

The York Herald

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
And despatched to Subscribers by the earliest
mails, or other conveyance, when so desired
The YORK HERALD will always be
found to contain the latest and most impor-
tant Foreign and Provincial News and Mar-
kets, and the greatest care will be taken to
render it acceptable to the many of business,
and a valuable Family Newspaper.

TERMS.—Seven and Sixpence per Annum, in
advance, and if not paid within Three
Months two dollars will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING :
Six lines and under, first insertion.....\$0.50
Each subsequent insertion..... 00 12 1/2
Ten lines and under, first insertion..... 00 75
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ingly.

All transitory advertisements, from strangers
or irregular customers, must be paid for when
handed in for insertion.

A liberal discount will be made to parties ad-
vertising by the year.

All advertisements published for a less pe-
riod than one month, must be paid for in ad-
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All letters addressed to the Editor must be
post paid.

No paper is delivered until all arrears are paid,
and parties refusing papers without pay-
ing up, will be held accountable for the sub-
scription.

THE YORK HERALD
Book and Job Printing
ESTABLISHMENT.

ORDERS for any of the undermentioned
description of PLAIN and FANCY JOB
WORK will be promptly attended to :—
BOOKS, FANCY BILLS, BUSINESS CARDS, LARGE
AND SMALL POSTERS, CIRCULARS, LAW FORMS,
BILL HEADS, BANK CHECKS, DRAFTS, AND
PAPER LETTERS.

And every other kind of
LETTER-PRESS PRINTING !
done in the best style, at moderate rates.

Our assortment of JOB TYPE is entirely
new and of the latest patterns. A large variety
of new Fancy Type and Borders, for Cards,
Circulars, &c. kept always on hand.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.
MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. HOSTETTER,
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons
England,
Opposite the Elgin Mills,
RICHMOND HILL.
May 1, 1861. 127-13P

I. BOWMAN, M.D.,
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur
One Door South of Lemon's Hotel
THORNHILL.
May 1, 1861. 127-13P

LAW CARDS.

M. TEEFY,
COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH
CONVEYANCER, AND
DIVISION COURT AGENT,
RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.

A GREENE'S, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages,
Wills, &c., &c., drawn with attention and
promptitude.
Richmond Hill, Aug 29, 1860. 144-1P

A CARD.

W. C. KEEFE, Esq., of the City of Tor-
onto, has opened an office in the Vil-
lage of Aurora for the transaction of Common
Law and Chancery Business, also, Convey-
ancing executed with correctness and despatch
Division Courts attended.
Wellington St. Aurora, & Queen St. Toronto
November 20, 1860. 104-1P

MATHESON & FITZGERALD,
Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law,
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c.
OFFICE :—
CORNER OF KING AND TORONTO STREETS
Over Whitmore & Co's. Banking Office,
TORONTO.

Agency Particularly attended to.

THOMAS G. MATHESON. JAMES FITZGERALD.
Toronto, July 1, 1859. 31-1P

MR. S. M. JARVIS,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR
IN CHANCERY,
Office removed to Gas Company's Buildings,
Toronto Street.
Toronto, January 9, 1861. 111-6M

Charles C. Keller,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR
in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office,
in Victoria Buildings, over the Chronicle Office,
Brook Street, Windsor.

Also a Branch Office in the village of Beau-
voir, Township of Thorold, and County of
Ontario.

The Division Courts in Ontario, Richmond
Hill, and Markham Village regularly attended.
Whitby, Nov. 22, 1860. 104-1P

JAMES BOULTON, Esq.,
Barrister,
Law Office—Corner of Church and King Sts.
Toronto, March 8, 1861. 119-1P

EDWARD E. W. HURD,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor
in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., Money
advances procured on Mortgage.
No. 3, Dundas Street,
Toronto, December 13, 1860. 108-3P

A. MACNABB,
BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor, &c.,
King Street, East, (over Leader Office),
Toronto, C.W.

Toronto, April 12, 1861. 123-1P

William Grant,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chan-
cery, Conveyancer, &c., Toronto. Office
in the "Leader" Buildings, King Street.

