

companying you in a search, but I will place two of the police at your command. Go once more to the hotel, see its inhabitants, and search; perhaps you may make some important discovery." In a few moments I was on my way, along with the two officers, and we soon reached the cottage. An old man opened the door to us, and received us somewhat un- civilly, but showed no mark of suspicion or emotion when we told him we wished to search the house. "Very well, gentlemen, as soon as you please," he replied. "Have you a well here?" I inquired. "No, sir; we are obliged to go for water to a spring at a considerable distance." We searched the house, while I was so excited that I expected each moment to bring to light some fatal secret. The man looked on meanwhile with an air of vacancy, and at length we left the cottage, without finding anything to confirm my suspicions. I resolved to inspect the garden once more; and a number of idlers having by this time collected, drawn to the spot by the police, I made inquiries of the whether they knew anything about a well in that place. No one replied at first, but at length an old woman came slowly forward, leaning on a crutch. "A well?" cried she; "is it the well you are looking after? That has been gone these thirty years. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, how, when I was a young girl, I used to drop stones into it, and listen for the splash they made in the water." "And can you say where the well used to be?" I asked. "As near as I can remember, on the very spot on which your honor is standing," said the old woman.

"We set to work at once to dig up the ground. At the depth of some two feet we came to a layer of bricks, which being removed, laid bare some beams of timber, below which was the mouth of the well. It was a work of time to get at the secrets of the dark and cold hole; but at length, from beneath a mass of stones and mud, an old chest was drawn up into the daylight. It was thoroughly decayed and rotten, and needed no locksmith to open it; and we found within what I was certain we should find, and what filled with horror all the spectators, who had not my pre-convictions—we found the remains of a human body. The police now secured the person of the old man, who had not fled, and after a time discovered his wife concealed in a shed, behind a pile of wood. The old couple were brought before the proper authorities, and privately and separately examined. The old man persisted pertinaciously in declaring his innocence, but his wife at length confessed that, in concert with her husband, she had, a very long time ago, murdered a pedlar whom they had met one night on the high road, and who had been incautious enough to tell them of a considerable sum of money which he had about him, and whom, in consequence, they induced to pass the night in their house. They had taken advantage of the heavy sleep induced by fatigue to strangle him, his body had been put into the chest, the chest cast into the well, and the well stopped up. The pedlar being from another country, his disappearance had occasioned no inquiry. There was no witness of the crime; and as its traces had been carefully concealed from observation, the two criminals had reason to believe themselves secure from detection. They had not, however, been able to silence the voice of conscience, they fled from the sight of their fellow-men, they trembled at the least noise, while silence filled them with terror. They had often come to the resolution of leaving the scene of their crime—of flying to some distant land; but still some undefinable fascination kept them near the remains of their victim. Terrified by the deposition of his wife, and unable to resist the overwhelming proofs against him, the man finally made a similar confession; and six weeks after the unhappy criminals died on the scaffold, in accordance with the sentence of the Parliament of Toulouse."

The following remarkable dream is related in the *Times* newspaper of 16th August, 1828.— In the night of the 11th of May, 1812, Mr. Williams, of Scortier House, near Redruth, in Cornwall, awoke his wife, and, exceedingly agitated, told her that he had dreamed that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a man shoot with a pistol a gentleman who had just entered the lobby, and who was said to be the Chancellor; to which Mrs. Williams naturally replied that it was only a dream, and recommended him to be composed and go to sleep as soon as he could. He did so, but shortly after again awoke her, and said that he had a second time had the dream; whereupon she observed that he had been so much agitated with his former dream, that she supposed it had dwelt on his mind, and begged him to cry and compose himself and go to sleep, which he did. A third time the same vision was repeated; on which, notwithstanding her entreaties that he would be quiet, and endeavor to forget it, he arose, it being then between one and two o'clock, and dressed himself. At breakfast the dream was the sole subject of conversation; and in the forenoon Mr. Williams went to Falmouth, where he related the particulars of them to all of his acquaintance that he met. On the following day, Mr. Tucker, of Trematon Castle, accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Mr. Williams, went to Scortier House after dinner. Immediately after the first salutation, on entering the parlor where were Mr., Mrs., and Miss Williams, Mr. Williams began to relate to Mr. Tucker the circumstance of his dream and Mrs. Williams observed to her daughter, Mrs. Tucker, laughingly, that her father could not expect Mr. Tucker to be seated before he

