

These details far from satisfying my curiosity, did but provoke the more. Breakfast was served but I could not touch it, and I felt that if I presented myself to the merchants in such a state of excitement, they would think me mad; and, indeed, I felt very much excited. I paced up and down the room, looked out of the window, trying to fix my attention on some external object; but in vain. I endeavored to interest myself in a quarrel between two men in the street—but the garden the cottage pre-occupied my mind; and at last snatching my hat, I cried—"I will go, come what may."

I repaired to the nearest magistrate, told him the object of my visit, and related the whole circumstance briefly and clearly. I saw directly that he was much impressed by my statement.

"It is, indeed, very strange," said he, "and after what has happened, I do not think that I am at liberty to leave the matter without further enquiry. Important business will prevent my accompanying you in a search, but I will place two of the police at your command. Go once more to the hovel, see its inhabitants and search every part of it. You may perhaps, make some important discovery."

I suffered but a very few minutes to elapse before I was on my way, accompanied by the two officers, and we soon reached the cottage. We knocked and after waiting some time an old man opened the door.

He received us somewhat uncivilly, but showed no mark of suspicion, nor, indeed, of any other emotion, when we told him we wished to search his house.

"Very well, gentlemen, as fast and as soon as you like," was his reply.

"Have you a well here?" I enquired.

"No, sir, we are obliged to go for water to a considerable distance."

We searched the house, which I did I confess, with a kind of feverish excitement, expecting every moment to bring some fatal secret to light. Meanwhile, the man gazed upon us with an impenetrable vacancy of look, and we at last left the cottage without seeing anything to confirm my suspicions.

I resolved to inspect the garden once more, and a number of idlers having been by this time collected, drawn to the spot by the sight of a stranger with two armed men, engaged in searching the premises, I made enquiries of some of them whether they knew anything about a well in that place. I could get no information, 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 it as if it were only yesterday, now, many a time, when I was a girl I used to amuse myself by throwing stones into it, and hearing the splash they used to make in the water."

"And could you tell me where the well used to be?" asked I, almost breathless with excitement.

"As near as I can remember: on the very spot on which your honour is standing," said the old woman.

"I could have sworn it," thought I, springing from the place as if I had trod upon a scorpion.

Need I say that we sat to work to dig up the ground. At about eighteen inches deep, we came to a layer of bricks, which being broken up, gave a view to some boards which were easily removed, after which we beheld the mouth of the well.

"I was quite sure it was here," said the woman—"What a fool the old fellow was to stop it up and then have to go so far for water!"

A sounding-line furnished with hooks was now let down into the well; the crowd pressing around us, and breathlessly bending over the dark and fetid hole, the secrets of which seemed hidden in impenetrable obscurity. This was repeated several times, without any result. At length, penetrating below the mud, the hooks caught in an old chest, upon the top of which had been thrown a great many large stones, and after much time and effort, we succeeded in raising it to daylight. The sides and lid were decayed and rotten; it needed no locksmith to open it, and we found within what I was certain we should find, and which paralyzed with horror all the spectators who had not my pre-conception—we found the remains of a human body.

The police officers who had accompanied me, now

rushed into the house, and secured the person of the old man. As to his wife—no one could, at first, tell what had become of her; after some search, however, she was found hidden behind a bundle of faggots.

By this time nearly the whole town had gathered around the spot, and now that this horrible fact had come to light, everybody had some crime to tell of, which had been laid to the charge of the old couple. The people who predict after an event are numerous.

The old couple were brought before proper authorities, and privately and separately examined.

The old man persisted in his denial most pertinaciously, but his wife at length confessed, that in concert with her husband she had once, 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 at 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 thrown into the well, and the well stopped up.

The pedlar being from another country, his disappearance had occasioned no enquiry; there was no witness of the crime; and as its traces had been carefully concealed from every eye, the two criminals had good 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 thought they beheld wherever they turned, mute accusers; they trembled at the slightest noise, and silence thrilled them with terror. They had often formed a determination to leave the scene of their crime, to fly 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 at length 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.

They died penitent.

The well was once more shut up, and the cottage levelled with the ground; it was not, however, until fifty years had in some measure deadened the memory of the terrible transaction, that the ground was cultivated. It is now a fine field of corn.

Singular Adventure with a Lynx.

