

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Cardinal McCabe, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, is dead.

The proceedings against Cunningham and Burton, the alleged perpetrators of the dynamite outrage at the Tower of London on the 24th ult., were unsatisfactory to the authorities. Mr. Poland, counsel to the Crown, created a sensation by immediately announcing that he would withdraw the charge of conspiracy and substitute that of high treason and felony against both prisoners jointly.

It is stated in Brussels Court circles that a marriage has been arranged between Prince Edward, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, and Princess Clementine, the youngest daughter of King Leopold.

The Vicar-General of Gibraltar diocese has been murdered. A butcher, supposed to be insane, attacked the priest in the sacristy of the cathedral and stabbed him to death.

The Ahwoona tribe, natives of the Gold Coast at Dahomey, recently made an attack on the English port and settlement at Quittah. The attack was repulsed by the police after a sharp fight. Three white men were killed. Capt. Campbell was dangerously wounded. Three hundred natives were killed on both sides.

Admiral Courbet, with seven men-of-war, has arrived at Matsun. A mutiny recently occurred on one of his ships, and twelve mutineers were shot.

Admiral Courbet telegraphs from Kelung as follows: Fifteen hundred Chinese attacked our new positions Saturday night. They were repulsed, and left 200 dead upon the field, including a European officer and several Mandarins. Our loss was one killed and one wounded. The enemy's loss since Jan. 25th has been 700 killed and wounded.

Yokohama advices state that the gun-powder works near Canton exploded on Dec. 22nd and killed 250 employees.

There is the appearance of serious trouble between Italy and Turkey, arising out of Italian occupation of certain ports on the Red Sea. The Minister of Foreign Affairs has decided to limit the action of the Italian troops and marines on the Red Sea littoral to the coast near Massowah.

It was with surprise, indignation and wrath that the news was received by all classes of people both in England and Canada of the fall of Khartoum and the possible death of Gen. Gordon. No one expected that Khartoum was in such an unsafe position. Despatches received irregularly from Gordon stated that he was in no immediate danger from the rebels, being provided with plenty of ammunition and provisions. He feared treachery, however, on the part of some of his Egyptian subordinates. Col. Wilson, with his steamers arrived off Khartoum on January 28th, and was greatly surprised to find the enemy in possession of the city. He immediately started on his return, and proceeded under a heavy fire from the rebels, sustaining for some hours the fire of upwards of 7,000 riflemen, and sixteen guns. When some miles below the Shublakah Cataract, Wilson's steamers were wrecked, but the whole party managed to reach an island in safety and were afterwards rescued by Lord Chas. Beresford, who brought them to the British camp at Metemnah. Small hopes are entertained for Gordon's safety. The consensus of opinion is that he is dead. The appearance of the so-called palace, in which he made his last headquarters, showed that a desperate struggle had been made in and around the building. The walls were blackened with smoke from what seemed to have been a recent conflagration. It is firmly believed that the Mahdi obtained the city by the treachery of some of Gordon's Egyptian officers.

The following despatch has just been received from Gakdul:—"On the day of the capture of Khartoum, Gen. Gordon's attention was attracted by a tremendous tumult in the streets. He left the palace or Government building, in which he had made his headquarters, to ascertain the cause. As he reached the street he was stabbed in the back and fell dead. The tumult was caused by the Mahdi's troops, who had gained access to the interior of the town through treachery, and who were soon in complete possession of the place, including the citadel. A fearful massacre of the garrison followed. Scenes of slaughter are described as surpassing the Bulgarian atrocities and rivaling the worst horrors of the Sepoy mutiny. The panic-stricken Egyptians were captured in their flight and put to death with the most fiendish tortures. Some were transfixed with spears and left to bleed to death. Most of the victims were

mutilated in a horrible manner. Their eyes were gouged out, their noses were slit, their tongues torn out by the roots. The massacre included many non-combatants. The Egyptian women were subjected to shameful indignities. More than a hundred women and young girls were given over to the Mahdi's followers to be used as slaves. The Mahdi has repaired the fortifications and made Khartoum well nigh impregnable.

Tales and Sketches.

THE BURNISH FAMILY.

A PRIZE STORY PUBLISHED BY THE SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER XVI.

Morning.

"A thing that once was woman!
Thin, haggard, hollow-eyed, and wan!
A horror that the shuddering eye
Starts back aghast from resting on!"

—W. C. Bennett.

A fresh breeze sprung up early, and carried off the clouds of night, leaving the sky bright, clear, and blue. Mabel rose soon, threw open her window for a breath of the morning air before it was polluted with the smoke of innumerable fires. Her spirits rose, but she was conscious that her health, hitherto so perfect, had suffered from recent trials, and she longed to get to Bath, the only home she had ever known. While indulging in the thought of the journey, and hoping her father would take an early breakfast, and leave in the morning instead of the day, she was startled by hearing a loud ring at the door bell. As the house was always opened at six o'clock, she felt surprised, but concluded, as apparently the servant did, that it was only some customer impatient for a morning dram, like those who pommelled at the doors and shutters on Sunday; but again and again there was the ringing.

"Come down! here's a dead woman found on your back premises," was the call of the policeman to the servant who had opened an upper window, and looked out. Soon all were on the alert, and Mr. Alterton hurried into the dj-mantled house as two or three policemen arrived.

The body was a shocking spectacle—a mere frame of bones, much collapsed with convulsions; the clothes and hair were as wet as if she had been dipped in the river. The medical man, who had been hastily summoned, said she must have been dead at least two hours. The pocket of her gown was searched, and all that it contained was a Russia leather cigar case. This, as the police locked the door and put up a temporary shutter to the window, was given into Mr. Alterton's charge, to take care of against the inquest. As he was proceeding, on returning to his bar, to seal it up in the presence of witnesses, he started, and a shock ran through him that made him shiver, for he saw the name of "Edward Boon" in faded gilt letters on the case.

"Oh, sirs!" he exclaimed, "what is this?"

"What's the matter, Mr. Alterton?" said the medical man.

"Nothing," faltered the poor publican, turning deadly pale, "only I—I think, that is, I knew once a person of that name," pointing it out with a trembling finger.

"Well! that can't be the name of the dead. That's a man's name."

"No. But! Oh, it never can be!" said Mr. Alterton, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "By Heavens! I must look again at that—that—poor thing. Oh, dear, it cannot be!"

Uttering these incoherent words, he turned back from his own house, and, followed by the medical man and the police, re-entered the room where the body lay. He faltered a moment as he approached that still form, and gazed earnestly at it. Then kneeling down on one knee, he made a desperate effort, and raising the head, rested it on the other knee, put off the heavy mass of hair, that looked darker for being wet, and gazed, horror-struck, upon that livid face.

"It can't be her. No! It's her height and size: oh, me! It's like—can it be her features? Our dear lost Annie! Our beautiful Annie!" and the heart-stricken man cried aloud as the conviction darted home to him, and his hand kept smoothing back the hair from the wasted face.

While this agitating scene was going on, one of the policemen ran back to the bar and gave notice that Mr. Alterton was "in a bad way," and Susan, who was on the stairs, thought it incumbent on her to scream out—"Master's took ill, Lord, help us!" At these words, Mabel who had gathered something of the dismal investigation going on, but little suspected how her father was interested in it, felt a sudden panic at hearing he was "ill," rushed instantly down stairs, out at the side-door, and into the delapidated room where her father was groaning over the rigid face upon his knee. To run and throw herself by his side, and clap her arms round him, was her natural impulse.