

"I am pleased to hear you speak thus, Custa," said Amy gently.
"And do you call it to have taught me to read?" continued Custa.
"But never did youth of fourteen learn to read so easily," said Amy.
"Yes, I know it. 'Tis strange; but I don't seem to have learnt then for the first time. Never mind—you taught me, and I read, and my average mind was so good, and I knew the pleasure of knowledge—and I continued to learn, and in seven years, you, who were children when you first found me, have made me an educated man."
"And yet you remain an Indian," said Amy with a soft, melancholy smile.
"Miss Amy, you are the affianced wife of a man—a white man—and may not often hear words like those I am about to speak."
"Nay, utter no words," hurriedly exclaimed Amy, as if about to rise and depart.
"Listen, Miss Amy, why have you tamed my savage spirit?—why have you taken from me the taste for rapine and blood?—why have you opened my eyes to the beauty of civilized life?—why have you made me whatever you have pleased, though you have been so kind and stern, so haughty; but because I loved you always, because I love you still."
"Hush! gasped Amy, deeply distressed; 'I may not hear these words."
"Amy! you say I am still an Indian—I love you, and yet James Barton lives."
"I know it," said Amy with a shudder; "he lives. Good Custa, you have indeed learnt much."
"I have learnt much," continued Custa, significantly. "I have learnt that Amy Moss—for reasons she only knows—is willing to wed a man she hates."
"How know you?—how dare you say so?" exclaimed Amy, proudly.
"Miss Amy Moss, I say you hate, despise, loathe Barton, and yet you have promised to wed him—and I love you, oh, Amy! more than my life."
"Why talk thus?" said Amy, willy-nilly. "I must marry Barton, and you—you are an Indian!"
"You will never marry James Barton!" exclaimed Custa, with a burst of triumph he could not restrain.
"You are not an Indian, though I believe you are."
"I shall never marry James Barton," said Amy, in accents which she tried to make cold and sarcastic, but which were indeed elevated and glad.
"Never?" replied Custa, firmly; "you cannot marry him."
"Explain yourself."
"I am a white man, Amy Moss," said Custa, gently, forgetting to use the word Miss; "till lately I was a savage, as far as habits can tell me, I stood between some one and great wealth, and was put out of the way."
"What! almost stricken Amy, clutching his arm with violent violence as to bring a cry of pain. "Repeat that, because I stood between some one and great wealth."
"If this be true—but so—it is impossible—it cannot be, 'ere the young girl, in a state of frenzy."
"What mean you?" asked Custa, himself now much excited.
"That I begin to suspect the truth; but until then it seems some idea, that it is so, I dare not breathe my suspicions. Wait, Custa, wait until the hour when the truth shall be known to you; and I repeat to you, Custa, at this terrible hour of peril, when Heaven only hears my words—if what I suspect be true, I will be your wife."
"And Amy Moss springing back into the hut and lay down."
As Custa turned, he came face to face with an Indian warrior of gigantic frame, who, so pitch was the darkness, did not see him until he was actually touching him. The warrior started back, and then gazed curiously at Custa, as if suspecting him a moment, and then he sprang forward.
"What mean you?" he said, in a low, guttural tone.
Custa made no sound, and, ere the other could utter a cry, he had him down by his tomahawk, and held him there until he was actually touching him.
