they were evidentally gradually approaching the earth. Some of these clouds, emitting lurid glare, enveloped the mountains, on descending, as if chased down by some upper storm. The road led up toward these dense masses, and should the clouds not soon resolve into rain, the fog-would be such that the tarantass would, be unable, to advance, without the danger of falling over some precipice. The Ural chain does not attain any very great height, the highest summit for being more than five thousand feet. Eternal anow is there unknown, and what is piled up by the Siberian winter is soon melted by the summer sun. Shrubs and trees grow to a considerable height. The iron and copper mines, as well as those of precious stones, draw a considerable number of workmen to that region. Also, those villages, termed gavody, are there met with pretty frequently, and the road through the great passes is easily practicable.

But what is easy enough in fine weather and broad daylight, offers difficulties and perils when the elements are engaged in fierce warfare, and the traveler is in the midst of it.

Michael Strogoff knew from former experience what a storm in the mountain. was, and perhaps this would be as terrible as the snow storms which burst forth with such vehemence in the winter.

The calmness of the atmosphere was very threatening, the air being perfectly still. It was just as if nature were half stifled, and could no longer breathe; her lungs-that is to say, those gloomy, dense clouds-not being able to perform their functions. The silence would have been complete but for the grinding of the wheels of the tarantass over the road, the creaking of the axles and boards the snorting of the horses and the clattering of their iron hoofs among the pebbles, sparks llying out on every side.

The road was perfectly deserted. The tarantass encountered neither pedestrians nor horsemen, nora vehicle of any description, in the narrow defiles of the Ural, on this threatening night. Not even the fire of a charcoal burner was visible in the woods, not an encampment of miners near the mines, not a hut among the brushwood.

Under these peculiar circumstances, it might have been allowable to postpone the journey across the mountains till the morning. Michael Strogoff, however, had not hesitated, he had no right to stop, but then-and it began to cause him some anxiety-what possible reason could those travelers in the telga ahead have for being so imprudent?

Michael remained thus on the look-out for some time. About eleven o'clock lightning began to blaze continuously in the sky. The shadows of huge pines at different elevations appeared and disappeared in the rapid light Sometimes when the tarantass neared the side of the road, deep gulfs, lit up by the flashes, could be seen yawning beneath them. From time to time, on their vehicle giving a worse lurch than usual, they knew that they were crossing a bridge of loughly hewn planks thrown over some chasm, thunder appearing actually to be rumbling below them. Besides this, a booming sound filled the air, which increased as they mounted higher. With these different noises rose the shouts and exclamations of the iemschik, sometimes solding, sometimes coaxing his poor beasts, who were suffering more from the oppression of the air than the roughness of the roads. Even the bells on the shafts could no longer rouse them, as they stumbled every instant.

"At what time shall we reach the top of the ridge?" asked Michael of the iemschik.

"At one o'clock in the morning, if we ever get there at all," replied he, with a shake of

"Why, my friend, this will not be your first storm in the mountains, will it?" "No and pray God it may not be my

"Are you afraid?" "No; I'm not afraid; but I repeat that I

think you were wrong in starting."

it was his business to obey, not to question. Just then a distant noise was heard, shrill

whistling through the atmosphere, so calm a minute before. By the light of a dazzling flash, almost immediately followed by a tremendous clap of thunder, Michael could see huge pines on a high peak, bending before the The wind was unchanged, but as yet it was the upper air alone which was disturbed. Successive crashes showed that many of the old and lightly rooted trees had been unable to resist the burst of the hurricane. An avalanche of shattered trunks swept across the road and dashed over the precipice on the left, two hundred feet in front of the tarantass.

The horses stopped short.

"Get up, my pretty doves," cried the iem-schik, adding the cracking of his whip to the rumbling of the thunder. Michael took Nadia's hand.

"Are you asleep, sister?" he asked. " No. brother. "Be ready for anything; here comes the

atorm. "I am ready." Michael Strogoff had only just time to draw

the leathern curtains when the storm was upon them. The iemschik leaped from his seat and

seized his horses' heads, for terrible danger threated the whole party.

The tarantass was at a standstill at a turning of the road, down which swept the hurricane: it was absolutely necessary to hold the animals' heads to the wind, for if the carriage was taken broadside it must infallibly capsize and be dashed over the precipice. frightened horses reared, and their driver could not manage to quiet them. His friendly expressions had been succeeded by the most insulting epithets. Nothing was of any use. The unfortunate animals, blinded by the lightning, terrified by the incessant peals of thunder rattling like artillery among the rocks, threatened every instant to break their traces and escape. The iemschik had no longer any control over his team.