Toronto, April 12, 1861. 123-1P

A. MAIRS, B. A.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR
in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Main
Street, Markham Village,
November 22, 1860. 104-1P

The York Herald

AURORA AND RICHMOND HILL ADVOCATE AND ADVERTISER.

ALEX. SCOTT, Proprietor.

"Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion."

TERMS: \$1 50 In Advance.

Vol. IV. No. 5.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1861

Whole No. 162.

HOTEL CARDS.

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL,
RICHARD NICHOLLS, Proprietor.

A LARGE HALL, is connected with this
Hotel for Assemblies, Balls, Concerts,
Meetings, &c.

A STAGE, leaves this Hotel every morning
for Toronto, at 7 a.m.; returning, leaves
Toronto at half past 7.

Good Stabling and a careful Hostler in
waiting.
Richmond Hill, Nov. 7, 1860. 145-1P

Masonic Arms Hotel,
RICHMOND HILL,
GEORGE SIMSON, PROPRIETOR.

GOOD Accommodations and every attention
shown to Travellers. Good yards for
Drays and Loose Boxes for Race Horses
and Sinds.

The Monthly Fair held on the Premises first
Wednesday in each month.

The Subscriber in calling the attention of the
Public and his Old Friends to his establishment,
has satisfied the ever anxious Traveller, as to
their wants and with mutual satisfaction.
Richmond Hill, April 20, 1860. 73-1P

White Hart Inn,
RICHMOND HILL.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public
that he has leased the above Hotel,
where he will keep constantly on hand a good
supply of first-class Liquors, &c. As this
house possesses every accommodation, Travel-
lers can desire, those who wish to stay where
they can find every comfort are respectfully in-
vited to give him a call.

CORNELIUS VAN NOSTRAND,
Richmond Hill, Dec. 28, 1860. 106-1P

YONGE STREET HOTEL,
AURORA.

A GOOD supply of Wines and Liquors
always on hand. Excellent Accommoda-
tion for Travellers, Farmers, and others.
Cigars of all brands.

D. McLEOD, Proprietor.
Aurora, June 6, 1859. 25-1P

Hunter's Hotel,
Bretches Easthaus.

THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public
that he has leased the above Hotel,
where he will keep constantly on hand a good
supply of first-class Liquors, &c. This house
possesses every accommodation. Travel-
lers can desire, those who wish to stay where
they can find every comfort are respectfully in-
vited to call.

W. WESTPHAL,
Corner of Church and Stanley Sts.,
Toronto, Sept. 6, 1861. 145-1P

Albion Hotel,
EAST MARKET SQUARE,
TORONTO, C.W.

J. SMITH, Proprietor.
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 123-1P

THE WELL-KNOWN
BLACK HORSE HOTEL,
Formerly kept by William Ralph,
Cor. of Palace & George Sts.
[EAST OF THE MARKET, TORONTO.]

WILLIAM COX, Proprietor,
[Successor to Thomas Palmer].
Good Stabling attached. Trusty Hostlers
always in attendance.
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1P

JO. H. SMITH,
ST. LAWRENCE INN,
142 KING STREET,
OPPOSITE THE ST. LAWRENCE MARKET,
TORONTO.

Choice Liquors and Good Accommodation at
reasonable charges. Good Stabling and a
Careful Hostler in attendance.
Toronto, April 10, 1861. 123-1P

JOS. GREGOR'S
Fountain Restaurant!
69 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO.

Lunch every day from 11 till 2.
[Soup, Games, Oysters, Lobsters, &c.
always on hand.]
Dinners and Suppers for Private Parties got
up in the best style.
Toronto, April 19, 1861. 125-1P

NEWBICING HOUSE,
ATE Clarence Hotel, No. 28, 30 and 32
Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1, per
day. Rooms always in attendance at the Cars
and Boats.

W. NEWBICING,
Proprietor.
Toronto, April 8, 1861. 124-1P

Eastern Hotel,
CORNER of King and George Streets,
Toronto, C.W. WM. MCKENZIE, Proprietor.
Good accommodation for Travellers
Liquors, Stabling, and a Good Hostler always in
attendance.
Toronto, April 10, 1861. 123-1P

YORK MILLS HOTEL,
YONGE STREET,

THE Subscriber begs to intimate that he
has leased the above hotel, and having
fitted it up in the best style travellers may
rely upon having every comfort and attention
at this fine class house.

