immortal Shakspeare. During the performance of the piece, Cornelius' agitation was excessive. When Macbeth made his exit to murder the king, it reminded him so forcibly of the murder of Demon, that he was obliged to leave the theatre and return to the hotel.

The next day they removed to a private house. That same evening they again visited the theatre, and when they returned, they found that their house had caught fire during their absence, and that nothing remained but a heap of smoking ruins. Unfortunately, they had left their money in their trunks, and, of course, it had been burned.

"Altogether we have but fifteen dollars," said Albert, "and that, in a city like this, will last us but a few days."

"What are we to do?" asked Cornelius.

Before Albert could reply, he felt a touch on the shoulder which caused him to turn round.

"What do you want with me?" he asked, of a man who was dressed in livery.

"Please, sir," said the man, with a low bow, and holding up a gilt-edged note, "my mistress told me to deliver this 'ere note to Lord Stanhope. Be that your name?"

"Yes."

Albert took the note, and breaking open the seal he read it. A smile passed over his features.

"I will be there," he said to the servant, who immediately left him, after bowing several times.

"What is it?" asked his brother.

"Merely a note to attend a fashionable party this evening," said Albert carelessly. "It may be the means of putting money in our pockets," he added.

That evening a carriage was ordered, and the two brothers entered it. In an hour they stopped before a large and handsome mansion on F—h avenue. Albert rung the bell, and the same servant who had handed them the note in the morning came to the door. On seeing them, he bowed to the floor, and bade them enter. When they had done so, he closed the door and led the way up a wide pair of stairs to the second story. Then, throwing open a door, he cried in a loud voice, "Lord Stanhope and his brother!"

The room was filled with ladies and gentlemen, all of them dressed in the most fashionable style. On hearing the name, several of them made a rush toward the door. Among them was a lady of the most commanding beauty.

"Back!" she exclaimed, waving her hand with the air of a queen. "Welcome, my lord. Make way there for Lord Stanhope;" and taking both their arms, she led them to the middle of the room.

"You are Mrs. M——d?" said Albert, interrogatively.

The lady bowed.

"I have heard of your arrival and the destruction of your house by fire," she said, "and, as you are a stranger in a strange land, I could do no better than to invite you to my house."

Albert smiled.

"How like they are to each other," said a young lady, in not so low a tone but that Albert heard her.

"This is Miss M——d, my daughter."

Albert bowed; and as the music was striking up, he requested the honor of her hand for the next dance, which happened to be a waltz. She graciously consented. While they were dancing, Albert observed that she wore a very beautiful gold watch.

"I may as well begin my career as a pickpocket here," he muttered to himself; and watching his opportunity, he drew the watch from her neck without being observed by any one. Soon the dance was ended, and both seated themselves.

"How do you like the country?" said Miss M——d, who wished to engage him in conversation.

"Very well, considering the short time I have been in it," was the reply; and he fixed his fine dark eye on her face. It was then that he noticed that she was very beautiful.

"How long do you intend to remain here?" she asked.

"I did intend to remain here a year, but I lost all my money and drafts by the fire last evening, and I must return to England for more."

The young lady blushed slightly as she said,

"My mother will lend you money to any amount."

"Just as I expected," said Albert to himself; "but," he added aloud, "I am a stranger to your mother, she knows me only by name."

"That will make no difference," said the young lady.

"Really, my lord," said a fine, matronly looking woman, approaching, "you occupy yourself too much with Miss M——d."

"Excuse me," said Albert, with a smile, and rising; "her conversation was so interesting that I quite forgot myself," and he made a low bow.

As to Miss M——d, she looked daggers at the lady, who returned her look with a smile. Albert noticed it, and his heart beat with joy.

"Let me introduce you to my niece, Miss Anna H——; Anna, this is Lord Stanhope."

The young lady rose.

"Be seated," said Albert, seating himself in a chair by her side. They had not conversed long when the mistress of the house approached.

"I wish to speak with you in private, my lord," she said.

Albert rose from his chair, and walked with her to an inner room.

"You had a short conversation with my daughter a few minutes ago," she said. "You lost all your money by fire last evening. Oblige me by accepting this. It is a check for five thousand dollars."

"How can I thank you for this unexpected kindness?" said Albert, as he placed the check in his pocket-book.

"By saying nothing about it," replied the lady.