A most singular affair happened on Monday the 7th inst., in the township of Oro, the particulars of which are as follow: A little girl, ten years of age, daughter of Henry Creswicke, Esq., County Surveyor, was on the day in question cutting nettles in a field about one quarter of a mile from the residence of her father, when she observed approaching her what she believed to be a dog; closer inspection, however, convinced her that the animal she saw was wild, and that it was not a dog. She became alarmed and attempted to escape toward home, but was intercepted by the brute, which immediately closed with and threw her down, and after smelling around her body suffered her to rise. The affrighted girl now ran to the bush, and by some extraordinary power was enabled to climb to the top of an old basswood tree, ten feet six inches high and twenty-two inches in diameter, although the stump was entirely destitute of bark or projection of any kind to aid her in the ascent. Having reached the top, the little girl found that the stump was hollow, and into this singular retreat she lowered herself eight feet. The lynx followed to the top of the stump, and commenced to yell. Shortly afterward another little girl, also a daughter of Mr. Creswicke, came in search of her sister, and from her screams was enabled to ascertain her situation. The lynx jumped into the bush and escaped. Assistance was procured, and the terrified child extricated. We are informed the lynx are becoming very numerous; as many as five have been seen together on one tree. They are very ferocious, when attacked, and their strength and agility is more than sufficient for the strongest man. Had there been a bleeding scratch or other wound when the body of the little girl was smelted over by the brute above referred to, the result would doubtless have been fatal.—*Barrie Mag.*

JERUSALEM, PALESTINE AND SYRIA, IN 1851.

BY DR. J. C. V. SMITH.

Nothing can be finer, more imposing or dignified in the way of dress, than the ordinary costume of the men in the Holy Land. Their heads swathed in shawls or scarfs three yards long give them the majestic aspect of profound personages, when not one in five thousand can either read or write their vernacular. In looking at one of them while quaffing coffee or drawing leisurely at a chebsu, one might be led to suppose they were pachas, or mufti from Constantinople, just as children from the United States in taking the cars for the first time in England or France, imagine the servants of the corporation are lords and dukes, they are so heavily laden with gold lace, cockades and military buttons. For labor, their long gowns, silk belts several times round the body, red morocco shoes and dangling sleeves, interfere with every movement. They sit still better than any other people in the world, having no motive whatever for moving an inch. They have stout bodies without souls—there being no evidence that they ever think or dream. All they know is the meaning of the word buckshies—(give me something,) which is the first words they utter after being weaned, and it is the last as they bid adieu to things below the sun, in stepping from any part of the Turkish domain into eternity.

Women of the upper circles appear like ghosts in the streets, enveloped in white cotton sheets from head to foot. One eye occasionally gets loose, but their shackling gait in yellow boots, stuck into long peaked-toed slippers, gives them such a comical air, that it is an amusing sight to look at them. They show their wisdom essentially in concealing their faces, since the little I have seen convinces me of their ugliness. Black powder is sprinkled on their eyelids, their nails stained red, and the under lip not unfrequently made entirely blue. Some stain the hair red. In Damascus even beggars fancy they look better with red locks, and very queer old women in frizzled, tangled hair, red as blood, press their claims more eloquently in the name of saints no one ever heard of but themselves.

Were I to give you a description of all that is to be seen in Syria, there would be nothing to relate on my return. Whoever has the presumption to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth in regard to it, will certainly hazard his reputation for veracity. In consequence of being a physician, it is quite certain my opportunities have given me a minutest insight into the social organization, than could otherwise have been obtained. If I were a merchant I would establish an agent at Jerusalem and another at Damascus, the capital—the focus of trade and fashion, and a third at Beyroot, being convinced that immense profits might be realized by the legitimate operations of buying and selling. Of this matter, however, more remains to be said, which will be communicated hereafter to my enterprising mercantile friends.

Palestine has many agricultural resources never yet developed; and the whole of Syria, were it in the possession of Anglo-Saxons, would be the garden of the world, as some section of it was probably the Garden of Eden. Wherever the Turks hold rule, there is a deterioration in every department. Dilapidation marks their progress and always has wherever their conquests have extended. Put them in possession of the city of Boston and in six months the pilasters of the Merchants' Exchange would give way; the Aqueduct would burst through and never be repaired; Quincy Market would be converted into a Mosque; Faneuil Hall be made a bath house, and both sides of Washington-street lined with the faithful squatting on the sidewalk, smoking through flexible tubes coiled up in the form of a boa constrictor.

All industry would die out as they came in—and nothing would be repaired that was out of order. They spend their days in contemplating nothing—praying five times in twenty-four hours, with their frontlets towards Mecca—and when they are roused to action, their first thought is the extirpation of Christians.—They have neither bowels of compassion, or political honesty as a nation, but the fear of European guns keeps them in a quiet condition, although they would be heartily glad to cut all the throats in Christendom. Palestine and Syria can never be regenerated while they control it. God speed the hour when this wretchedly governed country shall be emancipated, and human life become precious, the rights of citizens respec-