

Mrs. White that evening, and I determined to go there in company with old Mr. White, giving the constables directions to be within call.

I must confess that I felt considerably nervous at this stage of the proceedings, and almost regretted having ever meddled with the affair. The crisis, however, was at hand, and I had no alternative but to nerve myself for the unpleasant duty I had undertaken to perform.

That evening, in company with Mr. White and the constables, I set out for the widow's residence, where I expected to find Walters. The constables were directed to remain within call, outside, while Mr. White and I went into the house. We were not deceived in our calculations:—Walters was there, engaged in a lively conversation with the widow, with his chair drawn up beside the table, Mrs. White being seated opposite to him.

He gave a perceptible start when we entered, but soon recovered his composure. He was a fine-looking man, and my mind almost misgave me when I looked at him, as to whether, after all, I was not labouring under some dreadful error, with reference to the author of the crime. Close by, on the hearth, the widow's little son sat, looking up now and then into his mother's face, and amusing her with his childish prattle. The whole scene, on our entrance, was as remote from the tragic or terrible as it is possible to conceive; but the smoothest surface often covers the deepest and most treacherous abyss.

Walters wore on this occasion the waistcoat with the same fatal buttons, that I had noticed on him at the fair. I had in my pocket the button I had found in the lane, and I saw clearly now that those before me were its fellows in every particular. After a few minutes spent in ordinary conversation, I took it out and spun it on the table in a careless manner, watching his face all the while with a searching glance. He noticed the button in an instant, and a shade passed over his face, which I pretended not to notice.

"Let me see that button!" he exclaimed in a hurried manner.

"Take it," I replied; "it must belong to you. It is the same as those on your vest."

"Where did you get it?"

"In the lane here a year ago. There was blood where I found it; but it is little the worse now."

As I said these words I gave him a searching glance, and I felt that he quailed beneath my eye, and a leaden hue was stealing over his face. Before he had time to recover his composure, I drew the knife out of my pocket—blood-stained and ghastly as it was when I took it out of the old well—and threw it down on the table before him with a clang.

"There," said I, "is your knife—you may take that, too!"

I shall never forget the look which he gave at that moment. The change in his face would have been grotesque, had it not been so horrible. All power seemed to have left him, and

with a feeble groan he fell from the chair and sank to the floor.

I hastened to raise him and saw in an instant that his days were numbered. Blood was coming from his mouth, and it was evident that in the violence of his emotions he had burst a blood-vessel. The warrant we held was a useless document now; he had been cited to a higher court, and before a greater Judge.

We placed the dying man on a bed and sent for a physician. In a short time he arrived, and on examining the patient, informed us that he could not live,—he might live only a few hours, or he might linger for a few days; but in either case his days were numbered.

After lying in a state of insensibility for some time, he revived, and seeing me near, motioned me to his side and whispered,

"Send for a magistrate!"

I at once sent for the nearest magistrate, telling him to come prepared to take the deposition of a dying man. The magistrate came, and the deposition was taken in the words given below. I need not say how long and painful the process was,—how often the patient's voice failed him, and how many times we feared that he would die before the thing was done. The taking of the deposition was the work of hours. The reader may not require more minutes for its perusal.

The deposition was as follows:—

THIS IS THE DEPOSITION OF CHARLES WALTERS, MARINER, AGED 26:—"I feel that I am about to die, and desire to tell all I know about a great crime of which I am guilty,—I refer to the murder of James White. ' ' deceased and I were rivals for the love of the same woman, the one who is now his widow. In consequence of his success and my disappointment, I went to sea, vowing that I would have revenge! My words were idle threats and I soon forgot them. In the course of time I returned from sea; I was resolved to shew White that I cherished no ill feeling; I resolved to visit him first. It was dark when I reached the neighbouring town, the night was stormy, but I wrapped a large cloak around me and resolved to walk to this settlement. Fatal resolution! I intended to stop at a relative's who lived beyond White's, but when I saw the house of my rival, I thought I would give him a call. I rapped at the door: his wife answered and said her husband was out. She did not seem to know me: she invited me in but I refused. Why I did so, I can scarcely say: if I had accepted her invitation, no blood would have been shed. I had scarcely left the house, when White came out; I did not, however, observe him, till I was half way down the lane, when he put his hand on my shoulder. I turned round. He recognized me at once, and said with a sneer: "What do you want here, I suppose you come for your revenge?" Stung by his ungenerous words, I gave an angry reply. He struck me. I grappled with him and we struggled together. At last he threw me on the ground, as I fell something hard touched my side. I put my hand instinctively back and felt the object: it was a sheath knife which I had in my belt. Maddened by anger and revenge, I seized it, and leaping to my feet, gave a wild sweep with it towards White's head. In another instant, he was stretched before me a corpse. That one fatal stroke did the work. He was dead with his throat cut. My anger was, in an instant, replaced by sorrow; but, neither anger or sorrow was of any use. I fled in horror from the place. As I passed my ruined home, I sat down to weep, and then I dropped the fatal knife down the well. I walked all night, and next morning was miles away; I never stopped until I reached St. John, and in a few days I again was at sea. Since that day, I have never had a moment's peace of mind. I be-