"Madam, the generosity of the Americans is proverbial all over the world," said Albert, "but little—"

The lady covered his mouth with her hand.

"No thanks," she said with a smile. "You can repay me when I visit England."

"Ah! then you must visit my castle," said Albert. "I shall have great pleasure in showing you over London."

"Your arm," said the lady as she opened the door. "What do you think of our American ladies?"

"I think they are very beautiful," said Albert; "and, moreover," he added, as he subtracted a splendid bracelet from her arm, "I think they have a great taste for jewelry."

"You flatter us," said the lady, smiling.

"Upon my honor, no," said Albert. "My words come from the heart."

At this moment a short, pompous looking gentleman came up. His clothes, though fashionable, sat awkwardly upon him, and he had that nervous air belonging to persons who are not used to good society. On his fingers he wore several magnificent rings, and in the bosom of his shirt was a splendid diamond breastpin.

"This is my husband, Mr. M——d," said the lady. "This is Lord Stanhope, my dear."

"Very much delighted to see you, my lord," said Mr. M——d, extending his hand, and speaking in a hurried manner, as though he wished to get over the form of introduction as soon as possible. "Bad affair, that of your house;—very sorry—wife could speak of nothing else all day long."

"How proud I am to make your acquaintance," said Albert, laying his hand on his neck. This appeared to delight the other extremely, so much so that Albert managed to slip the breastpin from his shirt, and put it in his pocket.

"Excuse me a moment," said Albert, "I wish to speak with my brother;" and he left them. Cornelius was standing near a window, conversing with Miss M——d.

Albert approached him, and made a sign that he wished to speak with him.

"Have you done anything?" he asked.

"Yes," replied his brother—"three gold watches."

"Good; we are getting along famously," said Albert. "We are worth at least ten thousand dollars now. What a handsome breastpin your partner has got."

Cornelius took the hint.

"I will get it," he said. "Let us separate: see how the people are eyeing us."

Albert again approached Mr. M——d and entered into conversation with him. Soon he managed to ease him of his watch.

"Is it not supper time, my dear?" said Mrs. M——d.

Mr. M——d put his hand in his vest pocket to feel for his watch, but it was not there. At the same instant he heard his daughter's voice exclaiming,

"My watch is gone. Somebody's took my watch."

"D—n me!" exclaimed Mr. M——d, "if I know where my watch is gone to."

"My bracelet!" cried Mrs. M——d; "I've lost my bracelet!"

Albert thrust his hand into his pocket.

"Somebody's picked my pocket!" he exclaimed.

"And mine!" cried his brother.

Mr. M——d sprang to the door, and leaned with his back against it.

"No one shall leave this house without being searched!" he exclaimed.

Albert turned pale, but he still retained his self-possession. He sprang to Mr. M——d's side. Cornelius managed to slip through a side door into the hall. Knowing that everything depended upon himself, he entered the ladies' dressing-room, and seizing a lamp, he set fire to the curtains. In an instant the room was filled with smoke, which passed through the hall into the ball-room.

"Fire! fire! the house is on fire!"

The ladies screamed, and several of them fainted. Several of the gentlemen opened the window and leaped out. As to Albert and his brother, they showed their agility by leaping through the window, and running up the street. A cab was passing by; they hailed it and sprang in.

"Where to?" asked the driver.

"The Astor House."

In an hour they reached it.

"We must leave this city as soon as possible," said Albert. "How did the house catch fire?"

"I fired it," replied his brother.

"It was well done—just in the nick of time, too. I hope the house is insured:" and he laughed heartily.

"Do you intend to visit Saratoga?" asked Cornelius.

"Yes," replied Albert. "We will take the cars for that place to-morrow. Let us go to bed. Good night."

The next morning they were *en route* for Saratoga.

CHAPTER V.

SARATOGA — THE SPRINGS — THE COTTON PLANTER — THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS — THE ATTEMPT — THE FAILURE — THE MURDER — THE DISCOVERY — HARRIET C. — THE SEDUCED — THE DUEL — THE DEPARTURE — THE DISGUISE.

