

he now disappeared altogether, and this glance causing the suspicion to extend to him, the girl was brought before the magistrate to be interrogated with regard to his probable place of concealment.

'Do you know where Michel is?' inquired the magistrate.

'He is dead!' replied she, shedding a torrent of tears.

As the girl had been shut up for three days without any means of obtaining information from without, this answer, together with her unfeigned distress, naturally excited considerable surprise.

'Who told you he was dead?' they inquired.

'Nobody.'

'Then how can you know it?'

'I saw him killed!'

'But you have never been out of prison?'

'But I know it nevertheless!'

'But how was that possible? Explain what you mean!'

'I cannot. All I can say is, that I saw him killed.'

'When was he killed, and how?'

'It was the night I was arrested.'

'That cannot be; he was alive when you were seized!'

'Yes he was; he was killed one hour after that—they stabbed him with a knife!'

'Where were you then?'

'I can't tell, but I saw it.'

The confidence with which the girl asserted what seemed to her hearers impossible and absurd, disposed them to imagine that she was either really insane, or pretending to be so; so leaving Michael aside, they proceeded to interrogate her about the robbery, asking her if she was guilty?'

'Oh no!' she replied.

'Then how came the property to be found about you?'

'I don't know; I saw nothing but the murder.'

'But there are no grounds for supposing that Michel is dead; his body has not been found.'

'It is in the aqueduct,' replied the girl.

'And do you know who slew him?' inquired the magistrate.

'Yes; it was a woman. Michel was walking very slowly after I was taken from him. A woman came behind him with a large kitchen knife; but he heard her, and turned round; and then the woman flung a piece of grey stuff over his head, and struck him repeatedly with the knife. The grey stuff was much stained with blood.—Michel fell at the eighth blow; and the woman dragged the body to the aqueduct, and let it fall in without ever lifting the stuff which stuck to his face.'

As it was easy to verify these latter assertions, they despatched people to the spot; and there the body was found, with the piece of stuff over his head, exactly as she had described. But when they asked her how she knew all this, she could only answer, 'I do not know.'

'But you know who killed him?' said the magistrate.

'Not exactly; it is the same woman that put out his eyes; but, perhaps he will tell me her name to-night; and if he does, I will tell it to you.'

'Who do you mean by *he*?'—'Why, Michel, to be sure!'

During the following night, without allowing her to suspect their intention, they watched her; and it was observed that she never lay down, but sat upon her bed in a lethargic slumber. Her body was quite motionless, except at intervals, when this repose was interrupted by violent nervous shocks which pervaded her whole frame.—On the following day, the moment she was brought before the judge, she declared that she was now able to tell them the name of the assassin.

'But stay,' said the magistrate; 'did Michael never tell you, when he was alive, how he lost his sight?'

'No; but the morning before I was arrested he promised me to do so; and that was the cause of his death.'

'How could that be?' inquired the magistrate.

'Last night Michel came to me, and he pointed to the man hidden behind the scaffolding on which he and I had been sitting. He showed me the man listening to us, when he said, 'I'll tell you all about that to-night,' and then this man —'

'Do you know the name of this man?'

'It is Luck; he went afterwards to a broad

he had heard, and she proposed to him to assassinate Michel, but he refused, saying, 'It was bad enough to have burnt out his eyes fifteen years before, whilst he was asleep at your door, and to have kidnapped him into the country.' Then I went to ask charity, and Catherine put a piece of plate into my pocket, that I might be arrested; then she hid herself behind the aqueduct to wait for Michel, and she killed him.'

'But, since you say all this, why did you keep the plate? Why didn't you give information?'

'But I didn't see it then. Michel showed it to me last night.'

'But what should induce Catherine to do this?'

'Michel was her husband, and she had forsaken him to come to Odessa and marry again. One night, fifteen years ago, she saw Michel, who had come to see her. She slipped hastily into her room, and Michel, who thought she had not seen him, sat down at the door to watch, but he fell asleep, and then Luck burnt out his eyes, and carried him to a distance.'

'And is it Michel who has told you this?'

