

here it was I first contracted those connections which have since led to my ruin.

"One evening, having remained much later than usual, as I lay upon the counter, quietly puffing my pipe, I heard the following dialogue proceed from a small room adjoining.

"Deuce take it, we got off nicely—those cursed butchers never sleep a wink the whole night. As soon as I saw the light I jumped ten feet good off the ground, and hurt my leg most awfully; and look here, look at this for a piece of meat, and say whether it was worth while risking one's whistle for a filthy end of brisket.

"Ah yes, our trade is done for in town; the people have become so suspicious, we must take to the country for it, or make use of our staff of dignity (a club). Oh! the country—the country by all means—the country for ever where the people are so good-natured, and the chickens fat, and ready for roasting. The country is the place. When I lived out of town I was never without a fowl or a lamb for market; many a windfall; and only two or three times in the brig (prison).

"Faith comrade, we're not badly lodged here, it's true, but we can't live upon nothing; we'll have to set to work to-morrow in earnest.—You'll take charge of the upper town market. I'll make my bargains in that of the lower town, and hang me, if to-morrow at dinner-time, we have not something to make a stew of.

"I've another plan. What's to prevent us visiting the Island of Orleans; there's a harvest to be gathered there; plenty of sheep, and the easiest thing in the world to catch them. Just throw them on their backs—so—a wisp of hay in their mouth, and the lamb's your own."

"That would not be a bad idea at all, but then we require a boat of some kind."

"Well, we'll think of it; meantime let's have a whot, for we certainly deserve one."

"So saying, the two men entered abruptly the apartment in which I was. I recognized them immediately as two labourers often employed in our lumber yard; their names were Mathieu and Charbonneau. Mrs. A— had let them a little room about eight feet square, the entrance to which was through a window. Seeing me, they accosted me familiarly.

"Boss," said one of the two, "you'll do to get us out of our difficulty; we've a nest to rob, and want a boat. You'll lend us yours for a night, to get a few fat sheep from the Island of Orleans."

"I refused them promptly. 'I'll see you to the —,' said I, 'before I'll lend my boat to go stealing with.'

"Stealing! who said anything about stealin'—? But it's all right, we'll hear what Cambray will have to say to it."

"At this moment in walked Cambray himself, who only replied to their request by a laugh of scorn. 'Bah! sheep stealers; are you fools? But I'll tell you what, Mathieu, if you know where to find a well-lined purse in any of these country parishes, that, would be worth seeing to, and I wouldn't mind taking a share of the risks.'

"Yes, deuce take it, I do know where to look for one. There's an old bachelor living near St Laurent Church; he must have some three hundred pounds concealed somewhere on the premises."

"Accordingly the whole four of us started for the Island—Cambray, Mathieu, Charbonneau, and myself, and in a short time found ourselves at the residence of the aforesaid old bachelor; it was situated in the very centre of the village, at but a short distance from the church.

"The night we had chosen was one of the most beautiful; the great harvest moon sailed majestically above, bathing the surrounding landscape in a flood of soft light, as brilliant, almost, as if it had been day.

"Without losing a moment, Mathieu stepped up to the window and took out a pane of glass. 'Take care,' said Cambray, 'remember there must be no violence unless we are absolutely driven to it.'

"The pane fell and broke in pieces. I trembled with fear; it was the first time I had witnessed a proceeding of that nature, and I took

to my heels and ran like a traitor. When at about the distance of an acre, I turned my head, and seeing my companions close upon my heels, I redoubled my efforts to escape, followed by them as hard as they could go.

"What's the matter? what frightened you?" said one; 'what did you see?' said another. 'Stop, stop.' But I pushed on in an agony of fear. 'At last, having run upwards of a mile, I could go no further; and Cambray coming up again, roared out, 'What the d— did you see, Waterworth? Tell us what you saw.'

"Nothing," said I overcome with horror, 'but—but—'

"What! you saw nothing, and you ran in that way. What a confounded coward you must be.' But my strength was so spent, that I could hardly breathe.

"Shortly after, the day began to dawn, and it became useless to re-attempt our expedition that night. Mathieu, however, insisted upon giving us a specimen of his skill in sheep stealing; after which we returned to the city, and wound up our proceedings by an excellent repast on roast lamb, which we had at Mrs. A—'s.

"Some days after our abortive expedition to the Island of Orleans, we planned a visit to the country house of a Mrs. Atkinson; the premises were well known both to Cambray and myself, for we had had, frequently, business transactions at the place.

"This project was also ratified at Mrs. A—'s, and the parties who had assisted us in our former scheme, were also our accomplices in this.

"Mathieu, by way of precaution, entered into a private understanding with some of his fellow-labourers, to the effect, that should the booty, by any chance, slip through our hands, they would take measures to secure it. Nevertheless, we were not destined to succeed this time either, for, whether through remorse or fear, no sooner was the first ice broken, than I again took flight. So that our second enterprise met with the same fate as our first.

