

dark river swept unconsciously by, and the monotonous roar of the waterfall grow faint and dull upon the ears of the sleeping Ottawa, when the Iroquois widow arose among the shadows where she was crouching and glided silently away among the tall stems of the surrounding forest. The camp fires had burnt down into a smouldering heap of ashes, and the weary warriors' sleep was unbroken, when silently from among the shadows of the forest dark forms came crowding about the doomed sleepers: then arose a loud sharp yelping yell—the wild war-whoop of the Iroquois—the sleeping Ottawas sprang to their feet only to fall with the arrow quivering in their sides, or to sink under the unrelenting tomahawk, and, before long, silence again fell upon the camp, but this time the sleepers slept as those may sleep who waken not on the morrow. Onwashance fell by the hand of the woman whom he had made a widow and a wife, and she carried back to her native village, on the southern shore of Ontario, the scalp-lock of the Ottawa chief tam.

The hatred of the Iroquois could not brook delay so they took no captives—the young children and the women mingled their blood with the murdered braves—and of all that party not one was left to tell the story of disaster. From this fatal night the glory of the Ottawas faded away, and it is many long years since the last of them built his lodge upon the height where I now chronicle the fate of their great chief Onwashance.

A VISIT TO THE ZOUAVE JACOB.

Paris Correspondence Birmingham Journal.

The Zouave admits no one to his presence who is not really afflicted with disease or infirmity—those who are led to the Rue de la Roquette by curiosity being compelled to remain in the waiting-room. Fortunately, I was furnished with a letter from his best friend, and became privileged at once. I entered the room with twenty of the most ragged and dirty of the whole mob, and am thus enabled to describe the scene. The Zouave was standing as if in a reverie when we entered pell-mell into the long, low apartment where the cures were performed. He was leaning against the wall, with his eyes half open, after the fashion of Sonnambula before entering completely into trance, the only difference being in the intense light, shot out from the living orbs, beneath the drooping eyelids. He neither spoke nor moved while his father busied himself in arranging the visitors upon the low wooden benches before him. Every crutch and stick was taken from the infirm patients, and placed in the corner behind the door, amid the timid whines of the poor frightened creatures, accustomed to look upon the help afforded by these objects as absolutely necessary to their safety. When all were seated thus, leaning the one against the other, the father going close up to the son, whispering in his ear. He was aroused in a moment, and coming forward with a movement, brusque and hurried,

savouring of the military camp, and not in the least of the solemnity of the magician's sanctuary, he walked up and down for a few minutes before the eager line of sufferers. To each he told the disease under which he or she was suffering, and the original cause of the malady; and as no objection was made in any one case, I am led to suppose him to have been right in all. Presently, however, I observed him to stop suddenly, and fix his eye upon one of the patients who sat at the extreme end of the second bench, and after examining him for a moment turn aside with a slight shudder, which I observed was of neither disgust nor dread, but a kind of involuntary recoil. He said abruptly, pointing with his forefinger straight into the face of the individual he addressed: "I can do nothing for your disease; it is beyond my power; go, and remember it is useless to return." This was all, but the words acted upon the man like a magic spell, he shook from head to foot, like an aspen leaf, and tried to gasp out a few words, but whether of prayer or expostulation it is impossible to say, for his tongue seemed paralyzed, and clung to the roof of his mouth, while the Zouave turned aside with an indiscriminate expression of fear, certainly indicative of a kind of intimidation. But this was soon shaken off; and he again passed before the line, uttering simply the words, "Rise and walk!" The sound which simultaneously burst from the assembly could find no fitting description in any language. It was a sort of moaning whine, a kind of infantine wailing, evidently produced by fear and doubt. One feeble old beggar woman, whose head stopped its palsied shaking from the moment the Zouave Jacob had fixed his glittering eye upon her, was the one who gave expression to the feeling which had evidently taken possession of them all; Oh, how can I move without my crutches? and, having turned a yearning look toward the corner where these old friends and supporters were standing, with a host of others, and began to mumble and moan most piteously. But the Zouave looked for an instant down the line, with an ominous frown on his brow, as he found that not one of the patients had obeyed his orders. No pretension to the sacred character of a prophet, or inspired seer, was there, for he stamped with such rude violence on the floor that the easement shook again. He almost uttered an oath, but it was unfinished, as he once more uttered the command to rise and walk, so that others might be admitted in their places. Then came the most strange and mysterious moment of the whole ceremony. One by one did every individual seated upon those low wooden benches rise and stand erect. No words can describe the singular spectacle offered by this fearing, hoping, doubting crowd, as each one found himself firm upon the legs which for years had ceased to do their office. Some laughed like foolish children, some remained wrapped in stolid wonder, while many burst into the most heart-rending paroxysm of weeping. It was then that the Zouave stretched forth his arm and bade them pause. All was hushed and silent for a moment. The pause lasted for some time. I have been told that it is always so, but have not been able to account for its necessity; and then the door was thrown open, and the crippled and the paralysed, the halt and lame of the hour before, walked from that long, low, half-darkened chamber with somewhat timid gait it may be, but with straightened limbs and measured steps, although no ailment had ever reached them. One or two amongst the number turned to thank their deliverer, but the Zouave dismissed them brutally. Be off, don't stand