'Yes; he came, very pale and covered with blood; and he took me by the hands and showed me all this with his fingers.'

Upon this, Luck and Catherine were arrested, and it was ascertained that she had actually been married to Michel in the year 1819, at Kherson. They at first denied the accusation; but Pawleska insisted, and they subsequently confessed the crime.

When they communicated the circumstances of the confession to Pawleska, she said, 'I was told it last night.' This affair naturally excited great interest, and people all round the neighbourhood hastened into the city to learn the sentence.

Ladies' Department.

GOD REVEALED IN HIS WORKS.

This noble pine that rears its head to greet the sky,
Those leafless trees that grace the forest nigh,
Upon the earth, this snow, so pure, so white,
The glorious hues of sunset, dazzling bright,
Proclaim the Lord;

The midday sun, arrayed in richest gold,
The whistling wind, so dreary and so cold,
The howling storm that stirs this wintry scene,
The bitter frost, the poor so hard doth deem,
Do tell of heaven.

The meanest flowret, with its simple hue,
The coloured rainbow in its home of blue,
The humble bird that lifts its modest voice,
With warble sweet, that summer birds rejoice,
Praise the Lord.

The little rill that ripples through the mead,
The spreading river, with its angry speed,
The placid lake that in the sunshine gleams,
The mighty ocean, where the tempest screams,
Proclaim the Lord.

The silver moon, displaying her soft light,
The blinking stars, with all their radiance bright,
The darkness, still and solemn in the gloom,
Awaking thoughts that whisper of the tomb,
Do tell of heaven.

This wondrous world, the things that it adorn,
So beautiful the hand of God did form;
His care for every life He did create,
His love for man, though in a fallen state,
Proclaim that God is love.

Mrs. CAROLINE DUNN.

Woodstock, 21st March, 1854.

The ladies are at work in England, in right earnest.

BIRMINGHAM LADIES' TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

A few months ago we announced the formation of a National Ladies' Temperance Association at London. The names of the ladies, acting as the officers of that association, gave every promise that the cause would be ably vindicated and energetically advocated by them. We have great satisfaction to announce the formation, at Birmingham, of a Ladies' Temperance Association, from which we anticipate much benefit to our cause. The following are extracts from their appeal, which has just been issued. We would express our earnest hope that similar societies will speedily be established throughout the kingdom. In many departments of the Temperance enterprise—domiliary visitations, formation of Bands of Hope, &c., &c., ladies will be found the most efficient labourers:—

of our English home, and in our own drinking habits which prevail? They ask, shall we use no effort to awaken sensibility to arouse energy, and to combine action against this insidious foe? In the houses of the affluent the evil prevails! In the dwellings of the middle classes the injury extends! And in the poor man's home, who amongst us shall estimate the curse? Throughout the length and breadth of the land, how are all our efforts for the improvement of our fellow creatures paralyzed by the effects of strong drink? How large the number it keeps from ever entering a place of worship, and how rare to find even the congregation exempt from its pernicious influence. Where is the public institution that does not proclaim, with a thousand witnesses, the ravages of intemperance? And where the district visitor that would not find, on an investigation of the miseries and misfortunes that meet her ear, that nearly all of them are to be referred to the drinking customs of society?

"They are anxious to commence and carry on their efforts with kindness and candour; sensible of difficulties, and alive to objections, yet trusting to the Divine blessing, they are not dismayed, fully believing, whilst such an evil as intemperance is at their doors, the very spirit of Christian love dictates entire abstinence from all intoxicating drinks."—*Bristol English Herald*.

FEMALE BEAUTY IN OLD ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLAND.—It is generally allowed that there is more of what is chiselled beauty in America than in Europe—that the features of the women are finer and the head more classical. But here ends the triumph of our sisters of the West: their busts are far inferior to those we admire at home, and a certain attention in the whole figure gives the idea of fragility and decay. And this idea is correct. What they want is soundness of constitution: and, in consequence of this want, their finely cut faces taken generally, are pale instead of fair, and fallow, when they should be rosy. In Old England, a woman, is in the prime of her attraction at 35, and she frequently remains almost stationary till 50, or else declines gradually and gracefully, like a beautiful day melting into a lovely evening. In America, 25 is the farewell line of beauty in woman, beyond which comes decay; at 35 she looks weary and worn, her flat chest symbolizing the collapsed heart within; and at 40, you see in her thin and haggard features all the marks of premature age.—*English paper*.

