

Sergeant — knows the spot, and can guide the party thither.' Having read this important document, which had been accidentally dropped by the Christino officer, and examined its appearance attentively noting the burn, he raised it to his nose, when it decidedly smelled of powder. He immediately crossed the river, and in another hour was safe within the Carlist lines, when his first act was to wait on the colonel of his battalion, recount the events of the night, and acquaint him with the suspicions he had formed.

It is necessary to state here that Silva's battalion was posted on a steep height immediately overlooking, indeed overhanging, Bilbao, and that so closely, that it terminated on the side next the city in a perpendicular cliff, which actually formed part of the wall bounding the military ground appropriated to the use of the Queen's garrison in the city; so that any object thrown from the top would necessarily, after a descent of between three and four hundred feet, fall within the limits of the beleaguered town. On the table-land at the top of this dizzy height a Carlist sentry was regularly stationed, whose chief business was to observe the movements of the Christino troops below, and report accordingly to his superiors. It had been remarked, that so inveterate was the hostility of the man Murito—of whom mention has been already made as having, at an early period of the siege, deserted from the garrison—towards his former comrades, that invariably, on being relieved from his guard, he proceeded to the edge of the cliff and discharged his musket at the Christinos beneath the great height of the precipice precluding all danger from a return of the fire. Lieutenant Silva remembered having made enquiry of this man concerning the safety of the road adjoining his father's residence, and felt convinced that no other individual in the Carlist camp was acquainted with his intention of proceeding thither at all.

Nothing further of importance transpired that day. Towards the close of the next, it happened to be Murito's turn again to mount guard at the top of the cliff. As the hour which would terminate his guard approached, Lieutenant Silva and his colonel appeared sauntering along the platform, and shortly after the relief arrived. The customary form having been gone through, the fresh sentry took his post, and Murito was about to advance, as usual, to have a shot at his friends below. To his surprise the non-commissioned officer of the guard seized his musket, and at the same moment he found himself in the iron grasp of the men. The charge of his musket was drawn upon the spot, when it was discovered that, instead of the blank end of the cartridge, the ball had been bitten off in loading; whilst, rammed down over the wadding, was found a slip of paper, containing the words, in the handwriting of Mu-ito—'Zumalacarragui is dead: the siege must soon be raised if the garrison hold out.' This discovery fully vindicated the justice of the suspicions which Silva had formed concerning the mysterious allusions of the Christino officer to his intelligence received 'from on high,' and the information communicated to him 'from the clouds.' Silva enquired whether he should order the man to the guardhouse to undergo his trial by court-martial; but the sergeant bluntly suggested to his commander the propriety of ordering out a firing party on the spot, and bringing the matter to a summary conclusion.

'Your suggestion is the better of the two, sergeant,' replied the colonel, smiling grimly. 'I shall adopt neither, however, but make the fellow the bearer of his own cor-

respondence. Death by the bullet is the fate of brave men and true soldiers, and ammunition is not so plenty that I can afford to waste a cartridge on a traitor. Pin the paper to the scoundrel's breast,' he shouted, and pitch him over to convey it to his friends below.'

The blood of Silva ran cold at this terrible doom, and he attempted a remonstrance on behalf of the miserable culprit; but the colonel was inflexible. The men to whom the order was given were seldom troubled with scruples; and if they had been, the treachery of a comrade would have effectually silenced them. The paper was actually pinned to the breast of the terror-palsied wretch; he was lifted from the ground, and carried to the edge of the cliff by half-a-dozen pairs of sinewy arms. The Christino sentry at the foot of the precipice was startled by a piercing shriek, as of one in mortal agony, in the upper air—then followed a swift rushing sound, and then a mass of lifeless humanity lay at his feet.