At that moment Michael Strogoff threw himself from the tarantass and rushed to his assistance. Endowed with more than common strength, he managed, though not without difficulty, to muster the horses.

The storm now raged with redoubled fury. A perfect avalanche of stones and trunks of trees began to roll down the slope above

"We cannot stop here," said Michael. "We cannot stop anywhere," returned the iemschik, all his energies apparently overcome by terror. "The storm will send us to the bottom of the mountain, and that by the shortest way."

"Take you that horse, coward," returned Michael, "I'll look after this one."

A fresh burst of the storm interrupted him. The driver and he were obliged to crouch upon the ground to avoid being blown down. But the carriage, notwithstanding their efforts and those of the horses, was gradually moving girl. back, and had it not been stopped by the trunk of a tree, it would have been forced over the edge of the precipice.

"Do not be afraid, Nadia!" cried Michael rogoff.

Strogoff.

nian, her voice not betraying the slightest

emotion spling of the thunder ceased for an The rumbling of the thunder ceased for an instant, the terrible blast had swept past into

the gorge below.
"Will you go back?" said the iemschik.
"No, we must go on!. Once past this turning, we shall have the shelter of the slope." " But the horses won't move."

Do as L do, and drag them on." "The storm will come back!" Do you mean to obey?"

"Do you order it?" "The father orders it!" answer Michael, for

the first time invoking the all-powerful name of the Emperor. "Foward, my swallows!" cried the iemschik, seizing one horse, while Michael did the same

Thus urged, the horses began to struggle onward. The could no longer rear, and the middle horse not being hampered by the others, could keep in the center of the road. It was with the greatest difficulty that either man or beast could stand against the wind, and for every three steps they took in advance, they lost one, and even two, by being forced backward. They slipped, they fell, they got up again. The vehicle ran a great risk of being smashed. It the hood had not been securely fastened, it would have been blown away long before this. Michael Strcgoff and the iemschik took more than two hours in getting up this bit of road, only half a verst in length, so directly exposed was it to the lashing of the storm. The danger there was not only from the wind which battered against the travelers, but from the avalanche of stones and broken trunks which were hurling through the air above their

heads. Suddenly, during a flash of lighting, one of these masses was seen crushing and rolling

down the mountain toward the tarantass. Michael Strogoff in vain brought his whip down on the team; they refused to move. But a few feet further on, and the mass would pass

behind them! Michael saw the tarantass struck, his companion crushed; he saw there was no time to

drag her from the vericle! Then, possessessed in this hour of peril with superhuman strength, he threw himse f behind it, and planting his feet on the ground,

by main force placed it out of danger. The enormous mass as it passed grazed his chest, taking away his breath as though it had been a cannon-ball, then, crushing to powder the flints on the road, it bounded into the abvss below.

"Oh, brother!" cried Nadia, who had seen it all by the light of the flashes.

"Nadia," replied Michael, "fear nothing!" "It is not on my own account that I fear." God is with us, sister!"

"With me truly, brother, since he has sent thee in my way," murmured the young girl. The impetus the tarantass had received was not lost, and the tired horses once more moved forward. Dragged, so to speak, by Michael and the iemschik, they toiled on toward a narrow pass, lying north and south, where they would be protected from the direct sweep of the tempest. At one end a huge rock jetted out, round the summit of which whilled an eddy. Behind the shelter of the rock there was a comparative calm; yet once withing the circumference of the cyclone, neither man nor beast could resist its power. The storm was now at its height. The lightning filled the defile, and the thunder crash had become one continued peal. The

its foundations. Happily the tarantass could be so placed that the storm might strike it obliquely. But the counter-currents, directed toward it by the slope, could not be so well avoided, and so violent were they that every instant it seemed

ground, struck by the concussion, trembled

as though the whole Ural chain was shaken to

as though it would be dashed to pieces against "I should have been still more wrong had Michael by the light of one of the lanterns much." ian excavation bearing the marks "Hold up, my pigeons," cried the iemschik ; of the miner's pick, where the young girl

could rest in safety until they were once more ready 10 make a start. Just then-it was one o'clock in the morning-the rain began to fall in torrents; and this, in addition to the wind, made the storm

truly frightful, without, however, extinguishing the lightning. To continue the journey at present was utterly impossible. Besides, having reached this pass, they had only to descend the slopes of the Ural Mountains and to descend now, with the road torn up by a thousand mountains torrents, in these eddies of wind and rain, was utter madness.

