

was the subject of remarkable changes of fortune in the course of a chequered existence—a youth of indulgence and luxury, with all the brilliant prospects of a large heiress, was succeeded by years of such strongly-varied bitter afflictions and mortifications, as would seem to belong more to the realm of fiction than of fact. Through all she preserved her gentle equanimity and courage, and her life of singular vicissitude and suffering terminated in a "fiery trial," for she was burnt to death.

Burnt to death! Is it possible that an atmosphere of smoke is beginning to pervade my darkened chamber, or am I losing my senses, and transferring her latest experience to myself? I looked in the direction of the closet-door, and thought, of course, I could not see a yard before me, I soon apprehended that Burton was trying to set it on fire, either thus to release himself, or to frighten me into opening it, but it seemed to resist all his efforts to make it blaze, owing, as I afterwards found, to the wood not having been properly seasoned before the new door was put in. But though there was no actual flame, the damp timbers smouldered, and there was plenty of smoke. This produced another crisis in my night's adventures, for the wretched man, feeling himself gradually suffocating, began to cry aloud to me for pity, swearing that he would not lay so much as a finger on me or anything belonging to me, if I would, for the love of Heaven, free him, and calling down awful maledictions on his own head should he fail to keep his word. I was now bewildered beyond measure, for, were I to obey the dictates of natural compassion by unlocking the door, he and I must remain incarcerated in a *clo-a-clo* during the hours that were still to elapse before the household could be stirring, unless indeed he were at once to settle matters by cutting my throat, and then risking the leap from the window; while, on the other hand, the alternative was insupportable to me of allowing him to be slowly stifled in the confined air, which must have been nearly exhausted beforehand.

As a last resource before I liberated him, I leant out of the window into the thick darkness, and shouted with all my might for help. Thanks be to God! I attracted the attention of a coast-guard'sman on duty; my piercing accents reached his ear through all the howling of the wind and the roaring of the sea, and with gratitude unspeakable I watched him advancing, lantern in hand, to my aid in this extremity. He entered the garden gate, guided by the sound of my voice, and evidently puzzled at being unable to discern a light in any of the upper windows. In a few words I imparted him the state of affairs, imploring him to be quick, or I should have no option even without the poor protection and guidance which a candle might have afforded me, but to release my prisoner, who, in his desperation at realizing that rescue for me and capture for himself were otherwise inevitable, would probably kill me, and endeavour to effect his own escape. Finding that it was no easy matter to rouse the servants from their sound maternal slumbers by hammering at the front entrance or shouting at their casements, Harry Rogers darted off at full speed to the village for further assistance and for a ladder—thus again leaving me alone, as I felt, like Dr. Johnson in a boat, with only a plank between me and Eternity! It was now four o'clock. I knew the distance my young friend had to traverse, and that there must be some little delay in awakening the villagers and procuring what was needful, and, as I waited, the conviction grew upon me that if air were not admitted into the closet, Burton must die there and then. So, notwithstanding the coast-guard'sman's peremptory injunction on no account to open the door till his return, I resolved to hesitate no longer, but putting my whole trust in Him who had hitherto so wonderfully preserved me through the perils and dangers of the night, I took courage to face Will Burton and his knife.

It was not a moment too soon—for even as I turned the key in the lock, the gasps ceased, I heard the sound of a heavy fall on the floor, and I knew (though the candle had burnt out, and I could not see) that the man had sunk down insensible, I trusted not dead, for the thought of his dying thus, with an oath on his lips, and robbery, if not murder, in his heart, was an appalling one—the more so, that I might have saved him. I knelt by the motionless figure, raising his head a little towards the door, through which the wind was rushing from the open window, and I felt that he still breathed, and that he would probably revive.

My tale is nearly told. Before he had fully regained his consciousness the expected succour came, the servants were roused, and Burton was led off a prisoner. I was, of course, the principal witness against him at his trial, but I ventured to plead for as merciful a sentence as the judge could bestow, on the ground that the culprit had abstained from personal violence, and that he had already almost paid the penalty of death for his crime. His sentence was penal servitude for a term of years. The jail chaplain was unremitting in his efforts to reclaim him, and after his conviction he made a full confession to the following effect.

