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CANADIAN BRIGANDS.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE
Of the exploits of the
NOTORIOUS GANG OF ROBBERS
Who infested
Q U E B E C
In 1834 and 1835.

Translated for the SATURDAY READER from a
French pamphlet published in 1837.

CAMBRAY AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.

"What do you desire, gentlemen?" said Cambray, in affected unconcern, rising from the sofa and crossing his arms arrogantly over his chest.

"In the name of the King, you are my prisoner," said one of the magistrates, placing his hand upon Cambray's shoulder and signaling the others to seize him.

"What do you mean? Why am I arrested?"

"Why, Cambray, you are accused of murder. Do you remember Sivrac? You are accused of sacrilege. Were you never in the Congregational Chapel? Have you not stolen silver in your possession? Is the name of Cecelia O'Connor unknown to you? These are the grounds upon which you are arrested.

Cambray, always cool and collected, cast his eyes on the warrant for his arrest, and while it was being read, he became paler and paler at every word; nevertheless he maintained his composure throughout the entire proceedings, looking stedfastly in the face of the magistrate.

"Sivrac was my friend," said he at length, with an evident effort to restrain himself; but suddenly losing all patience, he stamped upon the floor, exclaiming, "but what is the use of all this? is it thus you speak to a free and innocent man? When you bring me before justice, I will laugh at your accusations."

During the first part of this speech his face became livid and his eyes fairly flashed with fury, but he soon masked himself with innocence and confidence; an expression of mockery gleamed in his eyes and curled upon his lips; one would have said that he already had a foretaste of the joy of seeing his enemies confuted in their assertions.

On the appearance of the magistrates, his wife had retired into another apartment, but her interest in the ordeal to which her husband was submitting, was too great not to listen to it all.

"Well then, come," said Cambray, "Come, come! let us see whether or not I am the murderer of Sivrac. Come!" and as he was preparing to depart, his wife burst shrieking into the room and threw herself towards him. Pale, trembling, her hair falling loosely over her shoulders, it was with difficulty she could breathe. Mute with terror at the thoughts of his sufferings, and anticipating his despair, with imploring eyes she turned to those surrounding him; thrice did she try to find words to give utterance to her feelings, but agony had deprived her of her voice. At last a shriek burst from her pent up heart—but such a shriek—it was scarcely human, so wild was it, so touching, and so full of anguish.

"Ah, what do I see? What do I hear? What are you going to do with him?" cried she.

For a moment there was a deep silence. Cambray alone had sufficient energy to bear it. He raised her with affected solemnity, and said, "My wife, rouse yourself, be courageous, and show yourself worthy of your husband; remember you are the partner of one who never quailed in the presence of man; remember that and

fear nothing. You know me well; now listen. I am accused of a crime, a most dreadful crime—that of murder—but an accusation is no proof of guilt."

These terrible words sounded like a death knell in the ears of his distracted wife, who fell back into the arms of a neighbour who had entered the house attracted by the noise. Cambray alone appeared unaffected by the mournful sight, and marched bravely to the prison, surrounded by the magistrates, and exposed to the jeers of the passers by, or the observations of those who hung out of the windows of their houses attracted by the unusual spectacle.

That evening Cambray was confronted with his accusers, and thrown into the lock-up. Shortly afterwards Waterworth, his associate, delivered himself into the hands of the authorities, resolved to share his fate whatever it might be.

So long as Cambray hoped to impose upon the public, by assuming an apparent indifference, so long did he appear quiet and submissive; but no sooner did he discover that the veil had been torn aside from his iniquitous career—no sooner did he learn the damning array of evidence against him, than he gave way to the wildest transports of rage.

During the first part of his confinement he was morose, at times ferocious and brutal in his bearing, so much so that even the witnesses who were to depose against him trembled in his sight. Not that he was afraid of death, nor ashamed of the infamous life he had been leading. No; what troubled him was, that he had been short in his hey day of success.

Cambray and Waterworth, before "this reverse of fortune," as they were pleased to term it, were people of great distinction among their friends, and were generally respected by all who knew them. The following is an account by Waterworth, who resided the greater part of the year in town, of the manner in which affairs were conducted in Cambray's house for some time before his arrest.

