

heaven that he had nothing in his cariole at the time we met him; for had it been otherwise, we would most certainly have saved him his journey home. Our determination to murder him was fixed, and every step towards its accomplishment had been taken with great precaution.

I believe, however, that on these occasions we permitted a spirit of indulgence, of humanity, to triumph over common sense; for to this systematic lenity I cannot but attribute much that led to our discovery. True, it was not immediate in its effects; nevertheless it brought on further and better founded accusations. In fact, I am of opinion that it was the movements of the carrier that furnished Cecelia Connor with the suspicions that we had the church silver in our possession, suspicions which gradually strengthened, until, in the summer of 1845, they were laid before the Court as facts, on which were based our arrest; for it must not be forgotten that this woman was entirely ignorant of the contents of the larger barrel, nor could she have overheard any conversation concerning it. Her discovery, therefore, must have sprung entirely from her imagination; but this is only conjecture, for the incident has ever been a mystery to us, something we have never been able to comprehend.

"Stop a moment! Possibly you may not have heard that she followed you into the wood—that she saw the image of the Virgin in the hands of Cambray—that from Knox she took a small silver sceptre, that —"

"Is it possible, is it possible?" she watched us, spied out our retreat, discovered us in the act. Ah! had we only known, how easy it would have been to have prevented all this trouble. I could never have imagined that imbecile old creature, such as she is, could have dared to watch us after that manner. Had I thought it possible, I would have strangled her without any remorse whatsoever. Personal safety is the first law of nature. Did she then follow us? Alone? into the woods? Ah, that I could meet her once more."

In giving way to this burst of passion, the witness betrayed the secret working of his heart; he showed himself in the fulness of his wickedness, the strength of his ferocious nature completely overpowered every other consideration, and usurped at once the mild sentiments of contrition and regret to which he had hitherto expressed himself resigned. He rose in his seat, his fists clenched, and his lips quivering with emotion—he was indeed the picture of a blood-thirsty villain. Shortly after he seemed gradually to suppress all external symptoms of agitation; he remained quite silent for a considerable space of time, and finally relapsed into that marble-like coldness which had hitherto characterised his address. "As continued:

After the chapel silver had been reduced to ingots, and deposited in a place of safety, I went home to Broughton, from which I returned about the middle of May.

On my arrival, we set about a new expedition. This was our first work of the kind since the sacrilege; it took place on the Island of Orleans. There were four of us concerned in the affair—Cambray, Mathieu, Knox, and myself; but Knox knew nothing of our conspiracy, he had only come to take charge of the boat.

We proceeded to the parish of St. Laurent, where we broke open the house of an old bachelor. We found him alone, and seized him by the throat, in bed. He tried to resist, so that we were obliged to treat him to a few strokes of a stick. Our expedition ended in nothing, for we found no money; nor can I believe he possessed any, after the proofs to which he submitted. For want of something better, we carried off his stock of provisions, and some of his best wearing apparel. I admit it was a piece of cruelty to trouble a poor old man for so little profit.

The following was much more satisfactory, and gave us much less trouble. It was the robbery committed at Mrs. Montgomery's, the interesting details of which are given in the trial of Cambray and Mathieu.

## THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advance sheets.)

Continued from page 33.

Suddenly there was heard a loud, dismal sound, which lingered and vibrated shudderingly in the stagnant air.

"What sound was that Paul?" asked Maria, rising and clinging to him.

"What?"

"That—that!" cried she, as it was heard again. "Tell me what it is?"

"That," answered Paul. "'Tis but the passing-bell. Why should it startle you?"

"I do not know. I suppose 'tis hearing it in the night, and in this strange place. Shall we not go down now into the house?"

"Ay, presently. But hearken, Maria, does the tolling seem to tell of nothing but death?"

"No. And it is hideous—it will crack my ears!"

"And yet, sweet mistress, I seem to hear in it a jubilant bridal peal."

"Dear Paul, what mean you?"

"It seems to tell me that Maria will accept her husband—her one faithful love—in this house, in this hour."

"Has not her heart done so long since, my Paul?"

"Nay, but to be his—entirely his—till death do them part."

"Oh, my love, your words would make me happy, but that your voice terrifies me. I fear you hide some great sorrow. Confide it to me, Paul, but take me away from here—away from the sound of that fearful bell."

"Why should I have such terrors for you, Maria? You have no friend who lays a-dying this night?"

"No, no," cried Maria, as a pale face and dark, pathetic eyes rose before her, and made her clutch Paul's arm. The bell became more unendurable, she trembled each time it tolled, as if an electric shock had gone through her frame.

"It has a solemn sound, assuredly," said Paul, "for a betrothal night. What fancy you it is saying, Maria, to such as may have injured the man whose soul is passing away? Hark! does it threaten them, or does it summon them to the death-bed to seek the pardon of the dying for who knows what fearful injuries, what treachery, what crimes?"