'To wait is indeed serious," said Michael "but it must certainly be done to avoid still longer detentions. The very violence of the storm makes me hope that it will not last long. About three o'clock the day will begin to break, and the descent, which we cannot risk in the dark, we shall be able, if not with ease, at least without such danger, to attempt after sunrise."

"Let us wait, brother," replied Nadia; "but if you delay, let it not be to spare me fa-

tigue." " Nadia, I know that you are ready to brave everything; but in exposing both of us I risk more than my life, more than yours-I am not fulfilling my task, that duty which is before everything else I must accomplish." "A duty!" murmured Nadia.

Just then a bright flash lit up the sky, and seemed, so to speak, to volitilize the rain. Then a loud clap followed. The air was filled with a sulphurous, suffocating vapor, and a clump of huge pines, struck by the electric fluid scarcely twenty feet from the tarantass, flamed up like a gigantic torch.

The iemschik was struck to the ground by a counter shock, but found himself unhurt. Just as the last growlings of the thunder were lost in the recesses of the mountain Michael felt Nadia's hand pressing his, and he heard her whisper these words in his ear

"Ciles, brother! Listen!" CHAPTER XI.

During the momentary lull which followed shouts could be distinctly heard from a person on the road farther on and at no great distance from the tarantass. It was an carnest appeal, evidently from some traveler in dis-

Michael listened attentively. The iemschik also listened, but shook his

head, as if he thought it impossible to render any assistance. They are travellers calling for help," cried

Nadia. "They must expect nothing from us," replied the iemschik. "Why not?" cried Michael. "Ought not we to do for them what they would do for us

under similar circumstances?" "Surely you will not expose the carriage and

the horses!" "I will go on foot," replied Michael, interrupting the iemschik. "I will go, too, brother," said the young

"No remain here, Nadia. The lemschik

will stay with you. 'I do not wish to leave him alone."
"I will stay," replied Nadia.

trogoff. "Whatever happens, do not leave this "I'm not alraid," replied the young Livo spot."

" You will find me where I now am. Michael pressed her hand, and turning the corner of the slope,"disappeared in the dark-

"Your brother is wrong," said the iemschik. "He is right," replied Nadia simply.

Meanwhile Michael Strogoff strode rapidly on. If he was in a great hurry to aid the travelers, he was also very anxious to know who it was that had not been hindered from starting by the storm, for he had no doubt that the cries came from the telga, which had

so long preceded the tarantass. The rain had stopped, but the storm was raging, with redoubled fury. The shouts brought on the air, became more and more distinct. Nothing was to be seen of the pass in which Nadia had remained. The road wound along and the flashes showed only the slope above it. The squalls, checked by the corners and turns of the road, formed eddies highly dangerous, to pass which, without being taken off his legs, Michael had to use his utmost strength.

He soon perceived that the travelers whose shouts he had heard were at no great distance Even then, on account of the darkness, Michael could not see them, yet he heard distinctly their words.

This is what he heard, and what caused him some surprise :

"Are you coming back, blockhead?" "You shall have a taste of the knout at the

next stage." "Do you hear, you devil's postilion! Huilo elow there!"

"This is how a carriage takes you in this country!" "Yes, this is what you call a telga!"

"Oh, that abominable driver! He goes and

does not appear to have discovered that he has left us behind. "To deceive me, too! Me, an honorable Englishman! I will make a complaint at the chancellor's office and have the fellow

This was said in a very angry tone, but Michael heard the speaker suddenly interrupted by a burst of laughter from his companion, who exclaimed:

"Well, this is a good joke, I must say." " Vou venture to laugh!" said the Briton,

angrily. "Certainly, my dear confrere, and that most heartily. Pon my word it is too good, I never saw anything to come up to it."

Just then a crushing clap of thunder re-echoed through the defile, and then died away among the distant peaks. When the sound of the last growt had ceased the merry

"Yes, it undoubtedly is a good joke. This machine certainly never came from France." "Nor from England," replied the other.