Then the crowing of a cock arose from the hut, a plain, unmistakable crowing, that might have deceived a far-ward servant.
"Do you cry from either right or left, or from the rear of the hut, Custa gave a second cry, this time much louder, and then hurried round to the back of the log, where he found Eram Cook fast asleep.
"Up!" said Custa, shaking him violently; "the Indians are on us."
"Eh? What, where?" exclaimed Eram, anxiously.
"Hush! stand by for a signal. Do not move," said Custa.
"And he glided away back to the hut, and fell on his face on the ground. He now looked over the clearing in every direction, and presently distinctly saw a line of Indians coming straight towards the hut, trailing one behind the other with extreme caution.
Custa fired, and giving a shout that woke the echoes of the trees, bounded inside the hut, pulled down the door across the doorway, hung a beam of wood to the top of the door, and then, with a few moments' delay, hurriedly begging Amy to be close and to still the child's cries. Three cracks of the rifle from three different quarters followed a desultory fire from the Indians, and then Cook, Harold, and Harvey came bounding to cover. Custa quietly took up a post as usual, and remained as well as could be the state of affairs without.
The Indians were so startled at the multiplicity of quarters whence the firing came, and apparently so amazed at the number of persons who occupied the place, that they had at once retreated to prepare some other mode of attack, and they left the fort a few moments' space. The hut was in total darkness, and the glare of light could now be shown with safety. Harold and Cook stood, one on each side of the door, their guns and axes ready, while Harvey crept round to the side of Custa.
"Custa," said he in a low voice, "this is about the worst fit of all. We must make up our minds to die this hour."
"Then we must die," replied Custa, coldly; "we must fight until the last, and then if we have no assistance we must die. But for her and the child we might fight our way—it cannot be thought of now. Look! he is convinced, turning to Harold and Cook, "close by the charred stump is a black man, who wasn't there a minute ago."
The rifle of the eldest Hunter and of Cook spoke at the same time, and the roared their men fall forward, and then came a series of yells from the forest, which proclaimed the force of the Indians. Custa was quiet for a moment. He appeared to be thinking deeply. Suddenly he rose, and sign to all his companions, and drew them into a corner.
"There is a gentle one and a wild in the hut," he said in a low voice; "four men might hold behind these logs for a week; but a single yell might kill the daughter of Judge Moss, and Custa could never see the father's law again."
"Well, what is to be done?" asked Harvey, in an anxious tone.
"The best is to stay, but the water is shallow—the gentle one and the child may go down into the Hallowed Pool, while three hold the hut."
"But how on earth are they to get down?" said Eram Cook, rather excitedly.
"The word of the British is good—Custa has tried it, replied Custa.
"By the rapid rattling rattle of Kentucky, that's good," said Eram; "I'm for sleeping at once—don't mind a storming now and then, it's the best of it—but Gorem Blakes! it don't do every day in the week."
Custa made no reply, but turned to the corner of the hut, and by Amy and the child, and exchanged a few words with her.
"Anything that you propose I will go through," said Amy, quietly.
"Custa," said Harvey, "I've examined carefully the strength of an old door which had been left in the hut, and the fact that after the massacre of the crew on