Good Stabling and an attentive Hostler al-
ways in attendance.
WILLIAM LENNOX, Proprietor.
York Mills, June 7, 1861. 123-1P

Wellington Hotel, Aurora!

OPPOSITE THE TORONTO HOUSE.

GEO. L. GRAHAM, PROPRIETOR.

A LARGE and Commodious Hall and other
improvements have, at great expense,
been made so as to make this house the largest
and best hotel of Toronto. Travellers at this
house find every convenience both for busi-
ness and horses.

N.B.—A careful Hostler always in attendance.
Aurora Station, April 1861. 126-1P

Poetry.

The lines which follow are from the pen of
Lord Byron. The biography of that cele-
brated author says, that they are only to be
found in a miscellany, published by one of his
friends, which is now out of print. The sub-
ject is, a miscellaneous collection of the poet to
Miss Chaworth, an attachment to which more,
than to any other cause, he attributed the de-
solating change then wrought in his disposi-
tion.—Ed.

STANZAS TO *** ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

"This done and shivering in the gale
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;
And whistling o'er the bending mast,
Lo! sings on high the freshening blast;
And lo! from this land he goes,
Because I cannot love but one."

"As some lone bird, without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate;
I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face,
And even in crowds am still alone,
Because I cannot love but one."

"And I will cross the whitening foam,
And I will seek a foreign home;
Till I forget a false fair face,
I never shall find a resting place;
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,
But ever love, and love but one."

"I go—but where? I flee
There's not an eye will weep for me;
There's not a kind or gentle heart,
Where I can chain the moment part;
Nor then, who last my hopes undone,
Will sigh, although I have but one."

"To think of every early scene,
Oh! what we are, and what we've been,
We and whom we love, and what we love,
Yet still we have not the love;
Yet still we have not the love;
And never truly love but one."

"And who that dear loved one may be
Is not for vulgar eyes to see,
And why that early love was crossed,
That know'st the best, I feel the most;
But feel that dwell beneath the moon
Have loved no more, and loved but one."

"I've tried another's fetters too,
With chains of perjury, as far to view;
And I would fain have loved as well,
But some unquenchable spell
Forbidden my bleeding heart to own
A kinder care for ought but one."

"'T would sooth to take one lingering view,
And bless thee in my next adieu;
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep
For him that wanders o'er the deep;
His home, his hope, his youth are gone,
Yet still he loves, and loves but one."

Literature.

[From the Household Journal.]
MARK STRETTON;
OR,
THE TABLES TURNED.

BY A LONDON DETECTIVE OFFICER.
(Continued from our last.)

I lost no time in posting a reply,
appointing the Fox Tavern, Kings-
land Road, as the place, and two
p.m. as the hour of meeting. Arrived
there, he was to ask for
Charles Smith, and would be shown
into a private room.

I had been at the rendezvous
about ten minutes when a hack-car-
riage drove up, and Mr. Mark Stret-
ton presently entered the room.

I started with uncontrollable sur-
prise. Mark Stretton was the spec-
tre of his former self. The pa-
per upon which I am writing was
not whiter than his face, his eyes
glared with unnatural fire, and his
whole frame shook as with ague.

I had ordered brandy and water, and
as he dropped into a chair, I pushed
the untasted glass toward him. He
emptied it without a word, and at a
gulp. The strong spirit partially re-
strengthened his nerves, and he said,
huskily:

"Waters, I am in a fearful strait!
Will you stand by me?"

"Be calm, Mr. Stretton," I re-
plied; "and when I am informed of
the nature of the fearful strait you
speak of, I will frankly state whether
I can stand by you to any use-
ful and just purpose."

"You refuse to commit yourself!"
I feared so. Have you seen in the
papers," he added, with quivering
eyes and tongue, "have you seen in
the papers an account of the death
of—"

He broke off abruptly, bursting
into a passion of tears.

"You were about asking me, Mr.
Stretton, if I had read in the news-
papers an account of your venerable
uncle's death? I have done so, and
have formed a strong opinion upon
the case."

"And that opinion is—must be—
that the verdict lied; that my uncle
was foully murdered?"