On the road, by the light of the flashes, Michael saw, twenty yards from him, two travelers, seated side by side in a most pecuiar vehicle, the wheels of which were deeply imbedded in the ruts formed in the road.

He approached them, the one grinning from car to ear, and the other gloomily contemplating his situation, and recognized them as the two reporters who bad been his companions on board the Caucasus from Nijni-Novgorod to Perm.

"Good morning to you, sir," cried the Frenchman. "Delighted to see you here. Let me introduce you to my intimate enemy, Mr. Blount."

The Euglish reporter bowed, and was about to introduce in his turn his companion, Alcide Jolivet, in accordance with the rules of society, when Michael interrupted him: "Perfectly unnecessary, sir; we already

know each other, for we traveled together on the Volga." "Ah, yes! exactly so! Mr. -

"Nicholas Korpanoff, merchant of Ir-kutsk," replied Michael. "But may I know what has happened, which though a mis-Nadia was obliged to leave her seat, and fortune to your companion, amuses you so

"Certainly, Mr. Korpanoff," replied Alcide. "Fancy! our driver has gone off with the front part of this confounded carriage, and left us quietly seated in the back part! So here we are in the worst half of a telga, no driver no horses. Is it not a joke?"

"No joke at all," said the Englishman. "Indeed it is, my dear fellow. You do not know how to look at the bright side of

things." "How, pray, are we to go on with cur journey?" asked Harry Blount.

"That is the easiest thing in the world," replied Alcide. "Go and harness yourself to what remains of our cart; I will take the reins, and call you my little pigeon, like a true iemschik, and you will trot off like a real post-horse." "Mr. Jolivet," replied the Englishman,

this joking is going too far, it passes all limits and-" Now do be quiet, my dear sir. When you

are done up, I will take your place; and call me a broken-winded snail and faint-hearted tortoise if I don't take you over the ground at rattling pace."

Alcide said all this with such perfect good humor that Michael could not help smiling. "Gentlemen," said he, "Here is a better We have now reached the highest ridge of the Ural chain, and thus have merely to descend the slopes of the mountain. My carriage is close by, only two hundred yards belind. I will lend you one of my horses, harness it to the remains of the telga, and to-

morrow, if no accident befalls us, we will arrive together at Ekaterenburg. "That, Mr. Korpanoff," said Alcide, "is indeed a generous proposal." "Indeed, sir," replied Michael, "I would

willingly offer you places in my tarantass, but t will only hold two, and my sister and I already fill it." "Really, sir," answered Alcide, "with your

horse and our dimi-telga my companion and I will go to the world's end." "Sir," said Harry Blount, "we most willingly accept your king offer. And, as to that

emschik-"Oh! I assure you that you are not the first travellers who have met with a similar misfortune," replied Michael.

"But why should not our driver come back? He knows perfectly well that he has left us behind, wretch that he is!" "He! He never suspected such a thing."

"What! the fellow not know that he was leaving the better half of his telge behind!" "Not a bit, and in all good faith is driving the fore part into Ekaterenburg." "Did I not tell you that it was a good joke,

confrere?" cried Alcide. "Then gendemen, if you will follow me," said Michael, "we will return to my carriage, and-

"But the telga," observed the Englishman "There is not the slightest tear that it will fly away, my dear Blount!" exclaimed Alcide it has taken such good root in the ground, that if it were left there until next spring it would begin to bud."

"Come then, gentlemen," said Michael Strogoff, "and we will bring up the tarantass" The Frenchman and the Englishman descending from their seats, no longer the hinder one, since the front had taken its departure, followed Michael. (To be continued.)

THE ZULU WAR.

Reported Demoralization of the Zulus Sr. VINCENT, June 10.—The Russia arrived here this merning. She brings news from Simon's Bay up to the 25th of May.

It is rumored that Cetywayo intends making the war henceforth a bush warfare, and giving us no point to strike at. At present, however the report is altogether unfounded.

neighbourhood. The chief Manlalas reports that the Zulus

ARE COMPLETELY DISORGANIZED

and utterly disheartened with the result of the fighting that has taken place. They declare their unwillingness to meet our troops again, and are taking to the bush in large numbers to avoid the summons to arms by Cetywayo. It is reported by the natives that the Zulus on the Tugela side of Amatikula are gathering near Impalli, but there is no verification of the rumor.