Rumours, only too true, of his having been concerned elsewhere in petty thefts never actually brought home to him, had caused him to experience great difficulty in procuring regular employment in his trade when he took up his abode among us, and the consequent dread of coming to want before the end of the winter, combined with Louisa's final rejection of him, had turned his thoughts towards robbing me, for by so doing he calculated both upon amply

supplying his own needs, and revenging himself upon the girl for his dismissal. Poor Louisa had already suffered enough herself, for his personable appearance and pleasing manners, with the most ardent professions of affection and promises of making her a good steady husband, had attached her to him, and thus while he was paying his addresses to her, he had gained from her the information of which he subsequently tried to avail himself. He had crept into the house at dusk, and secreted himself in my room, with his plans ready laid for the robbery, but in ignorance of my unwise habit of making a prisoner of myself at night, so that, when he heard the key turned as the maid left me, he merely supposed that I had locked myself in, and that the key remained in the door at his service for his exit. He added that he had been quite alone in this undertaking, without confederate, male or female, and that it had been his design, after loading himself with as much of my plate and jewellery as he could carry, to make off at once for the nearest seaport, whence he might embark with his stolen booty for the south coast of Wales, if not direct for America. But when he found himself caught in a trap from which neither his strength nor skill could extricate him, he conceived the idea of frightening me on my own account into setting him at liberty by igniting a flame sufficient to work upon my fears, but not beyond his power to quench so soon as it had served his end; here again, however, he had been foiled by the unseasoned wood, which refused to blaze, and gave forth instead the suffocating cloud of smoke, which had no outlet, and so became unbearable. Burton also owned to the chaplain that his intention at the outset had been to murder me, for he was at the time full of angry and vindictive feelings towards me, believing it to be mainly owing to my influence that Louisa had detached herself from him; moreover, he had gathered from his previous conversations with her that I was rather a light sleeper, who could not safely be trusted to remain unconscious throughout such proceedings as he was meditating, and he did not know that my maid had inadvertently given him another chance by sleeping on that occasion where, wrapt in the sound slumbers of youth, she proved to be out of reach of the sound of my bell. But he asserted that the earnestness with which he had heard me pray for the lightening of my darkness, and for deliverance from the perils and dangers of that night, had so far impressed and moved him as to change his purpose, and to determine him not to kill me, nor even to stupefy me with a heavy blow, unless I should awake and endeavour to raise an alarm. And thus that brief but beautiful petition, which has soothed and cheered so many an anxious and sorrowful heart under its nightly load of care for many generations, was to me the merciful instrument of my preservation from a sudden and violent death. And who shall say that the spark of good feeling kindled by these few touching words in the heart of one so nearly a murderer, has not been lighted up afresh to the illuminating of his conscience leading him in the first instance to reverence the chaplain's exhortations in a less hardened spirit, not only to confession of his guilt but perhaps ultimately to repentance and amendment?

I have often lived through that night again, both in sleep and in waking hours, and have felt inclined to wonder how I avoided an illness when the excitement and the necessity for exertion were past. But so it was, and here I am to tell my tale, not merely alive, but well, and I trust ever mindful of my wonderful escape. To me indeed has come home through all these after years, with an ever-fresh meaning and power, the blessed promise, "Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night."

"For He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

Said to be a fact.

RAILWAYS ON ICE.

On the first page of the *Canadian Illustrated News* for January 31, Canada is said to have set an example to the rest of the world in at least three things. One of these is the building of "a railway over the St. Lawrence,"—referring, I suppose, to the track laid on the ice between Longueuil and Hochelaga. It would seem, however, that our American cousins have again led the way, for a similar feat has already more than once been accomplished in the United States.

The first locomotive and train of the Northern Pacific Railway crossed over the Missouri, west from Bismark, on the 12th February, 1879. The iron rails, thirty feet long, were placed upon twelve-foot ties, twelve inches wide, with three-foot centres, and resting directly upon the ice, which was from three to three and a half feet thick. General Rosser was the chief engineer.

The Philadelphia and Baltimore Railway crosses the Susquehanna from Havre de Grace to Perryville, a distance of seven-eighths of a mile, and before the bridge was built, in 1867, the trains were transported on large ferry-boats. In the winter of 1851-52 the river was frozen over so that the boats could not be used, and during several weeks the trains crossed on rails laid on the ice.

CORVIA.

ONE of the late Wm. M. Hunt's pictures, sold by the artist himself a few years ago for \$800, has just been re-sold for \$5,000.

"LA FOI DE BREHAUT VAUT MIEUX QU'ARGENT."