Indians had ever visited the place. It was found to be solid.
"Now then?" roared Eram Cook, "give it to the sanguinary butchers—blaze away."
A party of Indians had made a rush, and, nothing daunted by the fire of two guns, had succeeded in reaching to within a few yards of the door, which fortunately was so barricaded that friends only could enter easily. The two Americans stood ready, the Shawnee came whooping and yelling on, and dashed up to the door. They were met by the cool fire of the two others, who, while Harold and Cook were hand-to-hand, quietly loaded and again discharged their weapons. The besieging party, meeting once more a resistance which promised to cost them dear, retreated, and began a desultory fire from the trees and bushes which surrounded the clearing, an attack which became every minute more dangerous, as the darkness became less, and the clouds flew from the horizon as the storm abated.
To be continued.

The Herald.
Wednesday, January 13, 1865.
1865.

"Eh! fugates, Postume, Postume, Anni laburur."
This is a time which naturally causes the above idea of a Latin poet to recur to my memory. The curtain is about to drop over the scenes of another year, pregnant with events which shall apply the historic muse with copious matter, and memorable, particularly to the P. E. Islander, for the occurrence, within his Island home, of incidents which, if not altogether unprecedented, certainly wear an appearance of novelty. Eighteen hundred and sixty-five equals any of its predecessors in the number and importance of its events. It is tinctured with the dark dye of murders, assassinations, and those other crimes to which trail humanity is prone. We have been propitiated by the slaughter of innocents at his shrine, and by the devastation of some of the finest tracts of a Southern country, and Grim Death has entwined within his cold grasp his own share of the young and the beautiful, of the rich and the talented. It has, however, a bright side, which is lovely for the friend of liberty to contemplate, and to which we may refer in the course of our observations.
Reviewing the events which have occurred in Europe during the past year, there is scarcely anything to comment upon, thanks to the uninterrupted peace which has, during that time, reigned in that quarter of the world. England has not had anything to disturb its peace, either in its foreign or domestic relations, if we except the New Zealand war; the excitement lately created in Ireland by the arrest of some of the Fenian conspirators; and the indiscriminate slaughter of the whites in Jamaica.—Gen. Cameron has been called on to account by the War Office for the mismanagement of the duty assigned to him of suppressing the Maori revolt, and we may rest assured that the remnant of this race tribe still in opposition to British power, and its civilization itself, will soon be repressed with justice tempered with mercy. The vigilance and energy of the English officers have speedily and summarily suppressed the attempted rebellion in Jamaica; and the long term of penal servitude to which some of the votaries of Fenianism are condemned, will doubtless be effective in expelling that hydra from British territory. We would fain turn away from the bloody tragedy lately enacted in Jamaica; the diabolical slaughter of a Queen's Own by a British volunteer-battalion committed by their dupes, are scenes we do not desire to expatiate on. It suffices to say that the law of retaliation has been fully enforced—perhaps rigorously—by consistent with lenity. Whether Governor Eyre has overstepped the limits of his authority, whether he has allowed a thirst for vengeance to take the place of justice or not, remains to be seen. The latest news informs us that an enquiry into the matter will be immediately instituted.
The death of Lord Palmerston is an event which will be long remembered by all Englishmen. His name will ever adorn the history of British diplomacy; his sagacity as a statesman has been well tested, and, judging from the able manner in which he directed the Ship of State during the threatening period of his Premiership, we doubt very much whether his successor will ever display such acute and shrewd qualities as those which distinguished the lamented Palmerston. Though we did not endorse his policy with regard to the Danish or Polish question, yet, in all other points, the course which he adopted, and by which he secured to his countrymen the enjoyment of a perfect peace, has been sanctioned by the Empire. That eminent Christian and scholar, Cardinal Wiseman, and the liberal Leopold, King of the Belgians, have also, during the past year, been added to the list of illustrious dead. But for the greatest event of the year is, the close of that fratricidal war, which had for four years contrived the neighboring Republic, and wasted its energies in one of the most destructive civil wars on record. From the time that General Grant took command of the Union armies, we felt sanguine that success would eventually perch on the Union banners. His strategy, which resulted in the fall of the Confederacy, is well entitled to our appreciation. His fame as a captain will no doubt be handed down to posterity, emblazoned with all the pomp of martial glory. We would go beyond our limits were we to give anything like an account of the many battles which were fought before the South evacuated their capital. The Confederate General—one of the most brilliant military geniuses of the age—proved himself a friend to humanity in having so discreetly agreed to the terms of peace, proposed to him by his generous foe. The correspondence that took place on this occasion will be a testimony of the greatness of the minds that directed the belligerents. The institution of slavery was, by the fall of the Confederacy, forever abolished throughout the Union, an event which was much looked for by every friend of civilization, and which will imprint a character not only on this year, but even on the present century. The assassination of President Lincoln, one of the leading statesmen of the United States, happening at the time it did, was truly mournful. He will be regarded, in a manner, as a second Washington, as the person by whose political wisdom the Union has been saved from disintegration; while the name of his feebler assassin will be remembered with feelings of detestation. This occurrence benefited the cause it was intended to injure, having secured for the Northern States the sympathy of the world.
The Fenian Brotherhood, which extends its ramifications through nearly every corner of the Union, has, during the past year, assumed more of a menacing tone than previously. Its demagogues, who entertain a large share of political phrensy in establishing an Irish Republic in New York, are, as was most natural to anticipate, bespattering one another with the vilest abuse. The O'Mahony, charged with embitterment,