shilly shallying. You are cured, ain't you? that's enough—now pletoz moi le camp! In plain English—Cut your stick, and be gone. Before leaving the room I turned to look at the single patient whose case Jacob had pronounced as being beyond his power to cure—the man was paralysed in both arms, and his neck twisted all awry. It certainly was a hang dog countenance—worse than any I ever beheld—and the expression of rage, and hate, and fear, which it conveyed was unmistakable. His feet were paralysed likewise, and turned outwards. The Zouave's father searched amongst the sticks and crutches left in the corner for those which belonged to the only cripple destined to remain so, and as he touched each one, looked upon an inquiring glance towards the unhappy wretch, who answered with an awkward jerk of his wry neck, until he seized upon a sort of wooden shelf or go-cart upon wheels, which the cripple had been used to push before him. A boy came in to help him from his seat, and as he disappeared supported by this aid, he uttered a poignant groan, which resounded through the place with the most weird and terrible effect imaginable. I subsequently inquired of the Zouave by what impression he was made aware of his inability to cure. He answered simply that in cases of this kind a veil seemed to fall before his eyes and impede his view of the patient.

NAPOLÉON AT THE TUILERIES.

Napoleon's private life at the Tuileries is peeped into by a Parisian journalist, who writes as follows:

The first saloon we enter is the Salle des Huissiers. Three gentlemen, dressed in the brilliant liveries of the Emperor's household, are quietly finishing their morning nap in their comfortable arm-chairs. Not wishing to disturb them we pass on to a second saloon, elegantly furnished with heavy red silk damask tapestry, richly gilt arm-chairs, etc. Here we find the Adjutant and Chamberlain in waiting, both of them in ordinary civilian's dress, there being evidently no particular ceremony at court in prospect for to-day, else the officer would appear in the uniform of his corps and the chamberlain in his scarlet and gold attire. This saloon leads us into a spacious and elegant one beyond, also hung with beautiful dark red damask tapestry, and richly gilded throughout. In this saloon the Council of the Ministry is held. It is the Salle du Conseil. In the centre of the room stands an enormous table, round which are placed one arm-chair and ten ordinary chairs. At this table the Emperor presides in council twice a week regularly. Immediately adjoining this saloon is the Cabinet, or, more properly speaking, the first Cabinet of the Emperor: for this spacious hall is divided into two apartments, in the first of which the Emperor receives those persons to whom he has granted an audience, while in the second one he spends a good part of the day writing reports, and examining vast heaps of documents, which await his action or his signature.

Two valets are occupied dusting the furniture and arranging the room generally—the Emperor may enter at any moment. It strikes seven o'clock from the Pavilion de l'Horloge—and the Emperor has just entered this cabinet. The first person that is regularly admitted every day at this time is Doctor Combeau, of historical fame. He was once the faithful companion of the "Prisoner of Ham," and has since become the confidant of the Emperor. He is the