

many more might there not be, unknown to him? His sole desire was to regain his horse, to mount, and away into the night. But before he went, he took the precaution to tie the woman's feet also. Fortunately the horse was still in the stable and seemed to be well cared for. He mounted and rode away with all the speed he could make. What he feared now more than the murderous robbers was the being detained in Charleston as witness. It was absolutely necessary that he should sail away in the *Lucifer* that day.

So he contented himself with leaving in the room of his brief lodgings in Charleston, a clear account of what had happened the night before in the inn at Rantowles.

Years after he learned that an armed force had gone ere the close of that day to the inn, had found Ahab the negro dead, Mrs. Basmorne tied and almost bursting with rage, and Pascal Basmorne bleeding but not dead. The other inmates of the inn, at sight of the bloody piazza the next morning after the affray, had fled. The wretched pair had lain there in agony until the coming of their captors. Basmorne had lived to confess his crime, which he declared he had undertaken through the urgency of his wife. They had only practised their device upon solitary travelers. In the night, when the wearied man was sound asleep, iron rods were drawn out of the ceiling of the kitchen, which at once opened a trapdoor under the bed and turned over the contents of the bed into the boiling caldron below. Before day the murdered man was buried far away in the woods, the horse was ridden off and hidden in the swamp until all inquiry was over and he could be safely sold, and the money the man had about him was securely put away. The clothes were invariably burned or buried. It is hard to say how many murders had been committed in this way. Pascal Basmorne died of his wound before he could be fully questioned. As for his horrible wife Drusilla Basmorne, though she denied all, the infernal trap was there to witness against her, and she was convicted of the murder of one Josiah Felton, who had disappeared wholly a month before, but whose body was found buried half a mile