has been deposed, and some Colonel Roberts takes his place. Such bickerings would make it appear that Fenianism, though couched at, and perhaps encouraged, by the American Government, as we very plainly proved a few weeks ago, is beginning to totter.
The Tonnage troubles, which have occurred during the past year, will certainly render it one of the most memorable in the annals of Island history. The impossibility if not duplicity of the Government, whose organ was renounced by the next General Election, has been, by the events of this year, established beyond doubt. On their advent to power, they promised to remove all the agrarian difficulties in eight months, and the sequel shows how poorly they fulfilled their promise. The tenants, who are, if justly treated, a very peaceful and industrious part of our population, have been most shamefully used by the very party they placed in power. They have been ruthlessly trampled as rioters and rebels; soldiers have been brought here to coerce them to satisfy the Proprietors' claims to the fullest extent; and many of them have been put to a large amount of expense. These matters, in the opinion of Her Majesty's Representative at Washington, will take place, and will, we think, be instrumental in breaking up a Government who have scarcely enacted, during their tenure of office, a single measure beneficial to the land. Notwithstanding the difficulties with which the farming portion of the Island have had to contend, the amount of exports surpasses that of any previous year. This fact, together with the establishment of a bank at Summerside, augurs well for the prosperity of the P. E. Island. We hope that we will never again witness such incidents as transpired in the Island during 1865, and that 1866 will usher in a golden age of peace and prosperity to all our countrymen.

THE FREE TRADE "MISSIONS" EXPLAINED.
We suspected all along that there was some Confederal artifice concealed beneath those expeditions to Mexico, Brazil and elsewhere, concerning which we have heard so much lately, and which are likely to cost the Colonies a great deal of hard cash, which might be more profitably employed than in defraying the expenses of the "leading minds" while covertly advancing the cause of Confederation, although nominally engaged in procuring free trade. We have now proof positive of the existence of this artifice in the following "important" despatch from the Colonial Minister. We copy it from a Nova Scotia paper:—
DOWLING STREET, 24th Nov., 1865.
Nova Scotia.—No. 10.
Sir,—I think it right to acquaint you that I have been informed by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs that, in the opinion of Her Majesty's Representative at Washington, the necessity of having to submit a treaty of Commerce to the separate action of the various Provincial Legislatures would be a serious difficulty in his way, and that the Union of the Provinces would afford the best hope of obviating it.
It is evident that if the gentlemen who are now about to proceed to Mexico, the British and Spanish West Indies and Brazil, for the purpose of ascertaining in what manner the trade and commerce of the countries with British North America can be extended, shall bring their journey to a successful conclusion, and shall be able to suggest to Her Majesty's Government, in their report, the trade and commerce of the Colonies with the United States, a similar difficulty may be expected to arise in every such case,—and, on the other hand, the Union of the Provinces would, in every such case, afford the best hope of bringing such arrangements to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion.
I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
(Signed) EDWARD CAMERON.
Lieut. Governor Sir F. Williams, Bart., K.C.B.
The Halifax Unionist, and other blatant organs of Confederation, as well as some of its excitable and more distinguished advocates, have been loud in their professions of late in reference to the speedy success which is going to attend the grand scheme. According to them, Confederation is to be an accomplished fact, within three months, despite all opposition; but we never could find out how the prodigy was to be wrought. Whether by "secret service money," by diplomacy, or the tyrannical exercise of power on the part of the British Cabinet, we were left to guess, as the prophets are profoundly mysterious as to the means to be employed in the sudden conversion of men's minds. In the foregoing despatch, however, we have doubtless one of the mines so carefully hidden by the Canadians, during the past summer, to spring at a critical moment, and to scatter the anti-Confederates in confusion and dismay. This document explains the object of the numberless "missions" of Hon. Messrs. Cartier, Galt and Howland, to the Republic of Mexico, and their consultations with the Hon. Majesty's Representative at Washington "within the past three or four months. In these interviews between the "leading minds," and Her Majesty's Representative at Washington, we feel well assured that the former improved the occasion to influence the latter in favor of Confederation with such arguments and statements as would best suit themselves; and the strong probability is that the very information which the Right Hon. E. Cardwell hastens to place before the Maritime Provinces, was dictated by the Canadian Government. The information has been wisely withheld until the Colonial Legislatures are about to meet, when perhaps the desire to obtain a continuance of the Reciprocity Treaty, and the promptness of action demanded by the want of time, might urge hon. members to sink apparently minor evils to secure the great advantage of free trade, by voting for Confederation as a whole without due consideration. But that all this "missionary" and "Reciprocity business" is intended merely as a piece of diplomacy to ensure the success of Confederation "within three months," is evident from the terms of the despatch. How did "Her Majesty's Minister at Washington" ascertain, at a time when the United States Congress was not in session, that "separate action" on the part of the Provinces would be a "serious difficulty" in the way of obtaining a continuance of the Reciprocity Treaty? This is a question we put to the "leading minds,"—that is, if it does not come between the wind and their dignity,—and would like to see answered. President Johnson himself knows not what Congress may do with the Reciprocity Treaty, and in the hands of that Body which alone is competent to deal with the question, he is satisfied to leave it. How, then, can Her Majesty's Minister at Washington know what Congress is going to do with regard to this Treaty, much less what its individual members think about the matter? Until we have the assurance from Congress itself that "separate action" is a "serious difficulty" in the way of continuing the Treaty, we shall pay but slight attention to such statements, proceeding as they do, either directly or indirectly, from Canadian sources. As to the Reciprocity Treaty,—if that Congress has to do to ensure their continuance, either for one or ten years, it is to be recalled the Resolution of discontinuance of last winter, and no further legislation is required on either side. If, however, a new Treaty shall be proposed, it will be necessary to submit its provisions to each Province