Sickness still increases, and 65 more men are down with fever and dysentery at Forts Chelmsford and Pearson.

There was an alarm in the north camp on the 12th, and the garrison all stood to arms. It was discovered, however, that the pickets of the 88th had fired upon some oxen, wistaken them for Zulus. A strong convoy left the Tugela on the 10th for Fort Crealock. It will be accompanied by the 88th, 290 men of the 3rd Buffs, 190 of the 91st, a company of Engineers, a troop of Lonsdale's horse, and two guns royal artillery. Another convoy will leave in a day or two. Captain Surmon (?)

A GREAT BANQUET

is to be given to Sir Bartle Frere, at Kimberley, on the 15th. His reception throughout the country will be enthusiastic. A committec has been formed at Cape Town to organize a great demonstration of welcome to him on his return from the war. The war on the Orange River is at an end.

Cobpus christi at caughnawaga. Numbers of people who went to Caughnawaga Thursday last with the object of seeing a Corpus Christi procession outside the church were disappointed, the ceremony, as on last year, and as it will be in future, took place altogether inside the church. The Rev. Father Brutin preached a long and eloquent

which he entered into a review of the rights

of Indians, which he defended and promised would be respected.

In former years it was customary to have grand and imposing procession outside, but this attracted large crowds from Montreal, Plattsburg and the surrounding localities who came, some through curiosity and some to derive an unboly profit from the sale of liquors to the Indians, or whosoever would buy. Yesterday Caughnawaga was quiet and silent almost as the grave; it were a strictly Sabbatarian appearance, the little Indian children refraining even from play, and looking as grave as the old folks. The village lives by fishing-at least it cannot live on agriculture, for the last of the Iroquois and Alonguins own but a stony tract of country out of their once regal possessions; and if of Lee Morton appeared in Irish characters this poor, sterile tract were worth in which he has since won such fortune and anything, it would have long since favor. When only 18 he produced "London passed into the hands of the generous Assurance" in 1840 at Convent Garden, and civilizer. There are a good many white followed it with other successes in bright rapeople living in Caughnawaga, chiefly at the | pidity. He says that he has written four huneast end, but the great majority of the inhabitants are either Indians or have Indian blood, some of them speaking their languages | the stage for all time-" London Assurance," fluently, French, English and Iroquois. It is editying to see the people go to church, the women, for the most part, with a shawl over their heads, and looking straight before them. They evidently do not go to have their clothes admired, and they carry themselves with the greatest modesty and grace. As for the village itself, it is not beautiful in an architectural sense, nor has it many palatial cally unable to realize his conceptions. He mansions—not one, in fact, if the is as good a Frenchman as Irishman, and truth must be told. It stretches itself holds there a mine as yet unworked. He is along the river's bank, accommodating itself slight and delicate in appearance, but in realto its curves as best it may. The houses are one story, of stone foundation and log or other wooden materials, and are of rustic simplicity as to any claims they may have to architectural beauty. The wharf is especially picturesque, and reminds one of a small elevated corner of the ruins of Carthage, while the old fishermen leaning against it might be mistaken for Marius easily by a very shortsighted person. Cities, like empires, rise and fall and have their day of opulence and power, but it is extremely doubtful if Caughnawaga will ever rise into eminence as a commercial mart, nor will its name descend in an illustrious way into the pages of history, except it may as in connection with the lacrosse team of that name, which has so often beaten the Montreal and been beaten by

the Shamrock club. The inhabitants of Caughnawaga are remarkable for their longevity, which, it is to be presumed, arises from their simple pastoral tastes. It is nothing uncommon to find an old woman walking along, with head erect and pipe in her mouth, who, the neighbors aver, is over one hundred years of age, but who, if questioned herself, remembers Christopher Columbus perfectly well, and patted

Champlain on the head when he was a child. The Caughnawagas are famous for their handsome baskets and the bead and fancy work they turn out, their women going as far as the falls of Niagara to sell them. For the rest, they are a quiet, simple, religious people, saved by the Catholic church from the destruction which other tribes have encountered from

HOME RULE IN PARLIAMENT.

contact with a certain kind of civilization.

