

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Baron Thomas O'Hagan, member of the House of Lords, formerly Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, is dead.

The great depression in employment and wages at present existing in England is unparalleled. A large number of mills in the north of England and in Scotland have stopped, and a great deal of pauperism exists.

Nine crofters were arrested on the Isle of Skye, Scotland, for resisting the sheriff, and were brought into Portree by an escort of 100 policemen and marines, fears being entertained that a rescue would be made. The police managed to deposit their prisoners in gaol all right, notwithstanding the hostility displayed by the crowds who followed them.

The terrific north-west storm of Thursday and Friday last drove the steamships *Newfoundland* and *Miranda* over 100 miles seaward of Nfld. They arrived on Jan. 31st, two days overdue, coated to the masthead with ice. Large bodies of heavy St. Lawrence Gulf ice are driving out to the Atlantic and north of the forty-fourth parallel.

The betrothal is announced of Princess Marie of Prussia, to Prince Frederick Bentinck-Aldenburg.

Admiral Courbett telegraphs that the French troops, after a severe fight, have carried the Chinese works commanding the Kelung mines. The French lost nine killed and fifty-three wounded. The Chinese loss was heavy.

The Burmese troops have not yet succeeded in recapturing the town of Bhamo, which was recently taken by the Chinese. The authority of the Burmese Government has virtually ceased outside of Mandalay.

The ex-Governor of Yunnan and Kwang Si has been condemned to be beheaded for allowing the French to capture Bacninh. These sentences, with other severe measures, prove that the war party has the upper hand. Military operation henceforth will be carried on with increased energy.

Despatches from Egypt state that the Hussars and Egyptians made a reconnoissance as far as Handoul, on the 3rd, and burned the rebel camp. While returning they were attacked by the rebels. One Egyptian was wounded and eight Hussars and three Egyptians are missing. The Arabs attacked a convey sent to Kassala. A fight ensued. The Arabs were repulsed and left 250 dead upon the field. The convoy lost 50 men killed. Five thousand Abyssinian troops have been sent by King John to relieve the garrisons at Galabat and Geerah. The Italian occupation of the Red Sea littoral will extend from Assab to Suakim.

The Canadian *vojageurs*, with the exception of seventy-five, who have accepted an additional three months' service, left Alexandria *en route* for home on Friday.

The following sensational story has been received from Plymouth:—The barque *Wellington* left Havre for New York on January 21st, with Captain Armstrong in command. The captain had been on a prolonged spree in Havre, and continued drinking French brandy in large quantities after assuming command. On the 25th ult. he was attacked by *delirium tremens*, and while in the horrors he had the boatswain and carpenter put in irons for four hours for some imaginary offence. The next day he assaulted the carpenter, and placing a revolver at his throat fired, but fortunately his hand shook so violently that he missed his intended victim, although he wounded one of the crew. The sailors made a rush upon the captain who was flourishing a revolver and swearing he would shoot every man on board. A struggle ensued and the captain was thrown to the deck with such violence that his skull was fractured, and from the effects of which he died in four hours. While dying he shot three of the crew, inflicting wounds which is feared will prove fatal.

## Tales and Sketches.

## THE BURNISH FAMILY.

A PRIZE STORY PUBLISHED BY THE SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

## CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Upon my word, what next?"

"Only this—learn to think that others, who do not talk about conscience and duty so loudly may yet live up to the requirements of both, and be utterly incapable, for any worldly consideration, of violating either. I have done my duty before God and man in this house, and to your grandchildren; and I leave you and yours, my lady, wishing they had as clearly the answer of a good conscience as I have."

So saying, Mabel bent her head with a lofty courtesy, and withdrew.

When she reached the schoolroom, she learned that the children had been again sent to their aunt, Mrs. Feli Burnish; and feeling that this of course confirmed Lady Burnish's instant dismissal, she seated herself at her desk, and wrote a note of thanks to Mrs. Burnish, and kind wishes for

her recovery; stating that she was going to her father's at once, prior to her return to Bath.

