

his head. On the night of the 6th, three French soldiers, walking through one of the streets in Pera, suddenly came upon two Greeks carrying the body of an English sailor. Suspecting the commission of a foul deed, the Frenchmen unslung their rifles, which hung at their sides, and gave chase to the Greeks, who instantly dropped their burden and ran off. The chase continued, up one lane and down another, for some time, when the pursued suddenly halted and gave a loud shrill whistle. Suddenly the previously empty lane was crowded with dark figures, who rushed on the unfortunate Frenchmen. They fired, and made a gallant stand for some time, until the overwhelming numbers bore them down, stabbing and clubbing them without mercy. Soon after, some caravasses passing by, the ruffians disappeared again, as quickly as they had come to the rescue of their fellow murderers, but not without leaving two of the Frenchmen dead. The third lived just long enough to make his statement to the police, who instantly searched all the neighbouring houses, courts, and alleys, but without finding anything suspicious whatever. A former member of the Baden Volunteer Corps volunteered to find the haunt of this mysterious gang, and as he could be generally depended upon, his tender was accepted and a dagger and revolver given him for protection. On the morning of the 9th he was found dead outside of Pera. A cavass who had also volunteered to solve the mystery, likewise fell a victim, and was picked up one morning covered with dagger wounds, and perfectly dead. On the 11th, however, the mystery was solved. A Pole of the name of Glabacz, and an Italian, Pisani by name, happened to occupy the same room. The Italian led a very free and easy life, was seldom at home, and does not appear to have been a novice in gambling either. After having been out all night, Pisani entered their common dwelling on the morning. The Pole demanded of him what ill-luck he had had. Pisani answered that he had lost all his cash that night at play, and had even to leave his gold watch as security for a borrowed sum, adding, 'I shall go and redeem my watch directly or the rascally host will change it,—and I would not lose that watch for the world. Hang these nameless streets and numberless houses! I should despair of ever finding the cabaret again but for a clever trick of mine. As I left the house I cut a large cross on the house-door with my knife; that is my only guide, but it is a mark which the old rogue cannot easily efface.' He took all his money and every valuable trinket he possessed, and departed, determined to lose all or win his money back. Glabacz had a presentiment that something would go wrong, and determined to go in search of his friend if he did not make his appearance by next morning. Morning came, but no Pisani; and Glabacz, therefore, set out to carry his resolution into effect. He had wandered fruitlessly for about an hour, when he entered a small cabaret to refresh himself with a glass of rum. He gave the host a piastre, and demanded his change in paras. On one of these paras he had only the day before scratched his name with a nail, and recognised it as belonging to Pisani, who must have given away that para. He therefore entered into conversation with the ginshop-keeper, asked him whether an Italian had been there lately, and whether he had played at his house? The man evaded the question, and his manner appeared altogether so odd that Glabacz quietly took his departure in order to have a look at the street door. Sure enough there was the cross hurriedly scratched on the outside. Turning into the next street, he met a file of policemen attending on some arabas, which contained the bodies of those

who had fallen victims in the past night. There were fourteen corpses; Pisani lay lifeless there too. No doubt could now exist as to who the perpetrators of all these crimes were, and where their den was; and on that same day the premises were surrounded by military, who effected the capture of fifteen men and eight women, all of whom will no doubt meet with the punishment they so richly deserve.

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OUR EARTH NOT AT REST.

The power of locomotion is, however, by no means limited to the agency of water and fire alone. Much more remarkable it is, that, even without volcanic action—without visible efforts or spasmodic convulsions of our mother earth—whole tracts of land, thousands of square miles large, should move up and down, and thus materially alter the appearance of our globe. It has been said that there are few places on earth which are even long at rest; and that, as England alone has had its two hundred and fifty-five earthquakes, so some convulsion of the kind is constantly occurring, imperceptible to our senses, but distinctly felt and shown by delicate instruments which modern science has invented for the purpose. This, however, would not explain the changes alluded to; they are on far too vast a scale to be ascribed to such local disturbances. Almost in every portion of our globe, movement may be observed; the land is either rising or sinking—certainly in slow, but constant motion. Geology teaches us that this is not a whim of our mother Earth, but that for long generations the same change, the same mysterious motions has been going on. It is difficult, only, to observe it, because of the exceeding slowness, as we would in vain hope to mark the hour hand on our watches, and yet, finally, see that it has moved. If man could ever, with one vast glance, take in the whole earth—if he could look back into past ages, and with prophetic eye, gaze into the future, he would see the land of our vast continents heave and sink like the storm-tossed sea—now rising in mountains and then sinking and crumbling, in a short time afterwards to be washed back into the calm, impassive ocean. Some of these inexplicable changes have been observed for ages. The whole coast of Asia Minor, from Tyre to Alexandria, has been sinking since the days of Ancient Rome. Northern Russia, on the contrary, has risen as constantly out of the frozen sea in which it has been buried since the days when it was the home of those gigantic mammoths that are now found there, encased and preserved in eternal ice, to feed with their flesh the hungry natives and to furnish the world with the produce of strange, inexhaustible ivory mines. Not far from Naples, near Puzzuoli, there are parts of an ancient temple of the Egyptian god Serapis still standing—three beautiful columns especially speak of its former splendor. At a considerable height, they present the curious sight of being worm-eaten; and recent, careful researches, leave no doubt that the waters of the Mediterranean once covered them so high as to bring their upper parts within the reach of sea-worms. Since then, the land has risen high; but, stranger still, they are, by a mysterious force, once more to be submerged. Already, the floor of the temple is again covered with water; and a century hence, new generations of molluscs may dwell in the same abandoned homes of their fathers, which are now beyond the reach of the highest waves. An old Capuchin monk, who lives near by, is fond of telling visitors how he, himself, in his youth, had gathered grapes in the vineyards of his