told him of his nocturnal visitation; on the statement of which Mr. Tucker observed, that it would do very well for a dream to have the Chancellor in the lobby of the House of Commons, but that he would not be found there in reality; and Mr. Tucker then asked what sort of man he appeared to be, whom Mr. Williams minutely described him: to which Mr. Tucker replied, "Your description is not at all that of the Chancellor, but is certainly very exactly that of Mr. Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer; and although he has been to me the greatest enemy I ever met with through life, for a supposed cause which had no foundation in truth, I should be exceedingly sorry to hear of his being assassinated, or of any injury of the kind happening to him." Mr. Tucker then inquired of Mr. Williams if he had ever seen Mr. Perceval, and was told that he had never seen him, nor had ever even written to him, either on public or private business, in short, that he had never had anything to do with him, nor had he even been in the lobby of the House of Commons in his life. At this moment, whilst Mr. Williams and Mr. Tucker were still standing, they heard a horse gallop to the door of the house, and immediately after Mr. Michael Williams, of Trematon (son of Mr. Williams, of Scortier), entered the room, and said that he had galloped out from Truro (from which Scortier is distant seven miles), having seen a gentleman there who had come by that evening's mail from London, who said that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons on the evening of the 11th, when a man called Bellingham had shot Mr. Perceval; and that as it might occasion some great Ministerial changes, and might affect Mr. Tucker's political friends, he had come out as fast as he could to make him acquainted with it, having heard at Truro that he had passed through that place in the afternoon on his way to Scortier. After the astonishment which this intelligence had created had a little subsided, Mr. Williams described most particularly the appearance and dress of the man that he saw in his dream fire the pistol, as he had done before of Mr. Perceval. About six weeks after, Mr. Williams, having business in town, went, accompanied by a friend, to the House of Commons, where, as has already been observed, he had never before been. Immediately that he came to the steps at the entrance of the lobby, he said, "This place is as distinctly within my recollection, in my dream, as any room in my house; and he made the same observation when he entered the lobby. He then pointed out the exact spot where Bellingham stood when he fired, and which Mr. Perceval had reached when he was struck by the ball, and where and how he fell. The dress both of Mr. Perceval and Bellingham agreed with the descriptions given by Mr. Williams even to the most minute particular." The *Times* states that Mr. Williams was then alive, and the witnesses to whom he made known the particulars of his dream were also living; and that the editor had received the statement from a correspondent of unquestionable veracity.

Mr. Howitt, in "The Country Year-book," states that he is indebted to a friend of his for the following singular dream:—"In the year 1795 the Rev. George Biddulph, at that time chaplain to the Earl of —, and my college associate, was in London. We spent much time together; and as he was a man of an earnest, serious turn of mind, our conversation was very much on religious subjects, he being anxious to discover me from the free-thinking principles of the French and German philosophy, to which I was at that time much addicted. One day, being together at Woolwich, we took a stroll on Blackheath, when we accidentally came upon a young man, who, having been overturned in a gig, had slightly injured his arm. The little service we were enabled to render him led to our spending the remainder of the day together; and as it was then hardly past noon, this consisted of several hours, which was sufficient to enable young men socially inclined to become tolerably familiar before parting. Our new acquaintance informed us that he was Lieutenant Macintosh, in the service of the East India Company, and that the following day he was to embark for his destination. He was a young man of remarkably prepossessing appearance and lively manners. In the course of conversation some words dropped from myself with reference to an unfinished argument with my clerical friend, on our often contested religious subjects. This led to the discovery that the young soldier was even more sceptically disposed than myself; and now, with such an ally, the argument was resumed, and continued till we were about to part, when the lieutenant, asserting his positive belief in no other life than the present, declared that, if, after death, his soul really existed, and he died before his new clerical acquaintance, he would pay him a visit, and confess his error, adding that he would not fail to enlighten me also. We parted, and we saw the lieutenant no more, at least in this life. One remark I must make in this place, which is of importance, namely, that although the lieutenant had told us his name, he had not mentioned his family, nor his native place, nor had we inquired about them; and after that time, neither of us thought more of him, I believe, than is commonly thought of any passing agreeable acquaintance, who has enabled us to spend an hour or two pleasantly. One night, however, about three years afterwards, I dreamed that I was sitting in my library as usual, when the door opened, and a young man entered, whom I immediately recognized to be Lieutenant Macintosh, though he was then wearing a captain's uniform. He looked much sun-burnt, as one might naturally