A line to the schoolroom maid to say her luggage would be sent for, saved all talk with the servants; and entering her bedroom, she encountered Lady Burnish's maid, a very different person to Gabb, who gave her an envelope, and said Lady Burnish had "ordered the carriage to be at her service to drive her either to the station or the borough, wherever her sudden summons had called her."

This latter remark at once showed Mabel that Lady Burnish made no confidence of her maid; so she said simply, with thanks, that she would rather not have the carriage, as she had made other arrangements. She re-enclosed the envelope, which she saw contained a cheque, and wrote within, "I cannot receive remuneration for services not deemed satisfactory."

As she passed through the hall, she encountered Mr. Shafton Keen, who looked curiously at her as she replied to his salutations, and seemed surprised to see her go out alone. In less than ten minutes she was in Regent's Street, and, calling a cab, gave, with a pang, the direction to her father's house.

## CHAPTER XV.

## Night.

"Thou hast no bread, but in thy aching sight  
Proud luxury's pavilions glitter bright;  
In thy cold ear the song of gladness swells,  
Whilst vacant folly chimes her tinkling bells,  
The careless crowd prolong their hollow gloe,  
Nor one relenting bosom thinks on thee."

—William Lisle Bowles.

Mabel's spirit had sustained her until she entered the cab, and felt entirely safe from prying eyes. Then she wept as if the tears of a lifetime were gathered into one flood. Mortified as well as misunderstood, the cold scorn expressed at her social position adding to the bitterness of the sacrifice she had made to duty and honor, and the agony of the laboring heart to bear its secret weight of woe, in relinquishing hopes so dear as Delamere Burnish inspired, made her grief appear to herself unendurable. Then she found that unconsciously he had mingled with all her thoughts, and very poor were the refuges supplied in the storm of feeling that now agitated her. However deeply Mabel deplored the humiliating fact of her father's trade, it had never occurred to her that the family she was with, would judge it by a different standard to that which they applied generally to all retail traders. That they should repudiate it equally with herself seemed marvellous to her. She had not learned that the greatest quarrels arise among near relations. The physician sneers at the apothecary, the great tragedian scorns the poor player, the painted Delilah in her finery loathes the faded prostitute in her rags, the brewery overshadows and affects to forget the tavern, the tavern is scandalized by the beer shop. Everywhere the top of the tree waves proudly over the root—woes the air above, and scorns the dirt below.

Absorbed by her troubles, she never noticed aught that was passing along the route through which she was driven—indeed, forgot altogether where she was, until the cab was brought to a sudden stand-still on Westminster bridge by a throng of vehicles. She looked up, and was roused by the quarrel of two carters and an omnibus driver in front, who were making "the fix" worse by their pugnacity. But this scene was not the only one that attracted her attention. In one of the recesses of the Bridge, the frequent receptacles of rags and famine, Mabel saw a woman crouching rather than resting. Huddled up together, her arms clasped round, and her head resting on her knees, the face was not visible, but an abundance of neglected fair hair fell on the shoulders, that brought to Mabel's mind the death scene in the hospital, and the bereaved mother. Indeed, that mother's form so haunted her imagination that she had often fancied she saw her. The crouched-up bundle of wretchedness sitting in the shadow of the arch was so still that she might have been sleeping, and as a gentle breeze fluttered the old shawl, the naked hands and wrists looked like those of a skeleton. Presently a policeman appeared, put his hand on the mass, and said loud enough for Mabel to hear, "Come, move on! move on!" Heavily the emaciated creature rose, shook her thin garments round her, and walked listlessly away. Mabel's tears were still flowing, and the spectacle of wretchedness before her did not check them; for

"Misery still is wont to trace  
Its semblance in another's case."

A sudden pall seemed to her to have dropped down on the world; and so much did her own feelings color all things, that on every face, in the constantly flowing stream of life that hurried on over the old bridge, her excited fancy saw traces of care and sorrow. Presently the mass of vehicles began to move, and, in a few minutes, the driver was turning into Racket Row, every odious feature of which she remembered so well. To get down the court to the private door of her father's house was impossible, for a removal was taking place from a tenement exactly at the back of his premises. Some broken chairs and tattered beds, so filthy that they looked