In ten hours they reached Saratoga. The hotels were all crowded, but a few extra dollars secured them rooms at the United States hotel—the largest hotel in the place. Although somewhat fatigued, their curiosity to see the springs was so great that they resolved to visit them that evening. Accordingly, as soon as they had finished their supper they walked down Broadway to the Congress spring. After drinking several glasses of the water, they walked to the Indian encampment at the lower end of the village. Then they visited the Iodine spring, the Empire spring, the Putnam spring, &c., and then visited the Pavilion theatre situated in front of the Pavilion spring. Then, feeling somewhat tired, they returned to their hotel.

The next morning the rain poured down in torrents, and this, of course, confined them to the house. Albert entered into conversation with a young man, and discovered that he was the son of a wealthy planter in Georgia. His father had sent him to the North to purchase railroad stock—some thirty thousand dollars worth—and he had the money in his pocket. Albert's eye watered on hearing this, and he resolved that the money should change hands. At noon the rain ceased, and Albert invited the young man to go with him to the Indian encampment. He consented, and in company with Cornelius they set out. After remaining a short time at the encampment, they walked toward the open country. Soon they had left the village several miles behind them. Albert looked around him. No one was in sight. Cornelius engaged the young man in conversation, while Albert, watching his opportunity, thrust his hand in his pocket and drew forth a well filled pocket-book. Before he could thrust it into his pocket the young man turned round, and seeing his pocket-book in Albert's hand, he drew a Bowie knife and held it high above his head.



JOHN A. MURRELL, CHIEF OF THE LAND PIRATES, IN DISGUISE WITH EMILY EGANUS.

"Would you rob me?" he exclaimed. "Return me my pocket-book."
 "Take it; I was merely joking," said Albert, throwing the pocket-book on the ground; and, as the young man stooped to pick it up, he caught him by the hair, and twisted the knife from his hands. Then, before he could utter a cry, he drew the knife across his throat with such swiftness, that it completely severed the head from the body.

"It is done," were the murderer's first words.

"Yes! it is done, and retribution has yet to come!" shouted a voice near them and a man on horseback dashed past them. For an instant their eyes met, but the one instant served to engrave his features on the murderer's heart.

"Let us leave the place," he said, as soon as the man had disappeared.

That evening they left the village and journeyed toward Montreal. The next morning they reached it.

Reader, it is not our intention to detail all their adventures. Even if we wished it, our pen would refuse it. Our soul is already sick at the many scenes of horror we have been obliged to delineate. Would to heaven that the work were merely a fiction, but alas! it is not.

In Montreal, Cornelius made the acquaintance of a young lady by the name of Harriet C—. Under a promise of marriage he seduced her; and, in a few weeks, growing tired of her, he gave her fifty dollars and set her adrift upon the wide world. Her brother, hearing of it, challenged Cornelius, and a duel was the consequence. They met, and the young man fell. As there were some suspicions of foul play, the brothers were obliged to leave the city. In two weeks they landed in Boston. They remained there but a few days, and then set out for Murrell's Mountain. To reach it they were obliged to pass through the city in which they had committed their first murder. In order to do this without being discovered, they disguised themselves so effectually that even their nearest friends would not have known them if they had met with them.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEIGHBOR — A TALE OF HORROR — PHILIPS AND JOHN A. MURRELL ONE AND THE SAME PERSON — THE OATH OF VENGEANCE — THE GAMBLER — THE MURDER — THE TERRIBLE DISCOVERY — THE FIRE — THE ESCAPE.

On entering the city their first thought was a visit to their sister Ellen. Accordingly they rode over to her house, but to their astonishment they discovered that she was not there — that the house was empty and destitute of furniture. A lady in the next house who saw them, beckoned to them, and as they entered her room she asked,

"Are you looking for Miss Ellen Eganus?"

"Yes," replied Albert, "she is my cousin, and I wish to see her very much. Can you tell me where she has gone to?"

The lady requested the two brothers to be seated, and then informed them that Ellen's two brothers had murdered a man and fled the city. That a few days after they had left, a man who appeared to be a minister called at her house, and stated that her brothers had sent him to take care of her. That he took her to balls and places of amusement, and under a solemn promise of marriage seduced her. That in a few weeks he abused her, and to escape him Ellen fled with a gentleman she was well acquainted with, and who was one of the richest men in the city; and that was all she knew about her.

"But this clergyman — his name?" asked Albert.

"Philips."

Albert grasped his brother's arm and dragged him into the next house.

"Brother," he murmured in a hoarse voice, while a strange light beamed from his eye, "know you not that Philips and John A. Murrell are one and the same person?"