LONDON, June 12.-There was a turbulent scene in the House of Commons to-day, growing out of a motion of censure moved by J. H. O'Donnell, member for Dungannon, respecting the conduct of the war in South Africa. Mr. O'Donnell, basing his remarks on a certain letter received from Africa, accused the English troops of having acted with extreme barbarity towards the Zulus, refusing them quarter, and mercilessly slaughtering wounded Zulus who fell into their hands. This was no new practice on the part of the English. Mr. O'Donnell insinuated, and he illustrated this insinuation by references to the inhuman conduct of English treops in Ireland during Cromwell's time and at other periods, and of their conduct in India after the mutiny. The house became wildly excited and very restive, but Mr. O'Donnell continued to speak until he was called to order. The Right Hon. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, under-secretary for Ireland, and Sir Stafford Northcote, chancellor of the exchequer, severely rebuked Mr. O'Donnell for his language, and the scene finally ended by Mr. O'Donnell, at the request of his Irish colleagues, withdrawing his motion.

-Up to the 6th ultimo thirty-eight steamers and sailing vessels had arrived at St. Johns, Nfld. with 257,055 seals, and in all weighing 114,200 owts. Among the largest cargoes were the steamer Greenland, with 24,022; the Eagle and the Falcon with 20,391 and 22,030 respectively. The average load of each vessel would be about 3,005 seals.

THE LETELLIER OURSTION. The Lt.-Governor Not to be Dismissed (Special Cablegram to Toronto Globe.)

London, Thursday, June 12. The date of Mr. Langevin's departure is still uncertain. He has had several consultations with the colonial office, but the government has not yet informed him of its decision Colonel Clark reports that there are no in the Letellier affair. I learned this after-bodies of the natives moving about in the moon from a trustworthy official source that in the Letellier affair. I learned this afterthe cabinet has decided not to sanction the lieut-governor's dismissal. The colonial secretary informs me that he does not contemplate making any communication of the

The Cattle Disease.

of Lorne.

Since the British government has prohibited the importation of cattle and thus checked trade with us in this direction, the matter of contagious disease which has been so prevalent during the past winter and spring be-

comes an important one. It is ascertained that pleuro-pneumonia is an imported disease, and, since it established itself in England in 1842, has caused a loss of \$500,000,000 to British farmers. It has also been as expensive in Australia, since is invaded that island continent in 1858, and is so widely extended over the great Australian cattle ranges that all hope of getting rid of it is given up. Massachussetts imported the disease in 1859, but stamped it out in eight years, after killing nearly 1,000 cattle. Connecticut has rooted it out several times, but the malady now has a hold in the southwestern part of the state and has been traced down along the Atlantic sea-board as far as North Carolina. New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania are vigorously at work to destroy the contagion, and at a recent conference of their officials at Philadelphia, it was stated that pleuro-pneumonia has been raging in the eastern part of the United States

for 36 years, and is now quite violent. England prohibits the conveyance of cattle for more than 20 hours without supplies o food and water. A number of our states place the limit at 24 hours, but as they have no jurisdiction beyond their limits the cattle often go all the way from Chicago to New York without stoppage or refreshment, the sermon on the solemn subject of the day, after shippers not wishing to pay toll at the expensive stockyards kept up by the railroads. It is a clear case for the exercise of national authority to protect the nation's beef and beefenters .- American paper,

Diou Boucicault.

dor. He has five children, the eldest of w.

Mr. Clayton.

the London Times :

is married to a rising young English actor,

The Wonders of Science.

The following description of how animals

have been held in a state of suspended anima-

tion by some operatives in Sydney appears in

"I was taken into the building that contains Mr. Grant's apparatus for generating cold. At-tached to this is the freezing chamber, about 8

"I was taken into the building that contains Mr. Grant's apparatus for generating cold. Attached to this is the freezing chamber, about 8 feet by ten feet. Here were fourteen sheep, four lambs, and three pigs stacked on their sides in a heap, 'alive,' which Mr. Grant told me had been in their present pus tions for 19 days, and were to remain there for another three months. Selecting one of the lambs, fignor Rotura put it on his shoulder, and carried it into the other building, where a number of shallow cemented tanks were in the floor, having hot and cold water taps to each tank, with a thermometer hanging alongside. One of these tanks was quickly filled, and its temperature tested by the Signor, I meantime examining with the greatest curiosity the 19 days' dead' lamb. There was the lamb, to all appearances dead, and as hard almost as a sione. The lamb was gently dropped into the warm bath, and was allowed to remain in it about twenty-three minutes, its head being raised above the water twice for the introduction of the thermometer into its mouth, and then it was taken out and placed on its side on the floor, Signor Rotura quickly dividing the wool on its neck and inserting the sharp point of a small silver syringe under the skin and injecting the anitidote. The lamb was then turned on its back, Signor Rotura studing across it, gently compressing its ribs with his knees and hands, in such a manner as to imitate their natural depression and expansion during breathing, in ten minutes the animal was struggling to free itself, and when released skipped out through the door and went gamboling and bleating over the little garden in front. Nothing has ever impressed me so entirely with a sense of the marvellous. One is almost tempted to ask, in the presence of such a discovery, whether death itself may not uitimately be baffled by scientific investigation.

