go in, for that he could go up the hill alone; but still he requested him to keep a bag of 1,000 francs in silver, because it was so heavy, until the morning. This 1,000 francs he gave up to the police. Of 16,000 francs in notes he solemnly declared he knew nothing. On this he was arrested as the assassin, tried, found guilty, and sent to the galleys for life. His wife solemnly declared that she heard Dubois wish her husband good-night, and say, laughingly, 'I'll send a carter for the silver in the morning.' But instead of benefiting him in the eyes of the world, she became his accomplice. To avoid being hooted at in the street, she left the village, and, every penny being spent ere her husband's trial was over, she obtained reluctant permission to dwell in the charcoal-burner's deserted hut. But all shunned her and her child as they would lepers, and, to live, she was obliged to walk nine miles in search of work of the coarsest description. Leave the country she would not, because she was born there, and she felt convinced that her husband would be ultimately pardoned.

"And you join, Edward, in the infamous persecution. Supposing the father guilty (which to me is not clearly proven—and you know I am a lawyer), why should this poor girl suffer for the sins of her father? Why, the savages of North America, where I have just come from, are more civilized than you. I see in this heroic couple subject of wonder and admiration, but none of hate. Poor creatures! Fifteen years of misery have not satisfied you all, but you must still treat them as outcasts.

"My dear Arthur, you have just come from America, where it appears to me you pick up very singular notions. For my part, the wife and daughter of an assassin, and the assassin of my uncle, are detestable wretches whom I must hate," said the other, in his usual cool way. His fit of anger was passed.

"Injustice, infamous injustice! Poor girl! I think I see her meek face now looking at me so proudly and yet so sweetly. I never saw anything so lovely in my life!"

"Why, the man is in love!" exclaimed Edward Dubois, the heir to the murdered man's property.

"Half, and what more, Edward, do you know I'd marry that girl to-morrow if she'd have me, but I know she wouldn't.

"By my faith," said Edward, "you amaze me, and I am not easily amazed. Of course you are joking."

"Time will show. But now, my dear fellow, adieu; you follow that path in search of pleasure. I this on business."

"Adieu, *à demain*.

"Yes. You breakfast with me at the little inn, you know."

"Agreed, my philosopher. Adieu."

And Edward Dubois, galloped down a narrow path leading to the chateau of a certain Count de Jessen, who that day gave a grand dinner and evening party. As soon as Arthur saw that he was out of sight he turned his horse's steps and galloped hard towards the charcoal-burner's hut.

When Madeleine returned to the hut and began making a fire, she told her mother what had passed, and showed her the gold piece. They were used to this kind of treatment, and the mother did not feel it so much now. The scorn of fifteen years made her despise the world. But Madeleine seemed hurt.

"I do not care," she exclaimed, aloud, at last, "for what the young Monsieur Dubois said; but I am vexed that the good-looking stranger should have said I was not a woman.

"You are not a woman, but an angel," exclaimed Arthur solemnly. He had approached on foot, and had heard a portion of their conversation.

The mother and daughter stood still in dumb amazement.

"You seem surprised, madame," said the young man, addressing the mother.

"You will be still more so when I add that I have returned with the deliberate intention of imploring you to give me your daughter's hand in marriage; not now, instantly, but when you know me better."

"Monsieur!" exclaimed the mother, indignantly, "this is too much. Go. The felon's daughter is still too good for insult."

"Madame," said Arthur, respectfully, "perhaps your astonishment will cease when I add that your husband is innocent; and that I have come six thousand miles to prove it."

"You are—speaking—seriously?" gasped the poor woman.

"On my soul and conscience," said Arthur, solemnly.

"O, joy! O, joy!" shrieked the girl, clasping the stranger round the neck as the Saviour has come at last.

"Be calm, my dear young lady. I will tell you my story in a few words, but you will then understand my motives. I, a stranger, scarcely expected to find you at Solenthal, but at last determined to try. I came last night, and soon heard of your resignation and courage. Beautiful, dear girl, and listen to tidings that will be joyful indeed to your filial heart."

Madeleine, blushing, her color going and coming, clasped and held her hand on a log near the young stranger.

"I am a young Frenchman, and about 7 years ago I emigrated to Peru in search of fortune. I started as a lawyer, and found business plentiful enough. I knew many Frenchmen in the place, but a merchant of the name of Gaillard was my most intimate friend. He was twice my age, grave, even sullen and saturnine; but he had quaint ways, was very charitable, and I liked him. Besides, the others were married, had families, and he was alone. We used to meet of an evening at a cafe, play piquet, drink sherbet, and then walk home together. He was rich, and lived in great style, but not in any way up to his income. People wondered he never married, but he said he had been married, and was not inclined to try the experiment again. He looked with alarm at the prospects of my settling in life, and did all he could to preserve unto himself one bachelor friend.

