

Watch, weighted down with a blue greatcoat faced with scarlet, and armed with sundry weapons and a lantern, climbed the steep ascent between the ferry landing and Prince William street, and stopped to take breath at what is now the Post Office corner, where there was then only a vacant lot with a board fence around it. Peering through the darkness, he was amazed to see a ladder leaning against the front of the Bank of New Brunswick, and on closer examination he was still more astonished to discover a man on the top of the ladder, trying to get in one of the small windows in the second story, the windows of the lower story being protected by iron shutters. Assuming very properly that an honest glazier would have no business there at such an inconvenient hour on a winter morning, the captain lost no time in deciding that the man on the ladder was a person who ought to be arrested.

The captain of the Nightly Watch was a man of discretion, as well as of valor. Reflecting that the man might have accomplices, he refrained from rushing at him with blind officiousness, but raised his voice in a loud cry for assistance from the watch house at the Market Square. His men came promptly to his aid, but by that time the man on the ladder had come to the conclusion that it would be impracticable to continue his operations under the circumstances, and had fled down the street, leaving the ladder behind, as well as his cap, which had fallen off in the haste of his departure. These trophies were secured and carried in triumph to the watch house.

This bold attempt at burglary was duly chronicled in the press, and it is probable the Nightly Watch made up their minds that the next time such an attempt was made the fellow would suffer for it, but if they exercised their eyes in looking for another ladder against the front of the building they were on a vain quest. The