

St. Martino's, is situated—the prettiest in Naples. We then went through the Cathedral, Royal Palace, and gardens, and finished the day by a swim in the Bay and a hearty dinner. At 10 p.m. we were in the cars on the way to Rome, and, travelling all night, reached the Eternal City at half-past six o'clock a.m.

September 8, 1872,—but before going on I would like to give my impression of Naples. The climate is not as warm as I expected. The city is much larger than I imagined—600,000 inhabitants. The places

of public interest are few in the city, but abound in the neighborhood. There are very few nice looking ladies in the place. I received a bad impression of Italians and their extortions. The streets are narrow and have no sidewalks. The Bay is very fine. The beggars and carters baffle description; as a whole they are the most pertinent and impertinent lot of insufferable bores it was ever my lot to encounter, and both classes are as numerous as flies in August. So much for Naples and its bright sky and surroundings.

(To be continued.)

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AGNES."

It was in the outskirts of a Canadian city in a detached building that I was going to pass the night. The house was surrounded by a sort of garden, and to the rear there was a large field through which might be reached the more distant suburbs of the city. I had passed a very pleasant evening with my entertainer and his family, and had retired to my room at about midnight. It was summer, and the night was dark enough to prevent the ground being seen with any clearness. Taking a book I lay down on my bed and turned over the leaves; while doing so I became conscious of voices in the garden. I listened and became more satisfied of the presence of some persons in the vicinity of the house. I put out my light and went to the window and soon became positive of two men speaking in hush-

ed whispers beneath my window, which was in the second story. Listening more attentively I could distinguish some of the words, and gathered from them that an attack was meditated on the house, and murder was intended as a punishment on my friend for his interference in certain political agitations which were at the time causing considerable uneasiness in the community. The servants occupied bedrooms in the basement, but it was possible to effect an entrance into the house by the gallery on the first flat. This plan was discussed by the two men, but one of them was evidently acquainted with one of the servants, and he made known his presence by gently rapping against the window panes.

"Who is that?" asked one of the girls.