"About a year ago he fell ill, and the doctor at once intimated to him that he would not recover. Apart from disease, it was a general break-up of nature.

"When he found there was no hope he sent for me.

"'Versan,' said he, 'listen to a dying man and interrupt me not. You see on this bed an assassin, a thief, a murderer. Fourteen years ago, sitting in a hotel, I saw two men dining, one of whom had received sixteen or seventeen thousand francs. A dreadful thought came into my head. I was not poor, but I was wicked. I followed these two men. They walked on their way to Solenthal, together. I dare not attack both, at once, or twice I thought of giving up my fiendish design. But at the house of one De Pierrepont they parted, and my victim, Dubois, advanced alone.

"'I was money-mad enough to think that Heaven gave him up to me. I bounded after him; I gave myself no time for thought; I stabbed him in the neck, killed him, took his money, and fled. I spare you my thoughts and my fifteen years of suffering. I fled my country; became a merchant—rich—respected; but I never had one happy moment. No, never; I had murdered him, but Pierrepont [illegible] I made his fortune [illegible] sent his family to beg their bread.'

"He paused. I spoke not, too absorbed in my horror.

"'De Versan, listen to me, my friend. Do not turn against me; I have left you my sole heir.'

"'Never will I—'

"'Hush! you must and you will. Take my property, and think, when you enjoy it, with pity on its guilty ex-owner—and I will make a point [illegible] of Dubois their 16,000 francs, and by paying my own debt, vindicate the good name of the innocent De Pierrepont. Refuse, and I will die unpenitent; for my only friend will have deserted me.'

"I accept."

"And may heaven bless you!" said the weeping and sobbing mother, while Madeleine hid her head it her mother's lap.

"An hour later, in the presence of the French and English Consuls—four Englishmen and Frenchmen, two priests, and the Alcalde—Gaillard, or rather, Mesnard, made his solemn confession, which was signed by all present, sealed, and one of the two copies given to me. That copy is now in the hand of the Minister of Justice, and here," drawing forth a letter, "is a copy of your father's free pardon."

A wild shriek from both the women was the reply.

"And now, Madeleine," said he, taking the girl's hand, "before I have the chance of rivals, may I renew my request for your hand and heart?"

"Monsieur, no man on earth can ever do for me what you have done. In an hour I have lived years of joy; that joy I owe to you. Give me my father, and the love of my whole life, if you value it, shall be your poor reward."

This sudden resolution of the young girl, so natural under the circumstances, was approved of heartily by the mother. Next morning there sat in a small inn in Solenthal, waiting for breakfast, a man, not old, but bowed by years of woe, gray-haired and pale. On each side of him sat a woman—one his wife, the other his daughter. They had been talking for hours, and were not wearied yet. A young man sat opposite, his face beaming with delight. Several times the waiter had announced breakfast, but the young man had always bade him be quiet and wait still awhile.

At length a hurried step was heard, and the young Edward Dubois entered. He started as if bitten by a snake, and would have left the room.

"Stop!" said Arthur, as he caught him by the wrist. Rather kneel and ask for pardon than fly. Read this, man," and he put in his hand the printed bill proclaiming the injustice of Pierrepont's sentence, his pardon, and containing the certified confession of Mesnard.

Edward Dubois read it in silence. When he had finished he turned and grasped the ex-convict's hand.

"No apology can make up for my conduct," he said, "but what I can do I will. This bill will satisfy the whole country."

"Monsieur," replied De Pierrepont, in huskey tones, "you did as but the world did. Appearance were against me, and all condemned me."

"Edward, my friend," said Arthur, "you see the danger of judging from appearances. Had De Pierrepont been truly guilty, his wife and child would have been pitied, not scorned. As it is, a vile prejudice has made these two women for fifteen years outcasts and pariahs."

Edward made no reply, as the breakfast came in. He, like all the country round, was horrified now they found how unjust they had been; and never was wedding more tumultuously hailed and feted than that of Arthur de Versan and Madeleine de Pierrepont.

