

further said that he perceived they had broken half of a window above the door, the aperture was sufficiently large to admit the body of a man, and he believed that it must have been by this means that one of them had entered, and thus been enabled to open the door from the inside. But to proceed. Mathieu and the two others glided into the chapel, leaving Waterworth to keep watch without, and give alarm in case of discovery, or, in the event of its being occasioned by one person only, to silence him with a blow from a club he carried.

The three remained inside about a quarter of an hour, during which time they lit a candle, with phosphoric matches purchased by Cambray from Sims, an apothecary in the Upper Town. They then wrapped the stolen articles in mantles and in the woman's attire with which Gagnon and Mathieu had been disguised on this occasion. This over, they returned to Mrs. Anderson's; but fearing that their movements might attract observation, they transported their booty to Cambray's. Entering by a yard at the back, they introduced themselves into a hay-loft, where they again struck a light and examined the result of their expedition. Here it was that the witness first set eyes upon the effects, which he observed consisted of a silver image of the Virgin, a lamp, and several candlesticks, he also recollected that it was a matter of debate whether one of the candlesticks was of pure silver. He remembered breaking it with an axe to ascertain the truth, they found it to be only plated. They then descended into the stable, and having raised one of the plunks, they concealed everything beneath it.

A few days after this affair, Mathieu and Gagnon returned to demand their share of the spoils. As Cambray was absent at the time—he had gone out with his wife—the witness gave them each a dollar or two, and told them to arrange with Cambray for the rest. Later on, Waterworth and Cambray made up their minds to take the silver to Broughton, where, as we have stated, the relatives of the former then lived. Accordingly, they procured two barrels, one of which they filled with liquor, and into the other they put the ornaments of the Congregational Chapel. Waterworth then started for Broughton; he was driven there in a cariole by a cartier; and besides the barrels, he brought with him several other articles. He arrived there on the second day from the time of his departure, having slept a night at a tavern kept by one Morin, near St. Mary's.

Having stowed the barrels within doors, and given special instructions to his sister with regard to them, he drew from one a jar full of liquor, which he carried to the house of a man named Stevens, who lived at the further end of the township. In this visit he was accompanied by his sister, his brother-in-law, a man of the name of Knox, and the cartier. The witness remained the whole night here; but when Knox was on the point of leaving, he desired him to conceal the larger barrel in the snow. This was done.

Cambray made his appearance a few days after this; and he and Waterworth having satisfied themselves as to the safety of the barrel, they both returned to Quebec. Scarcely had they arrived, however, than they learned that Carrier, the constable, had left for Broughton. This happened on Ash Wednesday. Fearful of discovery, and determined at all risks to ward off the impending blow, the robbers started after him on the following day, and travelled nearly fifty miles between five o'clock in the afternoon and one the following morning.

On the road they met Carrier returning, and, doubtful as to the issue of his journey, they accosted him, asking him where he had been. He answered that he had been to Broughton on several business matters. They continued questioning him; but, receiving very evasive answers, Waterworth, to make sure that he had discovered nothing, pretended to be drunk, and insisted upon searching the constable's cariole, under the pretence of looking for liquor; but finding nothing, they continued their journey.

Arrived at Broughton, the witness made special enquiries respecting the object of Carrier's visit. His father, who appeared deeply

affected by the thought that his house, which had hitherto enjoyed an unexceptional character, should have been made an object of search by the police, told him that the constable had been there, but had found nothing. This ascertained, Cambray decided upon leaving immediately for the city, from which he returned in the commencement of the following April, bringing with him two crucibles, a bushel of coal, and a pair of bellows. The following night, Cambray, Norris, Knox, and the witness, retired to the adjoining woods, where they made a fire in the sugar cabin, and endeavoured to melt their silver, but being unable to attain this, they broke it into pieces with a hammer, and having rolled it up in a cloth, Cambray and Waterworth brought it back to Quebec.

## THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advance sheets.)

Continued from page 21.

At the very moment that the miller was getting certain in his own mind that Lord Langton would never be permitted to leave the place alive, a sinister voice from among the dense mass of pushing, gesticulating, sword-displaying Jacobites called out—

"Understand, gentlemen, he will be a fool now if he does not go to the king and make the best of it! If he is obliged to give up his own plot for another war, do you suppose he'll be such an idiot as not then to go over to the usurper, and take our lives and properties in hand? Ask him! Ask him whether he means, under any and all circumstances, to pledge himself to stay in exile, and play the devoted, heroic, martyr-like sort of game he suggests! Ask him!"

"I tell you frankly, without waiting for anybody else to ask me, what I mean to do. I shall go from here to our king, and then—"

"Ay, then?" demanded many voices, noticing his pause.