"A few days afterwards, November 3, 1834, two old scoundrels, J. Stewart, and J. H—, came one evening to the residence of Cambray, and proposed that he should accompany them in the robbery of Mr. Atkinson's, observing at the same time that it was dangerous to let the fruit ripen any longer, as all their *confrères* were using every effort to obtain it. I was asleep at the time, but they awoke me, and I solemnly promised that this time I would not desert my post, and before leaving, we each of us pledged ourselves to secrecy, by repeating the following sentence:

"In the Devil's name, kill me if I blab."

"We went by boats as far as the East India wharf, where we parted with Stewart and H—; we then rowed to the market place, where they again met us, in order to inform us that they had succeeded in opening the yard door, unseen.—We then all proceeded to the place. A cross-bar is lifted without noise. Cambray and H— were soon inside, while Stewart and I kept watch without. Our comrades found the safe, but tried in vain to remove it; at last Cambray, irritated to excess, and cursing his soul, seized hold of it, and by a violent effort, he raised it against his person, and with a firm step, placed it on the window, where we, coming to his aid, slid it carefully into the yard by means of a plank. How Cambray managed to lift so great a weight I cannot tell; I am sure it could not have been less than eight cwt., for it was only by great labour that we managed to get it to the boat. But to proceed. Off we went with our prize, and shortly after we came to anchor on a sand bank in the river St. Charles; this bank is immediately opposite the St. Paul's market, and is always dry at low tide. Waiting until the ford was passable, Cambray hastened to fetch an axe, with which we broke open the chest, and tying up the contents in two handkerchiefs, we made our way back to his house. There, in a private chamber, did we take an inventory of our spoils; the lion's share, as usual, falling to Cambray; for while he kept me employed in burning the papers and books of the establishment, he managed to pocket the money before the very eyes of the others, whom he put off with a few dollars.

Next day he gave me seven pounds. I have since learned that the box contained one hundred and fifty pounds; so that this night's work was worth five hundred dollars to Cambray.

"Stewart was arrested on suspicion for this robbery, and in consequence, passed two months in prison as a vagabond.

"The excitement over, I left for Broughton, where I remained until the end of January, 1835, when Cambray came to urge me to return to Quebec; and to avoid giving rise to any suspicions, he had me summoned to appear as a witness in a case then pending between him and a tavern keeper named D—t. This was, of course, a mere pretext, for I knew nothing whatever about the matter. However, I returned with him, and we shall now see by what new exploits we distinguished ourselves.

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advance sheets.)

Continued from page 5.

CHAPTER XXII. FRIGHTENED LONDON.

The terror, the excitement, the confusion through London was something awful when the news began to circulate like wild-fire through the streets and the public places of the attempt on the king's life.

The wildest, most absurd rumours found ready credence.

A thrill of horror ran through the whole country. Jacobites and Georgians alike exclaimed against the meditated atrocity—though, when the former did so, it was a chance if the idea was not thrown in their teeth, that their indignation was convenient.

The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and a new and grand association instantly formed, and an instrument drawn up, by which the people's representatives solemnly recognised King George as their only and lawful king, bound themselves to defend him against James and James' adherents, and solemnly swore that if the king's life were shortened by violence, they would avenge him upon his murderers.

The members of the House were all summoned, and every name called over, and then the members, county by county, went up and appended their signatures.

Rewards of a thousand pounds were offered for the capture of each of the murderers who had escaped. People in every direction hunted out the presumed assassins as though they had been wild beasts. The gates of the city of London were closed for many hours, in order to assist in the search. Armed men occupied the highways, and stopped every doubtful passer. And in these and a hundred other ways did the generous English people show their abhorrence of the unmanly crime of assassination.

But there was one Jacobite who at this time, strange to say, became wonderfully popular.

That man, too, was the most dangerous man of the whole party.

Need we say this was Lord Langton?

His generosity to his enemy—his bravery in risking the double danger of being supposed faithful to neither party—above all, his chivalrous devotion to James, when the facts oozed out that he had, while before King George, played the Jacobite in the most determined spirit—all his captivated the hearts of the people, and he was thus easily led to fancy there would be now a reconciliation between the king and his noble but rebellious subject, and that thus a heavy blow would be struck against the Jacobite cause.

How all these flattering visions were to be dealt with by the stern logic of fact let us show.

A fortnight has elapsed. The public mind has quieted down; business, politics, pleasure, and necessity are all again asserting their claims, and pushing the remembrance of the late attempt out of mind.

The fact that no insurrection has followed the abortive attempt to murder, has also had a very happy effect. All the precautions of Government during the last few days had pointed to some sort of expectation of an outbreak.