"You will see at once the benefits claimed by the discoveries of this process. Cargoes of live sheep can thus be sent to England by large steamers and althoush a f

investigation.

"You will see at once the benefits claimed by the discoveries of this process. Uargoes of live sheep can thus be sent to England by large steamers, and although a freezing atmosphere will still be an essential, a temporary breakdown necessitating a stoppage of eight or ten days in the production of cold, would be of ne consequence. When the sheep are landed in England, any that fall to entirely rally will be perfectly good meat, whereas the others can be turned on to pastures or driven to market. Of course the same results can be achieved with bullocks, but their greater weight makes them more difficult to handle with safety, and the carcassis rendered brittle by freezing, making them the more liable to injury. It sounded odd to hear Mr. Grant and Signor Rotura laying stress upon the danger of breakage on the voyage.

"Signor Rotura proceeds to South America, at once, for a large supply of the two necessaries for the safe conduct of his process, and both these substances at present remain a scoret."

Why are there more marriages in winter

than in summer?-Because then men seek

comforters and ladies seek musis.

Dion Boucicault is 57 years old. His

mother, a very handsome old lady, still living, is Irish-Miss Darley of Kildare street, Dublin. His father was French, and through him he visit Lanada in a large body. claimed and for a time assumed the title of The Zulu War. Viscount de Boucicault. He was educated by that literary Lothario, Dr. Dionysius Lardner The Pall Mall Gazette publishes the followafter whom he is named, and was intended for an engineer. His keen intelligence would the army :-have insured him success in any profession. "The profound anxiety with which mili-He preferred the stage, and under the name

Zululand is, perhaps, rather suspected than actually known to many; but what is perhaps known to even fewer still is the amount of effort relatively to our whole military power which we are putting forth in that struggle. The public know, or can ascertain, that we dred plays, many of which had successes for have now, or shall soon have, an army of the hour, and six of which will probably hold twenty thousand men engaged in the Zulu war; but how many of the public suspect, "Old Heads and Young Hearts," "The Octo what nevertheless is the fact, that in deroon," "Colleen Bawn," "Arrich na Pogue," spatching that force to the Cape we have and "Shaughraun." As a manager he has virtually shot our bolt, and are at the failed, having been bankrupted in both his end of our military resources? We have used ventures at the Varieties, New Orleans, and up not only our fighting men but are using Astley's, London, but he is the best stage up our fighting boys. That campaign and manager out of Paris. He is the most intelour other little war in Afghanistan have sublectual actor on the stage, though often physijected our military strength to what the commander - in - chief described the other 'severe strain; all the accounts which reach us the strain is indeed a severe to the ity sinewy and strong. In nature he is cold extreme limit of tension. And that is the and concentrated, and specially sensitive to condition of a great power in the present criticism, as may be seen in the unceasing juncture of European affairs, with a worldtrouble he takes to deride it. He is an admiwide empire to defend, and but just emerging rable newspaper writter, clear, close, and from a crisis in which it only escaped by the withal often picturesque in style, and a most by-path of surrender from having to enter the interesting conversationalist, neither witty nor gay, but original, paradoxical, and suggestist, is most hospitable, lives a la sionte runs a superior steam yacth, and the ments at the corner of Fifteenth st field against one of the great military despotisms of the continent! As to the wrotched quality of our recruits, that, after being stronuously denied for the last half-dozen years, is

now at last admitted. The commander-in-hief admits it and deplores the labor competition which spoils the market of the re-

Lord Dufferin's Bull Dog.

or to do anything at all."