"Then," said Lord Langton, with just a slight flushing of his cheek—"I reserve to myself the question of the future."

"Did I not say so? He warns you fairly. Who will join me to punish this loud-mouthed traitor?"

And then, in the rush that ensued, the bloody business would have been consummated, but for the appearance, on the top of the stairs outside, of the figure of Clarence Harvey, who, open-mouthed, his face as white as the miller's flour, tried to speak calmly, but was in such agitation as to find it difficult to speak at all—

"There are men all about crouching in the darkness!"

What a stop, what a lull in that tumultuous assembly was that which followed these words! Swords dropped, and countenances dropped lower even than the swords.

Again came that sinister voice—

"Is not this what Lord Langton brought us here for?"

A yell rather than a cry arose—a yell of vengeance, even in the very teeth of their own danger.

"Defend yourself now!" shouted the miller; "friends will help you."

As he spoke, he snatched a sword from one of the angry Jacobites, and confronted the mob. Clarence Harvey made a second.

And then two other Jacobites, who were too just or too generous to see such a barbarous act committed as they saw inevitable unless protection were instantly afforded, joined the other two; and, seeing this sight, Lord Langton with a sigh of regret, drew his own blade and started to the front.

The aspect of the swordsmen compelled a parley. Lord Langton held up his hand to speak.

"No, no! down with him! he has blarneyed us long enough!"

Such were the cries that met him; but he managed to silence them by his first few words.

"My friend the miller has placed safety in my hands. Take it. There is a boat in an unknown creek—he will show you the way. Fill the boat with as many as can get in; let others wade

through the water or hold on by the edge. Quick! away! I pledge my honour to you that if you can reach that spot you have a good chance to escape; only move in the silence of death, or death itself waits you!"

In two minutes the room would have been clear of all but Lord Langton and Clarence Harvey, but the king's constables and soldiers were too quick for them.

While the Jacobites were fast struggling with each other to get through a narrow doorway pointed out by the miller, who went in advance, the points of bayonets were seen rising up the staircase, borne by a dense mass of men who moved in terrible silence.

"Away! away!" shouted Lord Langton. "We will keep them at bay for a minute or two!"

In a frenzy of alarm, the fugitive Jacobites did their best to escape; but their hurry was so great as to make them impede each other.

Lord Langton, Clarence Harvey, the miller, and his two new and faithful friends, now barred the road with levelled swords.

"Yield yourselves!" said a stern voice.

"Why?" asked Lord Langton, who was hoping to achieve a brief delay without bloodshed.

"We summon you as rebels. Drop your swords, or we shall advance through your bodies!"

"I am no rebel! And if I were, I have just done your king a timely service, that he ought not thus to repay!"

"You are Lord Langton?"

"I am."

"You are my prisoner."

"And these innocent persons—my servant, and the miller, who thought it was a convivial meeting; and these two friends, who are as innocent of rebellion as—"

"As yourself!" sneered the chief officer.

"Exactly!" said Lord Langton.

"And where are the others?" asked the officer. "But I need not ask you. Our men outside are, doubtless, dealing with them!"

"I yield, then, and beg, in the miller's name, to invite you inside."

Then, moving rapidly back into the room, he went toward the table, intending to pass it, and in so doing caught a glimpse of a paper. It was the list of all the persons present at the meeting!

The head of the police saw the paper at the same moment, and ran forward to seize it; but Lord Langton ran him through the sword-arm, and then, snatching at the paper with his left hand, kept the rest of the men at bay, while he put the paper to a candle and lighted it.

There was a movement forward of another armed officer, leading on the men with levelled bayonets to stop him, and he instantly fell, pierced to the heart.

"Gently, gentlemen!" said Lord Langton.

"This is painful work. I seek not to protect myself. Give me a moment, then. Nay, sir, if you will have it—" and a second man dropped, while the others were paralysed to see the fate of their comrades, as the fateful document was being burnt. Of course, they could have instantly overpowered him with the rush of bayonets; but they seemed to be acting under an order not to kill, but to take prisoner—doubtless on account of the Government's desire to learn at the fountain head all the particulars of the conspiracy.

And then, with a single sweep of his sword he cut through both the candles, and left the room in darkness, as he shouted—

"Quick, my friends! Escape, while they cut each other's throats at their leisure!"

He moved, in the dark, to an open window in a far corner, which he had previously looked at, and was about to leap out, when he was caught by a strong hand, and he heard a stern voice whisper, amid the great confusion of the place—

"Where is she—your abandoned associate? Speak, Lord—, or you die. Tell me—and you escape!"

"Noel!" whispered Clarence, "let him go, or you die. I am here!"