

treme courage; nine men out of ten would probably have done precisely as I did. Besides, I had not been so delicately nurtured as to think much of bodily injury. I rushed forward, then, and sprang into the chamber.

A night lamp was burning in a bracket, and a fire, which I had made up three hours before, was yet blazing in the grate, and by this light a scene presented itself which my memory still vividly retains.

Struggling desperately in the grasp of two men, disguised in crape masks, was the son of my employer. They had dragged him to the floor; and the pistol which he had fired in self-defence, but without effect, had been wrested from his hand, and was now being turned as a murderous weapon of offence against him, by the strong arm of one of the robbers.

Another and yet more helpless conflict had, as it seemed already terminated; for the aged owner of the mansion lay stretched on the floor apparently senseless, and disregarded by two other wretches, who were already silently but expeditiously proceeding with their work of pillage. A small bureau had been forced open, and the chink of money told that they were thus far successful in their criminal enterprise.

It was only in a rapid and momentary glance, however, that these particulars were impressed on my senses: for as I instinctively rushed forward and arrested a blow which would probably have added murder to robbery, a cry, which I knew to be that of the Russian Kite, rang through the chamber.

'Tis young Roland Leigh, riz from the dead!' he shouted, with a fearful cry; and, the next moment, every veiled face was turned towards me, while their owners fell back with obvious terror from my unexpected apparition.

The panic was complete and decisive. The hardened villains, who would not have scrupled at committing murder rather than be defeated in their unlawful object, and whose brute courage had carried them through many scenes of desperate resistance and real bodily peril, were not proof against superstition. As it afterwards proved, my face was familiar to them all, for they had known me in my involuntary sojourn at Thieves' Castle, where it was firmly believed that I had perished in the wreck of the *General Washington*; and my sudden appearance among them, while thus engaged in their dark deed of violence, struck them, one and all, with deadly fear. For an instant only they staggered and attempted to rally, and then, overpowered by their superstitious dread

of contact with a spirit, as they afterwards confessed, they turned and fled.

Meanwhile, my master's son had risen to his feet; and, though unable to comprehend the moving cause of this sudden flight, he was sufficiently collected to take advantage of the obvious terror which had fallen upon the robbers. And in our pursuit of them we were joined by his servant, who had, partially at least, shaken off his temporary cowardice, and regained some presence of mind. I shall not further attempt to describe the particulars of that stormy and perilous night, let it suffice to say that, after a renewed and desperate struggle, two of the miscreants were disabled and captured before they had reached the window through which they had effected an entrance, and the other two, though they managed to escape, were hotly pursued by the groom, who had been aroused by our shouts, and by Mr. Richard himself, and gave themselves up as prisoners. As I have already intimated, one of the burglars was my old Whiskers' Rents acquaintance, Sloppy Storens, and another the Russian Kite, of Thieves' Castle.

I shall spare my readers the report of a criminal prosecution and trial; for though my history has led me to a record of crime, I would not that it should catch the features of a New-gate Calendar. I will briefly say, therefore, that the unhappy men were, after several weeks' imprisonment, placed at the bar of justice for attempted burglary. Two words will tell the result—GUILTY: DEATH. And thus, though hand had joined in hand, the wicked did not go unpunished.

They did not suffer the full penalty of the law, however. Perhaps they owed this exercise of mercy to the earnest prayers and strong influence of their prosecutor; but it may be that they purchased it by treachery to former companions in crime, and unwilling service to the State. I know only this—that following hard upon their trial, a sudden enlightenment fell upon the police of that day respecting a notorious haunt of thieves and coiners, in an old house on the banks of the Thames, very near to London, and that a strong detachment of constables forced an entrance. They found the nest, and many undeniable and unequivocal proofs of the criminal character of its inmates, but the birds were flown.

There were scattered over the country offers of reward for the capture of certain individuals who had rendered themselves obnoxious to justice. Conspicuous among these was one—

Captain Leigh. His person was described with minute fidelity, and his usual haunts were expressly indicated.

But these offers produced no response. Months passed away, and no further discoveries were made.

Meanwhile the small establishment at Templeton Lodge was broken up. Indeed, Mr. Simmonds never returned to his home after the trial of the burglars; for his health gave way beneath the excitement to which he had been exposed, and, with his health of body, his mind sunk into confirmed imbecility. I will not dwell upon this, it is enough to say that my poor master—after a few months of harmless and not entirely unhappy lunacy—died in the arms of his son, and under his roof.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

NEW LODGE.

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. R. Middlemore, Provincial Deputy of Albion Lodge, assisted by a number of the officers and members of Albion, Mount Pleasant, and St. John Lodges instituted a new lodge in Carleton, under the name of Andrews Lodge, No. 38, of the B.O.G.T.

The Lodge was formed under the most favourable circumstances, and there is good reason to believe that large numbers of the people in Carleton will become connected with, and labor for, the spread of Templarism. The material of which the lodge is composed is a sufficient guarantee of its success.

It may, perhaps, be gratifying to the few individuals who opposed the introduction of Templarism into Carleton, to learn that a Lodge has been really organized. Those narrow minded people who think that British Templars are laboring to destroy, or even injure the Order of Sons of Temperance, should be sentenced to live in an empty rum hogshead for the remainder of their lives,—for they are a living mass of inconsistency unworthy of the name of temperance men, and the day is not far distant, when they will have a clear demonstration of the falsity of the position they take. There is certainly opposition enough outside of the temperance ranks, without the professed friends