EXTRACTS FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

MR. OWEN LEWIS, M. P., ON THE WAR.—I can truly say that I have never given a more conscientious vote since I was my seat in the House of Commons. Had the resolutions of Mr Gladstone been carried, they would have been regarded at St. Petersburg in the light of a moral triumph for Russia, and as long as I have the honor of a seat in the House of Commons, no barbarous and hypocritical Power, whose hands, raised to Heaven on behalf of suffering humanity in Bulgaria, are dripping with the blood of unhappy Poles, Latins and Untied Greeks, whose only crime has been that of refusing to abjure the religion of their fathers at the bidding of the Czar. For my own part, were I obliged to choose between the two countries, I should much rather live in Turkey than in Russia, though I cannot say I should select either for my own choice. The civil government of Russia is, to say the least of it, as bad as that of Turkey, but in religious matters there is simply no comparison. In Turkey every man is free to worship God after the dictates of his own conscience, and bring up his children in his own faith; but in Russia an unhappy Catholic who attempts to do so is cruelly flogged and banished to Siberia. There are at this moment hundreds of Catholic priests in that country who have been condemned not to the mines, but to the comparatively mild punishment of simple transportation, who would be literally starving if it were not for the assistance privately sent to them, and the fanatic Greeks among whom they dwell will not give them a mouthful of food. This is simple deportation, reserved in mercy for light offenders. But there is a darker side. The Turks undoubtedly, in 1876, put a number of people to death, though it was enormously exaggerated by the Russian organs in England. However it was a cruel and shocking massacre, and God forbid I should extenuate it or say one word in palliation, but it was at least not a lingering death the insurgents suffered, though a horrible one. The stories of impalement could never be traced further than the excited imagination of some rhetorical persons, who fancied they saw something or other hanging which might have been either a human being or a scarecrow, or anything else. Supposing, for argument's sake, they were all true, impalement lasts a week, but what is that to the living death of Siberia which lasts for years? Do any of you know what Siberia is, and how the Poles get there, and how long it takes them to reach it? The journey from Warsaw to the mines of Lake Baika lasts two years, on foot and in chains, through an inhospitable country and a frightful climate, the fingers, the toes, and the ears of the sufferers dropping off on the way, and those who have strength sufficient to reach that lonely earth, a miserable remnant, drag out an existence of torture in the poisonous mines, toiling for the gold which enables the Czar to make war on behalf of suffering humanity in Bulgaria, till death sooner or later puts an end to their sufferings. That is what Siberia means, and that is what goes on there, though you won't find it in the columns of the *Times* or the *Daily News*. The *Times* cares nothing for the Poles, though only Greek schismatics and clerics, who are so bigoted that they *will* hear Mass and have their children baptized by the priest. For my own part, as I said before, I prefer Turkey. If you are to die there, it is swift and merciful, but the Russians are so humane that they have abolished capital punishment, and are obliged to kill you. There is [illegible] life, who does not tremble at the mention of the word Siberia, for he knows that at any hour of the day or of the night he may be sent there, and without ever knowing the reason. It is a word to blanch the cheek and chill the [illegible] the Polish [illegible] the society was organized in great style, with "head centres," by-laws, and oaths of membership. When detected the reason given was "suggested by stories in the cheap New York weeklies." [illegible] a crown. Russia is the country which is waging war upon her neighbor, in the name of mercy and Christianity, and Mr. Gladstone calls upon England to "emulate her good deeds." The Turks are not fond of Christianity. I don't wonder at it. But there is a question which effects us more closely. There are a good many Catholics in Bulgaria and the other provinces of Turkey who are in the enjoyment of perfect freedom of conscience, who attend to their religious duties in peace, and whose babies are not torn from their arms to be forcibly baptized by a drunken "Pope." What will be the fate of those families if their countries pass into the hands of Russia? I tremble at the thought. I have spoken at some length on this topic, for it is one I feel strongly about, and I am sure you will wish to know my sentiments.

The Late Revered Father Caswell, of the Oratory, Edgbaston.

The lamented Father Caswell, priest of Oratory of S. Philip Neri, at Edgbaston, near Birmingham, and one of the earliest associates of its venerable Superior, Dr. Newman, has been suffering for some time from heart disease, complicated by dropsy. No immediate danger, however, was apprehended down to the morning of the day of his death the morrow of New Year's Day. The Rev. Edward Caswell was born in 1814, and was educated at Marlborough and at Brazenose, Oxford. After ordination he was appointed to a small charge in the diocese of his uncle, Dr. Burgess, the Bishop of Salisbury, which charge he retained until his secession, in 1849, from Angelicanism to Catholicism. In that same year he became a widower, and the year after joined the Oratory under Dr. Newman, to whose writings he always, under God, attributed his conversion. He was one of the most active members of his Order, and was respected by Protestants and Catholics alike. More than this he was beloved by those who had the happy privilege of receiving his ministrations. He threw himself with all his heart into the parochial duties assigned to him, between whiles producing the volumes of poems and hymns bearing his name, now in general use, and which have made his name famous even beyond the wide limits of Catholicism. Twenty years ago Dr. Newman wrote of him thus eloquently:—

