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RICHARD CRAIGNTON;*

OR,

INCIDENTS AND ADVENTURES IN THE HISTORY OF THE "MARKHAM GANG."

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CHAPTER IV.

TREACHERY.

DR. GREENLEAF was a magistrate. He heard the story of Captain Willinton; he saw the result of the struggle; he heard the corroboration of Farmer Bradshaw; he did not, therefore, doubt that an assault, with the view to commit a robbery, if not a murder, had been committed, but he had no clue whatever by which to find out the parties. Captain Willinton had been too much occupied to be able to scan the features of his assailants, and the night had been too dark to permit him to do so with certainty even had circumstances permitted. The farmer had been too intent on destroying the ruffian's visage to pay much attention to what it looked like; besides, he was masked, and otherwise disguised. In the present condition of young Bradshaw it was vain to question him; and the probability was that he could throw very little light upon the matter, even were he in a condition to give evidence. The Doctor, therefore, who was a good, easy man, although very anxious to discover the robbers, and particularly anxious about the condition of young Bradshaw, believed pursuit to be entirely hopeless, and contented himself with sending an account of the affair to the proper district officers, suggesting the propriety of offering a reward for the detection of the villains; and there, for the present, the matter seemed likely to rest.

Captain Willinton, however, was not inclined to let the matter drop so easily, especially when

he saw the condition of the young man who had so gallantly come to his assistance in the hour of need; but to pursue his quest unaided was worse than useless, and he was forced to wait and see whether the chapter of accidents might not afford some clue to the perpetrators of the attempt upon his peaceful and happy home.

In the meantime Whitley had been nursing his hate against Richard Craighton. Some days had passed, during which he had been ruminating upon the chances of detection, and the probability that some one of the many by whom he was himself detested might forestall him should he delay the treachery he meditated; and he hoped to purchase his own safety by sacrificing his associate, at the same time reaping a rich harvest of vengeance against the young man who had so summarily expelled him from his father's house. His vindictive passion partially blinded him to his own danger, and he determined to make the attempt.

One morning, about a week after the robbery, Captain Willinton sat at breakfast, and as he quietly sipped his coffee, and read the newspaper, his eye fell upon a notice offering a reward for the apprehension of the ruffians who had assaulted him. His mind was naturally directed back to the whole circumstances, and an exclamation escaped him expressive of the irritation he felt at the apparent impossibility of obtaining reparation for the grievous wrong intended him.

A rap at that moment was heard at the door, and Mr. Whitley, a neighbour, was introduced.

A loathing crept over the Captain's frame; but

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