separately, for the reason that the productions and exports of all are not alike,—and neither Nova Scotia, Canada nor New Brunswick, knows what Prince Edward Island most wants, or desires in the way of compensation for the surrender of her valuable fisheries. In so far as this Island is concerned, the Colonial Minister may rest assured that we will be satisfied with nothing less than the existing Treaty, and if the Americans want better terms, they will have to submit them to each Province separately; for if any "serious difficulties" lie in the way of such a course, the Provinces surely have not created them, and are not to blame for their existence. Neither is it reasonable to suppose that they will surrender self-government, and assume the liabilities and responsibilities of a quasi-independence, for the sole benefit of their Republican neighbors. With regard to Mexico, &c., from a trade with which the Colonial Minister augurs so much, all the advantages we are ever likely to gain from that source would not compensate this colony for the loss of revenue which it would sustain in one year in the shape of tribute to Canada.
The Concert in St. Andrew's Hall on New Year's night was a decided success in every sense. The Hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and the performances were such as to reflect great credit on the skill and talent of the Leader of the St. Cecilia Choral Society, as also upon its members generally. The want of space forbids us entering into particulars, but we may say that, from the manner in which the various pieces were rendered at this concert, it is evident that the St. Cecilia Choral Society is not retrograding. Having commenced the New Year so well, it is hoped that the Society will not be niggardly of its harmony to cheer the community during the dreary "winter of our discontent," when the music of the stars themselves is required to keep us in passable countenance until the return of spring.—Com.
We are informed that just as the Cuba was leaving Queenstown, a telegram from the Continent announced the death of King Leopold of Belgium. Considering the advanced years and the hopeless disease of the King, we feared that the report cannot be regarded as premature.
King Leopold was eight the close of his seventy-fifth year, having been born on December 16th, 1790. His father, Duke Francis of Saxe-Coburg, seeing the remarkable intellectual abilities of Prince Leopold, gave him that careful and complete education which won for him the reputation of one of the best informed Princes of Europe. His admirable moral qualities were equally conspicuous, while his personal courage and noble bearing gained for him the highest distinction in the field and in the court. He was fortunate enough when in England in the suit of the Czar Alexander, as the dash of young general of Russian cavalry—to win the admiration of the English people—the lamented Princess Charlotte. German Princes have never been very popular in England, but Prince Leopold was a most distinguished exception existing exception to this rule—the country hailed the espousals of the princely pair with unequalled delight. The early death of the Princess brightened the hopes of the nation, but their sorrow for the loss of the Princess was enhanced by their sympathy for the popular Prince so cruelly bereaved, who retired into sad seclusion for about ten years in his palace of Claremont. When the grand naval victory of Navarino struck the Ottoman's fetters from Greece, Prince Leopold was offered the crown of the new Kingdom—but he refused it on the terms proposed. The revolt of the Belgians from the blind, blundering dominion of the King Leopold of the Netherlands, led to the offer of another crown to Leopold on the 4th of June, 1831, which he accepted; and he was crowned in Brussels as King of the Belgians on the 21st of July of the same year. Next year he married Princess Louise, whose existence was guaranteed by her four children and died in 1850. The Duke of Brabant, his eldest son, succeeds him, and his daughter Carlotta is Empress of Mexico.
By the death of King Leopold, Belgium loses a wise and beneficent monarch, Europe loses one whose place is as hard to fill as Palmerston's. The noble instincts of his nature, and the peculiar character of his sovereignty, whose existence was guaranteed by the Great Powers, and whose extension to satisfy territorial ambition or induce political alliances was out of the question—made him eminently fit for a position he occupied by common consent—that of umpire among the crowned heads playing the games of diplomacy or war; and his equitable and acceptable adjustments of international disputes won for him the proud title of the "Peacemaker of Europe." This fact, and the feeling that France long to carry out its traditional idea of extension to the Rhine, by annexing Belgium, fully explain the deep regret at a death which opens up so many weighty issues.—Hs. Ctr.