The ancient family of Bréhaut is descended from the distinguished race of Normans, many of whom formed part of the politico-religious party, in the sixteenth century, known as Huguenots. Some of the ancestors were among the unfortunate number, who, by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (Oct. 1685), were deprived of their liberties and forced to take refuge in neighbouring countries. The Bréhauts thus left the sunny shores of France finding a refuge of liberty on the Isle of Guernsey, where the last branch of the family still exists in the worthy representative, the Rev. Thomas Bréhaut, Rector of the church of England. In 1783, Mr. Peter Bréhaut, uncle to this last and father of the deceased, sailed from Guernsey, whilst yet a boy, with letters of introduction to leading men in Quebec, where, by superior judgment and indomitable energy, he crowned his commercial career with extraordinary success, amassing a large fortune in a comparatively short time. It is worth mentioning that he was the first who opened trade between Canada and the West Indies. In 1802 he married into the good old French family of La Maitre; of four children two daughters married respectively Col. Hanson, of H. M. 71st Highland Light Infantry, and Col. Antrobus, Provincial A. D. C. to the Governor-General; the two sons were Peter Percival, Major in H. M. 25th Regiment, K. O. B., who died on board ship while returning from service in India, and William Henry, the youngest child and subject of our present memoir.

He was born, November 24, 1809, at the old Manor House, a well known landmark in St. Rochs, Quebec. In spite of his father's wish to have him enter the counting-house and to be eventually the successor to his extensive business, the son's ambition was to serve his country and his Queen, and he accordingly obtained a commission in the 24th Regt. of the line, but the year 1833 changed the whole tenor of his life. On his return from Montreal whither he had accompanied, as private secretary, the late Chas. Ogden, Attorney-General for the Province of Canada, he was invited to meet at dinner Mr. Ogden, General Gore and a few other intimate and influential friends. The cloth being removed and the usual toasts honoured over the walnuts and wine, General Gore rose and, in the course of an appropriate speech, presented him with a commission as clerk of the Crown and Peace for the District of Montreal, a kindness, which surprised him so thoroughly that he could hardly find words to adequately express his grateful feelings. Thus in a few moments, his whole future was changed through the kindly interest of his friends. Thereupon he resigned his commission and since then resided permanently in Montreal where he was admitted to the bar. In 1869 followed his appointment as Police Magistrate, a position which he has filled honourably and creditably both to the satisfaction of Crown and people. As much by a skillful knowledge of human nature, as by blending the power of his position with a fatherly mercy, he lost no opportunity in successfully becoming the mediator between parent and child, sister and brother, friend and foe.

"Yet I shall temper so Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most Them fully satisfied, and these appease." (MILTON.)

Yet in the administration of justice he knew no distinction between rich and poor, plebeian and patrician. A short time before his death he was promoted to the rank of Lieut.-Col. for the Sixth Military District, of which he was already Paymaster, and fulfilled these duties, as he had all others, with promptness and exactitude. In his commercial investments he was very successful owing at the time of his death one of the finest sites in Montreal, Clairvue, on the south-western side of Mount Royal, the view from which is unsurpassed in Canada. In 1849 he married a daughter of Geo. Mortimer Taylor, Esq., of Yelverton, Devonshire. Of four children, three daughters yet survive him, two of whom are married, one to Mr. R. St. Barbe Young, Barrister in Quebec, and another to Capt. J. A. Devine, late of the School of Gunnery Staff, Kingston and Quebec. It was during a trip to Three Rivers, whither he had gone on a stormy winter's night to pay a last sad tribute to his last surviving sister that Mr. Bréhaut met his sudden and untimely death. His remains were brought to Montreal where friends hastened to strew his grave as they had strewn his life-path with friendship's fairest flowers. The pall-bearers were Col. de Salaberry, Col. Bell Forsyth, Capt. Raynes, Capt. Durnford, Major Sweeney, Judge Johnson, Edward Carter, Q. C., and Mr. John McGillis. Seventy years had whitened his venerable locks, but his face was lit up by the sunshine of a jovial disposition. He preserved to the last the sprightly humour of youth that seasoned his clever repartees. This, accompanied by a cordial urbanity and a stout heart, failed not to win an unusual number of warm and worthy friends who are left to mourn his loss.

F. R. B.

"I AM told," says the editor of *Truth*, "that Mr. Archibald Forbes' calm was a grand spectacle when he was prevented from lecturing at Cork. He quietly sat down, sipped a glass of water, and smilingly viewed the disturbers. The majority of the audience applauded him, and were very angry at being deprived of the intellectual treat which they had anticipated."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—This paper has been greatly improved of late years. Its illustrations are very creditable specimens of engraving, and are numerous, appropriate and timely. The holiday illustrations in the Christmas and New Year's numbers are capital, done, and must have afforded great entertainment to old as well as young people. We recommend this journal to liberal patronage at the hands of the Canadian public. The publishers are the Burdard Lithographic Company, Montreal.—*Lindsay Post*.