"My God! can it be possible?"

"It is more than possible — it is true. Cursed be the arm that struck my sister low. But I will avenge her;" and he took a fearful oath. "Aye! I swear to follow him, if need be, to the end of the earth, and wreak my vengeance on him. Murrell, beware, a bloodhound is upon your track. You have escaped the officers — you cannot escape him."

That evening they left the city and proceeded to the mountain. On reaching it, Albert gave the password and entered the cave. It was crowded as before; but Murrell was not there. The members gave them all the signs and passwords; and one of them who acted as captain when Murrell was absent, gave them a large sum in counterfeit money. After waiting several hours they left the cave. For three months they remained in the city, hoping to hear from their sister Ellen, but she did not appear. Albert forged a check for ten thousand dollars on a rich merchant and got it cashed. At length, growing tired of the city, they left it and proceeded south. On their way they stole several horses and negroes, and sold them for a large sum in New Orleans. The brothers were men no longer; they were fiends—devils in human shape. Well worthy were they of belonging to the dreaded "Bandidi of the West."

On reaching New Orleans they lost all their money at the gambling table. Albert discovered that one of the gamblers lived in a house near the levee. He also discovered that he was worth several hundred thousand dollars, and that he kept the enormous amount in an iron box under his bed. He resolved to enter the house that evening, to kill the gambler, and to make off with the money.

That night both brothers armed themselves, and set out for the gambler's house. It required but a few minutes for them to cut a pane from the window and crawl in. Albert carried a dark lantern in his pocket, but he did not light it. They drew off their boots and mounted the stairs. Each carried his Bowie knife in his hand. Soon they reached the top of the stairs. Then, feeling their way along the wall, they stepped lightly forward! Soon they reached a door. They softly opened it and entered. The moon cast a dim light through the window into the room. They saw the gambler lying on the bed, and by his side a female. Albert stepped lightly across the room, and raising his knife, he aimed a tremendous blow at his breast. At that instant the gambler stirred, and the knife passed through the bed-clothes into the wood. The shock jarred the bed with such force that it awoke the gambler. He saw a dark figure standing at his bedside, holding an uplifted knife in his hand. The gambler comprehended all. Thrusting his hand beneath the pillow, he drew a large Bowie knife, and made a thrust at Albert with it. Albert sprang one side, and before the other could again raise the knife, he brought his own with terrible force on his head. With a groan the gambler sank back. At the same instant the female uttered a cry for help. "Strike her!" cried Albert, thrusting his hand over her mouth. His brother made a pass at her with his knife, but the blade missed its object and buried itself among the bed-clothes. Again Cornelius raised the knife, and this time the blade passed through her heart. Albert drew the dark lantern from his pocket, and throwing up the slide he lit it.

"Let us see who the female is," he said and he turned the lamp upon her face. He had hardly done so when she uttered a cry, dropped the lantern, and staggered back.

"Gracious God!" he exclaimed in a voice of horror—"we have murdered our sister!" and he covered his face with his hands.

"Oh man! man! well may you say, 'Crime meets with its own reward.' God has punished you. No more shalt thou be happy. Thy career of crime is almost over. A few days more and thou shalt perish on the gallows."

When Albert raised his head, he discovered that the lantern had set fire to the bed. His brother was gazing on the corpse with an expression of terror. Albert was the first to recover from his astonishment.

"Come," said he, laying his hand on his shoulder, and speaking in a husky voice, "let us leave the house."

Cornelius drew a flask of brandy from his pocket, and passed the contents down his throat.

"Shall we take the money with us?" asked Albert.

"No!" almost screamed his brother; "it would burn my fingers; 'tis made of my sister's blood."

A wild light gleamed from his eye as he spoke.

"Fire! fire!" shouted a voice from the street.

"Let us leave the place," said Albert; "quick, or we shall be discovered."

They left the house without being discovered, and without taking the money with them.

Three days afterward, and they landed at S——h, Ga.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TWO RUSSIAN NOBLEMEN — GAMBLING — THE DISCOVERY — THE MURDERED BROTHER — THE ARREST — ANOTHER DISCOVERY — THE STRANGER — THE LANDLORD — THE WIFE — "MURDER WILL OUT" — THE PRAYER — THE PRISON.