A bull dog that was stolen from Lord Dufferin in Canada, a year ago, turned up lately ferre Haute, where she killed a Texan steer in a street fight. Colonel Burns, of Evansville, bought her for \$100, and fastened her in his stable. The Evansville Journal of last Wednesday said: "Yesterday, while the Colonel was leading a horse worth \$1 000 past the dog, she leaped toward the horse with such tremendous force that the collar snapped like a string. She buried her teeth in the horse's flesh. Col. Burns seized the dog by the throat with both bands, and hurling her on her back, threw himself upon her as she fell. She tore his shirt into shreds. At last, with his heavy boot heel he planted a blow on the forehead which stunned the beast." The Journal of Thursday said: "Col. Burns was sitting on horseback at his front gate yesterday morning, when the spotted bull dog dashed out the side gate, having snapped the cast-iron chain. He whipped his horse into a gallop and followed. Captain App, of the police, was coming down the street in his barouche when the doy dashed toward his horse and made a leap at his throat. The horse shied to escape the danger, overthrowing the barouche and hurling Capt.App against a shade tree with such force as to dislocate the right elbow. On Parrett street the furious dog met a lad and seized him by the collar of his coat. Both rolled off the plank walk and down the embankment. Col. Burns attacked the dog with the butt of a heavy whip and knocked ber senseless. The horse ran away during the fight and has not been recovered. The dog was hauled home still senseless." The Journal of Friday said :- " Marshal Langolf went to the stables to see the dog yesterday. She lazily yawned and pretended to fawn, while her great red chops, hanging down, were opened and closed indolently. Langolf went to pat her head gently, when she leaped at his throat. The stout trace held her back, though her paws caught in the marshal's vest and brought him down on his knees. He drew his revolver and out two bullets through her head ... With a few struggles the ferocious beast died."

THE SIXTY-NINTH. The Matter Not Settled Yet-Bloodshod Prophesied if the Regiment Visits

Montreal.

New York, June 11.—Up to the present time it is not decided whether the Irish voterans composing the 69th Regiment will go to Montreal to celebrate Dominion day as proposed. Quite a feeling has snrung up between the officers and men of the different companies, some being in favor of accepting the invitation of the president of St. Patrick's society, while others are deadly opposed, believing as they do, that their former commandant, Colonel Corcoran, would not be welcomed. It is decision to the English newspapers, therefore understood, however, that a meeting will be the publication of the news may first take held on Friday evening, when Col. Cavanagh, place in Canada. Mr. Langevin will not who favors accepting the invitation, will be leave till the despatch is sept to the Marquis present, and then some definite action will be taken. Major Duffy, one of the prominent officers of the regiment, is adverse to the regiment going to Canada, taking the ground that Irish Americans have no right whatever to go to Canada to commemorate the day, while most of the members of this regiment would tayor the liberation of Ireland from English rule. He considers that, by taking the 69th regiment to Montreal, the members would belittie themselves after taking the stand they did in regard to the Prince of Wales' visit, and therefore should by all means refuse the invitation, although given through members of the St. Patrick's society. One of the members of the regiment said this morning: "If the officers should decide to go to Montreal, you may rest assured that before the regiment returns to this city trouble will arise. Most of the boys are opposed to English government either in Canada or in England, and if they showed any resentment to the toasts which would surely be proposed and drunk at the proposed banquet, a little rebellion might break out between each party, and bloodshed would surely follow. I, for one, intend staying at home, and hope, for the credit of our regiment and for the sake of peace, that the invitation will not be accepted." Many of the members thought that Col. Cavanagh had gone beyond his bounds in allowing correspondence to take

> The following despatch was received from New York early Friday morning :-

> place without the consent of the other offi-

cers of the regiment.

NEW YORK, June 13 .- The following telegram has been received from Col. McNamce, of Montreal, dated Ottawa, June 12:-

"To Col. James Cavanagh, commanding 69th regiment, New York :-"Canadian government has given permission to come, carrying arms. Come on all of

you, except sorcheads, who can stay at home.

Have your noble men represented at our pic-

"F. B. MCNAMER." It is expected the 69th will accept, and will

ing alarming account of the state of affairs in

fary experts are watching the campaign in

c: niting sergeant at the soldier's present pay. The under-secretary for war admits it, and deprecates the injustice of blaming the present government for a state of things for which 'no one government'-not even that which has been five years in power without correcting it-is responsible. But neither the Duke of Cambridge nor Lord Bury, neither the horse guards nor the war office think it incumbent on them to say any more than this,