It is astonishing, said he, to what an extent hypocrisy and position operate on the minds of the most worthy of our citizens, and it is remarkable that the first breath of suspicion comes generally from a quarter where it is least looked for; it seems as if vice clashes with vice for the sole purpose of protecting society from universal corruption. Only a few days before our arrest, Cambray's house was the resort of people of the highest respectability. It will doubtless seem strange to you that one of his most intimate acquaintances was a person of most exemplary manners and conduct, one moreover whose position alone was a guarantee of respectability. This person could never have known the real character of his friend; indeed from positive knowledge I can affirm, that he regarded Cambray as a model of honesty and truthfulness; alas like many others he was only a dupe; under the genial smile of friendship lay a depth of villainy, he would have recoiled from with horror.

The religious disposition of Cambray's wife did much towards bringing this class to the house, and it must be added that the cordial manners of her husband did much towards inducing them to repeat their visits. He did not however partake of the religious feelings of his spouse, for he possessed none, but he believed that the friendship and good opinion of his neighbours was likely to be useful to him; consequently heaped the virtue others applauded.

I do not wish to insinuate that Cambray did not believe in the existence of a God; far from this, his conduct proves the contrary, for in our iniquitous conspiracies he never failed to invoke the aid of the devil, and those who believe in an evil spirit, necessarily acknowledge

a good one. The miserable wretch whose life has been dedicated to Satan, and who finds his death bed a scene of utter despair, proves the existence of one who has filled the heart of man with repentance and sorrow.

As I have already stated, we were enjoying the height of prosperity at the time of our arrest: fortune, fame and security seemed to wait at our doors, but the day of retribution had come, suspicion had fallen upon us, and in a moment all our bright hopes of the future had perished. No sooner were we taken up, than the most horrible of crimes, real or imaginary, were placed to our account, and the town accepting every detail as truthful, re-echoed with wrath and indignation; thousands priding themselves upon their perspicuity or upon their pretended discoveries circulated the most ridiculous stories concerning our secret doings in all of which we were represented as the most atrocious monsters under Heaven. The guilty too loaded us with their own misdeeds, thus hoping to escape the vengeance that belonged to them.

This unfortunate piece of business suddenly opened our eyes to the enormities of our crime; nevertheless we did not despair of escaping the rigor of the law, and of re-entering society once more, trusting that our full purses would make amends for our lost characters.

CHAPTER XIII.

First Night in the "Lock-up"—Reproaches—Criminal Reflections.

So far we have seen vice triumphant, marching with head erect, and in full defiance of justice. Here our subject changes colour a little, thoughts of the past arise, and fears for the future. Let us follow our characters in their descent, listen to the clanking of their chains, and the imprecations of their fate.

We have unfolded the revolting details of their numerous crimes; let us now unfold the consequences thereof, and witness the tribulation of their subsequent life. We have traced them from their first offence to the depth of their villainy; let us now judge of their humiliation and punishment; for who can paint repentance and remorse?

On the evening of their arrest, Cambray and Waterworth were chained up in the same place. Behold them, one opposite the other, fastened by massive chains to the thick walls of the cell, wet with moisture and covered with cobwebs; a lamp hangs between them, and its pale and sickly light seems to regard them with a restless and defiant glare.

Their forms are languid now and relaxed, and the pervading silence, interrupted by the sighs of one and the mutterings of the other, manifests more strongly than could word or gesture the nature of their thoughts. Had any one looked into this dungeon through the only aperture that admitted daylight—had seen their flaming eyes amid the gloom—they would have believed them to have been two ferocious brutes crouched in their respective corners, each trembling in the fear of being assailed by his adversary.

"See," said Waterworth, raising his chains, which sounded with a deep clank in this subterranean abode. "See," said he, breaking at last the oppressive silence of the place, "what I owe you, Cambray; see what you have brought me to."

"Ah! you open your eyes at last; I'll bet you are sorry for what you have done," replied Cambray, with a mocking laugh, as he gathered himself into a sitting posture.

"Heavens! what will my father say when he hears of this? What will he think? What will he do? O that I had never seen you! Cambray, it was you who enticed me to commit the acts I