At S——h they gave out that they were two Russian noblemen. As usual in such cases, the aristocracy of the city sent them numerous cards, and invitations to attend balls, parties, etc. Of course the brothers took advantage of this, and not a day passed without bringing them a large amount of money. As fast as they made money they gambled it away. They did not care whether they won or lost; they gambled for the mere intoxication it produces. Often they would sit down and gamble away fifty or even a hundred thousand dollars, and then rise and leave the table with a smile.

Soon it was rumored through the city that the brothers were worth fifty or sixty millions of roubles. Invitations poured in upon them. They strove to forget their murdered sister, but it was in vain. She was ever before them. Conscience, that still, small voice, troubled them, and remorse was gnawing at their hearts.

One evening the brothers received an invitation to attend a ball. They went. The rooms were crowded with the beauty and the *élite* of the city. All crowded around the two Russian noblemen, and many were the toasts drunk to their health. Albert's partner was a handsome young lady, the daughter of a wealthy cotton planter. As soon as the dance was over, Albert led her to a sofa, and seated himself by her side.

"Dis be a ver fine cite," he said, in broken English.

"You should visit our watering places," said the young lady.

At this moment a gentleman came up and introduced the Russian ambassador.

"Speak to me in de English tongue," said Albert, smiling. "I no speak my native language dis night. I be an American dis night."

The gentleman suspected nothing, and after a short conversation, he left him. Suddenly the music struck up.

"Will you dance?" asked the young lady.

"No; I feel ver tire," replied Albert; and he gazed around the room. Suddenly his eye fell on a face that had haunted him for years. It was the man who had witnessed the murder of the planter's son at Saratoga. At the same instant the man's eye met his, and he made a movement of surprise. Without a word, he turned and left the room.

"He did not recognize me," said Albert to himself.

"Look at your brother," said the young lady, pointing to Cornelius, who was staggering about the room.

"He be vat you call inebriated," said Albert. "Vere you live?"

"In the city;" and she handed him a card.

"You got a brother?"

"I had a brother once," said the young lady in a mournful tone.

"Vere is he?" asked Albert.

"Dead," replied the young lady, raising her handkerchief to her eyes. "He was murdered."

"Murdered!" repeated Albert, slightly starting; "where? where?"

"At Saratoga—three years ago."

Albert sprang from his chair, and darted to the window, which he threw open.

"Oh God," he muttered, "thy vengeance is pursuing me."

At this moment the door opened, and several police officers entered. They were followed by the stranger.

"Where is he?" asked one of the officers.

"There," said the stranger, pointing with his finger to Albert.

One of the officers approached him.

"In the name of the law, we arrest you for the murder of Henry——at Saratoga, three years ago."

"Arrest that man also," said the stranger, pointing to Cornelius. Several of the officers sprang toward him.

"It was I that done the deed!" shouted Cornelius, as he leaned against the wall.

"Back! back! thou gory phantom!" he exclaimed. "Art thou returned from the grave to pursue me?"

"Arrest him!" shouted the stranger.
 "Back!" cried Albert, drawing his Bowie knife. "The first man who approaches me, dies."
 "At him!" cried one of the officers. Several of them precipitated themselves upon him, and in spite of his struggles, he was secured and bound. Cornelius made no resistance, but suffered his arms to be bound behind him.
 "There must be some mistake here," said the gentleman of the house.
 "There is none," said the stranger. "What his name is, I know not; but of this I am certain, and that is, that he murdered Henry — at Saratoga."
 "The proof!"
 "My own eyes. I saw him do it."
 Albert hung down his head.
 "Hold up your head," said one of the officers. "Ho! he wears a wig, does he," he added; "and a false beard, too, as I live."
 At this moment, one of the men passed through the crowd.
 "If I am not mistaken," he said, "this is the man that passed a large sum of counterfeit money on me several years ago. Yes, I am certain of it. I purchased a pair of horses of him for one thousand dollars, and got no good out of them, for they were stolen."
 Another man pressed forward.
 "I recognize this man," he said. "I knew him well in the city of C——. He is one of the far-famed twin brothers. He murdered Mr. W——. His name is Albert B. Egan; the other is his brother, and his name is Cornelius D. Egan."
 "And I," said a woman, stepping forward, "recognize him as the murderer of Charles Demmon, and of my husband, Nicholas D——."
 Albert covered his face with his hands.
 "Come," said the officer, laying his hand on his shoulder.
 "Where?" asked Albert, faintly.
 "To prison."
 "God have mercy on me," he said, and fell senseless on the floor.
 In an hour the brothers were lodged safely in prison.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRISON — THE TWIN BROTHERS — REPENTANCE NEVER TOO LATE — THE EXECUTION.