THE PERIODICAL PRESS.—The *Scientific Canadian* and *Mechanics Magazine and Patent Office Record* is a monthly journal of much excellence, containing a vast collection of practical matters of interest to the classes specially addressed. The *Canadian Illustrated News*, of which the current number lies before us, gives several capital sketches of Canadian backwoods life, as well as illustrations on general subjects. It is increasing in excellence.—*Belleville Times*.

TWO CANADIAN PUBLICATIONS THAT SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED.—We are in receipt of two publications from the celebrated Burdard Lithographic and Printing Company that should be encouraged. One is the *Scientific Canadian*, a monthly magazine of about 100 pages, which is filled with editorials and selections for the architect, the mechanic and the inventor. A careful record of new patents entered at the Patent Office, is given monthly. The other is the *Canadian Illustrated News*, published by the same firm. The *News* has made rapid improvements during late years, in regard to the mechanical appearance of its illustrations, and now ranks among the first journals of its kind in America. A national feeling on the part of Canadians could not be complete as long as we might be dependent on the Americans for the different classes of literature represented by the *Scientific Canadian* and the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and the publishers should meet with every encouragement.—*Moncton (N.B.) Times*.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—This periodical is now in its twentieth volume and is steadily gaining in favour. The illustrations are well chosen, the typographical appearance excellent, and its editorial and miscellaneous department ably conducted. See advertisement. The *Scientific Canadian* is a monthly mechanics' magazine published in the same establishment as the C.I.N. It is a capital work, and calculated to give much useful information. \$2.20 per year.—*Bridgetown (N.S.) Monitor*.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

NICOLINI has lost his voice.

No libretto of "The Pirates of Penzance" is published.

SOME enterprising person has found that there are just 320 theatres in the United States.

W. J. FLORENCE is negotiating for the production of "The Mighty Dollar" to a London audience.

JOHN McCULLOUGH has been quite uniformly successful this season, financially speaking, having cleared over \$20,000.

BOCCACCIO, Suppe's new opera, will have its first American production in Albany by Mahn's Fatinizza Company. The cast embraces forty speaking people.

MISS BLANCHE DAVENPORT says there were 225 American girls studying singing in Milan when she was there and that of this number only six have been heard of since.

M. VAUCORBEIL has discovered a new star. Lyric and tragic, for the stage of the Grand Opera, and she is now learning the rôles in which Kraus usually appears and will make her debut in the *Jaïre*.

BLIND TOM, when at his Georgia home, remains alone at his piano, in a building apart by himself, and plays day and night like a madman. He now plays about 7,000 pieces, and picks up new ones everywhere.

MR. SAMUEL FRENCH, the New York publisher, has purchased the right for this country to Sardou's latest drama, entitled "Daniel Rochat," which was written for the Comédie Française, and has not yet been produced.

ALFRED TENNYSON'S dramatization of Boccaccio's story of "The Falcon" was only moderately successful in London. It appears to be the general opinion that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, the principal performers, were a little too prosaic and material, not to say substantial, for the representation of what was little more than a poetic fancy.

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT says that Mr. Howell's drama, "A New Play," so fascinates him that when he is not on the stage he finds himself drawn to the wings, where he stands staring at the actors like one who sees a play for the first time. "One night," he adds, "Miss Cummins' words so took possession of me that I forgot that I, too, was an actor, and before an audience. When my turn came to speak I had forgotten my part."

OF the Spanish students the Boston *Advertiser* says: "Mandolines are not seen in this country, and few have any idea of the instrument, but guitars have long been quite popular, chiefly for accompaniment. The two instruments played together—the mandoline taking the air—are at once striking and effective. The music is wonderfully bright and sparkling. It is all but impossible to keep the feet still, particularly when the music is Spanish."

E. EVANGELINE RICE has a new idea about orchestras: "Each musician is seated upon a movable marble trap. When the leader notices a poor substitute who is playing badly or approaching indications of a dryness in the cornet or French horn, he touches a button and the bad musician or thirsty individual is silently dropped below to his haven of Beethoven, beer and bliss. The entire orchestra can be dropped in five seconds, thus avoiding the annoyance of their going out singly, at every opportunity, as at present is too frequently the case."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands, by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. SERRAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. e-2-w.