"That is going too far. Permit
me, however, to ask if M. Achille
Morny is a suitor for the hand of
Miss Vignolles, and if that suit was
opposed to the wishes and will of
your deceased uncle?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" cried Mark
Stretton, springing to his feet, and
striking the table with his clenched
fist at each iteration. "Clara, in-
fated simpleton! engaged herself
to Morny several months since.—
That engagement became known to
my uncle just four days before the
'accident' at Clifton; and he em-
phatically declared in Morny's pre-
sence that he should at once al-
ter his will that Clara, if she ful-
filled her pledge, should not have a
farthing."

"How, then, happened it that
Morny was walking amicably with
your uncle upon the evening in
question?"

"That was a lie of Morny's!—
They were not, could not be, walk-
ing together. I have no more doubt
than of my own life, that Morny,
seizing a favorable moment, stole
behind, or treacherously accosted
my uncle, and after a struggle, brief
but desperate, of which the cries
were heard by Bayton, hurled his
victim over the cliff, unseen by any
eye save God's."

"Unseen by any eye save God's!"
There can be no proof, then, to jus-
tify the terrible conclusion at which
you have arrived! And let me ask,
Mr. Stretton, how it happened that
you did not present yourself before
the inquest, and contradict Morny's
assertion, that your uncle was an
attendant and constant friend, with
whom he was amicably conversing
a few moments only before the de-
ceased fell over the cliff?"

"I cared not, replied Mark Stret-
ton, with a shudder, and relaxing
into nervous weakness; 'I should
not now,' he added, 'dare confide
the truth to you, but that I am re-
solved, come what, come may—
shame—infamy—an ignominious
death to myself—that Clara Vignol-
les shall never wed the murderer
of her good, kind uncle.'"

"I do not understand! You are
threatened with shame, infamy, an
ignominious death, if you do not hunt
a suspicion that your uncle met with
foul play! Who is it that can en-
dure you with such tremendous
penalties? Morny?"

"No other. Waters, my life—my
innocent life—innocent in purpose,
if not in deed—is in his power!
A word of his would consign me to
the gallows! You start back
amazed—repulsed—indignant! But,
at all events, you will listen in a
calm spirit to what I have to say
before condemning and abandoning me!"

"Certainly I will; and, if you
please, let the solution you have
volunteered of this confounding
business be as explicit as possible."

"I will be thoroughly explicit.
You are aware that my late uncle
was never married, and that I and
Miss Vignolles have been for many
years the acknowledged heirs of his
wealth. One wish dear to his heart
was, that I should marry my cousin
Clara, in order that the property
might not be divided. Neither of
us was desirous of carrying out our
uncle's wish, or, when, in that par-
ticular, and as to myself, I, with
the perversity common to spoiled
youth, must needs fall in love with
a young lady who had nothing but
a pure mind and a charming person
to offer in exchange for riches. My
uncle did not insist upon carrying
out his own will in that particular;
but having a high respect for the
law—whose name had best remain
unspoken—he stipulated that the
consent of my attachment should
be tested by time and absence—say
a twelvemonth—to be passed by me
in the United States of America—
New York principally—in which
city important matters of business
remained unsettled, which my pre-
sence there might help to wind up.
I sailed with a light heart from Liv-
erpool, in the New York liner, Ni-
poleon, and after a pleasant voyage
reached my destination in health
and safety. The commercial affairs
I had to settle occupied me some
five or six months, during which pe-
riod I had an abundance of idle time
on my hands, while awaiting instruc-
tions from England as to how I
should deal with certain cases and
propositions. That fatal leisure led
me to the halls of the Empire City,
where I met and soon became inti-
mate with M. Achille Morny, a
Belgian born, of French extraction,
who had come to North America in
search of reputedly wealthy rela-
tives, whose progenitors had emi-
grated to Lower or French Canada,
in the time of Louis XV. He suc-
ceeded in clearly tracing his suc-
cessors among the simple 'habitans'—of
that I know nothing—he altogether

failed in levying money-contributions
upon them, which, of course, was
his sole object in seeking them out.
Disgusted by his ill-success, M.
Morny came to New York, with
the hope of better luck at the gam-
ing-tables of that wealthy city. He
was again disappointed, being, in
fact, but a sorry gamester, and ar-
tificially unfitted to cope, if only from
the exasperation of his temper, with
the cool, steady, Yankee.