A few days passed, when the brothers were brought out to the court house for trial. They were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be executed.
 When taken back to prison, I visited them. Albert was lying on his bed, his face covered with his hands. Cornelius, who appeared to be very ill, was lying upon the floor. As I entered, Albert sprang up.
 "What do you want here?" he asked, as though angry at being disturbed.
 "To do God's work," I replied.
 "God!" exclaimed Albert; "there is no God! I do not believe it! There is none — none!"
 "Wretched man," said I; "you do not believe in Him who is now punishing you."
 "Peace!" cried Albert. "I tell you there is none; and if there were, why did he bring me here? Why did he make me what I am?"
 "To bring —"
 "Silence!" exclaimed Albert.
 "I must do my duty," said I; and I seated myself upon the bed. With a curse Albert sprang toward me, and raised his hand to strike. I folded my arms and looked him calmly in the face. There was something in my eye that appalled him. His uplifted hand fell, and he trembled violently.
 "In a few hours you will be dead," said I.
 "Why remind me of my condition?" cried Albert. "Is it to torment me that you are here?"
 "In a few hours," said I, "you will stand before your Maker."

Albert turned pale.
 "Remember, unless you repent, you will be in a place of torment forever."
 Albert extended his hand.
 "Your mother —"
 "My mother," said Albert, the tears dropping from his eyes as he spoke. "Man, my mother's name has conquered me. Speak, and I will listen."
 Long and earnestly I conversed with him. When I left him he appeared much affected. He was on the road to repentance.
 "God will thank you for this," he said; "I cannot."
 That evening I again visited him. During my absence he had conversed with his brother Cornelius, and had brought his mind to a sense of repentance. He gave me a long account of his career in crime, beginning with the murder of W——, and ending with his last robbery. When he spoke of his sister Ellen, he wept. I shuddered at the awful recital.
 "Young man," said I, "your sins have been great, but not too great but that God will forgive you. Pray to Him who hath said, repent, even if it be at the eleventh hour, and I will forgive thee."
 "I do repent," said Albert.
 "And do you not fear death?" I asked.
 "No; we wish to die," replied both.
 After presenting each of them with a Bible, I left them.
 The day on which they were to be executed came at last. I had remained with them the whole preceding night. Both requested me to accompany them to the scaffold. Soon the sheriff entered, and proceeded to bind their hands behind them. As he appeared to be a little harsh to the prisoners, I requested him to act as gently as possible. Soon the bell struck, and they were led forth. The houses around the prison were crowded with people, who wished to view the coming execution. I walked by the prisoners' sides, whispering words of consolation in their ears. Soon we reached the scaffold. I offered Albert my hand to lift him up the steps, but he refused it. Soon we stood on the scaffold. For an instant Albert's eye wandered to the housetops, and then around the prison yard till it rested on the scaffold. He shuddered slightly as he beheld it, but it was not with fear, it was at the manner in which he was about to die.
 "If you have anything to say," said the sheriff, holding up his watch, "say it. You have five minutes before you."
 "I have only this to say," said Albert, stepping to the edge of the scaffold, and slightly elevating his hand as he spoke: "I die guilty of all the crimes which have been laid to my charge. May God have mercy on my soul."
 "Have you anything to say?" asked the sheriff of Cornelius.
 "Nothing, except that I die guilty of all the crimes which have been laid to my charge. May God have mercy on my soul. Remember me, good people, in your prayers to-night, and pray God to have mercy on me."
 "Mr. Ransom," said Albert, "beneath the pillow of my bed you will find a manuscript. Will you please publish it to the world, and show the young men the rock on which I have fallen."
 "I will," said I, much affected.
 "God bless you," said Albert; and turning to the sheriff he added: "I am ready."
 The sheriff placed the ropes around their necks, and seized the axe.
 "Adieu," said Albert.
 "Adieu," echoed his brother.
 The drop fell. For a moment they struggled in the air; the next, their struggles ceased, and the twin brothers were dead.
 God have mercy on their souls.

REV. A. RANSOM.