The moon looked on them with a face so red and glaring; the night was so silent, but for the tolling of the bell; Paul's voice was so hoarse and strange, that Maria, full of awe, sank trembling on the wall.

"Come," said Paul, raising her, "let us go down into the house. Why should you be disturbed by such a sound? Let us go in and shut it out, and leave it to shake such hearts as may be guilty of embittering the last moments of the dying—guilty, perhaps, of cruelly hastening his death. Nay, why turn back, Maria?"

Maria had broken from him as he lifted the door opening on a little flight of steps, leading down into the sick man's room.

It was no sound from there had startled her, but the passing bell that had so strange a fascination over her; she stood with her palms pressed against her brows, as if rooted to the spot.

Paul tried to take her hand, but she turned upon him, wildly.

"Paul! Paul! mock me no more. What means that bell? 'Tis me it threatens—me it calls. It cracks my ears, my heart—'twill drive me mad. Tell me who lays a-dying. Why have you brought me here?"

"To see your work, mistress," answered Paul, seizing her hand, and half lifting her down the steps.

Her hand grew icily cold in Paul's as they reached the floor of the room, and came in sight of the bed and its occupant, and within hearing of a man's voice, faint and hoarse, singing some doggerel Jacobite verses—

"'Twas in no distant reign, my dear,

And in no distant land-a,

All of one mind, some boys combined

To take a thing in hand-a.

"A certain day, a certain hour—  
But, oh, 'tis neatly planned-a;  
And stand or fall, we'll once for all  
Just take the thing in hand-a."

"Gervase Noel," said Paul, leading Maria's tottering steps to the bedside, "I have kept my promise."

The dark eyes looked at them both vacantly. Maria threw herself, with a shriek, at Paul's feet.

"'Tis here you should kneel, Mistress Noel," said Paul, moving and taking the dying man's hand. "See, friend, I have brought you wife to you—she is on her knees, waiting your forgiveness."

Noel grasped his hand, and, making a movement as if he were turning over papers, said—

"Look, we turned these out last night, and they listening and watching the house the whole time. You know at whose door to lay this—'A Treat for a Traitor'; and this—'A Word for a Waverer.' And these, with the Flower-de-Luce on them, I'll drop about myself in the right quarters. You know what the Flower-de-Luce stands for? Here, let me whisper—*French aid*, my boy. We bring it out in this way."

And he began to sing—

"Oh, why are we waiting, waiting, waiting?"

Hark! the guest is at the door.

The oven is hot, and the cakes a-burning—

What are we waiting, waiting for?"

"Oh, why are we waiting, waiting, waiting—

Why do we waiting, waiting, stand?"

Oh, is he the guest of our inviting—

Has he the Flower-de-Luce in his hand?"

"For heaven's sake," said the weaver, coming to the door, "keep him quiet. I tell you the house is watched—they'll be upon us directly. Remember Elizabeth Gaunt.

Maria dragged herself on her knees to the low bed murmuring—

"Hush, Noel—hush!"

"Or this," said Noel, "which is a song that seems to mean nothing.

"Oh, the cypress for death, and the rose for love;

But tell me unto what use

Shall we put that flower all flowers above—

The beautiful Flower-de-Luce?"

"Oh, hush—hush!" sobbed Maria, drawing his head to her, and silencing the blue lips by laying her finger on them.

"What was that?" he cried, trying to start up. "Ha! we are surprised. To work, boys! here, throw this type among the coals! Quick, I hear them on the stairs! Now, now!"

He sank back on the pillow, pale and exhausted.

"My friend," said he, presently, in an altered tone, "a little water."

Paul bent over him with the cup. He opened his eyes, and seeing Paul's face, flushed and gasped.

"You back." Then bursting into tears, cried, in a voice of anguish—

"Ah! then she will not come."

Paul gently lifted the head, so that the eyes could see Maria's bowed form.

A look of divine joy softened the glassy eyes for an instant, and making an effort to reach his wife, and whispering "God bless her!" Gervase Noel fell back in Paul Arkdale's arms dead.

### CHAPTER XXVII.—HOW LONDON REVENGES ITSELF FOR ITS FRIGHT.

The insurrection and the assassination plot having both failed, there remained only for Government to try all the criminals who were thought worthy of prosecution; for the judges and juries to condemn and sentence; for the scaffold at Tyburn to be got ready; and for the cruel mob of London to wait gloatingly for their promised sport.

Who are the victims to-day?

There are fourteen of them, all Jacobites, and among them are the gouty knight learned in the law, Sir William Larkyns, also the rich brewer, and also the Jesuit.

Nothing can be more noble than the conduct of the latter. He is in the centre, and the executioner's assistants have given him extra room, and have left his hands at liberty, in order that