This is not true. We have seen thousands of American and Canadian women hale and hearty at 35 and 40, and beautiful too.—*Editor Son*.

TALL CROWING.—There is evidently fowl on exhibition at Barmy's National Poultry Show, which has been out of its shell sometime. The *New York Journal of Commerce*, a staid commercial sheet and not given to stretching, thus describes the king of the barn yard:—"The monarch of the exhibition is an immense Shanghai rooster; and he is assigned a cage by himself probably by virtue of his immense proportions. When his neck is fully extended, he measures upwards of five feet in height, and almost rivals the stuffed ostrich, which looks askance at him from the opposite side. To speak hyperbolically, this fellow has a comb like the prize beefsteaks one sees in the restaurant windows; his spurs, like the horns of a two year old steer; his crow, like the steam whistle of a 15 horse engine; and to see the little feather legged roosters around him look aghast and drop their wings, is highly suggestive of the appearance of a bevy of 'Short Boys' at the appearance of the Chief of Police."

PUZZLING A DOCTOR.—Dr. M., an army surgeon, was very fond of a joke, (if not perpetrated at his own expense) and moreover had great contempt for citizen officers, who were renowned more for their courage than their scholarship. One day at mess, when the decanter had performed sundry strange and novel perambulations on the table, Captain S., a brave and accomplished officer, and a great wag, remarked to the doctor, who had been very severe in his remarks on the literary deficiency of some of the new officers, Dr. M., are you acquainted with Capt. G.—? Yes, I know him well, replied the Doctor; he was one of the new set. But what of him? Nothing in particular, returned Captain S. I have just received a letter from him, and I'll wager you a dozen bottles of old port that you can't guess in six guesses how he spells cat. Done, said the Doctor, 'tis a wager. Well, com-

utmost gravity, amid the roars of the mess. At most choking with rage, the Doctor sprang to his feet, exclaiming: Captain S., I am too old a man to be trifled with in this manner.



Quoth's Department.

SWEET ALICE IS DEAD.

BY LILIAN MAY.

Softly lying,
Where the sighing
Of the wintry wind is loud,
She is sleeping,
In the keeping
Of her little snowy shroud.

In her silent chambers lonely,
Sits the mother all the while
Thinking of the eyes that only
Looked upon her but to smile.

Broken hearted,
Hope departed
From the sunlight of the sky,
For she never
Thought that ever
Aught so beautiful could die.

Sunny tresses
That she preesses
To her broken heart to-day,
Softly lightly,
Daily nightly,
Brightly ye were wont to play.

Oh, the mother's heart is breaking!
She can neither smile nor speak,
For the roses know no waking
On her little darling cheek.

She is straying—
She is playing,
Where diviner breezes blow—
She is singing,
To the ringing
Of the angel lyres, I know.

—*Hartford Republican*.

FACTS IN HUMAN LIFE.—The number of languages spoken in the world amounts to 8064—587 in Europe, 896 in Asia, 276 in Africa, and 1264 in America. The inhabitants of the globe profess more than 1000 different religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 28 years. One quarter die previous to the age of seven years; one-half before reaching 17; and those who pass this age enjoy a facility refused to one half the human species. To every 1000 persons only one reaches 100 years of life; to every 100 only 6 reach the age of 65; and not more than one in 500 lives to 80 years of age. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants; and of these 333,333,333 die every year; 91,334 every day, 3780 every hour, and 60 every minute, or 1 every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single, and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to being fifty years of age, than men have but fewer afterwards. The number of marriages is in proportion of 75 to every one thousand individuals. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes; that is during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.—*English Quarterly*.

RIDDLES.

Which travels at the greatest speed, heat or cold?

Four simple letters make my name,
Reverse me I am still the same,
And though the thing may seem absurd,
I am and I am not a word.