

Whitley was dumb.

"If this be so," said Dr. Greenleaf, to Whitley; "you shall suffer for it. Your treachery, welcome as it is, will serve you little. As I said before, none but a murderer ever struck such a blow. And now I think of it, I am as well convinced of it as Willinton is. The blow was struck from behind, and from its position could have been dealt only by the right hand. We will go and see if Craighton is really as Greene describes him, and if his right arm is powerless, there can no longer be a doubt about the matter. Mr. Crawford, make out warrants for the commitment of these men, William Greene and Solomon Whitley, and see that they are safely lodged in gaol, before sunset. Captain, come with me; in a couple of hours we will see Ned Craighton—a decent man he used to be. If all this be true, bad as he is now, you owe him something. If he is well enough we will have him arrested. If he be dying, your forgiveness may make his passage easier."

"You have only anticipated my wishes," said Captain Willinton. "I am most anxious to see and speak with him. A vague idea seems to float upon my mind, that there is something mysterious in his connection with this matter. The name is familiar to me, and yet I cannot think where I heard it. Let us begone at once."

"Wait till Mr. Warren and I have signed these documents," said the doctor. "We have time enough yet. It is only eleven o'clock. We shall be at his house by three."

Mr. Warren and Dr. Greenleaf having signed the necessary warrants, the prisoners, accompanied by several volunteers, as well as by a retinue of constables and town officers, were placed in a waggon, and sent off to the county gaol, in which, in the course of the same morning, Nathan Gray, wounded and suffering, had been safely lodged.

Placed together in the same vehicle, the two accomplices pursued their way, but long before they reached the end of their journey, it became necessary to separate them, for, manacled though he was, and in the power of those whose duty it was to minister the law, Greene could not restrain the evil passions of his nature, and he poured forth a torrent of oaths and imprecations, and struggled with his bonds to perform some murderous deed upon his companion, utterly reckless of after consequences, and for the time forgetting his own peril in his desire for immediate vengeance upon him whose fears had been the cause of his detection and his ruin. Once separated, however, his fury subsided into sullen

gloom, and before the night, both were placed in secure keeping, and in separate cells, to think over their guilt and its consequences as might be permitted to them.

We will not follow them into their lonely, and to them most loathsome cells. They felt, that whatever might befall them had been deserved, and the reflection—for they did reflect—was gall added to the bitterness of their lot. Whitley knew well that for him there was nothing to be offered in palliation, far less in extenuation of his crime. Wantonly, and in the mere lust of wealth, he had thrown a competence away. Greene had betrayed the confidence of one by whom he had been kindly entreated, and Nathan Gray had the guilt of murder on his soul, and excruciating pains of body. They were each of them alone, and had they been together, what comfort could either have derived from such companionship? Perhaps Whitley was the least wretched of the three. He felt that for the present his life was safe, and to him, coward as he was, life was all. But even he was stung with other feelings. He believed that Craighton, for whose destruction he had plotted, was in less imminent peril, that the very steps he had taken to be revenged upon him had recoiled upon himself, and that he whom he had destined for his victim had rather profited than otherwise by his treachery. It was a scorching thought,—it presented itself to him in a thousand varieties of shape—and the long night passed, fatigued and weary though he was, without his eyes having once been closed in sleep.

(To be continued.)

FOR MUSIC.

BY F.

Oh! give me back the sighs that vainly fell,
The looks that speechless were,
Yet told thee all a loving heart could tell,
While Hope yet linger'd there!
As summer sunshine lasts—I thought 'twould last,
Not thus so fleeting be:
But now I know, love only gleam'd and pass'd
Like shadows o'er the sea.

Oh! give me back those hours, with pleasure fraught,
Those nights and days all gone,
That flew so swiftly, while I fondly thought
Myself the favour'd one!
But now, each moment leaden-winged seems,
And slowly glides away—
For well I know, my thoughts were only dreams,
Like phantoms seen by day.

Montreal, February, 1847.