expect a man to be after about three years' exposure to a tropical sun. His countenance, however, was grave, and there was a peculiar expression in it, that even in my dream excited an unusual degree of attention. I motioned him to be seated, and, without addressing him, waited for him to speak. He did so immediately, and his words were these: "I promised, when we were at Woolwich together, to visit you if I died. I am dead, and have now kept my word. You can tell all your friends who are sceptics that the soul does not perish with the body."

"When these words were ended I awoke; and so distinctly were they, as it seemed, impressed upon my senses, that for the moment I could not believe but that they had been spoken to me by the actual tongue of man. I convinced myself that the chamber was empty, and then, remembering that immediately before going to bed I had been reading the mystical writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, I persuaded myself that this was but the effect of my excited imagination, and again slept. The next morning I regarded it merely as an ordinary dream. I was not a little surprised, therefore, when, early in the day, I received a visit from my friend Biddulph, who instantly accosted me with the inquiry whether I had heard any news of that Lieutenant Macintosh whose acquaintance we had accidentally made three years before. I related my dream. "Strange, indeed!" he said; "then of a truth he is dead." He then related that the preceding night he also had a similar dream, with this difference, that it was twice repeated, and that each time he was desired to write to —, in Inverness-shire, where his mother and sister lived, and to inform them of his death.

"After the first dream, Biddulph, like myself, on awakening had persuaded himself that it was merely a dream; and after some time had again slept, when it was repeated precisely as before; and then, on waking, had risen and written down not only the address, but a letter to the clergyman of the parish, inquiring from him if a family, such as had been intimated to him, lived at the place mentioned, but without giving them the reasons for this inquiry. When day came, however, the whole thing seemed so extraordinary, that he determined to come and consult with me, who had known the young man just as well as himself, before he took any decided step. The whole thing appeared so strange, and so contrary to all human experience, that I could only advise him to send the letter which he had written to the clergyman, and be guided by his answer. We resolved not to mention the subject to any one, but we noted down the date and the hour of these remarkable dreams. A few posts afterwards settled the whole thing. Mrs. Macintosh and her daughter were living, as has been told in two dreams, at —, and the clergyman added, "that he hoped his correspondent had news to communicate respecting Captain Macintosh, about whom they were anxious." Thus, two points were proved, our lieutenant had become a captain, and his mother and sister were living at the address communicated in this dream; as a natural inference, therefore, the third fact was true also. As the best means of communicating the said intelligence he had so singularly received, Biddulph made a journey into Inverness-shire for the express purpose. In the course of a few months official tidings came of the death of Captain Macintosh, who had been struck down by a *coup-de-sabre*, while hunting in the country with a party of brother officers; and the time of his death exactly corresponded with that of our dreams."—*Lecture Hour.*

A USE FOR PALMETTO LEAVES.

The *Savannah Advertiser*, says: As part of the cargo of the steamship *Dartan*, cleared yesterday for Liverpool, we notice a consignment of four bales of palmetto-leaves, which upon inquiry, we learn are sent to England to be tested and their value determined as a material for the manufacture of paper. "Some one will one of these days find out what this is good for," is a remark often heard about the miles of palmetto to be found in portions of Georgia and Florida. The list of materials out of which paper is manufactured is already a long one, and is constantly being increased. For any material out of which paper can be profitably made the demand will always exceed the supply. Rags have failed to supply the demands of paper-makers in this age of printing. A cheaper, more abundant fibre, is essential to the undelayed advance of civilization itself. Straw is cheap and abundant, suited to the manufacture of low grades, but undesirable for the better qualities of printing paper. Wood has been used to some extent, and the swamp-cane of the South is coming into extensive use as paper material. While these and other fibres are being used and tested in this country, there is one that has maintained for centuries a high reputation for various useful purposes, and within a few years has almost monopolized the European market for paper material—the "spartum" of Pliny, known at this day as esparto-grass. It flourishes in Spain and Portugal, and in North Africa. This grass is now used in large quantities in England for paper-making. The *London Times* is printed upon paper made entirely from this material. The quantity imported into Great Britain is increasing each year; in 1866 fifty tons were imported, and in 1871, 140,000.