STROKED LOSS OF LIFE.—On Thursday, the 21st of December, D. J. Roberts, Esq., of this City, left Cariboo, in an open boat, for this Island. He was accompanied by Capt. Campbell, Capt. Henderson, a Mr. Faraday, Lewis, and others, and, since that time, no word has been heard from them. As there was a severe snow-storm on the afternoon of Thursday, and the weather being intensely cold, the most serious apprehensions are entertained for the safety of the party.—indeed, the general belief is, that the boat, with all on board, has been lost, although a faint hope still exists that the party reached Pictou Island, whence, in consequence of being completely ice-bound, they have been unable to effect communication either with this Island or the mainland. We hope this supposition may be correct, for otherwise, some twenty-two children and four wives will have reason to deplore the melancholy and heart-rending calamity which many believe is so surely to have happened.
Since writing the above, we learn that a boat which had been specially despatched to Pictou Island in search of news of the foregoing party, returned yesterday with the intelligence that they had not landed at that Island. This confirms the worst fears entertained with regard to Mr. Roberts and those with him.
IF it is supposed the Legislature of this Island will not meet until the latter end of March or the beginning of April next, in consequence of the Leader of the Government and the Colonial Secretary being both absent from the Colony. We understand that the Hon. the Leader of the Government leaves for England this week on urgent matters of a private nature.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.—We have received the October No. of this well-known Review, the contents of which are—1. Cathedrals of England; 2. The Mariner's Compass; 3. The Resources, Condition, and Prospects of Italy; 4. The Poetry of Præzel and Houghton; 5. Bled People; 6. Field Sports of the ancient Greeks and Romans; 7. The Gallican Church; 8. The Russians in Central Asia.
ST. DENNIS'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—The Very Rev. Dr. McDonald, V. G., will lecture before this Society on Monday evening next, the 8th inst.
LETTERS RECEIVED.—R. B. Reid, "J. Carter," and "B. Loughlin," came duly to hand with remittances. We beg them to accept our thanks.
We are obliged to omit some original material prepared for this week's paper.

