

The Murderer.

In the dead of night when all are in the embrace of sweet sleep this seeker of human beings blood ~~lays~~^{lies} in wait for some favorable opportunity. He knows his victim's course-time has ~~learned~~^{taught} him that. He secrets himself where he can see every body that passes, but nobody sees him. With pistol and dagger ready for instant use he waits the coming of his victim. The night is dark, thick clouds fly hurriedly across the heavens, the moon can now and then be traced in the ~~heavens~~^{sky}, as the clouds frequently allow it to peep forth and cast its silvery beams on the trees that are heavy with dew. A step is heard - see how close the coward grasps his pistol - it proves not to be the man ^{after} whose life he is thirsting after. Night after night he ~~tries~~^{tries} to catch his enemy but does not succeed. At last tired of waiting for him, he resolves to secret himself in his room, and remain there until midnight and then to murder him in his own bed. He picks the lock of the front door while the ~~folks~~^{family} are at supper, secrets himself in the second story. At ten O'clock he hears somebody open the door and enter the room; a lamp is lighted, he discovers that it is his enemy, and that he is alone. The light is blown out and the man that gets into his bed little thinks that his most deadly enemy is so close to him and seeking to take his life ere he shall see another morning's sun. At twelve O'clock ~~he~~^{the murdering} rises from his lurking place, applies a light to his dark

latein and gives two plunges deep into the
 bosom of his innocent victim; they pierce the
 heart and the deed is complete. The murder-
 rer then searches his room, carries ^{every} thing
^{that might give evidence to connect him} of his, and makes his escape from the house.
 Let us turn for a few moments to the excite-
 ment that prevails in that house the next
 morning. How must his mother and father
 feel when they saw their only son ^{lie} welter-
 ing in his blood. What must have been their
 fears for fear of another attack! The villian
 that had murdered ^{him} in his haste to leave
 the house had dropped his handkerchief;
 on it was marked his name. This was sent
 to the station house and two or three detec-
 tives were set after him. The murderer was
 not caught until two weeks after his victim
 had been laid in the ground. He is tried,
 found guilty, and sentenced to be hung.
 What must be his agony while in prison!
 what visions must have come before him and
 tortured him in his sleep! The day of execution
 comes, he is led forth, ^{he} mounts the gallows
 and looks at the beautiful heavens for the
 last time. Such is the end of a man who
 willfully murders another.

The Murderer
 Extra
 Composition
 Excuse
 By A. Tweed
 June 3rd 1863
 Extra Composition
 A. Tweed
 4
 June 3rd 1863