"I myself won considerable sums off
him; and at last he was fairly done-
up, reduced to his last dollar, and he
asked me for the loan of means to
enable him and Adele Saint Ange
—whom I then supposed to be his
wife—to return to Brussels. The
request was readily granted, and
he was set upon upon his 'blacklegs'
again; he being, as I had often
heard hinted, and now fully believe,
an arrant cheat, though generally
an unsuccessful one."

"There are more cheats of that
class than outsiders would really be-
lieve," I remarked, while Mr. Stret-
ton moistened his fevered lips.

"Morny," continued Mr. Stretton,
"Morny had gained sufficient expe-
rience to refuse risking the loan he
had obtained of me in New York
hells. The simple folk of Mon-
tré and Québec would, he hoped,
be less difficult to fleece. He pro-
posed, therefore, to return to Europe
via Canada, and suggested that I
might accompany him upon so ex-
citing a pleasure trip as far as Qué-
bec; as I should have nothing to do
until letters reached me from Eng-
land, which could hardly be under
two months. I at once agreed to
do so. A feeling of reticence dis-
suaded me to travel in my own
name with Monsieur and Madame
Morny; but the excuse I made to
them was, that my uncle might be
angry if he should hear that I had
been amusing myself in Canada
when I ought to have been patiently
awaiting instructions in New York.
The name I assumed was that of
Matthew Skinner—the initials being
the same as those marked on my
loin. The Mornys suggested no
objection, and we set off together in
high spirits. Our first halting-place
was Montréal, I did not join with
Morny in his forage upon the small
deer of that city; not certainly de-
ferring therefrom by any scruple of
conscience, but because the *canai*
which had driven me to going to
New York was banished by the novel
and picturesque aspect of the
city and its motley population, and I
required no coarser stimulant. Arrived
at Québec, at which place the
Mornys were to embark for Ant-
werp, and where we remained three
weeks, the old feeling of lassitude
came back upon me, with as much
force as ever, and after 'doing' the
bights of Abraham, the scene of
Wolfe's victory, half-a-dozen times
over, I was fain to seek such an
excitement as the Québec bells might
afford. Accursed intemperate mi-
serable imbecility! he added with
a burst of passion, "to which I owe
it that I have since been the vassal
of a man I hate and loathe—the
bond-slave of my uncle's murderer!"

I remained silent, and Mr. Stret-
ton, soon sufficiently mastering his
emotion, resumed:

"The play-dance which Morny and
I chiefly frequented was an apart-
ment on the first floor of 'Le Coq,'
a tavern in the lower town, so close
upon the edge of a quay, that a
quaint balcony built on, as it were,
from the room in which play was
carried on, projected over the St.
Lawrence. The balcony was a fa-
vorite smoking-place in fine weather
for the gamblers during intervals of
active play, or when fevered by the
vicissitudes of the game. The fre-
quenters of 'Le Coq' were chiefly
second or third-rate merchants,
shipowners, sea-captains, and the
stakes, as a rule, moderate. Among
other Québec notabilities, of a minor
degree, was one Anne Bontemps,
the son of a shipowner. He was a
sight young man, of excitable tem-
perament, sudden and quick in quar-
rel, whom losses, if at all consider-
able, fashed into ungovernable fury.
Few, in consequence, liked to play
with him, and the less so as he was
known to be as ready with pistol as
with tongue. One Sunday evening
—I had by that time cast off all
English habits of reverence for Sab-
bath and home sanctities—one Sun-
day evening I dropped in at 'Le
Coq,' where I found Bontemps,
Morny, and a stranger, whose name
I afterward knew to be Leroux.
Morny and Leroux seemed to be in
very dismal mood; they had, I found,

been playing at hazard with Bon-
temps, and had lost considerably.
That which quenched them had, of
course, lent him fire, and he boun-
cingly challenged Monsieur l'Ameri-
cain!—I had given myself out to be
a citizen of the Union—to recover
his friend Morny's losses. I, too,
was in rollicking spirits, having in
the course of the afternoon imbued
a considerable quantity of wine,
and unhesitatingly accepted the
challenge. The game was to be
simple hazard; that is to say, as
you well know, an even bet upon
the color of a card turned up alter-
nately by each player. It was my
first turn to call, and placing a
twenty-dollar note upon the card,
I cried, 'Rouge!'