New Book.—"The Stray Wig," by the author of "The Wandering Heir."

THE HUNCHBACK.

BY ADA HOWKNA (CARNAHAN).

Dwarfed and crooked and bent,
With an ugly hump on his back—
That ever such a creature was sent
Into the world, alack!

Stooping, but not with years—
To laugh at him hardly were sin—
With his great broad shoulders up to his ears,
And his breast shoved up to his chin.

What kind of a soul were his
A body like that to DII?
'Twould be small wonder, I think if it
Had grown to be crooked or still.

A target for all men's scorn—
Does he answer it back with ante?
Does he curse the day upon which he was born,
And bitterly rail at fate?

When he turns I shall see his face,
With its fiercely malignant frown—
Did the angels give him that look of grace,
And those great, sad eyes of brown?

Is it Heavenly light that shines
In a halo around his head?
Such peace as that I have seen sometimes
On the face of the dead.

If his soul could grow pure and grand
In that crooked body, then
What, I wonder, will God demand
Of the souls of other men?

For the Favorite.

THE MASKED BRIDAL.

BY ANTOINETTE.

OF HALIFAX, N. S.

CHAPTER VII.

LIGHTNING DICK.

We left the young man who rejoiced in this cognomen, sleeping in Truncheon's camp, drugged and stupefied, by some subtle herb, known to the gipsies.

Hour after hour, he slumbered on and at length, when the sun was high in the heavens, he woke, dazed and confused, with no recollection of how, or when he got there. He raised himself on his elbow and looked about with a vacant stare. He knew the place well, having often been there before; but vain was the effort to remember how long he had slept, what brought him here, or indeed anything of the past night's work.

He rose and though his head felt dizzy, he could walk; on reaching the air he felt better, and walked to the grove with a steady step. His horse was tied here, nibbling the short grass, and he raised his head with a neigh of welcome. "Poor Rajah, are you tired with your long watch?" As he loosed the horse, and prepared to mount, Truncheon came out of the wood, pipe in mouth as usual; he eyed Dick with his repulsive smile, and said coolly: "Hullo! Are you off?"

"Yes," returned the other "I must have fallen asleep last night, for I suppose I—must have come here last night?" he said, hesitatingly.

Truncheon smiled, as he flattered himself, in a most insinuating way, as he replied,

"Yes, you came last night, and fell asleep, and so we let you sleep away, till you woke up yourself. And now, what about to-day? What will it be to-day?"

The gipsy rubbed his hands together, and stared fixedly in the young man's face, to see if any recollections of the past night, still lingered in his mind.

Dick had no remembrances of the scene of last night; but for some time, he had been making up his mind to leave of his acquaintance with Truncheon and all his set, and this thought was still strong in his mind, and he determined to speak now.

"Truncheon, I think it is quite time for me to leave off all these wild ways; I am getting too old for them, and as the saying is: "It is time my wild oats were sown," so I think I will say good-bye, and perhaps we may not meet again very soon, as I go to London, and perhaps to France; so if I don't see you again you need not be surprised, and Truncheon, I am a much younger man than you, but let me say a word of advice: give up those raids with Ruthven, you know where they lead to? The gibbet; and think it is time for us to give it up. I will leave word that you are not to be molested by any of my tenants."

The young man paused as if for an answer, but Truncheon stood with a gloomy face, switching the daisies with a whip, knocking off their heads, as if they had angered him.

"Well, Truncheon, what do you say?"

"I say, that you won't give us the slip quite so easily as all that. You talk very loud about gibbets, and tell me I will hang for it, but I've seen ropes round pretty young gentlemen's necks before now, and may chance to see them again—do you see?"