Years elapsed ere the restoration of tranquility permitted the young Carlist officer again to visit his parental home. In the interval, all that medical skill could effect had been resorted to for the restoration of Donna Silva to her proper mind; but the occurrences of one fearful night appeared to have driven reason from its throne for ever. On the arrival of her son, however, it was resolved by the medical advisers, with Don Ricardo's consent, to try the effect of his abrupt appearance in her presence, all other resources having failed. On his introduction to the room in which she sat, her countenance was bent towards the ground, and she seemed utterly regardless of the presence of a stranger. He addressed her: she started to her feet at the first accents of the voice which she had deemed choked for ever amid the rushing waters of the Fiend's Fishpond. She gazed upon him—the pallid cheek glowed again—the vacant, lack-lustre eye flashed with the light of intellect—with a wild scream of delight she bounded toward him, clasped him in her arms, and sunk upon his bosom. Her embrace was long. The medical attendant at length raised her head. 'She is dead!' solemnly replied her husband. And so it was. The struggle had been too great; and her gentle spirit had passed away to the place where 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

A GENTLEMANLY FENIAN.

The Dublin correspondent of the New York Tribune gives the following description of John Flood, one of the Fenian prisoners recently convicted before the Dublin special commission. He seems to be a marked exception from the ordinary run of low scoundrels who composed the leaders of the conspiracy:—

'Flood would be a remarkable man in any assembly by reason of his personal appearance, which is extremely handsome. He is a young fellow—say of 25 to 27 years of age—of rather more than the middle size, and well built. His features, from every point of view, are such as a sculptor might take for a type of beauty. His complexion is clear and healthy, his skin as smooth as ivory. His moustache and beard are full and flowing, and of a light color. But without the most noticeable thing about him is the wonderful clearness and brilliancy of his eyes. He wears his hair parted in the middle and brushed neatly to each side of

his forehead. His hands too, as one might see when he did not wear his gloves, are smooth and white and nicely shaped. And his dress in the look was that of a gentleman. Nature was very favorable to him certainly, so far as the outer man was concerned; and it is evident he must have had excellent qualities of heart, too. For, with such an attractive *personalle*, would not many men have found some lighter mode of spending their time than engaging in a not very hopeful political conspiracy, and taking a chance—a very strong chance, too—of meeting the hangman's halter or the horrible doom of penal servitude? Yes, many a young fellow so gifted would have turned to doing the rake, and the 'swell,' and all that sort of thing, and given up much of his time to fortune-hunting—seeking to make a capture of some romantic young lady possessed of a good round sum in her own right, or else some wealthy lady of middle age, who would be glad to catch a young and handsome husband. But Flood was of too manly a disposition for this sort of thing. Besides, he had a dash of adventure in his nature, yielding to which he got involved at one time in smuggling operations, at which he was detected, and for which he was brought to justice—but not, it is said, until he had realized rather a good thing at the expense of Her Majesty's revenue.'

THE DISARMAMENT QUESTION.—The Vienna correspondent of the London Morning Herald says:—'On the disarmament question there is but one opinion—that not a man will be dismissed, and that it will not be long before war will reign paramount in Europe.' He goes on to say that the Luxemburg question was merely a dodge of Bismarck's. The agitation to which it gave rise enabled him to carry out his plans for reorganising the army, and to get the Constitution accepted, as it certainly would not have been otherwise. The correspondent adds, 'The two players now pitted against each other are skilful performers; very able and very bold. At present, I confess, the ruler on the Senie ought to be the 'favorite.' There are no signs of imperfect combination or of feebleness of purpose for carrying out resolves. He lulled the suspicious into unweariness by foreinging to be broken down, like a certain cardinal who, at one time stooping low as from the infirmity of age, and walking erect after he had been elected to the Papal chair said to those who expressed astonishment at the change, that 'he had been looking for the keys of St. Peter, and now had found them.'

A FEW days ago Mr. Jefferson Davis was serenaded at Niagara, and in response delivered the following short speech, the only one he has made in this country:—'Gentlemen,—I thank you sincerely for the honour you have this evening shown to me; it shows that true British manhood to which misfortune is always attractive. May peace and prosperity be forever the blessing of Canada, for she has been the asylum for many of my friends, as she is now an asylum to myself. I hope that Canada may forever remain a part of the British empire, and may God bless you all and the British flag never cease to wave over you.'

CONFEDERATION DAY.—The Quebec Mercury of Monday says: The Victoria Rifles are going to Montreal, to celebrate the 1st July, in conjunction with their brother Volunteers of that city.