Once o'er a clear calm pool,
The fringe now of another brimming spring,
I saw the hawthorn and the chestnut fling
Their wilding arms of verna blossoms full,
And light from leaves the lilac too was there,
The prodigal laburnum dropping gold,
While the rich gorse along the turf crept near
Close to the fountain's margin, and made bold
To peep into that pool so calm and clear
As if well pleased to see their image bright
Reflected back upon their innocent sight;
Each flower and blossom shy
Lingering the livelong day in still delight
Yet without touch or pride to view,
Yea, with a tender, holy sympathy,
What was itself yet was another, too.
So oft thy verse, my brother and my friend,
The fresh upcrowding of thy tranquil spirit—
I see too many angel forms attend;
And gracious souls seek out,
And throughout shades that shall inherit
One day the azure skies;
And peaceful saints in whitest garments decked,
And happy infants of the sea and birth:—
These, and all other points of paradise,
Thoughts from above, and visions that are sure,
And providences past, and memories, dear,
In much content hang over that mirror pure,
And recognise each other's faces there,
And see a heaven on earth.

Napoleon's Prophecy.

Napoleon the great, when at St. Helena, spoke as follows to Dr. O'Meara:—"In the course of a few years Russia will have Constantinople, the greatest part of Turkey and Greece. This I hold to be as certain as if it had already taken place. In the natural course of things in a few years Turkey must fall to Russia. The greatest part of her population are Greeks, who you may say are Russians. The powers at would injure, and who would oppose it, are England, France, Prussia and Austria. Now, as to Austria, it will be very easy for Russia to engage her assistance by giving her Servia and other provinces bordering on the Austrian Dominion, reaching near to Constantinople. The only hypothesis that France and England will ever be allied with sincerity, will be in order to prevent this. France, England and Prussia cannot effect it, and once mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, because a great naval power, and God knows what may happen. She will quarrel with England, march off an army of India of 50,000 good soldiers, which Russia has nothing, and 100,000 Cossacks and England loses India. Above all other powers Russia is to be feared especially by England. Her soldiers are braver than the Austrians, and she has the means of raising as many as she pleases. A hundred years hence I shall be applauded for my efforts to re-establish the kingdom of Poland, and Europe, especially England, will lament that I did not succeed. There are only three ways of attacking England with effect, detaching Ireland from her, capturing her Indian possessions or a descent on her coast."

A Snake Attacks a Man in a Buggy.

Mr. Walters and his wife were returning to the city (says the Dallas, Georgia, Commercial) in a two-horse buggy, from a trip into the country. About seven miles from town, on the Mansfield road, they passed a snake that was laying on the side of the road, the great size of which attracted their attention. After passing the reptile Mr. Walters considering he would turn back and kill it. He turned the team around, drove back to a point opposite the snake, drew his pistol and fired at it without effect. The horses, not being used to the report of fire-arms, became restless and hard to control, which caused the attention of Mr. Walters to be diverted from the snake which ran rapidly to the buggy, up the wheels, and on the dashboard before the occupants were aware of it. The snake, when it was within a foot of the occupants of the carriage, coiled the lower part of its body, three its neck into a graceful curve, drew back its head, and was just in the act of striking its deadly fangs into Mr. Walters, when he fired the second shot. This, though missing, had the effect to cause the snake to lower itself on the tongue of the carriage. Mr. Walters then fired two more shots, one of which took effect, and caused the reptile to fall from the carriage to the ground, and Walters dispatched it with a stone. The reptile was measured and found to be over six feet long, and was thicker than a man's wrist.

The Principal of a Public School at Passaic, New Jersey, has discovered the existence of a secret society, consisting of [illegible] of the institution [illegible]

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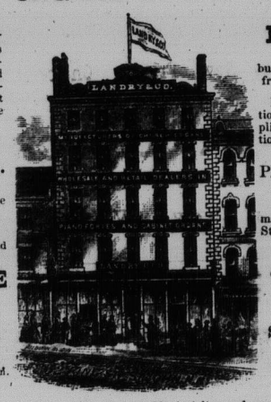
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M. & H. GALLAGHER,
No. 8 Charlotte Street,
BEG to inform their friends and the public at large that they have opened the Store next to the one at present occupied by them for Groceries, where they will be most happy to have all their old friends, and as many new ones, give them a call.
By strict attention to business, and keeping the Choicest and Best
Wines, Brandies, &c.,
on hand, they hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.
M & H. GALLAGHER
may2 8 and 12 Charlotte street

C. McGOURTY,
City Contractor
No. 201 Waterloo Street.
Estimates furnished for Excavation of all kinds.
A slate will be kept at E. HANEY & CO., Booksellers, No. 49 King street, and orders left there will be promptly attended to. jan5—1y