"One might soon lose a fortune,
Mr. Stretton, at such a play as that."

"True, and Bontemps, though a
rash gamester when the fit was on,
hesitated to accept it. He did so,
however, reassured, probably by my
flustered, not to say intoxicated
condition, which even at so blind a
game gave promise of victory to the
more sober player. 'Rouge!' I
won. The play flew on with fiery
speed, its rapid alternations of gain
and loss, together with the stimu-
lants we swallowed, exciting us al-
most to delirium. Night fell, and
declining candles, the table was re-
moved to the balcony, and we played
out by the quite sufficient light of
the brilliant Canadian moon and
stars. Morny and Leroux watched us
with eager interest, especially
when, after about two hours' play,
Fortune declared decisively on my
side. I had not only won back all
that Leroux and Morny had lost,
but he was indebted to me over
£100. Still fast and furious the
cries of 'Noir!—rouge!—rouge!—
noir!' succeeded each other. Bon-
temps' curses mingling with my
triumphant laughter, till he was in
my debt quite £300. 'Malediction!'
he exclaimed, starting up, and flar-
ing eyes, 'you must be in league with
the devil! I laughed derisively,
and shuffled the cards afresh. This
was too much for the hot-blooded
young man. 'Cheat! rascal! vil-
lain!' he shouted, and struck me
with his open hand upon the cheek,
'you have robbed me!' It required
not such an outrage to completely
madden me. I sprang upon him
with a scream of rage—struck,
seized, pinioned him, and, with an
exertion of marvellous strength,
hoisted him over the balcony into
the deep, swift river beneath. I
saw the body cut the water, and
disappear beneath the glittering
surface; and the sudden revulsion
—the flashing consciousness that I
was a homicide—quelled in a mo-
ment both strength and rage; my
brain reeled, and I fell upon the
floor in a swoon. The next seven
or eight hours are a blank to me,
except so far as memory recalls the
chaotic images of a fevered, drunken
dream, from which I awoke to find
myself whirling along in a close
carriage in company with Madame
Morny. The first words she ut-
tered instantly recalled the shame
and horror of the preceding night,
and I listened with a beating heart
to what she had further to com-
municate. I had killed Bontemps;
there was no doubt about that; his
body had been picked up by some
boatman after it had been about two
hours in the water. Meanwhile
Morny, aided by Leroux and Jean
Pipon, landlord of 'Le Coq,' had
borne me away to a place of con-
cealment till a carriage could be
secretly hired to convey me over the
Canadian frontier. I was now on
my way thither, and had left Qué-
bec close upon four hours. Having
been only known in Canada as Mr.
Skinner, Madame Morny thought
there was but little danger of my
apprehension, if I kept as much as
possible in doors till her husband
joined us, when it would be prudent
not to delay our departure for Eng-
land. This was the substance of her
communication, with this addition:
that the money upon the table which
I had won had been employed by
Morny to purchase the connivance
of Pipon and Leroux at my escape.
We reached New York in safety,
and about ten days afterwards
Morny joined us there, bringing
with him a printed bill, offering a
large reward for the apprehension
of Matthew Skinner, supposed to be
a native of Baltimore, in the
United States, and a long statement,
cut out of a Québec newspaper,

giving the examination of Achille
Morny, Jean Pipon, and Antoine
Leroux, before the Québec magis-
trates, touching the death of Anne
Bontemps. The handbill I have
mislaid, if I ever had it in my pos-
session; the extract from the news-
paper I have brought with me.
Read for yourself."

I did so, with growing disqui-
etude—the evidence given by the
three men differing widely from Mr.
Stretton's own version of the affair;
and unquestionably, if true, fix-
ing him with the crime of wilful
murder."

"My account of the dreadful oc-
currence is strictly correct," said
Mr. Stretton, perceiving the bad ef-
fect the reported evidence produced
upon my mind. "Morny, it is true,
persists that his testimony was soft-
ened in my favor, but he is a prince
of liars and traitors."