BY TELEGRAPH.
FROM THE STATES.
New York, Dec. 19, p.m.
A San Francisco despatch says that the latest report from the Columbia River gold fields represents them to be the richest in the world.
Small-pox is raging among the freedmen in the vicinity of Selma, Alabama, to such an extent that they are not allowed to enter that city, except under the most pressing circumstances.
A bill has passed Congress, which has been approved by the President prohibiting the importation of cattle from foreign countries.
WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.
The State Department has advised our Minister at Chili that the war between that country and Spain is still kept up. The commander of the Spanish fleet had offered a gross insult to our Minister, Mr. Nelson, for which an apology will be demanded.—
A Pay-master of the U. S. Army went into a Bank in this city, to-day, with \$15,000, which he laid upon the counter and turned about the purpose of writing a check. His clerk entered at the same time, and likewise placed on the counter a package of \$10,000 and then engaged in conversation with a friend. Whilst the Pay-master and clerk were thus engaged, some person in the crowd took the \$15,000 package, with which he escaped unnoticed.
(By Telegraph to Reading Room.)
CHARLOTTETOWN, Dec. 29.
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(By Telegraph to Reading Room.)
CHARLOTTETOWN, Dec. 29.
Terrible case of suffocation from gas, occurred in Bremen Hill, Chicago, on Saturday night. Five men found dead; one was alive but insensible. The six slept in same room.
The Secretary of the Navy has ordered the trial of Capt. Semmes, late of the "Alabama," for violating the laws of War, but more especially for hoisting the white flag on the "Alabama" and then refusing to surrender himself, and re-engaging in warfare without being exchanged.
The American Consul at Manchester, England, states that the Cattle Plague is still spreading.
Fears of a negro insurrection prevail in different parts of Virginia. A negro who attacked a policeman in Norfolk, was shot by the latter. A riot in Alexandria between the negroes and whites, in which six negroes and four whites were killed.
The Merchant's Exchange, a large fire store building in Montreal, was burned on Christmas eve. The Chief of the Fire Brigade and two firemen were injured by falling stones.
Schoner *Adonis*, from Halifax to P. E. Island, with general cargo, went ashore at Cariboo Island on Thursday last. Damage to vessel not ascertained, cargo being sound with little damage.
FLAINTER COVE, Dec. 27.
The bark *Petrel* anchored off port Mulgrave on Sunday night and Monday, dragged out to north Entrance Straits, losing anchors and chains, got on Long Beach, got off Monday evening, brought into Flainger Cove.
Election in Luzern County, N. S., on 27th, resulted in return Opposition and Anti-Candidate by 900 majority.
Flour 5 to 10 cents higher.
Wheat quiet.
Corns and provisions quiet but firm.
Whiskey dull.
Gold 145.

CHARLOTTETOWN, Jan. 2, 1866.
(By Telegraph to Herald.)
Boats arrived at Cape Tormentine from Cape Traverse at 1.50 to-day.
BORROWED DEC. 30.—Additional news per "Australian" from Europe.
Fenian special commission adjourned its meeting in Dublin on the 13th, and commenced proceedings in Cork on the following day.
Trial of McCafferty, American, and late Captain in the Confederate army, was progressing.
Strong military precautions have been taken to maintain peace in Cork.
Sir H. Storks, in addition to his functions as Governor of Jamaica, will be President of Commission of Enquiry.
Other members of Commission not yet appointed.
Cork Herald alludes to recent departure of pilots for America, an evidence of contemplated naval operation by Fenians.
NEW YORK, Dec. 30, p.m.
No news of interest. Flour dull and nominal. Wheat and Corn dull and feeble. Provisions quiet. Whiskey dull. Gold 145.

FROM EUROPE.
NEW YORK, Dec. 30.
Steamship "City of Washington" arrived with dates to the 14th.
Governor Eyre, of Jamaica, has been suspended from his functions pending an official enquiry. Sir Henry Storks appointed temporarily in his place. Storks sailed for Jamaica on 18th December.
The Times says Eyre's position will be that of Governor on leave. The "Morning Post" thinks Eyre's suspension may have a bad effect on the negroes.
At the Fenian trials on the 12th, O'Donovan was occupied the whole day in his own defence—he was very insolent. He has been sentenced to penal servitude for life.
Reported that France has given the Queen of England six months notice to terminate the Extradition Treaty, because of the strict formalities required before French offenders can be given up.
The London Times believes in the peaceful designs of American people.
Sir Henry Storks, Sir Edmund Head, and Charles Livingston, are understood to be the Commission of Enquiry for Jamaica.
A Fenian named Halligan has been convicted and sentenced to seven years penal servitude.
A letter received in Liverpool confirms the statement that Stephens is safe in Paris.
Joint note of England and France respecting certain terms for settlement of Chilian difficulties was read at Madrid on the 9th—result not known.
American news unimportant.
Gold 145 3/8.
No boats crossed the Straits on Saturday.

FROM CANADA.
TORONTO, C. W., Dec. 16.
The Government declines accepting the resignation of Mr. George Brown. The other members of the Government have been announced to Montreal to meet the Governor.
Gold 145 3/4.
An old lady, when told of her husband's death, exclaimed:—"Well, I do declare, our troubles never come alone. It ain't a week since I lost my best son, and now Mr. Thompson has gone too, poor fellow."

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